

UNIVERSITY OF ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE



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SPENSER

AERIE QUEENE—Book I

FITT PRESS SERIES

E. M. Tillyard - English epic. Chap on Spenser
Version of medieval theme of soul's
pilgrimage. Set in region of Grace, of
revealed religion.

Red Cross Knight = { Holiness
perfecting Grace = { human soul or Everyman,
" endowed & natural
virtue & frailty, achieving
something, failing, rescued
by Divine Grace & by aid
of Faith, subduing Devil &
perfecting itself in Holiness.

Sauzjoy = atheism or paganism

Sauzjoy = melancholy

House of Pride = worldly pride

Orgoglio = spiritual pride, mod. belief
in human self-sufficiency.

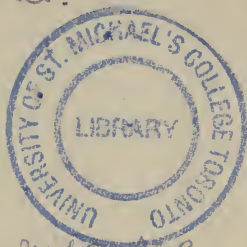
Natural man may go certain way on
own resources but in course of time come
to grief.

Rest of book is regeneration of man.

Rescued from despair: perceives own
failure. Goes thru purgatory, instructed
by Faith, Hope, Charity in house of Celis,
as Heavenly virtue - vision of New Jerusalem
in end. Diabolic dragon killed after 3
days fight = 3 days of Christ's death &
resurrection.

Marriage & love.

60



2 Diff. types of pride esp.

Lucifer = vain glory, excessive pride of self.

Orgoglio = overweening arrogance
tyranny. Surquedry = excess of one trait.

Both types of pride to which man
were subjected - empty pride

Pride is itself not evil when justification
of our needs. Pride of nothing to be
based on is evil.

Surquedry = excess of merit which
often led by great men - caused
them to challenge god. Could be
excess of magnanimity of mind.

magnanimity - 1. Aristocratic virtue,
greatest quality. Opinion of oneself which
is to have rest of
world as well. be excellent & justified.

1. a test taken over completely in
16th Cent. - was an act of gesture of
opinion which showed place before god.

16th Cent. - greatness of spirit - combined
of humility - made into Spenser's
idea of Arthur - Aristotelian view of
magnanimity comb. & idea of true knight
Magnanimity = godlike virtue in man.

Biblical imagery in Bk I.

Pitt Press Series

SPENSER
THE FAERIE QUEENE





EDMUND SPENSER

THE
FAERIE QUEENE

BOOK I

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PREFACE

THE introduction to this volume is not intended for young students, but for older students and teachers; the latter will, I hope, find material which may be of service to them in the task of understanding and explaining Spenser.

The historical interpretation of the allegory in Book I is, I believe, the most important contribution I have been able to make to Spenserian scholarship and will, I trust, prove of general interest. I have spared no pains to make it accurate.

L. W.

ABERYSTWYTH.

October 1914.

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INTRODUCTION

I. TABLE OF DATES

- 1552? Birth of Edmund Spenser.
- 1558 Accession of Elizabeth.
- 1569 Spenser enters Pembroke College, Cambridge.
- 1572 Massacre of St Bartholomew.
- 1578 Elizabeth helps the Netherlands.
- 1579 Spenser publishes *The Shepherds Calender*.
- 1580 Spenser goes to Ireland.
- 1581 Publication of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*.
- 1584 Assassination of William the Silent.
- 1585 Drake sails round the world.
Leicester goes to the Netherlands.
- 1587 Death of Sir Philip Sidney.
Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.
- 1588 Defeat of the Armada.
- 1589 Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland.
Accession of Henry IV of France.
- 1590 Spenser publishes *The Faerie Queene* (Books I—III).
- 1591 Spenser publishes *Complaints* ("Ruins of Time,"
"Tears of the Muses," "Mother Hubbard's Tale,"
"Muiopotmos," etc.).
- 1595 Spenser publishes *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*,
Astrophel, *Amoretti* and *Epithalamion*.
- 1596 Second edition of *The Faerie Queene*, including Books
IV—VI, *Fowre Hymnes*, *Prothalamion*.
- 1598 Rebellion in Munster.
Spenser's flight from Ireland.
- 1599 Spenser dies in Westminster.
- 1633 *A View of the Present State of Ireland*.

II. HISTORICAL ALLEGORY OF BOOK I

The ethical meaning of the allegory in the first book of *The Faerie Queene* is not difficult to trace; though different editors have put varying constructions on certain minor details, the main outline is clear.

The Redcrosse Knight represents man in his search for Holiness; his great task is the slaying of the dragon of sin which keeps mankind (i.e. the parents of Una) in subjection.

The Redcrosse Knight is the patron saint of England and stands for the country's religious faith. He is guided by Una who typifies the Truth or, in the practical aspect, Protestantism or the Reformed Faith.

He struggles against Error and, with the aid of Truth, conquers.

He is separated from Una by the wiles of Archimage who is, as the author plainly states, in the moral sense Hypocrisy but who seems to represent also one form of Catholicism (i.e. the papal or ecclesiastical form).

He falls in with Duessa—false faith—or Roman Catholicism and is by her led to the House of Pride from which he with difficulty escapes.

Una or Truth is found and defended by the Lion, who seems to stand for the power of Reason; these two together terrify Corceca—Blind Devotion—and Abessa—Superstition. Truth is threatened with destruction by Lawlessness (Sans Loy) but is rescued by the Satyrs who stand obviously for plain uncultivated mankind, for the poorer classes receiving the Truth when the wealthier cast it out.

In the meantime the Redcrosse Knight falls a victim to Orgoglio who, as his name implies, is another type of Pride, sometimes interpreted as spiritual and ecclesiastical pride contrasted with the more worldly pride of Lucifera.

He is delivered by Truth and by Arthur who represents Heavenly Grace :

“‘ Ay me, ’ how many perils doe unfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all!’”

The wicked Duessa is stripped and exposed. In the next canto the Redcrosse Knight very nearly falls a victim to Giant Despair, i.e. he is weakened by the consciousness of his sin and has lost his courage and moral confidence. Una takes him to the House of Holiness where, by repentance and penance, he is purified ; he is fortified by the three cardinal virtues—Faith, Hope and Charity ; he leads for some time a life of contemplation and then, strengthened and refreshed, is ready to set out once more upon his quest. He succeeds in his great task, slays the dragon of Sin and is rewarded by his marriage to Truth, typifying without doubt the final acceptance of Protestantism by the English nation.

It remains to be asked if there is any other allegory besides the ethical one. That there is a historical allegory in much of Spenser's work is indubitable. He began, even in the *Shepherds Calender*, by including actual events in the form of allegory ; it has recently been shown in a most convincing manner that *Mother Hubbard's Tale* is an allegory dealing with Burghley and the Duc d'Alençon and Elizabeth's projected French marriage². Again there is much historical allegory in *The Faerie Queene* itself ; the whole of Book v is such an allegory and much of the meaning lies on the surface, being sufficiently suggested by the names : Belgé, Irene, Bourbon, etc.

Nor is there any doubt that, even when the names give no direct clue, many of them stand for actual personages. Spenser himself tells us that both Gloriana and Belphoebe are types of Elizabeth ; so, obviously, is Mercilla

¹ VIII 1.

² E. A. Greenlaw, *Mod. Lang. Ass. Am.* xxv.

and, in all probability, Britomart. The Duessa of the fifth book is certainly Mary, Queen of Scots¹; so, most probably, is Radegund; Grantorto is undoubtedly Philip II; Artegall is certainly Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton and, undoubtedly also, Leicester²; Braggadocchio is generally accepted as being the Duc d'Alençon. Timias is Raleigh and Sir Calidore probably the Earl of Essex. Arthur is Leicester.

With all these identifications practically certain it seems probable that there should be real personages typified also in the first book, the more so as we know that Spenser intended it to emblem forth the struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism which would naturally embody itself in real personages and real events.

I believe that the historical meaning has been concealed by a too early identification of Duessa with Mary, Queen of Scots, and that the real clue to the allegory of the first book is to be found in the identification of Duessa with Mary Tudor and her cause with Mary's cause.

There is nothing improbable in Duessa's standing for two persons. Artegall, we know, stands for both Lord Grey and Leicester since he undertakes alike Lord Grey's adventures in Ireland and Leicester's in the Netherlands, and similarly Spenser may easily intend Duessa to typify the two queens: both bore the same name—Mary—both embodied the Catholic faith, both were dangerous rivals to Elizabeth, the one very nearly putting her to death and the other plotting against her life. But there is one incident which seems to show conclusively that the earlier Duessa is not the same as the later. Mary, Queen of Scots, does not really enter the arena as the rival of Elizabeth until, at Elizabeth's accession, she laid claim to the English crown, but this is almost certainly the incident referred to in Canto XII where the Redcrosse Knight is about to be wedded to Una, and Duessa sends a messenger to claim his pledge and declare that he is betrothed to her; but all the events of the first book

¹ v ix.

² v v.

have already elapsed before this comes to pass¹. Moreover it would be impossible to explain why Mary Queen of Scots should be playing an active *political* part at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, or what is meant by her close alliance with Orgoglio who seems unmistakably to represent Philip II and the power of Spain; Mary Queen of Scots in all her early life, *before* she laid claim to the throne of England, was identified with France which was the great rival of Spain. Moreover it is noticeable how often Spenser dwells on the *physical* unpleasantness of the earlier Duessa. He continually tells us how magnificently she was attired, how richly she was adorned with gems, but again and again he lays stress on the *physical* loathsomeness. Now he does not stress this in the later portion of the poem; the Duessa who is tried before Mercilla, really is a lady of "rare beautie" though she mars it by wickedness.

This physical repulsiveness of the earlier Duessa does not suit with Mary, Queen of Scots, but it does suit with poor Mary Tudor who was exceedingly fond of jewels and splendid attire but who was very plain and suffered during the greater part of her married life from a disfiguring and even disgusting disease. The scene of Duessa's unmasking by Arthur is the most loathsome in *The Faerie Queene*² but it is not one whit worse than the insults which, at the time of her disappointment in maternity, were hurled at the unhappy Mary by her own subjects³.

Duessa's own account of herself is that she was :

"Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide West under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.
 He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire

¹ XII 26—34.

² VIII 45—50.

³ Froude, Chap. XXXIII.

Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage.
 ...But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
 Into the hands of his accursed fone—¹."

The first three lines obviously mean that Duessa was a daughter of the Pope (i.e. a loyal member of the Catholic Church), but the latter portion is much more appropriate to Mary Tudor than to Mary, Queen of Scots.

Mary Tudor had been betrothed in infancy itself to the Dauphin ;

"In the first flowre of my freshest age";

bridal ceremonies had actually taken place at Greenwich in 1518 and Mary received a betrothal ring from the Dauphin's proxy²; the betrothal was, however, afterwards dissolved.

Mary, Queen of Scots, on the other hand was not only *betrothed* to the Dauphin, she was married to him ; when he succeeded to the throne of France, she was, for the brief space of his reign, his queen-consort.

Why should Duessa, who is a boastful person, claim only to have been betrothed to a king's heir when she could really claim the far greater dignity of having ascended a throne ?

It is noticeable too how often the Duessa of the first book refers to herself as a virgin and *untouched* by all her numerous suitors ; this was really true of Mary Tudor ; her betrothal had been continually suggested by her father and her ministers but repeatedly came to nothing ; she often laid stress on her maidenhood which qualified her like a second Virgin Mary to bear the great Catholic leader who should re-convert Europe³; hence no doubt the continual emphasis Spenser lays on this claim which could not have been made by Mary Stuart and must have especially displeased Protestants.

¹ II 22—3.

² *Dic. Nat. Biog.* "Mary."

³ Froude, Chaps. XXXII—III.

If Duessa be really Mary Tudor, the chief crisis of the first book—the imprisonment of the Redcrosse Knight in the dungeons of Orgoglio—becomes unmistakable; it refers, of course, to the Spanish marriage.

The Redcrosse Knight has laid aside his sacred armour; he has drunk of a fountain which makes him weak and slack and thus, unarmed and robbed of his true courage, he falls an easy victim to the giant. The allegory is manifest. The Redcrosse Knight represents the religious genius of England; during the disgraceful period of the Protectorate the Protestant cause had almost wholly lost honour; its moral fibre had, indeed, weakened and slackened; on the accession of Mary the country became nominally Catholic (i.e. the sacred armour was laid aside) and Mary half tricked the country into the Spanish marriage (i.e. Duessa betrayed the Knight to Orgoglio).

The account of the Redcrosse Knight before his dreadful foe exactly resembles the demoralised condition of England at the end of Edward VI's reign:

“Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade¹.”

Orgoglio is an excellent type for Philip II. His huge stature suggests the great power of Spain, then the mightiest empire in the world; he is represented quite fairly as being three times as great as ordinary human size:

“That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye,
...His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold: his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed².”

He is proud of his high descent and his great power, and approaches in all confidence the desolate England:

¹ VII 11.

² VII 8.

“through arrogant delight
Of th’high descent, whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne,
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne¹.”

His name “Orgoglio” typifies the Spanish pride, always regarded as that nation’s most essential quality. England does not even attempt an effective resistance; it is “haplesse and eke hopelesse.” Froude tells us that Philip was so unspeakably hated and dreaded that the English regarded him rather as a monster than as a human being, and the common people were positively surprised to find that he had a human form. The marriage was hated by all classes in the country, even the Catholics, and all men lamented that the queen was giving the country “bound hand and foot” into the power of Spain.

An anonymous pamphlet appeared written by some English nobleman: “The writer pictured England, bound hand and foot, at the mercy of the insolent Philip, whose first step on entering the country, would be to seize the Tower and the fleet, the next to introduce a Spanish army and suppress Parliament. The free glorious England of the Tudors would then be converted into a prostrate appanage of the dominions of Don Carlos. The pamphlet was but the expression of the universal feeling².”

This is exactly what happens in Spenser’s poem, for the Redcrosse Knight is utterly overcome and is flung into the dungeons of Orgoglio.

Duessa, we may also note, behaves exactly like Mary Tudor; she does not need any wooing from the giant, it is she who is the most eager; she claims his love and he accepts her.

She does not wish the giant to destroy the Redcrosse Knight (i.e. England) but she gives him into Orgoglio’s power

¹ vii 10.

² Froude, Chap. xxx.

for ever, and Mary Tudor, as we know, not only desired to marry Philip, but also to make him her heir and successor.

“ O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman take.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take,
 And was possessed of his new found make.

Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,

. And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse¹.”

Could any words describe the political situation better as it certainly must have appeared to the men of the time ? By the “ monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen ” on which Orgoglio seats Duessa, Spenser probably means the religious persecution which at once began, “ all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas,” and which the popular opinion ascribed, naturally enough, to the influence of Philip.

When Una hears the terrible news of her knight's evil plight she falls swooning upon the ground, laments bitterly and cannot be comforted. It resembles one of the most tragic scenes in English history. When Elizabeth was ordered to the Tower before Philip's arrival even her great heart failed her ; her country's plight and her own helplessness were too much and she sank down in the rain on a wet stone and refused for some time to move. So Una laments :

“ Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart².”

It is the only time when Spenser represents her heart as failing her.

¹ VII 14—15.

² VII 25.

On Una's behalf Prince Arthur fights against the giant Orgoglio and, after a terrific combat, slays him¹.

Spenser really was quite reasonably well warranted in representing his hero—Leicester—as fighting with Orgoglio.

The Dudley family did conspire against Mary and the Catholic rule, and Robert Dudley—not then Earl of Leicester—was attainted and condemned to death; he was not executed but he was imprisoned in the Tower until the accession of Elizabeth. The terrific blow which beats Arthur to the earth and nearly slays him is probably a reference to his attainder and sentence². It is noticeable that Spenser represents the crucial part in the conflict as being played by Arthur's shield, i.e. Truth, for both the giant and his monster are overwhelmed by it; they are blinded by its dazzling brilliance and cannot fight further³.

In other words it was the re-conversion of England to Protestantism which really broke the power of Spain. Philip had, as a matter of fact, hoped to retain the country in his control, even after the death of Mary, but the change of religion thwarted him.

The whole description of Orgoglio's castle is an account of England under the Marian persecution.

Duessa's many-headed beast when it rushes out upon Arthur is

“Bloudie mouthed from late cruell feast⁴.”

The account of the castle itself combines the splendour of the Court with the savage cruelty shown to the Protestants—men, women and even children burnt to death or flung into prison :

“There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold.
...But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
...Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

¹ See Harrison's tract, *England armed by Elizabeth after being unarmed by Mary* (Arber Reprints).

² VIII 18.

³ VIII 19—21.

⁴ VIII 6.

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An Altare.....
 On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doen to dye.
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny :
 Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
 To God for vengeance cryde continually¹."

The sufferings of those in the prisons, we are told, were perhaps even more dreadful than the sufferings of the martyrs: "In the sad winter months the poor men and women, who, untried and uncondemned, were crowded into the bishop's prisons, experienced such misery as the very dogs could scarcely suffer and survive. They were beaten, they were starved, they were flung into dark fetid dens, where rotting straw was their bed, their feet were fettered in the stocks, and their clothes were their only covering, while the wretches who died in their misery were flung out into the fields where none might bury them²."

"Hooper had been confined in the Fleet prison for eighteen months—where with a wicked man and a wicked woman for his companions, with a bed of straw and a rotten counterpane, the prison-sink on one side of his cell and Fleet Ditch on the other, he waited till it would please Parliament to permit the dignitaries of the Church to murder him."

We may compare this with Spenser's account. Arthur goes to rescue the Redcrosse Knight :

"his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
 That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.
 But neither darknesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
 ...He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare[•]
 Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

¹ VIII 35—3.

² Froude, Chap. xxxiii.

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 ...His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides deceived of their dew...
 His rawbone armes...
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres¹."

The strange watchman—Ignaro—represents, of course, the ignorance which presides over superstition and persecution.

If he has a definite reference to any living person, which may not be the case, it is probably to Bonner who was always regarded as the presiding genius of the persecution and who was singularly rough and uncouth in his manners: once when he had been sent on an embassy to Francis I of France he was so insolent that Francis, the most courteous of monarchs, told him that, if it were not for his master, he would have had a hundred strokes of the halberd².

"Bonner showed" says Froude "an entire insensibility to the finer perceptions."

We may compare this with the extreme rudeness shown by Ignaro to the courteous Prince Arthur.

Just as Duessa is one type of Mary Tudor, so it seems probable that Lucifera is another. Mary was always characterized by her intense Spanish pride and by her love of jewellery, ceremony and display; after the Puritan severity of the court of Edward VI she returned once more to the gorgeous brilliance favoured by Henry VIII, and her court, so far as dress and display were concerned, was one of the most splendid in the world.

Take, for instance, this description of her as she was when she received Philip: "She received him in the great hall of the Bishop's palace, surrounded by the whole of her Court and attended by fifty ladies attired in purple velvet.—Mary must have looked as magnificent as fine clothes could make her, for her purple velvet robe and

¹ VIII 39—41.

² *Dic. Nat. Biog.* "Bonner."

cloth of gold petticoat were all aglow with precious stones, and the coif, neck, breast and wrists, were stiff with pearls and diamonds¹."

With the contrast between this splendour and the hatred of her people Spenser might well depict Mary as Lucifera with her gorgeous palace upon its hill of sand. She is represented as :

"A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray,
In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
...Lo underneath her scornfull feete, was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne²."

Here again the dragon probably represents religious persecution, the formidable monster which lay in wait beneath Mary's glory.

Spenser proceeds :

"Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre³."

This is probably an allusion to the controversies which raged around Mary's birth and legitimacy. After the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn Mary was declared illegitimate and deprived of her rank as princess, but she refused to acquiesce and always claimed, even from her father himself, her full legitimate dignities.

"And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
...Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old⁴."

¹ Martin Hume, *Two English Queens and Philip*.

² iv 10.

³ iv 11.

⁴ iv 12.

Spenser would naturally, since the legitimacy of Elizabeth had unfortunately been made to depend upon the illegitimacy of Mary, regard Mary as having no real right to the throne; this is confirmed by the circumstance that in the second book, where Spenser treats of the Tudor dynasty, he makes no allusion whatever to Mary's reign. We know, moreover, that Mary showed a strong disposition to reign without the sanction of the law but by Spanish methods "pollicie," and that the only advisers she admitted were the members of her Council: Gardiner and the rest.

All the Deadly Sins follow in Lucifera's train, but we observe that Spenser begins with Idleness clad as a monk¹ and, as a matter of fact, one of Mary's first acts was to restore the monasteries.

If the Duessa of the first book is to be interpreted as Mary Tudor it is not difficult to find the identity of Archimage.

In his ethical aspect he is plainly an embodiment of Hypocrisy²; as regards his human identity we have, to guide us, that he is evidently an ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome, that he works "hand in glove" with Duessa throughout the book and is always on her side. He is extraordinarily cunning, subtle and ruthless; he is the bitterest and most ingenious of all the enemies of Una; furthermore he must be an Englishman because he disguises himself for a time in the arms of the Redcrosse Knight (i.e. he poses for a while as belonging to the Reformed Church). This deception brings upon him overthrow from Sans Loy (Lawlessness) and he almost perishes, but revives and is once more the bitter and skilful enemy of Una.

There is only one man who really fulfils these conditions and that is Stephen Gardiner, the Bishop of Winchester. Froude describes his character as follows: "The Bishop of Winchester had hated heresy and hated all who protected

¹ IV 17.

² See 1, introductory verse.

heresy with a deep hatred. He passed the Six Articles Bill ;—he lent himself to the schemes of Surrey and the Catholics upon the regency—he obtained, by unremitting assiduity, the re-enactment of the persecuting laws, which he himself launched into operation with imperious cruelty.—He was vindictive, ruthless, treacherous but his courage was indomitable.—He would have murdered Elizabeth with the forms of law or without—he was a man of clear eye and hard heart who had a purpose in life which he pursued with unflagging energy¹.”

This corresponds almost precisely with the character of Spenser's Archimage and the details of the poem lend themselves no less admirably to the identification. Gardiner was always on the side of Catharine of Aragon and of Mary, and Mary trusted him more than any other man. He did for a time accept Henry's Reformation and remained on the bench of bishops ; he was thus enabled to pass the Six Articles Bill and re-enact the persecution laws (i.e. he assumes the armour of the Redcrosse Knight for the purpose of working against him) ; owing to his Catholic intrigues he was imprisoned in the reign of Edward VI.

The means Archimage employs to separate Una from the Redcrosse Knight are probably an allusion to the story of the unhappy Anne Boleyn.

It must be remembered that in Spenser's day the mother of Elizabeth was regarded as having been practically a Protestant martyr. It was through her, though indirectly, that Protestantism had first obtained its hold upon Henry and upon the nation, and it was generally considered that she had fallen a victim to the machinations of her Catholic enemies who invented false evidence against her and so brought about her destruction. Recent historians incline to the belief that this view is substantially accurate².

Among the most notorious and embittered of Anne

¹ Froude, Chap. xxxiii.

² See *Dic. Nat. Biog.*, also Froude, *Anne Boleyn*.

Boleyn's enemies was Stephen Gardiner and it was only natural that Spenser should represent him as having by his devices brought about her destruction. Anne Boleyn was accused of having been shameless and forward with Henry himself, of having lived in immoral relations with him before their marriage¹ and, when the charge of adultery was brought against her, it was said that she had been "taken" with Mark Smeton exactly as Una is said to have been taken.

The correspondences can scarcely be quoted in detail but they are very close. Archimage creates a false image of Una who first acts shamelessly towards the Redcrosse Knight himself and then is "taken" in the actual embrace of another who is, like Mark Smeton, a "young squire," and the Redcrosse Knight is summoned :

"Come see, where your false Lady doth her honour staine²."

It would be difficult to find a better allegory for the historic slander. Spenser refers to her fate with compassion and tenderness :

"Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthy wretchednesse
Through envies snares or fortunes freakes unkind."

And protests against the injustice of it :

"my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despaire³."

We may remark in this connection that Anne Boleyn was, through the Duke of Norfolk, of royal descent on her mother's side.

The curious incident of Abessa which follows close upon this looks like a symbolic treatment of the story of the

¹ *Dic. Nat. Biog.*

² II 4.

³ III 1—2.

Nun of Kent. The so-called Nun was a servant-girl, by name Elizabeth Barton; she was of country birth, quite untaught and ignorant and was afflicted with some illness which gave her psychopathic powers; it was commonly reported that she told in the most marvellous manner of things done and said in places quite distant from herself. She was also, in a superstitious way, exceedingly religious. It occurred to certain unscrupulous members of the clergy that she might be made the centre of a Catholic reaction. Under their tuition the "voices within her spoke also many things for the confirmation of pilgrimages and trentals, hearing of masses and confession and many other such things¹."

She issued boldly in the name of God a solemn prohibition against the king, threatening that if he divorced his wife he should not reign a month but should die a villain's death. If her own word is to be accepted the king had tried to conciliate her by offering to make her an abbess.

She embarked next on a desperate career of treason and became the centre of a wide-spread conspiracy. Few things in sixteenth century superstition are more remarkable than the way in which really distinguished people, including More and Fisher, listened to and revered the absurdities of the Nun of Kent. Between 1528 and 1532 the nun was recognised throughout England as the chief champion of Queen Catharine and of the Catholic Church in England².

The conspiracy of which she was, in a manner, the centre revealed so thoroughly the disaffection and disloyalty of the clergy that it did much to urge Henry on to the dissolution of the monasteries.

These things seem plainly represented in the story of Abessa; the name itself may be derived from her own statement that Henry offered to make her an abbess.

¹ Froude, Chap. iv.

² *Dic. Nat. Biog.* "Elizabeth Barton."

She is represented as a country girl of extreme ignorance and stupidity :

“ A damzell spyde, slow fōoting her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.
To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand¹.”

She is also abjectly superstitious, represented as the very daughter of Superstition—Corceca or blind devotion, given over, like the Nun of Kent, to all the empty mummeries of a decaying faith.

“ Nine hundred Pater nosters every day,
And thrise nine hundred Aves she was wont to say².”

Abessa, however, notwithstanding all her stupidity, knows enough to be in league with the bold church-robber—Kirkrapine—who is slain by Una's indignant lion.

Here, it is generally agreed, Spenser is referring to the dissolution of the monasteries, and the lion is Henry himself³.

We may remember in this connection that the abbots and other important church dignitaries were repeatedly accused of robbing their own churches and the shrines of the saints by appropriating the gold and jewels Froude quotes many examples, among others the charges against the Abbot of St Alban's: “ You have stolen and made away with the chalices and other jewels of the church. You have sacrilegiously extracted the precious stones from the very shrine of St Alban etc.”

Kirkrapine or the church-robber without doubt represents the monks and abbots themselves. The Lion, as we have said, has been generally identified with Henry VIII. Mr Padelford⁴ suggests Cromwell who certainly took a most

¹ III 10—11.

² III 13.

³ Suggested by Upton.

⁴ *Allegory of the First Book of The Faerie Queene.*

prominent part in the suppression of the monasteries and was generally known as the "malleus monachorum," but the former explanation is the more plausible since the Lion was so generally accepted as the symbol of royalty, especially of royalty when wrathful and executing justice.

Thus when Elizabeth (Mercilla) is represented as judging Mary, Queen of Scots, she has a lion beneath her throne, a lion in this case "chained" because Spenser is at that particular moment asserting the absence of malevolence in his queen.

"underneath her feete, ther as she sate
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardie courage, like captived thrall
With a strong yron chaine and coller bound,
That once he would not move, nor quich¹ at all²."

When we turn to the adventures of the Redcrosse Knight we come across the extraordinary incident of Fraelissa and Fradubio turned to trees.

It probably refers to the story of Cranmer and his wife. The name "Fradubio" in itself suggests Cranmer since it plainly refers to one who was not a strong character and who hesitated between the two faiths, Catholicism and Protestantism. As we know, Cranmer, notwithstanding his many great qualities, was less resolute than other men; he did hesitate and, under the fear of death, recant.

Cranmer made an uncanonical marriage in Germany which caused a great deal of scandal; the king, almost immediately afterwards, insisted on creating him Archbishop of Canterbury, and Cranmer was obliged to keep his wife in strict seclusion and, after the passing of the Six Articles Bill which enforced celibacy upon the clergy, to put her away altogether.

"It was said by contemporaries that he carried her about in a chest perforated with air-holes to let her breathe; and that on one occasion she and the chest being removed

¹ Stir.

² v ix 33.

by an unconscious porter and deposited wrong side up, she was compelled to disclose her situation by a scream¹."

It is easy to see how admirably this situation is depicted in Spenser's allegory. Fradubio tells how in his youth he loved a gentle lady :

" whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree²."

Duessa, in envy of this lady, and in order to separate her from Fradubio, first dims her beauty and then changes her into a tree : " enclosed in wooden wals full faste³."

Fradubio himself remains for some time in Duessa's favour but one day he sees her revealed in all her foulness, bathing herself in " origane and thyme " ; he realises that her beauty is borrowed, that she is, in reality, a wicked witch and, because he knows her in her true aspect, she punishes him by changing him also into a tree⁴.

Here again the historical interpretation is not difficult. It was Cranmer who, in his position as Archbishop, annulled Catharine's marriage, thus making Mary illegitimate and cutting her off from her due place in the succession ; this might well be represented as seeing Duessa in her true form ; Mary bore him a bitter grudge ever after and, as soon as she found herself able, she flung him into prison and got him condemned to death. Fradubio warns others to take example by his wretched fate and have nothing to do with Duessa⁵ and, as we know, Cranmer's last breath was spent in abjuring Catholicism and regretting that he had ever yielded. The Redcrosse Knight is overwhelmed with horror by this tragic adventure of Fradubio : " Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment⁶," he thrusts the bleeding bough into the ground : " that from the bloud he might be innocent⁷."

¹ *Dic. Nat. Biog.*, " Cranmer "

² II 35.

³ II 42.

⁴ This ending of the story has been altered from Ariosto's version.

See notes.

⁵ II 31.

⁶ II 44.

⁷ II 44.

Even Duessa moans with fear lest this terrible adventure should alienate the Knight.

We may compare this with what a distinguished historian¹ has said concerning the death of Cranmer: "It was with the unerring instinct of a popular movement that, among a crowd of far more heroic sufferers, the Protestants fixed, in spite of his recantations, on the martyrdom of Cranmer as the death-blow of Catholicism in England. For one man who felt within him the joy of Rowland Taylor at the prospect of the stake, there were thousands who felt the shuddering horror of Cranmer—the sad pathos of the Primate's humiliation and repentance struck chords of sympathy and pity in the hearts of all. It is from that moment we may trace the bitter remembrance of the blood shed in the cause of Rome."

It remains to be asked if we can identify Duessa's three champions: the Paynims Sansfoy, Sansloy and Sansjoy, and Night the "grandmother of all."

The Redcrosse Knight meets Sansfoy in the company of Duessa. Sansfoy makes no attack upon the Redcrosse Knight but the latter, perceiving from his shield that he is a pagan, at once prepares to assail him. Duessa warns her champion and he

"prickt with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast²."

They fight and Sansfoy is slain, his head being cleft.

"He tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave³."

This deed, more than any other he performs, awakens enmity against the Redcrosse Knight; his opponents count it as a most great and capital crime; Sansjoy and Sansloy—

¹ J. R. Green.

² II 14.

³ II 19.

Duessa herself—are all especially eager to avenge the dead Sansfoy.

Sansloy, when he thinks he has conquered the Redcrosse Knight, explains his vengeance :

“ Lo there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloudie knife¹.”

Duessa exhorts Sansjoy to punish the Redcrosse Knight and instances the slaying of Sansfoy as his worst crime². They lay stress on the fact that Sansfoy's body has received no burial, that therefore his soul cannot pass over “ Lethe lake ” but wanders lamenting on the shore. Duessa tells Night :

“ now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare³.”

There is certainly one man with whose story all this quite well accords and that is Sir Thomas More. It would be natural that Spenser should describe him as “ Sansfoy ” since he had made himself exceedingly conspicuous as a Catholic champion ; it was Sir Thomas More who really began the persecution for heresy ; Wolsey had compelled heretics to recant, but he was exceedingly ingenious in finding ways by which recantation might be possible, whereas Sir Thomas More imprisoned and put to death. More had identified himself with the cause of Catharine and Mary and they both most bitterly regretted his fate. He took no overt step against the king but, because of his known opinions, he was attacked and put to death by the device of an oath specially arranged to entrap him. This would explain in the allegory the Redcrosse Knight attacking without provocation (unusual in him) and simply because of the device upon Sansfoy's shield⁴. The description of Sansfoy's death suggests execution by beheading. It should also be remembered that, of all Henry's executions, this

¹ III 36.

² v 23.

³ IV 48.

⁴ II 12—14.

was the one that caused the widest dismay ; More's character stood so high and his reputation was so great that his death sent a thrill of horror through the whole of Europe ; Henry was often reproached with it as with the greatest of his crimes ; he was repeatedly threatened with vengeance on this account and it was considered as a special aggravation of the circumstances that More's body was not allowed burial but that his head as the head of a traitor was exposed upon the Tower.

With regard to the next champion—Sansjoy—we find that he also is closely associated with Duessa.

He is the assailant and attacks the Redcrosse Knight ferociously and bitterly because he wishes to avenge the dead Sansfoy. He fights also as he says for Duessa. The Redcrosse Knight, however, wounds him severely and would have slain him but that, at the critical moment, Duessa snatches him away and conceals him. The Redcrosse Knight looks eagerly around in all directions but cannot find him. Sansjoy, however, is sorely wounded and Duessa transports him on a long journey (to Hades) and with infinite difficulty and trouble gets him healed of his wound. Much stress is laid on the fact that he—Sansjoy—belongs to a very great and ancient family, is of the noblest existing lineage and of a house older than that of Jove (i.e. Henry VIII).

Duessa does ultimately succeed in getting him healed of his wound.

Here again the circumstances of the allegory seem to point clearly to one man : Reginald Pole. He was one of the chief living representatives of the Plantagenet blood and was formidable and powerful because of his family connections. The name "Sansjoy" corresponds to his ascetic and gloomy temperament ; he fasted often, was a rigid celibate and so stern, uncompromising and fanatical that even Gardiner feared his influence and dreaded his recall. He assailed Henry in the most bitter and ferocious manner in his book *On the Unity of the Church* and held him up to the execration of all Europe. He made himself what he

considered the missionary of a holy war against the infidel king. He threatened Henry with the judgment of heaven for his many crimes and especially for the execution of More. "Thomas More, the wisest, the most virtuous of living men, was slain for silence."

"How will you be cast out among the curses of mankind. When you die you shall have no lawful burial and what will happen to your soul I forbear to say."

We may compare this with the speech of Sansjoy in Spenser :

"Goe caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe;
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe¹."

Reginald Pole was, of course, one of the staunchest champions and defenders of Mary; he had also been suggested as a husband for her; she herself seems to have been willing at one time to contemplate the marriage, but Pole preferred his ecclesiastical career.

Henry was so greatly infuriated against Pole that he got an act of attainder passed and demanded his extradition, though unsuccessfully, both from Charles V and from the king of France. This is probably what Spenser refers to when he speaks of the Redcrosse Knight as wounding Sansjoy and of Sansjoy being carried off in a dark cloud by Duessa so that the Redcrosse Knight looks around for him in vain.

Pole spent a great many years of exile in different parts of Europe, but he was protected from Henry's wrath by the Pope and the influence of Catharine and Mary exerted through Charles V on his behalf. Compare Spenser :

"Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when loe a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him cals alowd

But answer none receives....
 Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
 He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
 To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade¹."

Duessa's efforts to find a cure for the wound of Sansjoy may well refer to Mary's attempts to get Pole's attainder reversed. This she found an exceedingly difficult matter. Pole often reproached her that, though he had sacrificed everything for her, she could not even obtain him permission to return home. When he did return, however, he came with full powers as Papal Legate and was Mary's mainstay until his death and hers.

The Æsculapius who, through fear of punishment, has such reluctance to heal the wound of Sansjoy though he ultimately consents, may well refer to Gardiner. Æsculapius says that he has been severely punished for "restoring" Hippolytus who was slain through the rashness and unjust wrath of Theseus. Gardiner had already suffered a term of imprisonment for his attempts to assist Surrey; he was often urged by Mary to obtain the recall of Pole but for some time refused, as he feared the consequences of Pole's stern and uncompromising temper; he was, however, ultimately prevailed upon.

The figure of Night in all likelihood symbolises the Countess of Salisbury.

Margaret Pole was the daughter of George Plantagenet, Duke of Clarence, by his wife Isabel, daughter of Warwick the king-maker. She thus represented in her own person both the great Warwick and the house of Plantagenet. Henry regarded Margaret as the noblest of all his subjects, treated her with great honour and created her Countess of Salisbury in 1513.

She was the leader of all the White Rose or Plantagenet

faction in England and was able to group around her a truly formidable party¹. Froude says :

“Throughout Henry’s reign a White Rose agitation had been secretly fomenting without open success—but formidable in a high degree if opportunity to strike should offer itself—the leadership lay with the sister of the murdered Earl of Warwick, the Countess of Salisbury, mother of Reginald Pole. This lady had inherited in no common degree the fierce nature of the Plantagenets ; born to command she had rallied around her the Courtenays and the Nevilles and all the powerful kindred of Richard the King-maker, her grandfather. Her Plantagenet descent was purer than the king’s ; half England might have declared for one of her sons².”

The Countess, moreover, was devoted to the cause of Mary. At Mary’s baptism she carried the child in her arms and Henry appointed her governess to the Princess. In 1533 when the king married Anne Boleyn, and Mary was deprived of her establishment, the Countess declared that she would still serve Mary at her own cost, but Henry feared her influence over his daughter and separated them.

The king knew well that his policy concerning the divorce was disliked by the whole family and is said to have told the French ambassador privately that he intended to destroy all of them. The whole family were, as a matter of fact, destroyed with the single exception of Reginald Pole who was saved by his exile.

This great lady with her devotion to Mary, her magnificent descent, her feeling of family superiority even to the Tudors, her power as head of a mighty clan, her passionate Catholic zeal, her superb dignity and masculine courage—this great lady would be very fittingly symbolised by the magnificent and sombre figure of Night.

Duessa addresses her :

¹ See *Dic. Nat. Biog.*, “Margaret Pole.”

² Chap. II.

“ O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
 More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
 Which wast begot in Dæmogorgons hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade.

.
 O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare ?
 Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
 When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne ?

.
 Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
 Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene,
 That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
 And can the children of faire light deface¹.”

Night laments the tragedies of her family and the successes of the new dynasty which have overthrown them but, as the Countess of Salisbury actually did, she submits with dignity to the inevitable.

“ Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which their foes ensev:
 But who can turne the streame of destinee,
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat ?
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great.
 Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
 And he the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
 Shall with his owne bloud price that he hath spilt².”

We may compare this with the tone of Reginald Pole's letter concerning Sir Thomas More.

A more difficult character to interpret is that of Sansloy. He is one of those who are in closest league with Duessa, he belongs to the same **great family** as Sansfoy; he seizes

¹ v 22-4.

² v 25-6.

upon Una, attempts to ravish and abduct her; she is saved from him by the satyrs, but he attempts again and is beaten off by Sir Satyrane; this second endeavour, however, nearly delivers Una into the power of Archimage; she flees in terror from the sight of the combat and Archimage pursues her.

The most salient fact in Sansloy's history is thus his attempt to abduct Una and the fact that, by so doing, he nearly betrays her into the power of Archimage.

It is probable that the reference is to Edward Courtenay.

“Edward Courtenay was of the blood royal (i.e. Plantagenet) and had been a prisoner in the Tower for nearly fifteen years when Mary came to the throne. He was handsome and attractive but he had no sooner been released from the Tower than he gave himself up to a life of the wildest dissipation. The queen treated him with marked favour but he soon found that he had no chance of winning her hand. Then he turned to Elizabeth¹.”

Sir Thomas Wyatt and others planned a rising against the Spanish marriage: the Catholic party were to be mastered, Courtenay was to marry Elizabeth and she should be set upon the throne.

Froude says: “the dread that Mary might form some connection with a Continental prince had formed the strongest element in Northumberland's cause.—All wished to see her married to some English nobleman—general opinion had already fixed upon a husband for her in the person of her cousin Edward Courtenay, the imprisoned son of the Marquis of Exeter.—He was the grandchild of a Plantagenet and a representative of the White Rose.—When Courtenay was set aside by Mary it became at once evident that he might think of Elizabeth and Elizabeth was most carefully watched.—A large and fast-growing party were now beginning to consider as the best escape from Philip, that Courtenay should fly from the court,

¹ *Dic. Nat. Biog.*, “Courtenay.”

taking Elizabeth with him—call round him in their joint names all who would strike with him for English independence and proclaim the Queen deposed.—There was uncertainty about Elizabeth herself—she had shown Courtenay hitherto no sign of favour; while Courtenay on his side complained that he was frightened by her haughty ways.” Froude says again “Devonshire and Cornwall were to be prepared for insurrection, and thither, as to the stronghold of the Courtenay family, Elizabeth was to be borne¹.”

There could be no doubt as to the existence of this dangerous plot and, after the suppression of Wyatt's rebellion, Gardiner did his utmost to implicate Elizabeth, but there was no evidence against her; never in her life had she been in greater danger and Gardiner would certainly have succeeded in putting her to death but for the devotion of the people who looked to her as their chief hope and would not permit her to perish without substantial evidence.

We may now compare with Spenser. The name “Sansloy” is, in itself, appropriate to Courtenay because of his exceedingly dissolute and licentious life, and because of the accusations of untrustworthiness repeatedly brought against him even by his fellow-conspirators. He was of the Plantagenet line and hence the appropriateness of his great descent. Spenser represents his relations to Una as almost exactly those of Courtenay to Elizabeth; he seeks her love; he tries at first to gain his end by wooing but, when wooing does not prosper, attempts violence.

“Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yilde:
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.
With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile;
But wordes and lookes, and sighes she did abhore².”

¹ Chap. xxx.

² vi 3—4.

Una is delivered from him by the satyrs; he attempts later on to seize her but is prevented by Sir Satyrane who engages him in combat and tells him that he loves her at his peril.

Una takes to flight, which seems to refer to Elizabeth's efforts to extricate herself from all complicity with either Courtenay's plot or Wyatt's rebellion :

" the whiles the royall Mayd
Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.
But that false Pilgrim.....
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow, all this to behold,
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray :
But when he saw the Damsell passe away
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay¹."

This, being interpreted, in all probability means that Gardiner watches with joy the quarrels between the conspirators (Courtenay seems to have been continually at odds with the rest), but, when he perceives Elizabeth avoiding the whole dangerous complication, he, none the less, pursues her, determined to obtain evidence which may destroy her, in which effort, as has been said, he very nearly succeeded.

It is noticeable that this happens immediately before the *Orgoglio* canto which is, historically, as it should be, since the Courtenay-Wyatt conspiracy was essentially a plot against the Spanish marriage. Never had Elizabeth's remorseless enemy—Gardiner—so nearly attained a fatal hold upon her.

Some time previous to this, however, Sansloy is represented as slaying Una's Lion². If the Lion stands for Henry VIII this slaying cannot be interpreted in any literal sense, for Henry VIII was not killed, but it might

¹ VI 47—8.

² III 42.

very easily refer to the serious attack upon him made by the Exeter conspiracy, perhaps of all the perils of his reign the most dangerous. Courtenay's whole family were concerned in this; his father was executed because of it and he himself, though only a boy at the time, was imprisoned for fifteen years. Spenser represents Sansloy as being on particularly good terms with Archimage and, as a matter of fact, Courtenay and Gardiner were very friendly; it seems to have been a fact that only Gardiner's affection for Courtenay preserved the latter from death¹.

A more difficult incident is that in which Sansloy overthrows Archimage when the latter is disguised as the Redcrosse Knight. It may possibly refer to the fact that the Exeter conspiracy greatly strengthened the position of Cromwell, Gardiner's chief opponent, and correspondingly injured him, but this is certainly doubtful. Possibly it only refers to Gardiner's own lawless behaviour which procured him imprisonment.

The character of Sir Satyrane is usually interpreted² as referring to Sir John Perrot mainly because of the curious circumstances Spenser records concerning his birth. We may quote the following account of Sir John Perrot: "Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland under Elizabeth, was commonly reputed to be the son of Henry VIII whom he resembled in appearance and Mary Berkley, afterwards the wife of Sir Thomas Perrot. He united great physical strength to a violent and arbitrary disposition; he was much addicted to brawling. He was created a knight by Edward VI. He had great skill in knightly exercises which secured him a place in the train of the Marquis of Northampton when the latter went to France in June 1551 to negotiate a marriage between Edward VI and Elizabeth, the infant daughter of Henry II.

"He fully maintained the reputation for gallantry he had acquired at home and by his bravery in the chase so

¹ *Dic. Nat. Biog.* "Courtenay."

² See Upton.

fascinated the French king that he offered him considerable inducements to enter his service¹."

This closely resembles Spenser's portrait of Sir Satyrane. We have the irregular birth, the knighthood, the great gallantry, the somewhat rough manners, the exceeding skill in the chase. Sir Satyrane is represented as having been educated by his satyr-father, and Henry VIII actually did take Sir John Perrot under his patronage :

"For all he taught the tender ymp, was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
 His trembling hand he would him force to put
 Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare.

 And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
 That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake².
 ..and then his courage haught
 Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge adventures sought:
 In which his might was never overthrowne,
 But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown³."

The latter lines might appropriately refer to Sir John Perrot's adventures in France or, later on, in Ireland.

It remains to be asked if we can identify the part he plays before the Spanish marriage. Sir John Perrot was an exceedingly zealous Protestant; he fell into trouble with Mary because he was accused of sheltering heretics in his house in Wales and was on that account committed to the Fleet Prison.

He was a strong partisan of Elizabeth and seems to have been involved in the Wyatt rising. We may interpret Spenser's allegory as referring mainly to his zeal in the Protestant cause; the satyrs are plainly meant for the common people among whom Protestantism took refuge when it was driven out from high places; Sir Satyrane is

¹ *Dic. Nat. Biog.*, "Perrot."

² vi 24.

³ vi 29.

one of them and, like them, a defender of the Truth and a partisan of Elizabeth.

We may note also a few other details in the remaining portion of the allegory. Archimage is represented as making use of magic to destroy Una. This accusation—of magic practices—was very frequently brought against the Catholics by their opponents and it seems to have had its foundation in fact; there are some very curious examples of such practices given by Froude¹.

We may remember also that the Duc d'Alençon was accused of using love-philtres to bewitch Elizabeth.

Archimage is fond of disguising himself as a mendicant friar.

Throughout the latter part of Henry's reign the mendicant friars were regarded as the most dangerous and unscrupulous of all enemies of Protestantism. They were entirely devoted to the Pope; at the time of the Nun of Kent's conspiracy they were discovered to be in league with her. "They were" says Froude "ready-made missionaries of sedition." They had the privilege of vagrancy without check or limit; they could go where they pleased and had access to everyone.

Una's taking refuge among the satyrs, her teaching of them, has usually been interpreted, rightly no doubt, as the cherishing of Protestantism among the common people when the great had yielded to the Catholic reaction. It is well known that Protestantism was strongest among the unlearned and that, in the Marian persecution, they contributed the greatest number of martyrs. "The Protestants were mainly poor men, poor cobblers, weavers, carpenters, trade apprentices and humble artisans, men of low birth and low estate."

The allegory of Giant Despair is also not difficult to interpret. The Redcrosse Knight has just been delivered from the dungeons of Orgoglio but is still weak from his

¹ Chap. vi.

great suffering; in this condition Duessa tempts him to slay himself; Una, however, snatches the knife from his hand and so delivers him. This is a very graphic rendering of what actually happened after Elizabeth's accession: to many even of her best friends the position seemed well-nigh desperate. The Tower was empty of arms and the Treasury of money; the fortresses were in bad repair; the position was well summed up in a contemporary document: "The Queen poor; the realm exhausted; the nobility poor and decayed; good captains and soldiers wanting; the people out of order; justice not executed; all things dear; excesses in meat, diet and apparel; division among ourselves; war with France; the French king bestriding the realm, having one foot in Calais and one foot in Scotland; steadfast enemies but no steadfast friends¹."

"Never" says J. R. Green "had the fortunes of England sunk to a lower ebb than at the moment when Elizabeth mounted the throne. The country was humiliated by defeat and brought to the verge of rebellion by bloodshed and misgovernment. In presence of this host of dangers the country lay helpless, without army or fleet or the means of manning one, for the treasury had been utterly exhausted. England's one hope lay in the character of her queen."

In exactly the same way Spenser represents the courage and character of Una—that and that alone—saving England or the Redcrosse Knight from destruction.

The allegory of the House of Holiness of course symbolises the restoration of Protestantism. It is noticeable that Spenser has represented in it all those virtues which were supposed to be typical of the old Catholicism but had, as a matter of fact, been lost. The duties of the seven bedesmen are the old monastic duties; the cardinal virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity are still the great inspirations of the soul; the life-giving power of Contemplation is

¹ *Address to the Council.*

acknowledged. In one thing only does Spenser show emphatically the Protestant point of view ; the Redcrosse Knight is not allowed to take up the life of retirement and seclusion ; he is commanded back to the world to resume the burden of life and life's difficulties ; the longing for seclusion and retirement is not to be gratified in the earthly life of man, being inconsistent with his human duties.

The conflict of the Redcrosse Knight with the dragon may have a historical meaning besides its obvious symbolism of Sin. It has sometimes been interpreted as signifying the destruction of the Armada, but this is practically impossible. As we know from his letters to Gabriel Harvey, Spenser was engaged upon *The Faerie Queene* before 1580; the first three books were published in 1590 and it is practically certain that the first book was completed before 1588.

Padelford suggests¹ that the event alluded to is the Rising of the North and this is, at any rate, much more plausible.

In the last canto when the Redcrosse Knight and Una are about to be wedded a messenger appears with a letter, claiming the Redcrosse Knight as betrothed to Duessa. This can only refer to Mary Stuart, her claim to the crown and the renewed attempt to assert Catholic supremacy². The Redcrosse Knight in his reply lays stress upon the fact that he has already been a victim to Catholic treachery. It is at this point, we may assume, that the identification of Duessa with Mary Queen of Scots really begins ; from that moment onward she did, as a matter of fact, incarnate the Catholic claim over England. The previous ascendancy of Catholicism had caused, as the Redcrosse Knight explains, all his previous ills ; his statement that Duessa :

“ Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will
And to my foe betrayed, when least I feared ill³ ”

¹ *Allegory of the First Book of The Faerie Queene.*

² See Padelford.

³ XII 32.

refers to the foreign influence which had been predominant once and might, if Mary Stuart succeeded, easily become predominant again. In the same way Una pleads that Duessa or Catholicism was the origin of all the country's previous wretchedness :

“ She, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse¹.”

And now there has befallen this new trouble which threatens once more Catholic ascendancy and the breaking of the newly-knit bond between England and Protestantism:

“ new woe and unprovided scath
By breaking of the band betwixt us twain².”

Archimage also must mean in this canto a new incarnation of Papal power, and his immediate imprisonment the laws against Papal interference which were almost immediately passed on Elizabeth's accession.

The reader of Spenser must be impressed by the great stress he lays upon Arthur and, in various portions of his poem, upon the Arthurian descent of the Tudors. My colleague—Professor Stanley Roberts—assures me that this had a very important political bearing. The claim of Arthurian descent involved the claim that Britain had, at one time, been an empire ; hence it formed an invaluable foundation for the Imperial idea and was used to support the Tudor claim to supremacy over the whole island, including Wales and Scotland ; moreover it was an exceedingly useful weapon against the Papal supremacy since it involved the claim that Britain had once been independent of Rome. Henry VIII in his “ Act of Supremacy ” alleges the fact that Britain had once been an empire as a ground for separation.

We thus see the motive of Elizabethan writers such as Spenser in ignoring the Anglo-Saxon kings and stressing the

¹ XII 33.

² XII 34.

Arthurian descent ; it both assists the Imperial idea and is an important weapon against the Pope. Spenser deals with the queen's descent mainly in Bk. II (Canto x) and Bk. III (Canto iii).

TABLE OF DATES

- 1533 Henry VIII's marriage with Anne Boleyn.
 1535 Execution of Sir Thomas More.
 Visitation of the Monasteries.
 1536 Execution of Anne Boleyn.
 Commission of Cardinal Pole.
 1538 The Exeter Conspiracy.
 1539 The Six Articles Bill.
 1547 Death of Henry VIII.
 1553 Northumberland's Conspiracy.
 Accession of Mary.
 1554 Wyatt's Conspiracy.
 1555 The Spanish Marriage.
 1558 Accession of Elizabeth.

III. SOURCES OF BOOK I¹

(a) MEDIAEVAL

The mediaeval element is strong throughout Spenser's *Faerie Queene* but is particularly marked in the first book which owes much of its beauty and many of its finest ideas to mediaeval conceptions. Spenser has, as we may note, identified his hero—the Redcrosse Knight—with St George but he has made comparatively small use of St George's Legend. There is little of the original story beyond the main incident—that St George slays a dragon which is laying waste a certain country and that the king, as a reward, gives him his daughter in marriage, further that the arms of St George consist of a red cross upon a white ground. Spenser does not make any use of the motive of St George's

¹ See also *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II, Introduction III, for Chaucer and Malory and Geoffrey of Monmouth.

martyrdom, for which he had, indeed, no fitting employment in his allegory. St George was an Eastern saint, according to tradition born in Cappadocia, and it is somewhat curious that he should have become accepted as the patron saint of England.

The Golden Legend explains this as follows: "This blessed and holy martyr St George is patron of this realm of England and the cry of men of war. In the worship of whom is founded the noble order of the Garter¹ and also a noble college in the Castle of Windsor by kings of England, in which college is the heart of St George which Sigismund, the emperor of Almagne, brought and gave for a great and a precious relique the King Henry the fifth²."

But Spenser's debt to the romances is much greater than his debt to the saint legends. He took the material of the romances and employed it symbolically for his own purposes. The great mediaeval romances had a charm and a fascination all their own, but by Spenser's time they had, simply as wonder-tales, become obsolete and impossible; Spenser gave the only possible revival to them by turning them into allegory and, like Bunyan after him, using their romantic adventures as symbolism to body forth all that seemed to him of most intimate and vital importance. No one was really interested any longer in the adventure of a giant imprisoning a knight in his dungeons, but if the giant typified Philip II and the knight in his dungeons the unhappy plight of England under Philip, then the adventure achieved a real vitality and a genuine meaning once again.

The general story of the Redcrosse Knight resembles very closely the outline of a mediaeval romance; a king's daughter comes to the court of a great queen asking for a champion who may deliver her father and mother from the power of a great dragon which wastes their country and

¹ Spenser's *Knights of Maidenhead*.

² *Golden Legend*, "Caxton."

lies in wait to destroy them. The knight accepts the quest and accompanies the lady; in the midst of a wood he finds a great monster whom he slays; an enchanter plots against him and separates him from his lady; he falls in with an evil witch, is overcome by a giant and imprisoned in the giant's castle; he is delivered by a friendly champion whom his lady has brought to his aid; finally he arrives at the country of the dragon, slays him and is married to the daughter of the king and queen but obliged to leave her immediately after on account of a vow.

All these events can be paralleled, most of them many times over, in the mediaeval romances, but one or two romances may be referred to from which Spenser appears to have borrowed in more detail.

Thus the beautiful incident of Una and the Lion seems to be taken from *Sabra and the Seven Champions* where two lions fawn upon the heroine and protect her. Again Spenser certainly copies Sir Bevis of Southampton¹ in his description of the fight with the dragon. The closest parallels are²:

“ His skales brighter were than glasse
And moche harder than any brasse.”

Spenser has :

“ And over all with brasen scales was armd.”

Bevis assails the dragon first with a spear but is overthrown by the dragon's tail.

“ Bevis pryked his stede then
And to hym a spere he thrust,
That al to shevers it brast,
Than dyd the dragon Bevis assaile
And so sore smote him with his taile,
That to the grounde he him cast
And two of his rybbes he brast.”

¹ Warton.

² Sir Bevis, 2427 etc.

Spenser has :

“The wrathful beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely passing by, did brush
With his long taylor, that horse and man to ground did rush.”

Sir Bevis gives :

“What for wery and what for faynt
Sir Bevis was nerehande attaynt.
The dragon sued on Bevis so harde
That, as he shulde have fled backwarde.
There was a wel, so have I wynne,
And Bevis stumbled right therein ;
Than was Bevis aferde and wo,
Lest the dragon would him slo,
Or that he might away pas.”

The narrative goes on to explain, however, that the well was of such virtue that no dragon or other venomous creature could approach within seven feet of it ; it owed that power to the fact that a holy virgin had bathed therein.

Bevis gladly avails himself of the virtues of the well.

“Than was Bevys glad wythout sore.
When Bevys sawe, the dragon fel
Had no myght to come nere that wel.”

He rests for some time :

“Than of that water he dranke his fyl
And than lepte out wyth gode wyl.
And with Morglay, his brighte bronde,
He assayed the dragon, I understonde.”

Spenser has :

“It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)
Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
....Full of great vertues¹.”

Spenser does not give the legend of the saintly nymph who bathed in the well, for he wishes to bestow upon it still more wonderful properties and to make it emblematic of the well of life.

“Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus match this well;
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell¹.”

Spenser does not explain that the properties of the well kept the dragon away; perhaps he leaves that to be assumed.

Another romance to which he owed much was Sir Huon of Bordeaux. He himself refers to it in Bk. II:

“And knighthood took of good Sir Huon’s hand².”

It was probably from Sir Huon that Spenser obtained his idea of a union between chivalry and fairyland; Sir Huon is a knight who is taken under the patronage of the fairy king Oberon and by him helped and assisted. So Spenser’s knights are all under the patronage of the Fairy Queene “Gloriana.” Oberon appears in the form of a dwarf and presents Huon with a magic horn which, in moments of peril, he has only to sound and Oberon will promptly appear.

Huon has a great and valiant conflict with a griffin and this again seems to have given Spenser hints for his fight with the dragon. Huon, in the midst of his conflict, finds a clear fountain which heals him of his wounds (the fountain in Sir Bevis only keeps the dragon away but does not heal the knight): “he sawe a fountayne in a fayre medowe then he went downe and came thither, then he saw the fountayne so fayre and clere that he had great marvayle thereof he...had no sooner dronke thereof but incontynent he was hole of all his wounds and as fressh and lusty as when he came from the castel.. .

“This fountayne was called the fountayne of youth...by this fountayne there grew an appell tree charged with

¹ XI 30.

² II i 6.

levys and frute, the fayreste that myghte be founde, when Huon saw the tree chargyd with so fayre frute he rose on his feet and aprochyd the tree and toke therof a fayre apple and a great and did eat therof his fylle."

The romance goes on to state that Huon takes three of these apples with him and gives them to his friends, for they have the power of restoring men to youth.

So Spenser :

"There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over-all were redd,
For happy life to all which thereon fedd.
And life eke everlasting did befall¹."

The same romance contains an account of the castle of a giant named Angolafer ; Huon enters the castle but finds no living soul within, only, after a long search, he comes across the bodies of fourteen dead men and is greatly terrified. This has possibly suggested to Spenser his account of the castle of Orgoglio with its emptiness and silence²

"Whiles he himselve with greedie great desire
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye;
Then gan he loudly through the house to call;
But no man car'd to answeere to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall."

The iron man in Bk. v—Talus—with his iron flail seems to have been suggested by another incident in *Huon of Bordeaux* where the tower of Dunother is described : "at the entre of the gate there are ii men of brasse, each of them holdynge in there handys a flayll of Iren."

Spenser has also taken something from Malory. He seems to have originally intended the adventure of the

¹ XI 46.

² VIII 29.

Redcrosse Knight to resemble that of Beaumains (Sir Gareth). In the introductory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh he describes how the Faerie Queene—Gloriana—is keeping her annual feast for twelve days; upon each of these days twelve several adventures are undertaken by twelve several knights. "The first was this: In the beginning of the feast there presented him selfe a tall clownishe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Fairies desired a boone... which was that he might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen: that being graunted, hee rested him on the floore, unfitte through his rusticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarf behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the armes of a Knight and his speare in the dwarfes hand."

The lady falls down before Gloriana, informs her of the dragon which is laying waste her father's country and asks for a knight to come to her assistance.

"Presently that clownish person, upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queene much wondering and the Lady much gainesaying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire."

The lady refuses to accept him unless he can wear the armour which she brings and which Spenser declares to be the armour of a Christian man specified by St Paul (Eph. vi.). Since the knight proves able to assume the armour she accepts him.

This is very like the story of Gareth though Spenser, in the after-adventures, shows practically no resemblance; from time to time, however, he reminds us that the Redcrosse Knight is upon his first adventure:

"Yet armes till that time did he never wield¹."

Another passage taken from Malory is that where Una beseeches the strange knight who has come to her assistance

to tell her of his name and nation. Arthur replies but says that his lineage and his father are as yet hidden from him:

“For both the lignage and the certein Sire,
From which I sprang, from mee are hidden right.”

He goes on to explain how Merlin took him away from his father and entrusted him to a foster-father to bring up. Spenser, however, makes but little use of Malory¹.

Besides these mediaeval romances it should be observed that Spenser also employs the motive of the *Court of Love*. The *Court of Love* poems form almost a literature of their own and are very abundant in mediaeval French. The general characteristics are always the same: there is a court or palace presided over by some great lady, usually a princess or a queen; allegorical personages—virtues and vices—attend upon her and travellers are received with various courtesies. The *Court of Love* poems are, as a rule, very gorgeous; the description of the palace lends itself to splendour of all kinds and the lady and her attendants are nearly always gorgeously attired. The poem which influenced Spenser most was probably *The Court of Love* spuriously attributed to Chaucer. Spenser takes this motive but modifies it in his own way; thus we have two examples of such modifications in the House of Pride and the House of Holiness. In the former pride is substituted for love, Lucifera for the queen of love, and we have allegorical attendants in the Seven Deadly Sins. The House of Holiness substitutes religion as the main motive, Charissa as the presiding lady and her sisters and the seven bedesmen as attendants. Spenser gives us all the elaboration, the artificial grace, the formalism of the old poems but, as in the case of the romances, he adds a depth of meaning which is all his own.

There are many examples also in the other books of the poem; there are two—the House of Temperance and

¹ See Introduction III c.

the House of Alma—in Bk. II, and the Court of Mercilla in Bk. v.

This theme is, indeed, specially adapted to Spenser as it gives him scope for his unrivalled descriptive powers.

Another mediaeval motive is to be found in the conception of the Seven Deadly Sins. Scholastic theology was fond of mystic numbers; it declared that the deadly sins were seven in number, that each sin was again subdivided into five different branches and that there were, correspondingly, different kinds of remedies against each branch. The Seven Deadly Sins are the subject of Chaucer's *Parson's Tale*; they are also represented in a really wonderful manner in Langland's *Piers Plowman*. Langland also personifies them but his personification differs essentially from Spenser's; Spenser's figures are symbolic and allegorical but not human types:

“And like a Crane his neck was long and fyne,”

while Langland's, on the other hand, are plainly human types—the miser, the glutton, etc.—described with the most drastic realism.

Another famous treatment of the Seven Deadly Sins is to be found in Gower's *Confessio Amantis*; the whole “Confession” of the lover is based upon these sins and their different subdivisions. Spenser does not seem to have been influenced in his account either by Chaucer or by Langland but he probably was influenced by Gower, not in his drawing of the actual personifications, which is entirely his own, but in the attributes of his figures which correspond very closely to Gower's subdivisions. We may remark that Gower was a writer much esteemed in the sixteenth century as a moral influence and very considerably read¹.

Spenser with his love for old authors and his predominating interest in matters ethical would almost certainly

¹ See G. C. Macaulay, Introduction to *Confessio Amantis*.

know him. In the account of *Pride* there is one curious detail which seems to be due to Gower. Spenser gives Nebuchadnezzar among the victims of *Pride* and says that he was *transformed*¹ into an ox; this is not in accordance with the Bible which only says that he ate grass like an ox—a very different thing—but it is in accord with Gower who gives Nebuchadnezzar as an example of Vain Glory and says that he was transformed into an ox for punishment².

It is not necessary to go through all the points of resemblance in detail, but we may quote a few.

Envy, according to Gower, has five ministers, among whom are Sorrow for Another's Joy, Joy for Another's Grief, Detraction, etc. So Spenser has :

“ inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
...But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.
...And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse³.”

Sloth also has his five ministers, among whom are Lachesse (delay), Forgetfulness, Negligence, Idleness, Somnolence. Spenser describes his Idleness as being forgetful :

“ For of devotion he had little care”;

he is negligent :

“ May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way”;

and also idle :

“ From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise,
From every worke he chalenged essoyne⁴,”

¹ IV 47.

² *Con. Aman.* I v.

³ IV 30.

⁴ IV 19—20.

and finally somnolent :

“ Still drown'd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded ;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed¹.”

Among the qualities of Avarice Gower places covetousness, usury and parsimony. So Spenser :

“ Whose need had end, but no end covetise...
Accursed usurie was all his trade...
His life was nigh unto deaths door yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware².”

Just as scholastic theology systematised the Deadly Sins into seven, so it systematised the cardinal virtues into three: Faith, Hope and Charity; these were the divine virtues and, in addition, there were the virtues opposed to the Deadly Sins: Humility the opposite of Pride: Mercy the opposite of Wrath: Labour the opposite of Idleness, etc. Most of these virtues are represented by Spenser in his House of Holiness; Charissa is its presiding genius, her sisters are Fidelia and Speranza; these three are of heavenly birth—the daughters of Dame Caelia; the other virtues, of lower rank, are their attendants. The Porter is Humiltá; there is also an ancient matron called Mercy; the seven bedesmen represent the true religious labour, the opposite of Idleness. Spenser's description of the House of Holiness shows that he had a great deal of sympathy with the monastic ideal of life when embodied in its true form; the seven bedesmen with their pious offices represent the labours of monasticism at its best: to feed the poor, to entertain travellers, to tend the sick, etc. The old man—Contemplation—is the most spiritual side of religion.

“ Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene through his long fast;
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast³.”

¹ iv 19.

² iv 27—28.

³ x 48.

Spenser, who scourged so fiercely the corruptions and superstitions of Catholicism, could appreciate none the less the glory and beauty of the old ideal. His face was set towards the future but he was no harsh iconoclast; he had a profound reverence for the past. He longed to take over with him into his Puritanism all that in the old religion was most vital and most profound.

There is one mediaeval author to whom Spenser is always, in all portions of his work, indebted and that one is Chaucer. Spenser's archaic language is very largely an imitation of Chaucer and a surprising number of his old and obsolete words are Chaucerian. The first book of the poem, like the others, is full of verbal reminiscences and there is also a certain amount of material which is directly embodied. Chaucer is fond of giving lists of birds and trees. In his account of the wood of Error, Spenser copies one of Chaucer's tree-lists¹.

Chaucer has :

“The bilder ook and eek the hardy asshe;
 The piler elm,.....
 The sayling firr; the cipres, death to pleyne,
 The sheter ew;
 The olyve of pees.....
 the laurer to devyne.”

Spenser gives :

“The sayling Pine:
 The vine-propp Elme:
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all
 the Cypresse funerall!
 The Laurell meede of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets sage.....
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
 ...The fruitful Olive.”

¹ *Parlement of Fowles.*

Again Spenser adopts a Chaucerian habit of noting time by the constellations and by the position of the stars. Chaucer gives both date and hour by astronomical method as in the *Squire's Tale* :

“Phebus the sonne ful joly was and cleer ;
For he was neigh his exaltacioun
In Martes face, and in his mansioun
In Aries, the colerik hote signe.”

In Chaucer's time these astronomical references served a real purpose ; he was genuinely skilled in astronomy and, in days when almanacks were not generally available, it was a natural method of computation. Spenser employs the astronomical allusions purely and simply as an ornament but they are often exquisitely beautiful. We might observe that, whereas Chaucer gives both date and time, Spenser gives time only :

“By this the Northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre¹,”

and

“Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie
Above the shynie Cassiopeias chaire².”

It is interesting to note the transition from the business-like accuracy of Chaucer to Spenser's romantic mythology.

The account of the dwelling of Morpheus is suggested by the very similar account of the house of Morpheus in Chaucer's *Book of the Duchesse*. Chaucer has :

“Beste, ne man, ne nothing elles,
Save ther were a fewe welles
Came running fro the cliffes adoun
That made a deedly sleeping soun,
.

¹ II i.

² III 16.

This messenger came flying faste,
 And cryed, 'O ho! awak anon!
 Hit was for noght; ther herde him non!
 'Awak' quod he, 'who is, lyth there?'
 ...This god of slepe, with his oon yē
 Cast up, axed, 'who clepeth there?'"

So Spenser :

"And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe,
 ...No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard....."

The messenger approaching to him spake,
 But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine;
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake¹."

Spenser's description of the House of Pride probably owes something to Chaucer's description of the House of Fame; both are gorgeous erections but built upon an insecure and weak foundation, in Chaucer's case a mountain of ice, in Spenser's a hill of sand.

Chaucer says :

"This were a feble foundement
 To bilden on a palace hye;
 He ought him litel glorifye
 That her-on built, god so me save."

And Spenser has :

"It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 ...But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sit²."

Todd thinks that Spenser's description of Idleness as a monk may have been suggested by Chaucer's description of the idle monk in the *Prologue*, but this is hardly likely, for the chief characteristic of Chaucer's monk (humorously

¹ I 41—42.

² IV 5.

alluded to by the Host) was his excessive fondness for hunting and hard riding—whereas Spenser says emphatically of his monk that he “greatly shunned manly exercise,” though they are both alike in their indifference to religion; perhaps it would be fairer to say that Spenser marks a considerable step onward in the degradation of the religious orders; Chaucer’s monk loves hard riding and dresses elegantly, whereas Spenser’s “Idleness” is past all but sloth and licentiousness.

The description of Wrath, however, borrows many of its attributes from the misfortunes of Mars as described in the *Knight’s Tale*.

Chaucer has :

“The cruel ire, reed as any glede;
 ...and eek the pale drede;
 The smyler with the knyf under the cloke;
 The treson of the mordring in the bedde;
 Contek, with bloody knyf and sharp manace;
 ...Yet saugh I woodnesse, laughing in his rage;
 Armed complaint, out-hees and fierce outrage.”

And Spenser :

“And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 ...His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red.
 ...As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,

 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife;

 Through unadvised rashnesse woxen wood!”

Arthur’s love-story, as he himself narrates it, is plainly derived from the poem of *Sir Thopas*. It is curious to observe that the tale which Chaucer selects as a fitting subject for burlesque should be treated with entire seriousness by Spenser. *Sir Thopas* relates how that good knight rides out into the wood in search of adventures; he lies

down to rest and dreams that an elf-queen comes to him as his love and, when he awakes, he rides on in search of her. The closest parallels are :

“ He prikketh thurgh a fair forest,
 Ther-inne is many a wilde best....

 Sir Thopas eek so wery was
 For prickinge on the softe gras,
 So fiers was his courage,
 That doun he leyde him in that plas.

 O seinte Marie, ben' cite!
 What eyleth this love at me
 To binde me so sore?
 Me deemed al this night, pardee,
 An elf-queen shall my lemman be.
 An elf-queen woe I love, y-wis,
 For in this world no womman is
 Worthy to be my mate....
 Into his sadel he clamb anoon,
 And priketh over style and stoon....
 Till he so longe had riden and goon
 That he fond, in a privee woon,
 The contree of Fairye.”

Spenser makes his Arthur tell how he was riding out one day :

“ Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 ...For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd;
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
 ...Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay¹:

 And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

 From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
 ...And never vow to rest, till her I find².”

¹ IX 12—15.

² IX 15.

We may remark that a similar motive—the love of a knight for a fairy lady or fairy queen—is common in mediaeval romance; it occurs in the story of the fay Melusine, in Marie de France's *Lay of Sir Launfal* and many others. It is a proof of Chaucer's scepticism that he can turn the motive into ridicule and of Spenser's innate sympathy with the mediaeval mind that he takes it quite gravely. We may observe however that, here as elsewhere, Spenser does not take his fairy romance simply for its own value; he takes it as a double symbol, in the loftier sense as a type of man's search for wisdom and in the historical sense as a symbol of his queen's love for the man whom he believed would be her consort.

Another mediaeval motive which influenced Spenser was that of the "Falls of Princes." A series of tragedies on the lives of great men, victims to fortune or to their own pride, was a favourite subject among mediaeval writers: Chaucer treated it in his *Monk's Tale*, Lydgate in his *Falls of Princes* and Spenser's more immediate predecessor—Sackville—in the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

This motive also Spenser employs in the first book of *The Faerie Queene* where he describes the victims in the House of Pride. A number of these coincide with the heroes whose tragedies are narrated in Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*; thus Nebuchadnezzar, Antiochus, Cresus, Alexander and Caesar are included in both lists though there is no similarity in the details recorded.

(b) CLASSICAL

Plato was Spenser's favourite philosopher and his influence is strongly marked throughout *The Faerie Queene*. In the first book especially it has coloured the whole of the allegory.

In the *Phaedrus*¹ Plato explains that it is possible by the practice of virtue so to train and instruct the soul that it

¹ See also *The Fowre Hymnes*, Introduction I, "Spenser and Plato."

becomes conscious of wisdom and truth as visible things and can conceive them in their native beauty as they really are. It is this state of mind which Spenser understands as "Holiness."

According to Plato's exposition in the *Phaedrus* the soul of man, before its entrance upon earth, has dwelt in a heaven-world where it has beheld the true "ideas" of justice, temperance, beauty and wisdom in their everlasting essence. Ever after in earthly life the soul tries to achieve this vision of the truth; it succeeds momentarily; it is dragged back by its own weakness and sin but it ever aspires again. Moreover this vision of truth is that which makes man essentially man; without such a vision of truth the soul could not even have entered upon the human form. All that is highest in man is fostered by truth; it encourages the growth of his best and noblest part; the man who attains to a perpetual vision of truth remains always untouched and unharmed. "Now of the heaven itself which is above the heavens, no earthly poet has sung or ever will sing in worthy manner. But I must tell for I am bound to speak truly when speaking of the truth. The colourless and formless and intangible essence is visible to the mind which is the only lord of the soul. Circling around this in the region above the heavens is the place of true knowledge. And as the divine intelligence and that of every other soul which is rightly nourished is fed upon mind and pure knowledge, such an intelligent soul is glad at once more beholding being; and feeding on the sight of truth is replenished. In the heaven-world the soul beholds the true images of justice, wisdom, temperance, etc. in their actual forms as they veritably exist¹."

"The reason of this great desire to behold the plain of truth is that the food which is suited to the highest part of the soul grows in that meadow...and this is a law of the goddess Retribution, that the soul which attains any

¹ Jowett, *Phaedrus*.

vision of truth...is preserved from harm until the next period and he who always attains is always unharmed. But when she is unable to follow and fails to attain the vision of truth and through some ill-hap sinks beneath the double load of forgetfulness and vice,...then the law ordains that the soul shall...in the first generation...pass into man."

"The soul of him who has never seen the truth will not pass into the human form."

"As has already been said every soul of man has in the way of nature beheld true being; this was the condition of her passing into the form of man. But all men do not easily recall the things of the other world....

"Few there are who retain the remembrance of them sufficiently; and they, when they behold any image of that other world, are rapt in amazement but they are ignorant of what this means because they have no clear perceptions... For there is no light in the earthly copies of justice or temperance or any of the higher qualities which are precious to souls; they are seen but through a glass dimly; and there are few who, going to the images, behold in them the reality, and they only with difficulty¹."

It can be seen how closely this is illustrated by the allegory of the Redcrosse Knight and Una. Una, as the name implies, stands for the truth; she is the "one-fold," the true, contrasted always with Duessa, the type of duplicity and falsehood.

It is notable that when we see Una first her face is veiled even from her chosen knight (i.e. as Plato puts it, the truth is seen but dimly); Truth cannot be perceived in all her perfection by the man who is still unpurified:

"A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly Asse more white than snow,
Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low²."

¹ Jowett.

² 14.

It is notable that the same achievement or quest which is to win for the Redcrosse Knight his lady Una or Truth is to win him also the favour of Gloriana. It is probable that Gloriana is meant as a type of the heavenly Wisdom which, as Plato says, is the most resplendent and glorious of all the ideas. So Spenser describes Gloriana whose light :

“ Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine¹,”

and his quest is given to him by her :

“ To winne him worship, and her grace to have².”

The wood of Error represents those entanglements in which the soul of man is enwrapped and involved during its life upon earth, but Truth is his inspiration and assists him to overcome. The story of the false image of Una summoned up by the enchanter Archimage has also its Platonic bearing, typifying the great difficulty man has in distinguishing and discovering the truth amid the shows of earthly things. Later on in the poem we have the same symbol employed with far more depth and subtlety in the story of the true and the false Florimel.

We notice that, when Una is alone and lays her veil aside so that she is seen in her true form, her heavenly beauty is at once manifest ;

“ Her angels face

As the great eye of heaven shynd bright,

And made a sunshine in the shadie place;

Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace³.”

Just as Una has her false shadow or semblance so also Gloriana has a false counterpart in Lucifera who is the world's “ wisdom ”: display and success and pride; she shines like “ Titan's ray ” but all her splendour is deceit and hollowness, built on a foundation of sand.

Although Una's beauty is so glorious it is represented as not mainly or even chiefly a physical quality. It is her

¹ Introductory Stanzas iv.

² I 3.

³ III 4.

power of enlightening the mind which is dwelt upon most. It is she who instructs the Redcrosse Knight how to conquer Error; he falls, as soon as he has left her, into hopeless miseries and despairs; the satyrs are ignorant and she teaches them:

“Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound¹.”

Sir Satyrane:

“wondred at her wisdome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew².”

When Sansloy snatches the veil from before her face he is amazed and almost overcome by her heavenly beauty:

“He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before;
Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest skye³.”

Only when the Redcrosse Knight has performed his great task and slain the dragon does he perceive Una revealed in all her brightness and radiance:

“For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide.

.
The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell were as to strive against the streame.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.

.her owne deare loved knight,
. . . Did wonder much at her celestiall sight,
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight⁴.”

Another piece of Platonic imagery is to be found in Arthur's wonderful diamond shield; this also is a type of Truth and he carries it veiled because it is too brilliant for mortal sight:

“His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene⁵.”

¹ VI 30.

² VI 31.

³ VI 4.

⁴ XII 22—23.

⁵ VII 33.

It is eternal and cannot change or fade but is made of diamond :

“Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soon consumed bene :
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene¹.”

It cannot be pierced or divided ; it is always one and entire. When it is revealed its brilliance daunts all things upon earth and surpasses even the sun :

“For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phoebus golden face it did attaint².”

No spells or magic can affect it and everything false disappears the moment it is unveiled :

“But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall³.”

Only the perfectly pure can gaze upon it, for it turns others blind :

“And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind⁴.”

Here again we see the closeness of the parallel to Plato's account of Truth.

It has more than once been pointed out that, considered simply as a stage-property, this shield has been somewhat misused by Spenser. Why, it has been asked, did Arthur ever need to fight with anything else ? Why did he not simply unveil his shield before Orgoglio and destroy him ? The reply is that Spenser, as usual, is thinking more of the ideas he wishes to express than of the probabilities of his narrative. We may note, however, that it is the shield which does finally overcome Orgoglio ; Arthur is about to be conquered when :

“in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew :
The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,

¹ VII 33.

² VII 34.

³ VII 35.

⁴ VII 35.

That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme¹."

The love of Arthur for Gloriana is doubtless meant as an emblem of man's search for Wisdom—the divine Wisdom which he perceives in a vision and ever afterwards seeks :

"From that day forth I lov'd that face divine ;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind,
To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne²."

The relation of Una to Gloriana, of Truth to Wisdom, is also shown by the speech of the Redcrosse Knight who declares that Una shall be next to Gloriana in greatness :

"Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case³."

There are also in the first book, as everywhere in Spenser, many incidental references to Plato.

One of the loveliest passages in the *Symposium* is rendered by Spenser into immortal beauty :

"The noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent⁴."

In the account of Giant Despair there is also a passage from the *Phaedo*. Socrates argues that, though death is better than life, it is still not permissible to commit suicide because man is, as it were, a possession of the gods and may not leave the post to which they have appointed him. So the Redcrosse Knight argues in answer to Despair :

"The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it ;
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his Captaine bed⁵."

¹ VIII 19, see also Introduction II.

² IX 15.

³ IX 17.

⁴ V 1.

⁵ IX 41.

Spenser's whole account of the House of Holiness also owes much to Plato.

Plato says: "The mind of the philosopher alone has wings; and this is just for he is always, according to the measure of his abilities, clinging in recollection to those things in which God abides and in beholding which He is what He is. And he who employs aright these memories is ever being initiated into perfect mysteries and alone becomes truly perfect. But, as he forgets earthly interests and is rapt in the divine, the vulgar deem him mad and rebuke him; they do not see that he is inspired."

We may compare this with Spenser:

"His name was heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.
Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from heavens hight,
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne¹."

(c) RENAISSANCE

Spenser in writing *The Faerie Queene* had an essentially moral aim. It is worthy of note that his view of the function of poetry was one very generally entertained in his period.

Spenser's conception of poetry is perhaps best explained for us if we study Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*. Sidney and Spenser belonged to an Areopagus or literary society which included a number of well-known literary men—Dyer, Fulke Greville, etc.—and which was in the habit of discussing all manner of literary and critical questions; it was on the model of the fifteenth and sixteenth century societies so common in Italy. Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie* may be considered as a kind of manifesto on behalf of this Areopagus. We know also that Spenser wrote a work,

unfortunately lost, which was entitled *The English Poet* and probably dealt with the theory of poetry. It has been suggested that this work was really the foundation of Sidney's. For such a suggestion we have no real evidence but there is every probability that the two works were much akin and one thing is certain—that the theory of poetry as expressed by Sidney is illustrated magnificently and at length in *The Faerie Queene*.

Sidney seems to have been greatly influenced by Plato's view of poetry¹. Plato represents Socrates as condemning all poets who do not make instruction the direct aim of their work, who tell unedifying fables of the gods or depict heroes as acting in an unbecoming manner. Sidney refers to the fact that poets were banished from the Republic and shows that this applies only to such as did not aim at moral instruction; Sidney therefore insists upon such moral instruction; it is to be conveyed by means of poetic justice; the virtuous must always be rewarded and the bad punished, otherwise there will not be sufficient incentive to good actions, and he naïvely represents poetry as being of more moral value than history because history must sometimes represent the evil as triumphing and the good as succumbing.

Now this theory of poetry is obviously Spenser's. He aims at moral instruction throughout; poetic justice is always administered; the good have harsh conflicts, they are often hard put to it, but they always triumph in the end.

Nor is this all! The humanists of the time very generally believed that it was the business of poetry to teach by means of allegory and believed, moreover, that the great poets of antiquity, Homer and Virgil especially, had actually done so.

Thus Ascham says in his *Scholemaster* that the *Odyssey* may be interpreted as a moral metaphor; he declares that the young man who travels falls into many perils and may be compared to Ulysses:

“He shall sometymes fall, either into the hands of

¹ *Republic*, Bks. II and III.

some cruell Cyclops, or in the lap of some wanton and dalying Dame Calypso ; and so suffer the danger of many a deadlie Denne, not so full of perils to destroy the body, as full of vayne pleasures to poyson the minde. Some Siren shall sing him a song sweete in tune, but sounding in the end to his utter destruction. If Scylla droun him not, Charybdis may fortune swallow him. Some Circes shall make of him from a plain Englishman a right Italian."

Ascham goes on to explain that the turning of men into swine is an obvious moral metaphor and says : " Homere and Plato have but one meaning, looke both to one end. For, if a man inglutte himselfe with vanitie or welter in filthinesse like a Swyne, all learnyng, all goodness is soone forgotten."

It seems most probable that this passage gave Spenser the suggestion for Guyon's voyage in the second book of *The Faerie Queene* ; at any rate he does there precisely what Ascham suggests : he employs a considerable portion of the *Odyssey* and interprets it in a moral fashion.

The example is important because it explains Spenser's general method throughout *The Faerie Queene* : to instruct, and to instruct by means of allegory. He had the warrant of Ascham and others for believing that this was the general method of the great poets. As he himself says¹ : " I have followed all the antique Poets historicall ; first Homere, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis : then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas : after him Ariosto . . . and lately Tasso."

Curious as this may sound to the modern reader we see from Ascham's book that it was a view quite commonly accepted at the time. It was probably Ascham also who dissuaded or helped to dissuade Spenser from making much use of Malory's *Morte d'Arthure*.

¹ Introductory Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh.

Spenser says himself "I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitt for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former works, and also furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time¹."

This being the case we should have expected him to make a plentiful use of the magnificent legends contained in the *Morte d'Arthure* but, by the more severe moralists, they were looked upon with grave suspicion. Ascham says²: "In our forefathers' time, when Papistrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tongue, savyng certaine bookes of Chevalrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in Monasteries by idle Monkes, or wanton Chanons; as are for example Morte Arthure: the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two special poyntes, in open mans slaughter and bold bawdrye. In whiche booke those be counted the noblest Knightes that do kill most men without any quarrel, and commit foulest advoulteries by sutlest shiftes: as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur, his master: Sir Tristram with the wife of kyng Marke his uncle—this is good stuff for wise men to laugh at or honest men to take pleasure at."

Spenser then, obeying the dictates of Plato, has a moral aim in writing poetry; following, as he believes, Homer and Virgil, he chooses to instruct by means of allegory; he carefully avoids such matter as is in itself immoral or cannot be readily adapted to a moral meaning.

What, then, is the moral teaching and general aim of the book? Milton's aim was theological, "to justify the ways of God to man." Wordsworth's was primarily philosophical. Spenser himself has told us that his aim was educational: "The generall end therefore of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline³."

¹ Introductory Letter.

² *Scholemaster*.

³ Introductory Letter

Education was one of the chief interests of the Renaissance and the sixteenth century was an age of great educators ; treatises on the art were very common. We may note at the outset that the Renaissance idea of education differed considerably from ours. We are too apt to think of it as a process almost confined to school-years and concluding with the university ; the great Renaissance educators had a wider conception ; they regarded education as a life-long process implying the full development of the powers—physical, mental and moral.

Its foundations were laid in the school-years and it was the business of the educator to see that these foundations were good and sound, but the process continued throughout life ; it was concerned with the entire building up of character, with the whole of mental development. *The Faerie Queene* is, in this sense, but in this only, an educational work ; it aims at laying before the reader an ideal of character and a conception of life to serve as a permanent model ; in its scope it covers the greater part—almost the whole—of life ; it presents the ideal for woman no less than for man ; it deals in turn with each individual virtue ; it lays stress on religion as the most important of all things, the foundation on which all the rest must be erected ; religion does not mean any scheme of dogmatic belief for, though Spenser himself was a Calvinist and a Puritan, he nowhere lays stress upon dogma as such ; he interprets religion as a condition of mind and spirit—Holiness—that state in which man obeys and trusts the highest in his own soul, receiving as the reward for his noble faith a divine guidance.

The Christian must be prepared for endless pitfalls ; he must beware of his own faults and short-comings but he must cling to his ideal and divine grace will not desert him ; his inspiration will return.

Puritanism is sometimes defined as if it meant a belief in the impeccability of the Puritan. This is certainly not true of the two great Puritan poets ; Milton's Samson

“Eyeless, in Gaza, at the mill, with slaves,” Spenser’s Redcrosse Knight, perishing in the dungeons of Orgoglio, both confessing that all their sufferings are due to their own sins—are not types of self-righteousness.

In the second book of his poem Spenser deals with the virtue which he conceives next in importance, which he calls Temperance, but which really corresponds to our self-control¹.

This must be exercised not only in the pleasures of the senses but in anger, ambition, the search for wealth, etc. Through all perils and temptations the soul must keep its balance and poise; it must learn how to retain serenity even amid cruel injuries, it must not be seduced by the glitter of splendour or worldly pomp; it must, even while finely sensitive to beauty, learn how to withstand the subtlest temptations of the flesh. It must be proof both against Acrasia and against Mammon.

In the third book Spenser deals with Chastity which, as he interprets it, is not asceticism but the true form of love; he does not blink the existence of passion; it is a terrific power but it may be used to exalt all the higher energies of the soul. In the same way he deals with Justice, with Friendship, with Courtesy, and with Constancy, which latter is probably the virtue we should term Fortitude. Nor are the great virtues the only ones represented; in one manner or another the whole of life, aristocratic life at any rate, is covered: horsemanship, skill in arms, manners, dress, food, etc., etc.

The educational writers who seem to have influenced him most were Ascham, Castiglione and Vives. As has been said Ascham probably swayed Spenser in his employment of the allegorical method and in his rejection of the *Morte d’Arthure* as a source of material. We may note also that, like Spenser in his *Guyon*, Ascham praises bashfulness as a precious part of the manly character. “But error and phantasie, do commonlie occupie the place of truth and judgment. For, if a young gentleman be demure

¹ See also *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II, Introduction IV, “Spenser and Aristotle.”

and still of nature, they say, he is simple and lacketh witte; if he be bashfull, and will soon blushe, they call him a babishe and ill-brought up thing, when Xenophon doth preciselie note in Cyrus, that his bashfulnes in youth, was the verie treewe signe of his virtue and stoutness after: If he be innocent and ignorant of ill, they say, he is rude and hath no grace¹."

"Blushing in youth, sayth Aristotle,
Is nothing else, but feare to do ill."

So Spenser represents Guyon meeting Shamefastnesse in the House of Alma, wondering at her blushes till Alma tells him:

"You shamefast are but Shamefastnes it selfe is shee²."

Ascham has a certain note of Puritanism; he objects to an arrogant manner or anything boastful; he praises modesty in the male character. He also objects to certain fashions such as "frounced haire" and to tricks like that of palmistry. It is so with Spenser. In the House of Pride the followers of Pride employ these fashions:

"Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise³,"
and Lechery could:

"fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes⁴."

More important than Ascham, however, is the influence of Castiglione's *Il Cortegiano*.

This book had been translated into English by Sir Thomas Hoby. It is in many ways one of the most typical works which the Renaissance produced—dealing with the whole character of the "courtier." The word in our days carries with it such a suggestion of drawing-rooms that it is difficult to understand what it implied in sixteenth-century Italy and England. Courts then were the true centres of government; the Prince was often engaged in war; the sixteenth-century courtier had thus to be both statesman and soldier,

¹ Ascham, *Scholemaster*.

² II ix 43.

³ I iv 14.

⁴ I iv 25.

for either office might be, at any moment, required of him. He might also be, as many Spanish and English courtiers actually were, a great traveller and explorer.

Again the Courts of the Renaissance were true centres of learning; Greek and Latin, the poetry of their own and contemporary nations, were all eagerly studied and discussed; the Courts were, as a matter of fact, real rivals to the Universities; they were in their own way "Academies" and they were also centres for the fine arts of painting and music. Now it is this ideal, so versatile and with such a range, which is described in the pages of Castiglione and, more than any other book, *Il Cortegiano* seems to have helped Spenser to his conception: the man full of intellectual interests without being in any sense a pedant, skilled in all active exercises, capable of being an accomplished soldier and at the same time a sweet-mannered and perfect gentleman. "The figure of a gentleman as moulded and furnished forth by Castiglione, speedily became a model for all Europe, the North as well as the South. In this *Mirror of Courtesy* Sir Philip Sidney might have beheld his own likeness. The same pattern was in Milton's mind when he defined the true ends of education: 'I call therefore a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both public and private, of peace and war¹.'"

The morality of the Courtier, we may observe, is excellent, being praised even by the austere Ascham. We may note also that the Humanist ideal with its self-dependence and self-assertion accorded singularly well with English Protestantism. The Church of Rome had laid stress on obedience and humility; the evil results of this system in corrupting by arbitrary power the character of the ecclesiastics, and weakening by irresponsibility the character of the laymen, had become manifest to the whole of Europe. The self-respect of the Humanists, the self-assertion of the Protestants, were component parts of the same much-needed reform.

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh, Introduction to *Il Cortegiano*.

Spenser's debt to Castiglione runs through the whole of *The Faerie Queene*; there is hardly any portion in which the influence is not visible but we may especially observe a few points. Castiglione took his general framework from Aristotle's *Ethics* and Spenser was, no doubt, impelled by his example to do the same; this does not mean that Spenser took his Aristotelianism at second-hand, for certain portions of his work¹ show that he had studied the *Ethics* itself very carefully and deliberately, but the general use made of Aristotle resembles Castiglione's. Both lay stress on the virtue of Magnanimity which Spenser embodies in the character of Arthur².

Castiglione describes it as being the soul of the "Courtier," since it prevents him from laying too much stress upon trifles and concentrates his attention upon the end rather than upon the means.

Castiglione attaches much importance to gentleness of birth and its inspiration: "For noblenesse of birth is (as it were) a clere lampe that sheweth forth and bringeth into light, workes bothe good and badde, and explaneth and provoketh unto vertue, as well with the feare of slaunder, as also with the hope of praise."

This is almost always the attitude of Spenser. Again Castiglione says that the principal and true profession of a courtier ought to be in feats of arms: "which above all I will have hym to practise lively and to be known among other for his hardenesse, for his acheving of enterprises, and for his fidelitie toward him whom he serveth."

So Spenser represents feats of arms as being, in one manner or another, the chief profession of all his knights and they are all most perfectly loyal to the service of their queen.

Another noticeable point in *Il Cortegiano* is the author's praise of the genuine old Tuscan speech. The whole question of the fit and proper language for literature is extensively discussed; one of the speakers argues that the literary language should be modernised and indeed identical with

¹ Bk. II.

² See *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II, Introduction IV.

the spoken language, but the weight of authority is against this; it is decided by common concurrence that it is well to keep to the great literary tradition, to the tongue of Petrarch and Boccaccio, and that words employed by them should be considered as always admissible. This dictum had, probably, a considerable influence upon Spenser's practice. Just as in Castiglione's court of Urbino the writer might employ either contemporary forms and local dialect or the classical Tuscan of Petrarch, so in sixteenth-century England the writer might boldly adopt the modern speech or else keep to the great literary tradition already established by Chaucer and employ as many as possible of Chaucer's words and phrases. The latter is what Spenser actually did and he was probably quite consciously and deliberately following the methods which had made Italian literature so great.

Castiglione says: "Therefore in writing I houlde opinion it is necessarie for a man to use the Tuscanes wordes, and only such as have been used among the auncient Tuskans: for it is a great testimoniall and approved by tyme, that they bee good and of pithie signification in that they be applyed to. And beside this they have that grace and majestie that antiquitie giveth not only to wordes, but unto buildinges, ymages, peinctinges, and to everye thyng that is of force to preserve it. And many times with this onely brightnes and dignitie they make the fourme of sentences very fair, and through the vertue and elegancie thereof, every matter how base soever it may be, maie be so decked out, that may deserve verye great commendacion."

It is easy to see how excellently a precept of this kind is illustrated by Spenser's special vocabulary¹.

Castiglione continues: "Me semeth then who so wyll be out of doubtte and well assured, it is requisite for him to determine with hym selfe to followe one, that by al men's accorde is judged good, and to take him for a guyde alwaies . . . and that I thinke oughte to bee none other but Petrarca and Boccaccio: and whoso swarveth from these two, goeth at all aventure."

¹ See *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II, Introduction III.

Spenser, of course, followed Chaucer and, as a matter of fact, when we examine into his vocabulary, we find that most of the words in it which seem strange and obsolete are really Chaucerian.

Castiglione gives excellent reasons for his precepts, the chief being that a great literary language ought never to be suffered to decay but should be kept alive by deliberate tradition.

Another matter worthy of attention is the enormous stress which Castiglione, like Spenser, lays upon friendship and upon love. Castiglione considers that a really romantic friendship between man and man is one of the chief inspirations of life: he says: "And albeit some wicked and prophane taste of this holye name of friendship, yet is it not for all that to be so rooted oute of mennes mindes, and for the trespasse of the yll, to deprive the good of so great a felicitie. And I beleave verely for my parte, there is here emong us moe than one couple of friends, whose love is indissoluble and without any guile at all, and to endure untill death, with agreement of will, no less than those menne of olde time, whom you mentioned right nowe."

This is exactly the view of friendship that is developed in the fourth book of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*¹.

"Such ones ill judge of love that cannot love
 ...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 bringes forth glorious flowres of fame,
 That croune true lovers with immortall blis.
 Which who so list looke backe to former ages,
 And call to count the things that then were donne,
 Shall find that all the workes of those wise sages,
 And brave exploits which great Heroës wonne,
 In love were either ended or begunne²."

Again, in Castiglione as in most of the Italian humanists, love and friendship are interpreted very largely through

¹ See also *The Foure Hymnes*, Introduction I, "Spenser and Plato."

² Bk. iv, Introductory stanzas.

the medium of the erotic dialogues of Plato: the *Phaedrus* and *Symposium*. Both love and friendship are regarded as being essentially emotional crises in the soul, leading to inspiration and to a high standard of life; friendship is entirely spiritual and love mainly spiritual. Here again Spenser adopts the method of Castiglione though he probably knew Plato far better than the Italian author himself, and nothing could well be more direct and immediate than the Platonic influence in *The Faerie Queene*.

The Platonic theory of love also assists to a special and very fine estimate of women.

Castiglione has a noble ideal of womanhood and argues for the essential equality of the sexes; one of the courtiers disputes it but his opinions are refuted by the rest. Castiglione declares that a woman should have, first and foremost, the great masculine qualities: "staidnes, noblenes of courage, temperance, strength of the minde and wisdome"; moreover a great lady should possess "a certain sweetnesse in language that may delite"; she is ever "chaste, wise and courteous," she must also be well-educated, skilled in letters, music and painting as well as in dancing and conversation.

It can easily be seen how well this corresponds with Spenser's portraits of women; they have sweetness and courtesy but they are all heroic; they do possess, besides their feminine graces, the great masculine qualities of "staidnes, noblenes of courage, temperance, strength of the minde and wisdome." Una is especially distinguished by her wisdom, her sweetness and fortitude; Britomart is all strength and courage and retains her nobleness and vigour of mind under the most terrible circumstances; Florimel and Belpheobe are heroines of the same cast. As Ruskin puts it: "the soul of Una is never darkened and the spear of Britomart is never broken."

Spenser's ideal of womanhood is not only a fine one in itself; it is also remarkable as having so greatly influenced Shakespeare.

The truth would appear to be that the position of women in the sixteenth century was in many ways more honourable than their position to-day. The chief power in Europe lay in the hands of its dynasties and reigning families; it not infrequently happened that the heir was a woman; it still more frequently occurred that a woman played the part of regent in the absence of her husband or during the minority of her son.

Castiglione refers to the great princesses in the Italian houses of Montefeltro, Este and Gonzaga and, above all, to the magnificent statesmanship of Isabella of Spain.

In the same way Spenser is always claiming his own queen as one among a number of great women rulers¹.

Another great educator whose works Spenser quite probably knew was Juan Luis Vives. Vives was a Spaniard but his influence had been very great in the household of Henry VIII and the Princess Elizabeth was brought up largely upon his methods. This fact might easily move Spenser in his favour: at any rate there are many affinities. Vives was a Catholic Puritan and the Protestant Puritanism of Spenser's day really carried over the same principles into another sphere of thought. Like Spenser, Vives is severer and sterner than Castiglione; he believes much more in the ascetic element in life. His work was translated into English by Hyrde. Spenser appears to have taken a good many hints from Vives' *Instruction of a Woman*. Vives believes in the heroic character in woman and quotes as an example Caia Tanaquil, wife of Tarquin Priscus, an Etruscan; "after her death, she was worshipped for a goddess, and her image set up with a cock, as a token and a sign of chastity and labour."

Tanaquil is one of the names Spenser bestows upon Elizabeth.

Vives praises virginity as the holiest estate of woman; "Also Cassandra and the prophets of Apollo . . . were virgins

and that was a common thing, as we read, that those women that were prophets were virgins." Spenser also praises the great deeds of chastity¹.

Vives speaks of one of the names of the Virgin: "She is called in Hebrew Alma, that is as ye would say, a virgin closed in." This is exactly the meaning which Spenser gives to the word in his House of Alma².

Again Vives is almost ascetic in his maxims for food, clothing, etc. He advocates plain food "neither hot itself nor spiced with spices nor delicate."

The drink of the young, both women and young men, should be water: "holy folks need nourishment to hold the soul in the body and not to drown it with. What say philosophers and the masters of worldly wisdom? All speak of meat that is easy to get, to keep the mind sober and the body chaste."

We may compare this with Spenser's House of Holiness and the old man Contemplation:

"For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast³."

Spenser speaks with continual admiration of the "ancient world" which he conceived as having a severe and simple standard in life:

"Like angels life was then mens happy cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane and naturall first need⁴."

Vives, again, insists on the necessity for simplicity in raiment and inveighs severely against those women who paint their faces; it is a vile and a filthy habit. We may compare this with Spenser's picture of the false beauty of Duessa or his condemnation of the ornate and splendid court of Lucifera.

Vives inveighs very vigorously against the power of

¹ Bk. III iv.

² II ix.

³ I x 48.

⁴ II vii 16.

injudicious or misplaced love which he calls "the kingdom of Venus and Cupid." He shows that those poets, for example, who praise "love" call him "tyrant, mischievous, cruel, hard, unkind, foul, ungracious, cursed, wicked and causer of most unhappiness." He refers to the "perjury, deceits, murder, slaughter, destruction, love has caused." "Wherefore whoso is safe enough, and considereth these things and doth not his diligence never to come into this rage and frenzy, is worthy to be kept therein, so never to find end or measure of that evil, but to be vexed both day and night with the firebrand of Cupid." "Give none ear unto the lover, no more than thou wouldst do unto an enchanter or a sorcerer."

Now Spenser, side by side with his noble or Platonic love, also depicts an ignoble passion which he too calls the kingdom of Venus and Cupid. It is this lust of love against which Britomart wages war, and "Cupid" is her chief opponent. In imagery which might have been suggested by Vives, Spenser describes the house of the enchanter as surrounded by raging flame; Scudamour is beaten back, scorched and pitifully burnt, Britomart alone can penetrate.

Among the attendants of Cupid in his masque Spenser gives Danger and Fear, Grief and Fury: he says of Grief:

"A paire of Pincers in his hand he had,
 With which he pinched people to the hart,
 That from thenceforth a wretched life they ladd,
 In wilfull languor and consuming smart.
 But Fury was full ill appareiled
 ...In her right hand a firebrand she did tosse."

Displeasure, Despight and Cruelty are other attendants in the masque of Cupid who have seized upon and torture Amoret, while the winged god himself comes riding on "a Lion ravenous" which is his fitting symbol.

There is no inconsistency in this; it is simply a part of Spenser's Puritanism to show that, whereas love has its noble side, it has also its ignoble one.

THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAYNING

THE LEGENDE OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE RED CROSSE,

OR

Thence of
OF HOLINESSE

1

Lo I the man, whose Muse ^{for, time to time} whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
Am now enforst a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds ;
Whose prayes having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broad emongst her learned throng :
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

2

Helpe then, O ^{Chief Muse of West} holy Virgin chiefe of nine, 10
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne ^{newly chrest}
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

3

And thou most dreaded ^{Cupid} impe of highest *Jove*,
 Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart 20
 At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
 Lay now thy deadly ^{Heben} Heben bow apart,
 And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde:
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart, ^{Mars}
 In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
 After his murdrous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

4

And with them eke, O ^{Glorious} Goddesse heavenly bright,
^{Mirror in every} Mirroure of grace and Majestie divine,
 Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light 30
 Like *Phæbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
^{Mirror in every} Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughts too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious ^{ideal} type of thine,
^{Sublime & unattainable} The argument of mine afflicted stile:
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred a-while.
^{belov'd & yet feared}

Cupid = wrong kind, i.e. illegal love
 Venus = right-kind of love.

CANTO I

unabridged of the epic
St George & the dragon
 The Patron of true Holinesse,
 Foule Errour doth defeate :
 Hypocrisie him to entrape,
 Doth to his home entreate.

1

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Y cladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
 The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield :
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

2

But on his brest a bloudie Crosse he bore, 10
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead as living ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had :
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his checre did seeme too solemne sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

3

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest *Gloriana* to him gave, 20
 That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faerie* lond,
 To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
 And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

4

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide 30
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
 As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
 And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

5

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from Royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore 40
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld:
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compeld.

6

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast, 50
 And angry *Jove* an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That every wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

7

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not far away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand :
 Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starre : 60
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farre :
 Faire harbour that them seemes ; so in they entred arre.

8

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they prayse the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop Elme, the Poplar never dry, 70
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
 The Aspine good for staves, the Cypresse funerall.

9

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets sage, the Firre that weepeth still,
 The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours,
 The Eugh obedient to the benders will,
 The Birch for shaftes, the Sallow for the mill,
 The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitfull Olive, and the Platane round, 80
 The carver Holme, the Maple seeldom inward sound.

10

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
 When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
 That makes them doubt, their wits be not their owne:
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been. 90

11

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the Dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

12

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde, 100
 Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke :
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts : Oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show : therefore your stroke
 Sir knight with-hold, till further triall made.
 Ah Ladie (said he) shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade : plains to the back: some imitates you
 Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to
 wade.

13

Yea, but (quoth she) the perill of this place
 I better wot then you, though now too late, 110
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilst foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandering wood, this *Errours den*,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
 Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfe :) this is no place for living men.

14

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
 But forth unto the darksome hole he went, 120
 And looked in : his glistring armor made
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

plains + lower of west, in place -
 2 imp. aspects of knights char.

15

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many ^{beautifull} boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred ¹³⁰
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, each one
 Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored :
 - Soone as that ^{uncouth} uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16

Their dam upstart, ^{terrified out of her den} out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraille.
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle ¹⁴⁰
 Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;
 For light she hated as the deadly bale, ^{lewd}
 Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
 Where plaine none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

17

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
 As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
 And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
 From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
 Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
 And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst, ¹⁵⁰
 Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay :
 Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst :
 The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

Elf = St. George

✓ The other
 enhaunst

18

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly body raizd
 With doubled forces high above the ground :
 Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine^{tail}
 All suddenly about his body wound, 160
 That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine :
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errours* endlesse traine.

19

His Lady sad to see his sore constraint,
 Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
 Add faith unto your force, and be not faint :
 Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grieffe and high disdaine,
 And knitting all his force got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine, 170
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

20

Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumpes of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe :
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras :
 Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has. 180

21

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
 With timely pride above the *Aegyptian* vale;
 His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :
 But when his later spring gins to avale, ^{elab}
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly female of his fruitfull seed ;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man ^{rel. To} reed.

22

The same so sore annoyed has the knight, 190
 That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke.
 His forces faile, ne can no longer fight.
 Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrink,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawnne of serpents small,
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23

As gentle Shepheard in sweete even-tide,
 When ruddy *Phæbus* gins to welke in west, 200
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes which do byte their hasty supper best ;
 A cloud of combrous gnattes do him molest,
 All striving to infixe their feeble stings,
 That from their noyance he no where can rest,
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings
 He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
 Then of the certaine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came, 210
 Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin ;
 And strooke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body full of filthie sin
 He raft her hatefull head without remorse ;
 A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.

25

Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
 Gathred themselves about her body round, 220
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth : but being there withstood
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mothers blood,
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26

That detestable sight him much amazde,
 To see th'unkindly Impes of heaven accurst,
 Devoure their dam ; on whom while so he gazd,
 Having all satisfide their bloody thurst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst, 230
 And bowels gushing forth : well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst ;
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should
 contend.

27

His Ladie seeing all, that chaunst, from farre
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And said, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye :
 Well worthy be you of that Armorie,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day, 240
 And proof'd your strength on a strong enimie,
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish, that like succeed it may.

28

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend ;
 That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine.
 Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend) 250
 He passeth forth, and new adventure sought ;
 Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

29

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voyde of malice bad,
 And all the way he prayed, as he went, 260
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

hand. pict. of holy man

30

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was :
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
 Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
 Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
 Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 With holy father fits not with such things to mell. 270

31

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred evill ye desire to heare,
 Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
 Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere,
 And shall you well reward to shew the place,
 In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare
 | For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
 That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

32

Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderness 280
 His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
 Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forweared be: for what so strong,
 But wanting rest will also want of might?
 The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waves emong.

33

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin : 290
 Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
 Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,
 (Quoth then that aged man ;) the way to win
 Is wisely to advise : now day is spent ;
 Therefore with me ye may take up your In *resting*
 For this same night. The knight was well content :
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

34

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas 300
 In travell to and froe : a little wyde *way*
 There was an holy Chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy things *pieces* each morne and eventyde :
 Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

was consecrated to a saint

35

Arrived there, the little house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment, where none was :
Rest is their feast, and all things *at their will* ;
 The noblest mind the best contentment has. 310
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas :
 For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas ;
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
 He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

Spenser's descrip. very plain quite realistic despite some images.

36

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
 As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast *god of dreams*
 Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them
 biddes.

Unto their lodgings then his gwestes he riddes : 320
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his study goes, and there amiddes
 His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,
 He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

Attendant on the 37 *magic practices.*

Then choosing out few wordes most horrible,
 (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
 With which and other spelles like terrible,
 He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame, *refers to Hecate*
 And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame *water of life*
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light ; 330
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 ← Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
 Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
 Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
 A-waite whereto their service he applyes,
 To aide his friends, or fray his enimies :
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes ; 340
 The one of them he gave a message too,
 The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

kept & hid

* Sprights often meant - & metaphors -
 the evil combined & personified

39

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
 And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
 To *Morpheus* house doth hastily repaire.
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
 And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
 His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe *Diana*
 In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, 350
 Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

40

True & false dream
 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
 The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
 The other all with silver overcast;
 And wakefull dogges before them farre do lye,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
 By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
 And unto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deepe
 In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe. 360

41

Hall of sleep
 And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rocke tumbling downe
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne:
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

42

The messenger approaching to him spake, 370
 But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine :
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch : but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
 As one then in a dreame, whose ^{braine} dryer ^{by her} braine ^{had dreamt}
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name 380
 Of *Hecate* : whereat he gan to quake,
 And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
 Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
 Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent, ^{by her}
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent ^{persuasion}
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

44

The God obayde, and calling forth straight way
 A diverse dreame out of his prison darke, ^{entertaining}
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay 390
 His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,
 Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
 He backe returning by the Yvorie dore, ^{full of falsity}
 Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke,
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
 In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45

Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes,
 Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
 And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
 So lively, and so like in all mens sight, 400
 That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
 The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
 Her all in white he clad, and over it
 Cast a blacke stole, most like to seeme for *Una* fit.

46

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
 Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of evill thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled privily: 410
 And that new creature borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trow;
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

47

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast,
 And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one upon his hardy head him plast,
 And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy: 420
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy,
 Her chast hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures
 toy.

subdewd = illicit love
venew = lawful love

48

And she her selfe of beautie soveraigne Queene,
 Faire *Venus* seemde unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking evermore did weene,
 To be the chastest flowre, that ay did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose Leman to vile service bound :
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing, ^{Grace beautie} 430
Hymen Iö Hymen, dauncing all around,
 Whilst freshest *Flora* her with *Yvie* girlond crownd.

49

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
 He started up, as seeming to mistrust,
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his :
 Lo there before his face his Lady is, ^{temptation}
 Under blake stole hyding her bayted hooke,
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 With gentle blandishment and lovely looke, 440
 Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

50

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
 And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight :
 But hasty heat tempring with sufferance wise,
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
 Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth. 450

51

And said, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
 Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
 Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
 Die is my dew: yet rew my wretched state
 You, whom my hard avenging destinie
 Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

52

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave 460
 My Fathers kingdome, There she stopt with teares;
 Her swollen hart her speach seemd to bereave,
 And then againe begun, My weaker yeares
 Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 Fly to your faith for succour and sure ayde:
 Let me not dye in languor and long teares.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

53

Love of your selfe, she said, and deare constraint
 Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night 470
 In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no'untruth he knew,
 Her fawning love with foule disdainefull spight
 He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rew,
 That for my sake unknowne such grieffe unto you grew.

54

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound ; 480
 Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
 Where cause is none, but to your rest depart.
 Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
 Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words, that could not chuse but please
 So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

55

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull wearinesse of former fight 490
 Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine,
 With bowres, and beds, and Ladies deare delight :
 But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

Magician

CANTO II

*The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
The Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
And workes him wofull ruth.*

1 Sept. - season

By this the Northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill

2

When those accursed messengers of hell, 10
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad *Proserpines* ^{negate} wrath, them to affright.
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his balefull bookes againe.

U. poles' voice = Great Bear constellation

3

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
 And that false other Spright, on whom he spred 20
 A seeming body of the subtile aire,
 Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
 His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight :
 Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
 Covered with darknesse and misdeeming night,
 Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

4

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
 Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
 And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
 Whom suddenly he wakes with fearefull frights, 31
 As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
 And to him cals, Rise rise unhappy Swaine,
 That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
 Have knit themselves in Venus shamefull chaine ;
 Come see, where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

5

All in amaze he suddenly up start
 With sword in hand, and with the old man went ;
 Who soone him brought into a secret part,
 Where that false couple were full closely ment 40
 In wanton lust and lewd embracement :
 Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire,
 The eye of reason was with rage yblent,
 And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
 But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

6

Returning to his bed in torment great,
 And bitter anguish of his guiltie sight,
 He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
 And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
 Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night. 50
 At last faire ^{morning} *Hesperus* in highest skie
 Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light,
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily ;
 The Dwarfe him brought his steed : so both away do fly.

7

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged *Tithones* saffron bed,
 Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
 And the high hils *Titan* discovered,
 The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed, ^{hers} hed-wood 60
 And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her Dwarfe, that wont to wait each houre ;
 Then gan she waile and weepe, to see that woefull stowre.

8

And after him she rode with so much speede
 As her slow beast could make ; but all in vaine .
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine ;
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
 But every hill and dale, each wood and plaine 70
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

9

But subtill *Archimago*, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And *Una* wandring in woods and forrests,
 Th'end of his drift, he praised his divelish arts,
 That had such might over true meaning harts;
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke unto her further smarts:
 For her he hated as the hissing snake, 80
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
 For by his mightie science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever *Proteus* to himselfe could make:
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselfe he oft for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O who can tell
 The hidden power of herbes, and might of Magicke
 spell? 90

11

But now seemde best, the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty armes he was yelad anon:
 And silver shield: upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bounch of haire discoloured diversly:
 Full jolly knight he seemde, and well adrest,
 And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

Archimago - more art of active deception than the Faerie.

12

But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare, 100
 The true *Saint George* was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare ;
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy : full large of limbe and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13

He had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red, 110
Purflid with gold and pearle of rich assay,
 And like a *Persian* mitre on her hed
 She wore, with crownes and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave ;
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

14

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
 She intertainde her lover all the way :
 But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
 She soone left off her mirth and wanton play, 121
 And bad her knight addresse him to the fray :
 His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
 And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
 Forth spurred fast : adowne his coursers side
 The red bloud trickling staid the way, as he did ride.

15

The knight of the *Redcrosse* when him he spide,
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride :
 Soone meete they both, both fell and furious, 130
 That daunted with their forces hideous,
 Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
 And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Do backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

16

As when two rams stird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Do meete, that with the terrour of the shocke
 Astonied both, stand sencelesse as a blocke, 140
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory :
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely,
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buffe
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff :
 Each others equall puissaunce envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruelties
 Does seeke to perce : repining courage yields 150
 No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies
 As from a forge out of their burning shields,
 And streames of purple blood new dies the verdant fields.

18

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
 That keeps thy body from the ^{death} bitter fit;
 Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
 Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
 But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
 And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
 With rigour so outrageous he smitt, 160
 That a large ^{portion} share it hewd out of the rest,
 And glauncing downe his shield, from blame him fairely
blest. *delivered*
him from injury

19

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native ^{strength} vertue gan eftsoones revive,
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
 So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
 And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
 With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
 Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
 With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is, 170
 Whither the soules do fly of men, that live amis.

20

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
 Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
 Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
 But from him fled away with all her powre;
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre, *pursue*
 Bidding the Dwarfe with him to bring away
 The *Sarazins* shield, signe of the conqueroure.
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

21

She turning backe with ruefull countenance, 181
 Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
 In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart,
 And said, Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
 Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

22

Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament; 190
 The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
 Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide West under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pas. / Pope?

23

He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire 200
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
 Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire; gracious +
delightful
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire,
 Into the hands of his accursed fone, foco
 And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

24

His blessed body spoild of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, convoid
 And from me hid : of whose most innocent death
 When tidings came to me unhappy maid, 211
 O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
 Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
 And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
 A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
 With love, long time did languish as the stricken hind

25

At last it chaunced this proud *Sarazin*,
 To meete me wandring, who perforce me led
 With him away, but yet could never win
 The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread.
 There lies he now with foule dishonour dead, 221
 Who whiles he liv'de, was called proud *Sans foy*,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans joy*,
 And twixt them both was borne the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

26

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell, *opp. to real name*
 Craving of you in pittie of my state,
 To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
 He in ^{*strong emotion*} great passion all this while did dwell, 23c
 More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
 Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell ;
 And said, faire Lady hart of flint would rew
 The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
 Having both found a new friend you to aid,
 And lost an old foe, that did you molest :
 Better new friend then an old foe is said.
 With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
 Let fall her eyen, as shamefast to the earth, 240
 And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said,
 So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
 And she coy lookes : so dainty they say maketh deth.

compass causes desire

28

Long time they thus together traveiled,
 Till weary of their way, they came at last,
 Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
 Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,
 And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
 Made a calme shadow far in compasse round :
 The fearefull Shepheard often there aghast 250
 Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'unlucky ground.

29

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
 For the coole shade him thither hastily got :
 For golden *Phæbus* now ymounted hie,
 From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
 Hurl'd his beame so scorching cruell hot,
 That living creature mote it not abide ;
 And his new Lady it endured not.
 There they alight, in hope themselves to hide 260
 From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes there as they sit :
 And in his ^{gaining} falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight, that lived yit ;
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
 And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough : out of whose rift there came
 Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled downe the same.

31

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard, 271
 Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard,
 But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
 And to this ^{tree} wretched Lady, my deare love,
 O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.
 Astand he stood, and up his haire did hove, ^{rise up}
 And with that suddein horror could no member move.

32

At last whenas the dreadfull passion 280
 Was overpast, and ²⁰⁰⁰ manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake ;
 What voyce of damned Ghost from Limbo lake, = Hell
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare ?

33

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he,)
 Nor guilefull sprite to thee these wordes doth speake,
 But once a man *Fradubio*, now a tree, 291
 Wretched man, wretched tree ; whose nature weake,
 A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
 Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines :
 For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or tree,
 Quoth then the knight, by whose mischievous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ? 300
 He oft finds med'cine, who his grieffe imparts ;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striveth to suppress.
 The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
 Is one *Duessa* a false sorceresse,
 That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

35

In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
 The fire of love and joy of chevalree
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
 To love this gentle Lady, whom ye see, 310
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree ;
 With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
 That had a like faire Lady by his syde,
 Like a faire Lady, but did fowle *Duessa* hyde.

36

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
 All other Dames to have exceeded farre ;
 I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre :
 So both to battell fierce arraunged arre, 320
 In which his harder fortune was to fall
 Under my speare : such is the dye of warre :
 His Lady left as a prise martiall,
 Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

37

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire,
 Th'one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede ;
 A Rosy girlond was the victors meede :
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
 So hard the discord was to be agreede. 331
faulty? Erælissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
 And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

38

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
 What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 And by her hellish science raisd streightway
 A foggy mist, that overcast the day, *1. el*
 And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
 Dimmed her former beauties shining ray, 340
 And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
 Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39

Then cride she out, Fye, fye, deformed wight,
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 To have before bewitched all mens sight ;
 O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdainē,
 Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
 And would have kild her ; but with faigned paine,
 The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold ;
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould. 351

40

Thenceforth I tooke *Duessa* for my Dame,
 And in the witch unweening joyd long time,
 Ne ever wist, but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is every Prime, *Spring*)
 When Witches wont do penance for their crime)
 I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
 Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :
 A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
 That ever to have toucht her, I did deadly rew. 360

41

Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would beleve to bee
 Thenceforth from her most beastly companie
 I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
 Soone as appeared safe opportunitie :
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

42

The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare 370
 Perceiv'd my thought, and drown'd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
 My bodie all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight :
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight, *placed*
 Where now enclod in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

43

But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
 Are you in this misformed house to dwell ? 380
 We may not chaunge (quoth he) this evil plight,
 Till we be bathed in a living well ;
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
 O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well ?
 Time and suffised fates to former kynd
 Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.

44

The false *Duessa*, now *Fidessa* hight,
 Heard how in vaine *Fradubio* did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good knight
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dremment, 391
 When all this spech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the bloud he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound :
 Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

45

Her seeming dead, he found with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew 400
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III

*Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
 And makes the Lyon mylde,
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
 In hand of leachour vylde.*

1

*speekee speaking -
 prob. speaking of love for Rosalind*

Nought is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthy wretchednesse
 Through envies snares or fortunes freakes unkind :
 I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
 Feele my heart perst with so great agonie,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

2

And now it is empassioned so deepe, 10
 For fairest *Unaes* sake, of whom I sing,
 That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despaire
 And her due loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

3

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd 20
 Farre from all peoples prease, as in exile,
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision, which th'Enchaunter
 wrought,
 Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

4

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight,
 And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay 30
 In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight:
 From her faire head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside. Her angels face
 As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shadie place;
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping Lyon rushed suddainly,
 Hunting full greedie after salvage blood;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy, 40
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devour'd her tender corse:
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
 His bloudie rage asswaged with remorse,
 And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

6

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
 As he her wronged innocence did weet. *know*
 O how can beautie maister the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong? 50
 Whose yeilded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling teares did shed for pure affection.

7

The Lyon Lord of every beast in field
 Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
 But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord 60
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate
 Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
 As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhord ?

8

feely flowing
Redounding teares did choke th'end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood ;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood, 70
 And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
 To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard :
 From her faire eyes he tooke commaundement, 80
 And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10

Long she thus traveled through deserts wyde,
 By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
 Yet never shew of living wight espyde ;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore ;
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzell spyde slow footing her before, *Abes*
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore. 90

11

To whom approching she to her gan call,
 To wect, if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
 But the rude wench her answer'd nought at all,
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand ;
 Till seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
 With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
 And fled away : for never in that land
 Face of faire Ladie she before did vew,
 And that dread Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd, 100
 As if her life upon the wager lay, *blind* *truth* *of* *my* *tal*
corcora And home she came, whereas her mother blynd *de* *vision*
she *was* *in* *the* *dark* *of* *the* *night*
 Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
 But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
 Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame *Una*, wearie Dame, and entrance did requere.

13

Which when none yeilded, her unruly Page *how*
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent, 110
 And let her in; where of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
 She found them both in darkesome corner pent;
 Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beades devoutly penitent;
 Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
 And thrise nine hundred *Aves* she was wont to say.

14

And to augment her painefull pennance more,
 Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sit,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
 And thrise three times did fast from any bit: 121
 But now for feare her beads she did forget.
 Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
 Faire *Una* framed words and count'nance fit:
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cotage small, that night she rest her may.

15

The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
 When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
 Sad *Una* downe her laies in wearie plight,
 And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keepe: 130
 In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
 For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
 And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night,
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
 Above the shynie *Cassiopeias* chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware, 140
 That readie entrance was not at his call:
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths and pillage severall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17

He was to weete a stout and sturdie thiefe,
 Wont to robbe Churches of their ornaments,
 And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
 Which given was to them for good intents;
 The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept, 150
 And spoild the Priests of their habiliments,
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept;
 Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.

*clergy of Catholic church at
 time of
 Reformation*

18

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
 Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
 Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa daughter of *Corceca* slow,
 With whom he whoredome usd, that few did know
 And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
 And plentie, which in all the land did grow; 160
 Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
 And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19

Suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII

Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet,
 Yet of those fearefull women none durst rize,
 The Lyon frayed them, him in to let:
 He would no longer stay him to advize,
 But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
 And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
 Encountring fierce, him suddaine doth surprize,
 And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest, 170
 Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

20

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
 His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand,
 Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
 And quite dismembred hath: the thirstie land
 Drunke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
 His fearefull friends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
 The heavie hap, which on them is alight,
 Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21

Now when broad day the world discovered has, 181
 Up *Una* rose, up rose the Lyon eke,
 And on their former journey forward pas,
 In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines farre passing that long wandring *Greeke*, ^{Arges}
 That for his love refused deitie ;
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flie,
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nie.

22

Soone as she parted thence, the fearefull twaine, 190
 That blind old woman and her daughter deare
 Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slaine,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
 Then forth they ranne like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
 To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow howling, and lamenting cry, 200
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty, ^{dishonesty, chastity}
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity ;
 And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
 That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

wandering

24

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
 She backe returned with some labour lost ;
 And in the way as she did weepe and waile, 210
 A knight her met in mighty armes ^{wearing} embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
 But subtill Archimag, that *Una* sought
 By ^{tricks} traynes into new troubles to have tost :
 Of that old woman tydings he besought,
 If that of such a Ladie she could tellen ought.

25

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlot she ^{at a long time ago} too lately knew,
 That causd her shed so many a bitter teare, 220
 And so forth told the story of her feare :
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
 And after for that Ladie did inquere ;
 Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
 His faire enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

26

Ere long he came, where *Una* travcild slow,
 And that wilde Champion wayting her besyde :
 Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
 Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned ^{aside} wyde
 Unto an hill ; from whence when she him spyde, 230
 By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde :
 Approching nigh, she wist it was the same,
 And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee
 came. ^{humbly}

27

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
 Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
 Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
 That should as death unto my deare hart light:
 For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis, 240
 My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
 And eke my night of death the shadow is;
 But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

28

He thereto meeting said, My dearest Dame,
 Farre be it from your thought, and fro my will,
 To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
 As you to leave, that have me loved still,
 And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
 Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
 The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill 250
 To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
 Then I leave you, my lief, yborne of heavenly berth.

29

And sooth to say, why I left you so long,
 Was for to seeke adventure in strange place,
 Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
 To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
 But knight he now shall never more deface:
 Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
 Well to accept, and evermore embrace
 My faithfull service, that by land and seas 260
 Have vowd you to defend, now then your plaint appease.

30

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
 For many yeares of sorrow can dispence : *atone for*
 A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre :
 She has forgot, how many a wofull stowre
 For him she late endur'd ; she speakes no more
 Of past : true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe ; his eyes be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

31

Much like, as when the beaten marinere, 271
 That long hath wandred in the *Ocean* wide,
 Oft soust in swelling *Tethys* saltish teare,
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
 Soone as the port from farre he has espide,
 His chearefull whistle merrily doth sound,
 And *Nereus* crownes with cups ; his mates him pledg
 around. *at the cups of wine in honor of*

32

Such joy made *Una*, when her knight she found ; 280
 And eke th'enchauter joyous seemd no lesse,
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
 His ship farre come from watrie wilderness,
 He hurles out vowes, and *Neptune* oft doth blesse :
 So forth they past, and all the way they spent
 Discoursing of her dreadfull late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment :
Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.

33

They had not ridden farre, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat, 290
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
 That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
 And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloudie lines was dyde.

34

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre
 And saw the Red-crosse, which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare 300
 Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
 To taste th'untryed dint of deadly steele;
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
 That hope of new goodhap he gan to feele;
 So bent his speare, and spurnd his horse with yron heele.

35

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
 And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
 Through vainely crossed shield he quite did pierce,
 And had his staggering steede not shrunke for feare,
 Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare :
 Yet so great was the puissance of his push, 312
 That from his saddle quite he did him beare :
 He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

36

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him leapt, in mind to ^{take} reave his life,
 And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
 Of him, that slew *Sansfoy* with bloudie knife ;
 Henceforth his ghost freed from repirring strife, 320
 In peace may passen over *Lethe* lake,
 When morning altars purgd with enemies life,
 The blacke infernall *Furies* doen aslake :
 Life from *Sansfoy* thou tookst, *Sansloy* shall from thee
 take.

37

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
 Till *Una* cride, O hold that heavie hand,
 Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place :
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy : Mercie not withstand :
 For he is one the truest knight alive, 330
 Though conquered now he lie on lowly land,
 And whilest him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
 In bloudie field : therefore of life him not deprive.

38

Her piteous words might not abate his rage,
 But rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slaine him straight : but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of *Archimago* old,
 His hastie hand he doth amazed hold,
 And halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight :
 For the old man well knew he, though untold, 340
 In charmes and magicke to have wondrous might,
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

to be a knight

39

And said, Why *Archimago*, lucklesse syre,
 What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 In stead of foe to wound my friend amis?
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloud of death did sit. Which doen away, 350
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay.

40

But to the virgin comes, who all this while
 Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the ^{guerdon} ^{of his guile,} ^{making no account for his} ^{deceit}
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
 Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold. 360

41

But her fierce servant full of kingly awe
 And high disdaine, when as his souveraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
 With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Have reft away with his sharpe rending clawes:
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes
 He hath his shield redeem'd, and fourth his swerd he
 drawes.

Reason killed by ^(knows no law) ^{with} ⁴⁻²
 apparant to defend himself.

42

O then too weake and feeble was the forse 370
 Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand :
 For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
 As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
 And feates of armes did wisely understand.
 Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
 With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
 And ^{perced} launched his Lordly hart : with death opprest
 He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

43

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
 From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will ? 380
 Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
 Her selfe a yeilded pray to save or spill.
 He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
 With foule reproches, and disdainfull spight
 Her vildly entertaines, and will or nill,
 Beares her away upon his courser light :
 Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

44

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
 And piteous plaints she filleth his dull eares,
 That stony hart could riven have in twaine, 390
 And all the way she wets with flowing teares :
 But he enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
 Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
 But followes her farre off, ne ought he feares,
 To be partaker of her wandring woe,
 More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

in his nature as a animal

CANTO IV

*To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brothers death to wreak Sansjoy
doth challenge him to fight.*

1

Young knight, what ever that dost armes professe,
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice, and change of thy deare loved Dame,
Least thou of her beleewe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this *Redcrosse* knights ensample plainly prove.

2

Who after that he had faire *Una* lorne, 10
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false *Duessa* in her sted had borne,
Called *Fidess'*, and so supposed to bee;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mightie Prince it seemd to bee:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

2 ff - with description of house of pride. Birds = birds.

3

Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
 Both day and night, of each degree and place, 20
 But few returned, having scaped hard,
 With balefull beggerie, or foule disgrace,
 Which ever after in most wretched case,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
 Thither *Duessa* bad him bend his pace :
 For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
 And golden foile all over them displaid, 31
 That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid :
 High lifted up were many loftie towres,
 And goodly galleries farre over laid,
 Full of faire windowes, and delightfull bowres ;
 And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

5

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
 And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
 But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
 Did on so weake foundation ever sit :
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flit,
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shaken it :
 And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6

Arrived there they passed in forth right ;

For still to all the gates stood open wide,

Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight

Cald *Malvenū*, who entrance none denide :

Thence to the hall, which was on every side 50

With rich array and costly arras dight :

Infinite sorts of people did abide

There waiting long, to win the wished sight

Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

7

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,

And to the Presence mount ; whose glorious vew

Their frayle amazed senses did confound :

In living Princes court none ever knew

Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew ;

Ne *Persia* selfe, the nourse of pompous pride 60

Like ever saw. And there a noble crew

Of Lordes and Ladies stood on every side,

Which with their presence faire, the place much beauti-
fide.

8

High above all a cloth of State was spred,

And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,

On which there sate most brave embellished

With royall robes and gorgeous array,

A mayden Queene, that shone as *Titans* ray,

In glistring gold, and peerelesse pretious stone :

Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay 70

To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,

As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

9

Exceeding shone, like *Phæbus* fairest childe,
 That did presume his fathers fire wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne ;
 Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine, 79
 And rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen,
 With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10

So proud she shynd in her Princely state,
 Looking to heaven ; for earth she did disdayne,
 And sitting high ; for lowly she did hate :
 Lo underneath her scornefull feete, was layne
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne,
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight ;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight. 90

11

Of griesly *Pluto* she the daughter was,
 And sad *Proserpina* the Queene of hell ;
 Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell,
 And thundring *Jove*, that high in heaven doth dwell,
 And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
 Or if that any else did *Jove* excell :
 For to the highest she did still aspyre,
 Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And supposed to be descrip. of her, as follows

12

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call, 100
 That made her selfe Queene, and crownd to be,
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
 But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the scepter, which she now did hold :
 Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
 And strong advizement of six wizards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
 And false *Duessa* seeming Lady faire, 110
 A gentle Husher, *Vanitie* by name
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire :
 So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
 Why they were come, her royall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

14

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
 She thanked them in her disdainfull wise,
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show 120
 Of Princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise.
 Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight :
 Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
 Some prancke their ruffles. and others trimly dight
 Their gay attire : each others greater pride does spight.

15

Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew :
 But to *Duess'* each one himselfe did paine
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew ; 130
 For in that court whylome her well they knew :
 Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding prowde,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
 The royall Dame, and for her coche doth call :
 90 All hurtlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
 As faire *Aurora* in her purple pall,
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call : 140
 So forth she comes : her brightnesse brode doth blaze ;
 The heapes of people thronging in the hall,
 Do ride each other, upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
 And strove to match, in royall rich array,
 Great *Juno*s golden chaire, the which they say
 The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride 150
 To *Joves* high house through heavens bras-paved way
 Drawne of faire Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of *Argus* eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

18

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish *Idlenesse* the nourse of sin;
 Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde, 160
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

19

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little red,
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
 To looken, whether it were night or day:
 May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
 When such an one had guiding of the way, 170
 That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

20

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise,
 From every worke he chalenged essoyn,
 For contemplation sake: yet otherwise,
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
 By which he grew to grievous malady;
 For in his lustlesse limbs through evill guise
 A shaking fever raignd continually:
 Such one was *Idlenesse*, first of this company. 180

21

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne,
 His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowd up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne ;
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteate.

22

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad ; 190
 For other clothes he could not weare for heat,
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat :
 Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His dronken corse he scarce upholden can,
 In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

23

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go, 200
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his friend he seldome knew his fo :
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow :
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew :
 Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

24

And next to him rode lustfull *Lechery*,
 Upon a bearded Goat, whose rugged haire,
 And whally eyes (the signe of gelosy,) 210
 Was like the person selfe, whom he did beare :
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy did appeare,
 Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye ;
 Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by :
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy ?

25

green = unfaithfulness, treachery
 In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which underneath did hide his filthinesse,
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies, and new fanglenesse : 220
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
 And learned had to love with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnessse,
 And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
 And thousand other wayes, to bait his fleshly hookes.

26

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
 And lusted after all, that he did love,
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
 But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt and prove
 If from their loyall loves he might them move ; 230
 Which lewdnesse fild him with reprochfull paine
 Of that fowle evill, which all men reprove,
 That rots the marrow, and consumes the braine :
 Such one was *Lecherie*, the third of all this traine.

27

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
 Upon a Camell loaden all with gold ;
 Two iron coffers hong on either side,
 With precious mettall full, as they might hold,
 And in his lap an heape of coine he told ;
 For of his wicked pelfe his God he made, 240
 And unto hell him selfe for money sold ;
 Accursed usurie was all his trade,
 And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

28

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
 And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware,
 Ne scarce good morsell all his life did tast,
 But both from backe and belly still did spare,
 To fill his bags, and richesse to compare ;
 Yet chylde ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to ; but thorough daily care 250
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.

29

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
 Whose wealth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
 Who had enough, yet wished ever more ;
 A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore, 259
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand :
 Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this faire band.

30

And next to him malicious *Envie* rode,
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Betweene his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw; *jaw*
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbours wealth, that made him ever sad;
 For death it was, when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
 But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

31

All in a kirtle of discoloured say *coloured cloth* 271
 He clothed was, y painted full of eyes;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implies. *encloses*
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud *Lucifera*, and his owne companie.

32

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds, 280
 And him no lesse, that any like did use,
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
 So every good to bad he doth abuse:
 And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all, that ever writt:
 Such one vile *Envie* was, that fite in row did sitt.

33

And him beside rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
 Upon a Lion, loth for to be led ; 290
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed ;
 His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all, that him beheld,
 As ^{asht tree} ashes pale of hew and seeming ded ;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

34

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood,
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through unadvized rashnesse woxen wood ; 300
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement :
 But when the furious fit was overpast,
 His cruell ^{deeds} facts he often would repent ;
 Yet wilfull man he never would ^{stop to reflect} forecast,
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

35

Full many mischiefes follow cruell *Wrath* ;
 Abhorred bloudshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife. 310
 And fretting grieffe the enemy of life ;
 All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire :
 Such one was *Wrath*, the last of this ungodly tire.

Each of sins has to do of disease
 or death - these are lead to disease

Arthur's Death from 7. Sunday, 1588.
36

And after all, upon the wagon beame

Rode *Satan*, with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,
 So oft as *Slowth* still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band, 320
 Showting for joy, and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land;
 And underneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead sculs and bones of men, whose life had gone astray.

37

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The fowle *Duess*a, next unto the chaire
 Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the traine: 330
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

38

So having solaced themselves a space
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe returned to the Princely Place.
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yceled,
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrived find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed, 340
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

chimeric code used by Spencer
39

Who when the shamed shield of slaine *Sans foy*
 He spide with that same Faery champions page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother, burning all with rage
 He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
 Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
 But th'Elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray, 350
 And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
 Till that great Queene upon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure, that ensewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
 And if that either to that shield had right, 359
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
 Pardon the errour of enraged wight,
 Whom great grieve made forget the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
 The prowest knight, that ever field did fight,
 Even stout *Sans foy* (O who can then refrayn ?)
 Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heape
 disdayn.

Faith? part of joy chimeric ethic

*Sans foy, joy, lay = rep. worldly. I disagree
 - knight without god - no faith in
 god except own chimeric creed. Jokes?*

42

And to augment the glorie of his guile, 37^o
 His dearest love the faire *Fidessa* loe
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
 Who reapes the harvest sowed by his foe,
 Sowed in bloody field, and bought with woe:
 That brothers hand shall dearely well requight
 So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.
 Him litle answerd th'angry Elfin knight;
 He never meant with words, but swords to plead his
 right.

43

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
 His cause in combat the next day to try: 38^o
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge,
 To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in joy and jollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
 For Steward was excessive *Gluttonie*,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all;
 Which doen, the Chamberlain *Slowth* did to rest them call.

44

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
 Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
 The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd, 39^o
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
 But whenas *Morpheus* had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Up-rose *Duessa* from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

45

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
 Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
 And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
 Ah deare *Sans joy*, next dearest to *Sans foy*, 400
 Cause of my new grieffe, cause of my new joy,
 Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
 Lo his *Fidessa* to thy secret faith I flye.

46

With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
 And bad say on the secret of her hart.
 Then sighing soft, I learne that litle sweet
 Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
 For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
 Of deare *Sansfoy*, I never joyed howre, 411
 But in eternall woes my weaker hart
 Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
 And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

47

At last when perils all I weened past,
 And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
 Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
 By this false faytor, who unworthy ware
 His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
 Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
 Me silly maid away with him he bare, 421
 And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
 For that I would not yeeld, that to *Sans-foy* I gave.

48

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
 Under your beames I will me safely shrowd,
 From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :
 To you th'inheritance belongs by right
 Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.
 Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright 430
 Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
 From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endlesse
 move.

49

Thereto said he, faire Dame be nought dismaid
 For sorrowes past ; their grieve is with them gone :
 Ne yet of present perill be affraid ;
 For needlesse feare did never vantage none,
 And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is *Sans-foy*, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone :
 He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last, 440
 And guiltie Elfin bloud shall sacrifice in hast.

50

O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
 Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
 Why dame (quoth he) what oddes can ever bee,
 Where both do fight alike, to win or yield ?
 Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce,
 Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
 Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce. 450

But faire *Fidessa*, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with *Sans-foyes* dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you, So passing forth she him obaid.

CANTO V

*The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe.*

*Whom false Duessa saves, and for
his cure to hell does goe.*

*decision for a play - but not - greatness of spirit -
part of 16th cent. ethic -*

The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th'eternall brood of glorie excellent :
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might ;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

2

At last the golden Orientall gate, 10
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And *Phæbus* fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire :
And hurld his glistring beames through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight way
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,
In sun-bright armes, and battailous array :
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

3

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
 Where earely waite him many a gazing eye, 20
 To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
 There many Minstrales maken melody,
 To drive away the dull melancholy,
 And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
 Can tune their timely voyces cunningly,
 And many Chroniclers, that can record
 Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

conflicts to givein

4

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
 In woven maile all armed warily,
 And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin 30
 Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
 They bring them wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
 And daintie spices fetcht from furthest *Ynd*,
 To kindle heat of corage privily : *within their hearts*
 And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
 T'observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

5

At last forth comes that far renownmed Queene,
 With royall pomp and Princely majestie ;
 She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
 And placed under stately canapee, 40
 The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
 On th'other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans-foy his shield is hangd with bloody hew :
 Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

6

A shrilling trompet sowned from on hye,
 And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
 Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
 And burning blades about their heads do blesse, *orandish*
 The instruments of wrath and heavinesse: 50
 With greedy force each other doth assayle,
 And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
 Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle;
 The yron walles to ward their blowes are weake and
 fraile.

7

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
 And heaped blowes like yron hammers great:
 For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
 The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat:
 And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
 For all for prayse and honour he did fight. 60
 Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
 That from their shields forth flyeth fire light,
 And helmets hewen deepe, shew marks of eithers might.

8

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right:
 As when a Gryfon seized of his pray,
 A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
 Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
 That would his rightfull ravine *spoil* rend away:
 With hideous horroure both together smight,
 And souce *those sov...* so sore, that they the heavens affray:
 The wise Southsayer seeing so sad sight, 71
 Th'amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

*strange to ff - saying hard to understand
 192 full knight how to overcome*

9

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right,
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe :
 The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down flow,
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde :
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde, 80
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
 Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors ^{reused} hyre,
 And sluggish ^{brother} german doest thy forces slake,
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ? 90

11

Goe caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
 And soone redeeme from his long wandring woe ;
 Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have ^{redeemed} quit from dying foe.
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall ;
 End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho ^{then}
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
 The false *Duessa*, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

12

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake, 100
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
 Of all attonce he cast avengd to bee,
 And with so'exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee ;
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

13

And to him said, Goe now proud ^{foe} Miscreant,
 Thy selfe thy message doe to german deare, 110
 Alone he wandring thee too long doth want :
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
 Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to have slaine ; when loe a darkesome clowd
 Upon him fell : he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him cals alowd,
 But answer none receives : the darknes him does shrowd.

14

In haste *Duessa* from her place arose,
 And to him running said, O prowest knight,
 That ever Ladie to her love did chose, 120
 Let now abate the terror of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloudie vengeance ; lo th'infernall powres
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Have borne him hence to *Plutoes* balefull bowres.
 The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, and glory yours.

15

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
 He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
 To bath in bloud of faithlesse enemy ;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade : 130
 He standes amazed, how he thence should fade.
 At last the trumpets, Triumph sound on hie,
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene,
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his service seene :
 Which she accepts, with thankes, and goodly ^{will} gree,
 Greatly ^{pea} advaucing his gay chevalree. 140
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people follow with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the aire it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

17

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed :
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
 To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly can embalme on every side.
 And all the while, most heavenly melody 150
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide, ^{play} ^{lasciviously}
 Him to beguile of grieffe and agony :
 And all the while *Duessa* wept full bitterly.

18

As when a wearie traveller that strays
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meet a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which in false grieffe hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares :
 The foolish man, that pitties all this while 160
 His mournefull plight, is swallowd up unwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19

So wept *Duessa* untill eventide,
 That shyning lampes in *Joves* high house were light :
 Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
 But comes unto the place, where th'Hethen knight
 In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
 Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
 Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
 To wayle his woefull case she would not stay, 170
 But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

20

Where griesly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
 That *Phæbus* chearefull face durst never vew,
 And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,
 Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Alreadie harnesssed for journey new ;
 And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood, 179
 That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.

*3 knights spoken of as night's helpers
 Duessa goes to night for help.*

21

Who when she saw *Duessa* sunny bright,
 Adorn'd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
 And th'unacquainted light began to feare :
 For never did such brightnesse there appeare,
 And would have backe retyred to her cave,
 Untill the witches speech she gan to heare,
 Saying, Yet O thou dreaded Dame, I crave
 Abide, till I have told the message, which I have.

22

She stayd, and fourth *Duessa* gan proceede, 190
 O thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
 More old then *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods cælestiall,
 Which wast begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
 Why suffredst thou thy *Nephewes* deare to fall ^{3 knights Sanson for j}
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade ?
 Lo where the stout *Sansjoy* doth sleepe in deadly shade.

23

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold *Sansfoy* shrinke underneath his speare ;
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes, 201
 Nor wayld of friends, nor laid on groning beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old ^{Blind} *Aveugles* sonnes so evill heare ?
 Or who shall not great *Nightes* children scorne,
 When two of three her *Nephewes* are so fowle forlorne ?

24

Up then, up dreary Dame, of darknesse Queene,
 Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
 Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene, 210
 That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,
 And can the children of faire light deface.
 Her feeling speeches some compassion moved
 In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face :
 Yet pittie in her hart was never proved
 Till then : for evermore she hated, never loved.

25

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which ^{cause of all} their foes ensew : *Then*
 But who can turne the streame of destinee, 220
 Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
 Which fast is tyde to *Joves* eternall seat ?
 The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
 And by my ruines thinkes to make them great :
 To make one great by others losse, is bad excheat.

26

Yet shall they not escape so freely all ;
 For some shall pay the price of others guilt :
 And he the man that made *Sansfoy* to fall,
 Shall with his owne bloud price that he hath spilt.
 But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt ?
 I that do seeme not I, *Duessa* am, 231
 (Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came ;
Duessa I, the daughter of Deceipt and Shame.

27

Then bowing downe her aged backe, ^{Night} she kist
 The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face
 The false resemblance of Decept, I wist
 Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place
 Could it discerne, though I the mother bee 240
 Of falshood, and root of *Duessaes* race.
 O welcome child, whom I have longd to see,
 And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go with thee.

28

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle welfavoured witch:
 Through mirkesome aire her readie way she makes.
 Her ^{travelling in the dark} twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich, ^{unlike}
 Did softly swim away, ne ever stampe,
 Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to
 twitch; 250
 Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champe,
 And trampling the fine element, would fiercely rampe.

29

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
^{unconscious of outward things} Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
 And sight of men, since his late luckesse fray.
 His cruell wounds with ^{congealed} cruddy blood congealed,
 They binden up so wisely, as they may,
 And handle softly, till they can be healed: 260
 So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

30

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th'unwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
 And her darke griesly looke them much dismay;
 The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle
 With drearie shriekes did also her bewray; ^{betraye light}
 And hungry Wolves continually did howle,
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle. 270

31

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
 And brought the heauiie corse with easie pace
 To yawning gulfe of deepe *Avernus* hole.
 By that same hole an entrance darke and bace
 With smoake and sulphure hiding all the place,
 Descends to hell: there creature never past,
 That backe returned without heavenly grace;
 But dreadfull *Furies*, which their chaines have brast,
 And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

32

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive 280
 Their mournfull charet, fild with rusty blood,
 And downe to *Plutoes* house are come bilive: ^{swiftly}
 Which passing through, on every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
 With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
 Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
 To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

33

They pas the bitter waves of *Acheron*,
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully, 290
 And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharpe shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
 Cursing high *Jove*, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34

Before the threshold dreadfull *Cerberus*
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venemous, 300
 And ^{lilled} forth his bloudie flaming tong:
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly ^{gnarred} ~~gnarre~~, untill dayes enemy ^{Night}
 Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong
 And suffered them to passen quietly:
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

35

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
 And *Sisyphus* an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin; ^{cease} 310
 There thirstie *Tantalus* hong by the chin;
 And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were stretched on a gin, ^{back of his}
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law,
 And ^{Danaides} fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

*Daily & night opposite, same for good
 evil, Darknesse & light*

36

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part :
 Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art, 320
 Deepe, darke, uneasie, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad *Æsculapius* farre a part
 Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse,
 For that *Hippolytus* rent corse he did redresse.

37

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
 That went in charet chace the foming Bore ;
 He all his Peeres in beautie did surpas,
 But Ladies love as losse of time forbore :
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more,
 But when she saw her offred sweets refused 330
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accused,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abused.

38

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre besought,
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast :
 From surging gulf two monsters straight were
 brought,
 With dread whereof his chasing steedes aghast,
 Both charet swift and huntsman overcast.
 His goodly corps on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chast 340
 Scattered on every mountaine, as he went,
 That of *Hippolytus* was left no moniment.

39

His cruell stepdame seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne.
 Which hearing his rash Syre, began to rend
 His haire, and hastie tongue, that did offend:
 Tho gathering up the relicks of his smart
 By *Dianes* meanes, who was *Hippolyts* frend,
 Them brought to *Æsculape*, that by his art 350
 Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

40

Such wondrous science in mans wit to raine
 When *Jove* avizd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew againe,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
 But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
 Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire, that raged evermore. 360

41

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
 From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes
 To *Æsculapius* brought the wounded knight:
 Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

like pois is? - get done for g. - pois

42

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vaine, 370
 To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? ^{wee have} Can Night defray
 The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and
 day? ^{ultimate good?}

43

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heavens king 379
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing,
 And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 Goe to then, O thou farre renowned sonne
 Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
 Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

44

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things else, the which his art did teach:
 Which having seene, from thence arose away 391
 The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure,
 And backe returning tooke her wonted way,
 To runne her timely race, whilst Phæbus pure ^{new sunrise of}
 In westerne waves his wearie wagon did recure. ^{helped}

Danger of victory is Pride & its attendant vice

45

The false *Duessa* leaving ^{repulsive} *noyous* Night,

Returnd to stately pallace of dame Pride;

Where when she came, she found the Faery knight

Departed thence, albe his woundes wide 400

Not throughly heald, unreadie were to ride.

Good cause he had to hasten thence away;

For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spide,

Where in a dongeon deepe huge numbers lay

Of caytive wretched ^{prisoners} *thrals*, that wayled night and day.

Red Knight pained fr. pride by seeing ex. of what pride does to one

46

A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;

Of whom he learned had in secret wise

The hidden cause of their captivitie,

How mortgaging their lives to *Covetise*,

Through wastfull *Pride*, and wanton *Riotise*, 410

They were by law of that proud *Tyrannesse*

Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Envies* false surmise,

Condemned to that Dongeon mercilesse,

Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47

There was that great proud king of *Babylon*,

That would compell all nations to adore,

And him as onely God to call upon,

Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,

Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:

There also was king *Cræsus*, that enhaunst 420

His heart too high through his great riches store;

And proud *Antiochus*, the which advaunst

His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

Lucifera = here = Pride as Lucifer did?

48

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd ;
 And after him old Ninus farre did pas *founder of*
 In princely pompe, of all the world obayd ; *his reche*
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd *Alexander*
 Low under all, yet above all in pride, *The Great*
 That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd, 430
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
 Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

49

All these together in one heape were throwne,
 Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
 And in another corner wide were strowne
 The antique ruines of the Romaines fall:
 Great Romulus the Grandsyre of them all,
 Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus, *founder of Rome*
 Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball, *for his pride*
 Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius, *opponent of Sulla* 440
 High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

50

Amongst these mighty men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke :
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt *wife of Ninus*
 With sonnes owne blade, her fowle reproches spoke ;
 Faire Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke *loved*
 With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will ; *her own*
 High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke *so killed*
 Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill : 449
 And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill.

51

Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
 Which thither were assembled day by day,
 From all the world after their wofull falles,
 Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.
 But most of all, which in that Doungeon lay
 Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres,
 Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,
 Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
 And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowres.

52

Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,
 And made ensample of their mournfull sight 461
 Unto his maister, he no lenger would.
 There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
 But early rose, and ere that dawning light
 Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
 He by a privie Posterne tooke his flight,
 That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
 For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descryde.

53

Scarce could he footing find in that fowle way,
 For many corses, like a great Lay-stall place to put-
 Of murdred men which therein strowed lay, 470
 Without remorse, or decent funerall:
 Which all through that great Princesse pride did fall
 And came to shamefull end. And them beside
 Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
 A donghill of dead carkases he spide,
 The dreadful spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

idea - must not be proud of being too
 holy - have well balanced pity -
 our extreme as bad as others.

ex. of. Frances's own time

Misfortune

before here

120. bet. Sin & Death

CANTO VI

*From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 fayre Una is releast :
 Whom salvage nation does adore,
 and learnes her wise beheast.*

1

As when a ship, that flyes faire under saile,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
 That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To joy at his foole-happie oversight : *was happy*
 So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares *escaped*
 The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

2

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed / 10
 The faire *Duess'* had forst him leave behind ;
 And yet more sad, that *Una* his deare dreed *renounced*
 Her truth had staind with treason so unkind ; *loved*
 Yet crime in her could never creature find,
 But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
 She wandred had from one to other *Ynd*,
 Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
 Till her unwares the fierce *Sansloy* did overtake.

3

Who after *Archimagoes* fowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forrest wilde, 20
 And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,
 With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
 And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,
 Her to perswade, that stubborne fort to yilde :
 For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

4

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
 And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore, 29
 Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile :
 But wordes and lookes, and sighes she did abhore,
 As rocke of Diamond stedfast evermore.
 Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
 He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before ;
 Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest skye,
 And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

5

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fayle,
 And subtile engines bet from batteree,
 With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
 Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee, 40
 And win rich spoile of ransackt chastetee.
 Ah heavens, that do this hideous act behold,
 And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
 How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
 And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold ?

6

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
 The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,
 And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes; 50
 And *Phœbus* flying so most shamefull sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
 And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
 Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

7

Eternall providence ^{being I think it be thought possible} exceeding thought,
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
 A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
 From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
 Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resownd; 60
 A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old *Sylvanus* slept in shady arber sownd.

8

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
 In hast forsooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,
 To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent: ^{quickly}
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement, 70
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

Stanza 7 // - first instance of incontinent
 in sense of opposed to delayed & hurried
 (Compare with 4 - natural way)

Uterine in purple 9 four spot

The wyld woodgods arrived in the place,
 There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late,
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate ;
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state,
 All stand astonied at her beautie bright, 80
 In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

10

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell ;
 And every tender part for feare does shake :
 As when a greedie Wolfe through hunger fell
 A ^{in a cove} seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,
 A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
 Which quit from death yet quakes in every lim
 With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

11

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart, 91
 Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move she had :
 The ^{wild} salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad ;
 Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,
 And rusticke ^{howlers} horror all a side doe lay,
 And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her, and feare to put away,
 Their ^{like goat} backward bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

*Gentleman approved by commonwealth
 is obey laws of ruler.
 or true gentleman's nature not provoked*

12

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit 100
 Her single ^{alone} person to their barbarous truth,
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
 Late learned ^{instructed} what harme to hastie trust ensu'th,
 They in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie souveraine,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth,
 And all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,
 Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance
faine. ^{glad}

13

Their harts she ghessteth by their humble guise,
 And yields her to extremitie of time; ^{accommodates herself to crisis}
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
 They all as glad, as birdes of joyous Prime, ^{Spring - Primavera}
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepherds ryme,
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her, as Queene, with olive girlond croud.

14

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,
 And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring. 121
 So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring;
 Who with the noyse awaked, commeth out,
 To weet the cause, his weake ^{steps} governing,
 And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yvie twyne his wast is girt about.

15

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
 Or *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
 Or *Cybeles* franticke rites have made them mad ;
 They drawing nigh, unto their God present 130
 That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
 The God himselfe vewing that ^{was mirror of diuine} mirrhour rare, ^{beautie}
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent ;
 His owne faire *Dryope* now he thinkes not faire,
 And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth compaire

16

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddessse of the wood ;
 And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinkes not, what
 To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood ; 140
 Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see,
 But *Venus* never had so sober mood ;
 Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,
 But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

17

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
 His ancient love, and dearest *Cyparisse*,
 And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
 How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy 150
 Did love as life, above all wordly blisse ;
 For grieue whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

when to golden age of
 innocence

stage 15 ft. - nature loses / truth when
 real truth appears self-imposed

18

The wooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*

Her to behold do thither runne apace,

And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,

Flocke all about to see her lovely face :

But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,

They envie her in their malitious mind,

And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace :

But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,

And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

19

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid,

Did her content to please their feeble eyes,

And long time with that salvage people staid,

To gather breath in many miseries.

During which time her gentle wit she plyes,

To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,

And made her th'Image of Idolatryes;

But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine

From her own worship, they her Asse would worship
fayn.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight

By just occasion to that forrest came,

To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,

From whence he tooke his well deserved name :

He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,

And fild far landes with glorie of his might,

Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,

And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right.

But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21

A Satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Faire *Thyamis* the daughter of *Labryde*,
 That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
 To *Therion*, a loose unruly swayne ;
 Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his Ladies love, and wast in pleasures vayne.

22

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne, 190
 And could not lacke her lovers company,
 But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
 And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery :
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
 And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall links of wedlocke did unbind,
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

23

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensuall desire, 200
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy unto that salvage sire :
 Then home he suffred her for to retire,
 For ransome leaving him the late borne childe ;
 Whom till to ryper yeares he gan aspire,
 He noursled up in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men
 exilde.

Knight son of satyre - Satyre = natural
 quittance or manhood. Takes on his
 truth - used for which Satyre rep. to

24

For all he taught the tender ^{child} ymp, was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare ;
 His trembling hand he would him force to put 210
 Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare ;
 And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
 To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare ;
 And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
 That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

25

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,
 That his owne sire and maister of his guise ^{way of life}
 Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
 And oft for dread of hurt would him advise, 220
 The angry beasts not rashly to despise,
 Not too much to provoke ; for he would learne
 The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
 (A lesson hard) and make the Libbard ^{leopard} sterne ^{desire}
 Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

26

And for to make his powre approved more,
 Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell ;
 The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
 The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell ;
 The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell ; 230
 And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
 Such joy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,
 And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
 That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

27

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woods, to see her little sonne ;
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,
 When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere 240
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne :
 The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

28

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
 Untill with love revokt from vaine affright
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say ;
 Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my joy,
 For love of me leave off this dreadfull play , 250
 To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,
 Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

29

In these and like delights of bloody game
 He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught,
 And there abode, whilst any beast of name
 Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
 To feare his force : and then his courage haught
 Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge adventures sought :
 In which his might was never overthrowne, 260
 But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

30

Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
 After long labours and adventures spent,
 Unto those native woods for to repaire,
 To see his sire and ^{kinne} ofspring auncient.
 And now he thither came for like intent ;
 Where he unwares the fairest *Una* found,
 Straunge Lady, in so straunge habiliment,
 Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
 Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

Gospel - levels of Reformation

31

He wondred at her wisdome heavenly rare, 271
 Whose like in womens wit he never knew ;
 And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
 Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
 Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
 And joyd to make prooffe of her crueltie
 On gentle Dame, so ^{innocent} hurtlesse, and so trew :
 Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
 And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

32

But she all vowd unto the *Redcrosse* knight, 280
 His wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in privie wise
 To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent ;
 Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
 How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise

33

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,
 To do their service to *Sylvanus* old, 290
 The gentle virgin left behind alone
 He led away with courage stout and bold.
 Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her againe :
 In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the
 plaine.

34

The better part now of the lingring day,
 They traveild had, when as they farre espide
 A wearie wight forwandring by the way, 300
 And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
 To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,
 Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.
 But he them spying, gan to turne aside,
 For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse ;
 More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

35

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandales were with toilesome travell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray, 310
 As he had traveild many a sommers day,
 Through boyling sands of *Arabie* and *Ynde* ;
 And in his hand a *Jacobs* staffe, to stay
 His wearie limbes upon : and eke behind,
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36

The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
 Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;
 But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
 Then *Una* gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew, 320
 That in his armour bare a croslet red.
 Aye me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew
 To tell the sad sight, which mine eies have red:
 These eyes did see that knight both living and eke ded.

37

That cruell word her tender hart so ^{pierced} thrild,
 That suddein cold did runne through every vaine,
 And stony horreur all her sences fild
 With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared up againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe: 330
 Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further processe of her hidden grieffe;
 The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

38

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,
 This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights in travell on my way
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
 Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:
 My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew, ^{in blood} 340
 That drunke with bloud, yet thirsted after life:
 What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with
 Paynim knife.

cf. III, 39 (= Archimago)

39

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
 And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne? *front*
 Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see
 The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
 Where is (said *Satyrane*) that Paynims sonne,
 That him of life, and us of joy hath reft?
 Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne *dwell*
 Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left 350
 Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were
 cleft.

40

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
 Whiles *Una* with huge heavinesse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that *Pagan* proud him selfe did rest,
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
saule Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
 Faire *Una*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,
 With fowle reprochfull words he boldly him defide. 360

41

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscreaunt,
 That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
 Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 That good knight of the *Redcrosse* to have slain:
 Arise, and with like treason now maintain *see by same words at the end*
 Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.
 The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
 And catching up in hast his three square shield *3 equal sides*
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

42

And drawing nigh him said, Ah misborne Elfe, 370
 In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
 Anothers wrongs to wreake upon thy selfe:
 Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent *dishonoured*
 My name with guile and traiterous intent;
 That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie, I never slew,
 But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,
 Th'enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
 But thou his errour shalt, I hope now proven trew.

43

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
 To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile 380
 Each other bent his enemy to quell,
 That with their force they perst both plate and
 maile,
 And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
 That it would pittie any living eie.
 Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile; *know*
 But floods of bloud could not them satisfie:
 Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

44

So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,
 That fainting each, themselves to breathen let,
 And oft refreshed, battell oft renue: 390
 As when two Bores with rancling malice met,
 Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
 Till breathlesse both them selves aside retire,
 Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,
 And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire;
 Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

45

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
 They gan to fight returne, increasing more
 Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
 With heaped strokes more hugely, then before, 400
 That with their ^{bloody strokes} dreie wounds and bloody gore
 They both deformed, scarsely could be known.
 By this sad *Una* fraught with anguish sore,
 Led with their noise, which through the aire was
 thrown :

Arriv'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud had sown.

46

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan revive the memory
 Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,
 And left the ^{undecided} doubtfull battell hastily,
 To catch her, newly offred to his eie : 410
 But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other businesse plie,
 Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid :
 Wherewith he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

47

O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad
 Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fate ?
 Were it not better, I that Lady had,
 Then that thou hadst repented it too late ?
 Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
 To love another. Lo then for thine ayd 420
 Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
 So they two fight ; the whiles the royall Mayd
 Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

48

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that ^{lie} leasing told,
 Being in deed old *Archimage*, did stay
 In secret shadow, all this to behold,
 And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
 But when he saw the Damsell passe away
 He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
 In hope to bring her to her last decay. ⁴³⁰
 But for to tell her lamentable cace, ^{set together}
 And eke this battels end, will need another place.

lawlessness fighting natural man

Orgoglio - exp. 1 type of pride.

CANTO VII

*The Redcrosse knight is captive made
By Gyaunt proud opprest,
Prince Arthur meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.*

1

What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to descry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours dyed deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
The false *Duessa*, cloked with *Fidessaes* name.

2

Who when returning from the dreary *Night*, 10
She fownd not in that perilous house of *Pryde*,
Where she had left, the noble *Redcrosse* knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger bide,
But forth she went, to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

3

He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind, 20
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes
 Wherein the cherefull birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind :
 The Witch approching gan him fairely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony
 sweet.

4

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
 Which shielded them against the boyling heat, 30
 And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made ;
 Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
 Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade :
 The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of *Dianes* favour, as it then befell.

5

The cause was this : one day when *Phæbe* fayre
 With all her band was following the chace,
 This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre
 Sat downe to rest in middest of the race : 40
 The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
 And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
 Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
 Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
 And all that drunke thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

6

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
 And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
 Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas ;
 Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
 And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile. 50
 His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt,
 Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
 And chearefull bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
 Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

7

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
 Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
 Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame :
 Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
 Which through the wood loud bellowing, did rebownd,
 That all the earth for terrour seemd to shake, 60
 And trees did tremble. Th'Elfe therewith astownd,
 Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or get his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Geant horrible and hye,
 That with his talnesse seemd to threat the skye,
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed ;
 His living like saw never living eye, 70
 Ne durst behold : his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

9

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering *Aolus* his boasted sire,
 Who with his breath, which through the world
 doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspire,
 And filld her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd ; and trebling the dew time,
 In which the wombes of women do expire,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slime,
 Puft up with emptie wind, and filld with sinfull crime. 81

10

So growen great through arrogant delight
 Of th'high descent, whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse : his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde

11

That when the knight he spide, he gan advance 91
 With huge force and insupportable mayne,
 And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce ;
 Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
 Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
 Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde,
 And eke so faint in every joynt and vaine,
 Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
 That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade

12

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse, 100
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre,
 And were not heavenly grace, that him did blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre :
 But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow :
 Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
 That with the wind it did him overthrow,
 And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

13

gunpowder - new invention
 As when that divelish yron Engin wrought
 In deepest Hell, and framd by *Furies* skill, 110
 With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke,
 That th'onely breath him daunts, who hath escapt the
 stroke.

14

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight
 His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill *Duessa* loud to him gan crye ; 121
 O great *Orgoglio*, greatest under skye,
 O hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake,
 Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman take.

15

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take, 130
 And was possessed of his new found make.
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
 And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

16

From that day forth *Duessa* was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye,
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
 And her endowd with royall majesty : 140
 Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples harts with awfull terrour tye,
 A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

17

Such one it was, as that renoumed Snake
 Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
 Whose many heads out budding ever new,
 Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew :
 But this same Monster much more ugly was ; 150
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
 An yron brest, and backe of scaly bras,
 And all embrewd in bloud, his eyes did shine as glas.

18

His taylor was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
 And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught. 160
 Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
 He set the false *Duessa*, for more aw and dread.

19

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
 And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
 When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed,
 His mightie armour, missing most at need;
 His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
 His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
 The ruefull monuments of heavinesse, 170
 And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

20

He had not travaild long, when on the way
 He wofull Ladie, wofull *Una* met,
 Fast flying from the Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilest *Satyrane* him from pursuit did let:
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarfe had set,
 And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

21

The messenger of so unhappie newes, 181
 Would faine have dyde : dead was his hart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes :
 At last recovering hart, he does begin
 To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
 And every tender part does tosse and turne :
 So hardly he the flitted life does win,
 Unto her native prison to retourne :
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22

Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight, 190
 That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
 Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unfould,
 The which my life and love together tyde ?
 Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through every side,
 And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

23

O lightsome day, the lampe of highest *Jove*,
 First made by him, mens wandring wayes to gujde,
 When darkenesse he in deepest dongeon drove, 201
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
 And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde :
 For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
 And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
 Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
 But seeled up with death, shall have their deadly need.

24

Life wrestles of Death & life when other
 Then downe againe she fell unto the ground ; *opposition*
 But he her quickly reared up againe : *of 2 forces*
 Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
 And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine : 211
 At last when life recover'd had the raine,
 And over-wrestled his strong enemye,
 With foltring tong, and trembling every vaine,
 Tell on (quoth she) the wofull Tragedie,
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eie.

25

Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart ;
 Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
 Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart : 220
 Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
 If death it be, it is not the first wound,
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound ;
 If lesse, then that I feare, more favour I have found.

26

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare,
 The subtill traines of *Archimago* old ;
 The wanton loves of false *Fidessa* faire,
 Bought with the bloud of vanquisht Paynim bold :
 The wretched payre transform'd to treen mould ;
 The house of Pride, and perils round about ; 231
 The combat, which he with *Sansjoy* did hould ;
 The lucklesse conflict with the Gyant stout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27

She heard with patience all unto the end,
 And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
 Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway ;
 And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay :
 For greater love, the greater is the losse. 240
 Was never Ladie loved dearer day,
 Then she did love the knight of the *Redcrosse* ;
 For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
 She up arose, resolving him to find
 A live or dead : and forward forth doth pas,
 All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd :
 And evermore in constant carefull mind
 She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale ;
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind.
 High over hils, and low adowne the dale, 251
 She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

29

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way
 Together with his Squire, arayed meet :
 His glitterand armour shined farre away,
 Like glauncing light of *Phæbus* brightest ray ;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of steele endanger may :
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware, 260
 That shynd, like twinkling stars, with stons most
 pretious rare.

Arthur beg. of line of True English Kings.

30

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like *Hesperus* emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights;
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, yearv'd with curious slights;
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

31

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold, 271
 Both glorious brightnesse, and great terrour bred;
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spread upon
 His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
 Close couched on the bever, seem'd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparkles fierie red,
 That suddeine horror to faint harts did show;
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his backe full low.

32

Upon the top of all his loftie crest, 280
 A bunch of haire discolourd diversly,
 With sprinckled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
 Did shake, and seem'd to daunce for jollity,
 Like to an Almond tree ymounted hye
 On top of greene Selinis all alone,
 With blossomes brave bedecked daintily;
 Whose tender locks do tremble every one
 At every little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

looking for glory,
 of quest.

Gloriana symbol

*Shield = active truth - ie. Candor - the
deception can be used both against it-*

33
His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene; 290
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soone consumed bene:
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

34

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes, 300
Or when the flying heavens he would affray;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

35

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloudie wordes of bold Enchaunters call,
But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And when him list the raskall routes appall, 311
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36

Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceedes,
 For he that made the same, was knowne right well
 To have done much more admirable deedes.
 It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excell
 All living wightes in might of magicke spell: 320
 Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;
 But when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

37

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmefull head, thrice heated in the fire,
 Had riven many a brest with pikehead square;
 A goodly person, and could menage faire,
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit, 330
 Who under him did trample as the aire,
 And chaft, that any on his backe should sit;
 The yron rowels into frothy fome he bit.

38

When as this knight nigh to the Ladie drew,
 With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
 But when he heard her answeres loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humour fitting purpose faine, 340
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;
 Wherewith emmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to
 say.

39

What worlds delight, or joy of living speach
 Can heart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deepe,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach ?
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creepe,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steepe,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale :
 Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,
 Then rip up grieffe, where it may not availe, 350
 My last left comfort is, my woes to weepe and waile.

40

Ah Ladie deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
 Well may I weene, your grieffe is wondrous great ;
 For wondrous great grieffe groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
 But wofull Ladie let me you intrete,
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart :
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
 And counsell mittigates the greatest smart ;
 Found never helpe, who never would his hurts impart.

41

O but (quoth she) great grieffe will not be tould, 361
 And can more easily be thought, then said.
 Right so ; (quoth he) but he, that never would,
 Could never : will to might gives greatest aid.
 But grieffe (quoth she) does greater grow displaid,
 If then it find not helpe, and breedes despaire.
 Despaire breedes not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
 No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
 Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

42

His goodly reason, and well guided speach 370
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
 Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought,
 And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquire the secrets of my grieffe,
 Or that your wisdome will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
 Then heare the storie sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

43

The forlorne Maiden, whom your eyes have seene
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries, 380
 Am th'only daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare, whilest equall destinies
 Did runne about, and their felicities
 The favourable heavens did not envy,
 Did spread their rule through all the territories,
 Which *Phison* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
 And *Gehons* golden waves doe wash continually.

44

Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
 An huge great Dragon horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*, 390
 With murdrous ravine, and devouring might
 Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
 Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
 He first to castle strong to take their flight,
 Where fast embard in mightie brasen wall,
 He has them now foure yeres besiegd to make them
 thrall.

45

Full many knights adventurous and stout
 Have enterprizd that Monster to subdew ;
 From every coast that heaven walks about,
 Have thither come the noble Martiall crew, 400
 That famous hard atchievements still pursew,
 Yet never any could that girlond win,
 But all still shronke, and still he greater grew :
 All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The pitteous pray of his fierce crueltie have bin.

46

At last yledd with farre reported praise,
 Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
 Of doughtie knights, whom Faery land did raise,
 That noble order hight of Maidenhed, *Virginals, or*
 Forthwith to court of *Gloriane* I sped, *castles* 410
 Of *Gloriane* great Queene of glory bright,
 Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red, *London*
 There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47

It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
 There for to find a fresh unproved knight,
 Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guiltie blood
 Had never bene, ne ever by his might
 Had throwne to ground the unregarded right :
 Yet of his prowess prooffe he since hath made
 (I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight ; 421
 The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
 Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

48

And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,
 His byting sword, and his devouring speare,
 Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
 Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
 And well could rule: now he hath left you heare,
 To be the record of his ruefull losse,
 And of my dolefull disaventurous deare: 430
 O heavie record of the good *Redcrosse*,
 Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you
 tosse ?

49

Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 That he my captive langour should redeeme;
 Till all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
 His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
 My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
 That rather death desire, then such despight.
 Be judge ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might, 440
 So thought I eke of him, and thinke I thought aright.

50

Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
 To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where never foot of living wight did tread,
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
 In which him chaunced false *Duessa* meete,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweete,
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete. 450

51

At last by subtill sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a Gyant huge and tall,
Who. him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mightie mall
The monster mercillesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold ;
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedillesse, for aie he doth him hold ;
This is my cause of grieffe, more great, then may be told.

52

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint : 460
But he her comforted and faire bespake,
Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take :
For till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

Arthur = aspiring spirit, divine spark
in man.

CANTO VIII

*Faire virgin to redeeme her deare
brings Arthur to the fight :*

*Who slayes that Gyant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.*

Theme of Bk I

1

Heavenly grace =
Arthur

Ay me, how many perils doe unfold

The righteous man, to make him daily fall ?

Were not, that heavenly grace doth him uphold,

And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.

Her love is firme, her care continuall,

So oft as he through his owne foolish pride,

Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands made thrall :

Else should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,

For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither
guide.

2

They sadly traveld thus, untill they came

10

Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie :

Then cryde the Dwarfe, lo yonder is the same,

In which my Lord my liege doth lucklesse lie,

Thrall to that Gyants hatefull tyrannie :

Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.

The noble knight alighted by and by

From loftie steede, and bad the Ladie stay,

To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

Figure of giant - can read political
allegory - ordinary man led into
trouble

3

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
 He marched forth towards that castle wall; 20
 Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
 To ward the same, nor answeere commers call.
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
 And tassels gay. Wyde wonders over all
 Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
 Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

4

Was never wight, that heard that shrilling sound,
 But trembling feare did feele in every vaine;
 Three miles it might be easie heard around, 30
 And Ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:
 No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull traine
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
 But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

5

The same before the Geants gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the ground,
 And every dore of freewill open flew.
 The Gyant selfe dismaied with that sounde, 40
 Where he with his *Duessa* dalliance fownde,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownde,
 And staggering steps, to weet, what suddein stowre,
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded
 powre.

*These words were - led back to the
 relation under Elig.*

6

And after him the proud *Duessa* came,
 High mounted on her manyheaded beast,
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
 And every head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast. 50
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
 Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
 And at him fiercely flew, with courage fild,
 And eger greedinesse through every member thrid.

7

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
 Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high disdaine,
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
 All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
 But wise and warie was that noble Pere, 60
 And lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
 Did faire avoide the violence him nere ;
 It booted nought, to thinke, such thunderbolts to beare.

8

Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might :
 The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavie sway
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
 That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw :
 The sad earth wounded with so sore assay, 70
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
 And trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake
 show.

9

As when almightie *Jove* in wrathfull mood,
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
 The fierce threeforked enġin making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angrie passage stay, 80
 And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

10

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the knight him at avantage found,
 And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smote off his left arme, which like a blocke
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
 Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke
 Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

11

Dismaied with so desperate deadly wound, 91
 And eke impatient of unwonted paine,
 He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sound,
 That all the fields rebellowed againe;
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
 Do for the milkie mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
 The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

12

That when his deare *Duessa* heard, and saw 100
 The evill stownd, that daungerd her estate,
 Unto his aide she hastily did draw
 Her dreadfull beast, who swolne with bloud of late
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
 And threatned all his heads like flaming brands.
 But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
 Encountring fierce with single sword in hand,
 And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathfull spight,
 And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so, 110
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might
 That stop out of the way to overthro, e
 Scorning the let of so unequal foe:
 But nathemore would that courageous swayne
 To her yeeld passage, gainst his Lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his bodie bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14

Biblical allusion.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
 Death and despeyre did many thereof sup, 120
 And secret poyson through their inner parts,
 Th'eternall bale of heavie wounded harts;
 Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
 Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
 And all his senses were with suddeine dread dismayd.

15

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his necke his bloudie clawes did seize,
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize. 130
 That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
 He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprise:
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loved Squire into such thraldome brought.

16

And high advauncing his bloud-thirstie blade,
 Stroke one of those deformed heads so sore,
 That of his puissance proud ensample made;
 His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape mis-shaped more: 140
 A sea of bloud gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field around;
 That over shoes in bloud he waded on the ground.

17

Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
 That to have heard, great horror would have bred,
 And scourging th'emptie ayre with his long traine,
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
 Would have cast downe, and trod in durtie myre,
 Had not the Gyant soone her succoured; 151
 Who all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,
 Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

18

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both were
 erst ;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
 That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow :
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites, 160
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow ?

19

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew :
 The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye 170
 For to have slaine the man, that on the ground did lye.

20

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amaz'd
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became starke blind, and all his senses daz'd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
 And seem'd himselfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the Gyant loudly she gan call,
 O helpe *Orgoglio*, helpe, or else we perish all. 180

21

At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd,
 Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon proof'd :
 But all in vaine : for he has read his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Themselves in vaine : for since that glauncing sight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend ;
 As where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

22

Whom when the Prince, to battell new adrest, 190
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
 That downe he tombled ; as an aged tree,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
 The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23

Or as a Castle reared high and round,
 By subtile engins and malicious slight 200
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
 At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might ;
 Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay, 210
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store,
 But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
 That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

25

Whose grievous fall, when false *Duessa* spide,
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw aside;
 Such percing grieffe her stubborne hart did wound,
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound, 221
 But leaving all behind her, fled away:
 The light-foot Squire her quickly turnd around,
 And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his Lord, as his deserved pray.

26

The royall *Virgine*, which beheld from farre,
 In pensive plight, and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie, 230
 And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake;
Faire branch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paines, ye suffer for my sake?

27

And you fresh bud of vertue springing fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past,
 Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and service evermore;
 And he that high does sit, and all things see 240
 With equall eyes, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
 And what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

28

But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling
 Have made you maister of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister eke with governing,
 And well begun end all so well, I pray,
 Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
 For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
 My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay, 250
 Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
 O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

29

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
 That scarlot whore to keepen carefully;
 Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
 Into the Castle entred forcibly.
 Where living creature none he did espye;
 Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
 But no man car'd to answeere to his crye.
 There raignd a solemne silence over all, 260
 Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or
 hall.

30

At last with creeping crooked pace forth came
 An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
 That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
 And guide his wearie gate both too and fro :
 For his eye sight him failed long ygo,
 And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
 The which unused rust did overgrow :
 Those were the keyes of every inner dore,
 But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

31

But very uncouth sight was to behold, 271
 How he did fashion his untoward pace,
 For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
 So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face,
 Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
 Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
 This was the auncient keeper of that place,
 And foster father of the Gyant dead ;
 His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

32

His reverend haire and holy gravitie 280
 The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
 And gently askt, where all the people bee,
 Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
 Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
 Againe he askt, where that same knight was layd,
 Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissaunce fell
 Had made his caytive thrall, againe he sayde,
 He could not tell : ne ever other answeere made.

33

Then asked he, which way he in might pas :
 He could not tell, againe he answered. 290
 Thereat the curteous knight displeasèd was,
 And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
 How ill it fits with that same silver hed
 In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee :
 But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
 Aread in graver wise, what I demaund of thee.

34

His answeere likewise was, he could not tell.
 Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance
 When as the noble Prince had marked well, 300
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calmd his wrath with goodly temperance.
 Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
 Each dore he opened without any breach ;
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

35

There all within full rich arayd he found,
 With royall arras and resplendent gold.
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest Princes presence might behold. 310
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With bloud of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
 Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

36

And there beside of marble stone was built
 An Altare, carv'd with cunning imagery,
 On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
 And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,
 With cruell malice and strong tyranny: 320
 Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
 To God for vengeance cryde continually,
 And with great grieve were often heard to grone,
 That hardest heart would bleede, to heare their piteous
 mone.

37

Through every rowme he sought, and every bowr,
 But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
 At last he came unto an yron doore,
 That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
 Emongst that bounch, to open it withall;
 But in the same a little grate was pight, 330
 Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
 With all his powre, to weet, if living wight
 Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

38

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
 These piteous plaints and dolours did resound;
 O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
 Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
 Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
 For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
 And have beene thrice hid underneath the ground,
 Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew, 341
 O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

*330. & 341 - therefore naturally
 dead when rescued from bondage.*

39

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
 Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore,
 And trembling horreur ran through every joynt,
 For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore :
 Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore,
 With furious force, and indignation fell ;
 Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
 But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell, 350
 That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

40

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
 Nor noyous smell his purpose could withhold,
 (Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
 But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
 After long paines and labours manifold,
 He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare ;
 Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
 His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare.
 A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere. 360

41

His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
 Could not endure th'unwonted sunne to view ;
 His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
 And empty sides deceived of their dew,
 Could make a stony hart his hap to rew ;
 His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
 Were wont to rive steele plates, helmets hew,
 Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
 Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

42

Whom when his Lady saw, to him she ran 370
 With hasty joy : to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said, Ah dearest Lord, what evill starre
 On you hath fround, and pourd his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

43

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day; 380
 And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe, *- f. old ballad*
 Whose wrathfull wreakes them selves do now alay.
 And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good; good growes of evils priefe.
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieffe;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44

Faire Lady, then said that victorious knight, *Arthur*
 The things, that grievous were to do, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight; 390
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare :
 But th'onely good, that growes of passed feare,
 Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
 This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men. *- Idea*

*Spencer - mortal men not have continual
 bliss.*

45

Henceforth sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might ;
 Loe where your foe lyes stretcht in monstrous length,
 And loe that wicked woman in your sight, ⁴⁰⁰
 The roote of all your care, and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her live, or dye.
 To do her dye (quoth *Una*) were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy ;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

46

So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
 And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
 And ornaments that richly were displaid ;
 Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
 Then when they had despoild her tire and call, ⁴¹⁰
 Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
 That her mishaped parts did them appall,
 A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
 Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

47

Her craftie head was altogether bald,
 And as in hate of honorable eld,
 Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald ;
 Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
 And her sowre breath abhominably smeld ;
 Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind, ⁴²⁰
 Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld ;
 Her wrizled skin as rough, as maple rind,
 So scabby was, that would have loathd all womankind.

48

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
 My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write
 But at her rompe she growing had behind
 A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight ;
 And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight ;
 For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
 With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight, 430
 The other like a Beares uneven paw :
 More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

49

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
 And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
 Such then (said *Una*) as she seemeth here,
 Such is the face of falshood, such the sight
 Of fowle *Duessa*, when her borrowed light
 Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
 Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
 And all her filthy feature open showne, 440
 They let her goe at will, and wander wayes unknowne.

50

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
 And from the world that her discovered wide,
 Fled to the wastfull wildernessse apace,
 From living eyes her open shame to hide,
 And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
 But that faire crew of knights, and *Una* faire
 Did in that castle afterwards abide,
 To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire, 449
 Where store they found of all, that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX

*His loves and lignage Arthur tells
 The knights knit friendly bands :
 Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,
 Whom Redcrosse knight withstands.*

1 - idea of chivalry.

O goodly golden chaine, wherewith yfere
 The vertues linked are in lovely wize :
 And noble minds of yore allyed were, *chivalry*
 In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprise, *expression of*
 That none did others safety despize, *all virtue*
 Nor aid enuy to him, in need that stands,
 But friendly each did others prayse devize,
 How to advaunce with favourable hands,
 As this good Prince redeemed the *Redcrosse* knight
 from bands.

2

Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,
 With dew repast they had recured well, 11
 And that weake captive wight now waxed strong,
 Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
 But forward fare, as their adventures fell,
 But ere they parted, *Una* faire besought
 That straunger knight his name and nation tell ;
 Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
 Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

3

Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
 A thing without the compas of my wit : 20
 For both the lignage and the certain Sire,
 From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
 For all so soone as life did me admit
 Into this world, and shewed heavens light,
 From mothers pap I taken was unfit :
 And streight delivered to a Faery knight,
 To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

Arthur remembre of 4 who father was
 Unto old *Timon* he me brought bylive,
 Old *Timon*, who in youthly yeares hath beene
 In warlike feates th'expertest man alive, 30
 And is the wisest now on earth I weene ;
 His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
 Under the foot of *Rauran* mossy hore,
 From whence the river *Dee* as silver cleene
 His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore :
 There all my dayes he traind me up in vertuous lore.

*Timon = house, not appears in legend
 from Arthur's moving force.*
 Thither the great Magicien *Merlin* came,
 As was his use, oftentimes to visit me :
 For he had charge my discipline to frame,
 And Tutours nouriture to oversee. 40
 Him oft and oft I askt in privitie,
 Of what loines and what lignage I did spring :
 Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
 That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
 As time in her just terme the truth to light should bring.

6

Well worthy impe, said then the Lady gent,
 And Pupill fit for such a Tutours hand.
 But what adventure, or what high intent
 Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
 Aread Prince *Arthur*, crowne of Martiall band ? 50
 Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
 The course of heavenly cause, or understand
 The secret meaning of th'eternall might,
 That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living
 wight.

7

For whither ^{god} he through fatall deepe foresight
 Me hither sent, for cause to me unghost,
 Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
 Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
 With forced fury following his behest,
 Me hither brought by wayes yet never found, 60
 You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest.

Ah curteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
 Could ever find, to grieve the gentlest hart on ground ?
 wound = which keeps magnanimous man
 ever seeking after glory & honor.

Deare Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
 Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
 Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
 Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
 And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
 Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
 But told it flames, and hidden it does glow, 70
 I will revele, what ye so much desire :

Ah Love, lay downe thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

Arthur loves Gloriana who = glory.

9

It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
 When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
 Then first the coale of kindly heat appears
 To kindle love in every living brest ;
 But me had warnd old *Timons* wise behest,
 Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
 Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
 As miserable lovers use to rew, 80
 Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

10

That idle name of love, and lovers life,
 As losse of time, and vertues enemy
 I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
 In midst of their mournfull Tragedy,
 Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
 And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent :
 Their God himselve, griev'd at my libertie,
 Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent,
 But I them warded all with wary government. 90

11

But all in vaine : no fort can be so strong,
 Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
 But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
 Or unawares at disavantage found ;
 Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground :
 And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
 And boasts, in beauties chaine not to be bound,
 Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
 And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

People Fairyland = land of spirit on
 mental level.
 rep. ideas, moved by impulses of spirit.

12

Ensample make of him your haplesse joy, 100
 And of my selfe now mated, as ye see ;
 Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
 Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
 For on a day prickt forth with jollitie
 Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 The fields, the floods, the heavens with one consent
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13

For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd ;
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight, 111
 And pillow was my helmet faire displayd :
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
 And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay :
 So faire a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14

Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
 She to me made, and bad me love her deare,
 For dearely sure her love was to me bent, 120
 As when just time expired should appeare.
 But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
 Ne living man like words did ever heare,
 As she to me delivered all that night ;
 And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight

15

When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
 And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,
 I sorrowed all so much, as earst I joyd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen. 130
 From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mind,
 To seeke her out with labour, and long tyne,
 And never vow to rest, till her I find,
 Nine monethes I seeke in vaine yet ni'll that vow unbind.

16

Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
 And change of hew great passion did bewray;
 Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
 And hide the smoke, that did his fire display,
 Till gentle *Una* thus to him gan say; 140
 O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found
 Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
 Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
 True Loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

17

Thine, O then, said the gentle *Redcrosse* knight,
 Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
 O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
 Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
 Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
 And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life, 150
 Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace:
 For onely worthy you through prowes priefe
 Yf living man mote worthy be, to be her liefe.

18

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
 The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
 And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves,
 With fresh desire his voyage to pursew :
 Als *Una* earnd her travaill to renew.
 Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
 And love establish each to other trew, 160
 Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
 And eke the pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

19 *Common custom in
chessie stones to
exchange
gifts*

Prince *Arthur* gave a boxe of Diamond sure, *exchange*
 Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament, *gifts*
 Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
 Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
 That any wound could heale incontinent :
 Which to requite, the *Redcrosse* knight him gave
 A booke, wherein his Saveours testament *Bible*
 Was writ with golden letters rich and brave ; 170
 A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to save.
shows us on of magnanimity & piety.

20

Thus beene they parted, *Arthur* on his way
 To seeke his love, and th'other for to fight
 With *Unaes* foe, that all her realme did pray.
 But she now weighing the decayed plight,
 And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
 Would not a while her forward course pursew,
 Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
 Till he recovered had his former hew :
 For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

21

So as they traveild, lo they gan espy 181
 An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
 That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
 Or other griesly thing, that him agast.
 Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
 As if his feare still followed him behind ;
 Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
 And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
 As he had beene a fole of *Pegasus* his kind.

22

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head 190
 To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
 Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread ;
 Nor drop of bloud in all his face appeares
 Nor life in limbe : and to increase his feares,
 In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
 About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
 That with his glistring armes does ill agree ;
 But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

23

The *Redcrosse* knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet, what mister wight was so dismayd : 200
 There him he finds all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afraid ;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might ;
 Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight :
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

24

He answerd nought at all, but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
 With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew, 210
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
 Infernall furies, with their chaines untide.
 Him yet againe, and yet againe bespake
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replide,
 But trembling every joynt did inly quake,
 And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth
 to shake.

25

For Gods deare love, Sir knight, do me not stay;
 For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
 Eft looking backe would faine have runne away;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free 220
 The secret cause of his perplexitie:
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach,
 Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned bee,
 But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach,
 Yet forst, at last he made through silence suddein
 breach.

26

And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
 From him, that would have forced me to dye?
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history?
 Feare nought: (quoth he) no daunger now is nye?
 Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace, 231
 (Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
 I late beheld, and had not greater grace
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

27

I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst)
 With a faire knight to keepen companee,
 Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himselfe advaunst
 In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
 But not so happie as mote happie bee :
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a Ladie gent, 240
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree :
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

28

From whom returning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen (God from him me blesse)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell, that cals himselfe *Despaire* :
 Who first us greets, and after faire areedes
 Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare : 250
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting grieffe,
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
 With wounding words and termes of foule reprieffe,
 He pluckt from us all hope of due relieffe,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life ;
 Then hopelesse hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us die, to stint all further strife : 260
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rustie knife.

30

With which sad instrument of hastie death,
 That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
 A wide way made to let forth living breath.
 But I more fearefull, or more luckie wight,
 Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
 Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare :
 Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
 Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare :
 But God you never let his charmed speeches heare.

31

How may a man (said he) with idle speach 271
 Be wonne, to spoyle the Castle of his health ?
 I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
 That like would not for all this worldes wealth :
 His subtill tongue, like dropping honny, mealt'h
 Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine,
 That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
 His powre is reft, and weaknesse doth remaine.
 O never Sir desire to try his guilefull traine.

32

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest, 280
 Till I that treachours art have heard and tride ;
 And you Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
 Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
 I that hight *Trevisan* (quoth he) will ride
 Against my liking backe, to doe you grace :
 But not for gold nor glee will I abide
 By you, when ye arrive in that same place ;
 For lever had I die, then see his deadly face.

33

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
 His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave, 290
 Farre underneath a craggie clift ypight,
 Darke, dolefull, drearie, like a greedie grave,
 That still for carrion carcases doth crave :
 On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle,
 Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
 Farre from that haunt all other chearefull fowle ;
 And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

34

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
 Whereon nor fruit, nor leafe was ever scene,
 Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ; 300
 On which had many wretches hanged beene,
 Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
 And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
 That bare-head knight for dread and dolefull teene,
 Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare,
 But th'other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

35

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
 That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
 Musing full sadly in his sullein mind ;
 His griesie lockes, long growen, and unbound, 310
 Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
 And hid his face ; through which his hollow eyne
 Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound ;
 His raw-bone cheekes through penurie and pine,
 Were shronke into his jawes as he did never dine.

36

His garment nought but many ragged clouts,
 With thornes together pind and patched was,
 The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts ;
 And him beside there lay upon the gras
 A drearie corse, whose life away did pas, 320
 All wallowd in his owne yet luke-warme blood,
 That from his wound yet welled fresh alas ;
 In which a rustie knife fast fixed stood,
 And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
 The wofull tale that *Trevisan* had told,
 When as the gentle *Redcrosse* knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold,
 Him to avenge, before his blood were cold,
 And to the villein said, Thou damned wight, 330
 The author of this fact, we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed
 in sight.

38

What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give ?
 What justice ever other judgement taught,
 But he should die, who merites not to live ?
 None else to death this man despayring drive,
 But his owne guiltie mind deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his due to give ? 340
 Or let him die, that loatheth living breath ?
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here unceath ?

*Stanza 38 ff - argument of great
 Justice. Who knight saw & felt
 to have*

39

Who travels by the wearie wandring way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
 Or free his feet, that in the myre sticke fast?
 Most envious man, that grieues at neighbours good,
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast, 349
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
 Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40

He there does now enjoy eternall rest
 And happie ease, which thou doest want and crave,
 And further from it daily wanderest:
 What if some litle paine the passage have,
 That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?
 Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
 And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
 Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
 Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit, 361
 And said, The terme of life is limited,
 Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten it;
 The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
 Nor leave his stand, untill his Captaine bed.
 Who life did limit by almightie doome,
 (Quoth he) knowes best the termes established;
 And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
 Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

*Arguments of hope in Christian
 context.*

42

Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne, 370
 In heaven and earth ? did not he all create
 To die againe ? all ends that was begonne.
 Their times in his eternall booke of fate
 Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
 Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
 That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
 Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie ?
 When houre of death is come, let none aske whence,
 nor why.

43

The lenger life, I wote the greater sin,
 The greater sin, the greater punishment : 380
 All those great battels, which thou boasts to win,
 Through strife, and bloud-shed, and avengement,
 Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent :
 For life must life, and bloud must bloud repay.
 Is not enough thy evill life forespent ?
 For he, that once hath missed the right way,
 The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

44

Then do no further goe, no further stray,
 But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
 Th'ill to prevent, that life ensewen may. 390
 For what hath life, that may it loved make,
 And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
 Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
 Paine, hunger, cold, that makes the hart to quake ;
 And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
 All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

45

Thou wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
 If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state :
 For never knight, that dared warlike deede,
 More lucklesse disaventures did amate : 400
 Witnessse the dongeon deepe, wherein of late
 Thy life shut up, for death so oft did call ;
 And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
 Yet death then, would the like mishaps forestall,
 Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46

Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
 To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree ?
 Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
 High heaped up with huge iniquitie,
 Against the day of wrath, to burden thee ? 410
 Is not enough, that to this Ladie milde
 Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,
 And sold thy selfe to serve *Duessa* vilde,
 With whom in all abuse thou hast thy selfe defilde ?

47

Is not he just, that all this doth behold
 From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye ?
 Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
 And guiltie be of thine impietie ?
 Is not his law, Let every sinner die :
 Die shall all flesh ? what then must needs be donne,
 Is it not better to doe willingly, 421
 Then linger, till the glasse be all out ronne ?
 Death is the end of woes : die soone, O faeries sonne.

48

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a sword's point through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all, that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembrance did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did disperse, 430
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes,
That oftentimes he quaht, and fainted oftentimes.

49

In which amazement, when the Miscreant
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile,
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile, 439
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

50

The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th'Almighties law:
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose, what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

51

But when as none of them he saw him take, 451
 He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
 And gave it him in hand : his hand did quake,
 And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
 And troubled bloud through his pale face was seene
 To come, and goe with tydings from the hart,
 As it a running messenger had beene.
 At last resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
 He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

52

Which when as *Una* saw, through every vaine 460
 The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
 As in a swowne : but soone reliv'd againe,
 Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
 And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
 And to him said, Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
 What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife ?
 Is this the battell, which thou vauntst to fight
 With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright ?

53

Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
 Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart, 470
 Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
 In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part ?
 Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art ?
 Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
 The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
 And that accurst hand-writing doth deface,
 Arise, Sir knight arise, and leave this cursed place.

54

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtill sleight, 480
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung himselfe, unbid unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathesle it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

Saved by him fr. despair

*Una sees when falls into House of
pride.*

House of Holinesse after of the.

CANTO X

*Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heavenly blesse.*

1

What man is he, that boasts of fleshly might,
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which all so soone, as it doth come to fight,
Against spirituall foes, yeelds by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly ?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

man needs desire for righteousness

2

By that, which lately hapned, *Una* saw, 10
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint ;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloudie fight :
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

3

There was an auntient house not farre away,
 Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore, 20
 And pure unspotted life : so well they say
 It governd was, and guided evermore,
 Through wisdome of a matrone grave and hore ;
 Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore :
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

4

Dame *Cælia* men did her call, as thought
 From heaven to come, or thither to arise,
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought 30
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise :
 The eldest two most sober, chast, and wise,
Fouth *Fidelia* and *Speranza* ^{hope} virgins were
 Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize ;
 But faire *Charissa* to a lovely fere
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

5

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt ;
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes : but when they knockt,
 The Porter opened unto them streight way : 40
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight *Humillá*. They passe in stouping low ;
 For streight and narrow was the way, which he did show

6

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin,
 But entred in a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine, and pleasant to be walked in,
 Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee, 50
Zeal His name was Zele, that him right well became,
 For in his speeches and behaviour hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7

There fairely them receives a gentle Squire,
 Of milde demeanure, and rare courtesie,
 Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
 In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
 And knew his good to all of each degree,
 Hight *Reverence*. He them with speeches meet 60
 Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
 But simple true, and eke unfained sweet,
 As might become a Squire so great persons to greet.

8

And afterwards them to his Dame he leads,
 That aged Dame, the Ladie of the place:
 Who all this while was busie at her beades:
 Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
 And toward them full matronely did pace.
 Where when that fairest *Una* she beheld,
 Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
 Her hart with joy unwonted inly sweld, 71
 As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9

And her embracing said, O happie earth,
 Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread,
 Most vertuous virgin borne of heavenly berth,
 That to redeeme thy woefull parents head,
 From tyrans rage, and ever-dying dread,
 Hast wandred through the world now long a day ;
 Yet ceasest not thy wearie soles to lead,
 What grace hath thee now hither brought this way ?
 Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ? 81

10

Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
 Here in this place, or any other wight,
 That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
 That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right :
 All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to go astray,
 And be partakers of their evill-plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way ;
 O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay ?

11

Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbs to rest, 91
 O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came,
 And this good knight his way with me adrest,
 Led with thy prayses and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to heaven is blowne. The auncient Dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
 And entertaynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'sies, that she could devise,
 Ne wanted ought, to shew her bounteous or wise.

12

Thus as they gan of sundry things devise, 100
 Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise,
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred even steps and equall pace :
 Of which the eldest, that *Fidelia* hight,
 Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face,
 That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

13

She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold, 110
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horroure made to all, that did behold ;
 But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood :
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood,
 Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

14

Her younger sister, that *Speranza* hight,
 Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well ;
 Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight, 120
 As was her sister ; whether dread did dwell,
 Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell :
 Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
 Whereon she leaned ever, as befell :
 And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
 Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

15

They seeing *Una*, towards her gan wend,
 Who them encounters with like courtesie ;
 Many kind speeches they betwene them spend,
 And greatly joy each other well to see : 130
 Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
 They turne themselves, at *Unaes* meeke request,
 And him salute with well beseeming glee ;
 Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
 And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

16

Then *Una* thus ; But she your sister deare,
 The deare *Charissa* where is she become ?
 Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere ?
 Ah no, said they, but forth she may not come :
 For she of late is lightned of her wombe, 140
 And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
 That her to see should be but troublesome.
 Indeede (quoth she) that should be trouble sore,
 But thank't be God, and her encrease so evermore.

17

Then said the aged *Caelia*, Deare dame,
 And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyle,
 And labours long, through which ye hither came,
 Ye both forwearied be : therefore a whyle
 I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
 Then called she a Groome, that forth him led 150
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed ;
 His name was meeke *Obedience* rightfully ared.

18

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresht with due repast,
 Faire *Una* gan *Fidelia* faire request,
 To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her words divine.
 She graunted, and that knight so much agraste,
 That she him taught celestiall discipline, 161
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19

Bible be interpreted by faith rather than Reason
 And that her sacred Booke, with bloud ywrit,
 That none could read, except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whit,
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker wit of man could never reach,
 Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will,
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
 For she was able, with her words to kill, 170
 And raise againe to life the hart, that she did thrill.

20

And when she list poure out her larger spright,
 She would commaund the hastie Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from heavens hight ;
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay,
 Dry-shod to passe, she parts the flouds in tway ;
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
 She would commaund, themselves to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
 Almighty God her gave such powre, and puissance great.

emphasis on faith to work miracles

discourse by Faith 21 *to be expected in his as*
discourse

The faithfull knight, now grew in litle space, 181
 By hearing her, and by her sisters lore, *by despair*
 To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
 That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
 And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
 Greev'd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
 And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
 That he desirde, to end his wretched dayes :
 So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

see p 158. & Auger 48
 22

But wise *Speranza* gave him comfort sweet, 190
 And taught him how to take assured hold
 Upon her silver anchor, as was meet ;
 Else had his sinnes so great, and manifold
 Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
 In this distressed doubtfull agonie,
 When him his dearest *Una* did behold,
 Disdeining life, desiring leave to die,
 She found her selfe assayld with great perplexitie.

23

And came to *Cælia* to declare her smart,
 Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
 Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart, 201
 Her wisely comforted all that she might,
 With goodly counsell and advisement right ;
 And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
 To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
 In that disease of grieved conscience,
 And well could cure the same ; His name was *Patience*.

24

Who comming to that soule-diseased knight,
 Could hardly him intreat, to tell his grieve :
 Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright,
 Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply reliefe. 211
 Of salves and med'cines, which had passing priefe,
 And thereto added words of wondrous might :
 By which to ease he him recured briefe,
 And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,
 That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
 Inward corruption, and infected sin,
 Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
 And festring sore did rankle yet within, 220
 Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
 Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
 Downe in a darkesome lowly place farre in,
 Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
 And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

26

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
 His daintie corse, proud humors to abate,
 And dieted with fasting every day,
 The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
 And made him pray both earely and eke late : 230
 And ever as superfluous flesh did rot
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
 To pluck it out with pincers fire whot,
 That soone in him was left no one corrupted jot.

Faint preparing him for Penance Remorse + Repentance
 27
 And bitter *Penance* with an yron whip,

Was wont him once to disple every day :

And sharpe *Remorse* his hart did pricke and nip,
 That drops of bloud thence like a well did play ;

And sad *Repentance* used to embay,

His bodie in salt water smarting sore, 240

The filthy blots of sinne to wash away.

So in short space they did to health restore

The man that would not live, but earst lay at deathes
 dore.

28

In which his torment often was so great,

That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,

And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.

His owne deare *Una* hearing evermore

His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore

Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,

For pittie of his paine and anguish sore ; 250

Yet all with patience wisely she did beare ;

For well she wist, his crime could else be never cleare.

29

Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience,

And trew *Repentance* they to *Una* brought :

Who joyous of his cured conscience,

Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought

Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought

To put away out of his carefull brest.

By this *Charissa*, late in child-bed brought,

Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest ; 260

To her faire *Una* brought this unacquainted guest.

Charity fertile - stands for legal love 30

She was a woman in her freshest age,
 Of wondrous beauty, and of bountie rare,
 With goodly grace, and comely personage,
 That was on earth not easie to compare ;
 Full of great love, but *Cupids* wanton snare
 As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will ;
 Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
 That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill ;
 The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still. 270

31

A multitude of babes about her hong,
 Playing their sports, that joyd her to behold,
 Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and
 young,
 But thrust them forth still, as they waxed old :
 And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
 Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire.
 Whose passing price unneath was to be told ;
 And by her side there sate a gentle paire
 Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvorie chaire.

32

The knight and *Una* entring, faire her greet, 280
 And bid her joy of that her happie brood ;
 Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
 And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
 Then *Una* her besought, to be so good,
 As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
 Now after all his torment well withstood,
 In that sad house of *Penaunce*, where his spright
 Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night

33

She was right joyous of her just request,
 And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne, 290
 Gan him instruct in every good behest,
 Of love, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
 And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
 That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
 And many soules in dolours had fordonne :
 In which when him she well instructed hath,
 From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

34

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
 An auncient matrone she to her does call,
 Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descride :
 Her name was *Mercie*, well knowne over all, 301
 To be both gracious, and eke liberall :
 To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
 To lead aright, that he should never fall
 In all his wayes through this wide worldes wave,
 That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

35

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
 Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
 Scattered with bushy thornes, and ragged breares,
 Which still before him she remov'd away, 310
 That nothing might his ready passage stay :
 And ever when his feet encombred were,
 Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
 She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare,
 As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

36

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,

That was fore by the way, she did him bring,

In which seven Bead-men that had vowed all

Their life to service of high heavens king

Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing: 320

There gates to all were open evermore,

That by the wearie way were traueiling,

And one sate wayting ever them before,

To call in commers-by, that needy were and pore.

*Hospitals founded by wealthy person - given 37 prayed for soul of patron
ever to poor who*

The first of them that eldest was, and best,

Of all the house had charge and government,

As Guardian and Steward of the rest:

His office was to give entertainement

And lodging, unto all that came, and went:

Not unto such, as could him feast againe, 330

And double quite, for that he on them spent,

But such, as want of harbour did constraine:

Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

38

The second was as Almner of the place,

His office was, the hungry for to feed,

And thristy give to drinke, a worke of grace:

He feard not once him selfe to be in need,

Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breede:

The grace of God he layd up still in store,

Which as a stocke he left unto his seede; 340

He had enough, what need him care for more?

And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

39

The third had of their wardrobe custodie,
 In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
 The plumes of pride, and wings of vanitie,
 But clothes meet to keepe keene could away,
 And naked nature seemely to aray;
 With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
 The images of God in earthly clay;
 And if that no spare cloths to give he had, 350
 His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

40

The fourth appointed by his office was,
 Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
 And captives to redeeme with price of bras,
 From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
 And though they faultie were, yet well he wayd,
 That God to us forgiveth every howre
 Much more then that, why they in bands were layd,
 And he that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
 The faultie soules from thence brought to his heavenly
 bowre. 360

41

The fift had charge sicke persons to attend,
 And comfort those, in point of death which lay;
 For them most needeth comfort in the end,
 When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
 The feeble soule departing hence away.
 All is but lost, that living we bestow,
 If not well ended at our dying day.
 O man have mind of that last bitter throw;
 For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

42

The sixt had charge of them now being dead, 370
 In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
 And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
 That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
 They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
 The wondrous workemanship of Gods owne mould,
 Whose face he made, all beasts to feare, and gave
 All in his hand, even dead we honour should.

Ah dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould,

*feare of mutilation of body after death
 common in Spencers fine-mob. Criminals*

The seventh now after death and buriall done, *the dead*
 Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead 380
 And widowes ayd, least they should be undone :
 In face of judgement he their right would plead,
 Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
 In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
 Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread :
 And when they stood in most necessitee,
 He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

44

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
 The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
 Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas :
 Where seeing *Mercie*, that his steps up bare, 391
 And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
 He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
 And seemely welcome for her did prepare :
 For of their order she was Patronesse,
 Albe *Charissa* were their chiefest founderesse.

45

There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
 That to the rest more able he might bee :
 During which time, in every good behest
 And godly worke of Almes and charitee 400
 She him instructed with great industree ;
 Shortly therein so perfect he became,
 That from the first unto the last degree,
 His mortall life he learned had to frame
 In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

46

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas,
 Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy ;
 On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
 And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
 Wherein an aged holy man did lye, 410
 That day and night said his devotion,
 Ne other worldly busines did apply ;
 His name was heavenly *Contemplation* ;
 Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

47

Great grace that old man to him given had ;
 For God he often saw from heavens hight,
 All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
 And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
 Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
 As Eagles eye, that can behold the Sunne : 420
 That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
 That his frayle thighes nigh wearie and fordonne
 Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne

48

There they do finde that godly aged Sire,
 With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
 As hoarie frost with spangles doth attire
 The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
 Each bone might through his body well be red,
 And every sinew seene through his long fast :
 For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ; 430
 His mind was full of spirituall repast,
 And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.

49

Who when these two approaching he aspide,
 At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
 That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
 And had he not that Dame respected more,
 Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
 He would not once have moved for the knight.
 They him saluted standing far afore ;
 Who well them greeting, humbly did requight, 440
 And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

50

What end (quoth he) should cause us take such paine,
 But that same end, which every living wight
 Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine ?
 Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
 To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
 With burning starres, and everliving fire,
 Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
 By wise *Fidelia* ? she doth thee require,
 To shew it to this knight, according his desire. 450

51

Thrise happy man, said then the father grave,
 Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
 And shewes the way, his sinfull soule to save.
 Who better can the way to heaven aread,
 Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
 In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine ?
 Thou doest the prayers of the righteous sead
 Present before the majestie divine,
 And his avenging wrath to clemencie incline.

52

Yet since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne. 460
 Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
 That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
 That never leads the traveiler astray,
 But after labours long, and sad delay,
 Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
 But first thou must a season fast and pray,
 Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
 And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

53

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount; *Mount*
 Such one, as that same mighty man of God, 470
 That bloud-red billowes like a walled front *Mount*
 On either side disparted with his rod, *Sinai*
 Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
 Dwelt fortie dayes upon; where writ in stone
 With bloody letters by the hand of God,
 The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
 He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

54

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
 Adorn'd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
 Is, as it were for endlesse memory 480
 Of that deare Lord, who oft thereon was fownd,
 For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
 Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
 Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
 On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
 Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

Three
+ Mount
Olives
3 graces
+ Mount
Parsons

55

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
 A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
 Which to a goodly Citie led his vew ;
 Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
 Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong 491
 Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
 Too high a ditty for my simple song ;
 The Citie of the great king hight it well,
 Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
 The blessed Angels to and fro descend
 From highest heaven, in gladsome companee,
 And with great joy into that Citie wend,
 As commonly as friend does with his frend. 500
 Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
 What stately building durst so high extend
 Her loftie towres unto the starry sphere,
 And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

57

Faire knight (quoth he) *Hierusalem* that is,
 The new *Hierusalem*, that God has built
 For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
 His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt,
 With piteous blood, which cruelly was spilt
 On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam, 510
 That for the sinnes of all the world was kilt :
 Now are they Saints all in that Citie sam,
 More deare unto their God, then younglings to their dam.

58

Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
 That great *Cleopolis*, where I have beene,
 In which that fairest *Faerie Queene* doth dwell
 The fairest Citie was, that might be seene ;
 And that bright towre all built of christall cleene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing, that was :
 But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene ; 520
 For this great Citie that does far surpas,
 And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of
 glas.

59

Most trew, then said the holy aged man ;
 Yet is *Cleopolis* for earthly fame,
 The fairest peece, that eye beholden can :
 And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
 That covet in th'immortall booke of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,
 That glorie does to them for guerdon graunt : 530
 For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

60

And thou faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate foredonne.
 But when thou famous victorie hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
 And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field :
 For bloud can nought but sin, and wars but sorrowes
 yield. 540

61

Then seeke this path, that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send ;
 Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 To yonder same *Hierusalem* do bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :
 For thou emongst those Saints, whom thou doest see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend
 And Patrone : thou Saint *George* shalt called bee,
 Saint *George* of mery England, the signe of victoree.

62

Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace, 550
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine ?
 These that have it attained, were in like cace
 (Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.
 But deeds of armes must I at last be faine,
 And Ladies love to leave so dearely bought ?
 What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
 (Said he) and battailes none are to be fought ?

As for loose loves are vaine, and vanish into nought.

- 1) do earthly adventure - i.e. marriage
 2) bloody war simple but - block of way on

63

O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
 Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are ;
 But let me here for aye in peace remaine, 561
 Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
 That nothing may my present hope empare.
 That may not be (said he) ne maist thou yit
 Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
 Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
 Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit.

64

Then shall I soone, (quoth he) so God me grace,
 Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
 And shortly backe returne unto this place,
 To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
 But now aread, old father, why of late
 Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
 Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate ?
 That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
 Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65

For well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
 Of Saxon kings, that have with mightie hand
 And many bloudie battailes fought in place
 High reard their royall throne in Britane land, 580
 And vanquisht them, unable to withstand :
 From thence a Faerie thee unweeting reft,
 There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
 And her base Elfin brood there for thee left.
 Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaungd by Faeries
 theft.

4. Despair
 episode
 despair
 band
 of Bliss
 St. Geo
 again
 570
 called
 back to
 appetit
 needs of
 others



Early adventure of heavenly protection
 by song. This inevitable part of early

66

Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond,
 And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
 Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
 As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
 And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
 Whereof *Georgos* he thee gave to name; 591
 Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
 To Faery court thou cam'st to seeke for fame,
 And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best
 became.

67

→ O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
 The many favours I with thee have found,
 That hast my name and nation red aright,
 And taught the way that does to heaven bound?
 This said, adowne he looked to the ground,
 To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne, 600
 Through passing brightnesse, which did quite con-
 found
 His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.

11 So darke are earthly things compar'd to things divine.

earth shadow of heaven

68

At last whenas himselfe he gan to find,
 To *Una* back he cast him to retire;
 Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
 Great thanks and goodly meed to that good syre,
 He thence departing gave for his paines hyre.
 So came to *Una*, who him joyd to see,
 And after litle rest, gan him desire, 610
 Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
 So leave they take of *Cælia*, and her daughters three.

CANTO XI

*The knight with that old ^{Sir} Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly :*

*The third him overthrowes, and gayns
most glorious victory.*

1

High time now gan it wex for *Una faire*,
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to reparaire :
Whereto whenas they now approached neare,
With hartie words her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake ;
Deare knight, as deare, as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle, ye for me take.

2

Now are we come unto my native soyle, 10
And to the place, where all our perils dwell ;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle,
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell ;
That shall ye evermore renowned make,
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.

3

And pointing forth, lo yonder is (said she)
 The brasen towre in which my parents deare 20
 For dread of that huge feend emprisond be
 Whom I from far see on the walles appeare
 Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
 And on the top of all I do espye
 The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
 That O my parents might I happily
 Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

4

With that they heard a roaring hideous sound, *sc. roaring*
That all the ayre with terrour filled wide,
 And seemd uneach to shake the stedfast ground. 30
 Eftsoones that dreadfull Dragon they espide,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side,
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
 But all so soone, as he from far descride
Those glistring armes, that heaven with light did fill,
 He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

5

Then bad the knight his Lady yede aloofe,
 And to an hill her selfe with draw aside,
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde: 40
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.
 Now O thou sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
 Faire ympe of Phœbus, and his aged bride,
 The Nourse of time, and everlasting fame,
 That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

KXELW

"I celebrate"

Epic + History

Clio

— ennobling of man
 of her feats.

6

O gently come into my feeble brest,
 Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And harts of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled courage may aswage, 50
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd ;
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd,
 And feared nations doest with horroure sterne astownd.

7

Faire Goddess lay that furious fit aside,
 Till I of warres and bloody *Mars* do sing,
 And Briton fields with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,
 That with their horroure heaven and earth did ring,
 A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse : 60
 But now a while let downe that haughtie string,
 And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
 That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8

By this the dreadfull Beast drew nigh to hand,
 Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his hast,
 That with his largenesse measured much land,
 And made wide shadow under his huge wast ;
 As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
 Approching nigh, he reared high afore
 His body monstrous, horrible, and wast, 70
 Which to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
 Was swolne with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody
 gore.

2nd
 Vocative
 before
 Character
 Section

C. BK V

needs
 of
 story

9

And over, all with brasen scales was armd,
 Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare,
 That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
 With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare ;
 Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
 His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
 So shaked he, that horroure was to heare,
 For as the clashing of an Armour bright, 80
 Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

10

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
 Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
 Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way :
 And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd
 Were like mayne-yards, with flying canvas lynd,
 With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
 And there by force unwonted passage find,
 The cloudes before him fled for terrour great,
 And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

11

His huge long tayle wound up in hundred foldes, 91
 Does overspred his long bras-scaly backe,
 Whose wreathed boughts when ever he unfolds,
 And thicke entangled knots adown does slacke.
 Bespotted all with shields of red and blacke,
 It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
 And of three furlongs does but litle lacke ;
 And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
 Both deadly sharpe, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

12

But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed 100
 The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes ;
 Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
 What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
 Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
 But his most hideous head my tounge to tell,
 Does tremble : for his deepe devouring jawes
 Wide gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
 Through which into his darke abisse all ravin fell.

13

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
 Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were, 110
 In which yet trickling bloud and gobbets raw
 Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
 That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare :
 Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
 A cloud of smothering smoke and sulphur seare
 Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
 That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

14

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
 Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre ;
 As two broad Beacons, set in open fields, 120
 Send forth their flames farre off to every shyre,
 And warning give, that enemies conspyre,
 With fire and sword the region to invade ;
 So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre :
 But farre within, as in a hollow glade,
 Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull
 shade.

15

So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
 Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
 And often bounding on the brused gras,
 As for great joyance of his newcome guest. 130
 Eftsoones he gan advance his haughtie crest,
 As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare,
 And shoke his scales to battell readie drest ;
 That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
 As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

16

The knight gan fairely couch his steadie speare,
 And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might :
 The pointed steele arriving rudely theare,
 His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
 But glauncing by forth passed forward right ; 140
 Yet sore amoved with so puissant push,
 The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
 And him so rudely passing by, did brush
 With his long taylor, that horse and man to ground
 did rush.

17

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
 And fresh encounter towards him adrest :
 But th'idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
 And found no place his deadly point to rest.
 Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
 To be avenged of so great despight ; 150
 (1) | For never felt his imperceable brest
 | So wondrous force, from hand of living wight ; | d. st. 3
 Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

18

Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divide
 The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
 Her fitting partes, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round: 160
 At last low stouping with unweldie sway,
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite
 away.

19

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
 So farre as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggling strong did him at last constraîne,
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagarde hauke presuming to contend
 With hardie fowle, above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend,
 To trusse the pray too heauiue for his flight; 170
 Which comming downe to ground, does free it selfe by
 fight.

20

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,
 And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd;
 Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd.
 And glauncing from his scaly necke, did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd.
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

1st wound inflicted on Dragoon y. st. 35, 39, 43, 53

21

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore, 181
 When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat,
 The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
 And greedie gulfe does gape, as he would eat
 His neighbour element in his revenge :
 Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat,
 To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
 And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22

The steely head stucke fast still in his flesh, 190
 Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
 And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
 A gushing river of blacke goarie blood,
 That drowned all the land, whereon he stood .
 The streame thereof would drive a water-mill.
 Trebly augmented was his furious mood
 With bitter sense of his deepe rooted ill,
 That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

23

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
 And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes 200
 Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
 Striving to loose the knot, that fast him tyes,
 Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
 That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
 To throw his rider : who can quickly ryse
 From off the earth, with durty bloud distaynd,
 For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd.

24

And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
 With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
 That nothing seemd the puissance could withstand :
 Upon his crest the hardned yron fell, 211
 But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
 That deeper dint therein it would not make ;
 Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
 That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
 But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25

The knight was wrath to see his stroke beguyld,
 And smote againe with more outrageous might ;
 But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke, where it did light ; 220
 As if in Adamant rocke it had bene pight.
 The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his wings to stye above the ground ;
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26

Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
 Him all amazd, and almost made affeard : 230
 The scorching flame sore swunged all his face,
 And through his armour all his bodie seard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

RCKE wounded
 1st Time.
 q. 57. 38

RCKE moved to "give up" (to
 ease his sufferings)

of C. V.
 of repetition
 a disarming
 which led to
 control by Dr.

27

Now that great Champion of the antique world,
 Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth daunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt 239
 With *Centaures* bloud, and bloudie verses charm'd,
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that earst him arm'd,
 That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28

Faint, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward
 fire
 That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire, *cf. RCKE in*
 But death will never come, when needes require. *Argolis's*
 Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld, *in Anglon*
 He cast to suffer him no more respire, *& Schneck*
 But gan his sturdie sterne about to weld, *despise*
 And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld. *250*

Baptism - cf. ST. 36

29

It fortun'd (as faire it then befell)
 Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,
 Of auncient time there was a springing well,
 From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
 Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
 Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
 That happie land, and all with innocent blood
 Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot 260
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

↓ *1st fall into Saving waters - night falls, ending 1st day of fight. Una watches, praying of ST. 45+*

30

For unto life the dead it could restore,
 And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away,
 Those that with sicknesse were infected sore,
 It could recure, and aged long decay
 Renew, as one were borne that very day.
 Both *Silo* this, and *Jordan* did excell,
 And th'English *Bath*, and eke the german *Spau*,
 Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this well:
 Into the same the knight backe overthrowen, fell. 270

31

Now gan the golden *Phœbus* for to steepe
 His fierie face in billowes of the west,
 And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
 Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
 When that infernall Monster, having kest
 His wearie foe into that living well,
 Can high advance his broad discoloured brest,
 Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
 And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

32

Which when his pensive Ladie saw from farre, 280
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 As weening that the sad end of the warre,
 And gan to highest God entirely pray,
 That feared chance from her to turne away;
 With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
 All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
 Her daintie limbs in her sad dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33

The morrow next gan early to appeare,
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race ; 290
 But early ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire *Titans* deawy face,
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved knight to move his manly pace :
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay ;
 As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean wave, 300
 Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
 And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly budded pineons to assay,
 And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies :
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

35

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy.
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
 And doubted, whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight. 310
 He, now to prove his late renewed might,
 High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
 Upon his crested scalpe so sore did smite,
 That to the scull a yawning wound it made :
 The deadly dint his dulled senses all dismaid.

2nd wound inflicted on the Dragon cf. ST. 20

39, 43, 53

36

I wote not, whether the revenging steele
 Were hardned with that holy water dew,
 Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
 Or his baptized hands now greater grew ;
 Or other secret vertue did ensew ;

320

Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
 Ne molten mettall in his bloud embrew :

For till that stownd could never wight him harme, *cl. st.*
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
 That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;
 As hundred ramping Lyons seem'd to rore,
 Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine :
 Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
 And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore, 330
 That to his force to yeelden it was faine ;
 Ne ought his sturdie strokes might stand afore,
 That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38

The same advauncing high above his head,
 With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
 That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead,
 Ne living wight would have him life behot :
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder sead,
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got :
 The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd, 341
 Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

Rcke wounded
2nd Time of st. 26

39

*for a showe & Cow of
how prompt he*

But yet more mindfull of his honour deare,
 Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the farre infixed string :
 Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he left,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft, 350
 Five joynts thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

3rd? wound inflicted

on Dragon E. 51. 20, 35, 43, 40, 53

Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cryes,
 With foule enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skyes,
 That all was covered with darknesse dire :
 Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all,
 And gathering up himselfe out of the mire,
 With his uneven wings did fiercely fall,
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

41

Much was the man encombred with his hold, 361
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yet, how his talants to unfold ;
 Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedie jaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away :
 Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
 It booted nought to thinke, to robbe him of his pray.

42

Tho when he saw no power might prevaile, 370
 His trustie sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
 And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
 That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid ;
 As sparckles from the Andvile use to fly,
 When heavie hammers on the wedge are swaid ;
 Therewith at last he forst him to unty
 One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby

43

The other foot, fast fixed on his shield

Whenas no strength, nor stroks mote him constraine
 To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield, 381
 He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
 That nought so wondrous puissance might sustaine ;
 Upon the joynt the lucky steele did light,
 And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine ;
 The paw yet missed not his minisht might,

But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

*4th = wound inflicted on
 Dragon cf. sp. 20, 35, 39, 53* 44

For grieft thereof, and divelish despight,
 From his infernall founnace forth he threw
 Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light, 390
 Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew ;
 As burning *Aetna* from his boyling stew
 Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
 And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
 Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
 That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror
 choke.

45

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence
 So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
 To save his bodie from the scorching fire, 400
 Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
 It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
 As he recoyled backward, in the mire
 His nigh forweared feeble feet did slide,
 And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

46

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosie red,
 As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
 Whereof great vertues over all were red :
 For happie life to all, which thereon fed, 410
 And life eke everlasting did befall :
 Great God it planted in that blessed sted
 With his almightie hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

47

In all the world like was not to be found,
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby, 420
 Whereof who so did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill : O mornefull memory :
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

48

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of Balme, most soveraine
 And daintie deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertill plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly woundes could heale and reare againe
 The senselesse corse appointed for the grave. 431
Into that same he fell: which did from death him save.

2nd fall into Sabir's water 49 (cf. st. 29+) - night fall
 ending 2nd day of fight - Una watches, praying

For nigh thereto the ever damned beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And all that life preserved, did detest:
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
 By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
 And yeeld his roome to sad succeeding night,
 Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
 The face of earth, and wayes of living wight, 440
 And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

50

When gentle *Una* saw the second fall
 Of her deare knight, who wearie of long fight,
 And faint through losse of bloud, mov'd not at all,
 But lay as in a dreame of deepe delight,
 Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
 Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
 Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
 And for his safetie gan devoutly pray; 449
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

comparison of the knight

51

The joyous day gan early to appeare,
 And faire *Aurora* from the deawy bed
 Of aged *Tithone* gan her selfe to reare,
 With rosie cheekes, for shame as blushing red ;
 Her golden lockes for haste were loosely shed
 About her eares, when *Una* her did marke
 Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred ;
 From heaven high to chase the chearelesse darke,
 With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

52

Then freshly up arose the doughtie knight, 460
 All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
 And did himselfe to battell readie dight ;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
 To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
 When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
 As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare ;
 Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

53

And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
 He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
 And rusht upon him with outrageous pride ; 471
 Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
 Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright
 Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
 And back retyrd, his life bloud forth with all did draw.

5th Wound inflicted on the Dragon - a. 20, 35, 39, 43

54

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
 That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
 So downe he fell, that th'earth him underneath 480
 Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
 So downe he fell, as an huge rockie clift,
 Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
 With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
 And rolling downe, great *Neptune* doth dismay;
 So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55

The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
 So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
 And his deare Ladie, that beheld it all,
 Durst not approach for dread, which she misdeem'd,
 But yet at last, when as the direfull feend 491
 She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright,
 She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
 Then God she prayd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
 That had atchiev'd so great a conquest by his might.

cf. fall of *Argos*

about dragon
 doesn't show
 like a head

even
 491 death

it is
 mountain
 ans...

CANTO XII

*Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight
betrouthed is with joy :
Though false Duessa it to barre
her false sleights doe imploy.*

1

Behold I see the haven nigh at hand,

Irony? To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
Rckt has Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
finished The which afore is fairely to be kend,
this adven- And seemeth safe from stormes, that may offend ;
ture - but There this faire virgin wearie of her way
he must Must landed be, now at her journeyes end :
some & Q. There eke my feeble barked a while may stay,
to more Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

*leaves before he can return to Almg, and give us possession of arms
as Contemplation advised him. (I, x, 60)*

Scarsely had Phœbus in the glooming East

10

Yet harnessed his fire-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme,
Unto the watchman on the castle wall ;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Ladie lowd gan call,
To tell, how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

3

Uprose with hastie joy, and feeble speed
 That aged Sise, the Lord of all that land,
 And looked forth, to weet, if true indeede
 Those tydings were, as he did understand,
 Which whenas true by tryall he out fond,
 He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
 Which long time had bene shut, and out of hond
 Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state ;
 For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

4

Then gan triumphant Trompets sound on hie,
 That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
 Of their new joy, and happie victorie
 Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
 And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
 Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
 To him assembled with one full consort,
 Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
 From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5

Forth came that auncient Lord and aged Queene,
 Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
 And sad habiliments right well beseene ;
 A noble crew about them waited round
 Of sage and sober Peres, all gravely gownd ;
 Whom farre before did march a goodly band
 Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
 But now they laurell braunches bore in hand ;
 Glad signe of victorie and peace in all their land.

6

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
 And him before themselves prostrating low,
 Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
 And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
 Soone after them all dauncing on a row 50
 The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
 As fresh as flowres in medow greene do grow,
 When morning dew upon their leaves doth light:
 And in their hands sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

7

And them before, the fry of children young
 Their wanton sports and childish mirth did play,
 And to the Maydens sounding tymbrels sung
 In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
 And made delightfull musicke all the way, *lluv*
 Untill they came, where that faire virgin stood; 60
 As faire *Diana* in fresh sommers day,
 Beholds her Nymphes, enraung'd in shadie wood,
 Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

8

So she beheld those maydens meriment
 With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
 Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
 And her ador'd by honorable name, *lluv*; *Time Religion*
 Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
 Then on her head they set a girland greene,
 And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game; 70
 Who in her selfe-resemblance well besene,
 Did seeme such, as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

9

And after, all the raskall many ran,
 Heaped together in rude rablement,
 To see the face of that victorious man:
 Whom all admired, as from heaven sent,
 And gazd upon with gaping wonderment.
 But when they came, where that dead Dragon lay,
 Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
 The sight with idle feare did them dismay, 80
 Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10

Some feard, and fled; some feard and well it faynd;
 One that would wiser seeme, then all the rest,
 Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
 Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
 Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
 Of many Dragonets, his fruitfull seed;
 Another said, that in his eyes did rest
 Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
 Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed. 90

11

One mother, when as her foolehardie chyld
 Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
 Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
 And to her gossips gan in counsell say;
 How can I tell, but that his talants may
 Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
 So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
 Whiles some more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
 To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

12

Thus flocked all the folke him round about, 100
 The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
 Being arrived, where that champion stout
 After his foes defeasance did remaine,
 Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine,
 With princely gifts of yvorie and gold,
 And thousand thanks him yeelds for all his paine.
 Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
 Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13

And after to his Pallace he them brings,
clarinet With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions
 sweet ; 110
 And all the way the joyous people sings,
 And with their garments strowes the paved street :
 Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
 Of all, that royall Princes court became,
 And all the floore was underneath their feet
 Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
 On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

14

What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
 In which was nothing riotous nor vaine ?
 What needs of daintie dishes to devize, 120
 Of comely services, or courtly trayne ?
 My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
 The large discourse of royall Princes state.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine :
 For th'antique world excesse and pride did hate ;
 Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

15

Then when with meates and drinckes of every kinde
 Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
 Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad,
 Which in his travell him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renommed guest:
 Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
 From point to point, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

16

Great pleasure mixt with pittifull regard,
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,
 Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard,
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too importune fate,
 That heapt on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
 For never gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
 And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

17

Then said the royall Pere in sober wise;
 Deare Sonne, great beene the evils, which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I note, whether prayse, or pittie more:
 For never living man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
 But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
 And well arrived are, (high God be blest)
 Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.

130

140

150

cf. st. 124

130
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18

Ah dearest Lord, said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet devize ;
 For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bounden am streight after this emprize,
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serve six yeares in warlike wize, 160
Gainst that proud Paynim king, that workes her teene:
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

19

Unhappie falles that hard necessitie,
 (Quoth he) the troubler of my happie peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicitie ;
 Ne I against the same can justly preace :
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo ; (for vowes may not be vaine)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe, 170
The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you twain.

20

Which for my part I covet to performe,
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battaile overcame,
 Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heire apparaunt bee :
 Therefore since now to thee pertaines the same,
 By dew desert of noble chevalree, 179
 Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

21

Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
 The fairest Un' his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter, and his onely heyre ;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
 As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
 Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
 And to the world does bring long wished light ;
 So faire and fresh that Lady shewd her selfe in sight.

22

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ; 190
 For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
 And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
 Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
 Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
 And on her now a garment she did weare,
 All lilly white, withoutten spot, or pride,
 That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
 But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face 200
 To tell, were as to strive against the streame
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace,
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
 Ne wonder ; for her owne deare loved knight,
 All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
 Did wonder much at her celestially sight :
 Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

24

So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
 She to her Sire made humble reverence,
 And bowed low, that her right well became, 210
 And added grace unto her excellence :
 Who with great wisdome, and grave eloquence
 Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,
 With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
 Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A Messenger with letters, which his message said.

25

All in the open hall amazed stood,
 At suddeinnesse of that unwarie sight,
 And wondred at his breathlesse hastie mood.
 But he for nought would stay his passage right, 220
 Till fast before the king he did alight ;
 Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
 And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight ;
 Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
 Which he disclosing, red thus, as the paper spake.

26

To thee, most mighty king of *Eden faire*,
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines adrest,
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great Emperour of all the West ; *Dnessa*
 And bids thee be advized for the best, 230
 Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
 Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest :
 For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

27

To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
 He was affiaunced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore :
 Witnessse the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guiltie heavens of his bold perjury, 240
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgement just do fly,
 And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

28

Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O souveraine Prince, your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread ;
 Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weakenesse of my widowed, or woe :
 For truth is strong, her rightfull cause to plead, 250
 And shall find friends, if need requireth soe,
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend, nor foe,

Fidessa.

29

When he these bitter byting words had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest ;
 Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
 Thy life and honour late adventarest, 260
 Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

30

What meane these bloody vowes, and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mind ?
 What heavens ? what altars ? what enraged heates
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,
 My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind ?
 High God be witness, that I guiltlesse ame.
 But if your selfe, Sir knight, ye faultie find,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
 With crime do not it cover, but disclose the same. 270

31

To whom the *Redcrosse* knight this answere sent,
 My Lord, my King, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
 What woman, and wherefore doth me upbrayd
 With breach of love, and loyalty betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard ;
 That day should faile me, ere I had them all declar'd.

This part
 of his story
 he has
 not re-
 told

32

There did I find, or rather I was found 280
 Of this false woman, that *Fidessa* hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on ground,
 Most false *Duessa*, royall richly dight,
 That easie was to invegle weaker sight :
 Who by her wicked arts, and wylie skill,
 Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
 Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
 And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

33

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
 And on the ground her selfe prostrating low, 290
 With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd ;
 O pardon me, my soveraigne Lord, to show
 The secret treasons, which of late I know
 To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse.
 She onely she it is, that earst did throw
 This gentle knight into so great distresse,
 That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

*Una ad
Saves
RHE
Archimago
Archim*

34

And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
 This craftie messenger with letters vaine,
 To worke new woe and improvided scath, 300
 By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine ;
 Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
 Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
 Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive ; who tries shall find no lesse.

35

The king was greatly moved at her speach,
 And all with suddein indignation fraight,
 Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
 Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait,
 Attacht that faylor false, and bound him strait : 311
 Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
 As chained Beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
 With idle force did faine them to withstand,
 And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

36

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
 And bound him hand and foote with yron chains.
 And with continuall watch did warely keepe ;
 Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
 He could escape fowle death or deadly paines ? 320
 Thus when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
 He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
 And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde,
 With sacred rites and vovoes for ever to abyde.

37

His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
 That none but death for ever can devide ;
 His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
 The housling fire did kindle and provide,
 And holy water thereon sprinckled wide ;
 At which the bushy Teade a groome did light, 330
 And sacred lampe in secret chamber hide,
 Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
 For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

38

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
 And made great feast to solemnize that day ;
 They all perfumde with frankencense divine,
 And precious odours fetcht from far away,
 That all the house did sweat with great aray :
 And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
 Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play, 340
 To drive away the dull Melancholy ;
 The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

39

During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sound through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice,
 Singing before th'eternall majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye ;
 Yet wist no creature, whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet, 350
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaimed throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand,
 And ever, when his eye did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41

Her joyous presence and sweet company 361
 In full content he there did long enjoy,
 Ne wicked envie, ne vile gealosity
 His deare delights were able to annoy :
 Yet swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
 He nought forgot, how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Unto his Farie Queene backe to returne :
 The which he shortly did, and *Una* left to mourne.

42

Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this wearie vessell of her lode.
 Here she a while may make her safe abode,
 Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
 And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
 On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
 Well may she speede and fairely finish her intent.

cl. 51. 1, 17

370

FINIS LIB. I.

Canto 12 begins & image of ship
 coming to shore, ends & ship
 leaving port.

NOTES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS

1. **whilome**. Formerly A.-S. *hwilum*, from time to time.
2. **in lowly Shepherds weeds**. An allusion to *The Shepherd's Calender* which Spenser published in 1579.
4. **mine Oaten reeds**, the primitive flute or pipe of the shepherd.

5. **sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds**. Cp. Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso*, I:

"Le donne, i cavalier, l' arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l' audaci imprese io canto."

7. **areeds**, assigns or commands; A.-S. *rædan*.
9. **Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song**. Cp. *Shepherd's Calender* (October):

"O ! what an honour is it to restraine
The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice."

10. **holy Virgin chiefe of nine**, Clio, the Muse of history.
14. **Tanaquill**. One of Spenser's names for Queen Elizabeth; alluded to also in II x:

"He dying left the fairest Tanaquill,
Him to succede therein, by his last will
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre . . . ,
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre."

'Caia Tanaquil' was really an Etruscan, the wife of Tarquin Priscus; she is quoted both by Ascham and Vives as the type of a noble queen. See Introduction III c.

15. **noble Briton Prince**, Arthur, typifying Leicester.
19. **impe**, in its original meaning of scion or shoot; Cupid, son of Venus.

23. **Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart.** Probably recollected in Ben Jonson's *Hymn to Diana*: "Lay thy bow of pearl apart."

25. **Mart, Mars**; the form is Chaucerian (ultimately from Italian). Cp. *The Knight's Tale*: "Noght was foryeten by th' infortune of Marte," and "Ther were also, of Martes divisioun."

29. **Mirroure of grace.** A piece of Platonic imagery. Plato says that all beautiful things upon earth are, as it were, mirrors or images of the divine beauty (*Phaedrus*).

30. **Great Lady of the greatest Isle.** The reader should observe the proud patriotism of Spenser's references to his native country; they are very characteristic.

32. **eyne**, a Chaucerian plural; A.-S. *ēagan*. Cp. Chaucer, *Prologue*: "hir eyen greye as glas."

32. **Shed thy faire beames.** Another piece of Platonic imagery: the sight of beauty exalts the soul and lends it wings so that the soul becomes raised to an altogether higher and nobler world (*Phaedrus*).

35. **The argument of mine afflicted stile.** The subject of his verse which subject overwhelms him by its greatness.

36. **O dearest dred**, beloved and yet feared.

CANTO I

The first canto describes the Redcrosse Knight in the company of Una or Truth. He fights against and overcomes the monster Error, but he and Una fall into the hands of Archimage, who plots to separate them. Ethically the canto represents the power of Hypocrisy, one of the worst enemies of Truth. For the historical interpretation see Introduction II.

1. **pricking, spurring or riding.** Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*: "He pricketh endelong the large place."

5. **Yet armes till that time.** This is explained in the Introductory Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh where Una's quest is described as the first undertaken by the Redcrosse Knight.

10. **a bloudie Crosse**, the red cross of St George.

17. **of his cheere**, in his countenance or expression.
solemne sad, grave and serious.

20. **Gloriana**, Queen Elizabeth.

22. **worship**, honour; a Chaucerian use of the word. Cp. *Book of the Duchesse*:

“Sir, be now right ware
That I may of yow here seyn
Worship, or that ye come ageyn.”

24. **earne**, yearn, be grieved.

27. **Dragon horrible and stearne**, typifying sin. Cp. Milton, *Nativity Hymn*:

“Where the old dragon under ground,..
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.”

28. **A lovely Ladie, Una or Truth**. For the Platonic imagery of this passage see Introduction III *b*. ‘Una’ means the one, the single-minded, as contrasted with Duessa, the deceitful.

29. **a lowly Asse**, the sign of humility; possibly also with a reference to Christ’s entry into Jerusalem. Milton recollects this description of Una in his account of Melancholy (*Il Penseroso*):

“Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O’erlaid with black, staid Wisdom’s hue...
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train:
And sable stole of cypress lawn.”

36. **a milke white lambe**, typical of Una’s innocence.

42. **all the world**. Una’s parents typify humanity in general.

44. **Forwasted**, laid waste. The prefix ‘for’ has an intensive sense in Anglo-Saxon and in Chaucer.

46. **a Dwarfe did lag**. The dwarf has been variously interpreted, sometimes as worldly prudence contrasted with divine truth, sometimes as the flesh lagging behind the spirit. The former meaning is the more plausible; it is noticeable that, when Una is separated from the Redcrosse Knight, the Dwarf still attends the latter and does his best to bring aid and succour, like prudence helping still though the divine enlightenment is gone (Percival, *Faerie Queene*, Bk I).

52. **his Lemans lap**, the lap of earth; in the oldest Greek mythology Heaven and Earth are the parents of all things.

56. **A shadie grove.** This wood typifies man's life with its many confusions and difficulties; the whole image is probably suggested by Dante:

"Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,
Che la diritta via era smarrita." (*Inferno* I.)

60. **Not perceable with power of any starre.** Cp. Milton, *Arcades*:

"Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof."

69. This tree-list is copied from the one in Chaucer's *Parlement of Fowles*. See Introduction III a.

The sayling Pine, because used for the masts of ships. Chaucer has 'sayling fir.' Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk I:

"His spear—to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
Of some great ammiral, were but a wand."

the Cedar proud and tall, a Biblical image. Cp. *Isaiah* ii, 13: "Upon all the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up."

70. **The vine-prop Elme.** The elm used as a support for the vine. Chaucer's 'piler elm' has the same meaning.

the Poplar never dry, because growing in moist situations such as the banks of rivers.

71. **The builder Oake**, employed for timber.

72. **the Cypresse funerall.** Often planted in cemeteries in Italy and the south.

74. **Firre that weepeth still**, distilling resin.

75. **The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours**, the willow worn by unhappy lovers. Cp. Desdemona's song in *Othello*:

"She was in love, and he she loved proved mad,
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow,'
An old thing 'twas but it express'd her fortune
And she died singing it." Act IV, Sc. iii.

76. **obedient to the benders will**, because yew-wood was employed for making bows; so Chaucer calls it the 'sheter ew.'

Wordsworth also praises, in the same way, an ancient yew-tree which was perhaps

"Not loth to furnish weapons for the Bands
Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched
To Scotland's heaths; or those that crossed the sea
And drew their sounding bows at Agincour,
Perhaps at earlier Crecy or Poitiers."

78. **The Mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound**, alluding to the sweet scent of the myrrh; the 'wound' should refer to the tree itself, or possibly Spenser thinks that the myrrh was used as a balsam.

79. **The warlike Beech**. There is a tradition that the war-chariots of the ancients were made of beech

Ash for nothing ill, because its wood is particularly tough and good.

81. **The carver Holme**, good for wood-carving.

92. **or in or out**, either inside or outside the labyrinth.

106. **shame were to revoke The forward footing for an hidden shade**. It would be a shame to turn back because of some imagined evil.

108. **Vertue gives her selfe light, through darknesse for to wade**. Cp. *Comus* :

"Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk."

110. **I better wot then you**. Truth feels by intuition the presence of one of her deadly enemies, Error.

114. **the wandring wood**, the wood which causes error or wandering.

116. **I read beware, I advise you to beware**.

117. **The fearefull Dwarf**. We note the timidity of Prudence.

121. **his glistring armor made A litle glooming light, much like a shade**. Spenser is full of wonderful pictures; few poets, except only Dante, have ever made so much use of the effects of light and chiaroscuro.

127. This description of Error is plainly imitated from Dante's description of Fraud:

"La faccia sua era faccia d' uom giusto;
Tanto benigna avea di fuor la pelle,
E d' un serpente tutto l' altro fusto.

Lo dosso e il petto ed ambedue le coste...
 Dipinte avea di nodi e di rotelle...
 Nel vano tutta sua coda guizzava,
 Torcendo in su la venenosa forca,
 Che a guisa di scorpion la punta armava."

(*Inf.* xvii 10-27.)

We have here the figure which is half human and half that of a serpent, the 'knots' and 'boughts' and the mortal sting like that of a scorpion in the tail. The student should compare also Milton's description of Sin (*Paradise Lost*, Bk II) which owes much to Spenser but is still more fearful.

129. **boughtes**, bends or folds.

130. **Of her there bred**, there sprang from her.

134. **uncouth light**, strange or unknown light; error cannot endure any form of illumination.

135. **Into her mouth they crept**. There was a popular legend concerning the viper that its young, when pursued, took refuge in the mother's mouth. See also I x ii 10.

136. **out of her den effraide**, terrified out of her den.

139. **without entraile**, untwisted. Cp. "With wanton yvie twine entrayld apart." (Bk III vi 44.)

141. **Armed to point**, *cap-à-pie*, i.e. from head to foot, at every point.

145. **valiant Elfe**. The knight, as Spenser explains, is a fairy knight.

147. **trenchand**, cutting. The 'and' termination really marks the northern form of the present participle.

150. **her speckled taile**. Cp. Milton, *Nativity Hymn* :

"And speckled Vanity
 Will sicken soon and die,
 And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould."

151. **Threatning her angry sting**, brandishing her sting.

152. **enhaunst**, raised.

159. **her huge traine**, her long trailing tail. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, Bk II: "Towards the gate rolling her bestial train."

168. **His gall did grate**. In Spenser's time the gall was supposed to be the seat of anger.

169. **knitting all his force**, assembling all his strength.

170. **he grypt her gorge**, gripped her by the throat.

174. **gobbets raw**, lumps of raw flesh.

177. **full of bookes and papers**. Spenser alludes to the many pamphlets of the time; it was an age of endless disputations both from Catholics and from Puritans.

180. **parbreake**, vomit.

185. **gins to avale**, begins to sink.

187. **Ten thousand kindes**. In Spenser's time it was believed that the Nile flood brought forth 'creatures' by spontaneous generation. Cp. also III vi 8:

"So, after Nilus inundation,

Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd

Informed in the mud on which the Sunne hath shynd."

199. This stanza forms one of the most realistic images in Spenser; no feature in Irish life seems to have impressed him more than the clouds of gnats which arose in the bogs of that country, and especially in the great Bog of Allen. There are many references to them in his *View of the Present State of Ireland*: "which doe byte their hasty supper best." Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"The chewing flocks

Had ta'en their supper on the savoury herb."

212. **lin**, cease; A.-S. *linnan*.

227. **unkindly Impes**, unnatural brood; 'kind' in the sense of 'natural' is a frequent Chaucerian word.

232. **the which them nurst**, the life which nursed them.

237. **borne under happy starre**, refers to the astrological belief in nativities. Spenser was really a Calvinist; he held that men's destinies were pre-ordained, but he often puts this belief in predestination into classical language. For the belief in astrology we may compare Edmund's speech in *King Lear*: "This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are rich in fortune—often the surfeit of our own behaviour—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance." (Act I, Sc. ii.)

239. **that Armorie**, explained by Spenser himself as the armour of a Christian man (*Eph.* vi 13, 14).

250. **with God to frend**, with God as his friend or helper.

253. This incident of the lady and the knight meeting a seeming

hermit who is really an enchanter in disguise is taken from Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* II 12, 13):

“Volta il cavallo, e nella selva folta
 Lo caccia per un aspro e stretto calle;
 E spesso il viso smorto addietro volta,
 Chè le par che Rinaldo abbia alle spalle.
 Fuggendo non avea fatto via molta,
 Che scontrò un Eremita in una valle,
 Ch’ avea lunga la barba a mezzo il petto,
 Devoto e venerabile d’ aspetto.
 Dagli anni e dal digiuno attenuato,
 Sopra un lento asinel se ne veniva;
 E pareva, più ch’ alcun fosse mai stato,
 Di coscienza scrupulosa e schiva
 Come egli vide il viso delicato
 Della donzella che sopra gli arriva
 Debil quantunque e mal gagliarda fosse,
 Tutta per carità se gli commosse!”

257. **sagely sad**, wise and serious.

262. **louting low**, bowing down; A.-S. *lūtan*, to bend or bow.

263. **Who faire him quited**, as that courteous was, who bowed to him in turn as was only courteous.

267. **Silly old man**, poor and innocent old man. A.-S. *sælig*, happy or blessed. This use of the word (as an archaism) survives even in Coleridge’s *Ancient Mariner*: “the silly buckets on the deck” in a phrase the mariner uses to depict their good fortune when filled by the rain.

268. **Bidding his beades**, saying his prayers.

270. **to mell**, to mingle. As a matter of fact the mendicant friars were famous for the interest they took in politics and for their bitter hostility to Henry VIII and the Reformation. See Introduction II.

288. **baite his steedes**, give them rest: lit. ‘give them food.’ The word is a Scandinavian form, causative of ‘bite.’

291. **night...gives counsell best**. A Greek proverb, *ἐν νυκτι βουλή*.

295. **take up your In**, take up your dwelling or resting-place. In Chaucer the word has the sense of house or palace, with no reference at all to a public hostelry. Cp. *Knighit’s Tale*:

¹ For general relation to Ariosto see *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II, Introduction III.

"This Theseus...

Whan he had broght hem into his citee
And inned hem, everich in his degree."

301. a little wyde, some little distance off.

302. edifyde, built : a Latinism, *aedificare*.

304. His holy things, his holy offices.

306. a sacred fountaine, a well consecrated to some saint.

309. Rest is their feast, and all things at their will, rest is all that they really need.

317. sad humour, heavy humour of sleep.

323. His Magick bookes. The Catholics, among their other superstitions, were often accused of magic practices.

328. blacke Plutoes griesly Dame, Proserpina, the avenger of men. Cp. i iv 11:

"Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell."

It is possible that by Proserpina Spenser means Catherine of Arragon. See Introduction II.

332. Great Gorgon, Demogorgon : a mysterious deity with uncertain functions but essentially evil. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk II) introduces him among the inhabitants of chaos:

"Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon."

He also plays a principal part in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, where he is represented as shadowy and mysterious but overthrows Jupiter.

333. Cocytus...Styx, two of the rivers of Hades : described by Virgil (*Aen.* vi).

342. The other by him selfe staide, the other he retained or kept by himself.

343. spersed ayre, dispersed or, as we should say, 'thin air.'

348. Tethys. Spenser apparently takes Tethys to be a masculine deity, but in Greek mythology Tethys was the wife of Oceanus and hence queen of the ocean. Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"By the earth—shaking Neptune's mace,
And Tethys grave majestic pace"

349. Cynthia, one of the names for the moon-goddess.

352. Whose double gates. Homer and Virgil describe

these gates as being of horn and ivory; the true dreams come through the gate of horn, the false through the gate of ivory:

“Sunt geminae somni portae; quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus Umbris;
Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto
Sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.”

(*Aen.* VI 893-6.)

Spenser, with his usual love of picturesque touches, overlays the horn-gate with silver.

355. **And wakefull dogges.** This is Spenser's own introduction; he is always able to invent really excellent mythology when he chooses.

360. **he takes keepe,** he takes heed.

361. This description of Morpheus is probably suggested by Chaucer. See Introduction III *a*.

367. **the walled towne,** surrounded with a wall for purposes of defence.

368. **carelesse Quiet.** Virgil's 'secura quies.'

370 ff. Probably from Ovid, *Met.* XI 617.

376. **dryer braine.** It was supposed that the brain, when unduly dry, gave rise to all kinds of dreams and visions.

381. **Hecate,** a goddess of Hades regarded as the mistress of demons and phantoms and patroness of all witches. In *Macbeth* she enters to preside over the witches at the critical moment of their rites.

387. **the sleepers sent,** the sleeper's sensation; the word is another form of 'scent' applied to sensation generally.

389. **A diverse dreame,** probably meaning a dream which would distract or divert their minds.

391. **carke,** care or trouble.

393. **the Yvorie dore,** the gate of falsity.

409. **false shewes,** false images. We may compare the 'Shew of Kings' in *Macbeth*, which also is a magic vision raised by the power of the witches.

411. **borne without her dew,** born in unnatural fashion.

414. **feigned hew,** feigned appearance; A.-S. *hīw*.

422. **false winged boy,** Cupid: always treated as the enemy of true and noble love. Cp. *Faerie Queene* III xii, and also *Colin Clout's Come Home Againe*.

429. **Leman**, woman of bad character.
432. **Yvie girlond**, as the sign of revelry.
438. **her bayted hooke**, her temptation.
442. **so uncouth sight**, such an unfitting and unpleasant sight.
449. **Tho can she weepe**, then she began to weep. 'Can' is used instead of 'gan' as a preterite forming auxiliary.
454. **that doth me thus amate**, who conquers me in this way. Cp. Chaucer, *Man of Law's Tale*:
 "O Goliath, unmesurable of lengthe,
 How mighte David make thee so mat."
469. **deare constraint**, a compulsion which is still dear. Cp. Milton, *Lycidas*:
 "Bitter constraint and sad occasion deare."
476. **shend**, scold or blame.
490. **former fight**, the conflict with Error.

CANTO II

Archimage, having parted Una or Truth from the Redcrosse Knight, the latter falls into the power of Duessa, Falsehood, or the Roman Catholic Church. A form of Catholic re-action is almost certainly meant. See also Introduction II.

1. **the Northerne wagoner**, Boötes.
2. **His sevenfold teme**, the constellation known as Charles' Wain.
the stedfast starre, the Pole Star which, in our latitude, never sets.
7. **Phœbus flery carre**, the sun.
19. **miscreated faire**, the image he himself had made.
43. **yblent**, blinded.
51. **Hesperus** . . . Had spent his **lampe**, the morning star had given place to the dawn.
55. **rosy-fingred Morning**. Homer's epithet for the morning: *ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἥως*.

56. **aged Tithones.** According to the Greek myth Tithonus was beloved by the dawn-goddess who obtained for him the gift of immortality but forgot to ask for that of youth. The legend is most beautifully told in Tennyson's *Tithonus*.

59. **drowsy-hed,** drowsiness. The suffix 'hed' is an alternative form of 'hood,' really derived from A.-S. *hād*.

63. **that woefull stowre,** that wretched or unhappy time. Cp. Chaucer, *Romance of the Rose*: "The knight was fair and stif in stour."

72. **He so ungently left her,** an elliptical phrase: grieved *because* he so ungently left her.

76. **Th' end of his drift,** his aim which he had achieved.

78. **other meanes doth make,** plans other means.

83. **mightie science,** his magic knowledge.

85. **Proteus.** A god of the sea who, if anyone seized upon him, would transform himself into the most different shapes (*Odyssey*, Bk iv).

90. **The hidden power of herbes,** magic herbs used in incantations: 'hemlock' and 'yew' are employed by the witches in *Macbeth*. Ben Jonson gives 'mandrake' and many others (*Masque of Queens*).

91. **the person to put on,** to assume the appearance. This proves conclusively that Archimage, if intended for a real person, must be an Englishman and one who, outwardly at least, acquiesces in the Reformation.

103. **Will was his guide,** obstinacy and anger.

107. **Sans foy,** the faithless. For interpretation see Introduction II.

110. **A goodly Lady.** Duessa, in this book probably intended for Mary Tudor.

111. **Purfiled with gold,** ornamented with gold. Cp. Chaucer, *Prologue*:

"I seigh his sleeves purfiled at the hond
With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond."

of rich assay, of great value.

112. **like a Persian mitre,** the papal headdress is meant.

113. **owches,** jewels. Cp. Chaucer, *Wyf of Bath's Prologue*: "that for an ouche of gold."

129. **couch his speare,** put his spear in position.

135. **yeeldeth land**, gives way, recoils.

141. **hanging victory**, victory hanging in doubt.

144. **The broken reliques**, the smashed and broken shafts of the spears.

148. **Each others equall puissaunce envies**, each admires or envies the rival power of the other.

155. **the bitter fit**, death.

161. **a large share**, a large portion; from the verb 'to shear' or 'cut.'

162. **him fairely blest**, delivered him from blame.

164. **native vertue**, a Latinism; 'virtus,' power or strength.

169. **his grudging ghost**, his spirit complaining and unwilling to depart.

185. **In so ritche weedes**, in such rich garments or attire.

196. **the sole daughter of an Emperour**. The Pope is meant who has his throne in Rome, 'where Tiberis doth pas.' We may remember that the Popes regarded themselves as, in a very real sense, inheriting the imperial power.

200. **Betrothed me unto the onely haire**, probably refers to Mary Tudor's betrothal to the Dauphin.

203. **debonaire**, gracious and delightful: a Chaucerian word.

206. **his accursed fone**, accursed foes. This is not true: the Dauphin succeeded to the throne of France but died soon after from illness.

227. **Fidessa**, or the faithful; Duessa assumes a name which implies the opposite to her true nature and character.

230. **in great passion**, in strong emotion.

243. **dainty they say maketh derth**, a proverb: coyness causes desire.

244. The incident of human beings changed to trees is found both in Virgil (*Aen.* III 23-50) and in Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* VI 27, etc.). Spenser seems to borrow details from both. In Ariosto's narrative Ruggiero has bound his horse to a myrtle tree; the horse begins to crop the leaves of the tree whereupon the tree laments bitterly.

264. **his falsed fancy**, his benighted or deceived fancy.

270. **Small drops of gory blood**. "Huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae" (Virgil, *Aen.* III 28).

271. **a piteous yelling voyce**. Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* VI 28), "con mesta e flebil voce."

273. **in this rough rynd.** Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* VI 30), "Sotto ruvida scorza umano spirto."

278. **his haire did hove,** his hair rose up. Virgil *Aen.* III 40: "steteruntque comae et vox faucibus haesit."

280. **dreadfull passion,** the sudden impulse of fear.

284. **Limbo lake,** Limbo was supposed to be an outer purlieu of hell, sometimes represented as a lake or river where the souls dwelt awaiting resurrection. There is a description of a Limbo in Dante which is, however, not a lake; it is a place where the souls of heathens are placed and those who lived before Christianity; they are not punished but they have no hope of heaven (*Inferno* III). Milton also describes a Limbo or "Paradise of Fools" on the outside of the stellar universe (*Paradise Lost*, Bk III). It is evident that Spenser is using the word simply as an equivalent for hell or Hades.

285. **guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,** a guilty soul which can find no rest.

287. **speaches rare,** thin and strange, like the voices of ghosts. It is perhaps suggested by Ariosto who says the myrtle speaks in a tone hissing and fine as a twig in the fire (VI 27):

"Come ceppo talor, che le medolle
Rare e vôte abbia, e posto al foco sia,
Poi che per gran calor quell' aria molle
Resta consunta, ch' in mezzo l' empia,
Dentro risuona, e con strepito bolle
Tanto che quel furor trovi la via;
Così murmura e stride e si corrueccia
Quel mirto offeso, e alfine apre la buccia."

291. **Fradubio,** of doubtful faith: typifying one who wavers between Protestantism and Catholicism, very probably Cranmer. (See Introduction II.)

302. **double griefs afflict concealing harts,** those who will not lighten their griefs by revealing them suffer doubly.

315. **Like a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde,** the semblance of beauty covered the foulness of Duessa.

316. **he did take in hand,** he asserted and was willing to maintain it.

322. **the dye of warre,** the lot or fate of war.

328. **Whether in beauties glorie,** which of the two was the more beautiful.

335. **The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway**, the balance inclined first to one side and now to the other.

336. **What not by right**, elliptical: what she could not win by right she planned to win by guile.

351. **to treen mould**, to the shape or form of a tree. The genitive of a weak noun in A.-S. ended in *ena*.

355. **every Prime**, probably means every spring-time.

357. **her proper hew**, her proper shape; A.-S. *hīw*, 'shape.'

358. **origane and thyme**, as medicines for the foul diseases with which she was afflicted. 'Origane' is wild marjoram; Gr. *ὀρίγανον*, mountain pride. The whole story of Duessa is suggested by Ariosto's *Alcina*. Astolfo who is changed into the myrtle narrates how he came across the witch Alcina, delighted in her false beauty and loved her.

"Stavami sempre a contemplar quel volto;

Ogni pensiero, ogni mio bel disegno

In lei finia, nè passava oltre il segno." (VI 47.)

Alcina, however, takes a new lover and in order that Astolfo may not tell tales of her licentiousness, she turns him into a tree as she has done, he adds, with many others. Spenser alters this part of the story, probably for historical reasons. (See Introduction II.)

368. **assur'd decay**, certain ruin.

370. **by chaunges of my cheare**, by the change of countenance.

376. **me pight**, placed me.

385. **to your wonted well**, to your wonted or accustomed weal.

386. **suffised fates**, the fitting hour, destiny.

391. **dreriment**, sadness, melancholy.

398. **As all unweeting of that well she knew**, feigning ignorance of what she really knew well.

CANTO III

Truth, separated from the Rederosse Knight, is protected by the Lion who represents probably Reason; they fall in with Abessa (Superstition), Corceca (Blind Devotion), and Kirkrapine. The

Lion slays the latter, but is himself slain by Sansloy or Lawlessness. Part of this canto certainly refers to the suppression of the monasteries and possibly to the story of the Nun of Kent. See Introduction II.

1. **under heav'ns wide hollownesse**, under the vault of heaven.

5. **whether lately through her brightnesse blind**. This may be an allusion to Spenser's love for Rosalind described in *The Shepheard's Calender*.

18. **her due loves deriv'd to that vile witches share**, the loves due to her were given to that vile witch.

21. **Farre from all peoples prease**, a reminiscence of Chaucer's *Truth*: "Flee fro the prees and dwelle with sothfastnesse."

22. **In wilderness and wastfull deserts**. Spenser was much impressed by the solitary and lonely character of Ireland in which the greater part of *The Faerie Queene* was written.

32. **her fillet**, her snood.

undight, unfastened or removed. Cp. Chaucer, *Troilus* (III 1443): "and ay the firste in armes dight."

33. **stole**, long cloak or garment. For the Platonic imagery in this passage see Introduction III *b*¹.

37. **thickest wood**, thickest part of the wood: a Latinism.

39. **salvage blood**, the blood of wild creatures.

42. **corse**, used of the living body as very often in Spenser.

46. The lion was supposed to reverence those of royal blood and also pure virgins. Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tamed the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard."

48. **did weet**, knew of.

51. **yeelded pride**, pride that yields or gives way.

64. **Redounding teares**, freely flowing.

66. **her sorrowfull constraint**, the sorrow laid upon her.

71. **her snowy Palfrey**, the white ass.

¹ See also *The Foure Hymnes*, Introduction I, "Spenser and Plato."

89. **A damzell spyde**, Abessa or Superstition: possibly also meant for the so-called Nun of Kent.

90. **shoulders sad**, heavily laden.

98. **Face of faire Ladie**, Abessa has never before looked upon Truth and is terrified by her very aspect.

102. **her mother blynd**, Corceca or Blind Devotion.

109. **her unruly Page**, the Lion. Spenser is expressing his scorn for the superstitious ceremonies and observances of the Catholic faith. We may compare what he says of the Irish in his *View of the Present State of Ireland*. "They are all Papistes by theyre profession, but in the same so blindely and brutishly enformed as that not one amongst an hundred knoweth any grounde of religion, or any article of his faythe, but can perhaps say his Pater-noster or his Ave Maria, without any knowledge or understanding what one woorde thereof meaneth."

121. **thrise three times did fast**, fasted for three meals a day on three days in the week.

122. **for feare her beads she did forget**. "Blind Devotion can repeat by rote nine hundred Pater-nosters in a day, but *in the hour of need she cannot pray.*" (Percival's note.)

127. **The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night, When every creature shrowded is in sleepe**. Cp. Chaucer, *Parlement of Fowles*:

"The day gan failen, and the derke night
That reveth bestes from hir besinesse."

129. **in wearie plight**, in weary condition.

136. **Aldeboran**, a star of the first magnitude, red in colour; it is situated in the constellation of Taurus and is usually known as "The Bull's Eye."

137. **Cassiopeias chaire**, the constellation so-called. Cassiopeia was the wife of Cepheus, king of Ethiopia, and mother of Andromeda. Milton speaks of her as:

"That starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea-Nymphes and their powers offended."

(*Il Penseroso.*)

143. **pillage severall**, different kinds of pillage and robbery.

144. **purchase criminall**, by criminal means, theft. Cp. Milton's *Comus*:

"I'll find him out

And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death."

145. This is a description of the abbots and clergy as they were at the time of the Reformation. They were commonly accused of appropriating and making away with the treasures of the shrines and monasteries, stealing the gold, selling the jewels, etc. See Introduction II.

153. **Then he by cunning sleights in at the window crept.** Cf. Milton, *Lycidas*:

"Creep, and intrude and climb into the fold."

157. **Corceca**, It. *cuore cieca*, lit. blind heart.

165. **The Lyon frayed them.** The Lion so terrified them that they dared not let him in.

166. **stay him to advize**, delay to consider.

169. **Encountring fierce**, elliptical: fiercely encountering him.

172 ff. The suppression of the monasteries.

176. **Drunke up his life**, his life-blood.

177. **His fearefull friends**, terrified friends.

182. **Up Una rose, up rose the Lyon eke.** Imitated from Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*: "Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye."

185. **that long wandring Greeke That for his love refused deitle**, Ulysses: he was beloved by two island goddesses, Calypso and Circe; the former offered him immortality if he would remain with her, but he set out to seek his home and his wife Penelope (*Odyssey* v). Bacon has an amusing reference to this same story. He deprecates as base the fidelity of Ulysses: "qui vetulam praetulit immortalitati."

193. **For anguish great they gan to rend their heare.** The Nun of Kent uttered the most fearful curses and imprecations upon Henry for his suppression of the monasteries.

199. **loudly bray**, make a loud outcry; Spenser uses the same word also of the dragon.

202. **dishonesty**, dishonour, unchastity.

207. **in endlesse error**, endless wandering; a Latinism.

211. **in mighty armes embost**, enclosed or wearing mighty armour.

214. **By traynes**, by tricks or deceits.

219. too lately knew, only too short a time ago.

229. turned wyde, turned aside.

231. his like seeming shield, the silver shield with the red cross.

234. humblesse, humility. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale* :

"But weyeth pride and humblesse after oon."

238. Or ought have done, I feared lest I had done something.

239. That should as death unto my deare hart light, that should strike like death to the centre of my heart. 'Dear' in this sense is a Greek idiom.

241. My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night, And eke my night of death the shadow is.

These lines show the antithesis and also the conceits which are characteristic of euphuism: both Shakespeare and Spenser follow this fashion at times.

244. thereto meeting, meeting her. Archimage 'meets' her in the same spirit, i.e. with courtesy and pleasure.

248. of meere goodwill, of pure good will, for no other reason. When Una chooses the Redcrosse Knight he appears like a 'clownish' young man and has done nothing to win his spurs. See Introductory Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh.

250. her kindly skill, her natural power.

251. derth, famine.

252. my lief, my dear, my beloved. Cp. Chaucer, *Miller's Tale*:

"He seyde, John, myn hoste lief and dere."

258. Good cause of mine excuse. The overcoming of the imaginary felon is offered as a good excuse for his absence.

263. her passed paines. We notice the instant sweetness with which Una forgives; it is characteristic of all Spenser's good women as it is of Shakespeare's.

264. can dispence, can atone for.

271 ff. This stanza forms a very beautiful example of the epic simile; Spenser employs it much less frequently than Milton presumably since he has so many more ornaments for his poem. Like the ancients but unlike most of his contemporaries Spenser seems to have dreaded sea-voyages.

273. Tethys, the sea-goddess, wife of Oceanus.

276. **fierce Orions hound**, Sirius or the dog-star; according to the Greek legend Orion was a mighty hunter and Sirius his dog. The ancients always refer to Orion as bringing storms and Sirius heat. Milton refers to Sirius as the 'swart star' and also as withering with heat (*Lycidas*):

"Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks."

279. **Nereus, the sea-god.**

crownes with cups, drinks cups of wine in his honour.

282. **from ground**, from the shore.

288. **Who told her all that fell**, she told him all that befell her.

294. **his chauffed side**, his warmed or heated side.

301. **his couched speare**, his spear placed in readiness.

303. **untried dint**, unknown stroke. Archimago, of course, was not accustomed to conflict.

309. **vainely crossed shield**. His shield had no power to defend him since it was not the true one.

317. **to reave his life**, to take away his life.

321. **In peace may passen over Lethe lake**. Virgil represents the souls of the dead as being all anxious to be ferried over the Styx, but Charon refuses to convey those whose bodies are unburied. Æneas sees some souls pitifully longing for passage:

"Tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore."

and asks why they are refused; he is answered:

"Haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est,
Portitor ille Charon." (*Aen.* vi 314-26.)

Spenser adapts this in his own way; he changes the 'Stygiam paludem' (the 'marshy Styx') into 'Lethe lake' and represents the soul of Sansfoy as delayed, not by his body's want of burial, but by his bitter desire for vengeance.

322. **When morning altars, purgd with enemies life, The blacke infernall Furies doen aslake**. The Furies demanded vengeance for those slain; Spenser's idea is that an enemy's life-blood, offered up on an altar, can 'assuage' them and slake their thirst for blood. So Achilles slays Trojans around the bier of Patroclus: "All hail to thee, O Patroklos, even in the house of Hades. . . Twelve valiant sons of great-hearted Trojans, behold these all in company with thee, the fire devoureth."

χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ Πάτροκλε, καὶ εἰν Ἴδαιο δόμοισι·
 δώδεκα μὲν Τρώων μεγαθύμων νίεας ἐσθλοῦς
 τοὺς ἅμα σοὶ πάντας πῦρ ἐσθλει.

Iliad xxiii.

329. **Mercie not withstand.** The words are given in Latin order.
330. **he is one the truest, he is one who is the truest.**
331. **on lowly land, low on the ground.**
342. **ne in round lists, nor in a tournament.**
354. **who has the guerdon of his guile, who has obtained the fitting reward for his deceit.**
357. **in the hand, in the power.**
359. **her cleanly garment, her white robe, typical of her innocence.**
361. **full of kingly awe, in royal fashion, inspiring terror.**
366. **Have reft away, though I have reft or torn away the shield.**
375. **his chaufed chest, his enraged or angry breast.**
377. **launcht his Lordly hart, pierced his noble heart.**
382. **to save or spill, to save or destroy.** Cp. Chaucer, *Clerke's Tale*:
- "Ye mowe save or spille
 Your owene thing."
385. **vildly entertaines, treats her vilely.**
- will or nill, whether she will or not.**
393. **Her servile beast, the ass.**
396. **in beastly kind, in his nature as an animal.**

CANTO IV

Ducssa takes the Redcrosse Knight to the House of Pride where he defeats and wounds the Paynim Sansfoy. He also falls in with the Seven Deadly Sins, Lucifera and her train. Spenser probably means to typify the accession of Mary and Catholic ascendancy. For the conception of the 'Seven Deadly Sins' see Introduction III *a*.

15. **A goodly building, the House of Pride.**
18. **All bare through peoples feet.** This suggests that the highways in Spenser's time were very largely grass-grown.
20. **of each degree and place, of all ranks and fortunes.**

21. **having scaped hard**, having escaped with difficulty.
 24. **loathsome lazars**, beggars and lepers.
 28. **squared bricke**. There is probably an allusion here to the great palaces of Babylon which were built with brick and not stone and were always quoted by mediaeval authors as types of earthly pride.

29. **without mortar laid**, to mark the insecurity of the House of Pride.

31. **golden foile**, gold leaf, a thin covering of gold; every-thing is meant for display and nothing for strength and security.

37. **a goodly heape**, a magnificent pile.

38. **wit**, genius, talent.

41. **did flit that moved and fell away**. This description of the House of Pride is partly suggested by Chaucer's description of the House of Fame; insecurity and pretentiousness characterise both. See Introduction III a.

46. **they passed in forth right**, they went straight in.

49. **Malvenū**, ill-come: to mark the unluckiness of entry.

51. **costly arras dight**, adorned with costly tapestry. Spenser is fond of describing such tapestries; it is one of the mediaeval traits in his work. There is rich arras in Castle Joyeous:

“The wals were round about appareild
 With costly cloths of Arras and of Toure;
 In which with cunning hand was pourtrahed
 The love of Venus and her Paramoure,
 The fayre Adonis, turned to a flowre;
 A worke of rare device and wondrous wit;

And whilst he slept she over him would spread
 Her mantle coloured like the starry skies.”

(III i 34-6.)

The House of Busirane is still more wonderful:

“For round about the walls yclothed were
 With goodly arras of great majesty.
 Woven with gold and silke, so close and nere
 That the rich metall lurked privily,
 As faining to be hid from envious eye,
 Yet here, and there, and every where unwares
 It shewd it selfe and shone unwillingly;

Like a discoloured Snake, whose hidden snares

Through the greene gras his long bright burnisht back declares."

58. In living Princes court none ever knew Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew.

Spenser is probably alluding to the court of Mary Tudor; she was exceedingly fond of splendid dress and jewellery; her court, like that of her father Henry VIII, was known in its time as the most splendid in Europe.

60. Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride, Like ever saw. Cp. Milton's description of Satan's throne:

"High on a throne of royal state which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind."

68. that shone as Titans ray, who was as resplendent as the sun.

73. like Phœbus fairest childe, Phaethon, son of Apollo; he asked his father's leave to guide for one day the chariot of the sun: he could not control the horses, they came too near the earth which was in danger of destruction, whereupon Phaethon was killed by a flash of lightning from the hand of Jove. There is probably an historical allusion to the fact that Mary Tudor, succeeding to the great throne of Henry VIII, failed almost wholly in her qualities of statesmanship.

75. unwonted wilde, because they felt the unaccustomed hand on the reins.

76. weaker hand, weaker than that of his father Apollo.

79. the welkin way most beaten plaine, the true path through the sky.

80. skyen, a weak form of plural; Spenser's own invention.

86. A dreadfull Dragon, probably typifying sin.

91. Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was, And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell.

This is Spenser's own mythology and not classical, but we may note how excellent the invention is. 'Proserpina' probably means Catherine of Arragon and would be an excellent type for her Spanish blood, her melancholy and her pride.

95. thundring Jove, the Latin epithet, *Jupiter tonans*.

96. she claymed for her syre. Probably an allusion to Mary's claim to be the legitimate daughter of Henry VIII, a claim which she refused to renounce in favour of Anne Boleyn and Elizabeth.

100. **Lucifera**, an ingenious feminine which Spenser forms from Lucifer. Cp. *Isaiah* (xiv 12): "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the Morning." All the details concerning the usurped rule are probably allusions to Mary Tudor's equivocal position and to what Spenser (as the ardent advocate of Elizabeth) would consider her illegitimacy.

106. **pollicie**. Spenser means the Spanish fashion of government as contrasted with the English legal fashion.

107. **six wizards old**, the remaining six of the Seven Deadly Sins.

121. **scarse them bad arise**. Mary Tudor was always noted for her excessive pride.

126. **each others greater pride does spight**, elliptical, 'each spites the greater pride of the other.' Spenser's Puritanism disapproved of the elaborate court-fashions of the day and he often attacks them.

133. **in knightly vew**, from the view or standpoint of a knight. Spenser means that, with all their splendour, they had no true courtesy.

138. **All hurtlen forth**, go forth noisily. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"And he him hurtleth with his hors adoun."

139. **purple pall**, long purple cloak. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso*:

"Sometime let gorgeous tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by."

142. **heapes of people**, crowds of people; the word in this sense is common in A.-S.

144. **glitterand**, the Northern form of the participle.

147. **Flora in her prime**, Flora, the goddess of flowers, in springtime.

149. **Great Junoes golden chaire**, as described by Homer (*Il.* xiv 173).

151. **heavens bras-paved way**, Homer's χαλκοβατής.

152. **Drawne of faire Pecoocks**. This is Spenser's own addition; the peacock was sacred to Juno, but Greek legend does not represent her chariot as drawn by them.

153. **Argus eyes**. Argus of the hundred eyes who perished in the service of Juno, and whose eyes, as a memorial, she placed in the tail of her peacock.

157. **With like conditions to their kinds applyde.** The animals typify the natures of their riders and obey the 'bestiall behests' of the same riders.

161. **amis**, a priestly vestment.

162. **Like to an holy Monck.** Among the chief charges brought against the monks was that of idleness and of neglecting all their traditional duties.

163. **his Portesse**, breviary.

172. **esloyne**, claim exemption; O.Fr. *esloinier*, remove to a distance.

174. **essoynne**, freedom, excuse from a public duty; O.Fr. *essoigne*.

175. **For contemplation sake.** A picture of the true ideal of contemplation is given by Spenser in his *House of Holiness* (Canto x).

176. **lawlesse riotise.** The monks were accused of drunkenness and a life generally dissolute.

178. **lustlesse limbs**, limbs without strength or vitality.

182. **on a filthie swyne.** The reader should compare this picture of Gluttony with Spenser's description of the victims of *Acrasia* (Bk II, Canto XII) who also are transformed into swine.

184. **with fatnesse swollen were his eyne.** *Ps.* lxxiii 7: "their eyes swell with fatness."

185. **like a Crane his necke was long and fyne.** Spenser is thinking of an anecdote narrated by Aristotle which tells of a certain glutton who wished his neck were as long as a crane's that he might the longer taste his food (*Nic. Eth.* III 10).

190. **In greene vine leaves.** The vine-leaves are chosen, of course, as suggesting drunkenness; the 'yvie girland' for the same reason, because sacred to Bacchus.

195. **bouzing can**, drinking-can. The whole figure of Gluttony (except for the swine) suggests pictures of Silenus as depicted by Italian masters.

204. **carcas blew**, livid or discoloured carcase. Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"Blue meagre hag or stubborn unlaid ghost."

205. **dry dropsie.** A difficult phrase; it probably means a dropsy causing dryness or thirst. Upton suggests 'dire dropsie.'

209. **a bearded Goat.** The goat was always considered by classical writers as the type of licentiousness.

210. **whally**, marked with streaks.

217 ff. This description of Lechery appears to be due to the *Court of Love* (attributed to Chaucer):

“And there beside...

Stood oon in grene, full large of brede and length,
His berd as blak as fethers of a crow,
His name was Lust.”

Green was always the colour of licentiousness and faithlessness. Spenser has given another picture of Lust, still more dreadful, in the second book (xi 20-2):

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

Made of a dead man's skull, that seemd a ghastly sight.”

220. **new fanglenessse**, love of novelty. Cp. Chaucer, *Squire's Tale*:

“Men loven of propre kind newfanglenessse.”

224. **And fortunes tell**. So Spenser says of the Ape in *Mother Hubberd's Tale*:

“For he could play and dance and vaute and sing;...
For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merrie leasings tell.”

236. **Upon a Camell**. It is a little difficult to see why Spenser seats Avarice upon a camel, possibly because, from classical times downwards, the Eastern merchant, crossing the desert with his caravan, has always been taken as the type of man who would dare most for gold. Cp. in Collins' *Persian Eclogues*, the lament of Hassan the Camel-Driver:

“Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow for fatiguing trade...
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown...
The fountain's murmurs and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold.”

239. **an heape of coine he told.** So Mammon is represented as turning over his coin in his lap (II vii 4):

241. **unto hell.** So Mammon is also a god of hell and has fiends in his employ (II vii).

248. **richesse to compare, to heap up riches.**

252. **unto him selfe unknowne.** He was unaware of the extent of his own wretchedness.

254. **Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store.** He was excessively greedy and yet went short of everything.

259. **A grievous gout.** There is a kind of gout that arises from spare living, as well as that which comes from excesses.

263. **chaw,** is here a verb and in 265 a noun meaning 'jaw.' Spenser, like Chaucer, admits the same word as a rhyme if the meaning be not identical. This kind of malignity which pines at the well-being of others and rejoices at their misfortunes is described at considerable length by Aristotle (*Nic. Ethics* II 7). In Bk v Spenser gives another personification of Envy, no less fine and sombre:

"Her hands were foule and durtie, never washt

In all her life, with long nayles over-raught,

Like puttocks' clawes; with th'one of which she scracht

Her cursed head, although it itched naught.

The other held a snake, with vemine fraught

On which she fed and gnawed hungrily

As if that long she had not eaten aught,

That round about her jawes one might descry,

The bloudie gore and poyson dropping loathsomely."

(v xii 30.)

271. **discoloured say,** woollen cloth. The epithet 'discoloured' probably typifies the false hues in which Envy sees everything.

272. **full of eyes,** because Envy is quick to take note.

275. **mortall sting implyes,** enfolds or encloses a deadly sting.

277. **griple,** greedy.

281. **And him no lesse, that any like did use.** Envy hates all good deeds and also the man who performs them.

295. **As ashes pale of hew.** Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"he lyk was to beholde

The box-tree, or the asshen dede and cold."

seeming ded, he seemed like one dead.

300. Through unadvised rashnesse woxen wood. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"Yet saugh I woodnesse laughing in his rage."

304. cruell facts, cruel deeds: a Latinism.

305. never would forecast, never would stop to reflect.

307 ff. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*. See also Introduction III a.

309. unthrifty scath, wasteful and destructive damage.

313. The swelling Splene, the organ called the spleen was supposed to be the seat of anger.

314. Saint Fraunces fire, erysipelas.

315. ungodly tire, ungodly crew: the word seems to be the same as 'tier' or rank.

335. the breathing fields, probably means the fields breathing or exhaling sweet odours.

337. an errant knight, one who travels in search of adventure.

344. Faery champions page, the dwarf who attends upon the Redcrosse Knight.

345. Bewraying him, revealing who it was.

347. envious gage, the pledge of battle which he envied.

349. ought, owned or possessed.

352. hurtlen, clash together.

353. to darrayne, to decide by battle. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"Al redy to darreyne hir by bataille."

365. treachour, a traitor. Cp. Chaucer, *Romaunt of the Rose*:

"And that is she that maketh trechoures."

367. that ever field did fight, that ever fought on a battle-field.

369. renverst, the reversed shield was a sign of disgrace.

381. with harts on edge, furious with anger.

393. Morpheus had with leaden mace. Morpheus is generally represented as carrying a leaden mace or wand. Cp. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar* (IV iii):

"O murderous sleep

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy."

402. to see his ymage, i.e. to see Sansjoy who is like Sansfoy.

404. **That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye.** The allusions to Sansfoy are always in such a high strain of compliment that they seem to show a really important person is meant, probably Sir Thomas More.

406. **can her fairely greet,** should really be written gan, a preterite-forming auxiliary.

409. **muchell, much,** A.-S. *micel*.

410. **launcht, pierced,** O.Fr. *lanchier*.

416. **the crop of all my care,** the reward for all my care.

418. **faytor, deceiver, traitor,** O.Fr. *faitour*.

432. **wandring Stygian shores,** the shores of the Styx on which the ghosts wander until they obtain passage. See Virgil (*Aen.* vi 320, also 340).

437. **helplesse hap it booteth not to mone,** there is no use lamenting what cannot be helped or avoided.

440. **shall him pay his dewties last,** shall pay him his last duties, i.e. by killing the Redcrosse Knight in vengeance.

CANTO V

The Redcrosse Knight overthrows the Paynim Sansjoy, but the latter is saved by Duessa who, with the help of Night, conveys him to Hades where is he ultimately healed by Aesculapius. For historical interpretation see again Introduction II.

22. **There many Minstrales maken melody.** Cp. Chaucer, *Prologue*: "And smale fowles maken melodye." The 'minstrales' would play instrumental music, the bards sing to the harp and the chroniclers would be probably narrators, of long verse-tales, 'chansons de geste.'

27. **warres for Ladies, conflicts to gain ladies.** Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"For every wight that lovede chivalrye,
And wolde, his thanks, han a passant name
Hath preyed that he mighte ben of that game...
For if there fille tomorwe swich a cas,
Ye knowen wel, that every lusty knight...
Were it in Engelond, or elleswhere,
They would, hir thanks, wilnen to be there,
To fighte for a lady, ben' cite."

29. woven maile, probably chain-mail in contrast with plate-armour.

32. wines of Greece and Araby. Wines of Greece were well-known but those of 'Araby' seem to be Spenser's own invention.

33. spices fetcht from furthest Ind. Cp. Milton, (*Paradise Lost*, Bk II):

"Close sailing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs."

34. To kindle heat of corage privily, to kindle courage within their hearts.

39. a paled greene, the lists for the tournament.

45. Both those the lawrell girlonds. Both Duessa and the shield are to fall to the victor and to be his reward.

49. blesse, brandish.

65. Gryfon, griffin: a fabulous monster half a lion and half an eagle.

68. rightfull ravine, just spoil.

70. souce so sore, attack so violently.

71. The wise Southsayer. The conflict between the two strange monsters is taken as a portent.

88. for victors hyre, as the victors reward.

89. german, a brother; the Latin word *germanus* means having both parents the same.

doest thy forces slake, sluggish brother as I am, am I slackening in my endeavour?

93. ghost, like the A.-S. *gāst*, refers both to the living and the dead.

94. have quit, have redeemed.

97. tho, A.-S. *þā*, then.

109. Miscreant, pagan or misbeliever.

114. a darkesome clowd Upon him fell, imitated from Homer (*Il.* v 344).

138. his service seene, the service which he had just exhibited or made evident.

139. goodly gree, good-will, O.Fr. *gré*, will. Cp. Chaucer, *Troilus* (II 529):

"Accepte in gree and send me swich penaunce."

140. Greatly advauncing, praising courteously.

149. **embalme on every side.** They covered his wounds with cooling ointments and spices.

151. **sweet musicke did divide,** play elaborately and brilliantly.

154 ff. This is not Spenser's invention, the extraordinary fable of the crocodile's tears is narrated in the serious natural histories of the time.

164. **Joves high house,** the sky.

169. **Whom when she found, as she him left in plight.** She found him in the same plight as she had left him (i.e. no better).

172 ff. This description of Night is Spenser's own and a wonderful example of his power of mythological invention. According to Virgil and others Night was the mother of the Eumenides. Aeneas makes sacrifice to her before descending to the shades (*Aen.* vi 250).

175. **darkesome mew, a dark cave;** a mew was, properly speaking, a cage for hawks, but they were often kept in darkness to tame them.

179. **coleblacke steedes,** like the horses of Pluto.

180. **wood, mad;** A.S. *wōd*.

182. **cleare,** It. *chiaro*, resplendent.

184. **th'unacquainted light,** the light which was strange to her.

191. **Grandmother of all.** Night and her great sister Earth were the daughters of Chaos and among the eldest of all things.

192. **Jove, whom thou at first didst breede.** This is not in accord with Greek mythology which makes Jove the son of Cronos and Rhea. But the explanation is probably historical. See Introduction II.

194. **Dæmogorgons,** see note on i 37.

195. **the secrets of the world unmade,** the secrets of the Chaos from which all things sprang. There is a wonderful description of this Chaos in the second book of Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

199. **him before,** before this befell him.

205. **Aveugles sonnes.** Spenser represents Aveugle or the 'Blind' as the father of the three Paynims.

213. **Her feeling speeches,** her moving or impassioned speeches.

219. **which their foes ensew,** which ensue or befall their foes.

221. **Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee, Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat ?**

This is possibly a reminiscence of Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"The firste moevere of the cause above,
When he first made the faire cheyne of love,
Greet was th' effect and heigh was his entente...
For with that faire cheyne of love he bond
The fyr, the eyr, the water, and the lond
In certeyn boundes, that they may nat flee."

225. **bad excheat, bad exchange.**

240. **the mother bee Of falshood.** This is in accord with Greek mythology.

247. **twyfold Teme, harnessed in pairs.**

248. **each to each unlich.** 'Unlike,' the form taken by the word is warranted by its derivation from A.-S. *lic*.

251. **foming tarre.** Their foam is black like tar.

255. **Devoid of outward sense, unconscious of outward things.**

258. **cruddy, coagulated, lit. curdled.**

263. **The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay.** A reminiscence of Virgil (*Aen.* vi 257-8):

"visaeque canes ululare per umbram,
Adventante dea."

267. **The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle.** Cp. Chaucer, *Parlement of Fowles*:

"The oule eek, that of dethe the bode bringeth."

In *Macbeth* also the owl is the messenger of death for Duncan (Act II, Sc. ii):

"It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman."

268. **her bewray, reveal the presence of Night.**

273. **deepe Avernus hole.** Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 239-42):

"Spelunca alta fuit vastoque immanis hiatus,
Srupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris...
Unde locum Graii dixerunt nomine Avernum."

Virgil represents Avernus as a lake but both Homer and Aeschylus consider the entrance to Avernus as a kind of cave. Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"And rifted rocks whose entrance leads to hell."

278. **dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast.**

The Furies are not usually represented as in chains, but possibly there is a historical reference and Spenser really means the Furies of persecution which, under Mary's rule, have broken out again.

282. **come bilive**, come swiftly.

289. **bitter waves of Acheron**. Cp. Milton :

"Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;

Cocytus, named of lamentation loud

Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegeton,

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."

(*Paradise Lost*, Bk II.)

Also Virgil (*Aen.* vi 295-7) :

"Hinc via, Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas.

Turbidus hic caeno vastaque voragine gurges

Aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat arenam."

293. **bootlesse cry**. Their lamentations are without use or hope.

298. **dreadfull Cerberus**. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 417-20) :

"Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci

Personat, adverso recubans inmanis in antro.

Cui vates, horrere videns iam colla colubris.

Melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam

Obiicit."

301. **lilled forth**, lolled forth.

303. **gnarre**, growl fiercely.

307. **Ixion**, punished for having dared to love Hera. Also in Virgil (*Aen.* vi 601) :

"Quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona, Pirithoumque?"

309. **Sisyphus**. His crime is not known but Homer says that he was condemned to roll a huge stone uphill until it fell down of its own accord.

310. **lin**, cease.

311. **Tantalus**, punished by having food and water always, apparently, within reach but continually evading his grasp. See also Spenser's description of him (II vii 8-9).

312. **Tityus**, who attacked Artemis but was killed by Zeus.

313. **on a gin**, a rack or 'engine' of torture. The old mythologies say that Typhoeus was buried under Aetna.

314. **Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law**, as

a punishment for having attempted to carry off Persephone. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 617-18):

"sedet, aeternumque sedebit
infelix Theseus."

315. **fifty sisters**, the Danaides, who slew their husbands and were condemned as a punishment to draw water in vessels full of holes.

316. **worldly wights in place**, beholding living creatures there; so in Dante's *Inferno* and *Purgatorio* all the spirits pause to regard him with amazement when they perceive, by his moving a stone or casting a shadow, that he is alive.

323. **Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse**. This is not in accord with the Greek legend, but it quite possibly has an historical bearing. If 'Aesculapius' is meant for Gardiner he certainly was in chains (i.e. in prison). See Introduction II.

325. **Hippolytus**, the son of that 'Hippolyta' who appears both in Chaucer's *Knights Tale* and in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The story of Hippolytus is told in a play by Euripides which Spenser probably knew though he has certainly altered the legend. The story is also narrated very beautifully by Browning in the poem entitled *Artemis Prologizes*.

329. **wanton stepdame**, Phaedra.

341. **on every mountaine**. Euripides says along the sea-shore.

342. **no moniment**, no sign or trace.

348. **the relicks of his smart**, the rent body of Hippolytus.

349. **by Dianes meanes**. Diana or Artemis was the goddess whom Hippolytus most revered and his patroness.

352 ff. This stanza is a very ingenious addition to the legend which is Spenser's own. According to the original myth Jove killed Aesculapius with a thunderbolt but afterwards immortalized him. Spenser possibly made the alteration for the historical reason alluded to above. (See note on l. 323.)

353. **When Jove avizd**, when Jove knew what he had done.

368. **fordonne**, exhausted, worn out; the prefix 'for' is used as an intensive in a bad sense.

376. **redoubled crime**, an elliptical phrase; you bid me to redouble my crime and so to increase the vengeance due upon me.

377. **eeke**, increase; A.-S. *iecan*.

384. **renowmed sonne.** Aesculapius was the son of Apollo and skilled above all others in medicine.

387. **both never to be donne,** both eternal.

395. **her timely race,** the hours appointed for the night.

Phœbus pure. The sun-god was always considered as one of the great purifiers of earth, hence his slaying of the Python, a creature, like Spenser's dragons, of darkness and impurity.

396. **recure,** restore.

397. **noyous Night,** repulsive or distressing.

403. **his wary Dwarfe,** often identified with Prudence.

405. **caytive wretched thrals,** unhappy prisoners.

411. **that proud Tyrannesse,** Lucifera.

415. **proud king of Babylon,** Nebuchadnezzar. The Bible does not say that he was transformed into an ox but only that he ate grass like an ox. Spenser probably copies Gower (*Con. Amantis* 5).

420. **Crœsus,** king of Lydia. Mentioned also by Chaucer as a type of pride and arrogance. (*Monk's Tale*.)

422. **Antiochus,** king of Syria.

424. **Nimrod.** Mentioned in the Bible '*Gen. x*' as a 'mighty hunter.' Spenser takes this to mean a warrior but it is not usually so interpreted.

426. **old Ninus,** the legendary founder of Nineveh. Cp

"This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held...
The warres he well remembred of King Nine,
Of old Assaracus, and Inachus divine."

(II ix 46.)

428. **that mightie Monarch,** Alexander the Great, who allowed himself to be saluted as the son of Jupiter Ammon.

432. **a shamefull death he dide.** Spenser is probably alluding to the story, generally credited in his day, that Alexander died of drunkenness.

437. **Great Romulus,** the mythical founder of Rome.

438. **Proud Tarquin,** Tarquinius Superbus, the last king of Rome.

lordly Lentulus, belonging to a family famous for its pride.

439. **Stout Scipio,** Scipio Africanus.

stubborne Hanniball, the great opponent of Rome; one of the world's most gifted generals and a man of unrivalled tenacity.

440. **Ambitious Sylla**, Sulla, B.C. 138-78.
sterne Marius, the opponent of Sulla.
441. **High Cæsar**, Julius Caesar, B.C. 100-44.
fierce Antonius, Mark Antony, B.C. 83 ?-30.
443. **forgetfull of their yoke**, of the subordination which the poet considers essential to their sex.
444. **Semiramis**, according to legend the wife of Ninus who helped him to found Nineveh.
446. **Sthenobœa**, according to the legend, slew herself by drinking hemlock for the love of Bellerophon.
448. **Cleopatra**, B.C. 69-30. Note how Spenser's epithet of 'high-minded' resembles Shakespeare's portrait of the queen.
459. **heavy stowres**, heavy misfortunes.
463. **in perill of like painefull plight**, in peril of the same befalling him.
466. **privie Posterne**, small gate at the back.
470. **Lay-stall**, a place to deposit filth.
472. **Without remorse**, without pity. Used in the same sense by Milton:

"Cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion, to behold
 The fellows of his crime." (*Paradise Lost*, Bk I.)

CANTO VI

Una falls into the hands of Sansloy (Lawlessness) and is rescued by the Satyrs whom she instructs. This probably means that the Gospel or Protestantism takes refuge among the poor when it is driven out from high places. See also Introduction II.

3. **her wrack for to bewaile**, elliptical: in order to cause her wreck to be bewailed.

6. **foole-happie oversight**, his very happy escape.

12. **his deare dreed**, whom he at once loved and revered.

16. **from one to other Ynd**, metaphorical for a great distance; lit. from India proper to the West Indies.

50. **That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes**. This is a most extravagant and fantastic conceit of a kind rare in Spenser; there are a few similar examples in his *Amoretti*.

54. to quit a thrall from such a plight, to save the captive lady from such a position.

55. exceeding thought, beyond what could be thought possible.

61. Faunes and Satyres, Fauns were really the Latin wood-gods and Satyrs the Greek wood-gods. They were represented as half-man and half-goat.

63. Sylvanus, a Latin woodland deity, generally represented as accompanying the fauns.

68. incontinent, hastily or quickly.

75. faire blubbred face, face disfigured with tears.

85. A seely Lambe, an innocent lamb; A.-S. *saelig*, innocent or blessed.

89. *lim*. Spenser's spelling is the older and really the more correct form.

93. The salvage nation, the wild nation, i.e. the satyrs.

96. rusticke horror, their roughness and rudeness; 'horror' is in this sense a Latinism; probably means the roughness of their foreheads. Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"But their way

Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,

The nodding horror of whose shady brows

Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger."

99. Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obey, their knees are like those of a goat and they bow humbly before her.

101. Her single person, herself alone.

103. Late learnd, instructed from her meeting with Archimage; this use of 'learn' as a transitive verb is common in older English.

108. with count'nance faine, with glad countenance.

110. yieldees her to extremitie of time, accommodates herself to the crisis.

112. without suspect of crime, trusting to the satyrs.

113. birdes of joyous Prime, as glad as birds in the spring.

119. That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring. Cp. the refrain in Spenser's *Epithalamion*:

"That al the woods may answere, and their echo ring."

120. horned feet, of horny or hard substance.

125. **on Cypresse stadle**, on a cypress-wood staff; A.-S. *stabol*. Cp. Virgil (*Georg.* I 20):

“Teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum.”

128. **Or Bacchus merry fruit**, as if they have just discovered the fruit of Bacchus.

129. **Cybeles franticke rites**. Cybele was worshipped by her priests, the Corybantes, with drums and cymbals and frantic dances and revelry.

132. **that mirrhour rare**, Una or Truth is a ‘mirror’ of the divine beauty; she is among those earthly things which reflect the heavenly most clearly. See Introduction II b¹.

134. **Dryope**, a daughter of King Dryops whom the Hamadryads carried into the forest. Cp. Keats (*Endymion*):

“And Dryope’s lone lulling of her child.”

135. **Pholoe**, name of a woman in Horace; probably taken simply as a type of beauty.

137. **Goddesse of the wood**, really a reminiscence of Homer (*Od.* vi) where Ulysses pretends to mistake Nausicaa for a goddess. Milton recollects this passage in *Comus*:

“Hail, foreign wonder!

Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,

Unless the goddess that in rural shrine

Dwell’st here with Pan or Sylvan.”

142. **Venus never had so sober mood**, Venus was known as a laughter-loving goddess; Homer’s epithet is φιλομειδής Ἀφροδίτη.

144. **misseth bow, and shaftes**, Diana was always represented as a huntress-goddess with bow and arrow and the high boots or ‘buskins’ to her knee.

146. **Cyparisse**, a boy beloved by Sylvanus; the latter killed a hind belonging to the youth who died of grief and was changed into a cypress-tree, henceforth the emblem of Sylvanus. The story of the metamorphosis is told by Ovid.

148. **not faire to this**, not fair as compared with Una.

152. **n’ould after joy**, would take no further joy or pleasure.

153. **selfe-wild annoy**, self-imposed anger or distress.

154. **Hamadryades**, the indwelling spirits of the trees. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight’s Tale*:

“Ne how the goddes ronnen up and down...

Nymphes, Faunes, and Amadrides.”

¹ Also *The Fowre Hymnes*, Introduction I.

161. **their woody kind**, their own kind or race, born in the woods.

163. **luckelesse lucky maid**. A Greek idiom; unlucky in her wanderings but lucky in the shelter she has found.

164. **their feeble eyes**. The Satyrs represent natural man whose eyes are too 'feeble' to see the full glory of Una or heavenly Truth.

169. **th'Image of Idolatryes**. The uninstructed do not know the real difference between Truth and its symbols and are inclined to turn the best things into superstitions.

171. **they her Asse would worship fayn**. This seems to refer to the 'Festival of the Ass' kept by the mediaeval Church to celebrate Christ's entry into Jerusalem; Spenser would doubtless regard it as an extreme example of Catholic superstition.

172. **a noble warlike knight**, Sir Satyrane; probably intended for Sir John Perrot. See Introduction II.

177. **fld far landes**. Perrot distinguished himself abroad both in France and in Ireland.

181. **A Satyres sonne**. Perrot seems to have been the son of Henry VIII; at any rate this was generally credited.

208. **the tender ymp**, the young child; 'imp' means really a scion or shoot.

218. **maister of his guise**, who had taught him his way of life. This account of Sir Satyrane owes a good deal to Ariosto and the story of Ruggiero's education by Atlante.

"Di medolle già d' orsi e di leoni

Ti porsi io dunque li primi alimenti;

I' ho per caverne ed orridi burroni

Fanciullo avvezzo a strangolar serpenti,

Pantere e tigri disarmar d' unghioni,

Ed a vivi cingial trar spesso i denti,

Acciò che dopo tanta disciplina

Tu sii l' Adone o l' Atide d' Alcina."

(Atlante is rebuking Ruggiero for his subjection to the witch Alcina; he asks him if it was for this that he had fed him in infancy upon the marrow of bears and, while still a child, taught him to strangle serpents in the caverns, to disarm tigers and panthers of their claws and wild boars of their tusks.) (*Orl. Fur.* VII 57.)

225. **earne**, to yearn or desire; A.-S. *geornian*.

229. **Pardale**, another name for panther.

Tigre cruell, accent in each case upon the second syllable.

254. **till ryper yeares he raught**, until he attained to riper years. A.-S. *ræcan*, to reach.

265. **ofspring auncient**, ancient lineage. Spenser employs 'offspring' in an unusual sense to mean the parent stem.

270. **Trew sacred lore**, the Gospel and the tenets of the Reformation.

273. **her curteous deeds he did compare**. This is a difficult phrase because elliptical; it probably means when he compared her courtesy with her rough and rude surroundings.

277. **so hurtlesse**, harmless and innocent.

293. **to Satyres to be told**, elliptical; it was too late for the Satyrs to hear of it.

302. **that did abroad betide**, that happened in the world.

313. **a Jacobs staffe**, a pilgrim's staff. Cp. Milton (*Paradise Regained*, Bk 1):

"A silly man, in simple weeds forworne."

325. **thrild**, pierced; A.-S. *þyrlan*, to pierce.

328. **With dying fit**, with a swoon like death.

332. **The further processe of her hidden grieffe**, the details of the misfortune which were, as yet, hidden from her.

340. **so greedily imbrew**, dye themselves in blood.

344. **the stoutest knight, that ever wonne**. Spenser is probably using 'wonne' in the old sense of fought or strove; A.-S. *winnan*.

349. **he hence doth wonne**, hence doth dwell; A.-S. *wunian*, to dwell.

358. **Even he it was, that earst would have supprest Faire Una**, Sansloy.

365. **with like treason now maintain**. Satyrane is daring him to see if the same tricks or 'trains' will be of any avail against himself.

368. **three square shield**, with three equal sides; what Chaucer calls a 'Prussian' shield as contrasted with a round shield or 'targe.' Cp. *Knight's Tale*:

"And somme woln have a Pruce sheld, or a targe."

372. **Others wrongs to wreake upon thy selfe**. You are attempting to revenge another's wrongs but you will only succeed in revenging them upon yourself.

373. **blent**, mingled or mixed, i.e. dishonoured.
377. **Th'enchauter vaine**, Archimage who had been overthrown by mistake for the Redcrosse Knight. (See iii 39.)
382. **both plate and maile**, both plates of armour and woven or chain armour.
385. **did raile**, flow, making streaks.
389. **fainting each, themselves to breathe let**, fainting as they are each is compelled to halt for breathing space.
391. **as when two Bores**, a reminiscence of Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:
 "As wilde bores gonne they to smyte,
 That frothen white as foom for ire wood
 Up to the ancle foghte they in hir blood."
401. **drerie wounds**. In A.-S. the word *drēorig* means 'blood-stained.'
409. **doubtfull battell**, undecided.
421. **lovers token on thy pate**, a hard blow instead of the glove or sleeve which was usually worn as a trophy.
424. **leasing**, lie. A.-S. *lēasung*.
430. **to her last decay**, to ruin her altogether.

CANTO VII

The crisis of the book occurs in this canto when the Redcrosse Knight is overcome by Orgoglio (Pride) and imprisoned in his dungeon. Orgoglio probably stands for Philip II, and the imprisonment typifies the evil condition of England under the Marian persecution¹.

4. **dyed deepe in graine**, dyed thoroughly; to dye 'in graine' really meant to dye with cochineal, but is used also of any fast stain. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso*:

"All in a robe of darkest grain."

15. **Ere long she fownd**, elliptical, 'found him.'

19. **He feedes upon the cooling shade**. A reminiscence of Virgil (*Aen.* III 339), "vescitur aura."

bayes, bathes or steeps.

¹ See also Harrison's pamphlet, *England armed by Elizabeth after being disarmed by Mary* (Arber's Reprints).

35. **The sacred Nymph.** In Greek mythology almost all fountains were supposed to be the haunts of indwelling nymphs. There are many allusions to this in the poems of the Greek Anthology.

37. **Phœbe fayre**, one of the names of Artemis. Such fountains, taking away the energies of those who drink, are common enough in mythology. There is one described in Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (xv 317), and also one in Tasso (*Ger. Lib.* xiv 74); the latter moves a man to laughter and he has no power to resist.

“Un fonte sorge in lei, che vaghe e monde
Ha l' acque si, che i riguardanti asseta.
Ma dentro ai freddi suoi cristalli asconde
Di tosco estran malvagità secreta;
Chè un picciol sorso di sue lucide onde
Inebria l' alma tosto, e la fa lieta;
Indi a rider uom move, e tanto il riso
S' avanza alfin, ch' ei ne rimane ucciso.”

47. **sandie graile**, gravel.

52. **crudled cold**, congealed cold.

54. **swelt**, burnt; A.-S. *swelan*, to burn or to be burnt up.

62. **make, mate**. A frequent Chaucerian word.

63. **unready weapons**, England in the throes of the Catholic re-action, has not the armour of faith to defend it against any external force.

73. **The greatest Earth.** The 'Earth' is made the mother of Orgoglio in order to typify his brutality. All this mythology is Spenser's own invention and excellent of its kind.

81. **Puft up with emptie wind**, as an example of ill-founded pride.

If Spenser really means Spain he is probably intimating that it is not so great as it seems but is a 'puffed-up' bulk.

87. **And left to losse**, because the Redcrosse Knight is deprived both of his sacred armour and of his true self.

88. **a snaggy Oke**, the rough and broken stump of an oak-tree.

92. **insupportable mayne**, accent on second syllable.

95. **darrayne**, to decide by battle.

99. **his bootlesse single blade**. He was alone and, owing to his weakness, his weapon was useless.

103. **pouldred**, turned to a powder.

104. **stowre**, blow or attack; Spenser uses this word very loosely; it really means 'stir.'

109. **As when that divelish yron Engin.** Ariosto states artillery to be an invention of the demons (*Orl. Fur.* xi 23); they introduced it first among the Germans, then in France and Italy. Milton also employs the same idea in *Paradise Lost*, where on the second day's battle (Bk vi) the rebel angels invent gunpowder. Cp.

"sulphurous and nitrous foam

They found, they mingled, and, with subtle art

Concocted and adusted...

Part hidden veins digged up...

...of mineral and stone,

Whereof to found their engines and their balls."

122. **Orgoglio**, It. *orgoglio*, Fr. *orgueil*.

123. **thy mortall hand**, death-dealing hand.

124. **do him not to dye**, a French idiom but found also in Chaucer.

128. **so goodly guerdon**, as she spake, such a great reward as she promised.

131. **was possessed of his new found make**, took possession of his newly-found companion.

138. **purple pall**, a purple garment.

143. **A monstrous beast.** Cp. *Rev.* xvii 3.

fen, marshland.

145. **that renowned Snake**, the Lernean hydra which Hercules attacked and killed.

146. **Stremona.** Todd thinks this is only an alternative name for Thrace; the river Strymon was the boundary.

153. **all embrewd in bloud**, all dyed in blood; Spenser probably means his monster to symbolise the Marian persecution.

155. **to the house of heavenly gods it raught**, so that it reached or extended to the house of the gods.

160. **holy heasts foretaught**, holy instructions which had been given to the people before. Spenser is probably referring to the Gospels and the Bible teaching which had been forbidden under Mary.

163. **The wofull Dwarfes.** Prudence does its best but, in the great crises of life, its aid is insufficient.

166. **his forlorne weed**, his clothing which lay where he had left it.

167. **missing most at need**, missing in the greatest and most serious crisis.

170. **The ruefull monuments of heaviness**, the sorrowful proofs of his great misfortune.

179. **lively breath**, the breath of life, life-giving.

190. **instruments of dolefull sight**, a euphuistic phrase for her eyes.

194. **Sith cruell fates the carefull threeds unfould**. Una means that, since the bonds which united her life and love are to be broken, she would find death preferable.

207. **deadly meed**, death which is their best reward or the best thing for them.

223. **That launched hath**, that has pierced; O.Fr. *lan-chier*, to pierce.

224. **bitter balefull stound**, bitter and grievous moment; A.-S. *stund*, a short period of time.

229. **vanquisht Paynim**, Sansloy.

230. **The wretched payre transform'd to treen mould**, Fradubio and Fraelissa.

236. **to maister sorrowfull assay**, to overcome the attack of sorrow upon her heart.

241. **Was never Ladie loved dearer day**, no lady ever loved the daylight more dearly than she loved the Redcrosse Knight.

254. **A goodly knight**, Prince Arthur. In the moral sphere he typifies Heavenly Grace or, in Aristotelian language, the chief and greatest virtue of Magnificence. As an actual personage he is meant to signify Leicester.

260. **a bauldrick brave**, a scarf. Cp. Chaucer, *Prologue*:

"An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene."

263. **of wondrous might**s. Precious stones were supposed to possess magic powers and the form of this made it of special virtue.

264. **Shapt like a Ladies head**, like the head of Gloriana or the Faerie Queene.

265. **Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights**, like Hesperus amid the lesser stars.

266. **the weaker sight**s, the eyes of men which were too weak to bear its brilliance; Gloriana is also a type of the Heavenly Wisdom.

268. **with curious slight**s, with great cunning or beauty.

The reader should note this lovely description of Arthur's armour; it is one of the many respects in which Spenser resembles mediaeval

authors, Chaucer and others, who are exceedingly fond of the splendour of armour and accoutrements. In *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight* there is a beautiful description of Gawayne's armour.

271. **horrid all with gold, rough with gold; a Latinism.**

273. **a Dragon did enfold, Arthur wears the crest of his father, Uther Pendragon.** The dragon helmet is another sign of the British descent.

276. **bever, the fore part of the helmet which covered the face.**

This description is partly copied from Tasso (*Ger. Lib. ix 25*)¹:

“Porta il Soldan su l' elmo orrido e grande
 Serpe che si dilunga e il collo snoda;
 Su le zampe s' innalza, e l' ali spande,
 E piega in arco la forcuta coda;
 Par che tre lingue vibri, e che fuor mande
 Livida spuma, e che il suo fischio s' oda.”

Tasso's serpent is more terrible than Spenser's inasmuch as from its three tongues it casts out livid foam and makes a hissing sound.

280 ff. One of the loveliest and most gracious similes in Spenser. Marlowe copies it in *Tamburlaine* (II iv 4):

“And in my helm a triple plume shall spring
 Spangled with diamonds, dancing in the air...
 Like to an almond tree y-mounted high
 Upon the lofty and celestial mount
 Of ever-green Selinus quaintly decked
 With blooms more white than Erycina's brows,
 Whose tender blossoms tremble every one,
 At every little breath through Heaven is blown.”

285. **Selinis is probably Selinus in Sicily.**

289. This diamond shield is a property borrowed from Ariosto; the shield of Atlante is described in a similar way:

“D' un bel drappo di seta avea coperto
 Lo scudo in braccio il cavalier celeste.
 Come avesse, non so, tanto sofferto
 Di tenerlo nascosto in quella veste;
 Ch' immantimente che lo mostra aperto.
 Forza è, chi 'l mira, abbarbagliato reste,
 E cada come corpo morto cade,

¹ For Spenser's general relations to Tasso see *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II, Introduction III.

E vengà al Negromante in potestade.
 Splende lo scudo a guisa di piropo,
 E luce altra non è tanto lucente.
 Cadere in terra allo splendor fu d' uopo,
 Con gli occhi abbacinati e senza mente."

(*Orl. Fur.* II 55-6.)

Ariosto's Atlante is an enchanter and uses his dazzling shield to blind his victims; he carries it covered with silk and unveils it when he wishes to overcome anyone; they are blinded and even deprived of their senses by the intensity of its radiance. Spenser's diamond shield, however, typifies the Truth and possesses powers (xxxv) which are greater even than the magic shield of Atlante.

296. **it never percen could, no spear-point could pierce it.**

300. **unequall armies, when he fought against great odds.**

303. **Phœbus golden face it did attaint, it surpassed even the sun.** Ariosto mentions nothing of this, but Spenser means that the light of Truth is superior to all other brilliance.

306. **As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.** Witches were supposed to cause eclipses of the moon. Cp. Milton (*Par. Lost* II): "To dance with Lapland witches while the laboring Moon Eclipses at their charms."

307. **No magicke arts.** Unlike the shield of Atlante which was itself magic the shield of Truth puts all magic to flight.

309. **not such, as seemd in sight, all false appearances** such as the deceptions raised by Archimage.

311. **when him list, when it pleases him to subdue the proudest.**

319. **Merlin, often referred to by Spenser; he is the great patron of Britomart in Bk III.** Both in Malory's *Morte d'Arthure* and in Spenser Merlin takes charge of the nurture and training of Arthur.

330. **canon bit, a smooth round bit.**

337. **her heart distraine, her heart oppress.** Cp. Chaucer, *Franklin's Tale*:

"Desyr of his presence hir so distreyneth."

340. **for her humour fitting purpose faine, he shewed great sympathy with her grief.**

346. **The carefull cold, the chill of sorrow.** Cp. *Shepherd's Calender* (December):

"The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde."

349. **Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keepe,** it is better to keep hidden misfortunes for which there is no remedy.

360. **Found never helpe, who never would his hurts impart, a Latinism;** the relative carries in it the Nom. to the verb 'found.'

368. **flesh does paire,** flesh impairs or weakens the greatest faith.

382. **whilest equall destinies, even or undisturbed destinies;** Spenser often employs 'equal' in the sense of favourable.

386. **Phison, etc.,** the three rivers of Paradise; the allegory here is that mankind inherit the Garden of Eden but lose it through the dragon of Sin.

387. **Gehons golden waves.** Cp. Milton (*Par. Lost* iv):
"Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold."

390. **lakes of Tartary,** really Tartarus, the infernal region. Milton in his *Nativity Hymn* rejoices in the thought that the dragon shall be driven back once more by the birth of Christ:

"The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway."

Milton is plainly thinking of Spenser's allegory.

395. **brasen wall.** In the old romances castles and towers are often represented as if made of brass.

399. **that heaven walks about.** An allusion to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy which represented the heavens as revolving around the earth.

409. **hight of Maidenhed.** By the Order of Maidenhed Spenser means the Order of the Garter.

412. **Cleopolis,** the famous city, i.e. London. Cp. II x 72.

416. **unproved knight.** It was the Redcrosse Knight's first adventure. See Introduction III a.

430. **my dolefull disaventurous deare,** my grievous unhappy injury. The noun 'deare' seems to be from A.-S. *derian*, to injure.

438. **That rather death desire, then such despight.** Una means that she would prefer death rather than disloyalty to her knight.

439. **that all things right esteeme.** Una invokes the heavens which know the truth about all things.

446. **That brought not backe**, etc. The metaphor in these lines is mixed but the meaning is plain: no man ever wandered in those paths (i.e. Duessa's) without meeting death and destruction.

balefull, used in the passive sense, full of bale or sorrow.

448. **Mine onely foe**. This is not literally true; Una must mean her especial or chief foe.

454. **mall**, mace or club.

458. **Remedillesse, for aie**, without remedy or hope for ever.

CANTO VIII

This canto tells of the deliverance of the Redcrosse Knight by Arthur whom Una takes to his assistance; afterwards Duessa is stripped and revealed in her loathsomeness. Spenser himself points out that it is in this way that Heavenly Grace and Truth deliver man from his perils.

23. **bugle**, really a wild ox; hence the 'horn,' and so the name of the musical instrument.

28 ff. Such magic horns are common properties in the ancient romances; Spenser's is probably suggested by the horn of Astolfo in Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* xv 15):

“Dico che 'l corno è di sì orribil suono,
Ch' ovunque s' oda, fa fuggir la gente.
Non può trovarsi al mondo un cor sì buono
Che possa non fuggir come lo sente.
Rumor di vento e di tremuoto, e 'l tuono,
A par del suon di questo, era niente.”

(The sound of the horn was so terrible that, wherever it was heard, people took to flight; the bravest man in the world could not keep from fleeing when he heard it; the noise of the wind, of earthquake, or of thunder was as nothing compared with this horn.)

39. **of freewill**, of its own accord.

50. **bloudie mouthed with late cruell feast**, probably refers to the Marian persecutions.

54. **eger greedinesse**, zest for battle.

55. **buckled him to fight**, set himself to fight.

56. **high disdaine**, an Italian idiom, 'alto sdegno.'

58. **ragged snubbes and knottie graine**, the broken-off ends of branches and the tough fibre of the wood itself. The club seems to symbolise the ferocity and violence of the giant; Spenser probably recollects the wood (sacred to Mars and typifying his harsh character) which is described in the *Knights Tale*:

“With knotty knarry bareyn trees olde
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to beholde.”

74. **mortall sins**, the sins of mortals; a Latinism.

85. **his combred clubbe to quight**, while he strove to get his encumbered club free.

89. **Large streames of bloud**, a Latinism.

95. **in Cymbrian plaine**, perhaps the Tauric Chersonese, the modern Crimea. The name ‘Tauric’ may have suggested the bulls to Spenser.

96. **kindly rage**, natural lust or passion.

105. **threatned all his heads**, a Latinism.

113. **Scorning the let of so unequall foe**, scorning to be hindered by the squire who seems to her such a feeble antagonist.

118. **her golden cup**. *Rev.* xvii 3-4: “I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast...having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication.” We may compare also with Homer’s Circe: “And she made me a potion in a golden cup that I might drink, and she also put a charm therein, in the evil counsel of her heart.”

“τεῦξε δέ μοι κυκεῶ χρυσέῳ δέπα’ ὄφρα πλοίμι,
ἐν δέ τε φάρμακον ἦκε κακὰ φρονέουσ’ ἐνὶ θυμῷ.”

(*Od.* x.)

128. **did seize**, pressed with its claws.

131. **gan well avise**, began to consider.

155. **In one alone left hand**, in the left hand which alone remained to him.

157. **aloft he dities**, he raises aloft and prepares to strike with it.

163 ff. Suggested by Ariosto (*Orl. Fur.* xxii 85):

“Ruppe il velo e squarciò, che gli copria
Lo spaventoso ed incantato lampo,
Al cui splendor cader si convenia
Con gli occhi ciechi, e non vi s’ ha alcun scampo.”

(The veil of the shield breaks and discovers it in all its marvellous radiance, so that it dazzles the beholder and he cannot escape.)

172. **fruitfull-headed, many-headed beast.**

181 ff. The giant, it should be noted, is finally overcome by the power of the shield, i.e. Truth.

185. **their forces,** probably refers both to Duessa and to Orgoglio.

192. **he blest, he brandished.** The simile of the tree is probably a recollection of Virgil:

“Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolae certatim, illa usque minatur
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat
Volneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
Congemuit traxitque jugis avolsa ruinam.”

(*Aen.* II 626–32.)

197. **ragged rift, a jagged cut.**

216. **like an emptie bladder was.** Pride makes a great display but is only emptiness. Spenser may also be thinking of the vast empire of Spain, whose might was, in his own day, proving itself hollow.

219. **crowned mitre, the papal tiara.**

231. **joyous cheare, joyous countenance.**

235. **And you fresh bud of vertue,** probably refers to the Squire; the ‘bud’ is an allusion to his youth.

241. **With equall eyes, with justice.**

their merites to restore, to give them their deserts.

244. **sith the heavens, and your faire handeling.** Notice how Una puts heavenly grace before any earthly power.

246. **with governing, wisely.**

248. **Ne let that wicked woman scape away.** Una, notwithstanding all her sweetness, can be stern.

260. **There raignd a solemne silence over all.** Cp. III xi 53:

“Nor wight appeared, but wastefull emptinesse
And solemne silence over all that place.”

263. **An old old man,** Ignorance, finely represented by Spenser as the foster-father of Pride.

268. **unused rust, the rust coming from disuse: a Latinism.**

274. **So backward still.** Ignorance is always associated with reaction. The figure is perhaps suggested by Dante's punishment of the soothsayers who are also made to walk looking backwards (*Inf.* xx).

297. **Aread in graver wise,** reply more seriously.

307 ff. Spenser is probably alluding to the splendour of Mary's court as contrasted with her persecutions, or possibly to the splendid empire of Spain and the cruelty of the Inquisition.

315. **sacred ashes, accursed ashes;** a Latinism.

317. **carv'd with cunning imagery.** We notice the touch of the Puritan in Spenser's objection to the carving. Cp. *Rev.* vi 9, 10: "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain, etc." The whole stanza probably refers to the Marian persecutions.

330. **a little grate was pight,** was placed or fixed.

339. **their hew, their shape;** A.-S. *hiw*, shape.

344. **pitty deare, pity intimately and closely felt.** Milton uses the word in the same sense in *Lycidas*:

"Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear."

346. **so fowle forlore,** in such evil plight.

354. **nicer hands,** a Latinism: too nice.

359. **His pined corse, his wasted body.**

361. **His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits.** Perhaps suggested by the passage in Dante describing the ghost of Forese:

"Negli occhi era ciascuna oscura e cava,
Pallida nella faccia, e tanto scema,
Che dall' ossa la pelle s' informava."

363. **for want of better bits, for want of good food.**

366. **browned bowrs, strong muscles: the muscles of the shoulder are meant;** from A.-S. *būgan*, bend.

376. **influence, a technical term for the power of the stars.** Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso*:

"ladies, whose bright eyes

Rain influence, and judge the prize."

381. **Fortune mine avowed foe.** A recollection of an old ballad "Fortune, my foe," alluded to in Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, III iii 69.

382. **Whose wrathfull wreaques, whose furious vengeance.**

383. **shall treble penaunce pay Of treble good.** Fortune

shall be compelled to make amends by giving him three times as much good as she has given evil.

384. **of evils priefe**, from evils proof: from the knowledge or suffering of evil.

395. **with yron pen**, *Job xix 24*: "That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever."

410. **tire and call**, head-dress and cap. This description of Duessa is copied from Ariosto's description of Alcina. Ariosto says of his witch that she made herself appear beautiful by her arts, but was, in reality, the oldest and ugliest creature upon earth; she was pale, wrinkled, thin, her hair scanty, stunted in figure and toothless because she had lived longer even than Hecuba or the Cumæan Sybil (*Orl. Fur. vii 72-3*):

"Donna si laida, che la terra tutta
Nè la più vecchia avea, nè la più brutta.

Pallido, crespo e macilente avea
Alcina il viso, il crin raro e canuto:
Sua statura a sei palmi non giungea:
Ogni dente di bocca era caduto,
Che più d' Ecuba e più della Cumea,
Ed avea più d' ogn' altra mai vivuto,
Ma si l' arti usa al nostro tempo ignote,
Che bella e giovanetta parer puote."

440. **her filthy feature**, her filthy personality.

CANTO IX

Prince Arthur having delivered the Redcrosse Knight, the two exchange gifts; the Redcrosse Knight is tempted by Giant Despair and all but overcome. Una's courage delivers him.

1. **O goodly golden chaine**, Arthur's character or 'Magnificence' is the one in which all the other virtues are supposed to meet. **yfere**, together. Spenser is really misapplying this word; its true form is the A.-S. *gefēra* or comrade.

11. **recured well**, restored.

13. **Them list**, it pleased them; an impersonal verb.

lenger, A.-S. *lengra*; the adj. compares by mutating. A.-S. *lang*, *lengra*.

14. as their adventures fell, as their tasks required.
 20. without the compas of my wit, unknown to me.
 21. the lignage and the certain Sire. According to Malory's version of the story Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon but was brought up to man's estate in ignorance of his true birth.
 27. in gentle thewes, in virtuous habits. Cp. Chaucer, *Clerke's Tale*:

"She was encessed in swich excellence

Of thewes gode y-set in heigh bountee."

29. Old Timon, the name of the knight in the *Morte d'Arthure* is Sir Ector, but Spenser undoubtedly substitutes this because of its symbolical meaning, 'Honour.'

33. Rauran, probably Rauran Vawr, in Merionethshire.
 mossy hore, hoary with grey moss or lichen.

40. Tutours nouriture, the course of his education and training.

46. Lady gent, gracious lady. Cp. Chaucer, *Sir Thopas*:

"Al of a knyght was fair and gent."

55. through fatall deepe foresight. Spenser is really a Calvinist and believes in predestination.

59. forced fury, with furious compulsion; Arthur means his love for the Faerie Queene.

following his behest, means either following its (i.e. the wound's) command or compulsion, or, more probably, 'his' refers to the 'he' of the first line, in which case Arthur means that it is the power of his love which compels him, though indirectly, to follow God's commands.

67. Till living moysture into smoke do flow. Arthur means that the fire of his love will never slacken until he himself is wholly consumed.

72. Ah Love, lay downe thy bow, he prays for a moment of respite.

75. kindly heat, natural love.

78. by reason to subdew. Later in the poem Spenser gives a terrible example of a lover who is carried away wholly beyond the bounds of reason by intemperate passion and rage (II iv).

84. joyd to stirre up strife, In midst of their mournfull Tragedy. Arthur means that he had no sympathy with

lovers and was out of tune with their mourning like Shakespeare's Benedick.

90. **with wary government**, defended himself ingeniously.

99. **to victours most despight**, yields most abjectly and contemptibly when he is compelled to yield.

100. **your haplesse joy**, the Redcrosse Knight.

101. **now mated**, now overcome and subdued; the metaphor is from 'checkmate' in the game of chess. Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"When he saugh hem so pitous and so mat."

105. **heat of hardiment**, desire for adventure.

108. **favour mine intent**, i.e. all concurred with his joy of life.

111. **my couch did goodly dight**, prepared a soft couch for me.

113. **the humour sweet embayd**, the sweet air bathed him and steeped his senses.

118 ff. This incident is adopted by Spenser from Chaucer's *Sir Thopas*. See Introduction III a.

133. **long tyne**, long toil or grief. Another form of 'teene'; A.-S. *tēona*.

134. **And never vow to rest**, and vowed never to rest.

141. **O happy Queene of Faeries**. Una never reproaches the Redcrosse Knight, but this stanza shows that she cannot help perceiving the difference between him and Arthur.

150. **the Patrone of my life**, the preserver of my life.

154. **So diversly discoursing**, etc. This phrase is, strictly speaking, ungrammatical as there is no verb; it means *while* they were diversely discoursing.

158. **earnd**, desired or longed; A.-S. *geornian*. The exchange of gifts is common among Homeric heroes.

163. **a boxe of Diamond**. This has, almost certainly, a symbolical meaning, and probably refers to the Sacrament.

164. **Embowd with gold**. Warton explains this as having a vaulted or bowed cover of gold, arched over.

169. **A booke**, the Bible: always regarded as the great foundation of Protestantism. The Protestants were often persecuted for possessing the Testament.

174. **did pray**, preyed upon or ravaged.

186. **his feare**, the object which terrified him.
189. **of Pegasus his kind**, the race or strain of Pegasus: the form 'his' was supposed to have been the older form of the possessive 's,' and hence is not infrequently used, as an archaism, in place of the genitive.
196. **an hempen rope**. Hanging was a rogue's death and hence, even if a knight were condemned to execution, too disgraceful for his rank. The reader may compare William Morris' poem, "Shameful Death."
200. **whatmister wight**, what kind of person he was; 'Mister' was a word meaning trade or employment. Cp. Chaucer, *Prologue*:
 "In youthe he lerned hadde a good mister;
 He was a wel good wrighte, a carpenter."
210. **hartlesse hollow hew**, disheartened sunken aspect.
223. **Could his bloud-frozen hart emboldned bee**, But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach. The first 'his' refers to Sir Trevisan and the second 'his' to the Redcrosse Knight; the latter, in trying to comfort Sir Trevisan, finds his own courage shaken by such terrible fear.
233. **had not greater grace Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place**, if greater grace than that granted to my companion had not been granted to me I should have shared his place (i.e. his unlucky destiny).
241. **lov'd in the least degree**, did not love at all.
242. **of too high intent**, too ambitious.
247. **whyleare**, just now, recently; A.-S. *hwil*, and *ær*.
249. **after faire areedes**, tells us courteously.
251. **as Snake in hidden weedes**, "latet anguis in herba."
254. **Embost with bale**, swollen with grief.
255. **launched**, pierced.
263. **loathing lenger light**. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* iv 451):
 "taedet caeli convexa tueri."
269. **Whose like infirmitie like chaunce may beare**, you, if you put it to the test, may find that you are as weak as Sir Terwin or I.
270. **his charmed speeches**, aptly described: there is no character in Spenser who speaks with a more strange and alluring beauty than Despair; Spenser seems to have known the malady of Hamlet and known it intimately and well.

271. **How may a man, etc.**, how can a man be prevailed upon with empty words to take his own life.

272. **the Castle of his health, his body.** The same metaphor is employed in describing the House of Alma (II ix).

273. **I wote, etc.**, I know because I have discovered it from experience; I would not risk it again for all the world's wealth.

286. **not for gold nor glee.** An alliterative phrase meaning neither for gold nor for pleasure; A.-S. *glēow*, mirth or joy, i.e. neither for gold nor for any other enticement.

294. **On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly Owle.**

"Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere voces."
Virgil (*Aen.* iv 462-3).

298. **old stockes and stubs of trees.** Cp. Chaucer, *Knight's Tale*:

"With knotty knarry bareyn trees olde
Of stubbes sharpe and hidous to biholde."

300. **ragged rocky knees, rough projections of the rock.**

304. **teene, grief; A.-S. tēona.**

307 ff. Despair bewitches the Redcrosse Knight because the latter is weakened by the memory of his own sins and follies.

321. **All wallowd, wallowing.**

323. **rustie knife.** The word 'rusty' seems to have conveyed some quite special sense of horror to Spenser; he is always using it in this connection.

331. **of this fact, of this deed: a Latinism.**

332. **What justice, etc., what justice is there which could do anything else but declare that you must atone for his blood with your own.**

334. **quoth he, i.e. Despair.**

338. **None else to death, etc., no one else drove this man to death except his own guilty mind which deserved it. Is it unjust to give each man his due? Where is the wrong in letting a man die if he hates his life, in giving a man an easy death when he lives here in distress?**

342. **uneath, uneasily or with difficulty; A.-S. ēaþe, easily.**

343 ff. Despair turns the tables by declaring that the Redcrosse Knight envies the man who has found the peace of death.

351. **yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood, even if you**

yourself do not wish to seek peace why should you envy the man who has found it?

352 ff. One of the most enchanting and subtly beautiful passages in all English letters. Spenser seems to have had a life in many respects, hard; it is noticeable how often he represents the chief temptation in life as the longing for rest; it is so in the song of the mermaids to Guyon:

“This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The wordes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle.”
(II xii 22.)

We may also compare Giant Despair's praise of rest with the religious aspiration for rest which seems to be the last stanza Spenser ever wrote:

“Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie;
For all that moveth doth in Change delight:
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's sight.”
(VII viii.)

362. **The terme of life is limited.** This argument Spenser draws from Plato's *Phaedo*.

370 ff. The reader should observe the Calvinistic tone of this passage; Spenser was evidently a believer in predestination; the argument here is very skilful, for Despair is turning even the faith of the Redcrosse Knight against him and using the tenets of his own religion to destroy him: i.e. by insisting that he is one of the lost.

373. **Their times.** Cp. *Ps.* xxxi 15: “My times are in thy hand.”

385. **Is not enough thy evill life forespent?** have you not spent enough time in evil-doing?

390. **Th'ill to prevent, that life ensewen may,** to prevent the evil that your life will certainly incur as it passes; ‘ill’ is the nom. to the verb ‘may ensewen’; ‘ensewen’ means to overtake.

396. **All which, and thousands mo,** etc. Cp. *Hamlet* (III i):

“To die! to sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to.”

The whole soliloquy is exactly in the mood of Spenser's passage.

399. **For never knight**, etc., never any knight was dismayed by more misadventures. Cp. *The Teares of the Muses*, Melpomene:

“Ah, wretched world! the den of wickednesse,
Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie;
Ah, wretched world! the house of heavinesse,
Fild with the wreacks of mortall miserie;
Ah, wretched world! and all that is therein
The vassals of God's wrath and slaves of sin.”

407. **to their last degree**, as long as possible.

408. **thy sinfull hire**, thy service to sin.

412. **falsed hast**, falsified or broken.

419. **Let every sinner die**. Cp. *Ps.* civ 35: “Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth, and let the wicked be no more.”

420. **what then must needs be donne**. Despair, with his usual subtlety, argues that since man has to face death some time he might as well face it now; in any case he has gone astray and so is doomed to God's wrath.

431. **As he were charmed**, under a spell like that of an enchanter. Despair's sophistry is so subtly blent with truth that the knight, hearing him, can feel no hope at all since his own conscience seems to bear out the bitter accusations.

438. **painted in a table plaine**, Spenser is probably thinking of pictures of the Last Judgment; ‘table’ means only canvas.

442 ff. This passage seems suggested by one in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, where Cordelia is tempted to suicide by Despair who shows her a thousand implements of death, knives, sharp swords and poniards “all bedyde with bloode and poysons.” Despair also presents the sword with which Dido slew herself. Cordelia becomes blind with grief and Despair at length gives the blow.

446. **overcrow**, subdue.

461. **ran to her well of life**, ran back to her heart. We note that the courage of Una never fails; it is she who saves the knight in this extremity as she had saved him before.

469 ff. Una appeals to the same Calvinistic faith as Despair but

turns it in the opposite direction: i.e. to make the Knight believe that he is one among the elect or redeemed.

480. **for all his subtill sleight**, in spite of all his cunning.

482. **unbid unblest**, without prayer and with no blessing.

484. **he so himselfe had drest**, he had attempted it in the same way before.

CANTO X

Una brings the Redcrosse Knight to the House of Holiness where he is received by Faith, Hope and Charity. He repents and undergoes penance for his sins; he is taken to the hill of Contemplation where he learns the true meaning of his life and his true destiny.

6. **Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill**. Spenser, with Puritan rigour, insists always that man is helpless without the divine grace: "all the good is God's, both power and eke will."

12. **raw**, out of condition.

13. **hard constraint**, harsh treatment.

17. **where he chearen might**, probably means where he might be cheered or comforted.

19. **an auntient house**. Spenser, like most of the men of his time, did not regard the Reformed Faith as being in any way a new departure in religion; they considered it as simply a return to the older and more primitive form of Christianity.

28. **Cælia**, the heavenly.

31. **goodly thewes**, virtues; A.-S. *fēaw*.

33. **Fidelia and Speranza**, Faith and Hope.

35. **fere**, A.-S. *gefēra*: companion or mate.

36. **pledges**, a Latinism, *pignus*, pledge, child.

44. **Humiltá**, Humility, the opposite of the vice of Pride.

See Introduction III a.

45. **streight and narrow**. *Matth.* vii 14: "Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

49. **a francklin**, really means a freeman; Spenser wishes to insist on the freedom of spirit possessed by Zeal who acts not according to law but according to his own noble impulses.

50. **glee**, pleasure; A.-S. *glēow*, mirth.
57. **sad attire**, sober, not too gay. Compare this with the elaborate garments of the House of Pride.
59. **his good to all**, he knew his proper or meet behaviour to men of every rank.
61. **no courting nicetie**, nothing over-elaborate.
72. **eld**, age; A.-S. *ieldo*.
77. **ever-dying dread**, the incessant fear of death.
79. **thy wearie soles to lead**, to guide thy feet.
86. **the broad high way**. *Math.* vii 13: "wide is the gate, and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."
103. **With countenance demure**. The adjective has a better meaning in older authors than with us. Compare Milton, *Il Penseroso*: "Sober, steadfast, and demure."
105. **the eldest**, there were really three sisters.
106. **Christall face**. Spenser uses this word to express a countenance luminous in beauty Cp. iii i 15:
 "A goodly Lady did foreby them rush,
 Whose face did seeme as cleare as Christall stone."
110. **a cup of gold**. The cup is the sacramental cup; note its contrast to the 'golden cup' of Duessa which is full of sorceries.
112. **a Serpent**. The serpent may be either the sign of healing as the emblem of Aesculapius or else it may be the type of immortality; the serpent, because of its habit of casting its slough or skin was often taken as the type of ever-renewed life. In the latter sense it is one of the poet Shelley's favourite symbols:
 "Earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds out-worn." (*Hellas*.)
116. **A booke**, the New Testament; sealed with the blood of Christ.
117. **hard to be understood**. *2 Peter* iii 16: "As also in all his epistles; . . . in which are some things hard to be understood."
119. **clad in blew**, the colour of constancy and fidelity.
120. **Not all so chearefull**. We notice the gravity of religious Hope.
 of sight, to look upon.
123. **a silver anchor**, to shew that her confidence is firmly fixed; the reader may contrast this picture of religious Hope, sweet

and grave and intent on things of the other world, with the altogether different personification of the Hope attendant upon Cupid:

“With him went Hope in rancke, a handsome Mayd,
Of chearefull looke and lovely to behold:
In silken samite she was light arayd,
And her fayre lockes were woven up in gold:
She alway smyld, and in her hand did hold
An holy-water-sprinckle, dipt in deowe,
With which she sprinckled favours manifold
On whom she list, and did great liking sheowe
Great liking unto many, but true love to feowe.”

(III xii 13.)

We notice that the character of the one Hope is its constancy and gravity; that of the other its inconstant cheerfulness.

135. **of many a noble gest**, told them of many noble deeds. Cp. Chaucer (*Troilus* II 83):

“Herden a mayden reden him the geste
Of the Sege of Thebes.”

137. **where is she become?** what has happened to her?

141. **And hath encreast the world**, etc., emblematic of the deeds of kindness with which Charity is always enriching life.

149. **I read you rest**, I advise you to rest.

150. **a Groome**, a servant; A.-S. *gūma*, man.

157. **into her schoolehouse**. The knight must be instructed in the dogmas of the faith.

160. **so much agraste**, showed so much grace or favour to him.

163. **with bloud ywrit**, alluding to the blood of Christ.

164. **That none could read**, etc. Faith alone can give the clue to a right understanding of the Gospel.

166. **heavenly documents**, heavenly instructions.

168. **Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will**, the chief subjects of discussion in sixteenth century theology.

172. **poure out her larger spright**, show or reveal her wider powers.

173. **commaund the hastie Sunne to stay**. *Joshua* x 12, 13: “And he said in the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still and the moon stayed.”

174. **Or backward turne.** *2 Kings xx 10.*

176. **Dry-shod to passe.** *Ex. xiv 22:* "And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground."

177. **And eke huge mountaines.** *Matth. xxi 21:* "Also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done."

192. **Upon her silver anchor.** Religious Hope is to be the mainstay of the soul.

205. **To fetch a Leach,** probably alludes to the office of the clergy.

209. **Could hardly him intreat,** could scarcely persuade him.

212. **passing priefe,** extraordinary excellence.

215. **the passion of his plight,** his passionate grief.

218. **infected sin,** deep-rooted.

224. **corrosives.** Sin is compared to an ulcer and the corrosive ointments are its best cure.

226 ff. A spiritual penance is doubtless meant; there is no evidence that Spenser believed literally in sackcloth and ashes.

235 ff. We observe the stages of repentance; the Knight is first overwhelmed by grief which is almost despair, but is comforted by patience; hard grief or penance follows; then remorse for his past sins, and finally 'Repentance' or the determination to sin no more.

252. **his crime,** a Latinism; the accusation of his sin.

253 ff. When the Knight has once gone through his penance he can be brought to Charity, i.e. made conscious of divine love.

263. **bountie rare,** rare goodness.

265. **to compare,** to rival; a Latinism.

266. **Cupids wanton snare,** always contrasted by Spenser with the nobler love, it means the love which is of the senses only and seeks for nothing but sensual delight (III xii).

270. **yellow robes,** symbolic of maternity; perhaps from the yellow robe attributed to Hymen; yellow is also the symbol of fertility and bounty. Cp. VII vii 37:

"The sixt was August, being rich arrayd

In garment all of gold downe to the ground";

and also VII vii 30:

"Then came the Autumne all in yellow clad,

As though he joyed in his plentious store."

272. that joyd her to behold, that she loved to look upon.

275. tyre of gold, a golden headdress.

276. owches, ornaments or jewels.

277. uneath, hardly or scarcely; A.-S. *unēaþe*.

290 ff. Charity instructs a man in his duties to his fellows.

300. **Whose sober lookes her wisdom well describe**, whose serious looks well revealed or showed her wisdom. This virtue is religious mercy but Spenser also gives a picture of Mercy in its earthly aspect, as ruling over a great state (v ix 30), the kind of Mercy of which Portia says:

"It becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown."

318. **Bead-men**, men of prayer. What follow are the different divisions of good works as given by the schoolmen:

(1) To succour travellers.

(2) To feed the hungry.

(3) To clothe the naked.

(4) To redeem captives.

(5) To nurse the sick.

(6) To bury the dead.

(7) To care for widows and orphans.

328. **entertainment**, hospitality.

330. **Not unto such**. *Luke* xiv 14: "And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

334. **Almner**, almoner, giver of alms. We notice how these virtues serve as opposites to the vices in the House of Pride. This Almoner is the exact opposite of Avarice; however little he has he will give.

351. **His owne coate he would cut**, probably refers to the story of St Martin of Tours who divided his own coat with a beggar.

355. **From Turkes and Sarazins**. These carried on a regular traffic in Christian slaves; charitable people often left money to redeem such captives. It is said that when Charles V took Tunis in 1535 he found there 10,000 Christian slaves (*Prescott, Charles V*).

359. **that harrowd hell**. The 'harrowing of hell' was a favourite subject with mediaeval writers; it meant the descent of Christ to hell to bring back with him the souls of the patriarchs and others whom he redeemed from the power of Satan. Milton alludes

to it when he speaks of Death and Satan confronting each other in Hell:

“so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe.” (*Paradise Lost*, Bk II.)
with heavie stowre, with great labour and toil.

368. last bitter throw, more usually spelt ‘throe’; A.-S. *brēa*.

369. as the tree does fall, *Eccles. xi 3*: “And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.”

375. The wondrous workemanship. Notice the reverence for the human body shown in this stanza; it was a feeling very characteristic of the Renaissance and Spenser especially reveals it. Cp. II ix 1:

“Of all Gods workes which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is mans body, etc.”

of Gods owne mould. *Gen. i 27*: “So God created man in his own image.”

378. me graunt, I dead be not defould. In the Ireland of Spenser’s day, massacres and outrages to the dead were only too common and such might easily have befallen him. It is pleasant to know that he was buried in Westminster Abbey with the kind of honour that he would have loved most; his fellow-poets stood around the grave and each one flung within a poem in Spenser’s honour and also the pen with which it had been written.

381. And widowes ayd, to aid.

393. louted, bowed; A.-S. *lūtan*, to bow.

407. Forth to an hill. We may compare this vision with that Milton gives to Adam in Paradise to show him the future and also to console him (*Paradise Lost*, Bks XI, XII).

418. their kindly sight, their natural sight; as the earthly power of sight decays so the heavenly vision increases.

424 ff. This is a most beautiful picture of old age; Spenser describes almost every time of life with equal excellence, from infancy upwards. With Contemplation who represents the heavenly wisdom of age we may compare Eumnestes (II ix 56-8), who represents its power of memory and its gifts of learning.

430. **nought he car'd his carcas long unfed**, a Latinism: "curare cutem."
436. **respected more**, seems to mean more than he respected the knight.
440. **humbly did requight**, returned their greeting humbly; Contemplation has a difficulty in dragging himself down to earth but, when he does succeed in doing so, is far from arrogant.
448. **the keyes are to thy hand behight By wise Fidelia**. Faith can unlock the mysteries of heaven to the contemplative mind.
- 460 ff. Compare this stanza which describes the true rest, granted to the righteous, with the false rest promised by Despair. Spenser means us to contrast them.
467. **Till from her hands the spright assoiled is**, till the body is sufficiently pure and the soul so released from its bondage.
471. **That bloud-red billowes**, the waves of the Red Sea; Spenser may possibly believe this to be literally accurate.
472. **disparted with his rod**. *Ex. xiv 21*: "And Moses stretched out his *hand* over the sea." Spenser appears to be thinking of the smiting of the rock.
473. **yod**, A.-S. *ēode*, went.
475. **With bloody letters**, this is Spenser's own addition.
476. **balefull mone**, great cause of grief.
478. **that sacred hill**, the Mount of Olives.
483. **pleasaunt Mount**, Parnassus.
485. **the thrise three learned Ladies**, the Muses. Spenser has been blamed for bringing Parnassus into conjunction with the sacred mounts of Holy Writ. Milton probably recollects this passage in the opening lines of *Paradise Lost* where he invokes not the classical Muses but the Heavenly Muse that dwells on the top "of Oreb or of Sinai," and says that he himself intends to soar "above the Aonian mount" (i.e. Helicon). Both Parnassus and Helicon were haunts of the Muses.
- 487 ff. This stanza is based on the description in *Rev. xxi 10*: "And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and shewed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God."
491. **Of perle and precious stone**. *Rev. xxi 21*: "And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl."

500. **As commonly as friend**, just as one human friend does with another. Milton recollects this passage when he makes his Adam lament the lost joys of Paradise:

“How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
And rapture so oft behold? Those Heavenly Shapes
Will dazzle now this earthly with their blaze
Insufferably bright.” (*Paradise Lost*, IX.)

506. **The new Hierusalem.** *Heb.* xii 22, 23: “But ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels. . . to the spirits of just men made perfect.”

512. **sam**, together; A.-S. *samnian*, to collect or gather: A.-S. *samod*, together.

515. **Cleopolis**, the famous city; Spenser's name for London. See I vii 46, also II x 72.

518. **that bright towre**, the crystal tower of Panthea is mentioned again in II x 73. It is very difficult to identify but may possibly refer to Windsor Castle. Westminster Abbey has also been suggested as being a kind of ‘Pantheon’ enclosing the tombs of Elizabeth's ancestors (Percival). The latter is the more probable.

524. **for earthly fame**, considering that it is upon earth.

529. **soveraigne Dame**, Elizabeth or Gloriosa who gives them glory as their ‘guerdon.’

537. **hast hong thy shield**, as an offering of gratitude.

541. **I to thee presage**, point out.

547. **Shalt be a Saint**, the Redcrosse Knight is St George. See Introduction III a.

565. **that royall maides bequeathed care**, the charge entrusted to you by Una.

585. **do Chaungelings call**. This superstition was very generally credited in Spenser's time.

591. **Georgos**, γεωργός, Greek for husbandman.

598. **bound**, lead; the word is really the same as the Scottish ‘boun’; the ‘d’ is out of place, introduced for the sake of the rhyme.

608. **for his paines hyre**, as a reward for the trouble he had taken.

CANTO XI

The Redcrosse Knight fights with the Dragon and, after two days of conflict, overthrows him on the third day.

2. **her captive Parents deare**, Una's parents really represent mankind, originally created and placed in the Garden of Eden; their inheritance is wasted by the Dragon of Sin.

13. **be at your keeping well**, guard yourself well, take heed for yourself.

18. **Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake**. Cp. with the mermaid's song to Guyon:

"That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
Above all knights that ever batteill tryde." (π xii 32.)

30. **And seemd uneach to shake the stedfast ground**. 'Uneach' probably in the sense of almost; A.-S. *unēaþe*, with difficulty.

37. **yede aloofe**, go or pass aloof: 'yede' ought not to be employed as the infinitive of a verb; it is really a preterite *ēode*.

41. **a little wyde**, some little distance off.

42. **sacred Muse**, Clio, the Muse of history.

43. **ympe of Phœbus, and his aged bride**, child of Phoebus and Mnemosyne or Memory. Like Milton, Spenser invokes the Muse when he is about to describe some specially great deed.

44. **The Nourse of time**. Clio, the Muse of History, records things done.

52. **The God of warre with his fiers equipage**. Cp. *The Shepheard's Calender* (October):

"With queint Bellona in her equipage."

56. **Till I of warres**. Spenser is probably anticipating the later portions of his poem (Bk v), in which he really does speak of wars.

57. **And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde**, conflicts between England and Spain.

58. **Paynim**, Philip II, whom Spenser always held the chief antagonist of his queen.

61. **let downe that haughtie string**, he strikes, for a time, a lower note.

67. **under his huge wast**, his huge expanse; Lat. *vastus*.

73 ff. This account of the fight with the dragon is largely copied from the account in *Bevis of Southampton*. See Introduction III a.

74. **so couched neare**, so closely placed.

78. **full rudely dight**, ruffled in anger.

82. **flaggy**, loose like the skin of a reptile.

83. **Were like two sayles**. Cp. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk II):
"At last his sail-broad vans He spreads for flight."

85. **pennes**, wing-feathers.

91. **His huge long taylor**. The dragon's tail is nearly always described in the romances as one of his principal weapons.

93. **boughts**, bends or folds; A.-S. *būgan*, to bend.

95. **Bespotted**. The dragon's spots are really the stains of sin. Cp. Milton, *Nativity Hymn*:

"And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die."

107. **like the griesly mouth of hell**. In the old Mystery Plays 'hell-mouth was usually represented as the wide gaping mouth' of a fish or dragon.

108. **into his darke abisse all ravin fell**, all he seized fell into the maw of the dragon. Cp. *Macbeth* (IV i): "maw and gulf Of the ravind salt sea-shark."

110. **Three ranckes of yron teeth**. Ovid, *Met.* III 34:
"triplici stant ordine dentes."

111. **gobbets raw**, portions of flesh.

115. **sulphur seare**, sulphur which burns.

116. **gorge**, throat.

120. **As two broad Beacons**. This is generally taken as a reference to the Armada which is possible, though not probable, as the first three books of *The Faerie Queene* were not published until 1590, but the first book, at any rate, was in all likelihood completed before 1588.

132. **As chauffed Bore**, like an enraged boar.

137. **rigorous might**, stern power.

150. **so great despyght**, such an insult as the knight's attack.

158. **flitting partes**, thin and easily falling away.

161. **low stouping**, swooping down like a hawk.

163. **Long he them bore**. Mr Courthope objects to this passage that the dragon is a thoroughly bad tactician; his obvious

'policy' would have been to drop the knight and man; he contrasts it with the excellent cunning of Ariosto's sea-monster, the 'ork.'

the subject plaine, the plain lying beneath them; a Latinism.

164. **Ewghen bow**, bow made of yew-wood.

165. **Till struggling strong**, elliptical: until they, struggling vigorously.

167. **hagard hauke**, the wild hawk. A.-S. *haga*, a hedge. Cp. also 'hawthorn.'

169. **pounces**, a technical term for a hawk's claws.

170. **trusse**, to take fast hold of, to grip; to make into a bundle.

172. **He so disseized of his gryping grosse**, he, the dragon, having lost his strong hold.

174. **to embosse**, to plunge or enclose; O.Fr. *emboister*.

180. **uncouth smart**, the unaccustomed pain.

185. **And greedie gulfe**, etc., the greedy gulf of the sea rages as if it wished to destroy its neighbouring element—the land.

187. **the blustring brethren**, the raging winds.

188. **his stedfast henge**, from out of its place.

197. **deepe rooted ill**, the spear-point fixed fast in the dragon's body.

198. **flames of fire**. Dragons are nearly always represented as fire-breathing. In the poem of *Beowulf* the hero makes an iron shield so that he can be defended against the monster's fiery breath and, when the wooden shield of the Squire is burnt up, the latter takes refuge behind Beowulf's iron one.

nosethrill, the older form. Cp. Chaucer, *Prologue*: "His nose-thirles blake were and wyde."

205. **can quickly ryse**, a pret. form: rose quickly.

208. **trenchand**, cutting.

213. **deeper dint**, a Latinism: 'very deep.'

216. **did them still forsake**, carefully avoided the blows.

217. **his stroke beguyld**, avoided.

224. **stye**, mount or ascend; A.-S. *stigan*.

228. **his wide devouring oven**, his maw full of fire.

231. **swinged**, burnt.

235. **that great Champion**, Hercules.

238. **many furies and sharpe fits**, pains and agonies.

According to the legend Hercules put on a robe smeared with the poisoned blood of the Centaur Nessus; when he approached the sacrificial fire the robe broke in a flame and ate into his flesh. Cp. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk II):

“As when Alcides, from Oechalia crowned
With conquest, felt the envenomed robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Thessalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into the Euboic sea.”

242. **that earst him arm'd**, that was formerly his defence.

244 ff. Each adjective goes with a substantive in the line below.

emboyled, heated.

250. **He cast to suffer him no more respire**, resolved to permit him to live no longer.

253 ff. The incident of the knight falling in the well and being restored is found in *Bevis of Southampton*, but Spenser means his well to typify the ‘well of life.’ *Rev.* xxii 1: “And he showed me a pure river of water of life.”

260. **it rightly hot**, was rightly called; A.-S. *hātan*, to call.

267. **Silo**, the pool of Siloam, *John* ix 7.

Jordan, 2 *Kings* v 14: “Then went he down and dipped himself seven times in Jordan...and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.”

268. **Spau**, a watering-place in Belgium.

269. **Cephise**, Cephisus, whose waters were said to have the natural property of purifying and cleansing.

Hebrus, the principal river of Thrace, now the Maritza.

274. **journall labours**, labours of the day.

279. **yron wings**, not literally but as meaning strong and gloomy. Cp. II vii 23:

“And over them sad horror with grim hew
Did alwaies sore, beating his yron wings.”

290. **Titan**, the sun.

295. **to move his manly pace**, to stir.

300. **As Eagle**, etc. *Ps.* ciii 5: “so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle’s.” According to the tradition the eagle, when he had grown old, soared into the region of fire, then plunged down

into the sea which washed off his burnt feathers whence he emerged with renewed youth.

303. **Eyas hauke**, young hawk. Cp. *Hamlet* (II ii): "but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for 't."

312. **deaw-burning blade**, fresh and glittering from the water.

317. **Were hardned**, the sword of the Spirit has been tempered in the well of life.

319. **baptized hands**, baptized in the well of life.

322. **Ne molten mettall**, nor any metal that was ever cast.

324. **nor slight**, nor cunning.

330. **the buxome aire**, the yielding air. Cp. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk II):

"Wing silently the buxom air."

The word is from the A.-S. *būgan*, to bend or yield.

335. **sharpe intended sting**, with sting stretched out; a Latinism.

337. **life behot**, promised him life. A.-S. *hātan*.

345. **he can him lightly reare**, pret.; he reared himself.

353. **enfouldred smoake**, smoke hurled out like thunder and lightning; O.Fr. *fuildrer*.

356. **engorged ire**, swollen anger.

364. **Cerberus greedie jaw**. Cerberus had to be placated before Aeneas could enter Hades (*Aen.* VI 416-20).

366. **the griped gage**, the pledge (i.e. the shield) which he had seized upon.

377. **unty**, to loosen: not strictly accurate but used for the sake of a rhyme.

386. **The paw yet missed not his minisht might**, the paw did not realise how its might was diminished but clung on to the shield.

389. **his infernall founnace**, his maw, the interior of his body.

392. **As burning Aetna**, etc. From Virgil (*Aen.* III 571-7):

"sed horrificis juxta tonat Aetna ruinis,

Interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem.

Turbine fumantem piceo et candente favilla,

Attollitque globos flammaram et sidera lambit;

Interdum scopulos avolsaque viscera montis
 Erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
 Cum gemitu glomerat, fundoque exaestuat imo."

We may note how admirably Spenser translates "viscera montis" as 'ragged ribs of mountains.'

406 ff. The incident of the knight being refreshed by fruit from an apple tree which he finds in the midst of a conflict is suggested by "Huon of Bordeaux." See Introduction III *a*. Spenser means his tree to be the tree of life: *Gen.* ii 9; "the tree of life also in the midst of the garden."

408. **pure vermilion.** Milton makes the tree of life bear *golden* fruits:

"And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold." (*Paradise Lost*, Bk iv.)

409. **over all were red,** were told of.

412. **sted,** place, as in 'homestead.'

414. **crime,** the accusation or cause; a Latinism. *Gen.* iii 22-3: "And the Lord God said Behold, the man is become as one of us, to know good and evil: and now, lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever. Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden."

420. **Another like faire tree.** *Gen.* ii 9: "the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

425. **Balme,** *Rev.* xxii 2: "and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of nations."

426. **And daintie deare,** very delicate.

434. **deadly made,** born of death not of life.

441. **her burning torch,** the moon.

455. **were loosely shed About her eares.** Spenser refers to the spreading rays of the dawn.

466. **damnifyde,** injured.

477. **back retyrd,** when it was drawn back.

478. **So downe he fell.** We note the poetic repetition of this phrase, three times. Spenser probably makes the fight with the dragon last three days to typify the three days that elapse before the Resurrection; they were generally regarded as days of struggle against the powers of darkness.

490. for dread, which she misdeem'd, through the fear arising from her misjudgment, because she could not believe that the dragon was really dead.

CANTO XII

The dragon being slain the joyous news is announced to the inhabitants of the castle. The Redcrosse Knight receives the reward of his great toil and is betrothed to Una though Duessa and Archimage once more intervene with their guile. This typifies, most probably, the final acceptance of the Protestant religion by England.

3. Vere the maine shete, alter the direction of the mainsail.

4. afore, ahead.

25. out of hond, immediately.

27. forrayed, ravaged, made war upon.

31. tort, wrong; O.Fr. *tort*.

39. And sad habiliments right well beseene, grave and sober garments but becoming and seemly.

43. tall young men. Probably an allusion to Elizabeth's band of Pensioners of whom Warton says: "Some of the handsomest and tallest young men, of the best families and fortunes, that could be found." So Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream* (II i):

"The cowslips tall her pensioners be."

to sownd, to bear arms; the word comes from the martial clashing together.

54. sweet Timbrels. Spenser is probably thinking of the rejoicing of Miriam and her maidens by the Red Sea (*Exodus* xv 20).

55. fry, a crowd of young.

71. in her selfe-resemblance well beseene. Una, at last, is able to appear like her true self and in her native beauty.

72. a goodly maiden Queene. Spenser is probably hinting a compliment to his own queen who is to be identified, partially though not wholly, with Una.

73. the raskall many, crowd. Cp. Chaucer, *Monk's Tale*. "Or with her meynee putten hem to flighte" Spenser's allusion to the 'raskall many' is a proof of his aristocratic sympathies which are, as a matter of fact, generally shown throughout the poem.

84. **Warnd him not touch**, warned his companions not to touch the dragon.

86. **Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest Of many Dragonets**, within his body his young might lurk. We may compare the description of 'Error' whose young evidently house within her (1 i 25).

99. **how many acres he did spread of land**, over how many acres of land his body extended.

103. **defeasance**, defeat; Fr. *desfaire*.

110. **shaumes**, clarionets.

113. **purveyance**, provisions.

116. **of great name**, of great value.

117. **fitting purpose frame**, discourse appropriately.

120. **of daintie dishes to devize**, to tell of dainty dishes.

124. **but bare and plaine**, this is generally supposed to be a compliment to the frugality of Elizabeth's court.

125. **For th'antique world excesse and pride did hate**.
Cp. II vii 16:

"The antique world, in his first flowing youth,
Found no defect in his Creator's grace;
But with glad thanks, and unproved truth,
The gifts of souveraine bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was than men's happy cace."

Spenser, in declining to describe the banquet, is following the example of Chaucer who also considers such matters beneath his notice. See *Squire's Tale*.

127. **Then when with meates and drinkes**. An imitation of one of Homer's most frequent lines, *Il.* II 432 etc.

133. **count'nance sad**, serious or grave, not melancholy.

137. **did passionate**, they showed strong feelings of pity and pleasure.

141. **wrathfull wreakes**, cruel experiences; 'wreakes' ought really to mean vengeance.

145. **royall Pere**, one who was royal and noble; strictly speaking the king stood alone and the nobility only would have 'peers.'

148. **I note**, I know not; the negative and verb are often run together in older English.

150. **In sea of deadly daungers**. Shakespeare is fond of

similar metaphors. Cp. *Hamlet* (III i): "Or to take arms against a sea of troubles."

153. **devize of ease, talk of ease.**

161. **that proud Paynim king, Philip II.**

that works her teene, who is plotting her harm; A.-S. *t̃ona*, grief.

173. **In sort as, in the same way as.**

176. **to his Dame, as his wife.** This is a frequent condition in romances: that the knight who slays the monster shall marry the king's daughter.

185. **As bright as doth the morning starre appeare Out of the East.** Cp. *Solomon's Song* vi 10: "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun."

193. **Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,** Una or Truth appears at last unveiled and in all her radiance; the man who has purified himself can alone see her as she truly is.

197. **like silke and silver woven neare, woven closely.** Spenser excels in the extraordinary beauty of attire which he lends to his characters. Una's garment typifies radiance and purity. We may compare it with the robe, meant to emulate the brightness and sheen of a river, which Spenser gives to the Medway

"Clad in a vesture of unknowen geare...

That seem'd like silver, sprinckled here and there

With glittering spangs that did like starres appeare."

(IV xi 45.)

199 ff. This description of Una is suggested by Plato's description of the extraordinary radiance of Truth unveiled. See Introduction III b.

200. **sunshyny face.** Cp. Milton, *Comus*: "sun-clad power of chastity."

203. **to enchace, to adorn or describe.**

205. **in place, together.**

212. **Who, the king, her father.**

216. **A Messenger with letters.** This almost certainly alludes to the claim made by Mary, Queen of Scots, to the throne of England. That claim would once more have brought it under the papal power—the rule of Archimage and Duessa.

220. **his passage right, his direct advance.**

221. **fast before, immediately before.**

224. **betake**, entrust.

229. **Emperour of all the West**, the Pope of Rome. Cp. i ii 22

239. **Witnesse the burning Altars**. The Greeks took an oath by touching the altars upon which burnt the sacrificial fires. But Spenser is probably alluding to the oaths taken on behalf of England at the accession of Queen Mary. The country received formal absolution from the Papal legate—Reginald Pole.

241. **polluted oft of yore**, by the Reformation under Henry VIII and Edward VI.

259. **mine onely sake**, my sake alone.

264. **What heavens?** What is the meaning of these invocations of heaven?

what enraged heates, fits of anger.

270. **With crime do not it cover**, do not dissemble it with the crime of perjury.

273. **grave intendiment**, with attention to my words.

283. **royall richly dight**, adorned in rich and royal fashion.

284. **to invegle weaker sight**, to dazzle my weak sight.

287. **Unwares me wrought**, without my being aware of it, she enticed me.

295. **earst**, recently.

300. **improvided scath**, unforeseen harm.

302. **practicke paine**, careful and deceitful plan.

303. **clokt with simplenesse**, having the appearance of simplicity.

308. **fraight**, fraught or laden.

311. **faitor**, deceiver; O.Fr. *faitour*.

312. **chauffed**, heated or enraged.

313. **As chained Beare**, bear-baiting was one of the favourite sports of the sixteenth century.

316. **in dungeon deepe**, poetic justice, inasmuch as it visits upon the enemy the same fate as that of the Redcrosse Knight. Spenser is probably alluding to the severe laws passed against the Jesuits.

322. **late forbidden banes**, banns of marriage.

328. **housling fire**, belonging to the Eucharist, sacramental, Spenser, however, is describing the Roman marriage ceremony rather than the Christian one; it was the pagan ceremony which included the sprinkling of the bride with water and the use of fire.

330. Teade, a torch.

334. sprinckle all the posts with wine, again a Roman custom.

338. did sweat with great aray, they all laboured in the great preparation.

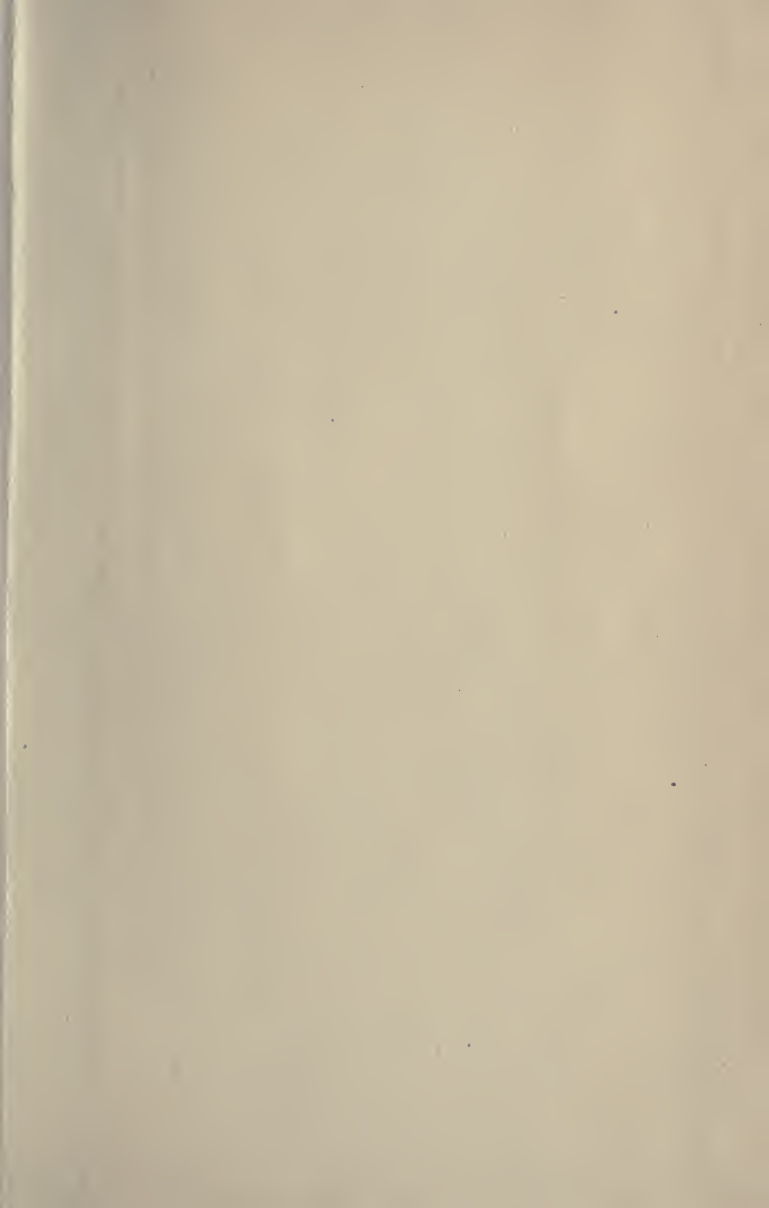
347. trinall triplicities. According to the Schoolmen there were nine orders of angels arranged in three ranks of three each. Their order was as follows: Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones; Dominations, Virtues, Powers; Principalities, Archangels, Angels. The order accepted by Spenser seems to have been different. Cp. *Hymne of Heavenly Beautie*:

“Yet fairer is that heaven, in which doe raine
 The soveraine Powres and mightie Potentates,
 Which in their high protections doe containe
 All mortall Princes and imperiall States;
 And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
 And heavenly Dominations are set
 From whom all earthly governance is fet.
 Yet farre more faire be those bright Cherubins,
 Which all with golden wings are overdight,
 And those eternall burning Seraphins,
 Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
 Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright,
 Be th’ Angels and Archangels which attend
 On Gods owne person, without rest or end.”

371. quiet rode, roadstead or harbour.

375. tackles spent, worn-out rigging.

378. finish her intent. Spenser had originally planned twelve books for *The Faerie Queene*, he completed six and a portion of a seventh.



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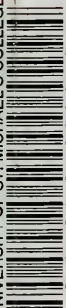
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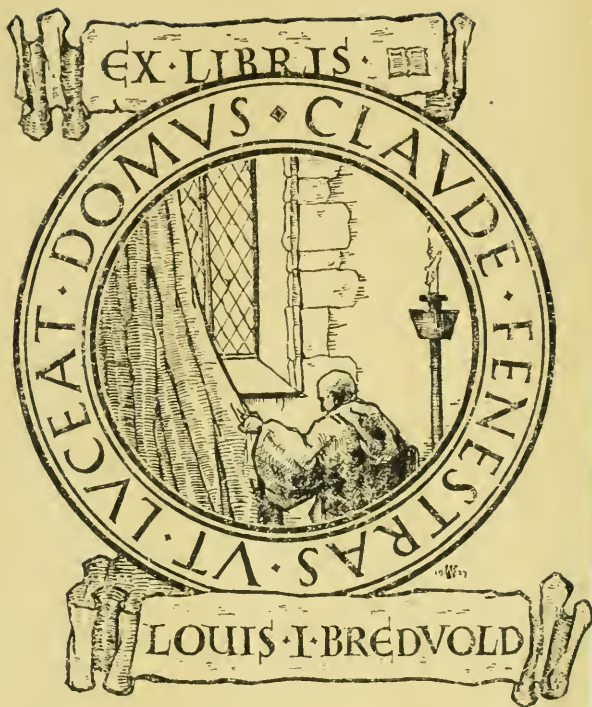


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THE
FAERIE QUEENE

BOOK II

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PREFACE

FOR valuable help in preparing the following edition I should like to express my indebtedness to the Modern Language Association of America, particularly the essays *Spenser's Imitations of Ariosto*, by R. E. Neill Dodge, and *Spenser's Lost Works*, by Philo M. Buck. I have also, as my references will show, freely employed Miss C. A. Harper's monograph on *The Sources of the British Chronicle History in Spenser's Faerie Queene*.

There are many problems still remaining in Spenserian scholarship, but I hope my edition may serve as a genuine help towards elucidating a few; the essay on *Spenser and Aristotle* is original, and will I trust be found of interest to Spenserian scholars generally while the investigation of the sources of Book II is much more full than can be found elsewhere.

I wish also to thank my friend Dr Herford for advice and the loan of books.

L. W.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES,
ABERYSTWYTH.

January 1914.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

A FEW additions have been made in the following pages to the material previously given.

The most important is the attempt to interpret the historical allegory in Section V; I have also pointed out in Section III what I consider to be almost certainly a relation between Spenser's peculiar alliterative system and that of Irish metre; space has prevented me giving more than one illustrative example but a good many further parallels were easily proved.

I wish to thank Dr Parry-Williams for his kind assistance with the problem of the Irish metres, and also to express my general indebtedness to the publications of the "Modern Language Association of America."

L. WINSTANLEY.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES,
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INTRODUCTION

I. TABLE OF DATES.

- 1552? Birth of Edmund Spenser.
1558 Accession of Elizabeth.
1569 Spenser enters Pembroke College, Cambridge.
1572 Massacre of St Bartholomew.
1578 Elizabeth helps the Netherlands.
1579 Spenser publishes *The Shepherds Calender*.
1580 Spenser goes to Ireland.
1581 Publication of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*.
1584 Assassination of William the Silent.
1585 Drake sails round the world.
Leicester goes to the Netherlands.
1587 Death of Sir Philip Sidney.
Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.
1588 Defeat of the Armada.
1589 Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland.
Accession of Henry IV of France.
1590 Spenser publishes *The Faerie Queene* (Books I—III).
1591 Spenser publishes *Complaints* ("Ruins of Time," "Tears of the Muses," "Mother Hubbard's Tale," "Muio-potnos," etc.).
1595 Spenser publishes *Colin Clouts Come Home Again, Astrophel, Amoretti and Epithalamion*.
1596 Second edition of *The Faerie Queene*, including Books IV—VI, *Fowre Hymnes, Prothalamion*.
1598 Rebellion in Munster.
Spenser's flight from Ireland.
1599 Spenser dies in Westminster.
1633 *A View of the Present State of Ireland*.

II. "THE FAERIE QUEENE."

The extraordinary richness of the Elizabethan period in English literature may be traced mainly to the fertilising influence of the Renaissance and the Reformation, combined with the inspiration of a great age of conquest and discovery.

Spenser is one of the noblest and most inexhaustible among all English poets; inferior to Milton in constructive power he is superior even to him in extent and variety of beauty. His poem owes its immense wealth to the fact that it lays under contribution such a number of different sources. Spenser is one of the most intellectual of all English poets and one of the most catholic; the fascination he has almost invariably exercised upon his poetic brethren may be traced partly to his unequalled gift of sheer beauty and partly to the depth and variety of his thought. It is hardly too much to say that in *The Faerie Queene* there is gathered together the accumulated treasure-trove of three worlds.

In the first place Spenser rifled the vast mediaeval storehouse; the Middle Ages lay behind him but not too far, and he understood them in a way no modern man can hope to do; much that is loveliest and most characteristic in his poem is mediaeval. There is a deliberate flavour of the mediaeval in his style; it has a richness and quaintness like the rich quaintness, gold-inwrought and gem-incrusted, of old armour; he takes from the antique language numbers of strange words, curious Anglo-Saxon or delicate Norman-French, chivalrous and rare in their very sound. He takes the old alliteration, discards it as a principle (as such its day was done), but employs it to add melody and subtlety to his verse; he utilises it with a cunning no later poet, however willing, has ever been able to rival.

From the Middle Ages again, Spenser derives the form of his poem-allegory; he is emphatically a philosophical poet and, as the *Four Hymnes* show, he can, when he chooses, express philosophical ideas directly and admirably, but a long philosophical poem is apt to be tedious and Spenser's allegorical

form gives him many advantages: it permits him to revel in beautiful images and strange imaginations and yet, at the same time, to make each one the symbol of some deep and serious reality.

The allegory of *The Faerie Queene* has seldom been appreciated at its true value; the form would have been a hindrance to a poet possessed of great narrative or dramatic genius, but Spenser did not, so far as the evidence goes, command either; what he did possess was a far-reaching interest in all things intellectual and a most rare perception of sensuous beauty, and his allegory enabled him to render the one in terms of the other. As we can perceive readily enough from his imitators, the poem that is only a tissue of beautiful images soon wearies and cloy; the perennial fascination of Spenser lies in the ever-new depths of meaning that the attentive reader continually discovers. Spenser's allegory, as a form, compares very favourably with the philosophical poem of the eighteenth century or the Wordsworthian epic. It is noticeable too that, when Shelley endeavours to perform the same task as Spenser—to express subtle intellectual ideas in terms of beauty—he is impelled, though he has no allegorical tradition behind him, to invent an allegorical form of his own; *Prometheus Unbound*, *Adonais* and *Epipsychidion* are all really allegories and, as compared with Shelley, Spenser certainly gains by the fact that so much of his symbolism is ready to hand and that his means of expression are, therefore, so much easier and more abundant.

In form, then, Spenser owes much to the Middle Ages and he also employs many mediaeval ideas; he takes, especially, three groups of noble conceptions—religion, chivalry and romantic love.

Puritan as he is, he does not hesitate to draw upon the comprehensive stores of scholastic theology and his legend of Holiness, in particular, owes much to that source; it supplies him with his conceptions of Error and of Pride, with the gloomy and terrible imagery of the Seven Deadly Sins, the House of Holiness with its cardinal virtues—Faith, Hope and

Charity—and the seven Bedesmen with their beautiful offices and services. In the second book it gives him the idea of Phaedria who is Slothfulness or “accidia” and Mammon—the god of the world and worldlings; it is a mediaeval feeling which causes him to rank chastity so very high and to term it: “the fairest virtue far above the rest.”

Mediaeval chivalry, again, Spenser takes with entire seriousness; nothing seems more excellent to him than high adventure sought for its own sake; all the deeds of the romances—duels with pagans, fights with the evil rabble, conflicts with monsters, defence of chastity, strange romantic journeys—all appear in his pages. The mediaeval idea of a knight setting out on a quest is the leading motive in each one of his books and the whole plan is avowedly suggested by the Round Table of the *Morte d'Arthur*. Nor is this mediaeval chivalry a mere artificial recrudescence of the past—an attempt to revive a bygone phase of feeling; it is only an excellent symbol for an intense and living reality—the high-hearted adventure of Spenser's own day. The actual world in which he lived, which he beheld with his own eyes, was as full of perils and subtle snares as the one he depicted in his work.

Again Spenser loves the noble courtesy of chivalry—the courtesy of man to man and of man to woman; his women nearly all reveal the mingled dignity and sweetness of the chivalrous ideal. There is nothing he more resents than churlishness and want of courtesy; it is with him invariably a mark of the base character and the ignoble mind; the “generall end of all the booke,” as he phrases it, is “to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline,” and he never forgets the “gentleness.” He makes “courtesy” the subject of a whole legend. Even the ornaments of chivalry are often present in Spenser; like his beloved Chaucer he delights in rich armour and fighting gear of all kinds; he likes arras, tapestries and curious carvings; again, like mediaeval authors, he loves quaint dress, and he has this advantage—that many of his personages being supernatural he can invest their attire with more than mortal loveliness.

Romantic love also plays a great part in Spenser as it does in Malory and his compeers. Fidelity in love is insisted upon with the same high seriousness; the lover must claim few earthly rewards and be contented with but little; Spenser's knights win their ladies by hard assays and count love as their greatest inspiration. The Middle Ages, however, never really succeeded in reconciling their love with their religion, the two ideals were inconsistent and often, as in the tale of Lancelot, at odds. Spenser, by virtue of his Platonism, was enabled to reconcile his theory of love with his religion. For, just as he embodied in his poem much that was noblest in the Middle Ages, so also he drew upon the great classical world.

His admiration of Aristotle is one of the things he took over from scholastic theology; none the less his debt is not, in any sense, a secondary one. He studies Aristotle on his own account—closely and intimately; he derives from him a system of ethics which has balance and judgment, which is distilled from the real life of men as seen by one of the acutest of human observers. He draws from Aristotle, especially, the mechanism of the second book which deals with Temperance, and of the fifth book which deals with Justice, that is, as we should expect, he derives from him mainly the analysis of the most practical virtues. And Aristotle's great rival—Plato—possesses an influence even stronger. Spenser's Platonism helps him to blend his worship of beauty with his no less ardent worship of good; it teaches him how beauty may become one of the most powerful of all means towards moral excellence; it helps him to consider the loveliness of the human body as the fitting vesture for the still greater loveliness of the human soul; it enables him to view the beauty of the visible world as a symbol of the divine beauty. Hence the audacity with which, above all other poets, he dwells upon beauty and the exceeding greatness of his reward; for, with him, beauty is not cloying or enervating; it leads the way to a high strenuousness of soul.

And his Platonism teaches him also a philosophy for his romantic love which makes that too an important part of the

education of the human mind, a vital experience more profound and stimulating than any other because appealing to unspeakable depths and ante-natal memories. There is one Platonic love (in this true sense of the term) described in each book of *The Faerie Queene*; the knight of Temperance—Guyon—alone does not possess it, but the love described in that book is the love of Arthur. Spenser's Platonism, moreover, gives him the conception of virtue as a harmony and of a well-balanced character as containing within itself all gifts and graces. His Platonism and Neo-Platonism, taken together, give him a great breadth of atmosphere; they add space and depth—an almost infinite space—to his poem, as in the account of the Gardens of Adonis, where all created things are preserved in the weird "interlunar space" between their earthly incarnations, and in the unfinished portion of the seventh book, perhaps the most magnificent of all, where the ever-flowing, ever-changing world of earth is represented as the shadow of a divine and stable, an eternal reality.

Spenser's Platonism, again, lends itself readily to his allegorical method. Allegory is not with him, as it proved sometimes in his mediaeval predecessors, a tedious and indirect method of telling a story; it is exactly proportioned to a world where all things are indeed copies of ideas more real and deeper than they. Spenser, like Plato, was in his heart thoroughly convinced that the true vitality, the true being, belongs to things of the mind, and that the material world is only their faint reflection. Spenser really did construct his poem as Plato said the Demiurge constructed the universe¹—the ideas first, and afterwards, the sensuous world, which is at once their symbol and their shadow. It is Platonism which, more than anything else, gives its real unity to *The Faerie Queene*.

With classical mythology, again, Spenser was well acquainted. At every turn some classical parallel occurs to him; at every turn we discover some beautiful treatment of a myth or some reminiscence of a Greek or Latin poet, but worked out in a really original way. It must be remembered that the

¹ *Timæus*.

men of the Renaissance had nothing of our feeling as to a kind of personal property in ideas; they regarded all ideas, whether philosophical or poetical, as a part of the patrimony of the human race; each poet was at liberty to adapt or translate as much as he chose—all that was demanded from him was that he should remake it with the seal of his own personality.

Spenser, like Milton, is fond of using a classical myth by way of simile:

“Looke! how the crowne which Ariadne wore
 Upon her young forehead, that same day
 That Theseus her unto his bridale bore,
 When the bold Centaures made that bloody fray
 With the fierce Lapithes which did them dismay,
 Being now placed in the firmament,
 Through the bright heaven doth her beames display,
 And is unto the starres an ornament,
 Which round about her move in order excellent¹.”

All this lovely simile is to explain that Spenser's lady-love adorns the group of beautiful maidens who surround her just as Ariadne's crown adorns the other stars; it is longer than Milton's similes but is very like them in style. Very frequently indeed an old myth is taken by Spenser and made the foundation of a new one with a quite novel application.

Thus the story of the Amazons is introduced most effectively in the legend of Justice where Britomart delivers Artegall from the bondage of Radegund; the legend of the Titans and their war against Jove gives Spenser his magnificent goddess “Mutability,” and he contrives to make the myth significant of his finest and deepest religious thought. How difficult it was to perform such a task may be judged from the example of Keats who attempted a similar feat in his *Hyperion*, but who, notwithstanding the great beauty of his execution, failed to make his poem significant because he had not re-vitalised the story by investing it with any new and important meaning.

¹ VI x 13.

In the last resort we are not really interested in the subject of *Hyperion*.

But Spenser's myth has a truly great idea underlying it; the elder gods, as typified by his Titaness, stand for the blind forces of the universe, tremendous but evanescent; in all their vehemence they serve the purpose of those who are greater than they; the universe, after all its changes, returns to the same place from which it set out but with the added content of a rich and varied experience. These cantos alone would suffice to place Spenser among great philosophical poets. In a lighter vein is the quest of Venus for Cupid, which appears like an early poem worked into the main structure of *The Faerie Queene* and which Spenser employs as an ornate introduction to the story of Amoret and Belphoebe¹.

Again Spenser invents a myth entirely of his own in the marriage of the Thames and Medway². This is a piece of patriotism and introduced that he may celebrate the British rivers, but he lays hands on Homer's lovely descriptions of sea-goddesses—Thetis and her kin—in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and these and Ovid he employs as suggestions for his own exquisite fancies. In every case the original material has been worked over and rendered into something new. The myths are thus made to live afresh.

Very similar is Spenser's treatment of classical poets! He draws quite freely upon them—Homer, Virgil, Claudian, Ovid—but what he borrows he elaborates in his own way. The most romantic of Spenser's voyages—that to the Bower of Bliss—is suggested by the *Odyssey*; the features of the two voyages are similar but they are not the same, and, in each case, Spenser has added an interpretation of which Homer did not dream. It is from the same source—the *Odyssey*—that Spenser takes his account of Marinell, who is the son of a sea-nymph and a mortal and over whom some strange peril for ever impends. The mourning of the sea-nymphs for Marinell³ is closely similar to their mourning for Achilles. From the *Odyssey* too, Spenser takes his Proteus who so terrifies Florimell,

¹ III vi.² IV ix.³ III iv.

but the description of Proteus, though suggested by Homer, is not identical; there are many freshly-imagined details, such as the "cold ysickles" on his "rough beard," and Proteus, moreover, has a symbolical meaning, illustrating the thousand terrifying and bestial forms of lust. The modern reader may prefer Homer's sea-god, but the point to lay stress on is that Spenser borrows nothing which he does not transform.

From the *Iliad* he takes less than from the *Odyssey*, but he adopts the myth of the cestus of Venus; changed into the girdle of Florimell it becomes a Platonic symbol; it is a means of distinguishing between the beauty which is outward beauty only and the beauty which is the revelation of an inner loveliness of mind and heart.

Again there is much that Spenser borrows from Virgil. As we should expect, the influence shows itself largely in the matter of style; there are many Virgilian phrases, beautiful and distinguished or subtle and tender. There are numerous incidents and whole passages. One incident is that of the tree which is really a human being, and bleeds when a twig is broken off¹. The descent of Duessa to Hades is suggested by the sixth *Æneid*; it is a worthy rival to the latter in its tremendous impressiveness, its "inspissated gloom"; Spenser has employed the same source, though in a less degree, for the Cave of Mammon².

But, liberally as Spenser has drawn upon the classical and the mediaeval worlds, he does not, on that account, neglect his own. Spenser was by no means indifferent to the life around him, and those who represent him as the poet of a remote fairyland gravely misunderstand him. His work, with all its splendour of ornament, with all its richness of device, is a bodying forth of the life of his own age. He lived ardently and keenly with the men of his time.

Cambridge, when he was a student, had been the chief English centre of Puritanism. He took sides zealously in this controversy. As *The Shepherds Calender* reveals, he was, at the beginning, a most vigorous partisan; he defended

¹ i ii

² i v.

Archbishop Grindal, who had been suspended for favouring the Puritans; he inveighed against the abuses of the church—pluralities and the like—and the whole system of the hierarchy. In *Mother Hubbard's Tale* we see the same attitude, rendered with even greater bitterness. In *The Faerie Queene* his Puritanism reveals itself no less forcibly. There runs through the poem the Puritan conception of life as a great conflict waged between the forces of good and evil; the whole universe is a witness, heaven and hell themselves take sides. It is the same conception as that we discover later in Milton's great epics. The Puritan idea of predestination is nearly always present to the poet's mind, sometimes expressed in religious imagery, sometimes referred to as if it were one with the classical fate.

Spenser views his country primarily as the great protagonist of the Reformed faith; the struggle of Protestantism against the Church of Rome as opposing forces is the conflict between Una and Duessa; the warfare is followed in Europe as a whole—in Ireland, in the Low Countries, in France; Philip II of Spain as Geronyeo is the most hideous of all the monsters against whom the fairy knights contend. Mary, Queen of Scots, as the opponent of Elizabeth, is Duessa and also Radegund, and Spenser justifies his queen's judgment upon her great rival.

Spenser had, as his friends, Sidney and Raleigh, and there is plenty of evidence that he shared their great and comprehensive political ideals. Sidney desired that England should play a leading part in the European polity, while Raleigh had the widest colonizing schemes: to make England realise her high destiny, both in Europe and in the world as a whole was that at which they both aimed. *The Faerie Queene* is a witness how closely Spenser followed foreign policy and how great he believed the destiny of his nation should be. The chivalrous quests of Spenser's knights are only a reflection, not too remote, of actual events. It is noticeable too that Spenser sympathized with what to a modern reader seems the chief blot on an otherwise great reign—

the savage Elizabethan policy in Ireland. The evidence is found in the fifth book of *The Faerie Queene* and in his prose pamphlet, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*. We shall never understand Spenser unless we remember that his monsters and enchantments are not stage-properties but are symbols of realities no less terrible and strange. He could hardly exaggerate the wonders of a world which contained so many unknown seas and undiscovered lands, nor the perils of one which held the Spanish Inquisition, and had witnessed the Massacre of St Bartholomew.

The dramas of Shakespeare are, without doubt, inspired by the heroic and abounding life of the Elizabethan period, but they are no direct reflection of it. The reflection in *The Faerie Queene*, on the other hand, is often very plain. The value of Spenser's allegory lies in the fact that it enables him to translate the rough and crude happenings of the external world into symbols which are of eternal beauty. The fierce controversies of his time have troubled his pages now and again, but it is amazing how many of them are viewed *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Nor are the art and poetry of Spenser's own age neglected; he knew the French poets of the Pléiade and the great Italian writers of the sixteenth century—Ariosto and Tasso; Ariosto, especially, he uses as a quarry from which to extract numberless interesting tales. Tasso's *Armida* has suggested to him his description of Acrasia and her bower. Often in *The Faerie Queene* we see his love of painting, sculpture and music. From its pages alone we could gather that the sixteenth century was a great artistic age.

In all English literature there is no other poem quite so rich, none which exhibits such a variety of interest, which draws from so many and such noble sources. And it is pervaded by a singular unity of thought and style: the fundamental ideas—Puritanism and Platonism—run through the whole; it is essentially an ethical and philosophical poem and, ethically and philosophically, it is a unity. Its consistency of narrative is not equal to its consistency of thought. Still

three out of the six books possess, even as narratives, a considerable degree of excellence and are, in themselves, complete wholes, and though the other three are less successful yet certain portions—those dealing with Britomart, Amoret and Florimell—stand out as really fine creations.

The unity of style is even more striking. There is no other poet, not even Shelley, who is more consistently himself, or who shows so few lapses from the rarest poetic taste. Every now and again there is a passage which is below the usual level: Aristotle's theory of the golden mean imperfectly poetised, a chronicle of British kings which becomes tedious, a scabrous incident from Ariosto which remains as a blot upon Spenser's pages, but these things are comparatively few and even in them there is the unfailing charm of style.

Spenser has always been the poet's poet, and has proved stimulating above all other writers; it is not surprising that he should be so; he is too highly intellectualised for the careless to understand him, but in the whole range of English letters there is no author more repaying.

III. LITERARY SOURCES OF BOOK II.

(a) MEDIAEVAL.

Spenser is one of our greatest metrical artists and the famous stanza of *The Faerie Queene* is one of the greatest inventions of English letters. It was probably suggested by the seven-lined stanza of Chaucer but has practically superseded it; the two great metrical inventions of Spenser's stanza are the fourth "b" rhyme and the Alexandrine at the end.

Spenser also uses very frequently the mediaeval ornament of alliteration; this has been generally supposed to be due to the influence of the Anglo-Saxon alliterative line, but Anglo-Saxon alliteration is monotonous compared with the subtle variety and beauty of Spenserian alliteration, and it is much more probable that Spenser derived his ideas from Irish metre.

Spenser resided in Ireland for a number of years (1580—1599); there is every probability that he heard Irish metres sung and recited and he was, as we know from his Cambridge

experiments, keenly interested in all metrical forms. Whenever Spenser achieves an effect of almost unearthly beauty it will, I think, be found on examination that the effect is really due to a particularly subtle use of internal alliteration and assonance very closely resembling those of Irish poetry.

In Irish metres alliteration is employed initially as a regular system but, besides that, there are a number of subordinate alliterations employed irregularly and frequently; many of them occur medially and the alliterations and assonances are run on from line to line and stanza to stanza. To take an example:

- 1 *Cet mac Matach • magen curad*
- 2 *críde n- ega • eithre néla*
- 3 *eirr trén tressa • trethan ágach*
- 4 *cáin tarb tnúthach • Cet mac Magach*
- 5 *Bid mend inar n'imchomruc (-ni ón ar Conall),*
- 6 *(ocus) bid mend inar n'imscarad,*
- 7 *bid airscela la Fer m • brot,*
- 8 *bid fidnaisi la Fer manath.*
- 9 *Adcichset airg loman londglaíad*
- 10 *fer dar fer is taig seo innocht.*

When we analyse this passage as a whole we find that its alliteration is of the most complicated character. The nasal alliteration in "m" is marked in l. 1 where it occurs three times, returns in l. 4 where it comes twice, occurs in combinations of "m" and "n" no less than *eight* times in l. 5 which forms a kind of emphatic centre to the whole group, occurs three times in l. 6, initially in l. 7 and l. 8 and twice internally in l. 9.

There are also alliterations in the stops "c" and "ch" and in "r" and in "f," most running through the whole passage. The fact is that Irish metre uses alliterations very much as a musician employs notes in music, combining and re-combining in endless variety; there is also a tendency to employ together certain groups such as the dentals, the liquids and the nasals.

We may now compare a stanza of Spenser's:

- 1 So now to Guyon as he passed by
- 2 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applyde :
- 3 O thou fayre sonne of gentle Faery,

- 4 That art in mightie armes most magnifyde
 5 Above all knights that ever batteil tryde,
 6 O! turn thy rudder hitherward awhile,
 7 Here may thy storme-bett vessel safely ryde;
 8 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 9 The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle.

Here we have a very similar effect to the richness and intricacy of the Irish metre. The alliteration in "p" occurs in l. 1 and l. 2, then passes away but only to recur in the last two lines of the stanza. The alliteration in "t" enters in l. 2, becomes dominant in l. 5 and l. 6, passes out in l. 7 but recurs with three examples in the last two lines. There is an alliteration in "s" which occurs in l. 2 and l. 3, becomes dominant in l. 7 and occurs twice in the last line; there is also an alliteration in "f," one in "m" which occurs four times in l. 4, making a most emphatic centre to the stanza (exactly like the Irish example), alliterations in "b," "r" and "w," and all combine together in the last two lines. Many similar parallels might be quoted.

Spenser's diction is quite deliberately archaic; his is essentially, as Ben Jonson long ago pointed out, an invented language, but it should never be forgotten that Spenser was the first of the great Elizabethans and, as such, bound to be an experimenter, in diction as well as in other matters. There is nothing extraordinary in the idea of an invented language as such; Dante invented a language of his own in the *Divina Commedia* and, though Spenser's invention was less successful than Dante's, yet it has influenced other poets very greatly; the multitude of old words adds to the resources of his vocabulary, and really does help to give him a rich strangeness of diction corresponding to his rare distinction of ideas. His words are, many of them, Anglo-Saxon words such as: eke, eld, grate (weep), nill (will not), nathemore (none the more), nathlesse, sprent (sprinkled), swinck (toil), tine (to feel pain), yfere (in company with), sam (together), or they are Norman-French such as: bord (accost), embay (steep), gramercy (thanks), ydlesse (idleness), tassel (hawk), minion (lover), menage (handle), etc., etc. Occasionally Spenser seems to

employ dialect forms. Exceptionally he makes a mistake and uses a word in a sense which it will not bear, or misunderstands a grammatical form, creating an imaginary infinitive, such as "to yede" for "to go."

We may observe that Spenser is not by any means the last English poet to create his own poetic speech. Milton also invented a diction of his own, less archaic and more classical than Spenser's but just as different, both in vocabulary and in idiom, from the ordinary speech of his time; in our own day we have seen an experiment in quaintness, much akin to Spenser's, successfully conducted by the Irish poets.

Of Spenser's peculiar diction, very little could have been unintelligible to the men of his own day and it had many advantages; it provided him with abundance of melodious words, with many new rhymes for his difficult stanza, and it also introduced (especially in the Norman-French words) a special flavour of chivalry and the customs of chivalry. His language really does suggest the distinctive tone and temper of such works as Malory's *Morte D'Arthure*, and thus, by a well-known psychological law, it prepares the way for the subject-matter. This suggestion, we may add, would be much more potent for the men of Spenser's day, who were, many of them, steeped in the romances of chivalry, than it is for us.

Among all his predecessors, Spenser owes most to Chaucer whom he repeatedly acknowledges as his master, a "most sacred happie spirit," "the well of English undefiled"; Chaucer's translation of the *Romaunt of the Rose* seems to have given Spenser many ideas for his exquisite allegorical portraits of women. They are, none of them, directly copied but they are exceedingly similar in style. We may compare "Fraunchyse" with Alma. Of Fraunchyse it is said:

"She was not brown ne dun of hewe,
But whyt as snowe y-fallen newe.

.

With eyen gladde and browes bente;
 Hir heer down to hir heles wente.
 And she was simple as douve on tree,
 Ful debonaire of herte was she."

And of Alma:

"For she was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age;
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That even heaven rejoiced her sweete face to see."

The portraits have the same delicacy and tenderness and the likeness between the different figures is increased by the loving care with which both the mediaeval poet and Spenser dwell upon details of features and details of dress.

Chaucer has probably influenced Spenser in his nature description. Like most mediaeval poets Chaucer loves rich and formal gardens, and Spenser also has the element of formalism in his description—he loves an ordered and arranged beauty—but it is worthy of note that Spenser has, everywhere, a wilder background; the greater part of *The Faerie Queene* was composed in Ireland and we feel always the threat of the savage woods, of the wild hills and perilous sea-shore. Spenser's knights and fair ladies are essentially creatures of a rare and civilized world astray in the midst of a dangerous wilderness.

Actual borrowings from Chaucer are numerous. The idea that the court of the Faerie Queene really reached its highest glory in the age of King Arthur is due to the *Wyf of Bath's Tale*. The story of Arthur's romantic love for the Faerie Queene is suggested by *Sir Thopas*, and the *Squire's Tale* is completed in Spenser's fourth legend though in a somewhat unsatisfactory manner. The second book is not so rich in reminiscences as some of the others. The dwelling of Morpheus as described in the *Book of the Duchesse* has its parallel in Phaedria's dreamy country.

Chaucer has

"there were a few welles
 Came running through the cliffes adoun,
 That made a deedly sleeping soun."

and Spenser :

“And fast beside there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame.....and made a sowne
To lull him soft asleep that by it lay¹.”

In the Cave of Mammon Guyon finds many great iron chests full of gold, but around them men have perished :

“But all the ground with sculs was scattered
And dead mens bones, which round about were flung;
Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcases now left unburied².”

This is probably suggested by the *Pardoner's Tale*, where the old man informs the three rioters who are in search of Death that they will find him beneath an oak tree; they discover a great heap of gold, which does indeed prove the death of all three.

In the same canto (vii) there is a beautiful passage which recalls Chaucer's *Former Age*. Chaucer has :

“A blisful lyf, a paisible and a sweete
Ledden the peples in the former age....
But cursed was the time I dar wel seye,
That men first dide her swety bysnesse
To grobbe up metal lurking in darknesse....”

and Spenser :

“The antique world, in his first flouring youth,
Found no defect in his Creatour's grace;
...Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great grandmother with steele to wound
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe
With sacriledge to dig...”

When Spenser speaks of the seers who dwell in the house of Alma he locates Imagination³ in the fore part of the head, as does Chaucer⁴.

¹ II v 30.

² II vii 30.

³ II ix 49.

⁴ *Knight's Tale* 518.

In the *Hous of Fame* Chaucer describes the murmurs heard in Fame's dwelling and in the dwelling of "rumour":

"Ne never reste is in that place,
That hit nis fild of tydinges,
Other loude or of whisperinges;
And, over alle the houscs angles,
Is full of rouninges and of jangles,
Of werre, of pees, of marriages¹...."

"There mighte I seen
Wenged wondres faste fleen
Twenty thousand in a route²."

Chaucer also describes how many pilgrims brought "lesinges" and pardoners whole boxes of lies.

In very similar fashion Spenser describes the dwelling of Phantastes:

"And all the chamber filled was with flyes
Which buzzed all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all mens eares and eyes,
Like many swarmes of Bees assembled round....
All those were idle thoughts and fantasies,
Devices, dreams, opiniouns unsound,...
...leasinges, tales and lies³."

Chaucer is fond of giving lists of trees and birds, each one accompanied by attributes, of a mythical or allegorical kind and including such items as:

"The oule eek, that of dethe the bode bringeth⁴."

Spenser imitates this list in the evil birds that flock around Guyon:

"The ill-faste owle, deaths dreadful messengere,
The hoars night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere⁵."

But the borrowings from Chaucer are much more important in other books.

In his introductory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, Spenser declared that the end and aim of the whole book was to

¹ *Hous of Fame* 1956—61.

² *Hous of Fame* 2117—19.

³ II ix 51.

⁴ *The Parlcment of Foules*.

⁵ II xii 36.

“fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline.” He went on to explain that he had chosen Arthur as a model of all the virtues: “I chose the historye of King Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes and also furthest from the daunger of envy and suspition of the present time.” This being the case we should have expected that Spenser would have made a large use of the Arthurian legends, and especially of Malory’s *Morte D’Arthure*, but, as a matter of fact, he has not done so. We may surmise that the main difficulty which prevented him was the mediaeval conception of love. Spenser’s avowed aim was to teach morality, and he could hardly do this if he exalted knights who, like Tristram and Lancelot, were famous patterns of illicit love. Tennyson was met by the same ethical difficulty in the *Idylls of the King*, and only overcame it at the cost of cheapening and degrading the great heroes of chivalry. Spenser could not have brought himself to desecrate Tristram and Lancelot in any such manner nor could he introduce them as subordinate characters, they being much too great.

Thus only comparatively unimportant features are taken from Malory or, at least, no main narrative. The story of the Redcrosse Knight as told in the introductory letter begins very like that of “Beaumains” (i.e. Gareth); the monster of the sixth book—the Blatant Beast—is Malory’s “Questing Beast”; the famous example of discourtesy in the mantle made of the locks of ladies and the beards of knights is also from Malory, and Spenser has several references to the Lady of the Lake. The story of Merlin also appears to have attracted Spenser very greatly and he makes much use of it, though the most important passage—that describing Merlin’s revelations to Britomart—comes by way of Ariosto. There are also a fair number of references in the first book to the birth and nurture of Arthur. In the second book there are not many.

The birth of Ruddymane occurs under circumstances like those attending the birth of Tristram. Tristram is born in the forest; his mother perishes addressing her last words to

her "little son," and he receives his name from his sorrowful birth. So Guyon finds Ruddymane's mother dying and takes the child away from her side: he receives that name because his hands are red with his mother's blood. The account of Gloriana's festival which she holds yearly is like the yearly festival of Arthur¹. Spenser also makes much of Arthur's sword "that flames like burning brood," though he calls it "Morddure" and not "Excalibur"².

One mediæval author of whom Spenser makes considerable use is Geoffrey of Monmouth. Geoffrey is the main source of the list of British kings who are quoted partly as the ancestors of Arthur³ and partly as the descendants of Arthur and Britomart⁴. Geoffrey of Monmouth's Chronicle is full of legend and of romance; it contains very little veracious history, but possesses much genuine poetic charm. Spenser's narrative follows Geoffrey's with only three considerable variations: the omission of Arthur's reign, the omission of Guiderius, whose story becomes confused with Kimbeline's, and the addition of the story of Bonduca or Boadicea. The omission of Arthur's reign was, of course, rendered necessary by the plot of *The Faerie Queene*. The remaining material is introduced with considerable ingenuity—the part before Arthur being perused by him as history and the part succeeding being revealed to Britomart as prophecy. Another evidence that Spenser drew mainly from Geoffrey is to be found in the forms of the proper names which are closely similar in both, while they are considerably altered in all the later chroniclers such as Holinshed and Hardyng.

It has also been shown that Spenser's method of workmanship was very elaborate and careful; he has revealed an exceedingly wide range of choice in his authorities, varying his outline now with a detail taken from one chronicler and now with a detail from another. Fairly frequently Spenser takes details from Hardyng, Holinshed and Stow, very occasionally from the *Mirror for Magistrates*, and now and again

¹ II ii 42.

² II iii 18.

³ II ix.

⁴ III iii.

possibly from Grafton and Camden¹. Occasionally Spenser derives material from an unknown source; thus it is not known where he found the story of "Debon and Coulin," which he alludes to as if it were a well-known tale; so also there are original details in his account of Brutus Greenshield.

Spenser's general plan in making his selections appears to have been to concentrate attention on the British line; he keeps the interest always with the successive British rulers; he contrives to do so even through the Roman period, which we are never permitted to feel as one of foreign ascendancy, and also during the Saxon warfare, nor does he ever mention rival British kings. The plan is probably selected in compliment to Elizabeth and the Welsh blood of the Tudors.

An interesting and rather difficult problem is suggested by the question why Spenser introduced this Chronicle material at all; the canto containing the list of British kings is one of the longest and certainly one of the dullest in *The Faerie Queene*, and it has not the least bearing on the subject of the legend—the virtue of Temperance—while in all other respects the book is admirably planned and keeps very carefully to its main theme. Why did Spenser introduce such a tedious digression? The answer can only be in the form of surmise.

It is almost certain that some portions of *The Faerie Queene* were written before the composition of the poem as a whole and afterwards included. Thus in the correspondence with Gabriel Harvey we have mention of an "Epithalamion Thamesis" which is, almost certainly, the Marriage of the Thames and Medway, and we hear also of certain "Legends." These "Legends" may well have treated of the history of the British kings—at any rate that is the only portion of Spenser's existing work to which such a description seems appropriately to apply. There was a good reason why he should treat such a subject, for it was a part of Elizabethan patriotism to glorify England and its history; Shakespeare exalted his country in

¹ Miss C. A. Harper, *The Sources of the British Chronicle History of Spenser's Faerie Queene*.

his historical dramas, and Drayton's *Polyolbion* is a veritable treasure-house of legends. Spenser's original poem may easily have been of a patriotic intention similar to these. But we may still enquire why Spenser introduced it into *The Faerie Queene* and in a situation where it has so little real place. The probability is that it was meant originally to have a much greater bearing upon the main theme. There is little doubt that Prince Arthur was intended to represent Leicester; Britomart is one of the types of the Queen. Probably Spenser meant to show in his poem the marriage of Leicester and the Queen as shadowed in their prototypes; the course of actual events must have effectually prevented the fulfilment of this plan and caused an alteration in the later part of the poem, but it would supply a very good reason for including the genealogy of Arthur at such disproportionate length and would also explain why Spenser felt himself compelled to introduce it at an early stage in the poem, whether appropriate or not. Further it is quite probable that Spenser had to condense his former poem—the "Legends"—and, if so, we can understand why the chronicle is bald and uninteresting. This is only surmise, but it is practically certain that the Chronicle material was originally meant to play a larger part in the structure of *The Faerie Queene* because, in the introductory stanzas to the first book, Spenser mentions these Chronicles as one of his most important subjects:

"Lay forth out of thine everlasting seryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fayrest Tanaquill."

Tanaquill is the name given to Elizabeth in the "records."

(b) CLASSICAL.

Spenser's debts to classical authors are very numerous, and it has already been mentioned that Homer was one of his favourites and provided him with many hints for *The Faerie Queene*. Those in Book II are fairly numerous. The type of all journeys to the under-world is, of course, to be

found in the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, but Guyon's journey to the Cave of Mammon owes more to Virgil and Claudian than directly to Homer. There is, however, one incident—that of Tantalus—which is probably taken direct.

Homer describes how Tantalus stood in grievous torment, in a lake with the water coming up to his chin; he was straining after the water in his thirst but, as often as he stooped down in his eagerness to drink, the water was swallowed up and vanished away. Tall trees laden with fruit stood above his head but, when he stretched out his hands to the fruit, the wind would toss it away.

καὶ μὲν Τάνταλον εἰσεῖδον χαλέπ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
 ἑσταότ' ἐν λίμνῃ· ἣ δὲ πρόσπλαξε γενεῖψ·
 στεῦτο δὲ διψῶν, πῖεῖν δ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἐλέσθαι.
 ὅσσάκι γὰρ κύψει' ὁ γέρων πῖεῖν μενεαίωνων,
 τοσσάχ' ὕδωρ ἀπολέσκειτ' ἀναβροχέν...
 δένδρεα δ' ὑπιπέτηλα κατὰ κρήθην χέε καρπόν.

 τῶν ὀπότ' ἰθύσει' ὁ γέρων ἐπὶ χερσὶ μάσσασθαι,
 τὰς δ' ἄνεμος ῥίψασκε ποτὶ νέφεα σκίβεντα¹.

And Spenser has:

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

It is easy enough to understand why, from among so many figures, Spenser selects especially Tantalus; it was because, according to one version of his legend, he had been greedy at the banquets of the gods, and thus was a famous example of intemperance.

¹ *Odyssey* xi 582—592.

The closest correspondences with Homer occur in the voyage to Acrasia's bower, for Spenser finds many passages in the *Odyssey* which he can easily turn into most excellent symbolism. Thus Charybdis in Homer is simply a whirlpool, though fearfully and wonderfully described, but Spenser renders it as his Gulf of Greedinesse, a symbol of that insatiate appetite which devours for ever and is never content. Homer says that mighty Charybdis sucked down the black water three times a day, and three times a day she spouted it forth. As often as she belched it forth, she seethed like a cauldron or a great fire through all her troubled deeps and the rock around roared horribly and underneath the earth was visible, dark with sand.

ἐνθεν γὰρ Σκύλλη, ἐτέρωθι δὲ διὰ Χάρυβδις
 δεινὸν ἀνερροίβδησε θαλάσσης ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ.
 ἦτοι ὄτ' ἐξεμέσειε, λέβηθς ὡς ἐν πυρὶ πολλῶ
 πᾶσ' ἀναμορμύρεσκε κυκωμένη.....
 ἀλλ' ὄτ' ἀναβρόξειε θαλάσσης ἀλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
 πᾶσ' ἔντοσθε φάνεσκε κυκωμένη, ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτρῃ
 δεινὸν βεβρύχει, ὑπένερθε δὲ γαῖα φάνεσκε
 ψάμμῳ κυανέῃ¹.

Spenser's rendering is:

“That is the Gulfe of Greedinesse, they say,
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray;
 Which having swallowed up excessively,
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare doe seeme away to flee.”

“They, passing by, that griesly mouth doe see
 . Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
 That seemed more horrible than hell to be.”

Spenser's “Rock of Vile Reproche”—the infamy that comes from a life misspent—is partly copied from the rock in which Scylla lives and partly from the Wandering Rocks. Homer says concerning Scylla's rock: “On the other side are two

¹ *Odyssey* XII 235—243.

rocks, of which one reaches the heaven with a sharp peak. ...No mortal man can scale it or set foot upon it." And, concerning the Wandering Rocks: "From them no ship ever escapes that comes thither, but the planks of ships and the bodies of men are tossed to and fro confusedly by the waves of the sea."

ἔνθεν μὲν γὰρ πέτραι ἐπηρεφέες, προτὶ δ' αὐτὰς
κῦμα μέγα ῥοχθεῖ κνανώπιδος Ἀμφιτρίτης.

τῇ δ' οὐ πώ τις νηὺς φύγεν ἀνδρῶν, ἥτις ἔκηται,
ἀλλὰ θ' ὁμοῦ πίνακας τε νεῶν καὶ σώματα φωτῶν
κύμαθ' ἀλὸς φορέουσι πυρός τ' ὄλοοιο θύελλαι.

οἱ δὲ δὺω σκόπελοι ὁ μὲν οὐρανὸν εὐρὴν ἰκάνει
ὄξειη κορυφῇ.....

οὐδέ κεν ἀμβαίη βροτὸς ἀνὴρ οὐ καταβαίη,
οὐδ' εἴ οἱ χεῖρές τε εἰέκοσι καὶ πῶδες εἶεν¹.

Spenser has :

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

Spenser's mermaids are suggested by Homer's sirens. Homer says that whoever draws near to the Sirens and hears the sound of their voices will never again see wife or babes, but the Sirens will enchant him with their clear song, sitting in the meadow, while around them is a great heap of the bones of men, corrupt in death with the skin wasting over them.

Σειρήνας μὲν πρῶτον ἀφίξεις, αἶρά τε πάντας
ἀνθρώπους θέλγουσιν, ὅτις σφέα: εἰσαφίκεται.

¹ *Odyssey* XII 59—78.

ὅτις αἰδρεῖη πελάσῃ καὶ φθόγγον ἀκούσῃ
 Σειρήνων, τῷ δ' οὐ τι γυνή καὶ νήπια τέκνα
 οἴκαδε νοστήσαντι παρίσταται οὐδὲ γάννυται,
 ἀλλὰ τε Σειρήνες λιγυρῇ θέλγουσιν αἰοιδῆ,
 ἤμεναι ἐν λειμῶνι· πολὺς δ' ἀμφ' ὄστερ' ἐφιν θις
 ἀνδρῶν πνυθόμενων, περὶ δὲ ῥινοὶ μινύθουσιν¹.

Spenser describes how his mermaids were, as a punishment, half transformed into fish and adds:

“But th' upper halfe their hew retained still,
 And their sweet skill in wonted melody;
 Which ever after they abused to ill
 T' allure weak travellers, whom gotten they did kill.”

Homer's sirens invoke Odysseus: “Hither, come hither, renowned Odysseus, great glory of the Achaeans; let thy vessel abide that thou mayest hear our voice.”

δεῦρ' ἄγ' ἰών, πολύαιν' Ὀδυσσεῦ, μέγα κῦδος Ἀχαιῶν,
 νῆα κατάστησον, ἵνα νωϊτέρην ὄπ' ἀκούσῃς².

So Spenser's mermaids flatter Guyon:

“O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery
 That art in mightie arms most magnifyde
 Above all knights that ever battell tride.”

There is a difference in what follows: the sirens try to entice Odysseus by promising that they will sing, with their matchless and enchanting voices, the great deeds of Troy; but the mermaids offer Guyon only rest. It does not do to press the allegory too far, but the sirens probably stand for that mood of weariness which comes over so many men and destroys them on the very threshold of noble achievement. Odysseus is restrained by artificial means from obeying the power of enchantment, he is bound to the mast; but Guyon must overcome by his own strength—the Palmer admonishes him and he obeys.

It is noticeable how often Spenser represents the desire for rest as the chief of all earthly allurements; it is this which he

¹ *Odyssey* XII 39—46.

² *Odyssey* XII 184—5.

considers as "the last infirmity of noble minds," and his poem concludes with the prayer that he may obtain a glimpse of "the steadfast rest of all things."

In the same canto the net which Guyon flings over his enchantress and her lover is suggested by the net which Hephaestus wove to entrap Venus: it is a crafty net, subtle as a spider's web so that not even the gods can see it, and the victims are so enchained that they cannot stir a limb.

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δὴ τεύξε δόλον κεχολωμένος Ἄρει,
βῆ ῥ' ἔμην ἐς θάλαμον, ὅθι οἱ φίλα δέμνι' ἔκειτο,
ἀμφὶ δ' ἄρ' ἑρμῆσιν χέε δέσματα κύκλω ἀπάντη·
πολλὰ δὲ καὶ καθύπερθε μελαθρόφιν ἐξεκέχυντο,
ἥϊτ' ἀράχνια λεπτά, τάγ' οὐ κέ τις οὐδὲ ἴδοιτο,
οὐδὲ θεῶν μακάρων¹.

So Spenser's enchantress and her lover are entrapped:

"A subtile net, which onely for the same,
The skilfull palmer formally did frame
So held them fast..."

"And eke her lover strove, but all in vaine,
For that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distraine²."

Even the metaphor of the spider's web remains in Spenser's mind though he does not employ it here but to describe the garment of Acrasia:

"More subtile web Arachne cannot spin³."

Circe transforms the followers of Odysseus into swine, but they remain conscious of their hideous degradation, and mourning over it:

αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ δῶκέν τε καὶ ἔκπιον, αὐτίκ' ἔπειτα
ῥάβδῳ πεπληγυῖα κατὰ συφεοῖσιν ἔεργνυ.
οἱ δὲ συνῶν μὲν ἔχον κεφαλὰς φωνήν τε τρίχας τε
καὶ δέμας, αὐτὰρ νοῦς ἦν ἔμπεδος ὡς τὸ πάρος περ⁴.

¹ *Odyssey* viii 276—281.

² *II* xii 81—2.

³ *II* xii 77.

⁴ *Odyssey* x 237—240.

Odysseus insists upon his companions being restored, and Circe anoints them with a charm which removes their bristles and changes their shapes. When they are restored they take the hands of Odysseus and cry out with such a lament over their past degradation that even the goddess herself is stirred. In Spenser the change is less pathetic; they are transformed from beasts to "comely men," but they stare in ghastly fashion, some for shame and some in anger because they see Acrasia captive and her power over them is so great that still, after all that has befallen, she fascinates and enthralls.

Homer was one of Spenser's favourite authors, and the same may be said of Virgil. As we should expect it is the phrasing of Virgil which seems to have impressed Spenser most. There are, literally, scores of recollections. Spenser has not, like Milton, a Virgilian power of coining monumental and unforgettable phrases but he often has a Virgilian delicacy and grace¹. The long Virgilian simile is not often employed by Spenser but there are a few examples. Thus we may quote:

"Like a great water flood, that tombling low
From the high mountaines, threats to overflow
With sudden fury all the fertile plaine,
And the sad husbandman's long hope doth throw
Adowne the streame and all his vowes make vaine,
Nor bounds nor bankes his headlong ruine may sustaine²."

This appears to be a combination of two similes from Virgil:

"Aut rapidus montano flumine torrens,
Sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores,
Praecipitisque trahit silvas, stupet inscius alto
Accipiens sonitum saxi de vertice pastor³."

and also:

"Non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis,
Exiit oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnis
Cum stabulis armenta trahit⁴."

¹ Examples are given in the notes.

² II xi 18.

³ *Æn.* II 305.

⁴ *Æn.* II 496—9.

The epic simile, whether borrowed or original, is rare in Spenser; Milton relies upon it as the main ornament of *Paradise Lost*, but Spenser has so many other ornaments that he hardly needs this one.

The debts to Virgil in the second book are not particularly numerous, but several may be noted. Whatever the borrowings we observe one same phenomenon in all. Virgil is one of the most concentrated of poets; Spenser deliberately embroiders all his themes, continually repeating and returning upon himself. The account of Amavia's death very closely resembles that of Dido but is told at much greater length. The whole narrative of Dido's death, her own grief, her sister's lamentations for her—all this great event—one of the crises of Virgil's poem—only occupies some fifty lines. The death of Amavia which is really an event of quite second-rate importance in Spenser's narrative, since she is not in any way a principal personage, takes some twenty-six of his long stanzas. The principal correspondences are as follows: Amavia stabs herself with words like those of Dido:

“So give me leave to rest¹.”

“Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras².”

The next stanza describes her wound in a Virgilian image:

“Her bleeding life does raine³.”

“Purpuream vomit ille animam⁴.”

The lady's death also resembles that of Dido:

“Therewith her dim eie-lids she gan up reare
On which the dreery death did sit, as sad
As lump of lead....

Thrise he her reared and thrise she sank againe⁵.”

And Virgil has:

“Illa, gravis oculos conata attollere, rursus
Deficit...

Ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa levavit;
Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
Quaesivit caelo lucem⁶.”

¹ II i 37.

² *Æn.* IV 660.

³ II i 38.

⁴ *Æn.* IX 349.

⁵ II i 45—6.

⁶ *Æn.* IV 688—92.

One of the loveliest passages in all Spenser's pages—the wonderful vision of Belpheobe in the wood—is suggested by the vision of Venus as she appears to Æneas. Venus meets with Æneas in the midst of a forest; she is attired and armed like those huntress princesses who can surpass horses in speed; her bow hangs from her shoulders; her hair is loose in the wind and her tunic reaches no further than the knee. She addresses Æneas; he begins to reply but breaks off, declaring that her face and voice are more than mortal in their beauty; she is certainly a goddess—perhaps Diana.

“Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva,
 Virginis os habitumque gerens et virginis arma,
 Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
 Harpalyce volucrumque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.
 Namque humeris de more habilem suspenderit arcum
 Venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
 Nuda genu...
 O quam te memorem, virgo? namque haud tibi voltus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: o dea certe;
 An Phoebi soror¹?”

Spenser has, as usual, amplified this description at great length by adding a much more elaborate picture of Belpheobe's beauty and by giving a long and detailed description of her rich attire. The closest parallels are:

“Eft through the thicke they heard one rudely rush;
 ..Eftsoone there stepped forth
 A goodly lady clad in hunter's weed,
 That seem'd to be a woman of great worth,
 And by her stately portance borne of heavenly birth.”

Spenser adds the detail of the bare knees and also of her speed; she can chase the “flying leopard”:

“And in her hand a sharp bore-speare she held,
 And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuff with steel headed dartes wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play.

¹ *Æn.* I 314—329.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed

Such as Diana by the sandie shore
Of swift Eurotas or on Cynthus greene."

Belpheobe asks Trompart if he has seen a wounded bird, and he replies to her almost in the words of Æneas:

"O goddesse (for such I thee take to bee)
For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
Nor voyce sound mortall."

It is noticeable that Virgil takes only eleven lines to describe Venus, giving in that brief space an immortal vision of beauty and swiftness and joyous life; Spenser takes exactly nine times as long to describe Belpheobe, but all Virgil's hints he expands and illuminates, and many of the details he adds are of enchanting loveliness, such as the blossoms which have twined themselves in her hair:

"As through the flouing forest rash she fled."

There are other details also which, in their romance and tenderness, could hardly have been given by any ancient poet.

In the fourth canto we may observe that the weird genealogy of Pyrochles and Cymochles is partly taken from Virgil: they have among their grandparents "Phlegeton and Jarre"; Phlegethon is a river in Virgil's Hades, but he is also a deity:

"Di, quibus imperium est animarum, Umbraeque silentes,
Et Chaos et Phlegethon¹."

"Jarre" is Virgil's "Discordia":

"Discordia demens,
Vipereum crinem vittis innexa cruentis²."

In the seventh canto, describing Mammon's cave, which is a sort of entrance to Hades, "a rifted rock that leads to hell," we find other correspondences. The sixth book of the *Æneid* has proved a veritable treasure-house for poets, and Spenser

¹ *Æn.* vi 264—5.

² *Æn.* vi 280.

utilises it to the full; he had, however, employed many of its most impressive features in his first book¹, and hence in Mammon's cave he helps out his account by additions from Claudian. Virgil has:

“Ibant obscurei sola sub nocte per umbram,
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna².”

and Spenser:

“A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horror compassed round.”

The harpy—sad Celeno—is also Virgilian:

“Una in praeclsa consedit rupe Celaeno,
Infelix vates, rumpitque hanc pectore vocem³.”

Spenser renders:

“Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flinte asunder could have rifte.”

The terrible beings which wait before the gates of Pluto's “raine” are suggested by Virgil: Spenser's “trembling feare” is Virgil's “Metus,” “tumultuous Strife” is “mortiferumque adverso in limine Bellum.” As always, Spenser employs his imagination; much that is finest in the passage is entirely his own invention: “gnawing jealousie” biting “his bitter lips,” “Feare flying to and fro,” Horror “beating his iron wings,” are as sombre and splendid as anything in Virgil. Spenser employs his classics always in the same way—as yielding suggestions for new creations, almost, if not quite, as magnificent as their own.

In the eleventh canto the incident of hurling the stone which is so huge that it has served as a landmark is a Virgilian one:

“Nec plura effatus, saxum circumspicit ingens,
Saxum antiquum, ingens campo quod forte jacebat,
Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis⁴.”

¹ Canto v. ² *Æn.* vi 268. ³ *Æn.* iii 245. ⁴ *Æn.* xii 896—898.

“Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not beene removed many a day:
 Some landmark seem'd to be, or signe of sundry way¹.”

The garden of Proserpine, as described in Canto VII, is taken from Claudian, *De Raptu Proserpinae*; Claudian makes Pluto promise his bride perpetual flowers and a tree such as Enna cannot produce, a tree with a golden bough, whose golden fruit is always blooming:

“Nec mollia desunt
 Prata tibi. Zephyris illic melioribus halant
 Perpetui flores, quos nec tua protulit Henna.
 Est etiam lucis arbor praedives opacis,
 Fulgentes viridi ramos curvata metallo.
 Haec tibi sacra datur: fortunatumque tenebis
 Autumnum, et fulvis semper ditabere pomis.”

Spenser adds to this account by giving details of the plants in the garden; he makes them all gloomy and poisonous, “dead sleeping poppy and black hellebore,” etc., only in the midst he represents the wonderful tree:

“Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see,
 And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might bee.”

“Their fruit were golden apples glistning bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like never grew.”

Spenser goes on to glorify this tree by many legends; an apple taken from it was the one that enticed Atalanta, another was that which Até flung upon the board causing the strife of the goddesses and the long Trojan war.

(c) ITALIAN.

Spenser, in his *Faerie Queene* was attempting a new kind of poem for which he had, as a whole, no model and no parallel. The poem which comes nearest in general type and style is Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, and, as Spenser's correspondence

¹ II xi 35.

with Gabriel Harvey shows, Spenser set himself in deliberate rivalry with Ariosto and hoped to "overgo" him. He was, in fact, pitting himself against the man who was accepted as the greatest poet of his generation. This, being the case, it is important to see how he compares with his selected rival.

Ariosto's epic is essentially a burlesque of the romances of chivalry; it relies for its attraction partly on its unflinching humour and partly on its charm of narrative. Ariosto is one of the really great narrative poets of the world and this makes the chief attraction of his book; the *Orlando Furioso* shows an inexhaustible fertility of invention; tale after tale succeeds, episode after episode, all told with the most admirable skill; dramatic situations are seized upon, contrasts of character are developed and there is the greatest possible variety of incident; now the tale is a story of enchantment pure and simple, now it is a lofty love-romance, now an intrigue, but, whatever its quality, Ariosto makes the most of it with a swift and admirable skill that reminds us of his great predecessor, Boccaccio. As a treasure-house of tales the poem could hardly be surpassed. Ariosto's second great gift is his humour. This is, indeed, one of the most valuable qualities of the "raconteur," for it enables him to add so much variety. In Ariosto's case this gift was especially necessary; much of his material was fantastic in the extreme—winged horses, magic spears, witches, warrior ladies—and he had to make it attractive to a most critical generation. He achieved his end, partly by unequalled verisimilitude in detail, partly by seeing and exploiting all the humorous possibilities of his subject; he sees no less plainly than Cervantes the opportunities for mirth provided by the contrast between the lofty ideals of chivalry and the sharp sting of reality. Ariosto, again, has great knowledge of the world and much cynicism and his poem is everywhere rich in irony.

Spenser in *The Faerie Queene* had a different aim; his poem is not a burlesque but is written with entire seriousness; it is as essentially ethical and philosophical in its scope as Wordsworth's *Prelude*. Spenser could certainly have made

his poem far more like Ariosto's had he really desired to do so; as we see in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* and *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, he also had command of satire and irony, both of the keenest kind; the good-natured laughing humour he may not have possessed but he certainly had a mordant and incisive type that would have served as well, and it must be from deliberate choice that he employs it so little in *The Faerie Queene*. Spenser, however, has not Ariosto's narrative gift; he is nearly always weak in describing action, and it is notable that almost all the finest passages in his poem are of a descriptive or meditative character.

Inferior as he is in these respects he possesses superiorities of his own. Ariosto does not attempt any philosophy of life, while Spenser gives one of the noblest and most satisfying ever presented by any great poet; Dante and Goethe alone have, among the poets of the modern world, worked out any solution of the enigma of existence at once so beautiful and so profound. Moreover the "tone" and "temper" of *The Faerie Queene* are beyond praise; its tone is almost as lofty as Milton's and its temper far sweeter; this contact with a personality lovely in itself and deeply satisfied in its view of life is a rare thing and it far "overgoes" Ariosto. Whenever Spenser writes of religion or philosophy, or when he simply pauses and meditates, or when he depicts an ideal and noble character, he is at once in a region to which Ariosto cannot attain. The fight with the dragon is completely inferior to similar conflicts in Ariosto, but we cannot find in the Italian poet anything so deep as the appeal of Giant Despair, or so beautiful as the House of Holiness, or so sombre as the Cave of Mammon, or so subtle as Acrasia's bower. Indeed it would hardly be going too far to say that one of the chief morals of the *Orlando Furioso* is the delightfulness of Acrasia and all her ways. Spenser's ideal of love is also much higher than Ariosto's and, as a consequence, his whole conception of womanhood is nobler and sweeter. Nevertheless Spenser owed much to Ariosto, for the *Orlando Furioso* provided him with a veritable treasury of tales and situations. The numerous Paynims who take part

in *The Fuerie Queene*, the warrior ladies, the distressed damsels pursued by evil-minded men—all have their counterparts in the Italian epic.

The most important debts of all are in the story of Britomart which is directly modelled upon that of Ariosto's Bradamante and follows it in a great number of details. So also the loathsome enchantriss Duessa is suggested by Ariosto's Alcina. There are, everywhere in the poem, numerous incidents which have been taken. It must be acknowledged that Spenser has not always borrowed with discrimination; the Britomart portion is well suited to his purpose and style, but some of the episodes from Ariosto are distinctly scabrous. In the much lower moral tone of the original they are not apparent as exerescences, but in Spenser they remain blots; it is true that he has tried to make use of them in his own way and for his own purposes by treating them as examples of unchastity to contrast with his Florimells and Amorets, but they are too coarse for the general tone of his poem, his own temper being as alien to impurity as Milton's.

In the second book the borrowings are very numerous, though only a few are important¹. In Canto III the character of Braggadocchio—the coward—owes much to Ariosto. Braggadocchio's boast that he will wear no sword except that which belongs to the noblest knight on earth is taken from a similar incident in the *Furioso*, and the theft of the horse is also from Ariosto².

A large portion of Canto IV—the story of the unhappy lover Phedon—is from Ariosto³. The outline of the same story was afterwards employed by Shakespeare in *Much Ado About Nothing*. In Spenser we are told how the treacherous friend—Philemon—led apparently by jealousy, makes Phedon believe that his mistress Claribella is false to him; in order to bring evidence for his accusation he “toys” with the maid Pryene dressed up to represent her mistress, and Phedon, in his

¹ Other passages will be given in the notes.

² XXII, 13.

³ *Orl. Fur.* IV, v, VI.

furious rage, first puts Claribella to death and then, discovering her innocence, slays his false friend Philemon and pursues Pryene to slay her. Phedon is very fittingly chosen by Spenser as an example of intemperance in anger; he had what appeared to be a just cause for his wrath, but he did not investigate with tranquillity and patience, and the result was hopeless ruin. It is worthy of note that the same lesson—the folly of over-hasty anger and over-hasty punishment is conveyed also by Shakespeare's play.

In Canto v the scene in which Pyrochles kills Guyon's horse by cutting its head from its body is a serious adaptation of a comic passage in Ariosto. Two kings are fighting, but one is invulnerable to his opponent's blows because he wears a magic helmet; at last the other, in his blind fury, strikes the horse on the head and kills it because, as the poet says, the unhappy creature was not as fortunate as his master, he had no Trojan helmet and so he perished:

“ Il miser non avea l'elmo di Troid
Come il patrone; onde convien che muoia¹.”

In Canto xi the hideous rout of monsters who lay siege to the Castle of Alma resemble the crew with whom Ruggiero fights just beside the city of Alcina. “They were,” says Ariosto, “an amazing crew of monsters; some had human throats with the faces of apes or cats, others marked the ground with footprints like goats, others were centaurs. Some rode upon horses, others upon asses or bulls, some were mounted on centaurs, others rode ostriches, eagles, or cranes. This rabble assail Ruggiero with hands and arms more numerous than Briarëus; they are led by a horrible captain seated upon a tortoise²” Such are Spenser's monsters:

“ Some like to houndes, some like to apes dismay'd.
Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriges; some faste
Like loathly Toades³.”

The incidents from Ariosto in the first two books of *The Faerie Queene* are, however, much less important than in the

¹ xxiv 104—6.

² vi.

³ ii xi 11, 12.

later portions of the poem; the influence is especially strong in the third and fourth. This is, in several ways, unfortunate, as it makes Spenser desert his own clear and coherent ethical scheme for a tangle of stories which he cannot control and arrange nearly so well as Ariosto controls and arranges his.

In the year 1581 when Spenser was already engaged upon his poem there was published Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*. This was immediately recognised as a truly noble poem and a worthy rival to Ariosto's. It deeply impressed Spenser. Tasso's work also belongs to the class of romantic epic; it too contains love stories of the most exalted and impossible type; it too has warrior heroines who show their prowess by contesting against and often defeating their male rivals: it too contains knights who fall victims to enchantresses and are delivered by heroic friends; it also is chivalrous. But Tasso takes his material very seriously; he is more classical in his form, his story being grouped quite clearly and plainly round one main action—the conquest of Jerusalem by Godfrey—and the subordinate portions of the epic all have their part in contributing to the whole. The superior clearness and harmony of the narrative atones to a considerable extent for the lesser inventive power. The absence of humour is the most marked difference between Tasso and Ariosto. Tasso is deeply religious and intensely in earnest. Spenser found in him a writer with whom he had much natural affinity; they were alike in their moral earnestness and in their serious belief in chivalry.

In the second book of *The Faerie Queene* Tasso's influence is stronger than Ariosto's and two of its loveliest passages—the description of Phaedria's Isle and of the Bower of Bliss owe much of their beauty to the Italian poet; some of the most perfect stanzas are practically translations, and when Fairfax translated Tasso into English he embodied several stanzas from *The Faerie Queene*.

Just as Spenser takes his loathsome enchantress—Duessa—from Ariosto's Alcina so he takes his wonderful and subtle enchantress—Acrasia—from Tasso's Armida. We may notice

with what art Spenser has represented the different qualities in these two: Duessa, who stands for false faith and religious error is the more formidable; she is in league with all the powers of darkness who assist and obey her, she has a hundred disguises; she goes in search of her victims, scouring the world for prey, and she lays many and elaborate plots; when revealed she is loathsome. Acrasia relies mainly on her own beauty to attract her lovers; all around her is enchanting; she herself is loveliness incarnate, but her power saps the spirit and enervates the soul. She is much less actively malevolent but far more seductive. The sins of the flesh are judged severely enough by Spenser, but, according to him, they are much less malignant than false faith.

The sixth canto of the second book, one of the most exquisite Spenser ever penned, owes a good deal to Tasso. Phaedria boasts herself as one of the servants of Acrasia; she lives on an island in the Idle Lake, which is suggested by the kind of dead sea described in Tasso¹. It was once, he says, a fruitful and smiling country, but fire had descended from heaven to punish the sins of men; it became a lake, bituminous, warm in its waters and sterile; heavy things, if thrown in, will not sink; the water supports even iron and stones.

So Spenser:

“ And did her selfe betake
Unto her boat againe, with which she cleft
The slouthfull wave of that great griesy lake².”

And again:

“ Nimble ran her wonted course
Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire
Whom neither wind out of their seat could forse
Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish source³.”

In the lake Tasso describes an island where the air is soft and the sky serene; the trees and meadows are full of delight and the waters pure and sweet; amongst the loveliest myrtles a spring rises and spreads into a small stream; the leaves

¹ *Ger. Lib.* x 60.

² *II vi* 18.

³ *II vi* 20.

murmur softly and shower down sleep upon the soft grass and the birds sing. So Spenser :

“ It was a chosen plot of fertile land
 Amongst wide waves, set like a little nest.

 Trees, branches, birds and songs were framed fit
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease¹.”

Phaëdra's boat is apparently suggested by another passage in Tasso². Rinaldo has approached Armida's island; he sees a small boat, and near it a column erected, which declares that the island conceals the greatest marvel in the world, and invites the beholder to come and search. Rinaldo is persuaded, crosses the water in his boat and, because it is very small, leaves behind his squire and goes alone. So when Phaëdra takes Guyon into her skiff he is compelled to voyage alone and to leave the Palmer behind³.

Spenser's account of the Bower of Bliss owes much to Tasso but the motive of the voyages is different. Spenser's Guyon is seeking Acrasia to punish her for the many sins she has committed, and because she is one of the greatest enemies of his queen. Tasso's knights seek Armida's island not from any illwill against her, but because she has bewitched their great champion—Rinaldo—and his co-operation is essential to the taking of Jerusalem.

Tasso again describes a voyage along the Mediterranean Sea, passing the islands and the north coast of Africa, and he speaks of numerous places rich with romantic associations; his knights pass through the pillars of Hercules into the great ocean and there find Armida's isle. Spenser does not employ any of the details of this voyage; Tasso's islands and towns are too concrete and historical; Spenser wants a wilder, lonelier and stranger sea; as we have seen he turns to the *Odyssey*, and where his details are not entirely his own, he takes them from Homer. It is when he reaches the

¹ II vi 12, 13.

² *Ger. Lib.* XIV 57, 58.

³ II vi 19.

enchantress's bower that his debt to Tasso really begins. Tasso's knights go swiftly on their way, but they meet with a formidable host of fierce animals, numerous as all the monsters between the Nile and the pillars of Hercules and strange as those in the Hyrcanian forest. But, fierce as these creatures are, they do not oppose the passage of the knights, but, after a glimpse of Carlo's wand, they flee :

“Ma non è pria la verga a lui mostrata,
Ch'un secreto spavento al cor gli agghiaccia
Ogni nativo ardore, e in fuga il caccia.

Ma pur sì fero esercito e sì grosso
Non vien che lor respinga o lor resista :
Anzi (miracol novo) in fuga è mosso
Da un picciol fischio e da una breve vista¹.”

So with Spenser :

“Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
Yet nought they feard but passed on hardily
Untill they came in view of those wild beasts :
Who all attonce, gaping full greedily
And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests,
Ran towards, to devoure those unexpected guests.
But soon as they approcht with deadly threat,
The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,
His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat ;
Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld².”

The warriors come, Tasso says, to a spot of extraordinary beauty ; unlike other countries it has no alternation of torrid heat and snow, of cloudy and clear sky, but the heaven is always clad in the fairest and brightest radiance ; it nourishes the grass in the meadows, flowers in the grass and scent in flowers.

¹ *Ger. Lib.* xv 50—52.

² *II xii* 39, 40.

“ Un bel tepido ciel di dolce state
 Trovaro, e il pian sul monte ampio ed aperto.
 Aure fresche mai sempre ed odorate
 Vi spiran con tenor stabile e certo.

 Nè, come altrove ei suol, ghiacci ed ardori,
 Nubi e sereni a quelle piagge alterna;
 Ma il ciel di candidissimi splendori
 Sempre s'ammanta, e non s'infiamma o verna;
 E nutre ai prati l'erba, all'erba i fiori,
 Ai fior l'odor¹.”

So Spenser:

“ Thus being entred, they behold around
 A large and spacious plaine, on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns; whose fayre grassy ground
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of Floraes pride.

 Thereto the Heavens, always Joviall
 Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storm nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves 'to violate;
 Nor scorching heat nor cold intemperate....
 But the milde air with season moderate
 Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesom smell².”

In the midst of this is a pure and clear fountain: Tasso has

“gelida e bruna
 Ma trasparente sì, che non asconde
 Dell'imo letto suo vaghezza alcuna³,”

and Spenser has:

“ So pure and shiny that the silver flood
 Through every channell running one might see⁴.”

¹ *Ger. Lib.* xv 53, 54.

² *II xii* 50, 51.

³ *Ger. Lib.* xv 56.

⁴ *II xii* 60.

There follows the picture of the two naked damsels bathing in the lake which is made by the fountain. Then comes one of the loveliest of all Tasso's images which Spenser has contrived to make yet more beautiful :

“Qual mattutina stella esce dell'onde
Rugiadosa e stillante; o come fuore
Spuntò nascendo già dalle feconde
Spume dell'océan la Dea d'amore;
Tal apparve costei; tal le sue bionde
Chiome stillavan cristallino umore¹.”

Spenser renders :

“As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
His deawy face out of the sea doth reare;
Or as the Cyprian goddess, newly borne
Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare;
Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
Cristalline humor dropped down apace².”

The song that follows in Tasso is one that Spenser had previously employed as a portion of his siren's song. Tasso has :

“Questo è il porto del mondo; e qui il ristoro
Delle sue noie, e quel piacer si sente³,”

and Spenser renders it with a more exquisite appropriateness, since in him it is addressed to an actual voyager :

“O! turne thy rudder hitherward awhile
Here may thy storme-bett vessell safely ryde,
This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
The worldes sweet In from paine and wearisome turmoyle⁴.”

Tasso describes how in Armida's enchanted island flowers and fruit of different ages grow side by side; the ripe fig by the unripe, the grape which is only in flower by that which is green and that which is rosy-coloured and full of “nectar” :

“Qui l'uva ha in fiori acerba e qui d'ôr l'have
O di piropo, e già di néttar grave⁵,”

¹ *Ger. Lib.* xv 60.

² *II* xii 65.

³ *Ger. Lib.* xv 63.

⁴ *II* xii 32.

⁵ *Ger. Lib.* xvi 11.

and Spenser:

“Some deep empurpled as the Hyacint,
Some as the Rubine laughing sweetly red,
Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened¹.”

Tasso also speaks of the birds among the green leaves, tempering their notes to the sound of the boughs, while the breeze, the leaves and the waters are all in accord and music mingles all the time:

“Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote:
Sia caso od arte, or accompagna ed ora
Alternata i versi lor la music' ôra².”

Spenser renders:

“The joyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade
Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
To th'instruments divine resonance meet;
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The waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all³.”

The two cantos about the virgin rose,

“The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay,”
and

“So passeth in the passing of a day,”

are an almost exact translation; Spenser's verse is slower and has a more lingering melody than Tasso's, but the ideas are identical. The description of the witch herself, in her beauty and lasciviousness, is, again, closely similar. It will be seen with what art Spenser employs his sources. The voyage in Tasso, beautiful as it is, cannot compare with the wild and strange romance of the *Odyssey*, so Spenser draws mainly upon Homer for Guyon's voyage—one of the most romantic in

¹ II xii 54.

² *Ger. Lib.* xvi 12.

³ II xii 71.

all literature—but when he arrives at the Bower of Bliss he turns to Tasso; this is for the very good reason that Homer describes quite briefly the abodes of his island goddesses—Circe and Calypso—whereas Tasso lavishes on Armida's bower a long and detailed description. Here, as always, Spenser has added much of his own: the strange sea-monsters, the fog, the weird birds, the lovely gate of the Bower of Bliss which is all of carved ivory, carved with the story of Jason and Medea, showing how Argo:

“First through the Euxine seas bore all the flour of Greece.”

Spenser invents also the evil but lovely Genius who watches at the gate and offers the “mazer of wine” to Guyon; he adds many details to the description of the “large and spacious plaine,” and depicts it in phrases that Milton remembered but could hardly improve:

“More sweet and holesome than the pleasaunt hill
Of Rhodope...
Or Ida where the Gods lov'd to repayre.”

Spenser invents also the porch and Excess who squeezes the ripe grapes into the wine-cup, and the Puritan severity with which Guyon breaks down and destroys the whole bower is of course made necessary by Spenser's own ethical aim.

IV. SPENSER AND ARISTOTLE.

Spenser says in his introductory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, “I labour to pourtraict in Arthur, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall virtues as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve books....” He adds later, “In the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular; which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest and conteineth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthur applyable to that vertue....But of the xii other virtues I make xii other knights the patrones.”

It is not difficult to make out from this what Spenser intended. He himself was far more of a Platonist than an Aristotelian; the Platonic idea of the "just man," the "righteous man," the Platonic theory of love, awakened in him a deeper sympathy than all the analytics of Aristotle. But Aristotle was eminently useful for one purpose—as a systematiser. Dante had drawn largely upon him and Spenser felt that he might well employ the ingenious, skilfully analysed system of Aristotle as the foundation of his work. Of course he would not confine himself to Aristotelianism only: he could not attempt to do so. As a Platonist he would introduce the noble and impassioned ideals of Plato; as a Christian and a Puritan he had many conceptions to render which he could not find in any Greek. However he might model himself upon Aristotle we should still expect his interpretation of many virtues to be deeper and wider; as a matter of fact Spenser has, in certain respects, departed so widely from Aristotle that some critics¹ have been found to deny that he follows him at all.

To begin with, a difficulty has been suggested about the *twelve* moral virtues, for Aristotle nowhere gives a list of virtues that count up to exactly twelve. His principal list is as follows²: Courage (*ἀνδρεία*), Temperance (*σωφροσύνη*), Liberality (*ἐλευθεριότης*), Magnificence (*μεγαλοπρέπεια*), High-mindedness (*μεγαλοψυχία*), Gentleness (*πραότης*), Truthfulness (*ἀλήθεια*), Wittiness (*εὐτραπεία*), Friendliness (*φιλία*), Modesty (*αἰδώς*), Righteous Indignation (*νέμεσις*).

This list counts up to eleven and Aristotle also adds two other virtues—Continence and Justice—which he discusses at length later on. This makes his total number thirteen; however this particular difficulty need give us no pause, for Spenser also does, as a matter of fact, count *thirteen* virtues: the twelve private moral virtues *and* Magnificence. We may also note that there is a certain inconsistency in Aristotle's list as he really counts Chastity twice over, once as a part of Temperance and again as a part of Continence.

¹ M. Jusserand, *Modern Philology*, 1906.

² *Nic. Ethics* Book II vii.

We may now proceed to compare Aristotle's list generally with Spenser's. *The Faerie Queene* was, of course, left incomplete. Only six books were finished, these six including the legends of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice and Courtesy. Now we notice in the first place that Spenser's leading virtue is Holiness which does not correspond to anything in Aristotle. As Spenser interprets it, Holiness is, indeed, an essentially Christian virtue, and, as such, would have been impossible to any Greek. We may observe, however, that Spenser's Holiness really does correspond in many respects to *ἀνδρεία* if a Platonic rather than an Aristotelian interpretation be given to the latter.

Aristotle groups *ἀνδρεία* and *σωφροσύνη* first without doubt because they are the leading Greek virtues, but he gives to the former a much more limited application than is given by Plato. Aristotle especially limits *ἀνδρεία* to courage in war; it is the greatest of virtues because it is the most difficult; the other virtues are concerned with life and may result in pleasant things, but *ἀνδρεία* must be shown in the presence of death.

Plato, on the other hand, interprets *ἀνδρεία* far more widely; it is the essential quality of manliness; it is, as such, the foundation of all the other virtues; it is, in brief, what we call "moral courage." The man who possesses *ἀνδρεία* (so Socrates explains¹) is the only man who is able to guard against evil or compass good, and who will not fail in temperance, justice or holiness.

We are quite justified in saying that Spenser's Holiness really does correspond to *ἀνδρεία*, though in the Platonic rather than the Aristotelian sense of the term. His Holiness really is the moral courage which is the true foundation of all the other virtues and is essential to them all. Spenser has, as we have said, given it a Christian interpretation, but we may notice that the warlike associations of *ἀνδρεία* are not wanting; Spenser's Holiness is essentially that of the church militant. He says of the Redcrosse knight:

"Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was y-drad."

¹ *Protagoras.*

The second virtue on Spenser's list corresponds very closely indeed to the Greek ideal of *σωφροσύνη*, but here again we notice that it is in a Platonic rather than an Aristotelian interpretation of the term. Aristotle shows a disposition to limit this term to mean temperance in physical pleasures, but in Plato the word means a true balance and poise of the whole nature, moderation in all things, in the passions of the mind and the desires of the heart no less than in the pleasures of the body. Now it is in this wider, Platonic sense that Spenser interprets the virtue. He includes in it, in fact, all that Aristotle means by Temperance (*σωφροσύνη*), and also all that Aristotle means by Continence (*ἐγκράτεια*). Socrates says that moral courage (*ἀνδρεία*) is necessary for true temperance¹ and, as we shall see when we come to analyse the second book in detail, Spenser has made this an essential part of Guyon's character, contrasted with its respective extremes of cowardice and recklessness.

Spenser's third virtue, Chastity, seems at first sight like an inconsistency in his plan, for he had already treated of this virtue as a part of Temperance. Why, it is often asked, should he treat it again? The answer is that he is following Aristotle in his inconsistency, for Aristotle, having dealt with this virtue as a part of *σωφροσύνη*² treats it all over again as Continence (*ἐγκράτεια*)³.

But Spenser has really improved upon Aristotle, for chastity in so far as it is *only* continence he has quite adequately treated in the legend of Guyon, while in the story of Britomart it is something more. There again he improves upon the somewhat cold scheme of the Aristotelian ethics by drawing on the inspiration of Plato; his Chastity is really Plato's ideal and noble love—the love born of the Uranian Aphrodite. He had excellent warrant for representing it as such. Plato had expressly said⁴ that this nobler love inspired to purity, and was one of the greatest safeguards of virtue. The Chastity of Britomart is a passionate love, even tortured

¹ *Protagoras*.

² *Nic. Ethics* Book III.

³ *Book VII.*

⁴ *Phaedrus, Symposium.*

by its passion, but it is absolutely secure against all baseness and licentiousness: it is not even tempted. As Aristotle acutely remarks (and as Spenser shows in his Guyon) the continent man must have something to bridle; Guyon, when the lascivious ladies display themselves, really is tempted and has to be rebuked by the Palmer, but Britomart, secure in her noble passion, is never moved at all. Moreover continence is, in itself, a somewhat mediocre virtue; it is *merely* abstinence. But Spenser's Chastity, like Plato's Uranian love, is a perpetual inspiration to all great deeds; it is a spur to honour and the motive to glory. Spenser's Chastity is, in fact, as he himself declares it, one of the noblest of all virtues, because it spiritualises the entire nature and exalts all the energies of the body, both physical and mental, to a higher plane.

Spenser's fourth virtue, Friendship, corresponds to Aristotle's *φιλία*, though he certainly does not follow it in any way closely. Aristotle points out that those friendships which are based upon pleasure are soon dissolved, and there is no permanence in them (*Nic. Ethics* VIII iii). Spenser depicts this type of friendship in his Blandamour and Paridell, who soon fall out and squabble with each other. Até tries to make mischief between them and has no difficulty (IV ii 13—14).

The perfect friendship, Aristotle says, is that of those who are good and alike in virtue; they wish the good of their friends for the friends' own sake; their friendship is the consequence of their own character and therefore continues. Friendships of this kind are likely to be rare, and they take time to make for the friends have to be proved lovable and trustworthy (*Nic. Ethics* VIII iv). A friendship of this kind in Spenser is the friendship between Cambel and Triamond (IV iii 42).

Aristotle also says that the duration of a friendship depends very largely upon its end or aim; if the end is pleasure or utility then, when these fail, the friendship fails too; but if the friendship is founded upon true affection it endures. Spenser sums up:

“It often fals...

That mortall foes do turne to faithfull friends,
And friends profest are chaunged to foemen fell;
The cause of both, of both their minds depends,
And th'end of both likewise of both their ends :

.
friendship, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill-grounded seeds¹.”

It is notable also that Aristotle's *φιλία* includes both friendship and love; he does not distinguish carefully between them; in one paragraph he speaks of the “pair” of friends, in another of the lover and the beloved. This same identity occurs also in Spenser's fourth book; he calls it the legend of “Cambel and Triamond,” but as a matter of fact they play a less significant part in it than is played by the lovers.

In the fourth book also, as we have seen in the others, Spenser is very largely influenced by Plato. Two of the most beautiful things it contains—the story of Florimell and the description of the temple of Venus—are almost pure Platonism. The contrast between the false Florimell and the true is the contrast between the beauty which is of the body only and the beauty which is of both body and soul; the temple of Venus describes Plato's theory of love almost as directly as it is described in *The Fowre Hymnes*. One result of this method is, as everyone has pointed out, that there is not sufficient distinction in Spenser between the subjects of the third and fourth book.

Spenser's fifth legend—that of Justice—again deals with an Aristotelian virtue, and takes more from him than any other book excepting only the legend of Temperance. Aristotle points out that there are two kinds of justice: what is lawful and what is fair. Both are shown in Spenser's second canto: an example of injustice in the sense of unfairness in the Lady Munera and her father who rob all poor passers-by and despoil them, and injustice in the sense of illegality in the giant who protests against “natural law” and wishes to weigh all things in “An huge great paire of ballance.” Artegall

¹ iv iv 1.

punishes the Lady Munera and her father, and refutes the giant by pointing out that what seem the inequalities of nature are ordained by God and therefore just:

“Whose counsels depth thou canst not understand.”

Aristotle also gives a list of different kinds of injustice (*Nic. Ethics* Book v vi). Among them is the injustice of theft; this Spenser deals with in his third canto; Braggadocchio, who had a long time previously (Book II iii) stolen Guyon's horse is punished for his theft by being publicly disgraced and “baffled.”

Aristotle defines “equity” as something that is like justice but is not the same; while that which is equitable is just, it is not just in the eye of the law but is a rectification of legal justice. Spenser is probably dealing with this equity in Canto IV in the complicated case of the two brethren who quarrel about the land which the sea has washed away and cast up in another spot, so benefiting the one brother, while a coffer of treasures, lost in a shipwreck, it has cast up to the benefit of the other. Artegall has no laws to guide him here, but he decides by what he thinks right and fair.

Imprisonment and contumelious treatment are also quoted by Aristotle among examples of injustice, and these are dealt with by Spenser in Cantos IV and V, where Radegund inflicts shameful treatment upon Sir Turpin, and later, upon Artegall himself. In the later portion of the book Spenser passes from general examples to concrete ones; Radegund and Britomart already typify Mary Queen of Scots and Elizabeth, and the remaining cantos are almost wholly and frankly political; the trial and execution of Mary are represented and vindicated; Spenser next dwells on the aid given to the Low Countries, and passionately advocates a “forward” foreign policy; in the conclusion of the book he defends in a similar way Lord Grey's policy in Ireland; he is assailed on his return from aiding “Irene” by the wicked hags—Envie and Detraction—and by the baying of the Blatant Beast, which is Spenser's way of showing that he considers the blame accorded to Lord Grey as unjust and unfair.

Spenser's sixth legend, dealing with the virtue of Courtesy, has no real parallel in Aristotle; it is essentially a chivalrous conception, and, in its full meaning, has no equivalent in Greek. There are, however, virtues in Aristotle's list which do roughly correspond. Spenser's "Courtesy" really includes in itself the two Aristotelian virtues of Truthfulness (*ἀλήθεια*) and Gentleness (*πραότης*). For Aristotle curiously limits the meaning of Truthfulness; he defines it as a medium between Boastfulness (*ἀλαζονεία*) and Self-Depreciation (*εἰρωνεία*). Now this virtue is emphatically a part of Courtesy; the courteous man is neither a boaster nor a swaggerer; nor, on the other hand, is he one who unduly depreciates himself or who allows himself to be put on unfairly; the term as generally interpreted and most certainly as illustrated by Spenser implies a man who knows his true place in society and takes it but without any swagger or undue emphasis, exactly what is done by Aristotle's *ἀληθευτικός*. Gentleness or *πραότης* Aristotle defines as a mean in respect of angry feelings, and he contrasts it with the "defects" of sternness, sullenness, irascibility and the like; gentleness in this sense of the term is certainly included in the virtue of Courtesy.

It is worthy of notice that another of the Aristotelian virtues, *νέμεσις*, is plainly and appropriately included among the attributes of the Knight of Justice. Artegall often shows this quality, and its defects "Envy" and "Malice" are among his enemies. Spenser has often been blamed for not making the line of demarcation between his virtues sufficiently strong, but clearness in such a matter was practically impossible. Plato had anticipated this dilemma in the *Laches*, where he pointed out that it was impossible to separate one virtue from the others since one virtue does, almost infallibly, imply the rest. Even Aristotle warns his reader at the outset that ethics is not an exact science like mathematics, and that no precise divisions can be made. All that Spenser can do is to show predominant one virtue or another, and this he really does. Guyon is probably no less just than Artegall, but he is shown, not conquering injustice but conquering angry passions,

etc. Even in a treatise on "Ethics" it is impossible to be absolutely precise, much more in a poem.

We may turn now to analyse the Aristotelian influence in Book II. Aristotle declares that the soul has two portions—one rational and the other irrational; the human mind is healthy and sane when the rational part rules and keeps the other in subordination. Aristotle further subdivides the irrational portion of the soul into two: the vegetative which governs the processes of nutrition and the like, and does not obey the reason, and the appetitive which can be made to obey the reason¹.

Spenser does not employ the triple division of Aristotle, for he has no use in his symbolism for the vegetative part of the soul. He accepts a dual division; the Palmer represents the reason who is Guyon's guide, and who continually admonishes and warns him. It is when Guyon loses for a time his "trustee guide" that he ceases to be a conqueror and falls victim to the wiles of Phaedria and the perils of Mammon's Cave. We may, perhaps, interpret the allegory as follows—that, having for a time rejected obedience to reason or lost sight of its dictates, man falls a victim to the enervating power of idleness, and thus is exposed to the full temptation of the world; he resists this but is so exhausted that he would fall completely victim to the next peril were it not for external aid. Prince Arthur appears and saves Guyon at the moment of supreme danger. Again, it is the Palmer who supports him through all the perils of the Bower of Bliss, who persuades him to remain obdurate to the enchanted song of the mermaids and steeled against all lascivious delights, and who instructs him how to conquer the witch.

Aristotle lays stress on the fact that virtue implies not only corresponding actions but also corresponding or virtuous notions². Thus, in order that a person should be truly just or temperate, four conditions are necessary: (1) That he should know what he is doing; (2) that he should deliberately choose to do it; (3) that he should choose to do it for its own sake;

¹ *Nic. Ethics* I xiii.

² *Nic. Ethics* II iii.

(4) that it should be an instance or example of a fixed moral state.

Spenser's Guyon and Artegall fulfil all these conditions: Guyon always knows well what he is doing; he is not like Pyrochles or Cymochles, who often imagine that they are performing righteous acts when they are, in reality, only carried away by their own impetuous fury. Guyon acts with deliberation and with care. He resists temptation for the sake of resisting it and not for the sake of any ulterior reward, and his acts are, in the truest sense, revelations of his character. Guyon expresses the Greek ideal more nearly than any other of Spenser's knights, and we may observe how the calm balance, the perfect poise of the pagan ideal are contrasted with the Christian aspiration and endeavour. Guyon is tempted but never wholly succumbs; he is weakened but he suffers no abject misery. The Redcrosse Knight falls a victim to his basest foes, and requires all the agonies of repentance to purify him, but, on the other hand, Guyon experiences nothing so great as the inspired and exchanting visions of the House of Holiness, and nothing so wonderful as the love of Una.

Aristotle's definition of virtue is a very peculiar and distinctive one. He defines each virtue as a mean between two vices of excess and deficiency which represent the two extremes; thus Generosity is a mean between the two vices of Prodigality and Miserliness, Friendliness is the mean between Obsequiousness and Quarrelsomeness, etc. This doctrine of the golden mean, however ingenious it may be, is not really inspiring as a theory of virtue, and we can hardly be surprised that, when Spenser turns it into an allegory, the result is somewhat lacking in charm.

Spenser represents Aristotle's triple division by three sisters¹. The middle one is Medina—"a sober, sad and comely curteous dame"; she receives Guyon with graciousness and decorum, and is modest in all her ways. The elder and the younger sister are both of evil disposition; they are both

¹ Canto II.

opposed to Medina, but still more to each other; as Aristotle says the two extremes are both opposed to the mean but even more to each other. Elissa or "too little" is represented as discontented, sullen and scowling; Perissa or "too much" is immodest, forward, lavish in eating and drinking and lavish in love. Spenser seems to have helped out his conception of Medina by including in her also the virtue of Gentleness (*πραότης*), for "gentleness" is treated in a special way by Aristotle, being given four extremes, and the same occurs with Medina who has not only her sisters opposed to her but also the lovers of her sisters. Medina herself plays the part of peacemaker and intervenes when the others conflict.

Aristotle describes the opposites of *πραότης* or Gentleness as being four: *ὀργιλότης* (irascibility), *ἀκροχολία* (quick temper), *πικρότης* (sullenness), *χαλεπότης* (sternness). Irascibility probably corresponds to Sans-Loy:

"The most unruly, and the boldest boy,
That ever warlike weapons menaged...
Ne ought he cared, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right¹."

Perissa is probably "quick temper" or *ἀκροχολία*; she, like Sans-Loy, continually needs "assuaging" by Medina²; Elissa is "sullenness" or *πικρότης*:

"Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
As discontent for want of merth or meat;
No solace could her paramour intreat
Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
She scowled, and frownd with froward countenance³."

Sir Hudibras is probably "sternness" or *χαλεπότης*:

"Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
And was for terrour more, all armed in shyning bras⁴."

¹ II ii 18.

² II ii 38.

³ II ii 35.

⁴ II ii 17.

And again :

“ Huddibras, more like a malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion ;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yett still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment¹.’

These two knights as representing the two extremes are furiously and bitterly opposed to each other ; Guyon intervenes to prevent their conflict when they join forces to attack him, thus giving one more illustration of the Aristotelian maxim that the two extremes are opposed to each other and also to the mean.

Aristotle points out that moral purpose is not the same thing as passion (*θυμός*), for where actions are due to anger they are not directed by moral purpose². Again, he says that passion (*θυμός*) spurs men on like wild beasts to encounter perils, but nobleness not passion is the motive of true courage³.

Spenser illustrates this in the contrast between Guyon and Pyrochles : Pyrochles is the type of lawless and unrestrained passion ; he has courage enough, but it is the courage of brute violence ; when he sees Guyon he does not wait to “ chaffar words ” but rushes at once upon him and joins in the most furious conflict ; his motive was really good—he had heard that Guyon had wronged a poor old woman—but his heedless fury runs away with him and Guyon, after having conquered and pardoned, admonishes him :

“ Fly, O Pyrochles ! fly the dreadful warre
That in thy selfe thy lesser partes do move ;
Outrageous anger and woe-working jarre,
Direfull impatience, and hart-murdring love⁴.’”

We have seen that Spenser, in considering Courage or *ἀνδρεία* as a necessary part of Temperance is following Plato rather than Aristotle ; none the less he represents *ἀνδρεία* in an Aristotelian manner.

¹ II ii 37.

² *Nic. Ethics* III iv.

³ *Nic. Ethics* III xi.

⁴ II v 16.

Aristotle defines *ἀνδρεία* as a mean between the two vices of Foolhardiness (*θράσος*) and Cowardice (*δειλία*). So Guyon is contrasted with the two Saracens—Pyrochles and Cymochles—who are both examples of *θράσος* and with Braggadocchio who is *δειλία*. Pyrochles and Cymochles are always represented as led away by fury, they have never the calmness of true courage, and, though they rush headlong upon needless perils, they are capable of the basest and meanest actions; thus when they find Guyon lying as they think dead, their wrath against him is not assuaged even by his death, and they wish to attack and mutilate the dead body¹. Nothing could prove better that they have no true valour but only blind and brutal rage.

Aristotle declares that, if uncultivated, *θυμός* does manifest itself chiefly as anger—a pain hungering for personal revenge and finding its pleasure in that. So Spenser shows it.

Braggadocchio is the type of *δειλία* or cowardice; he flees from every danger, even purely imaginary ones, and when he hears Belpheobe rushing through the forest he takes refuge in a bush, and afterwards creeps out upon his hands and knees half dead from terror.

Aristotle, as we have seen, discusses intemperance twice over; he defines what is meant by Temperance (*σωφροσύνη*²), and then returns to the subject again in dealing with Continence (*ἐγκράτεια*) and Incontinence (*ἀκρασία*³). It is the second which Spenser really follows for it is much the more full and complete.

Aristotle defines *σωφροσύνη*, Temperance, as a medium between *ἀκολασία*, Licentiousness, and *ἀναίσθησία* or Insensibility, but he declares that the only opposition which need be considered is that between Temperance and Licentiousness since, in actual practice, Insensibility to pleasures is so very rare. Spenser accepts this definition since he provides Guyon with one extreme of incontinence—Acrasia.

¹ II viii 12—15.

² *Nic. Ethics* III xiii.

³ *Nic. Ethics* VII i—xi.

Aristotle says that there are two different kinds of incontinence, (1) absolute incontinence which applies to anger and to sensual passions, and (2) incontinence which is not absolute and which applies to such things as ambition, wealth, etc. (1) is further sub-divided into (a) incontinence in anger and (b) incontinence in sensuality, the former being ranked by Aristotle as much less disgraceful than the latter. Spenser follows these definitions, except that his order is 1a, 2, 1b.

The first canto of the book gives us the general motive and subject of the whole; Spenser finds the unhappy Amavia who tells him the sad story of her husband's death; he has fallen a victim to the wiles of Acrasia (incontinence) and Amavia dies by her own hand because she could not survive him. Guyon then takes upon him a sacred vow to overcome and punish the enchantress. Spenser thus shows us at once the main enemy and enables the whole legend to be viewed as a unity. Mortdant—the unhappy husband—is a victim of intemperance in pleasure, but Amavia herself is a victim of intemperance in grief.

In the second canto we have, as has already been pointed out, Aristotle's general definition of virtue as a "golden mean." The third canto dwells mainly on that true courage which is the essential foundation of the virtue of Temperance; ἀνδρεία as shown by Belphoebe and Guyon is contrasted with the cowardice of Braggadocchio. The next three cantos all represent, in one way or another, Guyon's struggles with the first form of incontinence, i.e. angry passions. It takes various shapes. In the story of Phedon¹ we have an example of a man who has been wholly overcome and destroyed by intemperance in anger; Guyon overcomes Furor and binds Occasion, i.e. he overcomes anger by refusing to brood or dwell upon wrongs. We notice that Phedon's wrath has all the characteristics of angry passion as defined by Aristotle. (a) Passion does follow reason in a sense: Phedon believes that he has good cause for his wrath. (b) Passion is more natural than the desire of excessive pleasure. (c) Passion is less

¹ Canto iv.

cunning than desire: Phedon has no treachery, but rushes straight and without disguise upon his revenge. (*d*) Passionate action involves pain¹: it is certainly the greatest grief to Phedon since he slays both lover and friend. He exhibits in the most forcible manner the wretched condition of the man who is ruled by his own furious anger:

“A mad man or that feigned mad to bee,
Drew by the haire along upon the ground
A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud, did all abound².”

Furor is not unprovoked, but is, all the time, set on by Occasion, i.e. he obeys reason in a fashion.

In the next canto (*v*) we have the conflict with Pyrochles—another type of angry passion and reckless courage. He also is a victim to his own insensate rage, and complains of the tortures it inflicts upon him:

“That cursed man, that cruell fiend of hell
Furor, oh Furor hath me thus bedight...
That now I weene Joves dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not half so sore³.”

Cymochles also resembles his brother.

In the next canto we turn to the kind of incontinence which, according to Aristotle, is not absolute, i.e. incontinence in the desire for money, honour, etc. Mammon represents the former temptation; he is, as he explains, not only the god of wealth but also the god of the world and of all worldlings; in his power are:

“Riches, renowne and principality
...and all this worldes good⁴.”

“Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly⁵?”

¹ *Nic. Ethics* Book VII vii.

² II iv 3.

³ II vi 50.

⁴ II vii 8.

⁵ II vii 11.

Guyon meets his arguments by declaring that he does not really "support kingdoms"; he only causes "infinite mischiefs" and resists his severest temptation.

The whole conception of Mammon is, however, beyond comparison greater than anything suggested by Aristotle; it is really drawn by Spenser, like the material of his first book, from scholastic theology. The daughter of Mammon "Philotime" is an Aristotelian conception. Aristotle points out that *φιλοτιμία*, Ambition, is a neutral term, sometimes used favourably, sometimes unfavourably; he seems to assume, however, that its prevailing connotation is unfavourable, for in his list of virtues he gives *φιλοτιμία* as an "excess" for which there is no mean or virtue. It is in this sense that Spenser takes it—she is the goddess of extreme and unreasonable ambition; she inspires the desire of excelling others, of advancing by means of flattery, of bribery and other "wrong ways" and of keeping others low.

The siege of the House of Alma, the house of Temperance, contains also a certain number of parallels as does the House itself. Among the moral qualities who dwell with Alma—the lovely abstract personages in whose description Spenser so excels—there is a maiden called Shamefastnesse who is plainly Aristotle's *αἰδώς*. Aristotle says that *αἰδώς* or a sense of shame is hardly a virtue, for it is more like an emotion than a moral state; in its effects it is analogous to the fear of danger for people blush when they are ashamed and turn pale when they are afraid of death. The emotion is one which is not appropriate to all ages but to youth alone; the young are to be praised for exhibiting shamefacedness, but no one would praise it in the old¹. So Spenser describes his "damsell":

"That was right fair and modest of demaine,
 But that too oft she chaung'd her native hew.

 So long as Guyon with her commoned,
 Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anone with rosie red

¹ *Nic. Ethics* Book IV xv.

The bashfull blood her snowy cheeks did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With faire vermilion or pure castory¹."

Guyon wonders at her distress and enquires its cause, but she only blushes more painfully, and Alma enquires :

" Why wonder yee,
 Faire Sir, at that, which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modestee,
 You shamefast are, but Shamefastnesse itselfe is shee²."

Aristotle declares³ that there are three kinds of moral character to be avoided: vice or *κακία*, incontinence *ἀκρασία*, and brutality *θηριότης*. The opposites to these are: virtue or *ἀρετή*, continence or *ἐγκράτεια*, and divine virtue or *θεία ἀρετή*. Brutality is something below humanity as divine virtue is above. All these seem to be represented in the siege of the House of Alma⁴. The "vices" which besiege the House of Alma made up the quality called *κακία*—baseness, wickedness, disgrace, cowardice.

Spenser describes them as base monsters :

" Headed like owles, with beekes uncomely bent,
 Others like dogs, others like gryphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare.

 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envies,
 And covetous aspects, all cruel enimies⁵."

Their captain—Maleger—is a horrible monster who represents the very essence of vice, corresponding perhaps to Aristotle's *θηριότης*; he is of bestial ferocity, he rides upon "a tygre swift and fierce," hardly human in appearance, "like a ghost he

¹ II ix 40—1.

² ix 43.

³ *Nic. Ethics* vii i.

⁴ Canto xi.

⁵ xi 8.

seem'd whose grave-clothes were unbound¹." He is excessively formidable; his arrows are all poisoned:

"Ne was there salve, ne was there medicine,
That mote recure their woundes; so inly they did tine²."

Aristotle says that incontinence assumes the form sometimes of weakness and sometimes of impetuosity³, and Spenser represents his "Maleger" as attended by two hags who are swift in following him:

"And yet the one her other legge had lame,
Which with a staffe all full of litle snags
She did support, and Impotence her name,
But th'other was Impatience, arm'd with raging flame⁴."

Maleger singles out as his chief opponent Prince Arthur, who is Spenser's most noble character, who comes nearest to the virtue of *θεία ἀπερή*. Arthur attacks him with the utmost valour, gives him repeated wounds that should be mortal:

"Through both the sides he strooke him quight⁵,"

till the prince is wholly bewildered:

"He doubted lest it were some magicall
Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
Or wandring ghost that wanted funerall⁶."

Arthur can only subdue him by lifting him off the ground and crushing him to death in his arms:

"That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatch⁷."

Brutality derives its force from the brute earth.

Guyon next proceeds to the chief of all his conquests—the conquest over the witch Acrasia, who is incontinence absolute and in its most debased form, bodily lust.

¹ xi 20.

² xi 21.

³ *Nic. Ethics* vii viii.

⁴ xi 23.

⁵ xi 38.

⁶ xi 39.

⁷ xi 42.

An incontinent person, Aristotle says, is like a person who is asleep, mad, or intoxicated; in one sense he possesses but in another sense he does not possess knowledge. The deliverance of such an incontinent person from his ignorance and stupefaction, and his restoration to knowledge is similar to a person's recovery from intoxication, or his awakening after sleep¹. This "intoxication" Spenser represents as the "witchery" of Acrasia,

"Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight,
Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad²."

Guyon, when he reaches her bower, finds her with a victim "Verdant," who is sunk deep into slumber and his whole existence has become a base intoxication,

"His warlike Armes, the ydle instruments
Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree;
And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
Was fowly ra'st, that none the signes might see:
Ne for them ne for honour cared hee,
Ne ought that did to his advauncement tend;
But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend³."

When the enchantress is captured he awakens and returns to his right mind. An extremer form of the same intoxication is exemplified by the other victims who are turned into swine, their degradation having reached its natural climax. The palmer explains:

"These seeming beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus.

.
According to their mindes like monstruous⁴."

They are restored by his "vertuous staffe," i.e. by the power of reason which makes them men once more.

¹ *Nic. Ethics* vii v.

² II i 52.

³ II xii 80.

⁴ xii 85.

Spenser in his introductory letter says that he means Arthur to typify "Magnificence in particular; which virtue for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deedes of Arthur applyable to that virtue, which I write of in that book." This virtue is, quite plainly, the one which Aristotle calls *μεγαλοψυχία*, more usually translated as "High-mindedness." Some of the qualities of *μεγαλοψυχία* are not found in Arthur but most of them are. The "high-minded" man is not really regarded by Aristotle as a quite real or possible person; he is a type, including in himself all that makes up the Greek ideal as Aristotle, at any rate, understood and interpreted that ideal.

We may observe that the ideal of Plato, as might be expected, goes still further and is much nobler than that of Aristotle. In the *Republic* Socrates demonstrates that the ideally just man may not be the man who is successful in a worldly sense, he may be the man who is persecuted for "righteousness' sake"; he may even be the man who is put to an ignominious death.

Spenser has contented himself with following Aristotle's conception in the main but with a few modifications. The root of "Magnanimity" or "Magnificence" in Aristotle is an assured, deep-seated sense of distinction. The magnanimous man has kindness but it is the kindness of superiority and pride, he feels a certain amount of contempt for other people and his intercourse with them is marked by irony. A high-minded person is one who regards himself as worthy of high things and who is worthy of them: he does not estimate his own desert either too much or too little, the thing for which he cares most is honour. The high-minded man, as being worthy of the highest things, must be in the highest degree good, for it is the crown of all the virtues (*κόσμος τις τῶν ἀρετῶν*). The gifts of fortune contribute to high-mindedness because wealth and political power help a man to honour¹. All this is carefully represented in Spenser's character of Arthur: he is of the

¹ *Nic. Ethics* iv vii.

noblest possible descent, he is great and esteems himself highly but not too highly. Among the characteristics of high-mindedness which Aristotle gives are: (1) to shrink from encountering small dangers but to be ready to encounter great dangers; (2) to be fond of conferring benefits but ashamed of receiving them;... (6) to be free from self-assertion; (7) to avoid fussiness or hurry; (8) to act seldom but effectively;... (12) to be little given to admiration; (13) not to bear grudges;... (16) to prefer nobleness to profit¹. Spenser, on the whole, follows very closely. His Arthur is continually conferring benefits upon others; he is certainly free from any undue self-assertion (like that of Pyrochles or Cymochles), there is a stately dignity in all he says and does. He exactly fulfils the condition that the great-minded man should act seldom but effectively; he only intervenes once in each canto but, whenever he appears, it is always at the crucial moment and his assistance is the pivot upon which the whole action turns; it is he who delivers the Redcrosse Knight from the dungeons of Orgoglio, saves Guyon when he is entirely helpless and takes a leading part in repelling the assault upon the House of Alma. Spenser does not carry out this plan quite consistently; in the fifth book when Artegall is held captive by the Amazon Radegund, he is delivered, not by Arthur but by Britomart, but there were probably political reasons for that particular departure. Arthur does not bear grudges, and he most emphatically prefers nobleness to profit, for he never desires or accepts any reward for his great services. We may observe, however, that there are distinct differences.

Aristotle says that the high-minded man is justified in his contempt for others, but Arthur shows no contempt; he is excellently courteous to all with whom he comes in contact. Aristotle's hero is ashamed of receiving benefits, but Spenser insists that even the greatest and most magnificent things may sometimes need the help of the weakest and feeblest, and he expressly insists on the need for humility. In the contest with Maleger and the hags who assist him, Arthur

¹ *Nic. Ethics* iv. viii.

is overthrown and would have been slain but for his squire who hastens to the rescue:

“So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
 So feeble is man's state and life unsound
 That in assurance it may never stand
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band¹.”

Arthur then overcomes Maleger in a fierce and dreadful conflict, but afterwards is once more ^{so} weak and faint that he requires assistance from his squire. Aristotle's hero is little given to admiration, but this also is not true of Spenser's Arthur, who always rejoices in the virtues and graces of others.

V. THE HISTORIC ALLEGORY.

The allegory in Spenser's *Faerie Queene* has, as he himself explains, a historic significance; but it is not easy to explain this significance in the case of Book II and a few notes only can be given here.

The name “Guyon” itself suggests a French hero for it is plainly the Guyan (Guienne) of the Elizabethan chronicles². It seems to me probable that Guyon is meant largely for Coligny. The region of south-western France was one of the chief seats of Coligny's power. His great plan for a Protestant league in Europe, including England and the French Huguenots as main elements, was of course, precisely one of the ideas most likely to appeal to Spenser, and Coligny might quite fairly be represented among Elizabeth's knights as he had received help and subsidies from her.

Coligny also, as we learn from contemporary histories³, was famous as one of the chief examples in his age of the virtue of temperance. Coligny was extremely abstemious and sparing in his use of wine, he ate very moderately and slept never more than seven hours. He was extremely grave and even austere

¹ II xi 30.

² Fabyan etc.

³ *Vie de Coligny*, Leyden, 1600.

and yet at the same time courteous and winning in his demeanour. That he should be especially distinguished by the virtue of temperance makes him, of course, particularly appropriate for the knight of Temperance.

Again we notice that Sir Guyon, more than any other of the chief heroes of Spenser, is connected with the sea and its wonders and exploration; Coligny as grand admiral of France would naturally be a sea hero and he was also a great patron of colonising and wished to found Protestant colonies in the New World.

We also observe that Guyon, more than any other of Spenser's knights, is interested in history and a whole canto is devoted to it¹. Coligny was a man of considerable learning, exceedingly interested in history, who wrote very valuable memoirs of his own time though they were afterwards destroyed by his enemies².

If there is an element of Coligny in Guyon it is not difficult to understand two of the main occurrences in the book: the visit to the Cave of Mammon³ and the attempt at seduction by Phaedria or Mirth⁴.

On the moral side Coligny resisted the temptation to enrich himself and was conspicuous among the men of his age for adding nothing to his wealth or lands; on the political side he was one of the Frenchmen whom Charles V and Philip II were wholly unable to seduce.

If a precise event is alluded to it may be Coligny's visit to the Spanish Court in the Netherlands, to Charles V and Philip, in the year 1556.

It is generally agreed that Mammon does represent the power of Spain, and on this particular occasion the Emperor certainly did his best to win over Coligny. The visit was intensely dramatic. Passing up the staircase between a double row of Spaniards all in black and "of a grave and venerable bearing" Coligny came to the antechamber: "It was hung in black. The royal chamber was in black also. The small table

¹ x.² Brantôme *L'Amiral de Chastillon*.³ vii.⁴ vi.

and the chair on which Charles was sitting were, like the rest, draped in black. The Emperor seemed old and shrunken. His eyes were those to which tears came quickly. His hands hung limp and nerveless—wrinkled with age. He was dressed in the prevailing colour. He was dispirited and melancholy¹.”

It is easy to see how this gloomy, melancholy master of untold wealth and power, destined as he was to retire soon into the solitude of a cloister, might have suggested Mammon to Spenser. Mammon is the father of Philotime or Ambition and Charles V was, of course, the most ambitious and the most successfully ambitious prince of his day.

In similar fashion the temptation by Mirth or Phaedria probably alludes to Catherine de Medici. It was an important part of her politics to surround herself with a bevy of beautiful women, adepts in all the arts of seduction, whom she employed to entice her political opponents into indolence and supineness. These tactics succeeded with Anthony of Bourbon and many others but failed with Coligny.

In Spenser Phaedria or Mirth entices Guyon to enter her swiftly-moving boat and conveys him over the Idle Lake to an enchanted island where it is her custom to make her lovers waste their lives in indolence and frivolous enjoyments. Guyon at first is courteous but he sees that she passes the bounds of modesty and breaks away from her and her pleasures. So Coligny had for a time endeavoured to work with Catherine; he had made every effort to win her support and she often attempted to negotiate. One example occurred in 1562 when the armies of Catholics and Huguenots were separated only by the Seine: “It was finally arranged that the Admiral should see her (Catherine) while the Constable visited the Prince. Coligny crossed the river in a small boat. Catherine received him with every demonstration of affection. She embraced and kissed him².” This interview and others were alike unsuccessful.

It is probable that the figures of Pyrochles and Cymochles

¹ See Whitehead *Coligny*, also Sir Walter Besant *Life of Coligny*.

² Whitehead *Coligny*.

represent the two Valois princes: Charles IX and Henry of Anjou. The conception of Pyrochles is that of an unrestrained and fiery nature often breaking out into great savagery, but none the less it shows much pathos; Pyrochles continually aims at righteousness but is incessantly carried away by his own violent rage and so is always falling into the power of Furor whom he hates and fears. So Charles IX was known for his terrible fits of almost maniacal anger and he was incited into such fits by Henry of Guise who is probably Spenser's Furor.

Guyon conquers Furor, i.e. Coligny gets the better of Guise, but Pyrochles (Charles IX) sets Furor free and is afterwards driven to madness by him.

The passage¹ which describes how the unhappy Pyrochles tries to quench his rage in the waters of the stream but suffers hideously because Furor has set him on fire within looks like an allusion to the raging fury of Charles at the time of St Bartholomew. He had, apparently, neither planned nor intended the massacre but his insensate rage seemed to deprive him of reason, and Brantôme recounts that he took the utmost pleasure in seeing the dead bodies, more than four thousand of them, floating down the Seine, either drowned or slain². Yet Brantôme also recounts that Charles was a changed man from that day and suffered ever afterwards from an inward fever which grew worse and worse so that people suspected enchantment or sorcery. Spenser's Pyrochles complains that he burns within and is consumed with "implacable" fire³. Charles' remorse was to some extent assuaged by the approval of the Pope and it is notable that Archimage comes to the assistance of Pyrochles and aids him with balms and herbs.

Cymochles, the brother of Pyrochles, shows an extraordinary jealousy of Guyon and Phaedria and becomes Guyon's bitter enemy because of the favour shown to him by Phaedria; this would be true of Henry of Anjou who detested and feared Coligny because of the influence the latter had over his mother and brother.

¹ VI 42--51.

² Charles IX.

³ VI 144.

We may also point out the incident in which Pyrochles and Cymochles conspire together to disgrace the body of Guyon. The Palmer pleads that it is shameful

“to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foule cowardise his carkasse shame,
Whose living hands immortalised his name;
Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold¹.”

There was, of course, no event which more incited the wrath and disgust of Europe than the foul insults inflicted on the body of Coligny; even Brantôme records them with supreme horror and disgust². Pyrochles wishes to remove the shield of Guyon and the Coligny family was stripped of its honours.

The two brothers are described³ as the sons of Acrates and Despight and the grandsons of Phlegeton. This would be an admirable genealogy for the Valois princes. Acrates would be the gloomy Henry II—their father, Despight Catherine de Médici their mother—and Phlegeton corresponds perfectly to their grandfather Francis I who prided himself on his fiery nature, took as his motto “I burn” and as his crest a salamander in flames, meaning that he burnt continually without being consumed.

Cymochles is described as commencing his life by warlike deeds but afterwards giving way to the seductions of Phaedria and devoting himself to idleness and licentiousness; this would be true of Henry of Anjou who won a great reputation for valour in his early years but was overcome by the seductions of his mother’s court and wasted his life in sloth and licentiousness.

Though a large part of Book II is concerned with French history it is certainly not all so occupied.

Spenser himself explains that Belpheobe is Elizabeth and critics are generally agreed that Braggadocchio means the Duc d’Alençon and their encounter refers to the French marriage project. If this explanation be correct the officious squire—Trompart—who seems no less smitten with Belpheobe’s beauty than his master would, of course, be Simier.

¹ VIII 12. 17.

² *L’Amiral de Chastillon*.

³ IV 41.

It seems probable also that the story of Guyon contains references to the family of Spenser's patron—Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton—both to himself and to his father, William, Lord Grey of Wilton.

Arthur was born at Hammes in the English Pale in France in 1536, so the French name of the hero would suit him also. He was present at the siege and surrender of Guisnes in 1568 when his father commanded and the French attacked under the Duke of Guise. Of this siege he afterwards wrote a long account incorporated by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*.

It is notable that Spenser devotes one whole canto¹ to a siege which seems itself to be a sequel to another long canto² which is full of material incorporated from Holinshed's *Chronicle*. Grey was, of course, particularly zealous in promoting the reformed religion.

He was one of the peers appointed for the trial of the Duke of Norfolk in 1574, and in 1586 he was one of the commissioners appointed for the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots.

These events seem reflected in Canto XII. Guyon shows great pity for the young man "Verdant hight" whom he finds in the arms of Acrasia and sets him free for a time. It may be remembered that Norfolk was at first pardoned; Verdant is described as of "a sweet regard and amiable grace" and Norfolk was one of the most popular nobles in England. His shield was full of "old monuments" and Norfolk was of a very ancient family and the premier duke.

He resumed his conspiracies to become Mary's husband and was executed, being then aged about thirty-three.

The overthrow of Acrasia's bower must surely refer to the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. In this part of the poem and elsewhere Spenser seems to owe a good deal to Knox's *History of the Reformation*. Thus the thick mist which descends and hides the face of nature seems to be a reference to the thick mist which obscured the voyage on the day of Mary's landing in Scotland and which Knox declared to be typical of the mist of blindness and iniquity which she was bringing upon her un-

¹ XI.² X.

happy country. Spenser describes a great flock of birds and Knox also saw some curious connection between these creatures and Mary, because he declared that a severe winter which caused the death of most of the birds was sent as a punishment for her wickedness. Spenser also describes mermaids who try to entice his knight with their enchanting song; placards of the time which attacked Mary often represented her as a mermaid¹.

Spenser describes Acrasia's bower, as made enticing by melody and songs and luxurious sports. So Knox in his sermons was continually attacking the queen for the frivolity of her court, especially for her love of music and adornment and dancing.

The golden wine-cup which is offered to Guyon probably symbolises the ceremony of the mass, which was the great cause of conflict between the queen and the reformers.

In the story of Sir Guyon there are probably references also to the elder Grey of Wilton. He was the governor of Guisnes, which he defended with great valour in the famous siege; his son was present at this siege and described it for Holiushed's *Chronicle*, as already explained. The Palmer family—Sir Henry and his brother—were trusted adherents of the Greys. Letters from Lord Grey are extant addressing Sir Henry as "my trusty Pallmer"; they also were concerned in the siege of Guisnes.

Lloyd in his *State Worthies* has the following concerning William, Lord Grey of Wilton: "He had Fabius his slow way and long reach with Herennius his fine policies, having his two companions always with him, his map and his guide; the first whereof discovered unto him his more obvious advantages and the second his more close dangers."

It looks as if Spenser had combined this idea of the guide, always carefully consulted with the name of the "trusty Pallmer." Lloyd continues concerning William: "His great conduct won him much esteem with those that saw him. Observable his civility to strangers, his bounty to followers, obliging his carriage in the countries he marched through and expert his skill in the wars; whose end, he said, was victory and the end of victory

¹ Lang, *Mystery of Mary Stuart*.

nobleness, made up of pity and munificence....Having lived to all the great purposes of life but self-interest he died 1563....Not much regarded was this gallant spirit when alive but much missed when dead."

It is worthy of note that Spenser's method in Book II seems to be much the same as in the historical allegory of Book V; in the latter also he combines French and English history together and makes his hero—Artegall—represent two persons, in that case Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton and Lord Leicester.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE
FAERIE QUEENE.

CONTAYNING,
THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON.
OR
OF TEMPERAUNCE.

1

Right well I wote most mighty Soveraine,
That all this famous antique history,
Of some th'aboundance of an idle braine
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather then matter of just memory,
Sith none, that breatheth living aire, does know,
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet no where show,
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

2

But let that man with better sence advize, 10
That of the world least part to us is red:
And dayly how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th'Indian *Peru*?
Or who in venturous vessell measured
The *Amazons* huge river now found trew?
Or fruitfullest *Virginia* who did ever vew?

3

Yet all these were, when no man did them know ;
 Yet have from wiscest ages hidden beene : 20
 And later times things more unknowne shall show.
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ?
 What if within the Moones faire shining spheare ?
 What if in every other starre unseene
 Of other worldes he happily should heare ?
 He wonder would much more : yet such to some appeare.

4

Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,
 By certaine signes here set in sundry place
 He may it find ; ne let him then admire, 30
 But yield his sence to be too blunt and bace,
 That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
 And thou, O fairest Princesse under sky,
 In this faire mirrhour maist behold thy face,
 And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
 And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

5

The which O pardon me thus to enfold
 In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
 Which else could not endure those beames bright,
 But would be dazled with exceeding light. 41
 O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare
 The brave adventures of this Faery knight
 The good Sir *Guyon* graciously to heare,
 In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

CANTO I

*Guyon by Archimage abused,
 The Redcrosse knight awaytes,
 Findes Mordant and Amavia slaine
 With pleasures poisoned baytes.*

1

That cunning Architect of cancred guile,
 Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands,
 For falsed letters and suborned wile,
 Soone as the *Redcrosse* knight he understands,
 To beene departed out of *Eden* lands,
 To serve againe his soveraine *Elfin* Queene,
 His artes he moves, and out of caytives hands
 Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene;
 His shackles emptie left, him selfe escaped cleene.

2

And forth he fares full of malicious mind, 10
 To worken mischief and avenging woe,
 Where ever he that godly knight may find,
 His onely hart sore, and his onely foe,
 Sith *Una* now he algates must forgoe,
 Whom his victorious hands did earst restore
 To natives crowne and kingdome late ygoe:
 Where she enjoyes sure peace for evermore,
 As weather-beaten ship arriv'd on happie shore.

3

Him therefore now the object of his spight
 And deadly food he makes: him to offend 20
 By forged treason, or by open fight
 He seekes, of all his drift the aymed end:
 Thereto his subtile engins he does bend
 His practick wit, and his faire filed tong,
 With thousand other sleights: for well he kend,
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong;
 For hardly could be hurt, who was already stong.

4

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay.
 With cunning traines him to entrap unwares,
 And privie spials plast in all his way, 30
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares;
 To ketch him at a vantage in his snares.
 By triall of his former harmes and cares,
 But now so wise and warie was the knight
 That he descride, and shonned still his slight:
 The fish that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

5

Nath'lesse th'Enchaunter would not spare his paine,
 In hope to win occasion to his will;
 Which when he long awaited had in vaine,
 He chaungd his minde from one to other ill: 40
 For to all good he enemy was still.
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meet,
 Faire marching underneath a shady hill,
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

6

His carriage was full comely and upright,
 His countenance demure and temperate,
 But yet so sterne and terrible in sight,
 That cheard his friends, and did his foes amate:
 He was an Elfin borne of noble state, 50
 And mickle worship in his native land;
 Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
 And knighthood tooke of good Sir *Huons* hand,
 When with king *Oberon* he came to Faerie land.

7

Him als accompanyd upon the way
 A comely Palmer, clad in blacke attire,
 Of ripest yeares, and haire all hoarie gray,
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire:
 And if by lookes one may the mind aread, 60
 He seemd to be a sage and sober sire,
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead,
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to
 tread.

8

Such whenas *Archimago* them did view,
 He weened well to worke some uncouth wile,
 Eftsoones untwisting his deceitfull clew,
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
 And with a faire countenance and flattring stile,
 To them approching, thus the knight bespake:
 Faire sonne of *Mars*, that seeke with warlike spoile,
 And great atchiev'ments great your selfe to make,
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.

9

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,
 And bad tell on the tenor of his plaint;
 Who feigning then in every limbe to quake,
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faint
 With piteous mone his percing speach gan paint;
 Deare Lady how shall I declare thy cace,
 Whom late I left in langourous constraint?
 Would God thy selfe now present were in place, so
 To tell this ruefull tale; thy sight could win thee grace.

10

Or rather would, O would it so had chaunst,
 That you, most noble Sir, had present beene,
 When that lewd ribauld with vile lust advaunst
 Layd first his filthy hands on virgin cleene,
 To spoile her daintie corse so faire and sheene,
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,
 With living eye more faire was never seene,
 Of chastitie and honour virginall: 89
 Witnessse ye heavens, whom she in vaine to helpe did call.

11

How may it be, (said then the knight halfe wroth,)
 That knight should knighthood ever so have shent?
 None but that saw (quoth he) would weene for troth,
 How shamefully that Maid he did torment.
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword,
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,
 And threatned death with many a bloudie word;
 Young hates to tell the rest, that eye to see abhord.

12

Therewith amoved from his sober mood, 100
 And lives he yet (said he) that wrought this act,
 And doen the heavens afford him vitall food?
 He lives, (quoth he) and boasteth of the fact,
 Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.
 Where may that treachour then (said he) be found,
 Or by what meanes may I his footing tract?
 That shall I shew (said he) as sure, as hound
 The stricken Deare doth challenge by the bleeding
 wound.

13

He staid not lenger talke, but with fierce ire
 And zealous hast away is quickly gone 110
 To seeke that knight, where him that craftie Squire
 Supposd to be. They do arrive anone,
 Where sate a gentle Lady all alone,
 With garments rent, and haire discheveled,
 Wringing her hands, and making piteous mone;
 Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,
 And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

14

The knight approching nigh, thus to her said,
 Faire Ladie, through foule sorrow ill bedight,
 Great pittie is to see you thus dismaid, 120
 And marre the blossome of your beautie bright:
 For thy appease your griefe and heavie plight,
 And tell the cause of your conceived paine.
 For if he live, that hath you doen despight;
 He shall you doe due recompence againe,
 Or else his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.

15

Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
 She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
 And offred hope of comfort did despise:
 Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent, 130
 And scratcht her face with ghastly dveriment,
 Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be scene,
 But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
 Either for grievous shame, or for great teene,
 As if her hart with sorrow had transfixed beene.

16

Till her that Squire bespake, Madame my lief,
 For Gods deare love be not so wilfull bent,
 But doe vouchsafe now to receive reliefe,
 The which good fortune doth to you present.
 For what bootes it to weepe and to wayment, 140
 When ill is chaunst, but doth the ill increase,
 And the weake mind with double woe torment?
 When she her Squire heard speake, she gan appease
 Her voluntarie paine, and feele some secret ease.

17

Eftsoone she said, Ah gentle trustie Squire,
 What comfort can I wofull wretch conceive,
 Or why should ever I henceforth desire,
 To see faire heavens face, and life not leave,
 Sith that false Traytour did my honour reave?
 False traytour certes (said the Faerie knight) 150
 I read the man, that ever would deceave
 A gentle Ladie, or her wrong through might:
 Death were too little paine for such a foule despight.

18

But now, faire Ladie, comfort to you make,
 And read, who hath ye wrought this shamefull
 plight.

That short revenge the man may overtake,
 Where so he be, and soone upon him light.
 Certes (said she) I wote not how he hight,
 But under him a gray steede did he wield,
 Whose sides with dapled circles weren dight; 160
 Upright he rode, and in his silver shield
 He bore a bloudie Crosse, that quartred all the field.

19

Now by my head (said *Guyon*) much I muse,
 How that same knight should do so foule amis,
 Or ever gentle Damzell so abuse:
 For may I boldly say, he surely is
 A right good knight, and true of word ywis:
 I present was, and can it witnesse well,
 When armes he swore, and streight did enterpris
 Th'adventure of the *Errant damozell*, 170
 In which he hath great glorie wonne, as I heare tell.

20

Nathlesse he shortly shall againe be tryde,
 And fairely quite him of th'imputed blame,
 Else be ye sure he dearely shall abyde,
 Or make you good amendment for the same:
 All wrongs have mends, but no amends of shame.
 Now therefore Ladie, rise out of your paine,
 And see the salving of your blotted name.
 Full loth she seemd thereto, but yet did faine;
 For she was inly glad her purpose so to gaine. 180

21

Her purpose was not such, as she did faine,
 Ne yet her person such, as it was seene,
 But under simple shew and semblant plaine
 Lurckt false *Duessa* secretly unseene,
 As a chast Virgin, that had wronged beene:
 So had false *Archimago* her disguisd,
 To cloke her guile with sorrow and sad teene;
 And eke himselfe had craftily devisd
 To be her Squire, and do her service well aguisd.

22

Her late forlorne and naked he had found, 190
 Where she did wander in waste wilderness,
 Lurking in rockes and caves farre under ground,
 And with greene mosse cov'ring her nakednesse,
 To hide her shame and loathly filthinesse;
 Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
 And borrow'd beautie spoyld. Her nathelesse
 Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
 Did thus revest, and deckt with due habiliments.

23

For all he did, was to deceive good knights,
 And draw them from pursuit of praise and fame,
 To slug in slouth and sensuall delights, 201
 And end their daies with irrenowned shame.
 And now exceeding grieffe him overcame,
 To see the *Redcrosse* thus advaunced hye;
 Therefore this craftie engine he did frame,
 Against his praise to stirre up enmitye
 Of such, as vertues like mote unto him allye.

24

So now he *Guyon* guides an uncouth way
 Through woods and mountaines, till they came at last
 Into a pleasant dale, that lowly lay 210
 Betwixt two hils, whose high heads overplast,
 The valley did with coole shade overcast;
 Through midst thereof a little river rold,
 By which there sate a knight with helme unlast,
 Himselfe refreshing with the liquid cold,
 After his travell long, and labours manifold.

25

Loe yonder he, cryde *Archimage* alowd,
 That wrought the shamefull fact, which I did shew;
 And now he doth himselfe in secret shrowd,
 To flie the vengeance for his outrage dew; 220
 But vaine: for ye shall dearely do him rew,
 So God ye speed, and send you good successe;
 Which we farre off will here abide to vew.
 So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulnesse,
 That streight against that knight his speare he did
 addresse.

26

Who seeing him from farre so fierce to pricke,
 His warlike armes about him gan embrace,
 And in the rest his readie speare did sticke;
 Tho when as still he saw him towards pace,
 He gan renconnter him in equall race. 230
 They bene ymet, both readie to affrap,
 When suddenly that warriour gan abace
 His threatned speare, as if some new mishap
 Had him betidde, or hidden daunger did entrap.

27

And cryde, Mercie Sir knight, and mercie Lord,
 For mine offence and heedlesse hardiment,
 That had almost committed crime abhord,
 And with reprochfull shame mine honour shent,
 Whiles cursed steele against that badge I bent,
 The sacred badge of my Redeemers death, 240
 Which on your shield is set for ornament:
 But his fierce foe his steede could stay uneath,
 Who prickt with courage kene, did cruell battell breath.

28

But when he heard him speake, streight way he knew
 His error, and himselfe inclyning sayd;
 Ah deare Sir *Guyon*, well becommeth you,
 But me behoveth rather to upbrayd,
 Whose hastie hand so farre from reason strayd,
 That almost it did haynous violence
 On that faire image of that heavenly Mayd, 250
 That decks and armes your shield with faire
 defence:
 Your court'sie takes on you anothers due offence.

29

So bene they both attone, and doen upreare
 Their bevers bright, each other for to greete;
 Goodly comportance each to other beare,
 And entertaine themselves with court'sies meet.
 Then said the *Redcrosse* knight, Now mote I weet,
 Sir *Guyon*, why with so fierce saliaunce,
 And fell intent ye did at earst me meet;
 For sith I know your goodly governaunce, 260
 Great cause, I weene, you guided, or some uncouth
 chaunce.

30

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

31

So can he turne his earnest unto game, 271
 Through goodly handling and wise temperance.
 By this his aged guide in presence came;
 Who soone as on that knight his eye did glance,
 Eft soones of him had perfect cognizance,
 Sith him in Faerie court he late avizd;
 And said, faire sonne, God give you happie chance,
 And that deare Crosse upon your shield devizd,
 Wherewith above all knights ye goodly seeme aguizd.

32

Joy may you have, and everlasting fame, 280
 Of late most hard atchiev'ment by you donne,
 For which enrolled is your glorious name
 In heavenly Registers above the Sunne,
 Where you a Saint with Saints your seat have
 wonne:
 But wretched we, where ye have left your marke,
 Must now anew begin, like race to runne;
 God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy warke,
 And to the wished haven bring thy weary barke.

31, 2 'handling' ed. 1590, 'handing' 1596.

33

Palmer, (him answered the *Redcrosse* knight) 289
 His be the praise, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
 Who made my hand the organ of his might;
 More then goodwill to me attribute nought:
 For all I did, I did but as I ought.
 But you, faire Sir, whose pageant next ensewes,
 Well mote yee thee, as well can wish your thought,
 That home ye may report thrise happie newes;
 For well ye worthie bene for worth and gentle thewes.

34

So courteous conge both did give and take,
 With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
 Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make, 300
 With his blacke Palmer, that him guided still.
 Still he him guided over dale and hill,
 And with his steddie staffe did point his way:
 His race with reason, and with words his will,
 From foule intemperance he oft did stay,
 And suffred not in wrath his hastie steps to stray.

35

In this faire wize they traveild long yfere,
 Through many hard assayes, which did betide;
 Of which he honour still away did beare,
 And spred his glorie through all countries wide.
 At last as chaunst them by a forest side 311
 To passe, for succour from the scorching ray,
 They heard a ruefull voice, that dearnly cride
 With percing shriekes, and many a dolefull lay;
 Which to attend, a while their forward steps they stay.

36

But if that carelesse heavens (quoth she) despise
 The doome of just revenge, and take delight
 To see sad pageants of mens miseries,
 As bound by them to live in lives despight, 319
 Yet can they not warne death from wretched wight.
 Come then, come soone, come sweetest death to mee,
 And take away this long lent loathed light:
 Sharpe be thy wounds, but sweet the medicines bee,
 That long captived soules from wearie thraldome free.

37

But thou, sweet Babe, whom frowning froward fate
 Hath made sad witnessse of thy fathers fall,
 Sith heaven thee deignes to hold in living state,
 Long maist thou live, and better thrive withall,
 Then to thy lucklesse parents did befall:
 Live thou, and to thy mother dead attest, 330
 That cleare she dide from blemish criminall;
 Thy litle hands embrewd in bleeding brest
 Loe I for pledges leave. So give me leave to rest.

38

With that a deadly shrieke she forth did throw,
 That through the wood reechoed againe,
 And after gave a grone so deepe and low,
 That seemd her tender heart was rent in twaine,
 Or thrild with point of thorough piercing paine;
 As gentle Hynd, whose sides with cruell steele
 Through launched, forth her bleeding life does
 raine, 340
 Whiles the sad pang approching she does feele,
 Brayes out her latest breath, and up her eyes doth seele.

39

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting strait
 From his tall steed, he rusht into the thicke,
 And soone arrived, where that sad pourtraict
 Of death and dolour lay, halfe dead, halfe quicke,
 In whose white alabaster brest did sticke
 A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
 From which forth gusht a streme of gorebloud thick,
 That all her goodly garments staine around, 35^o
 And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassie ground.

40

Pittifull spectacle of deadly smart,
 Beside a bubbling fountaine low she lay,
 Which she increased with her bleeding hart,
 And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray;
 Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
 His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
 For in her streaming blood he did embay
 His litle hands, and tender joynts embrew;
 Pitifull spectacle, as ever eye did view. 36^o

41

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras
 The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
 Whose armour all with bloud besprinckled was;
 His ruddie lips did smile, and rosy red
 Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yet being ded,
 Seemd to have beene a goodly personage,
 Now in his freshest flowre of lustie hed,
 Fit to inflame faire Lady with loves rage,
 But that fiers fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42

Whom when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold, 370
 His hart gan wexe as starke, as marble stone,
 And his fresh blond did frieze with fearefull cold,
 That all his senses seemd bereft attone,
 At last his mightie ghost gan deepe to grone,
 As Lyon grudging in his great disdaine,
 Mournes inwardly, and makes to himselfe mone;
 Till ruth and fraile affection did constraîne,
 His stout courage to stoupe, and shew his inward paine.

43

Out of her gored wound the cruell steele
 He lightly snatcht, and did the floudgate stop 380
 With his faire garment: then gan softly feele
 Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
 Of living blond yet in her veynes did hop;
 Which when he felt to move, he hoped faire
 To call backe life to her forsaken shop;
 So well he did her deadly wounds repaire,
 That at the last she gan to breath out living aire.

44

Which he perceiving greatly gan reioice,
 And goodly counsell, that for wounded hart
 Is meetest med'eine, tempred with sweet voice;
 Ay me, deare Lady, which the image art 391
 Of ruefull pitie, and impatient smart,
 What direfull chance, armd with revenging fate,
 Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruell part,
 Thus fowle to hasten your untimely date;
 Speake, O deare Lady speake: help never comes too late.

45

Therewith her dim eie-lids she up gan reare,
 On which the drery death did sit, as sad
 As lump of lead, and made darke clouds appeare;
 But when as him all in bright armour clad 400
 Before her standing she espied had,
 As one out of a deadly dreame affright,
 She weakely started, yet she nothing drad:
 Streight downe againe her selfe in great despight,
 She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46

The gentle knight her soone with carefull paine
 Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
 Thrise he her reard, and thrise she sunke againe,
 Till he his armes about her sides gan fold,
 And to her said; Yet if the stony cold 410
 Have not all seized on your frozen hart,
 Let one word fall that may your grieffe unfold,
 And tell the secret of your mortall smart;
 He oft finds present helpe, who does his grieffe impart.

47

Then casting up a deadly looke, full low,
 Shee sight from bottome of her wounded brest,
 And after, many bitter throbs did throw
 With lips full pale and foltring tongue opprest,
 These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
 Leave, ah leave off, what ever wight thou bee,
 To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest, 421
 And trouble dying soules tranquilittee.
 Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

48

Ah farre be it (said he) Deare dame fro mee,
 To hinder soule from her desired rest,
 Or hold sad life in long captivitee:
 For all I seeke, is but to have redrest
 The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
 Tell then, ô Lady tell, what fatall priefe
 Hath with so huge misfortune you opprest? 430
 That I may cast to compasse your reliefe,
 Or die with you in sorrow, and partake your grieffe.

49

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hye,
 As heaven accusing guiltie of her death,
 And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
 In these sad words she spent her utmost breath:
 Heare then, ô man, the sorrowes that uneth
 My tongue can tell, so farre all sense they pas:
 Loe this dead corpse, that lies here underneath,
 The gentlest knight, that ever on greene gras 440
 Gay steed with spurs did pricke, the good Sir Mortdant
 was.

50

Was, (ay the while, that he is not so now)
 My Lord my love; my deare Lord, my deare love,
 So long as heavens just with equall brow,
 Vouchsafed to behold us from above,
 One day when him high courage did emmove,
 As wont ye knights to seeke adventures wilde,
 He pricked forth, his puissant force to prove,
 Me then he left enwombed of this child, 449
 This lucklesse child, whom thus ye see with blond defild.

51

Him fortun'd (hard fortune ye may ghesse)
 To come, where vile *Acrasia* does wonne,
Acrasia a false enchaunteresse,
 That many errant knights hath foule fordonne:
 Within a wandring Island, that doth ronne
 And stray in perilous gulfe, her dwelling is,
 Faire Sir, if ever there ye travell, shonne
 The cursed land where many wend amis,
 And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of blis.*

52

Her blisse is all in pleasure and delight, 460
 Wherewith she makes her lovers drunken mad,
 And then with words and weedes of wondrous might,
 On them she workes her will to uses bad:
 My lifest Lord she thus beguiled had;
 For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailtie breed.)
 Whom when I heard to beene so ill bestad,
 Weake wretch I wrapt my selfe in Palmers weed,
 And cast to seeke him forth through daunger and great
 dreed.

53

Now had faire *Cynthia* by even tournes
 Full measured three quarters of her yeare, 470
 And thrise three times had fild her crooked hornes,
 Whenas my wombe her burdein would forbear,
 And bad me call *Lucina* to me neare.
Lucina came: a manchild forth I brought:
 The woods, the Nymphes, my bowres, my midwives
 weare,
 Hard helpe at need. So deare thee babe I bought,
 Yet nought too deare I deemd, while so my dear I sought.

54

Him so I sought, and so at last I found,
 Where him that witch had thrall'd to her will,
 In chaines of lust and lewd desires ybound, 480
 And so transformed from his former skill,
 That me he knew not, neither his owne ill;
 Till through wise handling and faire governance,
 I him recured to a better will,
 Purged from drugs of foule intemperance:
 Then meanes I gan devise for his deliverance.

55

Which when the vile Enchaunteresse perceiv'd,
 How that my Lord from her I would reprove,
 With cup thus charmd, him parting she deceiv'd;
Sad verse, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love, to her that loves to live, 491
So soone as Bacchus with the Nymphes does lincke,
 So parted we and on our journey drive,
 Till comming to this well, he stoupt to drinke:
 The charme fulfilld, dead suddenly he downe did sincke.

56

Which when I wretch, Not one word more she sayd
 But breaking off the end for want of breath,
 And slyding soft, as downe to sleepe her layd,
 And ended all her woe in quiet death.
 That seeing good Sir *Guyon*, could unneath 500
 From teares abstaine, for griefe his hart did grate,
 And from so heavie sight his head did wreath,
 Accusing fortune, and too cruell fate,
 Which plunged had faire Ladie in so wretched state.

57

Then turning to his Palmer said, Old syre
 Behold the image of mortalitie,
 And feeble nature cloth'd with fleshly tyre,
 When raging passion with fierce tyrannie
 Robs reason of her due regalitie,
 And makes it servant to her basest part: 510
 The strong it weakens with infirmitie,
 And with bold furie armes the weakest hart;
 The strong through pleasure soonest falles, the weake
 through smart.

58

But temperance (said he) with golden squire
 Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
 Neither to melt in pleasures whot desire,
 Nor fry in hartlesse grieffe and dolefull teene.
 Thrise happie man, who fares them both atweene:
 But sith this wretched woman overcome
 Of anguish, rather then of crime hath beene, 520
 Reserve her cause to her eternall doome,
 And in the meane vouchsafe her honorable toombe.

59

Palmer (quoth he) death is an equall doome
 To good and bad, the common Inne of rest;
 But after death the tryall is to come,
 When best shall be to them, that lived best:
 But both alike, when death hath both supprest,
 Religious reverence doth buriall teene,
 Which who so wants, wants so much of his rest:
 For all so great shame after death I weene, 530
 As selfe to dyen bad, unburied bad to beene.

60

So both agree their bodies to engrave;
 The great earthes wombe they open to the sky,
 And with sad Cypresse seemely it emgrave,
 Then covering with a clod their closed eye,
 They lay therein those corses tenderly,
 And bid them sleepe in everlasting peace.
 But ere they did their utmost obsequy,
 Sir *Guyon* more affection to increace, 539
 Bynempt a sacred vow, which none should aye releace.

61

The dead knights sword out of his sheath he drew,
 With which he cut a locke of all their heare,
 Which medling with their bloud and earth, he
 threw
 Into the grave, and gan devoutly sweare;
 Such and such evill God on *Guyon* reare,
 And worse and worse young Orphane be thy paine,
 If I or thou dew vengeance doe forbeare,
 Till guiltie bloud her guerdon doe obtaine:
 So shedding many teares, they closd the earth againe.

CANTO II

*Babes bloudie hands may not be clenst,
 the face of golden Meane.
 Her sisters two Extremities:
 strive her to banish cleane.*

1

Thus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithfull guide
 Had with due rites and dolorous lament
 The end of their sad Tragedie uptyde,
 The litle babe up in his armes he hent;
 Who with sweet pleasance and bold blandishment
 Gan smyle on them, that rather ought to weepe,
 As carelesse of his woe, or innocent
 Of that was doen, that ruth emperced deepe
 In that knights heart, and wordes with bitter teares
 did steepe.

2

Ah lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre, 10
 And in dead parents balefull ashes bred,
 Full litle weenest thou, what sorrowes are
 Left thee for portion of thy livelihood,
 Poore Orphane in the wide world scattered,
 As budding braunch rent from the native tree,
 And throwen forth, till it be withered:
 Such is the state of men: thus enter wee
 Into this life with woe, and end with miseree.

3

Then soft himselfe inclyning on his knee
 Downe to that well, did in the water weene 20
 (So love does loath disdainfull nicitee)
 His guiltie hands from bloudie gore to cleene.
 He washt them oft and oft, yet nought they beene
 For all his washing cleaner. Still he strove,
 Yet still the litle hands were bloudie seene;
 The which him into great amaz'ment drove,
 And into diverse doubt his wavering wonder clove.

4

He wist not whether blot of foule offence
 Might not be purgd with water nor with bath;
 Or that high God, in lieu of innocence, 30
 Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
 To shew how sore bloudguiltinesse he hat'th;
 Or that the charme and venim, which they druncke,
 Their bloud with secret filth infected hath,
 Being diffused through the senselesse truncke,
 That through the great contagion direfull deadly stunck.

5

Whom thus at gaze, the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reason, and thus faire bespake;
 Ye bene right hard amated, gracious Lord,
 And of your ignorance great marvell make, 40
 Whiles cause not well conceived ye mistake.
 But know, that secret vertues are infusd
 In every fountaine, and in every lake,
 Which who hath skill them rightly to have chusd,
 To prooffe of passing wonders hath full often usd.

6

Of those some were so from their sourse indewd
 By great Dame Nature, from whose fruitfull pap
 Their welheads spring, and are with moisture
 deawd;
 Which feedes each living plant with liquid sap,
 And filles with flowres faire *Floraes* painted lap:
 But other some by gift of later grace, 51
 Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
 Had vertue pourd into their waters bace,
 And thenceforth were renowmd, and sought from place
 to place.

7

Such is this well, wrought by occasion straunge,
 Which to her Nymph befell. Upon a day,
 As she the woods with bow and shafts did ranunge,
 The hartlesse Hind and Robucke to dismay,
Dan Faunus chaunst to meet her by the way,
 And kindling fire at her faire burning eye, 60
 Inflamed was to follow beauties ¹chace,
 And chaced her, that fast from him did fly;
 As Hind from her, so she fled from her enemy.

8

At last when fayling breath began to faint,
 And saw no meanes to scape, of shame affrayd,
 She set her downe to weepe for sore constraint,
 And to *Diana* calling lowd for ayde,
 Her deare besought, to let her dye a mayd.
 The goddesse heard, and suddeine where she sate,
 Welling out streames of teares, and quite dismayd
 With stony feare of that rude rustieck mate, 71
 Transformd her to a stone from stedfast virgins state.

¹ 7, 7 'pray' sugg. by Collier.

9

Lo now she is that stone, from whose two heads,
 As from two weeping eyes, fresh streames do flow,
 Yet cold through feare, and old conceived dreads;
 And yet the stone her semblance seemes to show,
 Shapt like a maid, that such ye may her know;
 And yet her vertues in her water byde:
 For it is chast and pure, as purest snow,
 Ne lets her waves with any filth be dyde, 80
 But ever like her selfe unstained hath beene tryde.

10

From thence it comes, that this babes bloody hand
 May not be clensd with water of this well:
 Ne certes Sir strive you it to withstand,
 But let them still be bloody, as befell,
 That they his mothers innocence may tell,
 As she bequeathd in her last testament;
 That as a sacred Symbole it may dwell
 In her sonnes flesh, to minde revengement,
 And be for all chast Dames an endlesse moniment.

11

He hearkned to his reason, and the childe 91
 Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to beare;
 But his sad fathers arnes with bloud defilde,
 An heavie load himselfe did lightly reare,
 And turning to that place, in which whyleare
 He left his loftie steed with golden sell,
 And goodly gorgeous barbes, him found not theare.
 By other accident that earst befell,
 He is convaide, but how or where, here fits not tell.

9, 1 'whose' 1590, 'those' 1596.

12

Which when Sir *Guyon* saw, all were he wroth, 100
 Yet algates mote he soft himselfe appease,
 And fairely fare on foot, how ever loth;
 His double burden did him sore disease.
 So long they traveled with litle ease,
 Till that at last they to a Castle came,
 Built on a rocke adjoyning to the seas,
 It was an auncient worke of antique fame,
 And wondrous strong by nature, and by skilfull frame.

13

Therein three sisters dwelt of sundry sort,
 The children of one sire by mothers three; 110
 Who dying whylome did divide this fort
 To them by equall shares in equall fee:
 But strifull minde, and diverse qualitee
 Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
 Still did they strive, and dayly disagree;
 The eldest did against the youngest goe,
 And both against the middest meant to worken woe.

14

Where when the knight arriv'd, he was right well
 Recciv'd, as knight of so much worth became,
 Of second sister, who did far excell 120
 The other two; *Medina* was her name,
 A sober sad, and comely curteous Dame;
 Who rich arayd, and yet in modest guize,
 In goodly garments, that her well became,
 Faire marching forth in honorable wize,
 Him at the threshold met, and well did enterprize.

15

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
 And comely courted with meet modestie,
 Ne in her speach, ne in her haviour,
 Was lightnesse scene, or looser vanitie, 130
 But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
 Above the reason of her youthly yeares:
 Her golden lockes she roundly did uptye
 In breaded tramels, that no looser heares
 Did out of order stray about her daintie eares.

16

Whilest she her selfe thus busily did frame,
 Seemely to entertaine her new-come guest,
 Newes hereof to her other sisters came,
 Who all this while were at their wanton rest,
 Accourting each her friend with lavish fest: 140
 They were two knights of perelesse puissance,
 And famous far abroad for warlike gest,
 Which to these Ladies love did countenaunce,
 And to his mistresse each himselfe strove to advaunce.

17

He that made love unto the eldest Dame,
 Was hight Sir *Huddibras*, an hardy man;
 Yet not so good of deedes, as great of name,
 Which he by many rash adventures wan,
 Since errant armes to sew he first began;
 More huge in strength, then wise in workes he was,
 And reason with foole-hardize over ran; 151
 Sterne melancholy did his courage pas,
 And was for terrour more, all arind in shyning bras.

18

But he that lov'd the youngest, was *Sans-loy*,
 He that faire *Una* late fowle outraged,
 The most unruly, and the boldest boy,
 That ever warlike weapons menaged,
 And to all lawlesse lust encouraged,
 Through strong opinion of his matchlesse might:
 Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged 160
 By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right.
 He now this Ladies champion chose for love to fight.

19

These two gay knights, vowd to so diverse loves,
 Each other does envie with deadly hate,
 And dayly warre against his foeman moves,
 In hope to win more favour with his mate,
 And th'others pleasing service to abate,
 To magnifie his owne. But when they heard,
 How in that place straunge knight arrived late,
 Both knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
 And fiercely unto battell sterne themselves prepar'd.

20

But ere they could proceede unto the place, 172
 Where he abode, themselves at discord fell,
 And cruell combat joynd in middle space:
 With horrible assault, and furie fell,
 They heapt huge strokes, the scorned life to quell,
 That all on uprore from her settled seat,
 The house was raysd, and all that in did dwell;
 Seemd that lowde thunder with amazement great
 Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

21

The noyse thereof cald forth that straunger knight,
 To weet, what dreadfull thing was there in hand;
 Where when as two brave knights in bloody fight
 With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
 His sunbroad shield about his wrest he bond,
 And shyning blade unsheathd, with which he ran
 Unto that stead, their strife to understand;
 And at his first arrivall, them began
 With goodly meanes to pacifie, well as he can.

22

But they him spying, both with greedy forse 190
 Attonce upon him ran, and him beset
 With strokes of mortall steele without remorse,
 And on his shield like yron sledges bet:
 As when a Beare and Tygre being met
 In cruell fight on lybicke Ocean wide,
 Espye a traveler with feet surbet,
 Whom they in equall pray hope to devide,
 They stint their strife, and him assaile on every side.

23

But he, not like a wearie travelere,
 Their sharpe assault right boldly did rebut, 200
 And suffred not their blowes to byte him nere,
 But with redoubled buffes them backe did put:
 Whose grieved mindes, which choler did englut,
 Against themselves turning their wrathfull spight,
 Gan with new rage their shields to hew and cut;
 But still when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
 With heavie load on him they freshly gan to smight.

21, 1 'calth' 1596, 'cald' 1590.

24

As a tall ship tossed in troublous seas,
 Whom raging windes threatning to make the pray
 Of the rough rockes, do diversly disease, 210
 Meetes two contrary billowes by the way,
 That her on either side do sore assay,
 And boast to swallow her in greedy grave;
 She scorning both their spights, does make wide way,
 And with her brest breaking the fomy wave,
 Does ride on both their backs, and faire her selfe doth
 save.

25

So boldly he him beares, and rusheth forth
 Betweene them both, by conduct of his blade.
 Wondrous great prowesse and heroick worth
 He shewd that day, and rare ensample made,
 When two so mighty Warriours he dismade: 221
 Attonce he wards and strikes, he takes and payes,
 Now forst to yield, now forcing to invade,
 Before, behind, and round about him layes:
 So double was his paines, so double be his prayse.

26

Straunge sort of fight, three valiaunt knights to see
 Three combats joyne in one, and to darraine
 A triple warre with triple enmittee,
 All for their Ladies froward love to gaine, 229
 Which gotten was but hate. So love does raine
 In stoutest minds, and maketh monstrous warre;
 He maketh warre, he maketh peace againe,
 And yet his peace is but continuall jarre:
 O miserable men, that to him subject arre.

27

Whilst thus they mingled were in furious armes,
 The faire *Medina* with her tresses torne,
 And naked brest, in pittie of their harmes,
 Emongst them ran, and falling them before,
 Besought them by the womb, which them had borne,
 And by the loves, which were to them most deare,
 And by the knighthood, which they sure had
 sworne, 241
 Their deadly cruell discord to forbear,
 And to her just conditions of faire peace to heare.

28

But her two other sisters standing by,
 Her lowd gainsaid, and both their champion bad
 Pursew the end of their strong enmity,
 As ever of their loves they would be glad.
 Yet she with pittthy words and counsell sad,
 Still strove their stubborne rages to revoke,
 That at the last suppressing fury mad, 250
 They gan abstaine from dint of direfull stroke,
 And hearken to the sober speaches, which she spoke.

29

Ah puissaunt Lords, what cursed evill Spright,
 Or fell *Erinnys* in your noble harts,
 Her hellish brond hath kindled with despight,
 And stird you up to worke your wilfull smarts?
 Is this the joy of armes? be these the parts
 Of glorious knighthood, after bloud to thrust,
 And not regard dew right and just desarts?
 Vaine is the vaunt, and victory unjust, 260
 That more to mighty hands, then rightfull cause doth
 trust.

30

And were there rightfull cause of difference,
 Yet were not better, faire it to accord,
 Then with bloud guiltnesse to heape offence,
 And mortall vengeance joyne to crime abhord?
 O fly from wrath, fly, O my liefest Lord:
 Sad be the sights, and bitter fruits of warre,
 And thousand furies wait on wrathfull sword;
 Ne ought the prayse of prowesse more doth marre,
 Then fowle revenging rage, and base contentious jarre.

31

But lovely concord, and most sacred peace 271
 Doth nourish vertue, and fast friendship breeds;
 Weake she makes strong, and strong thing does
 increace,
 Till it the pitch of highest prayse exceeds:
 Brave be her warres, and honorable deeds,
 By which she triumphes over ire and pride,
 And winnes an Olive girlond for her meeds:
 Be therefore, O my deare Lords, pacifide,
 And this misseeming discord meekely lay aside.

32

Her gracious wordes their rancour did appall, 280
 And suncke so deepe into their boyling brests,
 That downe they let their cruell weapons fall,
 And lowly did abase their loftie crests
 To her faire presence, and discrete behests.
 Then she began a treatie to procure,
 And stablsh termes betwixt both their requests,
 That as a law for ever should endure;
 Which to observe in word of knights they did assure.

33

Which to confirme, and fast to bind their league,
 After their wearie sweat and bloody toile, 290
 She them besought, during their quiet treague,
 Into her lodging to repaire a while,
 To rest themselves, and grace to reconcile.
 They soone consent: so forth with her they fare,
 Where they are well receiv'd, and made to spoile
 Themselves of soiled armes, and to prepare
 Their minds to pleasure, and their mouthes to dainty
 fare.

34

And those two froward sisters, their faire loves
 Came with them eke, all were they wondrous loth,
 And fained cheare, as for the time behoves, 300
 But could not colour yet so well the troth,
 But that their natures bad appeard in both:
 For both did at their second sister grutch,
 And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
 The inner garment fret, not th'utter touch;
 One thought their cheare too litle, th'other thought
 too mutch.

35

Elissa (so the eldest hight) did deeme
 Such entertainment base, ne ought would eat,
 Ne ought would speake, but evermore did seeme
 As discontent for want of merth or meat; 310
 No solace could her Paramour intreat
 Her once to show, ne court, nor dalliance,
 But with bent lowring browes, as she would threat,
 She scould, and frownd with froward countenance,
 Unworthy of faire Ladies comely governaunce.

36

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
 Full of disport, still laughing, loosely light,
 And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
 No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
 But poured out in pleasure and delight; 320
 In wine and meats she flowd above the bancke,
 And in excesse exceeded her owne might;
 In sumptuous tire she joyd her selfe to prancke,
 But of her love too lavish (litle have she thancke.)

37

First by her side did sit the bold *Sans-loy*,
 Fit mate for such a mincing mineon,
 Who in her loosenesse tooke exceeding joy;
 Might not be found a franker franion,
 Of her lewd parts to make companion;
 But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent, 330
 Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
 Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
 Yet still he sat, and inly did him selfe torment.

38

Betwixt them both the faire *Medina* sate
 With sober grace, and goodly carriage:
 With equall measure she did moderate
 The strong extremities of their outrage;
 That forward paire she ever would asswage,
 When they would strive dew reason to exceed;
 But that same froward twaine would accourage,
 And of her plenty adde unto their need: 341
 So kept she them in order, and her selfe in heed.

39

Thus fairely she attempered her feast,
 And pleasd them all with meete satietie,
 At last when lust of meat and drinke was ceast,
 She *Guyon* deare besought of curtesie,
 To tell from whence he came through jeopardie,
 And whither now on new adventure bound.
 Who with bold grace, and comely gravitie,
 Drawing to him the eyes of all around, 35^o
 From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound.

40

This thy demaund, ô Lady, doth revive
 Fresh memory in me of that great Queene,
 Great and most glorious virgin Queene alive,
 That with her soveraigne powre, and scepter shene
 All Faery lond does peaceable sustene.
 In widest Ocean she her throne does reare,
 That over all the earth it may be seene;
 As morning Sunne her beames dispredden cleare,
 And in her face faire peace, and mercy doth appeare.

41

In her the richesse of all heavenly grace, 36¹
 In chiefe degree are heaped up on hie:
 And all that else this worlds enclosure bace,
 Hath great or glorious in mortall eye,
 Adornes the person of her Majestie;
 That men beholding so great excellence,
 And rare perfection in mortalitie,
 Do her adore with sacred reverence,
 As th'Idole of her makers great magnificence.

42

To her I homage and my service owe, 370
 In number of the noblest knights on ground,
 Mongst whom on me she deigned to bestowe
 Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renownd,
 That may this day in all the world be found,
 An yearely solemne feast she wontes to make
 The day that first doth lead the yeare around;
 To which all knights of worth and courage bold
 Resort, to heare of straunge adventures to be told.

43

There this old Palmer shewed himselfe that day,
 And to that mighty Princesse did complaine 380
 Of grievous mischiefes, which a wicked Fay
 Had wrought, and many whelmd in deadly paine,
 Whereof he crav'd redresse. My Soveraine,
 Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joyes
 Throughout the world her mercy to maintaine,
 Eftsoones devisd redresse for such annoyes;
 Me all unfit for so great purpose she employes.

44

Now hath faire *Phœbe* with her silver face
 Thrise seene the shadowes of the neather world,
 Sith last I left that honorable place, 390
 In which her royall presence is introid;
 Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
 Till I that false *Acrasia* have wonne;
 Of whose fowle deedes, too hideous to be told
 I witnesse am, and this their wretched sonne,
 Whose wofull parents she hath wickedly fordonne.

44, 4 'introid,' prob. 'enrolled.'

45

Tell on, faire Sir, said she, that dolefull tale,
From which sad ruth does seeme you to restraine,
That we may pittie such unhappy bale,
And learne from pleasures poyson to abstaine: 400
Ill by ensample good doth often gayne.
Then forward he his purpose gan pursew,
And told the storie of the mortall payne,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes him selfe did lately vew.

46

Night was far spent, and now in *Ocean* deepe
Orion, flying fast from hissing snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steepe,
When of his pitteous tale he end did make;
Whilest with delight of that he wisely spake, 410
Those gwestes beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleepe, that did them overtake.
At last when they had markt the chaunged skyes,
They wist their houre was spent; then each to rest
him hyes.

CANTO III

*Vaine Braggadocchio getting Guyons
horse is made the scorne
Of knighthood trew, and is of fayre
Belphæbe fowle forlorne.*

1

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

2

Then taking *Congé* of that virgin pure, *11* ¹¹ *11* 10
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earnestly commit, and her conjure,
In vertuous lore to traine his tender youth,
And all that gentle noriture ensu'th:
And that so soone as ryper yeares he raught,
He might for memorie of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'avenge his Parents death on them, that had it
wrought.

3

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
 Sith his good steed is lately from him gone; 20
 Patience perforce; helpelesse what may it boot
 To fret for anger, or for grieffe to mone?
 His Palmer now shall foot no more alone:
 So fortune wrought, as under greene woods syde
 He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
 He left his steed without, and speare besyde,
 And rushed in on foot to ayd her, ere she dyde.

4

The whiles a losell wandring by the way,
 One that to bountie never cast his mind,
 Ne thought of honour ever did assay 30
 His baser brest, but in his kestrell kind
 A pleasing vaine of glory vaine did find,
 To which his flowing toung, and troublous spright
 Gave him great ayd, and made him more inclin'd:
 He that brave steed there finding ready dight,
 Purloynd both steed and speare, and ran away full
 light.

5

Now gan his hart all swell in jollitie,
 And of him selfe great hope and helpe conceiv'd,
 That puffed up with smoke of vanitie,
 And with selfe-loved personage deceiv'd, 40
 He gan to hope, of men to be receiv'd
 For such, as he him thought, or faine would bee:
 But for in court gay portance he perceiv'd,
 And gallant shew to be in greatest gree,
 Eftsoones to court he cast t'avaunce his first degree.

6

And by the way he chaunced to espy
 One sitting idle on a sunny bancke,
 To whom avaunting in great bravery,
 As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke,
 He smote his courser in the trembling flanke, 50
 And to him threatned his hart-thrilling speare:
 The seely man seeing him ryde so rancke,
 And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,
 And crying Mercy lowd, his pitious hands gan reare.

7

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous prowde,
 Through fortune of his first adventure faire,
 And with big thundring voyce reuyld him lowd;
 Vile Caytive, vassall of dread and despaire,
 Unworthie of the commune breathed aire,
 Why livest thou, dead dog, a lenger day, 60
 And doest not unto death thy selfe prepare.
 Dye, or thy selfe my captive yield for ay;
 Great favour I thee graunt, for aunswere thus to stay.

8

Hold, ô deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
 Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall.
 Ah wretch (quoth he) thy destinies withstand
 My wrathfull will, and do for mercy call.
 I give thee life: therefore prostrated fall,
 And kisse my stirrup; that thy homage bee.
 The Miser threw him selfe, as an Offall, 70
 Streight at his foot in base humilitee,
 And cleeped him his liege, to hold of him in fee.

9

So happy peace they made and faire accord:
 Eftsoones this liege-man gan to waxe more bold,
 And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
 In his owne kind he gan him selfe unfold:
 For he was wylie witted, and growne old
 In cunning sleights and practick knavery.
 For that day forth he cast for to uphold
 His idle humour with fine flattery, 80
 And blow the bellowes to his swelling vanity.

10

Trompart fit man for *Braggadachio*,
 To serve at court in view of vaunting eye;
 Vaine-glorious man, when fluttering wind does blow
 In his light wings, is lifted up to skye:
 The scorne of knighthood and trew chevalrye,
 To thinke without desert of gentle deed,
 And noble worth to be advaunced hye:
 Such prayse is shame; but honour vertues meed
 Doth beare the fairest flowre in honorable seed. 90

11

So forth they pas, a well consorted paire,
 Till that at length with *Archimage* they meet:
 Who seeing one that shone in armour faire,
 On goodly courser thundring with his feet,
 Eftsoones supposed him a person meet,
 Of his revenge to make the instrument:
 For since the *Redcrosse* knight he earst did weet,
 To beene with *Guyon* knit in one consent,
 The ill, which earst to him, he now to *Guyon* ment.

12

And comming close to *Trompart* gan inquere 100
 Of him, what mighty warriour that mote bee,
 That rode in golden sell with single spere,
 But wanted sword to wreake his enmittee.
 He is a great adventurer, (said he)
 That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
 And now hath vowd, till he avenged bee,
 Of that despight, never to wearen none;
 That speare is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

13

Th'enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
 And weened well ere long his will to win, 110
 And both his foen with equall foyle to daunt.
 Tho to him louting lowly, did begin
 To plaine of wrongs, which had committed bin
 By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcrosse* knight,
 Which two through treason and deceiptfull gin,
 Had slaine Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
 That mote him honour win, to wreake so foule despight.

14

Therewith all suddcinly he seemd enraged,
 And threatned death with dreadfull countenance,
 As if their lives had in his hand beene gaged; 120
 And with stiffe force shaking his mortall launce,
 To let him weet his doughtie valiaunce,
 Thus said; Old man, great sure shalbe thy meed,
 If where those knights for feare of dew vengeance
 Do lurke, thou certainly to me areed,
 That I may wreake on them their hainous hatefull deed.

15

Certes, my Lord, (said he) that shall I soone,
 And give you eke good helpe to their decay,
 But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
 Give no ods to your foes, but do purvay 130
 Your selfe of sword before that bloody day:
 For they be two the prowest knights on ground,
 And oft approv'd in many hard assay,
 And eke of surest steele, that may be found,
 Do arme your selfe against that day, them to confound.

16

Dotard (said he) let be thy deepe advise;
 Seemes that through many yeares thy wits thee faile,
 And that weake eld hath left thee nothing wise,
 Else never should thy judgement be so fraile,
 To measure manhood by the sword or maile. 140
 Is not enough foure quarters of a man,
 Withouten sword or shield, an host to quaile?
 Thou little wotest, what this right hand can:
 Speake they, which have beheld the battailes, which
 it wan.

17

The man was much abashed at his boast;
 Yet well he wist, that who so would contend
 With either of those knights on even coast,
 Should need of all his armes, him to defend;
 Yet feared least his boldnesse should offend,
 When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did sweare, 150
 When with onesword seven knights I brought to end,
 Thence forth in battell never sword to beare,
 But it were that, which noblest knight on earth doth
 weare.

18

Perdie Sir knight, said then th'enchauter blive,
 That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
 For now the best and noblest knight alive
 Prince *Arthur* is, that wonnes in Faerie lond;
 He hath a sword, that flames like burning brond.
 The same by my advise I undertake
 Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond. 160
 At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
 And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19

He stayd not for more bidding, but away
 Was suddain vanished out of his sight:
 The Northerne wind his wings did broad display
 At his commaund, and reared him up light
 From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
 They lookt about, but no where could espie
 Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
 They both nigh were, and each bad other flie: 170
 Both fled attonce, ne ever backe returned eie.

20

Till that they come unto a forrest greene,
 In which they shrowd themselves from causelesse
 feare;
 Yet feare them followes still, where so they beene,
 Each trembling leafe, and whistling wind they
 heare,
 As ghastly bug their haire on end does reare:
 Yet both doe strive their fearfulnessse to faine.
 At last they heard a horne, that shrilled cleare
 Throughout the wood, that ecchoed againe, 179
 And made the forrest ring, as it would rive in twaine.

21

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

22

Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not, 190
 But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
 Cleare as the skie, withouten blame or blot,
 Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
 And in her cheekes the vermeill red did shew
 Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
 The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
 And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
 Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the ded.

23

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th'heavenly makers light, 200
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fire
 To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
 For with dredd Majestie, and awfull ire,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

24

Her ivorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did it selfe disprede,
 For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave, 210
 And write the battels of his great godhed:
 All good and honour might therein be red:
 For there their dwelling was. And when she spake,
 Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
 And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

25

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
 And every one her with a grace endowes: 220
 And every one with meekenesse to her bowes.
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall fraile pen describe her heavenly face,
 For feare through want of skill her beautie to disgrace?

26

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight,
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken Camus lylly whight,
 Purpled upon with many a folded plight, 230
 Which all above besprinckled was throughout,
 With golden aygulets, that glistred bright,
 Like twinckling starres, and all the skirt about
 Was hemd with golden fringe.

27

Below her ham her weed did somewhat traine,
 And her streight legs most bravely were embayld
 In gilden buskins of costly Cordwaine,
 All bard with golden bendes, which were entayld
 With curious antickes, and full faire aumayld:
 Before they fastned were under her knee 240
 In a rich Jewell, and therein entrayld
 The ends of all their knots, that none might see,
 How they within their foulings close enwrapped bee.

28

Like two faire marble pillours they were seene,
 Which doe the temple of the Gods support,
 Whom all the people decke with girlands greene,
 And honour in their festivall resort;
 Those same with stately grace, and princely port
 She taught to tread, when she her selfe would grace,
 But with the wooddie Nymphes when she did play,
 Or when the flying Libbard she did chace, 251
 She could them nimble move, and after fly apace.

29

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow and quiver gay,
 Stuft with steele-headed darts, wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden bauldricke, which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps; which like young fruit in May
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide, 260
 Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

28, 7 'play,' possibly 'sport.'

30

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
 About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
 And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
 They waved like a penon wide dispred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:
 And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude hairees sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

31

Such as *Diana* by the sandie shore 271
 Of swift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* greene,
 Where all the Nymphes have her unwares forlore,
 Wandreth alone with bow and arrowes keene,
 To seeke her game: Or as that famous Queene
 Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did destroy,
 The day that first of *Priame* she was seene,
 Did shew her selfe in great triumphant joy,
 To succour the weake state of sad afflicted *Troy*.

32

Such when as hartlesse *Trompart* her did vew, 280
 He was dismayed in his coward mind,
 And doubted, whether he himselfe should shew,
 Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
 Both feare and hope he in her face did find,
 When she at last him spying thus bespake;
 Hayle Groome; didst not thou see a bleeding Hind,
 Whose right haunch earst my stedfast arrowstrake?
 If thou didst, tell me, that I may her overtake.

33

Wherewith reviv'd, this answere forth he threw;
 O Goddesse, (for such I thee take to bee) 290
 For neither doth thy face terrestriall shew,
 Nor voyce sound mortall; I avow to thee,
 Such wounded beast, as that, I did not see,
 Sith earst into this forrest wild I came.
 But mote thy goodlyhed forgive it mee,
 To weet, which of the Gods I shall thee name,
 That unto thee due worship I may rightly frame.

34

To whom she thus; but ere her words ensewed,
 Unto the bush her eye did suddein glauce,
 In which vaine *Braggadocchio* was mewed, 300
 And saw it stirre: she left her percing launce,
 And towards gan a deadly shaft advaunce,
 In mind to marke the beast. At which sad stowre,
Trompart forth stept, to stay the mortall chaunce,
 Out crying, ô what ever heavenly powre,
 Or earthly wight thou be, withhold this deadly howre.

35

O stay thy hand for yonder is no game
 For thy fierce arrowes, them to exercize,
 But loe my Lord, my liege, whose warlike name,
 Is farre renownd through many bold emprize; 310
 And now in shade he shrowded yonder lies.
 She staid: with that he crawld out of his nest,
 Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
 And standing stoutly up, his loftie crest
 Did fiercely shake, and rowze, as comming late from
 rest.

36

As fearefull fowle, that long in secret cave
 For dread of soaring hauke her selfe hath hid,
 Not caring how, her silly life to save,
 She her gay painted plumes disorderid,
 Seeing at last her selfe from daunger rid, 320
 Peepes foorth, and soone renewes her native pride;
 She gins her feathers foule disfigured
 Proudly to prune, and set on every side,
 So shakes off shame, ne thinks how erst she did her hide.

37

So when her goodly visage he beheld,
 He gan himselfe to vaunt: but when he vewed
 Those deadly tooles, which in her hand she held,
 Soone into other fits he was transmewed,
 Till she to him her gracious speach renewed;
 All haile, Sir knight, and well may thee befall, 330
 As all the like, which honour have pursewed
 Through deedes of armes and prowesse martiall;
 All vertue merits praise, but such the most of all.

38

To whom he thus; ô fairest under skie,
 True be thy words, and worthy of thy praise,
 That warlike feats doest highest glorifie.
 Therein have I spent all my youthly daies,
 And many battailes fought, and many fraies
 Throughout the world, wher so they might be found,
 Endeavouring my dreaded name to raise 340
 Above the Moone, that fame may it resound
 In her eternall trompe, with laurell girland cround.

39

But what art thou, ô Ladie, which doest raunge
 In this wilde forrest, where no pleasure is,
 And doest not it for joyous court exchange,
 Emongst thine equall peres, where happie blis
 And all delight does raigne, much more then this?
 There thou maist love, and dearely loved bee,
 And swim in pleasure, which thou here doest mis;
 There maist thou best be seene, and best maist see:
 The wood is fit for beasts, the court is fit for thee. 351

40

Who so in pompe of proud estate (quoth she)
 Does swim, and bathes himselfe in courtly blis,
 Does waste his dayes in darke obscuritee,
 And in oblivion ever buried is:
 Where ease abounds, yt's eath to doe amis;
 But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
 Behaves with cares, cannot so easie mis.
 Abroad in armes, at home in studious kind 359
 Who seekes with painfull toile, shall honor soonest find.

41

In woods, in waves, in warres she wonts to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man, that moulds in idle cell,
 Unto her happie mansion attaine:
 Before her gate high God did Sweat ordaine,
 And wakefull watches ever to abide:
 But easie is the way, and passage plaine
 To pleasures pallace; it may soone be spide,
 And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

42

In Princes court, The rest she would have said, 370
 But that the foolish man, filld with delight
 Of her sweet words, that all his sence dismaid,
 And with her wondrous beautie ravisht quight,
 Gan burne in filthy lust, and leaping light,
 Thought in his bastard armes her to embrace.
 With that she swarving backe, her Javelin bright
 Against him bent, and fiercely did menace:
 So turned her about, and fled away apace.

43

Which when the Peasant saw, amazd he stood,
 And greived at her flight; yet durst he not 380
 Pursew her steps, through wild unknowen wood;
 Besides he feard her wrath, and threatned shot
 Whiles in the bush he lay, not yet forgot:
 Ne car'd he greatly for her presence vaine,
 But turning said to *Trompart*, What foule blot
 Is this to knight, that Ladie should againe
 Depart to woods untoucht, and leave so proud disdaine?

44

Perdie (said *Trompart*) let her passe at will,
 Least by her presence daunger mote befall.
 For who can tell (and sure I feare it ill) 390
 But that she is some powre celestiall?
 For whiles she spake, her great words did apall
 My feeble courage, and my hart oppresse,
 That yet I quake and tremble over all.
 And I (said *Braggadocchio*) thought no lesse,
 When first I heard her horne sound with such
 ghastrinesse.

45

For from my mothers wombe this grace I have
 Me given by eternall destinie,
 That earthly thing may not my courage brave
 Dismay with feare, or cause on foot to flie, 400
 But either hellish feends, or powres on hie:
 Which was the cause, when earst that horne I
 heard,
 Weening it had beene thunder in the skie,
 I hid my selfe from it, as one affeard;
 But when I other knew, my selfe I boldly reard.

46

But now for feare of worse, that may betide,
 Let us soone hence depart. They soone agree;
 So to his steed he got, and gan to ride,
 As one unfit therefore, that all might see
 He had not trayned bene in chevalree. 410 <> A
 Which well that valiant courser did discern; VII, 31
 For he despysd to tread in dew degree,
 But chaufd and fom'd, with courage fierce and
 sterne,
 And to be easd of that base burden still diderne.

CANTO IIII

*Guyon does Furor bind in chaines,
and stops Occasion:
Delivers Phedon, and therefore
by strife is rayld upon.*

1

In brave pursuit of honorable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Betweene the vulgar and the noble seed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seemes to be borne by native influence;
Arthur, VIII, As feates of armes, and love to entertaine,
31 But chiefly skill to ride, seemes a science
Proper to gentle bloud; some others faine
To menage steeds, as did this vaunter; but in vaine.

2

But he the rightfull owner of that steed, 10
Who well could menage and subdew his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that blacke Palmer, his most trusty guide;
Who suffred not his wandring feet to slide.
But when strong passion, or weake fleshlinesse
Would from the right way seeke to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and stedfastnesse,
Teach him the weake to strengthen, and the strong
suppresse.

3

It fortun'd forth faring on his way,
 He saw from farre, or seemed for to see 20
 Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
 Whereto he drew in haste it to agree.
 A mad man, or that feigned mad to bee,
 Drew by the haire along upon the ground,
 A handsome stripling with great crueltee,
 Whom sore he bett, and gor'd with many a wound,
 That cheekes with teares, and sides with bloud did all
 abound.

4

And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
 In ragged robes, and filthy disaray,
 Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke, 30
 But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
 Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
 Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold,
 But all behind was bald, and worne away,
 That none thereof could ever taken hold,
 And eke her face ill favoured, full of wrinckles old.

5

And ever as she went, her tongue did walke
 In foule reproch, and termes of vile despight,
 Provoking him by her outrageous talke,
 To heape more vengeance on that wretched wight;
 Sometimes she raught him stones, wherwith to
 smite, 41
 Sometimes her staffe, though it her one leg were,
 Withouten which she could not go upright;
 Ne any evill meanes she did forbear,
 That might him move to wrath, and indignation reare.

6

The noble *Guyon* mov'd with great remorse,
 Approching, first the Hag did thrust away,
 And after adding more impetuous forse,
 His mightie hands did on the madman lay,
 And pluckt him backe; who all on fire streight way,
 Against him turning all his fell intent, 51
 With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
 And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
 And did he wist not what in his avengement.

7

And sure he was a man of mickle might,
 Had he had governance, it well to guide:
 But when the frantieke fit inflamd his spright,
 His force was vaine, and strooke more often wide,
 Then at the ayred marke, which he had eide:
 And oft himselve he chaunst to hurt unwares, 60
 Whilst reason blent through passion, nought
 describe,
 But as a blindfold Bull at randon fares,
 And where he hits, nought knowes, and whom he
 hurts, nought cares.

8

His rude assault and rugged handeling
 Straunge seemed to the knight, that aye with foe
 In faire defence and goodly menaging
 Of armes was wont to fight, yet nathemoe
 Was he abashed now not fighting so,
 But more enfierced through his currish play,
 Him sternely grypt, and haling to and fro, 70
 To overthrow him strongly did assay,
 But overthrew himselve unwares, and lower lay.

9

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

10

Which when the Palmer saw, he loudly cryde,
 Not so, ô *Guyon*, never thinke that so
 That Monster can be maistred or destroyd:
 He is no, ah, he is not such a foe,
 As steele can wound, or strength can overthrow.
 That same is *Furor*, cursed cruell wight,
 That unto knighthood workes much shame and woe;
 And that same Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occasion, the root of all wrath and despight. 90

11

With her, who so will raging *Furor* tame,
 Must first begin, and well her amenge:
 First her restraine from her reprochfull blame,
 And evill meanes, with which she doth enrage
 Her franticke sonne, and kindles his courage,
 Then when she is withdrawen, or strong withstood,
 It's eath his idle furie to asswage,
 And calme the tempest of his passion wood;
 The bankes are overflowen, when stopped is the flood.

12

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his first emprise, 100
 And turning to that woman, fast her hent
 By the hoare lockes, that hong before her eyes,
 And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould she stent
 Her bitter rayling and foule revilement,
 But still provokt her sonne to wreake her wrong;
 But nathelesse he did her still torment,
 And catching hold of her ungratious tong,
 Thereon an yron lock, did fasten firme and strong.

13

Then when as use of speach was from her reft, 109
 With her two crooked handes she signes did make,
 And beckned him, the last helpe she had left:
 But he that last left helpe away did take,
 And both her hands fast bound unto a stake,
 That she note stirre. Then gan her sonne to flie
 Full fast away, and did her quite forsake;
 But *Guyon* after him in haste did hie,
 And soone him overtooke in sad perplexitie.

14

In his strong armes he stiffely him embraste,
 Who him gainstriving, nought at all prevaild:
 For all his power was utterly defaste, 120
 And furious fits at earst quite weren quaild:
 Oft he re'nforst, and oft his forces fayld,
 Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour slacke.
 Then him to ground he cast, and rudely hayld,
 And both his hands fast bound behind his backe,
 And both his feet in fetters to an yron racke.

15

With hundred yron chaines he did him bind,
 And hundred knots that did him sore constraine:
 Yet his great yron teeth he still did grind, 129
 And grimly gnash, threatning revenge in vaine:
 His burning eyen, whom blondie strakes did staine,
 Stared full wide, and threw forth sparkes of fire,
 And more for ranck despight, then for great paine,
 Shakt his long lockes, colourd like copper-wire,
 And bit his tawny beard to shew his raging ire.

16

Thus when as *Guyon Furor* had captiv'd,
 Turning about he saw that wretched Squire,
 Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriv'd,
 Lying on ground, all soild with bloud and mire:
 Whom when as he perceived to respire, 140
 He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dresse.
 Being at last recured, he gan inquire,
 What hard mishap him brought to such distresse,
 And made that caitives thral, the thral of wretchednesse.

17

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
 Faire Sir (quoth he) what man can shun the hap,
 That hidden lyes unwares him to surpryse?
 Misfortune waites advantage to entrap
 The man most warie in her whelming lap.
 So me weake wretch, of many weakest one, 150
 Unweeting, and unaware of such mishap,
 She brought to mischiefe through occasion,
 Where this same wicked villein did me light upon.

18

It was a faithlesse Squire, that was the sourse
 Of all my sorrow, and of these sad teares,
 With whom from tender dug of commune nourse,
 Attonce I was upbrought, and eft when yeares
 More ripe us reason lent to chose our Peares,
 Our selves in league of vowed love we knit:
 In which we long time without gealous feares, 160
 Or faultie thoughts continewd, as was fit;
 And for my part I vow, dissembled not a whit.

19

It was my fortune commune to that age,
 To love a Ladie faire of great degree,
 The which was borne of noble parentage,
 And set in highest seat of dignitee,
 Yet seemd no lesse to love, then loved to bee:
 Long I her serv'd, and found her faithfull still,
 Ne ever thing could cause us disagree:
 Love that two harts makes one; makes eke one
 will: 170
 Each strove to please, and others pleasure to fulfill.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake,
 Of all my love and all my privitie;
 Who greatly joyous seemed for my sake,
 And gracious to that Ladie, as to mee,
 Ne ever wight, that mote so welcome bee,
 As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
 Ne ever thing, that she could thinke or see,
 But unto him she would impart the same:
 O wretched man, that would abuse so gentle Dame. 180

21

At last such grace I found, and meanes I wrought,
 That I that Ladie to my spouse had wonne;
 Accord of friends, consent of parents sought,
 Affiance made, my happinesse begonne,
 There wanted nought but few rites to be donne,
 Which mariage make; that day too farre did seeme:
 Most joyous man, on whom the shining Sunne,
 Did shew his face, my selfe I did esteeme,
 And that my falsen friend did no lesse joyous deeme.

22

But ere that wished day his beame disclosd, 190
 He either envying my toward good,
 Or of himselfe to treason ill disposd
 One day unto me came in friendly mood,
 And told for secret how he understood
 That Ladie whom I had to me assynd,
 Had both distaind her honorable blood,
 And eke the faith, which she to me did bynd;
 And therefore wisht me stay, till I more truth should fynd.

23

The gnawing anguish and sharpe gelosy,
 Which his sad speech infixd in my brest, 200
 Ranckled so sore, and festred inwardly,
 That my engreeved mind could find no rest,
 Till that the truth thereof I did outwrest,
 And him besought by that same sacred band
 Betwixt us both, to counsell me the best.
 He then with solemne oath and plighted hand
 Assur'd, ere long the truth to let me understand.

24

Ere long with like againe he boorded mee,
 Saying, he now had boulted all the floure,
 And that it was a groome of base degree, 210
 Which of my love was partner Paramoure:
 Who used in a darkesome inner bowre
 Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
 He promised to bring me at that howre,
 When I should see, that would me nearer move,
 And drive me to withdraw my blind abused love.

25

This gracelesse man for furtherance of his guile,
 Did court the handmayd of my Lady deare,
 Who glad t'embosome his affection vile,
 Did all she might, more pleasing to appeare. 220
 One day to worke her to his will more neare,
 He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (so she hight)
 What great despight doth fortune to thee beare,
 Thus lowly to abase thy beautie bright,
 That it should not deface all others lesser light?

26

But if she had her least helpe to thee lent,
 T'adorne thy forme according thy desart,
 Their blazing pride thou wouldest soone have blent,
 And staynd their prayes with thy least good part;
 Ne should faire *Claribell* with all her art, 230
 Though she thy Lady be, approach thee neare:
 For prooffe thereof, this evening, as thou art,
 Aray thy selfe in her most gorgeous geare,
 That I may more delight in thy embracement deare.

27

The Maiden proud through prayse, and mad through love
 Him hearkned to, and soone her selfe arayd,
 The whiles to me the treachour did remove
 His craftie engin, and as he had sayd,
 Me leading, in a secret corner layd,
 The sad spectatour of my Tragedie; 240
 Where left, he went, and his owne false part playd,
 Disguised like that groome of base degree,
 Whom he had feignd th'abuser of my love to bee.

28

Eftsoones he came unto th'appointed place,
 And with him brought *Pryene*, rich arayd,
 In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
 I not discerned in that darkesome shade,
 But weend it was my love, with whom he playd.
 Ah God, what horroure and tormenting grieffe
 My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all assayd? 250
 My liefer were ten thousand deathes priefe,
 Then wound of gealous worme, and shame of such
 reriefe.

29

I home returning, fraught with fowle despight,
 And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
 Soone as my loathed love appeard in sight,
 With wrathfull hand I slew her innocent;
 That after soone I dearely did lament:
 For when the cause of that outrageous dede
 Demanded, I made plaine and evident, 259
 Her faultie Handmayd, which that bale did breede,
 Confest, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her
 weede.

30

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
 And hellish fury all enragd, I sought
 Upon my selfe that vengeable despight
 To punish: yet it better first I thought,
 To wreake my wrath on him, that first it wrought.
 To *Philemon*, false faytour *Philemon*
 I cast to pay, that I so dearely bought;
 Of deadly drugs I gave him drinke anon,
 And washt away his guilt with guiltie potion. 270

31

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

32

Feare gave her wings, and rage enforst my flight; 280
 Through woods and plaines so long I did her chace,
 Till this mad man, whom your victorious might
 Hath now fast bound, me met in middle space,
 As I her, so he me pursewd apace,
 And shortly overtooke: I breathing *yre*,
 Sore chauffed at my stay in such a cace,
 And with my heat kindled his cruell fyre;
 Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inspyre.

33

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to dye,
 Through wounds, and strokes, and stubborne
 handeling, 290
 That death were better, then such agony,
 As grieve and furie unto me did bring;
 Of which in me yet stickes the mortall sting,
 That during life will never be appeasd.
 When he thus ended had his sorrowing,
 Said *Guyon*, Squire, sore have ye beene diseasd;
 But all your hurts may soone through temperance
 be easd.

34

Then gan the Palmer thus, Most wretched man,
 That to affections does the bridle lend;
 In their beginning they are weake and wan, 300
 But soone through suff'rance grow to fearefull end;
 Whiles they are weake betimes with them contend:
 For when they once to perfect strength do grow,
 Strong warres they make, and cruell battry bend
 Gainst fort of Reason, it to overthrow:
 Wrath, gelosie, grieve, love this Squire have layd thus low.

35

Wrath, gealosie, grieve, love do thus expell:
 Wrath is a fire, and gealosie a weede,
 Grieve is a flood, and love a monster fell;
 The fire of sparkes, the weede of little seede, 310
 The flood of drops, the Monster filth did breede:
 But sparks, seed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
 The sparks soone quench, the springing seed outweede,
 The drops dry up, and filth wipe cleane away:
 So shall wrath, gealosie, grieve, love dye and decay.

36

Unlucky Squire (said *Guyon*) sith thou hast
 Falne unto mischief through intemperaunce,
 Henceforth take heede of that thou now hast past,
 And guide thy wayes with warie governaunce,
 Least worse betide thee by some later chaunce. 320
 But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do advaunce
 Mine auncestry from famous *Coradin*,
 Who first to rayse our house to honour did begin.

37

Thus as he spake, lo far away they spyde
 A varlet running towards hastily,
 Whose flying feet so fast their way applyde,
 That round about a cloud of dust did fly,
 Which mingled all with sweate, did dim his eye.
 He soone approched, panting, breathlesse, whot,
 And all so soyled, that none could him descry; 331
 His countenaunce was bold, and bashed not
 For *Guyons* lookes, but scornefull eyglance at him shot.

38

Behind his backe he bore a brasen shield,
 On which was drawn faire, in colours fit,
 A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,
 And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I do burne. Right well beseemed it,
 To be the shield of some redoubted knight;
 And in his hand two darts exceeding flit, 340
 And deadly sharpe he held, whose heads were dight
 In poyson and in bloud, of malice and despight.

39

When he in presence came, to *Guyon* first
 He boldly spake, Sir knight, if knight thou bee,
 Abandon this forestalled place at erst,
 For feare of further harme, I counsell thee,
 Or bide the chaunce at thine owne jeoperdie.
 The knight at his great boldnesse wondered,
 And though he scornd his idle vanitie,
 Yet mildly him to purpose answered; 350
 For not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

40

Varlet, this place most dew to me I deeme,
 Yielded by him, that held it forcibly.
 But whence should come that harme, which thou
 doest seeme
 To threat to him, that minds his chaunce t'abye?
 Perdy (said he) here comes, and is hard by
 A knight of wondrous powre, and great assay,
 That never yet encountred enemy,
 But did him deadly daunt, or fowle dismay;
 Ne thou for better hope, if thou his presence stay. 360

41

How hight he then (said *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrochles is his name, renowned farre
 For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
 Full oft approv'd in many a cruell warre,
 The brother of *Cymochles*, both which arre
 The sonnes of old *Acrates* and *Despight*;
Acrates sonne of *Phlegeton* and *Jarre*;
 But *Phlegeton* is sonne of *Herebus* and *Night*;
 But *Herebus* sonne of *Aeternitie* is hight.

42

So from immortall race he does proceede, 370
 That mortall hands may not withstand his might,
 Drad for his derring do, and bloody deed;
 For all in bloud and spoile is his delight.
 His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right,
 That matter make for him to worke upon,
 And stirre him up to strife and cruell fight.
 Fly therefore, fly this fearefull stead anon,
 Least thy foolhardize worke thy sad confusion.

43

His be that care, whom most it doth concerne,
 (Said he) but whither with such hasty flight 380
 Art thou now bound? for well mote I discern
 Great cause, that carries thee so swift and light.
 My Lord (quoth he) me sent, and streight behight
 To seeke *Occasion*; where so she bee:
 For he is all disposd to bloody fight,
 And breathes out wrath and hainous crueltie;
 Hard is his hap, that first fals in his jeopardie.

44

Madman (said then the Palmer) that does seeke
Occasion to wrath, and cause of strife;
 She comes unsought, and shonned followes eke. 390
 Happy, who can abstaine, when Rancour rife
 Kindles Revenge, and threats his rusty knife;
 Woe never wants, where every cause is caught,
 And rash *Occasion* makes unquiet life.
 Then loe, where bound she sits, whom thou hast
 sought,
 (Said *Guyon*,) let that message to thy Lord be brought.

45

That when the varlet heard and saw, streight way
He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile knight,
That knights and knighthood doest with shame
upbray,
And shewst th'ensample of thy childish might, 400
With silly weake old woman thus to fight.
Great glory and gay spoile sure hast thou got,
And stoutly prov'd thy puissaunce here in sight;
That shall *Pyrochles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy bloud abolish so reprochfull blot.

46

With that one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable despight;
The quivering steele his aymed end well knew,
And to his brest it selfe intended right:
But he was warie, and ere it empight 410
In the meant marke, advaunst his shield atweene,
On which it seizing, no way enter might,
But backe rebounding, left the forckhead keene;
Eftsoones he fled away, and might no where be seene.

CANTO V

*Pyrochles does with Guyon fight,
And Furors chayne unbinds:
Of whom sore hurt, for his revenge
Attin Cymochles finds.*

1

Who ever doth to temperaunce apply
His stedfast life, and all his actions frame,
Trust me, shall find no greater enemy,
Then stubborne perturbation, to the same;
To which right well the wise do give that name,
For it the goodly peace of stayed mindes
Does overthrow, and troublous warre proclame:
His owne woes authour, who so bound it findes,
As did *Pyrochles*, and it wilfully unbindes.

2

After that varlets flight, it was not long, 10
Ere on the plaine fast pricking *Guyon* spide
One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side:
His steed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly stire.

3

Approching nigh, he never stayd to greete,
 Ne chaffar words, proud courage to provoke, 20
 But prickt so fiers, that underneath his feete
 The smouldring dust did round about him smoke,
 Both horse and man nigh able for to choke;
 And fairly couching his steele-headed speare,
 Him first saluted with a sturdy stroke;
 It booted nought Sir *Guyon* comming neare
 To thinke, such hideous puissaunce on foot to beare.

4

But lightly shunned it, and passing by,
 With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
 That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly 30
 On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
 On his horse necke before the quilted sell,
 And from the head the body sundred quight.
 So him dismounted low, he did compell
 On foot with him to matchen equall fight;
 The truncked beast fast bleeding, did him fowly dight.

5

Sore bruized with the fall, he slow uprose,
 And all enraged, thus him loudly shent;
 Disleall knight, whose coward courage chose
 To wreake it selfe on beast all innocent, 40
 And shund the marke, at which it should be ment,
 Thereby thine arnes seeme strong, but manhood
 fraile;
 So hast thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
 But litle may such guile thee now availe,
 If wonted force and fortune do not much me faile.

6

With that he drew his flaming sword, and strooke
 At him so fiercely, that the upper marge
 Of his sevenfolded shield away it tooke,
 And glauncing on his helmet, made a large
 And open gash therein: were not his targe, 50
 That broke the violence of his intent,
 The weary soule from thence it would discharge;
 Nathelesse so sore a buff to him it lent,
 That made him reele, and to his brest his bever bent.

7

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
 And much ashamd, that stroke of living arme
 Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
 Though otherwise it did him litle harme:
 Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
 He smote so manly on his shoulder plate, 60
 That all his left side it did quite disarm;e;
 Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate
 Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.

8

Deadly dismayd, with horroure of that dint
Pyrochles was, and grieved eke entyre;
 Yet nathemore did it his fury stint,
 But added flame unto his former fire,
 That welnigh molt his hart in raging yre,
 Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
 Or strike, or hurtle, round in warlike gyre, 70
 Remembred he, ne car'd for his saufgard,
 But rudely rag'd, and like a cruell Tygre far'd.

9

He hewd, and lasht, and foynd, and thundred blowes,
 And every way did seeke into his life,
 Ne plate, ne male could ward so mighty throwes,
 But yielded passage to his cruell knife.
 But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his strife,
 Was warie wise, and closely did awayt
 Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife;
 Sometimes a thwart, sometimes he strooke him
 strayt, So
 And falsed oft his blowes, t'illude him with such bayt.

10

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
 A prowde rebellious Unicorne defies,
 T'avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
 Of his fiers foe, him to a tree applies,
 And when him running in full course he spies,
 He slips aside; the whiles that furious beast
 His precious horne, sought of his enimies
 Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,
 But to the mighty victour yields a bounteous feast. 90

11

With such faire slight him *Guyon* often faild,
 Till at the last all breathlesse, wearie, faint
 Him spying, with fresh onset he assaild,
 And kindling new his courage seeming quaint,
 Strooke him so hugely, that through great con-
 straint
 He made him stoup perforce unto his knee,
 And do unwilling worship to the Saint,
 That on his shield depainted he did see;
 Such homage till that instant never learned hee.

12

Whom *Guyon* seeing stoup, pursewed fast 100
 The present offer of faire victory,
 And soone his dreadfull blade about he cast,
 Wherewith he smote his haughty crest so hye,
 That streight on ground made him full low to lye;
 Then on his brest his victour foote he thrust,
 With that he cryde, Mercy, do me not dye,
 Ne deeme thy force by fortunes doome unjust,
 That hath (maugre her spight) thus low me laid in dust.

13

Eftsoones his cruell hand Sir *Guyon* stayd,
 Tempring the passion with advizement slow, 110
 And maistring might on enemy dismayd:
 For th'equall dye of warre he well did know;
 Then to him said, Live and allegaunce owe,
 To him that gives thee life and libertie,
 And henceforth by this dayes ensample trow,
 That hasty wroth, and heedlesse hazardrie
 Do breede repentaunce late, and lasting infamie.

14

So up he let him rise, who with grim looke
 And count'naunce sterne upstanding, gan to grind
 His grated teeth for great disdeigne, and shooke 120
 His sandy lockes, long hanging downe behind,
 Knotted in bloud and dust, for grieve of mind,
 That he in ods of armes was conquered;
 Yet in himselfe some comfort he did find,
 That him so noble knight had maistered,
 Whose bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15

Which *Guyon* marking said, Be nought agriev'd,
 Sir knight, that thus ye now subdewed arre:
 Was never man, who most conquestes atchiev'd
 But sometimes had the worse, and lost by warre,
 Yet shortly gaynd, that losse exceeded farre: 131
 Losse is no shame, nor to be lesse then foe,
 But to be lesser, then himselfe, doth marre
 Both losers lot, and victours prayse alsoe.
 Vaine others overthrowes, who selfe doth overthrowe.

16

Fly, O *Pyrochles*, fly the dreadful warre,
 That in thy selfe thy lesser parts do move,
 Outrageous anger, and woe-working jarre,
 Direfull impatience, and hart murdring love;
 Those, those thy foes, those warriours far remove,
 Which thee to endlesse bale captived lead. 141
 But sith in might thou didst my mercy prove,
 Of curtesie to me the cause aread,
 That thee against me drew with so impetuous dread.

17

Dreadlesse (said he) that shall I soone declare:
 It was complaind, that thou hadst done great tort
 Unto an aged woman, poore and bare,
 And thrall'd her in chaines with strong effort,
 Voide of all succour and needfull comfort:
 That ill bescemes thee, such as I thee see, 150
 To worke such shame. Therefore I thee exhort,
 To change thy will, and set Occasion free,
 And to her captive sonne yield his first libertee.

18

Thereat Sir *Guyon* smilde, And is that all
 (Said he) that thee so sore displeas'd hath?
 Great mercy sure, for to enlarge a thrall,
 Whose freedome shall thee turne to greatest scath.
 Nath'lesse now quench thy whot emboyling wrath:
 Loe there they be; to thee I yield them free.
 Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path 160
 Did lightly leape, where he them bound did see,
 And gan to breake the bands of their captivitee.

19

Soone as *Occasion* felt her selfe untyde,
 Before her some could well assoyled bee,
 She to her use returnd, and streight defyde
 Both *Guyon* and *Pyrochles*: th'one (said shee)
 Bycause he wonne; the other because hee
 Was wonne: So matter did she make of nought,
 To stirre up strife, and do them disagree:
 But soone as *Furor* was enlargd, she sought 170
 To kindle his quencht fire, and thousand causes
 wrought.

20

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

21

Him all that while *Occasion* did provoke
 Against *Pyrochles*, and new matter framed
 Upon the old, him stirring to be wroke
 Of his late wrongs, in which she oft him blamed
 For suffering such abuse, as knighthood shamed,
 And him dishabled quite. But he was wise
 Ne would with vaine occasions be inflamed;
 Yet others she more urgent did devise:
 Yet nothing could him to impatience entise.

22

Their fell contention still increased more, 190
 And more thereby increased *Furors* might,
 That he his foe has hurt, and wounded sore,
 And him in bloud and durt deformed quight.
 His mother eke, more to augment his spight,
 Now brought to him a flaming fire brond,
 Which she in *Stygian* lake, ay burning bright
 Had kindled: that she gave into his hond,
 That armd with fire, more hardly he mote him with-
 stond.

23

Tho gan that villein wex so fiers and strong,
 That nothing might sustaine his furious forse; 200
 He cast him downe to ground, and all along
 Drew him through durt and myre without remorse,
 And fowly battered his comely corse,
 That *Guyon* much disdeignd so loathly sight.
 At last he was compeld to cry perforce,
 Helpe, ô Sir *Guyon*, helpe most noble knight,
 To rid a wretched man from hands of hellish wight.

24

The knight was greatly moved at his plaint,
 And gan him dight to succour his distresse,
 Till that the Palmer, by his grave restraint, 210
 Him stayd from yielding pitifull redresse;
 And said, Deare sonne, thy causelesse ruth re-
 presse,
 Ne let thy stout hart melt in pittie vayne:
 He that his sorrow sought through wilfulnesse,
 And his foe fettred would release agayne,
 Deserves to tast his follies fruit, repented payne.

25

Guyon obeyd; So him away he drew
 From needlesse trouble of renewing fight
 Already fought, his voyage to pursew.
 But rash *Pyrochles* varlet, *Atin* hight, 220
 When late he saw his Lord in heavy plight,
 Under Sir *Guyons* puissaunt stroke to fall,
 Him deeming dead, as then he seemd in sight,
 Fled fast away, to tell his funerall
 Unto his brother, whom *Cymochles* men did call.

26

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
 Famous throughout the world for warlike prayse,
 And glorious spoiles, purchast in perilous fight:
 Full many doughtie knights he in his dayes
 Had doen to death, subdewde in equall frayes,
 Whose earkases, for terrour of his name, 231
 Of fowles and beastes he made the piteous prayes,
 And hong their conquered armes for more defame
 On gallow trees, in honour of his dearest Dame.

27

His dearest Dame is that Enchaunteresse,
 The vile *Acrasia*, that with vaine delightes,
 And idle pleasures in her *Bowre* of *Blisse*,
 Does charme her lovers, and the feeble sprightes
 Can call out of the bodies of fraile wightes:
 Whom then she does transforme to monstrous
 hewes, 240
 And horribly misshapes with ugly sightes,
 Captiv'd eternally in yron mewes,
 And darksom dens, where *Titan* his face never shewes.

28

There *Atin* found *Cymochles* sojourning,
 To serve his Lemans love: for he by kind,
 Was given all to lust and loose living,
 When ever his fiers hands he free mote find:
 And now he has pourd out his idle mind
 In daintie delices, and lavish joyes,
 Having his warlike weapons cast behind, 250
 And flowes in pleasures, and vaine pleasing toyes,
 Mingled emongst loose Ladies and lascivious boyes.

29

And over him, art striving to compaire
 With nature, did an Arber greene dispred,
 Framed of wanton Yvie, flouring faire,
 Through which the fragrant Eglantine did spred
 His pricking armes, entrayld with roses red,
 Which daintie odours round about them threw,
 And all within with flowres was garnished,
 That when myld *Zephyrus* emongst them blew, 260
 Did breath out bounteous smels, and painted colors
 shew.

30

And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
 A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
 Emongst the pumy stones, and made a sowne,
 To lull him soft a sleepe, that by it lay;
 The wearie Traveiler, wandring that way,
 Therein did often quench his thristy heat,
 And then by it his wearie limbes display,
 Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
 His former paine, and wypt away his toylsom sweat. 270

31

And on the other side a pleasaunt grove
 Was shot up high, full of the stately tree,
 That dedicated is t'*Olympicke Jove*,
 And to his sonne *Alcides*, whenas hee
 Gaynd in *Nemea* goodly victoree;
 Therein the mery birds of every sort
 Chaunted alowd their chearefull harmonie:
 And made emongst them selves a sweet consort,
 That quickned the dull spright with musicall comfort.

32

There he him found all carelesly displayd, 280
 In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
 On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd,
 Amidst a flocke of Damzels fresh and gay,
 That round about him dissolute did play
 Their wanton follies, and light meriment;
 Every of which did loosely disaray
 Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
 And shewd them naked, dect with many ornaments.

33

And every of them strove, with most delights,
 Him to aggrate, and greatest pleasures shew; 290
 Some framd faire lookes, glancing like evening
 lights
 Others sweet words, dropping like honny dew;
 Some bathed kisses, and did soft embrew
 The sugred licour through his melting lips:
 One boastes her beautie, and does yeeld to vew
 Her daintie limbes above her tender hips;
 Another her out boastes, and all for tryall strips.

34

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
 His wandring thought in deepe desire does steepe,
 And his fraile eye with spoyle of beautie feedes;
 Sometimes he falsely faines himselfe to sleepe, 301
 Whiles through their lids his wanton eies do peepe,
 To steale a snatch of amorous conceipt,
 Whereby close fire into his heart does creepe:
 So, he them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceit,
 Made drunke with drugs of deare voluptuous receipt.

35

Atin arriving there, when him he spide,
 Thus in still waves of deepe delight to wade,
 Fiercely approching, to him lowdly cride,
Cymochles; oh no, but *Cymochles* shade, 310
 In which that manly person late did fade,
 What is become of great *Acrates* sonne?
 Or where hath he hong up his mortall blade,
 That hath so many haughtie conquests wonne?
 Is all his force forlorne, and all his glory donne?

36

Then pricking him with his sharpe-pointed dart,
 He said; Up, up, thou womanish weake knight,
 That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
 Unmindfull of thy praise and prowest might,
 And weetlesse eke of lately wrought despight, 320
 Whiles sad *Pyrochles* lies on senselesse ground,
 And groneth out his utmost grudging spright,
 Through many a stroke, and many a streaming
 wound,
 Calling thy helpe in vaine, that here in joyes art dround.

37

Suddeinly out of his delightfull dreame
 The man awoke, and would have questiond more;
 But he would not endure that wofull theame
 For to dilate at large, but urged sore
 With percing words, and pittifull implore,
 Him hastie to arise. As one affright 330
 With hellish feends, or *Furies* mad uprore,
 He then arose, inflam'd with fell despight,
 And called for his armes; for he would algates fight.

38

They bene ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
 And lightly mounted, passeth on his way,
 Ne Ladies loves, ne sweete entreaties might
 Appease his heat, or hastie passage stay;
 For he has vowd, to beene aveng'd that day,
 (That day it selfe him seemed all too long:)
 On him, that did *Pyrochles* deare dismay: 340
 So proudly pricketh on his courser strong,
 And *Atin* aie him pricks with spurs of shame and
 wrong.

CANTO VI

*Guyon is of immodest Merth,
 led into loose desire,
 Fights with Cymochles, whiles his bro-
 ther burnes in furious fire.*

1

A harder lesson, to learne Continence
 In joyous pleasure, then in grievous paine:
 For sweetnesse doth allure the weaker sence
 So strongly, that uneaches it can refraine
 From that, which feeble nature covets faine
 But grieve and wrath, that be her enemies,
 And foes of life, she better can restraine;
 Yet vertue vauntes in both their victories,
 And *Guyon* in them all shewes goodly maisteries.

2

Whom bold *Cymochles* travelling to find, 10
 With cruell purpose bent to wreake on him
 The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
 Came to a river, by whose utmost brim
 Wayting to passe, he saw whereas did swim
 Along the shore, as swift as glaunce of eye,
 A litle Gondelay, bedecked trim
 With boughes and arbours woven cunningly,
 That like a litle Forrest seemed outwardly.

3

And therein sate a Ladie fresh and faire,
 Making sweet solace to her selfe alone; 20
 Sometimes she sung, as loud as larke in aire,
 Sometimes she laught, that nigh her breth was
 gone,
 Yet was there not with her else any one,
 That might to her move cause of meriment:
 Matter of merth enough, though there were none
 She could devise, and thousand waies invent,
 To feede her foolish humour, and vaine jolliment.

4

Which when farre off *Cymochles* heard, and saw,
 He loudly cald to such, as were a bord,
 The little barke unto the shore to draw, 30
 And him to ferrie over that deepe ford:
 The merry marriner unto his word
 Soone hearkned, and her painted bote streightway
 Turnd to the shore, where that same warlike Lord
 She in receiv'd; but *Atin* by no way
 She would admit, albe the knight her much did pray.

5

Eftsoones her shallow ship away did slide,
 More swift, then swallow sheres the liquid skie,
 Withouten oare or Pilot it to guide,
 Or winged canvas with the wind to flie, 40
 Only she turn'd a pin, and by and by
 It cut away upon the yielding wave,
 Ne cared she her course for to apply:
 For it was taught the way, which she would have,
 And both from rocks and flats it selfe could wisely save.

6

And all the way, the wanton Damzell found
 New merth, her passenger to entertaine:
 For she in pleasant purpose did abound,
 And greatly joyed merry tales to faine,
 Of which a store-house did with her remaine, 50
 Yet seemed, nothing well they her became;
 For all her words she drownd with laughter vaine,
 And wanted grace in utt'ring of the same,
 That turned all her pleasance to a scoffing game.

7

And other whiles vaine toyes she would devize,
 As her fantasticke wit did most delight,
 Sometimes her head she fondly would aguize
 With gaudie girlonds, or fresh flowrets dight
 About her necke, or rings of rushes plight;
 Sometimes to doe him laugh, she would assay 60
 To laugh at shaking of the leaves light,
 Or to behold the water worke, and play
 About her litle frigot, therein making way.

8

Her light behaviour, and loose dalliaunce
 Gave wondrous great contentment to the knight,
 That of his way he had no sovenaunce,
 Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruell fight,
 But to weake wench did yeeld his martiall might.
 So easie was to quench his flamed mind
 With one sweet drop of sensuall delight, 70
 So easie is, t'appease the stormie wind
 Of malice in the calme of pleasant womankind.

9

Diverse discourses in their way they spent,
 Mongst which *Cymochles* of her questioned,
 Both what she was, and what that usage ment,
 Which in her cot she daily practised.
 Vaine man (said she) that wouldest be reckoned
 A straunger in thy home, and ignoraunt
 Of *Phædria* (for so my name is red)
 Of *Phædria*, thine owne fellow servaunt; 80
 For thou to serve *Acrasia* thy selfe doest vaunt.

10

In this wide Inland sea, that hight by name
 The *Idle lake*, my wandring ship I row,
 That knowes her port, and thither sailes by ayme,
 Ne care, ne feare I, how the wind do blow,
 Or whether swift I wend, or whether slow:
 Both slow and swift a like do serve my tourne,
 Ne swelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Jove*
 Can chaunge my cheare, or make me ever mourne;
 My litle boat can safely passe this perilous bourne. 90

11

Whiles thus she talked, and whiles thus she toyd,
 They were farre past the passage, which he spake,
 And come unto an Island, waste and voyd,
 That floted in the midst of that great lake,
 There her small Gondelay her port did make,
 And that gay paire issuing on the shore
 Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
 Into the land, that lay them faire before,
 Whose pleasaunce she him shew'd, and plentifull great
 store.

12

It was a chosen plot of fertile land, 100
 Emongst wide waves set, like a litle nest,
 As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
 Bene choisely picked out from all the rest,
 And laid forth for ensample of the best:
 No daintie flowre or herbe, that growes on ground,
 No arboret with painted blossomes drest,
 And smelling sweet, but there it might be found
 To bud out faire, and her sweet smels throw all around.

13

No tree, whose braunches did not bravely spring;
 No braunch, whereon a fine bird did not sit: 110
 No bird, but did her shrill notes sweetly sing;
 No song but did containe a lovely dit:
 Trees, braunches, birds, and songs were framed fit,
 For to allure fraile mind to carelesse ease.
 Carelesse the man soone woxe, and his weake wit
 Was overcome of thing, that did him please;
 So pleased, did his wrathfull purpose faire appease.

14

Thus when she had his eyes and senses fed
 With false delights, and fild with pleasures vaine,
 Into a shadie dale she soft him led, 120
 And laid him downe upon a grassie plaine;
 And her sweet selfe without dread, or disdain,
 She set beside, laying his head disarm'd
 In her loose lap, it softly to sustaine,
 Where soone he slumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
 The whiles with a loud lay she thus him sweetly
 charm'd.

15

Behold, ô man, that toilesome paines doest take
 The flowres, the fields, and all that pleasant growes,
 How they themselves doe thine ensample make,
 Whiles nothing envious nature them forth throwes
 Out of her fruitfull lap; how, no man knowes, 131
 They spring, they bud, they blossome fresh and faire,
 And deck the world with their rich pompous showes;
 Yet no man for them taketh paines or care,
 Yet no man to them can his carefull paines compare.

16

The lilly, Ladie of the flowring field,
 The Flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
 Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,
 And soone leave off this toylesome wearie stoure;
 Loe loe how brave she decks her bounteous boure,
 With silken curtens and gold coverlets, 141
 Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
 Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
 But to her mother Nature all her care she lets.

17

Why then dost thou, ô man, that of them all
 Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraine,
 Wilfully make thy selfe a wretched thrall,
 And wast thy joyous houres in needlesse paine,
 Seeking for daunger and adventures vaine?
 What bootes it all to have, and nothing use? 150
 Who shall him rew, that swimming in the maine,
 Will die for thirst, and water doth refuse?
 Refuse such fruitlesse toile, and present pleasures chuse.

18

By this she had him lulled fast a sleepe,
 That of no worldly thing he care did take;
 Then she with liquors strong his eyes did steepe,
 That nothing should him hastily awake:
 So she him left, and did her selfe betake
 Unto her boat againe, with which she cleft
 The slouthfull wave of that great griesly lake; 160
 Soone she that Island farre behind her left,
 And now is come to that same place, where first she weft.

19

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
 Unto the other side of that wide strond,
 Where she was rowing, and for passage sought:
 Him needed not long call, she soone to hond
 Her ferry brought, where him she byding fond,
 With his sad guide; himselfe she tooke a boord,
 But the *Blacke Palmer* suffred still to stond,
 Ne would for price, or prayers once affoord, 170
 To ferry that old man over the perlous foord.

20

Guyon was loath to leave his guide behind,
 Yet being entred, might not backe retyre;
 For the flit barke, obeying to her mind,
 Forth launched quickly, as she did desire,
 Ne gave him leave to bid that aged sire
 Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted course
 Through the dull billowes thicke as troubled mire,
 Whom neither wind out of their seat could forse,
 Nor timely tides did drive out of their sluggish sourse.

21

And by the way, as was her wonted guize, 181
 Her merry fit she freshly gan to reare,
 And did of joy and jollitie devize,
 Her selfe to cherish, and her guest to cheare:
 The knight was courteous, and did not forbear
 Her honest merth and pleasaunce to partake;
 But when he saw her toy, and gibe, and geare,
 And passe the bonds of modest merimake,
 Her dalliance he despisd, and follies did forsake.

22

Yet she still followed her former stile, 190
 And said, and did all that mote him delight,
 Till they arrived in that pleasant Ile,
 Where sleeping late she left her other knight.
 But when as *Guyon* of that land had sight,
 He wist himselfe amisse, and angry said;
 Ah Dame, perdie ye have not doen me right,
 Thus to mislead me, whiles I you obaid:
 Me litle needed from my right way to have straid.

23

Faire Sir (quoth she) be not displeasd at all;
 Who fares on sea, may not commaund his way, 200
 Ne wind and weather at his pleasure call:
 The sea is wide, and easie for to stray;
 The wind unstable, and doth never stay.
 But here a while ye may in safety rest,
 Till season serve new passage to assay;
 Better safe port, then be in seas distrest.
 Therewith she laught, and did her earnest end in jest.

24

But he halfe discontent, mote nathelesse
 Himselfe appease, and issewd forth on shore:
 The joyes whereof, and happie fruitfulnessse, 210
 Such as he saw she gan him lay before,
 And all though pleasant, yet she made much more:
 The fields did laugh, the flowres did freshly spring,
 The trees did bud, and earely blossomes bore,
 And all the quire of birds did sweetly sing,
 And told that gardins pleasures in their caroling.

25

And she more sweet, then any bird on bough,
 Would oftentimes emongst them beare a part,
 And strive to passe (as she could well enough)
 Their native musicke by her skilfull art: 220
 So did she all, that might his constant hart
 Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
 And drowne in dissolute delights apart,
 Where noyse of armes, or vew of martiall guize
 Might not revive desire of knightly exercize.

26

But he was wise, and warie of her will,
 And ever held his hand upon his hart:
 Yet would not seeme so rude, and thewed ill,
 As to despise so courteous seeming part,
 That gentle Ladie did to him impart, 230
 But fairely tempring fond desire subdewd,
 And ever her desired to depart.
 She list not heare, but her disports poursewd,
 And ever bad him stay, till time the tide renewd.

27

And now by this, *Cymochles* howre was spent,
 That he awoke out of his idle dreame,
 And shaking off his drowzie dreriment,
 Gan him avize, how ill did him beseeme,
 In slouthfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,
 And quench the brond of his conceived ire. 240
 Tho up he started, stird with shame extreme,
 Ne staied for his Damzell to inquire,
 But marched to the strond, their passage to require.

28

And in the way he with Sir *Guyon* met,
 Accompanyde with *Phædria* the faire,
 Eftsoones he gan to rage, and inly fret,
 Crying, Let be that Ladie debonaire,
 Thou recreant knight, and soone thy selfe prepaire
 To battell, if thou meane her love to gaine:
 Loe, loe alreadie, how the fowles in aire 250
 Doe flocke, awaiting shortly to obtaine
 Thy carcasse for their pray, the guerdon of thy paine.

29

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
 And with importance outrage him assayld;
 Who soone prepar'd to field, his sword forth drew,
 And him with equall value countervayld:
 Their mightie strokes their haberjeons dismayld,
 And naked made each others manly spalles;
 The mortall steele despiteously entayld 259
 Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
 That a large purple streme adown their giambeux falles.

30

Cymochles, that had never met before,
 So puissant foe, with envious despight
 His proud presumed force increased more,
 Disdeigning to be held so long in fight;
 Sir *Guyon* grudging not so much his might,
 As those unknighthly raylings, which he spoke,
 With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,
 Thereof devising shortly to be wroke,
 And doubling all his powres, redoubled every stroke.

31

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunst, 271
 And both attonce their huge blowes downe did
 sway;
Cymochles sword on *Guyons* shield yglaunst,
 And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away;
 But *Guyons* angry blade so fierce did play
 On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* shone,
 That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
 And bared all his head unto the bone;
 Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as senselesse stone.

32

Still as he stood, faire *Phædria*, that beheld 280
 That deadly daunger, soone atweene them ran;
 And at their feet her selfe most humbly feld,
 Crying with pitteous voice, and count'nance wan;
 Ah well away, most noble Lords, how can
 Your cruell eyes endure so pitteous sight,
 To shed your lives on ground? wo worth the man,
 That first did teach the cursed steele to bight
 In his owne flesh, and make way to the living spright.

33

If ever love of Ladie did empierce
 Your yron brestes, or pittie could find place, 290
 Withhold your bloudie hands from battell fierce,
 And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
 Both yeeld, to stay your deadly strife a space.
 They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:
 Most wretched woman, and of wicked race,
 That am the author of this hainous deed,
 And cause of death betweene two doughtie knights
 doe breed.

34

But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
 Not this rude kind of battell, nor these armes
 Are meet, the which doe men in bale to sterve, 300
 And dolefull sorrow heape with deadly harmes:
 Such cruell game my scarmoges disarmes:
 Another warre, and other weapons I
 Doe love, where love does give his sweet alarmes,
 Without bloudshed, and where the enemy
 Does yeeld unto his foe a pleasant victory.

35

Debatefull strife, and cruell enmitie
 The famous name of knighthood fowly shend;
 But lovely peace, and gentle amitie,
 And in Amours the passing houres to spend, 310
 The mightie martiall hands doe most commend;
 Of love they ever greater glory bore,
 Then of their armes: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* frend,
 And is for *Venus* loves renowned more,
 Then all his wars and spoiles, the which he did of yore.

36

Therewith she sweetly smyld. They though full bent,
 To prove extremities of bloudie fight,
 Yet at her speach their rages gan relent,
 And calme the sea of their tempestuous spight,
 Such powre have pleasing words: such is the might
 Of courteous clemencie in gentle hart. 321
 Now after all was ceast, the Faery knight
 Besought that Damzell suffer him depart,
 And yield him readie passage to that other part.

37

She no lesse glad, then he desirous was
 Of his departure thence; for of her joy
 And vaine delight she saw he light did pas,
 A foe of folly and immodest toy,
 Still solemne sad, or still disdainfull coy,
 Delighting all in armes and cruell warre, 330
 That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
 Troubled with terrour and unquiet jarre,
 That she well pleased was thence to amove him farre.

38

Tho him she brought aboard, and her swift bote
 Forthwith directed to that further strand;
 The which on the dull waves did lightly flote
 And soone arrived on the shallow sand,
 Where gladsome *Guyon* salied forth to land,
 And to that Damzell thankes gave for reward.
 Upon that shore he spied *Atin* stand, 340
 Thereby his maister left, when late he far'd
 In *Phædrias* flit barke over that perlous shartl.

39

Well could he him remember, sith of late
 He with *Pyrochles* sharp debatement made;
 Streight gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
 As shepherds curre, that in darke evenings shade
 Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade;
 Vile Miscreant (said he) whither doest thou flie
 The shame and death, which will thee soone invade?
 What coward hand shall doe thee next to die, 350
 That art thus foully fled from famousemie?

40

With that he stiffely shooke his steelehead dart:
 But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so raile,
 Though somewhat moved in his mightie hart,
 Yet with strong reason maistred passion fraile,
 And passed fairely forth. He turning taile,
 Backe to the strond retyrd, and there still stayd,
 Awaiting passage, which him late did faile;
 The whiles *Cymochles* with that wanton mayd
 The hastie heat of his avowd revenge delayd. 360

41

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

42

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came, 370
 How without stop or stay he fiercely leapt,
 And deepe him selfe beduked in the same,
 That in the lake his loftie crest was steept,
 Ne of his safetie seemed care he kept,
 But with his raging armes he rudely flasht,
 The waves about, and all his armour swept,
 That all the bloud and filth away was washt,
 Yet still he bet the water, and the billowes dasht.

43

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote bee;
 For much he wondred at that uncouth sight; 380
 Whom should he, but his owne deare Lord, there
 see,
 His owne deare Lord *Pyrochles*, in sad plight,
 Readie to drowne himselfe for fell despight.
 Harrow now out, and well away, he cryde,
 What dismall day hath lent this cursed light,
 To see my Lord so deadly damnifyde
Pyrochles, ô *Pyrochles*, what is thee betyde?

44

I burne, I burne, I burne, then loud he cryde,
 O how I burne with implacable fire,
 Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde, 390
 Nor sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
 Nothing but death can doe me to respire.
 Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrochles* farre
 After pursewing death once to require,
 Or think, that ought those puissant hands may
 marre:
 [Death is for wretches borne under unhappie starre.

45

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)

That am, I weene, most wretched man alive,
 Burning in flames, yet no flames can I see,
 And dying daily, daily yet revive: 400
 O *Atin*, helpe to me last death to give.

The varlet at his plaint was grieved so sore,
 That his deepe wounded hart in two did rive,
 And his owne health remembring now no more,
 Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

46

Into the lake he leapt, his Lord to ayd,
 (So Love the dread of daunger doth despise)
 And of him catching hold him strongly stayd
 From drowning. But more happie he, then wise
 Of that seas nature did him not advise. 410
 The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
 Engrost with mud, which did them foule agrise,
 That every weightie thing they did upbeare,
 Ne ought mote ever sinke downe to the bottome there.

47

Whiles thus they strugled in that idle wave,
 And strove in vaine, the one himselfe to drowne,
 The other both from drowning for to save,
 Lo, to that shore one in an auncient gowne,
 Whose hoarie locks great gravitie did crowne,
 Holding in hand a goodly arming sword, 420
 By fortune came, led with the troublous sowne:
 Where drenched deepe he found in that dull ford
 The carefull servant, striving with his raging Lord.

48

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
 And loudly cald, Helpe helpe, ô *Archimage*;
 To save my Lord, in wretched plight forlore;
 Helpe with thy hand, or with thy counsell sage:
 Weake hands, but counsell is most strong in age.
 Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
 To see *Pyrochles* there so rudely rage: 430
 Yet sithens helpe, he saw, he needed more
 Then pittie, he in hast approched to the shore.

49

And cald, *Pyrochles*, what is this, I see?
 What hellish furie hath at earst thee hent?
 Furious ever I thee knew to bee,
 Yet never in this straunge astonishment.
 These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me tor-
 ment.
 What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
 In daunger rather to be drent, then brent? 439
 Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said hee)
 Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels bee.

50

That cursed man, that cruell feend of hell,
Furor, oh *Furor* hath me thus bedight:
 His deadly wounds within my livers swell,
 And his whot fire burnes in mine entrails bright,
 Kindled through his infernall brond of spight,
 Sith late with him I batteil vaine would boste;
 That now I weene *Joves* dreaded thunder light
 Does scorch not halfe so sore, nor damned ghoste
 In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste. 450

51

Which when as *Archimago* heard, his grieffe
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd:
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a prieffe
Of every place, that was with brusing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbes thereto applyde,
And evermore with mighty spels them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifyde,
And him restor'd to health, that would have algates
dyde.

CANTO VII

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delve,
 Sunning his threasure hore :
 Is by him tempted, and led downe,
 To see his secret store.*

1

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

2

So *Guyon* having lost his trusty guide, 10
 Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanide ;
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
 Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.
 So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes :
 For still he traveild through wide wastfull ground,
 That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

3

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade 21
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
 Of griesly hew, and fowle ill favour'd sight;
 His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were beard,
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have beene seard
 In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes
 appeard.

4

His yron coate all overgrowne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared, to have beene of old 31
 A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
 Woven with antickes and wild Imagery:
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
 And turned upsidowne, to feede his eye
 A covetous desire with his huge threasury.

5

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold, that never could be spent:
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of *Mulcibers* devouring element; 40
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
 Some in round plates withouten moniment;
 But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge and
 rare.

6

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
 And hast he rose, for to remove aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,
 And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide. 50
 But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
 And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

7

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich heapes of wealth doest hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce?
 Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdain, he answerd; Hardy Elfe, 60
 That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
 I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

8

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do envye:
 Riches, renowme, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck and sweat incessantly, 70
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood.

9

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
 At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew
 All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be numbred francke and free.
Mammon (said he) thy godheades vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden fee;
 To them, that covet such eye-glutting gaine, 80
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertaine.

10

Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes,
 And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,
 Unto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charmes,
 With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
 Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my
 delight:
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight. 90

11

Vaine glorious Elfe (said he) doest not thou weet,
 That money can thy wantes at will supply?
 Sheilds, steeds, and armes, and all things for thee
 meet
 It can purvay in twinckling of an eye;
 And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
 Do not I kings create, and throw the crowne
 Sometimes to him, that low in dust doth ly?
 And him that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,
 And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?

12

All otherwise (said he) I riches read, 100
 And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
 First got with guile, and then preserv'd with dread,
 And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
 Leaving behind them grieffe and heavinesse.
 Infinite mischiefes of them do arize,
 Strife; and debate, bloudshed, and bitternesse,
 Outrageous wrong, and hellish covetize,
 That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

13

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
 But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
 And loyall truth to treason doest incline; 111
 Witnessse the guiltlesse bloud pourd oft on ground,
 The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround,
 The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
 And purple robe gored with many a wound;
 Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
 So mak'st thou kings, and gaynest wrongfull governe-
 ment.

14

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
 The private state, and make the life unsweet:
 Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse, 120
 And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
 Doth not, I weene, so many evils meet.
 Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
 Are mortall men so fond and undiscreet,
 So evill thing to seeke unto their ayd,
 And having not complaine, and having it upbraid?

15

Indeede (quoth he) through fowle intemperance,
 Frayle men are oft captiv'd to covetise:
 But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
 Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise, 130
 Such superfluties they would despise,
 Which with sad cares empeach our native joyes:
 At the well head the purest streames arise:
 But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
 And with uncomely weedes the gentle wave accloyes.

16

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
 Found no defect in his Creatours grace,
 But with glad thankes, and unreproved truth,
 The gifts of soveraigne bountie did embrace:
 Like Angels life was then mens happy cace; 140
 But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
 Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
 To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
 The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

17

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
 Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
 And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
 With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
 Fountaines of gold and silver to abound,
 Of which the matter of his huge desire 150
 And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
 Then avarice gan through his veines inspire
 His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

18

Sonne (said he then) let be thy bitter scorne,
 And leave the rudenesse of antique age
 To them, that liv'd therein in state forlorne;
 Thou that doest live in later times, must wage
 Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
 If then thee list my offred grace to use,
 Take what thou please of all this surplusage; 160
 If thee list not, leave have thou to refuse:
 But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

19

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receive
 Thing offred, till I know it well be got,
 Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereave
 From rightfull owner by unrighteous lot,
 Or that bloud guiltnesse or guile them blot.
 Perdy (quoth he) yet never eye did vew,
 Ne tounge did tell, ne hand these handled not,
 But safe I have them kept in secret mew, 170
 From heavens sight, and powre of all which them
 pursew.

20

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold
 So huge a masse, and hide from heavens eye?
 Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
 Thou canst preserve from wrong and robbery?
 Come thou (quoth he) and see. So by and by
 Through that thicke covert he him led, and found
 A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
 That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
 As was with dread and horreur compassed around. 180

21

At length they came into a larger space,
 That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,
 Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
 That streight did lead to *Plutoes* griesly raine:
 By that wayes side, there sate infernall Payne,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife:
 The one in hand an yron whip did straine,
 The other brandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten
 life.

22

On thother side in one consort there sate, 190
 Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
 Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate,
 But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
 And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
 And found no place, where safe he shroud him
 might,
 Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye.
 And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

23

And over them sad horreur with grim hew,
 Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings; 200
 And after him Owles and Night-ravens flew,
 The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
 Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
 Whiles sad *Celeno*, sitting on a clift,
 A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
 That hart of flint a sunder could have rift:
 Which having ended, after him she flyeth swift.

24

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
 By whom they passing, spake unto them nought.
 But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way 210
 Did feed his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
 At last him to a litle dore he brought,
 That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
 Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
 Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
 That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth divide.

25

Before the dore sat selfe-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For feare least Force or Fraud should unaware
 Breake in, and spoile the treasure there in gard:
 Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward 221
 Approch, albe his drowsie den were next;
 For next to death is Sleepe to be compard:
 Therefore his house is unto his annext;
 Here Sleep, there Richesse, and Hel-gate them both
 betwext.

26

So soone as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the dore
 To him did open, and affoorded way;
 Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
 Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
 Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way 230
 Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
 An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
 The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
 And ever as he went, dew watch upon him kept.

27

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
 If ever covetous hand, or lustfull eye,
 Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him best,
 Or ever sleepe his eye-strings did untye,
 Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
 He over him did hold his cruell clawes, 240
 Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye
 And rend in peeces with his ravenous pawes,
 If ever he transgrest the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

28

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
 Like an huge cave, hewne out of rocky clift,
 From whose rough vout the ragged breaches hong,
 Embost with massy gold of glorions gift,
 And with rich metall loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruine they did seeme to threat;
 And over them *Arachne* high did lift 250
 Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
 Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke
 then Jet.

29

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
 But overgrowne with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
 The hew thereof: for vew of chearefull day
 Did never in that house it selfe display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
 Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night, 260
 Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

30

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
 But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
 All bard with double bends, that none could weene
 Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placed were along.
 But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
 And dead mens bones, which round about were
 flong,
 Whose lives, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
 And their vile carcases now left unburied. 270

31

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
 Till that they came unto an yron dore,
 Which to them opened of his owne accord,
 And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
 As eye of man did never see before;
 Ne ever could within one place be found,
 Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world around,
 And that above were added to that under ground.

32

The charge thereof unto a covetous Spright 280
 Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited day and night,
 From other covetous feends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
 Then *Mammon* turning to that warriour, said;
 Loe here the worldes blis, loe here the end,
 To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
 Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33

Certes (said he) I n'll thine offred grace,
 Ne to be made so happy do intend: 290
 Another blis before mine eyes I place,
 Another happinesse, another end.
 To them, that list, these base regardes I lend:
 But I in arnes, and in atchievements brave,
 Do rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
 And to be Lord of those, that riches have,
 Then them to have my selfe, and be their servile slave.

34

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
 And griev'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray;
 For well he weened, that so glorious bayte 300
 Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
 Had he sò doen, he had him snatcht away,
 More light then Culver in the Faulcons fist.
 Eternall God thee save from such decay.
 But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
 Him to entrap unwares another way he wist.

35

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
 Unto another rowme, whose dore forthright,
 To him did open, as it had beene taught:
 Therein an hundred raunges weren pight, 310
 And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
 By every fornace many feends did bide,
 Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
 And every feend his busie paines applide,
 To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

36

One with great bellows gathered filling aire,
 And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
 Another did the dying bronds repaire
 With yron toungs, and sprinkled oft the same
 With liquid waves, fiers *Vulcans* rage to tame, 320
 Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
 Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came;
 Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
 And every one did swincke, and every one did sweat.

37

But when as earthly wight they present saw,
 Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
 From their whot worke they did themselves
 withdraw
 To wonder at the sight: for till that day,
 They never creature saw, that came that way.
 Their staring eyes sparckling with fervent fire, 330
 And ugly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
 That were it not for shame, he would retire,
 Till that him thus bespake their soveraigne Lord and
 sire.

38

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
 That living eye before did never see:
 The thing, that thou didst crave so earnestly,
 To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,
 Proceeded, lo now is reveald to thee.
 Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
 Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee, 340
 Advise thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
 Least thou perhaps hereafter wish, and be withstood.

39

Suffise it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)
 That all thine idle offers I refuse.
 All that I need I have; what needeth mee
 To covet more, then I have cause to use?
 With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:
 But give me leave to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse,
 But beare the rigour of his bold mesprise, 350
 And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

40

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
 To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
 The gate was open, but therein did wait
 A sturdy villein, striding stiffe and bold,
 As the highest God defie he would;
 In his right hand an yron club he held,
 But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
 Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
 That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld. 360

41

Disdayne he called was, and did disdaine
 To be so cald, and who so did him call:
 Sterne was to looke, and full of stomacke vaine,
 His portauce terrible, and stature tall,
 Far passing th'hight of men terrestriall;
 Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race,
 That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
 And with his pride all others powre deface:
 More fit amongst blacke fiendes, then men to have his
 place.

42

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye, 370
 That with their brightnesse made that darknesse
 light, *cf. St. George, in Enno's Cave, I, i*
 His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hye,
 And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
 Who likewise gan himselfe to batteill dight,
 Till *Mammon* did his hasty hand withhold,
 And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight:
 For nothing might abash the villein bold,
 Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

43

So having him with reason pacifide,
 And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbear, 380
 He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,
 As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
 Many great golden pillours did upbeare
 The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne,
 And every pillour decked was full deare
 With crownes and Diademes, and titles vaine,
 Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did
 rayne.

44

A route of people there assembled were,
 Of every sort and nation under skye,
 Which with great uprore preaced to draw nere 390
 To th'upper part, where was advaunced hye
 A stately siege of soveraigne majesty;
 And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
 And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
 That never earthly Prince in such aray
 His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

45

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
 That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
 Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
 Yet was not that same her owne native hew, 400
 But wrought by art and counterfetted shew,
 Thereby more lovers unto her to call;
 Nath'lesse most heavenly faire in deed and vew
 She by creation was, till she did fall;
 Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her crime
 withall.

46

There, as in glistring glory she did sit,
 She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
 Whose upper end to highest heaven was knit,
 And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
 And all that preace did round about her swell, 410
 To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
 To clime aloft, and others to excell:
 That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
 And every lincke thereof a step of dignity.

47

Some thought to raise themselves to high degree,
 By riches and unrighteous reward,
 Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
 Others through friends, others for base regard;
 And all by wrong wayes for themselves prepar'd.
 Those that were up themselves, kept others low, 420
 Those that were low themselves, held others hard,
 Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
 But every one did strive his fellow downe to throw.

48

Which whenas *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
 What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
 And what she was that did so high aspire.
 Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,
 Whom all that folke with such contention,
 Do flocke about, my deare, my daughter is;
 Honour and dignitie from her alone, 430
 Derived are, and all this worldes blis
 For which ye men do strive: few get, but many mis.

49

And faire *Philotime* she rightly hight,
 The fairest wight that wonneth under skye,
 But that this darksome neather world her light
 Doth dim with horrou and deformitie,
 Worthy of heaven and hie felicitie,
 From whence the gods have her for envy thrust:
 But sith thou hast found favour in mine eye,
 Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust, 440
 That she may thee advance for workes and merites just.

50

Gramercy *Mammon* (said the gentle knight)
 For so great grace and offred high estate;
 But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
 Unworthy match for such immortall mate
 My selfe well wote, and mine unequall fate;
 And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
 And love avowd to other Lady late,
 That to remove the same I have no might:
 To chaunge love causelesse is reproch to warlike knight.

51

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath; 451
 Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
 Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
 Into a gardin goodly garnished
 With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not
 be red:
 Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
 Throwes forth to men, sweet and well favoured,
 But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
 Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

52

There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store, 460
 And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
 Dead sleeping *Poppy*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
 Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
 Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
 With which th'unjust *Atheniens* made to dy
 Wise *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
 Pourd out his life, and last Philosophy
 To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamy.

53

The *Gardin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
 And in the midst thereof a silver seat, 470
 With a thicke Arber goodly over dight,
 In which she often usd from open heat
 Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
 Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
 With braunches broad dispred and body great,
 Clothed with leaves, that none the wood mote see
 And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

54

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
 That goodly was their glory to behold,
 On earth like never grew, ne living wight 480
 Like ever saw, but they from hence were sold;
 For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
 Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
 And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold:
 And those with which th' *Eubæan* young man wan
 Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

55

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
 With which *Acontius* got his lover trew,
 Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
 Here eke that famous golden Apple grew, 490
 The which emongst the gods false *Ate* threw;
 For which th' *Idæan* Ladies disagreed,
 Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
 And had of her, faire *Helen* for his meed,
 That many noble *Greekes* and *Trojans* made to bleed.

56

The warlike Elfe, much wondred at this tree,
 So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
 And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
 Did stretch themselves without the utmost bound
 Of this great gardin, compast with a mound, 500
 Which over-hanging, they themselves did steepe,
 In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
 That is the river of *Cocytus* deepe,
 In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

57

Which to behold, he clomb up to the banke,
 And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
 In those sad waves, which direfull deadly stanke,
 Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
 That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling shrights,
 They made the further shore resounden wide: 510
 Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,
 One cursed creature, he by chaunce espide,
 That drenched lay full deepe, under the Garden side.

58

Deepe was he drenched to the upmost chin,
 Yet gaped still, as coveting to drinke
 Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
 And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
 To reach the fruit, which grew upon the brincke:
 But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
 Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke: 520
 The whiles he sterv'd with hunger and with drouth
 He daily dyde, yet never throughly dyen couth.

59

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
 Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:
 Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
 Most cursed of all creatures under skye,
 Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
 Of whom high *Jove* wont whylome feasted bee,
 Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
 But if that thou be such, as I thee see, 530
 Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drinke to mee.

60

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
 Abide the fortune of thy present fate,
 And unto all that live in high degree,
 Ensample be of mind intemperate,
 To teach them how to use their present state.
 Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
 Accusing highest *Jove* and gods ingrate,
 And eke blaspheming heaven bitterly,
 As authour of injustice, there to let him dye. 540

61

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

62

The knight him calling, asked who he was, 550
 Who lifting up his head, him answerd thus:
 I *Pilate* am the falsest Judge, alas,
 And most unjust, that by unrighteous
 And wicked doome, to Jewes despiteous
 Delivered up the Lord of life to die,
 And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
 The whiles my hands I washt in puritie,
 The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

63

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine

He there beheld, too long here to be told: 560
 Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
 For terrour of the tortures manifold,
 In which the damned soules he did behold,
 But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
 Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
 Ne sittest downe on that same silver stoole,
 To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole.

64

All which he did, to doe him deadly fall

In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
 To which if he inclined had at all, 570
 That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,
 Would him have rent in thousand peeces strayt:
 But he was warie wise in all his way,
 And well perceived his deceitfull sleight,
 Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;
 So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

65

And now he has so long remained there,

That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
 For want of food, and sleepe, which two upbeare,
 Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man, 580
 That none without the same endure can.
 For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
 Since he this hardie enterprize began:
 For thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
 Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

66

The God, though loth, yet was constrained t'obay,
For lenger time, then that, no living wight
Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to living light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright 590
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

CANTO VIII

*Sir Guyon laid in swowne is by
Acrates sonnes despoyld,
Whom Arthur soone hath reskewed
And Paynim brethren foyld.*

1

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

2

How oft do they, their silver bowers leave, 10
To come to succour us, that succour want?
How oft do they with golden pineons, cleave
The fitting skyes, like flying Pursuivant,
Against foule feends to aide us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and dewly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why should heavenly God to men have such regard?

3

During the while, that *Guyon* did abide
 In *Mammon's* house, the Palmer, whom whyleare
 That wanton Mayd of passage had denide, 21
 By further search had passage found elsewhere,
 And being on his way, approched neare,
 Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when suddenly
 He heard a voice, that called loud and cleare,
 Come hither, come hither, ô come hastily;
 That all the fields resounded with the ruefull cry.

4

The Palmer lent his eare unto the noyce,
 To weet, who called so importunely:
 Againe he heard a more efforced voyce, 30
 That bad him come in haste. He by and by
 His feeble feet directed to the cry;
 Which to that shadie delve him brought at last,
 Where *Mammon* earst did sunne his threasury:
 There the good *Guyon* he found slumbring fast
 In senselesse dreame; which sight at first him sore
 aghast.

5

Beside his head there sate a faire young man,
 Of wondrous beautie, and of freshest yeares,
 Whose tender bud to blossome new began,
 And flourish faire above his equall peares; 40
 His snowy front curled with golden heares,
 Like *Phœbus* face adornd with sunny rayes,
 Divinely shone, and two sharpe winged sheares,
 Decked with diverse plumes, like painted Jayes,
 Were fixed at his backe, to cut his ayerie wayes.

6

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
 When having laid his cruell bow away,
 And mortall arrowes, wherewith he doth fill
 The world with murdrous spoiles and bloudie pray,
 With his faire mother he him dights to play, 50
 And with his goodly sisters, *Graces* three;
 The Goddesses pleased with his wanton play,
 Suffers her selfe through sleepe beguild to bee,
 The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7

Whom when the Palmer saw, abasht he was
 Through feare and wonder, that he nought could
 say,
 Till him the child bespoke, Long lackt, alas,
 Hath bene thy faithfull aide in hard assay,
 Whiles deadly fit thy pupill doth dismay;
 Behold this heavie sight, thou reverend Sire, 60
 But dread of death and dolour doe away;
 For life ere long shall to her home retire,
 And he that breathlesse seemes, shal corage bold respire.

8

The charge, which God doth unto me arret,
 Of his deare safetie, I to thee commend;
 Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
 The care thereof my selfe unto the end,
 But evermore him succour, and defend
 Against his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
 For evill is at hand him to offend. 70
 So having said, eftsoones he gan display
 His painted nimble wings, and vanisht quite away.

9

The Palmer seeing his left empty place,
 And his slow eyes beguiled of their sight,
 Woxe sore affraid, and standing still a space,
 Gaz'd after him, as fowle escapt by flight;
 At last him turning to his charge behight,
 With trembling hand his troubled pulse gan try;
 Where finding life not yet dislodged quight,
 He much rejoyst, and covrd it tenderly, 80
 As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded destiny.

10

At last he spide, where towards him did pace
 Two Paynim knights, all armd as bright as skie,
 And them beside an aged Sire did trace,
 And farre before a light-foot Page did flie,
 That breathed strife and troublous enmitie;
 Those were the two sonnes of *Acrates* old,
 Who meeting earst with *Archimago* slie,
 Foieby that idle strond, of him were told, 89
 That he, which earst them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11

Which to avenge on him they dearely vowd,
 Where ever that on ground they mote him fynd;
 False *Archimage* provokt their courage prowde,
 And stryfull *Atin* in their stubborne mynd
 Coles of contention and whot vengeance tynd.
 Now bene they come, whereas the Palmer sate,
 Keeping that slombred corse to him assynd;
 Well knew they both his person, sith of late
 With him in bloudie armes they rashly did debate.

12

Whom when *Pyrochles* saw, inflam'd with rage, 100
 That sire he foule bespake, Thou dotard vile,
 That with thy brutenesse shendst thy comely age,
 Abandone soone, I read, the caitive spoile
 Of that same outcast carkasse, that erewhile
 Made it selfe famous through false trechery,
 And crownd his coward crest with knightly stile;
 Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
 To prove he lived ill, that did thus foully dye.

13

To whom the Palmer fearelesse answered;
 Certes, Sir knight, ye bene too much to blame, 110
 Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
 And with foule cowardize his carkasse shame,
 Whose living hands immortalizd his name.
 Vile is the vengeance on the ashes cold,
 And envie base, to barke at sleeping fame:
 Was never wight, that treason of him told;
 Your selfe his prowesse prov'd and found him fiers
 and bold.

14

Then said *Cymochles*; Palmer, thou doest dote,
 Ne canst of prowesse, ne of knighthood deeme,
 Save as thou seest or hearst. But well I wote, 120
 That of his puissance tryall made extreeme;
 Yet gold all is not, that doth golden seeme,
 Ne all good knights, that shake well speare and
 shield:
 The worth of all men by their end esteeme,
 And then due praise, or due reproch them yield;
 Bad therefore I him deeme, that thus lies dead on field.

15

Good or bad (gan his brother fierce reply)
 What doe I recke, sith that he dyde entire?
 Or what doth his bad death now satisfy
 The greedy hunger of revenging ire, 130
 Sith wrathfull hand wrought not her owne desire?
 Yet since no way is left to wreake my spight,
 I will him reave of armes, the victors hire,
 And of that shield, more worthy of good knight;
 For why should a dead dog be deckt in armour bright?

16

Faire Sir, sad then the Palmer suppiaunt,
 For knighthoods love, do not so foule a deed,
 Ne blame your honour with so shamefull vaunt
 Of vile revenge. To spoile the dead of weed
 Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed; 140
 But leave these relicks of his living might,
 To decke his herce, and trap his tomb-blacke steed.
 What herce or steede (said he) should he have dight,
 But be entombed in the raven or the kight?

17

With that, rude hand upon his shield he laid,
 And th'other brother gan his helme unlace,
 Both fiercely bent to have him disaraid;
 Till that they spide, where towards them did pace
 An armed knight, of bold and bounteous grace,
 Whose squire bore after him an heben launce, 150
 And coverd shield. Well kend him so farre space
 Th'enchaunter by his armes and amenaunce,
 When under him he saw his Lybian steed to prauce.

18

And to those brethren said, Rise rise by live,
 And unto battell doe your selves addresse;
 For yonder comes the prowest knight alive,
 Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and noblesse,
 That hath to Paynim knights wrought great dis-
 tresse,
 And thousand Sar'zins foully donne to dye.
 That word so deepe did in their harts impresse, 160
 That both eftsoones upstarted furiously,
 And gan themselves prepare to battell greedily.

19

But fierce *Pyrochles*, lacking his owne sword,
 The want thereof now greatly gan to plaine,
 And *Archimage* besought, him that afford,
 Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vaine.
 So would I (said th'enchauter) glad and faine
 Beteeme to you this sword, you to defend,
 Or ought that else your honour might maintaine,
 But that this weapons powre I well have kend, 170
 To be contrarie to the worke, which ye intend.

20

For that same knights owne sword this is of yore,
 Which *Merlin* made by his almightie art
 For that his noursling, when he knighthood swore,
 Therewith to doen his foes eternall smart.
 The metall first he mixt with *Medæwart*,
 That no enchauntment from his dint might save;
 Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
 And seven times dipped in the bitter wave
 Of hellish *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gave. 180

21

The vertue is, that neither steele, nor stone
 The stroke thereof from entrance may defend;
 Ne ever may be used by his fone,
 Ne forst his rightfull owner to offend,
 Ne ever will it breake, ne ever bend.
 Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
 In vaine therefore, *Pyrochles*, should I lend
 The same to thee, against his lord to fight,
 For sure it would deceive thy labour, and thy might.

22

Foolish old man, said then the Pagan wroth, 190
 That weenest words or charmes may force with-
 stond:
 Soone shalt thou see, and then beleeve for troth,
 That I can carve with this inchaunted brond
 His Lords owne flesh. Therewith out of his hond
 That vertuous steele he rudely snatcht away,
 And *Guyons* shield about his wrest he bond;
 So readie dight, fierce battaile to assay,
 And match his brother proud in battailous array.

23

By this that straunger knight in presence came,
 And goodly salved them; who nought againe 200
 Him answered, as courtesie became,
 But with sterne lookes, and stomachous disdain,
 Gave signes of grudge and discontentment vaine:
 Then turning to the Palmer, he gan spy
 Where at his feete, with sorrowfull demaine
 And deadly hew, an armed corse did lye,
 In whose dead face he red great magnanimity.

24

Said he then to the Palmer, Reverend syre,
 What great misfortune hath betidd this knight?
 Or did his life her fatall date expyre, 210
 Or did he fall by treason, or by fight?
 How ever, sure I rew his pitteous plight.
 Not one, nor other, (said the Palmer grave)
 Hath him befalne, but cloudes of deadly night
 A while his heaveie eylids cover'd have,
 And all his senses drowned in deepe senselesse wave.

25

Which, those same foes, that stand hereby,
 Making advantage, to revenge their spight,
 Would him disarm, and treaten shamefully,
 Unworthy usage of redoubted knight. 220
 But you, faire Sir, whose honorable sight
 Doth promise hope of helpe, and timely grace,
 Mote I beseech to succour his sad plight,
 And by your powre protect his feeble cace.
 First praise of knighthood is, foule outrage to deface.

26

Palmer, (said he) no knight so rude, I weene,
 As to doen outrage to a sleeping ghost:
 Ne was there ever noble courage seene,
 That in advauntage would his puissance bost:
 Honour is least, where oddes appeareth most. 230
 May be, that better reason will asswage
 The rash revengers heat. Words well dispost
 Have secret powre, t'appease inflamed rage:
 If not, leave unto me thy knights last patronage.

27

Tho turning to those brethren, thus bespoke,
 Ye warlike payre, whose valorous great might
 It seemes, just wrongs to vengeance doe provoke,
 To wreake your wrath on this dead seeming knight,
 Mote ought allay the storme of your despight,
 And settle patience in so furious heat? 240
 Not to debate the chalenge of your right,
 But for this carkasse pardon I entreat,
 Whom fortune hath alreadie laid in lowest seat.

28

To whom *Cymochles* said; For what art thou,
 That mak'st thy selfe his dayes-man, to prolong
 The vengeance prest? Or who shall let me now,
 On this vile bodie from to wreake my wrong,
 And make his carkasse as the outcast dong?
 Why should not that dead carrion satisfie
 The guilt, which if he lived had thus long, 250
 His life for due revenge should deare abie?
 The trespasse still doth live, albe the person die.

29

Indeed (then said the Prince) the evill donne
 Dyes not, when breath the bodie first doth leave,
 But from the grandsyre to the Nephewes sonne,
 And all his seed the curse doth often cleave,
 Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
 So streightly God doth judge. But gentle knight,
 That doth against the dead his hand upreare,
 His honour staines with rancour and despight, 260
 And great disparagment makes to his former might.

30

Pyrochles gan reply the second time,
 And to him said, Now felon sure I read,
 How that thou art partaker of his crime:
 Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou shalt be dead.
 With that his hand, more sad then lomp of lead,
 Uplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
 His owne good sword *Morddure*, to cleave his head.
 The faithfull steele such treason no'uld endure,
 But swarving from the marke, his Lords life did assure.

31

Yet was the force so furious and so fell, 271
 That horse and man it made to reele aside;
 Nath'lesse the Prince would not forsake his sell:
Braggardis, For well of yore he learned had to ride,
 But full of anger fiercely to him cride;
 False traitour miscreant, thou broken hast
 The law of armes, to strike foe undefide.
 But thou thy treasons fruit, I hope, shalt taste
 Right sowre, and feele the law, the which thou hast
 defast.

32

With that his balefull speare, he fiercely bent 280
 Against the Pagans brest, and therewith thought
 His cursed life out of her lodge have rent:
 But ere the point arrived, where it ought,
 Thatseven-fold shield, which he from *Guyon* brought
 He cast betwene to ward the bitter stound:
 Through all those foldes the steelehead passage
 wrought
 And through his shoulder pierst; wherwith to ground
 He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound.

33

Which when his brother saw, fraught with great griefe
 And wrath, he to him leaped furiously, 290
 And fowly said, By *Mahoune*, cursed thiefe,
 That direfull stroke thou dearely shalt aby.
 Then hurling up his harmefull blade on hye,
 Smote him so hugely on his haughtie crest,
 That from his saddle forced him to fly:
 Else mote it needes downe to his manly brest
 Have cleft his head in twaine, and life thence dispossest.

34

Now was the Prince in daungerous distresse,
 Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight:
 His single speare could doe him small redresse, 300
 Against two foes of so exceeding might,
 The least of which was match for any knight.
 And now the other, whom he earst did daunt,
 Had reard himsef againe to cruell fight,
 Three times more furious, and more puissaunt,
 Unmindfull of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

35

So both attonce him charge on either side,
 With hideous strokes, and importable powre,
 That forced him his ground to traverse wide,
 And wisely watch to ward that deadly stowre: 310
 For in his shield, as thicke as stormie showre,
 Their strokes did raine, yet did he never quaille,
 Ne backward shrinke, but as a stedfast towre,
 Whom foe with double battrie doth assaile,
 Them on her bulwarke beares, and bids them nought
 availe.

36

So stoutly he withstood their strong assay,
 Till that at last, when he advantage spyde,
 His poinant speare he thrust with puissant sway
 At proud *Cymochles*, whiles his shield was wyde,
 That through his thigh the mortall steele did gryde;
 He swarving with the force, within his flesh 321
 Did breake the launce, and let the head abyde:
 Out of the wound the red bloud flowed fresh,
 That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh.

37

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rayle,
 Cursing his Gods, and himselfe damning deepe:
 Als when his brother saw the red bloud rayle
 Adowne so fast, and all his armour steepe,
 For very felnesse lowd he gan to weepe,
 And said, Caytive, curse on thy cruell hond, 330
 That twice hath sped; yet shall it not thee keepe
 From the third brunt of this my fatall brond:
 Loe where the dreadfull Death behind thy backe doth
 stond.

38

With that he strooke, and th'other strooke withall,
 That nothing seem'd mote bearesomonstrousmight:
 The one upon his covered shield did fall,
 And glauncing downe would not his owner byte:
 But th'other did upon his troncheon smyte,
 Which hewing quite a sunder, further way
 It made, and on his hacqueton did lyte, 340
 The which dividing with importune sway,
 It seizd in his right side, and there the dint did stay.

39

Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarme flood,
 Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously;
 That when the Paynim spyde the streaming blood,
 Gave him great hart, and hope of victory.
 On th'other side, in huge perplexity,
 The Prince now stood, having his weapon broke;
 Nought could he hurt, but still at ward did ly:
 Yet with his troncheon he so rudely stroke 350
Cymochles twice, that twice him forst his foot revoke.

40

Whom when the Palmer saw in such distresse,
 Sir *Guyons* sword he lightly to him raught,
 And said; Faire Son, great God thy righthand blesse,
 To use that sword so wisely as it ought.
 Glad was the knight, and with fresh courage fraught,
 When as againe he armed felt his hond;
 Then like a Lion, which hath long time saught
 His robbed whelpes, and at the last them fond
 Emongst the shepheard swaynes, then wexeth wood
 and yond. 360

41

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

42

As salvage Bull, whom two fierce mastives bayt, 370
 When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
 Forgets with warie ward them to awayt,
 But with his dreadfull hornes them drives afore,
 Or flings aloft, or treads downe in the flore,
 Breathing out wrath, and bellowing disdaine,
 That all the forrest quakes to heare him rore:
 So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twaine,
 That neither could his mightie puissance sustaine.

43

But ever at *Pyrochles* when he smit,
 Who *Guyons* shield cast ever him before, 380
 Whereon the Faery Queenes pourtract was writ,
 His hand relented, and the stroke forbore,
 And his deare hart the picture gan adore,
 Which oft the Paynim sav'd from deadly stowre.
 But him henceforth the same can save no more;
 For now arrived is his fatall howre,
 That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44

For when *Cymochles* saw the fowle reproch,
 Which them appeached, prickt with guiltie shame,
 And inward grieffe, he fiercely gan approach, 390
 Resolv'd to put away that loathly blame,
 Or dye with honour and desert of fame;
 And on the hauberk stroke the Prince so sore,
 That quite disparted all the linked frame,
 And pierced to the skin, but bit no more,
 Yet made him wise to reele, that never moov'd afore.

45

Whereat renfierst with wrath and sharpe regret,
 He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
 That it empierst the Pagans burganet,
 And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade 400
 Into his head, and cruell passage made
 Quite through his braine. He tomling downe on
 ground,
 Breathd out his ghost, which to th'infernall shade
 Fast flying, there eternall torment found,
 For all the sinnes, wherewith his lewd life did abound.

46

Which when his german saw, the stony feare,
 Ran to his hart, and all his sence dismayd,
 Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appeare,
 But as a man, whom hellish feends have frayd,
 Long trembling still he stood: at last thus sayd; 410
 Traytour what hast thou doen? how ever may
 Thy cursed hand so cruelly have swayd
 Against that knight: Horrow and well away,
 After so wicked deed why liv'st thou lenger day?

47

With that all desperate as loathing light,
 And with revenge desiring soone to dye,
 Assembling all his force and utmost might,
 With his owne sword he fierce at him did flye,
 And strooke, and foynd, and lasht outrageously,
 Withouten reason or regard. Well knew 420
 The Prince, with patience and sufferance sly
 So hasty heat soone cooled to subdew:
 Tho when this breathlesse woxe, that batteil gan renew.

48

As when a windy tempest bloweth hye,
 That nothing may withstand his stormy stowre,
 The cloudes, as things affrayd, before him flye;
 But all so soone as his outrageous powre
 Is layd, they fiercely then begin to shoure,
 And as in scorne of his spent stormy spight,
 Now all attonce their malice forth do poure; 430
 So did Sir *Guyon* beare himselfe in fight,
 And suffred rash *Pyrochles* wast his idle might.

49

At last when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,
 How that straunge sword refusd, to serve his need,
 But when he stroke most strong, the dint deceiv'd,
 He flong it from him, and devoyd of dreed,
 Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
 Twixt his two mighty armes engrasped fast,
 Thinking to overthrow and downe him tred:
 But him in strength and skill the Prince surpast,
 And through his nimble sleight did under him down
 cast. 441

50

Nought booted it the Paynim then to strive;
 For as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
 That may not hope by flight to scape alive,
 Still waites for death with dread and trembling aw;
 So he now subject to the victours law,
 Did not once move, nor upward cast his eye,
 For vile disdaine and rancour, which did gnaw
 His hart in twaine with sad melancholy,
 As one that loathed life, and yet despisd to dye. 450

51

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

52

Foole (said the Pagan) I thy gift defye, 460
But use thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And say, that I not overcome do dye,
But in despite of life, for death do call.
Wroth was the Prince, and sory yet withall,
That he so wilfully refused grace;
Yet sith his fate so cruelly did fall,
His shining Helmet he gan soone unlace,
And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place.

53

By this Sir *Guyon* from his traunce awakt,
Life having maistered her sencelesse foe; 470
And looking up, when as his shield he lakt,
And sword saw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Hast lost, he by him spide, right glad he grew,
And said, Deare sir, whom wandring to and fro
I long have lakt, I joy thy face to vew;
Firme is thy faith, whom daunger never fro me drew.

54

But read what wicked hand hath robbed mee
 Of my good sword and shield? The Palmer glad,
 With so fresh hew uprising him to see, 480
 Him answered; Faire sonne, be no whit sad
 For want of weapons, they shall soone be had.
 So gan he to discourse the whole debate,
 Which that straunge knight for him sustained had,
 And those two Sarazins confounded late,
 Whose carcases on ground were horribly prostrate.

55

Which when he heard, and saw the tokens trew,
 His hart with great affection was embayd,
 And to the Prince with bowing reverence dew,
 As to the Patrone of his life, thus sayd; 490
 My Lord, my liege, by whose most gracious ayd
 I live this day, and see my foes subdewd,
 What may suffise, to be for meede repayd
 Of so great graces, as ye have me shewd,
 But to be ever bound

56

To whom the Infant thus, Faire Sir, what need
 Good turnes be counted, as a servile bond,
 To bind their doers, to receive their meede?
 Are not all knights by oath bound, to withstond
 Oppressours powre by armes and puissant hond?
 Suffise, that I have done my dew in place. 501
 So goodly purpose they together fond,
 Of kindnesse and of curteous aggrace;
 The whiles false *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

CANTO IX

*The house of Temperance, in which
doth sober Alma dwell,
Besiegd of many foes, whom straunger
knightes to fight compell.*

1

Of all Gods workes, which do this world adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent,
Then is mans body both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government;
But none then it, more fowle and indecent,
Distempred through misrule and passions bace:
It growes a Monster, and incontinent
Doth loose his dignitie and native grace.
Behold, who list, both one and other in this place.

2

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were, 10
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his stolne sword,
And *Guyon* his lost shield, they both yfere
Forth passed on their way in faire accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir knight, mote I of you this curt'sie read,
To weet why on your shield so goodly scord
Beare ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the semblaunt, though the substance
dead.

3

Faire Sir (said he) if in that picture dead
 Such life ye read, and vertue in vaine shew, 20
 What mote ye weene, if the trew lively-head
 Of that most glorious visage ye did vew?
 But if the beautie of her mind ye knew,
 That is her bountie, and imperiall powre,
 Thousand times fairer then her mortall hew,
 O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
 And infinite desire into your spirite poure!

4

She is the mighty Queene of *Faerie*,
 Whose faire retrait I in my shield do beare;
 She is the flowre of grace and chastitie, 30
 Throughout the world renowned far and neare,
 My liefe, my liege, my Soveraigne, my deare,
 Whose glory shineth as the morning starre,
 And with her light the earth enlumines cleare;
 Far reach her mercies, and her prayses farre,
 As well in state of peace, as puissaunce in warre.

5

Thrise happy man, (said then the *Briton* knight)
 Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
 Have made thee souldier of that Princesse bright,
 Which with her bounty and glad countenance 40
 Doth blesse her servaunts, and them high ad-
 vantage.
 How may straunge knight hope ever to aspire,
 By faithfull service, and meet amenance,
 Unto such blisse? sufficient were that hire
 For losse of thousand lives, to dye at her desire.

6

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed so great,
 Or grace of earthly Prince so souveraine,
 But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
 Ye well may hope, and easely attaine?
 But were your will, her sold to entertaine, 50
 And numbred be mongst knights of *Maydenhed*,
 Great guerdon, well I wote, should you remaine,
 And in her favour high be reckoned,
 As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now beene honored.

7

Certes (then said the Prince) I God avow,
 That sith I armes and knighthood first did plight,
 My whole desire hath beene, and yet is now,
 To serve that Queene with all my powre and might.
 Now hath the Sunne with his lamp-burning light,
 Walkt round about the world, and I no lesse, 60
 Sith of that Goddessse I have sought the sight,
 Yet no where can her find: such happinesse
 Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourlesse.

8

Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce
 Seldome (said *Guyon*) yields to vertue aide,
 But in her way throwes mischief and mischaunce,
 Whereby her course is stopt, and passage staid.
 But you faire Sir, be not herewith dismaid,
 But constant keepe the way, in which ye stand;
 Which were it not, that I am else delaid 70
 With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
 I labour would to guide you through all Faery land.

9

Gramercy Sir (said he) but mote I wote,
 What straunge adventure do ye now pursew?
 Perhaps my succour, or advizement meete
 Mote stead you much your purpose to subdew.
 Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the story shew
 Of false *Acrasia*, and her wicked wiles,
 Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
 From Faery court. So talked they, the whiles so
 They wasted had much way, and measurd many miles.

10

And now faire *Phœbus* gan decline in hast
 His weary wagon to the Westernne vale,
 Whenas they spide a goodly castle, plast
 Foreby a river in a pleasaunt dale,
 Which choosing for that evenings hospitale,
 They thither marcht: but when they came in sight,
 And from their sweaty Coursers did avale,
 They found the gates fast barred long ere night,
 And every loup fast lockt, as fearing foes despight. 90

11

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

12

Fly fly, good knights, (said he) fly fast away 100
 If that your lives ye love, as meete ye should;
 Fly fast, and save your selves from neare decay,
 Here may ye not have entraunce, though we would:
 We would and would againe, if that we could;
 But thousand enemies about us rave,
 And with long siege us in this castle hould:
 Seven yeares this wize they us besieged have,
 And many good knights slaine, that have us sought to
 save.

13

Thus as he spoke, loe with outragious cry
 A thousand villeins round about them swarmd 110
 Out of the rockes and caves adjoining nye,
 Vile caytive wretches, ragged, rude, deformd,
 All threatning death, all in straunge manner armd,
 Some with unweldy clubs, some with long speares,
 Some rusty knives, some staves in fire warmd.
 Sterne was their looke, like wild amazed steares,
 Staring with hollow eyes, and stiffe upstanding heares.

14

Fiersly at first those knights they did assaile,
 And drove them to recoile: but when againe
 They gave fresh charge, their forces gan to faile,
 Unhable their encounter to sustaine; 121
 For with such puissaunce and impetuous maine
 Those Champions broke on them, that forst them fly,
 Like scattered Sheepe, whenas the Shepheards
 swaine
 A Lyon and a Tigre doth espye,
 With greedy pace forth rushing from the forest nye.

15

A while they fled, but soone returnd againe
 With greater fury, then before was found;
 And evermore their cruell Captaine
 Sought with his raskall routs t'enclose them round,
 And overrun to tread them to the ground. 131
 But soone the knights with their bright-burning
 blades
 Broke their rude troupes, and orders did confound,
 Hewing and slashing at their idle shades;
 For though they bodies seeme, yet substance from
 them fades.

16

As when a swarme of Gnats at eventide
 Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
 Their murmuring small trompets sounden wide,
 Whiles in the aire their clustring army flies,
 That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies; 140
 Ne man nor beast may rest, or take repast,
 For their sharpe wounds, and noyous injuries,
 Till the fierce Northerne wind with blustring blast
 Doth blow them quite away, and in the *Ocean* cast.

17

Thus when they had that troublous rout disperst,
 Unto the castle gate they come againe,
 And entraunce crav'd, which was denied erst.
 Now when report of that their perilous paine,
 And combrous conflict, which they did sustaine,
 Came to the Ladies eare, which there did dwell, 150
 She forth issewed with a goodly traine
 Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
 And entertained them right fairely, as befell.

18

Alma she called was, a virgin bright;
 That had not yet felt *Cupid*'s wanton rage,
 Yet was she woo'd of many a gentle knight,
 And many a Lord of noble parentage,
 That sought with her to lincke in marriage:
 For she was faire, as faire mote ever bee,
 And in the flowre now of her freshest age; 160
 Yet full of grace and goodly modestee,
 That even heaven rejoyced her sweete face to see.

19

In robe of lilly white she was arayd,
 That from her shoulder to her heele downe raught,
 The traine whereof loose far behind her strayd,
 Braunched with gold and pearle, most richly
 wrought,
 And borne of two faire Damsels, which were taught
 That service well. Her yellow golden heare
 Was trimly woven, and in tresses wrought,
 Ne other tyre she on her head did weare, 170
 But crowned with a garland of sweete Rosiere.

20

Goodly she entertaind those noble knights,
 And brought them up into her castle hall;
 Where gentle court and gracious delight
 She to them made, with mildnesse virginall,
 Shewing her selfe both wise and liberall:
 There when they rested had a season dew,
 They her besought of favour speciall,
 Of that faire Castle to affoord them vew;
 She graunted, and them leading forth, the same did
 shew. 180

21

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

22

The frame thereof seemd partly circulare, 190
 And part triangulare, ô worke divine;
 Those two the first and last proportions are,
 The one imperfect, mortall, fœminine;
 Th'other immortall, perfect, masculine,
 And twixt them both a quadrate was the base,
 Proportioned equally by seven and nine;
 Nine was the circle set in heavens place,
 All which compacted made a goodly *Dyapase*. *hammer*

23

Therein two gates were placed seemly well:
 The one before, by which all in did pas, 200
 Did th'other far in workmanship excell;
 For not of wood, nor of enduring bras,
 But of more worthy substance fram'd it was;
 Doubly disparted, it did locke and close,
 That when it locked, none might thorough pas,
 And when it opened, no man might it close,
 Still open to their friends, and closed to their foes.

24

Of hewen stone the porch was fairely wrought,
 Stone more of valew, and more smooth and fine,
 Then Jet or Marble far from Ireland brought; 210
 Over the which was cast a wandring vine,
 Enchaced with a wanton yvie twine.
 And over it a faire Portcullis hong,
 Which to the gate directly did incline,
 With comely compasse, and compacture strong,
 Neither unseemely short, nor yet exceeding long.

25

Within the Barbican a Porter sate,
 Day and night duely keeping watch and ward,
 Nor wight, nor word mote passe out of the gate,
 But in good order, and with dew regard; 220
 Utterers of secrets he from thence debard,
 Bablers of folly, and blazers of crime.
 His larumbell might lowd and wide be hard,
 When cause requird, but never out of time;
 Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

26

And round about the porch on every side
 Twise sixteen warders sat, all armed bright
 In glistring steele, and strongly fortifide:
 Tall yeomen seemed they, and of great might,
 And were enraunged ready, still for fight. 230
 By them as *Alma* passed with her gwestes,
 They did obeysaunce, as beseemed right,
 And then againe returned to their restes:
 The Porter eke to her did lout with humble gastes.

27

Thence she them brought into a stately Hall,
 Wherein were many tables faire dispred,
 And ready dight with drapets festivall,
 Against the viaundes should be ministred.
 At th'upper end there sate, yclad in red
 Downe to the ground, a comely personage, 240
 That in his hand a white rod menaged,
 He Steward was hight *Diet*; rype of age,
 And in demeanure sober, and in counsell sage.

28

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
 A jolly yeoman, Marshall of the same,
 Whose name was *Appetite*; he did bestow
 Both gwestes and meate, when ever in they came,
 And knew them how to order without blame,
 As him the Steward bad. They both attone
 Did dewty to their Lady, as became; 250
 Who passing by, forth led her gwestes anone
 Into the kitchin rowme, ne spard for nicenesse none.

29

It was a vault ybuilt for great dispence,
 With many raunges reard along the wall;
 And one great chimney, whose long tonnell thence,
 The smoke forth threw. And in the midst of all
 There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
 Upon a mighty furnace, burning whot,
 More whot, then *Aetn'*, or flaming *Mongiball*: *Aetna*
 For day and night it brent, ne ceased not, 260
 So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30

But to delay the heat, leas't by mischaunce
 It might breake out, and set the whole on fire,
 There added was by goodly ordinaunce,
 An huge great paire of bellowes, which did styre
 Continually, and cooling breath inspyre.
 About the Caudron many Cookes accoyld,
 With hookes and ladles, as need did require;
 The whiles the viandes in the vessell boyld
 They did about their businesse sweat, and sorely toyld.

31

The maister Cooke was cald *Concoction*, 271
 A carefull man, and full of comely guise:
 The kitchin Clerke, that hight *Digestion*,
 Did order all th'Achates in seemely wise, *provisions*
 And set them forth, as well he could devise.
 The rest had severall offices assind,
 Some to remove the scum, as it did rise;
 Others to beare the same away did mind;
 And others it to use according to his kind.

32

But all the liquour, which was fowle and wast, 280
 Not good nor serviceable else for ought,
 They in another great round vessell plast,
 Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
 And all the rest, that noyous was, and nought,
 By secret wayes, that none might it espy,
 Was close convoid, and to the back-gate brought,
 That cleped was *Port Esquiline*, whereby
 It was avoided quite, and throwne out privily.

33

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
 Whenas those knights beheld, with rare delight, 290
 And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
 For never had they seene so straunge a sight.
 Thence backe againe faire *Alma* led them right,
 And soone into a goodly Parlour brought,
 That was with royall arras richly dight,
 In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
 Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but easie to be thought.

34

And in the midst thereof upon the floure,
 A lovely bevy of faire Ladies sate,
 Courted of many a jolly Paramoure, 300
 The which them did in modest wise amate,
 And each one sought his Lady to aggrate:
 And eke emongst them litle *Cupid* playd
 His wanton sports, being returned late
 From his fierce warres, and having from him layd
 His cruell bow, wherewith he thousands hath dismayd.

35

Diverse delights they found them selves to please;
 Some song in sweet consort, some laught for joy,
 Some plaid with straves, some idly sat at ease;
 But other some could not abide to toy, 310
 All pleasaunce was to them grieffe and annoy:
 This fround, that faund, the third for shame did
 blush,
 Another seemed envious, or coy,
 Another in her teeth did gnaw a rush:
 But at these straungers presence every one did hush.

36

Soone as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
 They all attonce out of their seates arose,
 And to her homage made, with humble grace:
 Whom when the knights beheld, they gan dispose
 Themselves to court, and each a Damsell chose:
 The Prince by chaunce did on a Lady light, 321
 That was right faire and fresh as morning rose,
 But somewhat sad, and solemne eke in sight,
 As if some pensive thought constrained her gentle
 spright.

37

In a long purple pall, whose skirt with gold
 Was fretted all about, she was arayd;
 And in her hand a Poplar braunch did hold:
 To whom the Prince in curteous manner said;
 Gentle Madame, why beene ye thus dismaid,
 And your faire beautie do with sadnesse spill? 330
 Lives any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
 Or doen you love, or doen you lacke your will?
 What ever be the cause, it sure beseemes you ill.

38

Faire Sir, (said she halfe in disdainefull wise,)
 How is it, that this mood in me ye blame,
 And in your selfe do not the same advise?
 Him ill beseemes, anothers fault to name,
 That may unwares be blotted with the same:
 Pensive I yeeld I am, and sad in mind,
 Through great desire of glory and of fame; 340
 Ne ought I weene are ye therein behind,
 That have twelve moneths sought one, yet no where
 can her find.

39

The Prince was inly moved at her speach,
 Well weeting trew, what she had rashly told;
 Yet with faire samblaunt sought to hide the breach,
 Which chaunge of colour did perforce unfold,
 Now seeming flaming whot, now stony cold.
 Tho turning soft aside, he did inquire,
 What wight she was, that Poplar braunch did hold:
 It answered was, her name was *Prays-desire*, 350
 That by well doing sought to honour to aspire.

40

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

41

So long as *Guyon* with her commoned, 361
 Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
 And ever and anone with rosie red
 The bashfull bloud her snowy cheekes did dye,
 That her became, as polisht yvory,
 Which cunning Craftesman hand hath overlayd
 With faire vermilion or pure Castory.
 Great wonder had the knight, to see the mayd
 So straungely passioned, and to her gently sayd,

42

Faire Damzell, seemeth, by your troubled cheare, 370
 That either me too bold ye weene, this wise
 You to molest, or other ill to feare
 That in the secret of your hart close lyes,
 From whence it doth, as cloud from sea arise.
 If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
 But if ought else that I mote not devise,
 I will, if please you it discure, assay,
 To ease you of that ill, so wisely as I may.

43

She answerd nought, but more abasht for shame,
 Held downe her head, the whiles her lovely face
 The flashing blood with blushing did inflame, 381
 And the strong passion mard her modest grace,
 That *Guyon* mervayld at her uncouth cace:
 Till *Alma* him bespake, why wonder yee
 Faire Sir at that, which ye so much embrace?
 She is the fountaine of your modestee;
 You shamefast are, but *Shamefastnesse* it selfe is shee.

44

Thereat the Elfe did blush in privitee,
 And turnd his face away; but she the same
 Dissembled faire, and faynd to oversee. 390
 Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
 Themselves did solace each one with his Dame,
 Till that great Ladie thence away them sought,
 To vew her castles other wondrous frame.
 Up to a stately Turret she them brought,
 Ascending by ten steps of Alablaster wrought.

45

That Turrets frame most admirable was,
 Like highest heaven compassed around,
 And lifted high above this earthly masse,
 Which it surview'd, as hills doen lower ground; 400
 But not on ground mote like to this be found,
 Not that, which antique *Cadmus* whylome built
 In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
 Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly guilt,
 From which young *Hectors* blond by cruell *Greekes*
 was spilt.

46

The rooffe hereof was arched over head,
 And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
 Two goodly Beacons, set in watches stead,
 Therein gave light, and flam'd continually:
 For they of living fire most subtilly 410
 Were made, and set in silver sockets bright,
 Cover'd with lids deviz'd of substance sly,
 That readily they shut and open might.
 O who can tell the prayeses of that makers might!

47

Ne can I tell, ne can I stay to tell
 This parts great workmanship, and wondrous
 powre,
 That all this other worlds worke doth excell,
 And likest is unto that heavenly towre,
 That God hath built for his owne blessed bowre.
 Therein were diverse roomes, and diverse stages,
 But three the chiefest, and of greatest powre, 420
 In which there dwelt three honorable sages,
 The wisest men, I weene, that lived in their ages.

48

Not he, whom *Greece*, the Nourse of all good arts,
 By *Phœbus* doome, the wisest thought alive,
 Might be compar'd to these by many parts:
 Nor that sage *Pylian* syre, which did survive
 Three ages, such as mortall men contrive,
 By whose advise old *Priams* cittie fell,
 With these in praise of pollicies mote strive. 430
 These three in these three roomes did sundry dwell,
 And counselled faire *Alma*, how to governe well.

49

The first of them could things to come foresee:
 The next could of things present best advize;
 The third things past could keepe in memoree,
 So that no time, nor reason could arize,
 But that the same could one of these comprize.
 For-thy the first did in the forepart sit,
 That nought mote hinder his quicke prejudize:
 He had a sharpe foresight, and working wit, 440
 That never idle was, ne once could rest a whit.

50

His chamber was disapointed all within,
 With sundry colours, in the which were writ
 Infinite shapes of things dispersed thin;
 Some such as in the world were never yit,
 Ne can devized be of mortall wit;
 Some daily seene, and knowen by their names,
 Such as in idle fantasies doe flit:
 Infernall Hags, *Centaurs*, feendes, *Hippodames*,
 Apes, Lions, *Egles*, Owles, fooles, lovers, children,
 Dames. 450

51

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

52

Emongst them all sate he, which wonned there, 46^o
 That hight *Phantastes* by his nature trew;
 A man of yeares yet fresh, as mote appere,
 Of swarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
 That him full of melancholy did shew;
 Bent hollow beetle browes, sharpe staring eyes,
 That mad or foolish seemd: one by his vew
 Mote deeme him borne with ill disposed skyes,
 When oblique *Saturne* sate in the house of agonyes.

53

Whom *Alma* having shewed to her guestes,
 Thence brought them to the second roome, whose
 wals 47^o
 Were painted faire with memorable gestes,
 Of famous Wisards, and with picturals
 Of Magistrates, of courts, of tribunals,
 Of commen wealthes, of states, of pollicy,
 Of lawes, of judgements, and of decretals;
 All artes, all science, all Philosophy,
 And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54

Of those that roome was full, and them among
 There sate a man of ripe and perfect age,
 Who did them meditate all his life long, 480
 That through continuall practise and usage,
 He now was growne right wise, and wondrous sage.
 Great pleasure had those stranger knights, to see
 His goodly reason, and grave personage,
 That his disciples both desir'd to bee;
 But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmost roome of
 three.

55

The chamber seemed ruinous and old,
 And therefore was removed farre behind,
 Yet were the wals, that did the same uphold,
 Right firme and strong, though somewhat they
 declind; 490
 And therein sate an old oldman, halfe blind,
 And all decrepit in his feeble corse,
 Yet lively vigour rested in his mind,
 And recompenst him with a better scorse:
 Weake body well is chang'd for minds redoubled forse.

56

This man of infinite remembrance was,
 And things foregone through many ages held,
 Which he recorded still, as they did pas,
 Ne suffred them to perish through long eld,
 As all things else, the which this world doth weld,
 But laid them up in his immortall scrine, 501
 Where they for ever incorrupted dweld:
 The warres he well remembred of king *Nine*,
 Of old *Assaracus*, and *Inachus* divine.

57

The yeares of *Nestor* nothing were to his,
 Ne yet *Mathusalem*, though longest liv'd;
 For he remembred both their infancies:
 Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
 Of native strength now, that he them surviv'd.
 His chamber all was hangd about with rolles, 510
 And old records from auncient times deriv'd,
 Some made in books, some in long parchment
 scrolles,
 That were all worme-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58

Amidst them all he in a chaire was set,
 Tossing and turning them withouten end;
 But for he was unhable them to fet,
 A litle boy did on him still attend,
 To reach, when ever he for ought did send;
 And oft when things were lost, or laid amis,
 That boy them sought, and unto him did lend. 520
 Therefore he *Anamnestes* cleped is, *The reminder*
 And that old man *Eumnestes*, by their propertis.
The well-remember

59

The knights there entring, did him reverence dew
 And wondred at his endlesse exercise,
 Then as they gan his Librarie to vew,
 And antique Registers for to avise,
 There chaunced to the Princes hand to rize,
 An auncient booke, hight *Briton monuments*,
 That of this lands first conquest did devize,
 And old division into Regiments, 530
 Till it reduced was to one mans governments.

Sir *Guyon* chaunst eke on another booke,
That hight *Antiquitie* of *Faerie* lond.
In which when as he greedily did looke;
Th'off-spring of Elves and Faries there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire,
Their countries auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged sire, 539
To read those bookes; who gladly graunted their desire.

CANTO X

*A chronicle of Briton kings,
 from Brute to Uthers rayne.
 And rolles of Elfin Emperours,
 till time of Gloriane.*

1

Who now shall give unto me words and sound,
 Equall unto this haughtie enterprise?
 Or who shal lend me wings, with which from ground
 My lowly verse may loftily arise,
 And lift it selfe unto the highest skies?
 More ample spirit, then hitherto was wount,
 Here needes me, whiles the famous auncestries
 Of my most dreaded Sovereaine I recount,
 By which all earthly Princes she doth farre surmount.

2

Ne under Sunne, that shines so wide and faire, 10
 Whence all that lives, does borrow life and light,
 Lives ought, that to her linage may compaire,
 Which though from earth it be derived right,
 Yet doth it selfe stretch forth to heavens hight,
 And all the world with wonder overspred;
 A labour huge, exceeding farre my might:
 How shall fraile pen, with feare disparaged,
 Conceive such soveraine glory, and great bountihed?

3

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
 Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote, 20
 Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
 And triumphes of *Phlegræan* *Jove* he wrote,
 That all the Gods admird his loftie note.
 But if some relish of that heavenly lay
 His learned daughters would to me report,
 To decke my song withall, I would assay,
 Thy name, ô souveraine Queene, to blazon farre away.

4

Thy name ô souveraine Queene, thy realme and race,
 From this renowned Prince derived arre,
 Whom mightily upheld that royall mace, 30
 Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended farre
 From mightie kings and conquerours in warre,
 Thy fathers and great Grandfathers of old,
 Whose noble deedes above the Northerne starre
 Immortall fame for ever hath enrolld;
 As in that old mans booke they were in order told.

5

The land, which warlike Britons now possesse,
 And therein have their mightie empire rayisd,
 In antique times was salvage wildernesse,
 Unpeopled, unmanurd, unprov'd, unpraysd, 40
 Ne was it Island then, ne was it paysd
 Amid the *Ocean* waves, ne was it sought
 Of marchants farre, for profits therein praysd,
 But was all desolate, and of some thought
 By sea to have bene from the *Celticke* mayn-land
 brought.

6

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
 Till that the venturous Mariner that way
 Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
 Which all along the Southerne sea-coast lay,
 Threatning unheedie wrecke and rash decay, 50
 For safeties sake that same his sea-marke made,
 And namd it *Albion*. But later day
 Finding in it fit ports for fishers trade,
 Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

7

But farre in land a salvage nation dwelt,
 Of hideous Giants, and halfe beastly men,
 That never tasted grace, nor goodnesse felt,
 But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
 And flying fast as Roebucke through the fen,
 All naked without shame, or care of cold, 60
 By hunting and by spoiling lived then;
 Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
 That sonnes of men amazd their sternnesse to behold.

8

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
 Uneath is to assure; uneath to wene
 That monstrous error, which doth some assot,
 That *Dioclesians* fiftie daughters shene
 Into this land by chaunce have driven bene,
 Where companing with feends and filthy Sprights,
 Through vaine illusion of their lust unclene, 70
 They brought forth Giants and such dreadfull
 wights,
 As farre exceeded men in their immeasurd mights.

9

They held this land, and with their filthinesse
 Polluted this same gentle soyle long time:
 That their owne mother loathd their beastlinesse,
 And gan abhorre her broods unkindly crime,
 All were they borne of her owne native slime;
 Untill that *Brutus* anciently deriv'd
 From royall stocke of old *Assaracs* line,
 Driven by fatall error, here arriv'd, 80
 And them of their unjust possession depriv'd.

10

But ere he had established his throne,
 And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
 He fought great battels with his salvage fone;
 In which he them defeated evermore,
 And many Giants left on groning flore;
 That well can wnesse yet unto this day
 The westerne Hogh, besprincled with the gore
 Of mightie *Goëmot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay. 90

11

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

12

In meed of these great conquests by them got, 100
Corineus had that Province utmost west,
 To him assigned for his worthy lot,
 Which of his name and memorable gest
 He called *Cornewaile*, yet so called best:
 And *Debons* shayre was, that is *Devonshyre*:
 But *Canute* had his portion from the rest,
 The which he cald *Canutium*, for his hyre;
 Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commenly inquire.

13

Thus *Brute* this Realme unto his rule subdewd,
 And raigned long in great felicitie, 110
 Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eschewd,
 He left three sonnes, his famous progeny,
 Borne of faire *Inogene* of *Italy*;
 Mongst whom he parted his imperiall state,
 And *Locrine* left chiefe Lord of *Britany*.
 At last ripe age bad him surrender late
 His life, and long good fortune unto finall fate.

14

Locrine was left the souveraine Lord of all;
 But *Albanact* had all the Northrene part,
 Which of himselfe *Albania* he did call; 120
 And *Camber* did possesse the Westerne quart,
 Which *Severne* now from *Logris* doth depart:
 And each his portion peaceably enjoyd,
 Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in hart,
 That once their quiet government annoyd,
 But each his paines to others profit still employd.

15

Untill a nation straung, with visage swart,
 And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
 Which through the world then swarmd in every
 part,
 And overflow'd all countries farre away, 130
 Like *Noyes* great flood, with their importune sway,
 This land invaded with like violence,
 And did themselves through all the North display:
 Untill that *Locrine* for his Realmes defence,
 Did head against them make, and strong munifience.

16

He them encountred, a confused rout,
 Foreby the River, that whylome was hight
 The auncient *Abus*, where with courage stout
 He them defeated in victorious fight,
 And chaste so fiercely after fearefull flight, 140
 That forst their Chieftaine, for his safeties sake,
 (Their Chieftaine *Humber* named was aright)
 Unto the mightie streame him to betake,
 Where he an end of battell, and of life did make.

17

The king returned proud of victorie,
 And insolent vox through unwonted ease,
 That shortly he forgot the jeopardie,
 Which in his land he lately did appease,
 And fell to vaine voluptuous disease:
 He lov'd faire Ladie *Estrild*, lewdly lov'd, 150
 Whose wanton pleasures him too much did please,
 That quite his hart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
 From *Guendolene* his wife, though alwaies faithfull
 prov'd.

18

The noble daughter of *Corineus*
 Would not endure to be so vile disdaind,
 But gathering force, and courage valorous,
 Encountred him in battell well ordaind,
 In which him vanquisht she to fly constraind:
 But she so fast pursewd, that him she tooke,
 And threw in bands, where he till death remaind;
 Als his faire *Leman*, flying through a brooke, 161
 She overhent, nought moved with her piteous looke.

19

But both her selfe, and eke her daughter deare,
 Begotten by her kingly Paramoure,
 The faire *Sabrina* almost dead with feare,
 She there attached, farre from all succoure;
 The one she slew in that impatient stoure,
 But the sad virgin innocent of all,
 Adowne the rolling river she did poure,
 Which of her name now *Severne* men do call: 170
 Such was the end, that to disloyall love did fall.

20

Then for her sonne, which she to *Locrin* bore,
Madan was young, unmeet the rule of sway,
 In her owne hand the crowne she kept in store,
 Till ryper yeares he raught, and stronger stay:
 During which time her powre she did display
 Through all this realme, the glorie of her sex,
 And first taught men a woman to obay:
 But when her sonne to mans estate did wex,
 She it surrendred, ne her selfe would lenger vex. 180

21

Tho *Madan* raignd, unworthie of his race:
 For with all shame that sacred throne he fild:
 Next *Memprise*, as unworthy of that place,
 In which being consorted with *Manild*,
 For thirst of single kingdome him he kild.
 But *Ebranck* salved both their infamies
 With noble deedes, and warreyd on *Brunchild*
 In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
 Brave moniments remaine, which yet that land envies.

22

An happie man in his first dayes he was, 190
 And happie father of faire progeny:
 For all so many weekes as the yeare has,
 So many children he did multiply;
 Of which were twentie sonnes, which did apply,
 Their minds to praise, and chevalrous desire:
 Those germans did subdew all Germany,
 Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire
 With foule repulse from Fraunce was forced to retire.

23

Which blot his sonne succeeding in his seat,
 The second *Brute*, the second both in name, 200
 And eke in semblance of his puissance great,
 Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
 With recompence of everlasting fame.
 He with his victour sword first opened,
 The bowels of wide Fraunce, a forlorne Dame,
 And taught her first how to be conquered;
 Since which, with sundrie spoiles she hath beene
 ransacked.

24

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
 And let the marsh of *Estham bruges* tell,
 What colour were their waters that same day, 210
 And all the moore twixt *Elversham* and *Dell*,
 With bloud of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
 How oft that day did sad *Brunchildis* see
 The greene shield dyde in dolorous vermell?
 That not *Scuith quiridh* it mote seeme to bee.
 But rather *y Scuith gogh*, signe of sad crueltee.

25

His sonne king *Leill* by fathers labour long,
 Enjoyd an heritage of lasting peace,
 And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* strong.
 Next *Huddibras* as his realme did not encrease, 220
 But taught the land from wearie warres to cease.
 Whose footsteps *Bladud* following, in arts
 Exceld at *Athens* all the learned preace,
 From whence he brought them to these salvage
 parts,
 And with sweet science mollifide their stubborne harts.

26

Ensample of his wondrous faculty,
 Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
 Which seeth with secret fire eternally,
 And in their entrails, full of quicke Brimston,
 Nourish the flames, which they are warm'd upon, 230
 That to her people wealth they forth do well,
 And health to every forreine nation:
 Yet he at last contending to excell
 The reach of men, through flight into fond mischief fell.

27

Next him king *Leyr* in happie peace long raind,
 But had no issue male him to succeed,
 But three faire daughters, which were well uptraind,
 In all that seemed fit for kingly seed:
 Mongst whom his realme he equally decreed
 To have divided. Tho when feeble age 240
 Nigh to his utmost date he saw proceed,
 He cald his daughters; and with speeches sage
 Inquyrd, which of them most did love her parentage.

28

The eldest *Gonorill* gan to protest,
 That she much more then her owne life him lov'd:
 And *Regan* greater love to him profest,
 Then all the world, when ever it were proof'd;
 But *Cordeill* said she lov'd him, as behoov'd:
 Whose simple answer, wanting colours faire
 To paint it forth, him to displeasance moov'd, 250
 That in his crowne he counted her no haire,
 Buttwixt the other twaine hiskingdome whole did shaire.

29

So wedded th'one to *Maglan* king of Scots,
 And th'other to the king of *Cambria*,
 And twixt them shayrd his realme by equall lots:
 But without dowre the wise *Cordelia*,
 Was sent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
 Their aged Syre, thus eased of his crowne,
 A private life led in *Albania*,
 With *Gonorill*, long had in great renowne, 260
 That nought him griev'd to bene from rule deposd
 downe.

30

But true it is, that when the oyle is spent,
 The light goes out, and weeke is throwne away;
 So when he had resign'd his regiment,
 His daughter gan despise his drouping day,
 And wearie waxe of his continuall stay.
 Tho to his daughter *Regan* he repayrd,
 Who him at first well used every way;
 But when of his departure she despayrd,
 Her bountie she abated, and his cheare empayrd. 270

31

The wretched man gan then avise too late,
 That love is not, where most it is profest,
 Too truely tryde in his extreamest state;
 At last resolv'd likewise to prove the rest,
 He to *Cordelia* him selfe adrest,
 Who with entire affection him receav'd,
 As for her Syre and king her seemed best;
 And after all an army strong she leav'd,
 To war on those, which him had of his realme bereav'd.

32

So to his crowne she him restor'd againe, 280
 In which he dyde, made ripe for death by eld,
 And after wild, it should to her remaine:
 Who peaceably the same long time did weld:
 And all mens harts in dew obedience held:
 Till that her sisters children, woxen strong
 Through proud ambition, against her rebeld,
 And overcommen kept in prison long,
 Till wearie of that wretched life, her selfe she hong.

33

Then gan the bloudie brethren both to raine:

But fierce *Cundah* gan shortly to envie 290

His brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud disdaine,

To have a pere in part of soveraintie,

And kindling coles of cruell enmitie,

Raisd warre, and him in battell overthrew:

Whence as he to those woodie hils did flie,

Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him slew:

Then did he raigne alone, when he none equall knew.

34

His sonne *Riuallo* his dead roome did supply,

In whose sad time bloud did from heaven raine:

Next great *Gurgustus*, then faire *Cæcily* 300

In constant peace their kingdomes did containe,

After whom *Lago*, and *Kinmarke* did raine,

And *Gorbogud*, till farre in yeares he grew:

Then his ambitious sonnes unto them twaine,

Arraught the rule, and from their father drew,

Stout *Ferrex* and sterne *Porrex* him in prison threw.

35

But ô, the greedy thirst of royall crowne,

That knowes no kinred, nor regards no right,

Stird *Porrex* up to put his brother downe;

Who unto him assembling forreine might, 310

Made warre on him, and fell him selfe in fight:

Whose death t'avenge, his mother mercilesse,

Most mercilesse of women, *Wyden* hight,

Her other sonne fast sleeping did oppresse,

And with most cruell hand him murdered pittilesse.

36

Here ended *Brutus* sacred progenie,
 Which had seven hundred yeares this scepter borne,
 With high renowme, and great felicitie?
 The noble braunch from th'antique stocke was torne
 Through discord, and the royall throne forlorne: 320
 Thenceforth this Realme was into factions rent,
 Whilest each of *Brutus* boasted to be borne,
 That in the end was left no monument
 Of *Brutus*, nor of Britons glory auncient.

37

Then up arose a man of matchlesse might,
 And wondrous wit to menage high affaires,
 Who stird up pittie of the stressed plight
 Of this sad Realme, cut into sundry shaires
 By such, as claymd themselves *Brutes* rightfull
 haire,
 Gathered the Princes of the people loose, 330
 To taken counsell of their common cares;
 Who with his wisdom won, him streight did choose,
 Their king, and swore him fealty to win or loose.

38

Then made he head against his enimies,
 And *Umner* slew, of *Logris* miscreate;
 Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
 This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
 And that of *Cambry* king confirmed late,
 He overthrew through his owne valiaunce;
 Whose countreis he redus'd to quiet state, 340
 And shortly brought to civill governaunce,
 Now one, which earst were many, made through
 variaunce.

39

Then made he sacred lawes, which some men say
 Were unto him reveald in vision,
 By which he freed the Traveilers high way,
 The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
 Restraining stealth, and strong extortion;
 The gracious *Numa* of great *Britanie*:
 For till his dayes, the chiefe dominion
 By strength was wielded without pollicie; 350
 Therefore he first wore crowne of gold for dignitie.

40

Donwallo dyde (for what may live for ay?)
 And left two sonnes, of pearelesse prowesse both;
 That sacked *Rome* too dearely did assay,
 The recompence of their perjured oth,
 And ransackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were
 wroth;
 Besides subjected *Fraunce*, and *Germany*,
 Which yet their prayes speake, all be they loth,
 And inly tremble at the memory
 Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, kings of *Britany*. 360

41

Next them did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* sonne
 In rule succede, and eke in fathers prayse;
 He Easterland subdewd, and *Danmarke* wonne,
 And of them both did foy and tribute raise,
 The which was dew in his dead fathers dayes:
 He also gave to fugitives of *Spayne*,
 Whom he at sea found wandring from their wayes,
 A seate in *Ireland* safely to remayne,
 Which they should hold of him, as subject to *Britayne*.

42

After him raigned *Guitheline* his hayre, 370
 The justest man and trewest in his dayes,
 Who had to wife Dame *Mertia* the fayre,
 A woman worthy of immortall prayse,
 Which for this Realme found many goodly layes,
 And wholesome Statutes to her husband brought;
 Her many deemd to have beene of the *Fayes*,
 As was *Aegerie*, that *Numa* tought;
 Those yet of her be *Mertian* lawes both nam'd and
 thought.

43

Her sonne *Sifillus* after her did rayne,
 And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*; 380
 Next whom *Morindus* did the crowne sustaine,
 Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
 And cruell rancour dim'd his valorous
 And mightie deeds, should matched have the best:
 As well in that same field victorious
 Against the forreine *Morands* he exprest;
 Yet lives his memorie, though carcas sleepe in rest.

44

Five sonnes he left begotten of one wife,
 All which successively by turnes did raine;
 First *Gorboman* a man of vertuous life; 390
 Next *Archigald*, who for his proud disdaine,
 Deposed was from Princedome souveraine,
 And pitteous *Elidure* put in his sted;
 Who shortly it to him restord againe,
 Till by his death he it recovered;
 But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthronized.

45

In wretched prison long he did remaine,
 Till they outraigned had their utmost date,
 And then therein reseized was againe,
 And ruled long with honorable state, 400
 Till he surrendred Realme and life to fate.
 Then all the sonnes of these five brethren raynd
 By dew successe, and all their Nephewes late,
 Even thrise eleven descents the crowne retaynd,
 Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gaynd.

46

He had two sonnes, whose eldest called *Lud*
 Left of his life most famous memory,
 And endlesse moniments of his great good:
 The ruin'd wals he did reädifye
 Of *Troynouant*, gainst force of enemy, 410
 And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
 By which he lyes entombed solemnly.
 He left two sonnes, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenantius*, pictures of his might.

47

Whilst they were young, *Cassibalane* their Eme
 Was by the people chosen in their sted,
 Who on him tooke the royall Diademe,
 And goodly well long time it governed,
 Till the prowde *Romanes* him disquieted,
 And warlike *Cæsar*, tempted with the name 420
 Of this sweet Island, never conquered,
 And envying the Britons blazed fame,
 (O hideous hunger of dominion) hither came.

48

Yet twice they were repulsed backe againe,
 And twice renforst, backe to their ships to fly,
 The whiles with bloud they all the shore did staine,
 And the gray *Ocean* into purple dy:
 Ne had they footing found at last perdie,
 Had not *Androgeus*, false to native soyle,
 And envious of Uncles soveraintie, 430
 Betrayd his contrey unto forreine spoyle:
 Nought else, but treason, from the first this land did foyle.

49

So by him *Cæsar* got the victory,
 Through great bloudshed, and many a sad assay,
 In which him selfe was charged heavily
 Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did slay,
 But lost his sword, yet to be seene this day.
 Thenceforth this land was tributarie made
 T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
 Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray; 440
 Yet oft the Briton kings against them strongly swayd.

50

Next him *Tenantius* raignd, then *Kimbeline*,
 What time th'eternall Lord in fleshly slime
 Enwombd was, from wretched *Adams* line
 To purge away the guilt of sinfull crime:
 O joyous memorie of happy time,
 That heavenly grace so plenteously displayd;
 (O too high ditty for my simple rime.)
 Soone after this the *Romanes* him warrayed;
 For that their tribute he refusd to let be payd. 450

51

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperour,
 An army brought, and with him battell fought,
 In which the king was by a Treachetour
 Disguised slaine, ere any thereof thought:
 Yet ceased not the bloody fight for ought;
 For *Aruirage* his brothers place supplide,
 Both in armes, and crowne, and by that draught
 Did drive the *Romanes* to the weaker side,
 That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifide.

52

Was never king more highly magnifide, 460
 Nor dred of *Romanes*, then was *Aruirage*,
 For which the Emperour to him allide
 His daughter *Genuiss* in marriage:
 Yet shortly he renounst the vassalage
 Of *Rome* againe, who hither hastly sent
Vespasian, that with great spoile and rage
 Forwasted all, till *Genuissa* gent
 Perswaded him to ceasse, and her Lord to relent.

53

He dyde; and him succeeded *Marius*,
 Who joyd his dayes in great tranquillity, 470
 Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
 That first received Christianitie,
 The sacred pledge of Christes Evangely:
 Yet true it is, that long before that day
 Hither came *Joseph* of *Arimathy*,
 Who brought with him the holy grayle, (they say)
 And preacht the truth, but since it greatly did decay.

54

This good king shortly without issew dide,
 Whereof great trouble in the kingdome grew,
 That did her selfe in sundry parts divide, 480
 And with her powre her owne selfe overthrew,
 Whilest *Romanes* dayly did the weake subdew:
 Which seeing stout *Bunduca*, up arose,
 And taking armes, the *Britons* to her drew;
 With whom she marched streight against her foes,
 And them unwares besides the *Severne* did enclose.

55

There she with them a cruell battell tride,
 Not with so good successe, as she deserv'd;
 By reason that the Captaines on her side,
 Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her swerv'd: 490
 Yet such, as were through former flight preserv'd,
 Gathering againe, her Host she did renew,
 And with fresh courage on the victour serv'd:
 But being all defeated, save a few,
 Rather then fly, or be captiv'd her selfe she slew.

56

O famous moniment of womens prayse,
 Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
 Whom antique history so high doth raise,
 Or to *Hysiphil'* or to *Thomiris*:
 Her Host two hundred thousand numbred is; 500
 Who whiles good fortune favoured her might,
 Triumphed oft against her enimis;
 And yet though overcome in haplesse fight,
 She triumphed on death, in enemies despight.

57

Her reliques *Fulgent* having gathered,
 Fought with *Severus*, and him overthrew;
 Yet in the chace was slaine of them, that fled:
 So made them victours, whom he did subdew.
 Then gan *Carausius* tirannize anew,
 And gainst the *Romanes* bent their proper powre,
 But him *Allectus* treacherously slew, 511
 And tooke on him the robe of Emperoure:
 Nath'lesse the same enjoyed but short happy howre:

58

For *Asclepiodate* him overcame,
 And left inglorious on the vanquisht playne,
 Without or robe, or rag, to hide his shame.
 Then afterwards he in his stead did rayne;
 But shortly was by *Coyll* in battell slaine:
 Who after long debate, since *Lucies* time,
 Was of the *Britons* first crownd Soveraine: 520
 Then gan this Realme renewe her passed prime:
 He of his name *Coylchester* built of stone and lime.

59

Which when the *Romanes* heard, they hither sent
Constantius, a man of mickle might,
 With whom king *Coyll* made an agreement,
 And to him gave for wife his daughter bright,
 Faire *Helena*, the fairest living wight;
 Who in all godly thewes, and goodly prayse
 Did far excell, but was most famous hight
 For skill in Musicke of all in her dayes, 530
 Aswell in curious instruments, as cunning layes.

60

Of whom he did great *Constantine* beget,
 Who afterward was Emperour of *Rome*;
 To which whiles absent he his mind did set,
Octavius here left into his roome,
 And it usurped by unrighteous doome:
 But he his title justifide by might,
 Slaying *Traherne*, and having overcome
 The *Romane* legion in dreadfull fight:
 So settled he his kingdome, and confirmd his right. 540

61

But wanting issew male, his daughter deare,
 He gave in wedlocke to *Maximian*,
 And him with her made of his kingdome heyre,
 Who soone by meanes thereof the Empire wan,
 Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*;
 Then gan the Hunnes and Picts invade this land,
 During the raigne of *Maximinian*;
 Who dying left none heire them to withstand,
 But that they overran all parts with easie hand.

62

The weary *Britons*, whose war-hable youth 550
 Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
 With wretched miseries, and woefull ruth,
 Were to those Pagans made an open pray,
 And dayly spectacle of sad decay:
 Whom *Romane* warres, which now foure hundred
 yeares,
 And more had wasted, could no whit dismay;
 Till by consent of Commons and of Peares,
 They crownd the second *Constantine* with joyous teares,

63

Who having oft in battell vanquished
 Those spoilefull Picts, and swarming Easterlings,
 Long time in peace his Realme established, 561
 Yet oft annoyd with sundry bordragings
 Of neighbour Scots, and forrein Scatterlings,
 With which the world did in those dayes abound:
 Which to outbarre, with painefull pyonings
 From sea to sea he heapt a mightie mound,
 Which from *Alcluid* to *Panwelt* did that border bound.

64

Three sonnes he dying left, all under age;
 By meanes whereof, their uncle *Vortigere*
 Usurpt the crowne, during their pupillage; 570
 Which th'Infants tutors gathering to feare,
 Them closely into *Armorick* did beare:
 For dread of whom, and for those Picts annoyes,
 He sent to *Germanie*, straunge aid to reare,
 From whence eftsoones arrived here three hoyes
 Of *Saxons*, whom he for his safetie imployes.

65

Two brethren were their Capitains, which hight
Hengist and *Horsus*, well approv'd in warre,
 And both of them men of renowned might;
 Who making vantage of their civill jarre, 580
 And of those forreiners, which came from farre,
 Grew great, and got large portions of land,
 That in the Realme ere long they stronger arre,
 Then they which sought at first their helping
 hand,
 And *Vortiger* enforst the kingdome to aband.

66

But by the helpe of *Vortimere* his sonne,
 He is againe unto his rule restord,
 And *Hengist* seeming sad, for that was donne,
 Received is to grace and new accord,
 Through his faire daughters face, and flattring
 word; 590
 Soone after which, three hundred Lordes he slew
 Of British bloud, all sitting at his bord;
 Whose dolefull moniments who list to rew,
 Th'eternall markes of treason may at *Stonheng* vew.

67

By this the sonnes of *Constantine*, which fled,
Ambrose and *Uther* did ripe yeares attaine,
 And here arriving, strongly challenged
 The crowne, which *Vortiger* did long detaine:
 Who flying from his guilt, by them was slaine.
 And *Hengist* eke soone brought to shamefull death.
 Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did rayne, 601
 Till that through poyson stopped was his breath;
 So now entombed lyes at *Stoneheng* by the heath.

68

After him *Uther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
 Succeeding There abruptly it did end,
 Without full point, or other Cesure right,
 As if the rest some wicked hand did rend,
 Or th'Authour selfe could not at least attend
 To finish it: that so untimely breach
 The Prince him selfe halfe seemeth to offend, 610
 Yet secret pleasure did offence empeach,
 And wonder of antiquitie long stopt his speach.

69

At last quite ravisht with delight, to heare
 The royall Ofspring of his native land,
 Cryde out, Deare countrey, ô how dearely deare
 Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetuall band
 Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand
 Did commun breath and nouriture receave?
 How brutish is it not to understand,
 How much to her we owe, that all us gave, 620
 That gave unto us all, whatever good we have.

70

But *Guyon* all this while his booke did read,
 Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
 And ample volume, that doth far exceed
 My leasure, so long leaves here to repeat:
 It told, how first *Prometheus* did create
 A man, of many partes from beasts derived
 And then stole fire from heaven, to animate
 His worke, for which he was by *Jove* deprived
 Of life him selfe, and hart-strings of an *Ægle* rived. 630

71

That man so made, he called *Elfe*, to weet
 Quick, the first authour of all Elfin kind:
 Who wandring through the world with wearie feet,
 Did in the gardins of *Adonis* find
 A goodly creature, whom he deemd in mind
 To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
 Or Angell, th'authour of all woman kind;
 Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
 Of whom all *Faeryes* spring, and fetch their lignage
 right.

72

Of these a mightie people shortly grew, 640
 And puissaunt kings, which all the world warrayd,
 And to them selves all Nations did subdew:
 The first and eldest, which that scepter swayd,
 Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obayd,
 And all that now *America* men call:
 Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who layd
Cleopolis foundation first of all:
 But *Elfiline* enclosed it with a golden wall.

73

His sonne was *Elfinell*, who overcame
 The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field: 650
 But *Elfant* was of most renowned fame,
 Who all of Christall did *Panthea* build:
 Then *Elfar*, who two brethren gyants kild,
 The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
 Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skild;
 He built by art upon the glassy See
 A bridge of bras, whose sound heavens thunder seem'd
 to bee.

74

He left three sonnes, the which in order raynd,
 And all their Ofspring, in their dew descents,
 Even seven hundred Princes, which maintaynd 660
 With mightie deedes their sundry governments;
 That were too long their infinite contents
 Here to record, ne much materiall:
 Yet should they be most famous monuments,
 And brave ensample, both of martiall,
 And civill rule to kings and states imperiall.

75

After all these *Elficleos* did rayne,
 The wise *Elficleos* in great Majestie,
 Who mightily that scepter did sustayne,
 And with rich spoiles and famous victorie, 670
 Did high advaunce the crowne of *Faery*:
 He left two sonnes, of which faire *Elferon*
 The eldest brother did untimely dy;
 Whose emptie place the mightie *Oberon*
 Doubly supplide, in spousall, and dominion.

76

Great was his power and glorie over all,
 Which him before, that sacred seate did fill,
 That yet remains his wide memoriall:
 He dying left the fairest *Tanaquill*,
 Him to succede therein, by his last will: 680
 Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
 Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
 Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre,
 Long mayst thou *Glorian* live, in glory and great
 powre.

77

Beguild thus with delight of novelties,
 And naturall desire of countreys state,
 So long they red in those antiquities,
 That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
 Till gentle *Alma* seeing it so late,
 Perforce their studies broke, and them besought 690
 To thinke, how supper did them long awaite.
 So halfe unwilling from their bookes them brought,
 And fairely feasted, as so noble knights she ought.

CANTO XI

*The enimies of Temperaunce
besiege her dwelling place :
Prince Arthur them repelles, and fowle
Maleger doth deface.*

1

What warre so cruell, or what siege so sore,
As that, which strong affections do apply
Against the fort of reason evermore
To bring the soule into captivitie:
Their force is fiercer through infirmitie
Of the fraile flesh, relenting to their rage,
And exercise most bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage:
No wretchednesse is like to sinfull vellenage.

2

But in a body, which doth freely yeeld 10
His partes to reasons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the scepter weeld,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is setled there in sure establishment;
There *Alma* like a virgin Queene most bright,
Doth florish in all beautie excellent:
And to her gwestes doth bounteous banket dight,
Attempred goodly well for health and for delight.

3

Early before the Morne with cremosin ray,
 The windowes of bright heaven opened had, 20
 Through which into the world the dawning day
 Might looke, that maketh every creature glad,
 Uprose Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
 And to his purposd journey him prepar'd:
 With him the Palmer eke in habit sad,
 Him selfe addrest to that adventure hard:
 So to the rivers side they both together far'd.

4

Where they awaited ready at the ford
 The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
 With his well rigged boate: They go aboard, 30
 And eftsoones gan launch his barke forthright.
 Ere long they rowed were quite out of sight,
 And fast the land behind them fled away.
 But let them pas, whiles wind and weather right
 Do serve their turnes: here I a while must stay,
 To see a cruell fight doen by the Prince this day.

5

For all so soone, as *Guyon* thence was gon
 Upon his voyage with his trustie guide,
 That wicked band of villeins fresh begon
 That castle to assaile on every side, 40
 And lay strong siege about it far and wide.
 So huge and infinite their numbers were,
 That all the land they under them did hide;
 So fowle and ugly, that exceeding feare
 Their visages imprest, when they approached neare.

6

Them in twelve troupes their Captain did dispart
 And round about in fittest steades did place,
 Where each might best offend his proper part,
 And his contrary object most deface,
 As every one seem'd meetest in that cace. 50
 Seven of the same against the Castle gate,
 In strong entrenchments he did closely place,
 Which with incessaunt force and endlesse hate,
 They battred day and night, and entraunce did awate.

7

The other five, five sundry wayes he set,
 Against the five great Bulwarkes of that pile.
 And unto each a Bulwarke did arret,
 T'assayle with open force or hidden guile,
 In hope thereof to win victorious spoile.
 They all that charge did fervently apply, 60
 With greedie malice and importune toyle,
 And planted there their huge artillery,
 With which they dayly made most dreadfull battery.

8

The first troupe was a monstrous rablement
 Of fowle misshapen wights, of which some were
 Headed like Owles, with beckes uncomely bent,
 Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons dreare,
 And some had wings, and some had clawes to teare,
 And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
 And every one did bow and arrowes beare: 70
 All those were lawlesse lustes, corrupt envies,
 And covetous aspectes, all cruell enimies.

9

Those same against the bulwarke of the *Sight*
 Did lay strong siege, and battailous assault,
 Ne once did yield it respit day nor night,
 But soone as *Titan* gan his head exault,
 And soone againe as he his light with hault,
 Their wicked engins they against it bent:
 That is each thing, by which the eyes may fault,
 But two then all more huge and violent, 80
 Beautie, and money, they that Bulwarke sorely rent.

10

The second Bulwarke was the *Hearing* sence,
 Gainst which the second troupe dessignment makes;
 Deformed creatures, in straunge difference,
 Some having heads like Harts, some like to Snakes,
 Some like wild Bores late rouzd out of the brakes;
 Slaunderous reproches, and fowle infamies,
 Leasings, backbyttings, and vaine-glorious crakes,
 Bad counsels, prayses, and false flatteries.
 All those against that fort did bend their batteries. 90

11

Likewise that same third Fort, that is the *Smell*
 Of that third troupe was cruelly assayd:
 Whose hideous shapes were like to feends of hell,
 Some like to hounds, some like to Apes, dismayd,
 Some like to Puttockes, all in plumes arayd:
 All shap't according their conditions,
 For by those ugly formes weren pourtrayd,
 Foolish delights and fond abusions,
 Which do that sence besiege with light illusions.

12

And that fourth band, which cruell battry bent, 100
 Against the fourth Bulwarke, that is the *Tast*,
 Was as the rest, a grysie rablement,
 Some mouth'd like greedy Oystriges, some fast
 Like loathly Toades, some fashioned in the wast
 Like swine; for so deformd is luxury,
 Surfeat, misdiet, and unthrifitie wast,
 Vaine feasts, and idle superfluity:
 All those this sences Fort assayle incessantly.

13

But the fift troupe most horrible of hew,
 And fierce of force, was dreadfull to report: 110
 For some like Snailles, some did like spyders shew,
 And some like ugly Urchins thicke and short:
 Cruelly they assayled that fift Fort,
 Armed with darts of sensuall delight,
 With stings of carnall lust, and strong effort
 Of feeling pleasures, with which day and night
 Against that same fift bulwarke they continued fight.

14

Thus these twelve troupes with dreadfull puissance
 Against that Castle restlesse siege did lay,
 And evermore their hideous Ordinance 120
 Upon the Bulwarkes cruelly did play,
 That now it gan to threaten neare decay:
 And evermore their wicked Capitaine
 Provoked them the breaches to assay,
 Somtimes with threats, somtimes with hope of gaine,
 Which by the ransack of that peece they should attaine.

15

On th'other side, th'assieged Castles ward
 Their stedfast stonds did mightily maintaine,
 And many bold repulse, and many hard
 Atchievement wrought with perill and with paine,
 That goodly frame from ruine to sustaine: 131
 And those two brethren Giants did defend
 The walles so stoutly with their sturdie maine,
 That never entrance any durst pretend,
 But they to direfull death their groning ghosts did send.

16

The noble virgin, Ladie of the place,
 Was much dismayed with that dreadfull sight:
 For never was she in so evill cace,
 Till that the Prince seeing her wofull plight,
 Gan her recomfort from so sad affright, 140
 Offring his service, and his dearest life
 For her defence, against that Carle to fight,
 Which was their chiefe and th'author of that strife:
 She him remerciéd as the Patrone of her life.

17

Eftsoones himselfe in glitterand armes he dight,
 And his well proved weapons to him hent;
 So taking courteous conge he behight,
 Those gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went.
 Faire mote he thee, the prowest and most gent,
 That ever brandished bright steele on hye: 150
 Whom soone as that unruly rablement,
 With his gay Squire issuing did espy,
 They reard a most outrageous dreadfull yelling cry.

18

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
 Their fluttring arrowes, thicke as flakes of snow,
 And round about him flocke impetuously,
 Like a great water flood, that tomling low
 From the high mountaines, threats to overflow
 With suddein fury all the fertile plaine, 159
 And the sad husbandmans long hope doth throw
 A downe the streame, and all his vowes make vaine,
 Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may sustaine.

19

Upon his shield their heaped hayle he bore,
 And with his sword disperst the raskall flockes,
 Which fled a sunder, and him fell before,
 As withered leaves drop from their dried stockes,
 When the wroth Western wind does reave their
 locks;
 And under neath him his courageous steed,
 The fierce *Spumador* trode them downe like docks,
 The fierce *Spumador* borne of heavenly seed: 170
 Such as *Laomedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

20

Which suddeine horrour and confused cry,
 When as their Captaine heard, in haste he yode,
 The cause to weet, and fault to remedy;
 Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
 That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
 Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground;
 Full large he was of limbe, and shoulders brode,
 But of such subtile substance and unsound,
 That like a ghost he seem'd, whose grave-clothes were
 unbound. 180

21

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

22

As pale and wan as ashes was his looke, 190
 His bodie leane and meagre as a rake,
 And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
 Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
 That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake:
 All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
 And girded with a belt of twisted brake,
 Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
 Made of a dead mans skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight.

23

Maleger was his name, and after him,
 There follow'd fast at hand two wicked Hags, 200
 With hoarie lockes all loose, and visage grim;
 Their feet unshod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
 And both as swift on foot, as chased Stags;
 And yet the one her other legge had lame,
 Which with a staffe, all full of litle snags
 She did disport, and *Impotence* her name:
 But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24

Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espyde,
 Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
 His Beast he felly prickt on either syde, 210
 And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
 With which at him a cruell shaft he sent:
 But he was warie, and it warded well
 Upon his shield, that it no further went,
 But to the ground the idle quarrell fell:
 Then he another and another did expell.

25

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortall speare
 Soone to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
 To be avenged of that shot whyleare:
 But he was not so hardie to abide 220
 That bitter stownd, but turning quicke aside
 His light-foot beast, fled fast away for feare:
 Whom to pursue, the Infant after hide,
 So fast as his good Courser could him beare,
 But labour lost it was, to weene approach him neare.

26

For as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
 That vew of eye could scarce him overtake,
 Ne scarce his feet on ground were seene to tread;
 Through hils and dales he speedie way did make,
 Ne hedge ne ditch his readie passage brake, 230
 And in his flight the villein turn'd his face,
 (As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caspian* lake,
 When as the *Russian* him in fight doth chace)
 Unto his Tygres taile, and shot at him apace.

27

Apace he shot, and yet he fled apace,
 Still as the greedy knight nigh to him drew,
 And oftentimes he would relent his pace,
 That him his foe more fiercely should pursew:
 Who when his uncouth manner he did vew,
 He gan avize to follow him no more, 240
 But keepe his standing, and his shaftes eschew,
 Untill he quite had spent his perlous store,
 And then assaile him fresh, ere he could shift for more.

28

But that lame Hag, still as abroad he strew
 His wicked arrowes, gathered them againe,
 And to him brought, fresh battell to renew:
 Which he espying, cast her to restraine
 From yielding succour to that cursed Swaine,
 And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
 But soone as him dismounted on the plaine, 250
 That other Hag did farre away espy
 Binding her sister, she to him ran hastily.

29

And catching hold of him, as downe he lent,
 Him backward overthrew, and downe him stayd
 With their rude hands and griesly graplement,
 Till that the villein comming to their ayd,
 Upon him fell, and lode upon him layd;
 Full litle wanted, but he had him slaine,
 And of the battell balefull end had made,
 Had not his gentle Squire beheld his paine, 260
 And commen to his reskew, ere his bitter bane.

30

So greatest and most glorious thing on ground
 May often need the helpe of weaker hand;
 So feeble is mans state, and life unsound,
 That in assurance it may never stand,
 Till it dissolved be from earthly band.
 Prooffe be thou Prince, the prowest man alive,
 And noblest borne of all in *Briton* land;
 Yet thee fierce Fortune did so nearely drive,
 That had not grace thee blest, thou shouldest not
 survive. 270

31

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his armes
 Snatcht first the one, and then the other Jade,
 His chiefest lets and authors of his harmes,
 And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
 Least that his Lord they should behind invade;
 The whiles the Prince prickt with reprochfull
 shame,
 As one awakt out of long slombring shade,
 Reviving thought of glorie and of fame,
 United all his powres to purge himselfe from blame.

32

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave 280
 Hath long bene nderkept, and downe supprest,
 With murmurous disdain doth inly rave,
 And grudge, in so streight prison to be prest,
 At last breakes forth with furious unrest,
 And strives to mount unto his native seat;
 All that did earst it hinder and molest,
 It now devoures with flames and scorching heat,
 And carries into smoake with rage and horror great.

33

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rouzd
 Out of his hold, and broke his caitive bands, 290
 And as a Beare whom angry cures have touzd,
 Having off-shakt them, and escapt their hands,
 Becomes more fell, and all that him withstands
 Treads downe and overthrowes. Now had the Carle
 Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
 Discharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
 To seize upon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34

Which now him turnd to disavantage deare;
 For neither can he fly, nor other harme,
 But trust unto his strength and manhood meare, 300
 Sith now he is farre from his monstrous swarme,
 And of his weapons did himselfe disarme.
 The knight yet wrothfull for his late disgrace,
 Fiercely advaunst his valorous right arme,
 And him so sore smote with his yron mace,
 That groveling to the ground he fell, and fild his place.

35

Well weened he, that field was then his owne,
 And all his labour brought to happie end,
 When suddein up the villein overthrowne,
 Out of his swowne arose, fresh to contend, 310
 And gan himselfe to second battell bend,
 As hurt he had not bene. Thereby there lay
 An huge great stone, which stood upon one end,
 And had not bene removed many a day;
 Some land-marke seem'd to be, or signe of sundry way.

36

The same he snatcht, and with exceeding sway
 Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
 To shunne the engin of his meant decay;
 It booted not to thinke that throw to beare,
 But ground he gave, and lightly leapt areare: 320
 Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon faire
 That once hath failed of her souse full neare,
 Remounts againe into the open aire,
 And unto better fortune doth her selfe prepare.

37

So brave returning, with his brandisht blade,
 He to the Carle himselve againe addrest,
 And strooke at him so sternely, that he made
 An open passage through his riven brest,
 That halfe the steele behind his back did rest;
 Which drawing backe, he looked evermore 330
 When the hart bloud should gush out of his chest,
 Or his dead corse should fall upon the flore;
 But his dead corse upon the flore fell nathemore.

38

Ne drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
 All were the wounde so wide and wonderous,
 That through his carkasse one might plainely see:
 Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
 And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
 Againe through both the sides he strooke him
 quight,
 That made his spright to grone full piteous: 340
 Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright,
 But freshly as at first, prepard himselve to fight.

39

Thereat he smitten was with great affright,
 And trembling terror did his hart apall,
 Ne wist he, what to thinke of that same sight,
 Ne what to say, ne what to doe at all;
 He doubted, least it were some magicall
 Illusion, that did beguile his sense,
 Or wandring ghost, that wanted funerall,
 Or aerie spirit under false pretence, 350
 Or hellish feend raysd up through diuelish science.

40

His wonder farre exceeded reasons reach,
 That he began to doubt his dazeled sight,
 And oft of error did himselfe appeach:
 Flesh without bloud, a person without spright,
 Wounds without hurt, a bodie without might,
 That could doe harme, yet could not harmed bee,
 That could not die, yet seem'd a mortall wight,
 That was most strong in most infirmitee;
 Like did he never heare, like did he never see. 360

41

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

42

Twixt his two mightie armes him up he snatcht, 370
 And crusht his carkasse so against his brest,
 That the disdainfull soule he thence dispatcht,
 And th'idle breath all utterly exprest:
 Tho when he felt him dead, adowne he kest
 The lumpish corse unto the senselesse grownd;
 Adowne he kest it with so puissant wrest,
 That backe againe it did aloft rebownd,
 And gave against his mother earth a gronefull sownd.

43

As when *Joves* harnesse-bearing Bird from hie
 Stoupes at a flying heron with proud disdaine, 380
 The stone-dead quarrey fals so forcible,
 That it rebounds against the lowly plaine,
 A second fall redoubling backe againe.
 Then thought the Prince all perill sure was past,
 And that he victor onely did remaine;
 No sooner thought, then that the Carle as fast
 Gan heap huge strokes on him, as ere he downe was
 cast.

44

Nigh his wits end then woxe th'amazed knight,
 And thought his labour lost and travell vaine,
 Against this lifelesse shadow so to fight: 390
 Yet life he saw, and felt his mightie maine,
 That whiles he marveild still, did still him paine:
 For thy he gan some other wayes advize,
 How to take life from that dead-living swaine,
 Whom still he marked freshly to arize
 From th'earth, and from her wombe new spirits to
 reprize.

45

He then remembred well, that had bene sayd,
 How th'Earth his mother was, and first him bore;
 She eke so often, as his life decayd,
 Did life with usury to him restore, 400
 And raysd him up much stronger then before,
 So soone as he unto her wombe did fall;
 Therefore to ground he would him cast no more,
 Ne him commit to grave terrestriall,
 But beare him farre from hope of succour usuall.

46

Tho up he caught him twixt his puissant hands,
 And having scruzd out of his carrion corse
 The lothfull life, now loosd from sinfull bands,
 Upon his shoulders carried him perforce
 Above three furlongs, taking his full course, 410
 Untill he came unto a standing lake;
 Him thereinto he threw without remorse,
 Ne stird, till hope of life did him forsake;
 So end of that Carles dayes, and his owne paines did
 make.

47

Which when those wicked Hags from farre did spy,
 Like two mad dogs they ran about the lands,
 And th'one of them with dreadfull yelling cry,
 Throwing away her broken chaines and bands,
 And having quencht her burning fier brands,
 Hedlong her selfe did cast into that lake; 420
 But *Impotence* with her owne wilfull hands,
 One of *Malegers* cursed darts did take,
 So riv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

48

Thus now alone he conquerour remaines;
 Tho comming to his Squire, that kept his steed,
 Thought to have mounted, but his feeble vaines
 Him faild thereto, and served not his need,
 Through losse of bloud, which from his wounds
 did bleed,
 That he began to faint, and life decay:
 But his good Squire him helping up with speed, 43^o
 With stedfast hand upon his horse did stay,
 And led him to the Castle by the beaten way.

49

Where many Groomes and Squiers readie were,
 To take him from his steed full tenderly,
 And eke the fairest *Alma* met him there
 With balme and wine and costly spicery,
 To comfort him in his infirmity;
 Eftsoones she causd him up to be convayd,
 And of his armes despoyled easily,
 In sumptuous bed she made him to be layd, 44^o
 And all the while his wounds were dressing, by him
 stayd.

CANTO XII

*Guyon by Palmers governance,
 passing through perils great,
 Doth overthrow the Bowre of blisse,
 and Acrasie defeat.*

1

Now gins this goodly frame of Temperance
 Fairely to rise, and her adorned hed
 To pricke of highest praise forth to advance,
 Formerly grounded, and fast setteled
 On firme foundation of true bountihed;
 And this brave knight, that for this vertue fights,
 Now comes to point of that same perilous sted,
 Where Pleasure dwelles in sensuall delights,
 Mongst thousand dangers, and ten thousand magick
 mights.

2

Two dayes now in that sea he sayled has, 10
 Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
 Ne ought save perill, still as he did pas:
 Tho when appeared the third *Morrow* bright,
 Upon the waves to spred her trembling light,
 An hideous roaring farrre away they heard,
 That all their senses filled with affright,
 And streight they saw the raging surges reard
 Up to the skyes, that them of drowning made affeard.

3

Said then the Boteman, Palmer stere aright,
 And keepe an even course; for yonder way 20
 We needes must passe (God do us well acquight,
 That is the *Gulfe of Greedinesse*, they say,
 That deepe engorgeth all this worldes pray:
 Which having swallowd up excessively,
 He soone in vomit up againe doth lay,
 And belcheth forth his superfluity,
 That all the seas for feare do seeme away to fly.

4

On th'other side an hideous Rocke is pight,
 Of mightie *Magnes* stone, whose craggie clift
 Depending from on high, dreadfull to sight, 30
 Over the waves his rugged armes doth lift,
 And threatneth downe to throw his ragged rift
 On who so commeth nigh; yet nigh it drawes
 All passengers, that none from it can shift:
 For whiles they fly that Gulfes devouring jawes,
 They on this rock are rent, and sunck in helpelesse
 wawes.

5

Forward they passe, and strongly he them rowes,
 Untill they nigh unto that Gulfe arrive,
 Where streame more violent and greedy growes:
 Then he with all his puissance doth strive 40
 To strike his oares, and mightily doth drive
 The hollow vessell through the threatfull wave,
 Which gaping wide, to swallow them alive,
 In th'huge abyссе of his engulging grave,
 Doth rore at them in vaine, and with great terror rave.

6

They passing by, that griesly mouth did see,
 Sucking the seas into his entralles deepe,
 That seem'd more horrible then hell to bee,
 Or that darke dreadfull hole of *Tartare* steepe,
 Through which the damned ghosts doen often
 creepe. 50

Backe to the world, bad livers to torment:
 But nought that falles into this direfull deepe,
 Ne that approacheth nigh the wide descent,
 May backe returne, but is condemned to be drent.

7

On th'other side, they saw that perilous Rocke,
 Threatning it selfe on them to ruinate,
 On whose sharpe cliffs the ribs of vessels broke,
 And shivered ships, which had bene wrecked late,
 Yet stuck, with carkasses exanimate
 Of such, as having all their substance spent 60
 In wanton joyes, and lustes intemperate,
 Did afterwards make shipwracke violent,
 Both of their life, and fame for ever fowly blent.

8

For thy, this hight *The Rocke of vile Reproch*,
 A daungerous and detestable place,
 To which nor fish nor fowle did once approach,
 But yelling Meawes, with Seagulles hoarse and
 bace,
 And Cormoyrants, with birds of ravenous race,
 Which still sate waiting on that wastfull clift,
 For spoyle of wretches, whose unhappie cace, 70
 After lost credite and consumed thrift,
 At last them driven hath to this despairefull drift.

12

Yet well they seeme to him, that farre doth vew, 100
 Both faire and fruitfull, and the ground dispred
 With grassie greene of delectable hew,
 And the tall trees with leaves apparelled,
 Are deckt with blossomes dyde in white and red,
 That mote the passengers thereto allure;
 But whosoever once hath fastened
 His foot thereon, may never it recure,
 But wandreth ever more uncertein and unsure.

13

As th'Isle of *Delos* whylome men report
 Amid th'*Aegæan* sea long time did stray, 110
 Ne made for shipping any certaine port,
 Till that *Latona* traveiling that way,
 Flying from *Junoës* wrath and hard assay,
 Of her faire twins was there delivered,
 Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
 Thenceforth it firmly was established,
 And for *Apolloës* honor highly herried.

14

They to him hearken, as beseemeth meete,
 And passe on forward: so their way does ly,
 That one of those same Islands, which doe fleet 120
 In the wide sea, they needes must passen by,
 Which seemd so sweet and pleasant to the eye,
 That it would tempt a man to touchen there:
 Upon the banck they sitting did espy
 A daintie damzell, dressing of her heare,
 By whom a litle skippet floting did appeare.

15

She them espying, loud to them can call,
 Bidding them nigher draw unto the shore;
 For she had cause to busie them withall;
 And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore 130
 Would they once turne, but kept on as afore:
 Which when she saw, she left her lockes undight,
 And running to her boat withouten ore,
 From the departing land it launched light,
 And after them did drive with all her power and
 might.

16

Whom overtaking, she in merry sort
 Them gan to bord, and purpose diversly,
 Now faining dalliance and wanton sport,
 Now throwing forth lewd words immodestly;
 Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly 140
 Her to rebuke, for being loose and light:
 Which not abiding, but more scornefully
 Scoffing at him, that did her justly wite,
 She turnd her bote about, and from them rowed quite.

17

That was the wanton *Phædrick*, which late
 Did ferry him over the *Idle lake*:
 Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
 And all her vaine allurements did forsake,
 When them the wary Boateman thus bespake;
 Here now behoveth us well to avyse, 150
 And of our safetie good heede to take;
 For here before a perlous passage lyes,
 Where many Mermayds haunt, making false melodies.

18

But by the way, there is a great Quicksand,
 And a whirlepoole of hidden jeopardy,
 Therefore, Sir Palmer, keepe an even hand;
 For twixt them both the narrow way doth ly.
 Scarse had he said, when hard at hand they spy
 That quicksand nigh with water covered;
 But by the checked wave they did descry 160
 It plaine, and by the sea discoloured:
 It called was the quicksand of *Unthriftyhed*.

19

They passing by, a goodly Ship did see,
 Laden from far with precious merchandize,
 And bravely furnished, as ship might bee,
 Which through great disaventure, or mesprize,
 Her selfe had runne into that hazardize;
 Whose mariners and merchants with much toyle,
 Labour'd in vaine, to have recur'd their prize,
 And the rich wares to save from pitteous spoyle, 170
 But neither toyle nor travell might her backe recoyle.

20

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

21

But th'heedfull Boate-man strongly forth did stretch 181
 His brawnie armes, and all his body straine,
 That th'utmost sandy breach they shortly fetch,
 Whiles the dred daunger does behind remaine.
 Sudden they see from midst of all the Maine,
 The surging waters like a mountaine rise,
 And the great sea puffed up with proud disdain,
 To swell above the measure of his guise,
 As threatning to deuoure all, that his powre despise.

22

The waves come rolling, and the billowes rore 190
 Outragiously, as they enraged were,
 Or wrathfull *Neptune* did them drive before
 His whirling charet, for exceeding feare:
 For not one puffed of wind there did appeare,
 That all the three thereat woxe much afraid,
 Unweeting, what such horreur straunge did reare.
 Eftsoones they saw an hideous hoast arrayd,
 Of huge Sea monsters, such as living sence dismayd.

23

Most ugly shapes, and horrible aspects,
 Such as Dame Nature selfe mote feare to see, 200
 Or shame, that ever should so fowle defects
 From her most cunning hand escaped bee;
 All dreadfull pourtraicts of deformitee:
 Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and sea-shouldring *Whales*,
 Great whirlpooles, which all fishes make to flee,
 Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with silver scales,
 Mighty *Monoceroses*, with immeasured tayles.

24

The dreadfull Fish, that hath deserv'd the name
 Of Death, and like him lookes in dreadfull hew,
 The griesly Wasserman, that makes his game 210
 The flying ships with swiftnesse to pursew,
 The horrible Sea-satyre, that doth shew
 His fearefull face in time of greatest storme,
 Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eschew
 No lesse, then rockes, (as travellers informe,)
 And greedy *Rosmarines* with visages deforme.

25

All these, and thousand thousands many more,
 And more deformed Monsters thousand fold,
 With dreadfull noise, and hollow rombling rore,
 Came rushing in the fomy waves enroll, 220
 Which seem'd to fly for feare, them to behold:
 Ne wonder, if these did the knight appall;
 For all that here on earth we dreadfull hold,
 Be but as bugs to fearen babes withall,
 Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall.

26

Feare nought, (then said the Palmer well aviz'd;)
 For these same Monsters are not these in deed,
 But are into these fearefull shapes disguiz'd
 By that same wicked witch, to worke us dreed,
 And draw from on this journey to proceede. 230
 Tho lifting up his vertuous staffe on hye,
 He smote the sea, which calmed was with speed,
 And all that dreadfull Armie fast gan flye
 Into great *Tethys* bosome, where they hidden lye.

27

Quit from that daunger, forth their course they kept,
 And as they went, they heard a ruefull cry
 Of one, that wayld and pittfully wept,
 That through the sea the resounding plaints did fly:
 At last they in an Island did espy
 A seemely Maiden, sitting by the shore, 240
 That with great sorrow and sad agony,
 Seemed some great misfortune to deplore,
 And lowd to them for succour called evermore.

28

Which *Guyon* hearing, streight his Palmer bad,
 To stere the boate towards that dolefull Mayd,
 That he might know, and ease her sorrow sad:
 Who him avizing better, to him sayd;
 Faire Sir, be not displeasd, if disobayd:
 For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
 For she is inly nothing ill apayd, 250
 But onely womanish fine forgery,
 Your stubborne hart t'affect with fraile infirmity.

29

To which when she your courage hath inclind
 Through foolish pittty, then her guilefull bayt
 She will embosome deeper in your mind,
 And for your ruine at the last awayt.
 The knight was ruled, and the Boateman strayt
 Held on his course with stayed stedfastnesse,
 Ne ever shruncke, ne ever sought to bayt
 His tyred armes for toylesome wearinesse, 260
 But with his oares did sweepe the watry wildernessse.

30

And now they nigh approached to the sted,
 Where as those Mermayds dwelt: it was a still
 And calmy bay, on th'one side sheltered
 With the brode shadow of an hoarie hill,
 On th'other side an high rocke toured still,
 That twixt them both a pleasaunt port they made,
 And did like an halfe Theatre fulfill:
 There those five sisters had continuall trade,
 And usd to bath themselves in that deceitfull shade. 270

31

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

32

So now to *Guyon*, as he passed by, 280
 Their pleasaunt tunes they sweetly thus applide;
 O thou faire sonne of gentle Faery,
 Thou art in mighty armes most magnifide
 Above all knights, that ever battell tride,
 O turne thy rudder hither-ward a while:
 Here may thy storme-bet vessell safely ride;
 This is the Port of rest from troublous toyle,
 The worlds sweet In, from paine and wearisome turmoyle.)

33

With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
 In his big base them fitly answered, 290
 And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
 A solemne Meane unto them measured,
 The whiles sweet *Zephirus* lowd whisteled
 His treble, a straunge kinde of harmony;
 Which *Guyons* senses softly tickeled,
 That he the boateman bad row easily,
 And let him heare some part of their rare melody.

34

But him the Palmer from that vanity,
 With temperate advice discourseled,
 That they it past, and shortly gan descry 300
 The land, to which their course they leveled;
 When suddeinly a grosse fog over spred
 With his dull vapour all that desert has,
 And heavens chearefull face enveloped,
 That all things one, and one as nothing was,
 And this great Universe seemd one confused mas.

35

Thereat they greatly were dismayd, ne wist
 How to direct their way in darkenesse wide,
 But feard to wander in that wastfull mist,
 For tomling into mischief unespide. 310
 Worse is the daunger hidden, then descride.
 Suddeinly an innumerable flight
 Of harmefull fowles about them fluttering, cride,
 And with their wicked wings them oft did smight,
 And sore annoyed, groping in that griesly night.

36

Even all the nation of unfortunate
 And fatall birds about them flocked were,
 Such as by nature men abhorre and hate,
 The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere,
 The hoars Night-raven, trump of dolefull dreere, 320
 The lether-winged Bat, dayes enemy,
 The ruefull Strich, still waiting on the bere,
 The Whistler shrill, that who so heares, doth dy,
 The hellish Harpies, prophets of sad destiny.

37

All those, and all that else does horreur breed,
 About them flew, and fild their sayles with feare:
 Yet stayd they not, but forward did proceed,
 Whiles th'one did row, and th'other stifly steare;
 Till that at last the weather gan to cleare,
 And the faire land it selfe did plainly show. 330
 Said then the Palmer, Lo where does appeare
 The sacred soile, where all our perils grow;
 Therefore, Sir knight, your ready armes about you throw.

38

He hearkned, and his armes about him tooke,
 The whiles the nimble boate so well her sped,
 That with her crooked keele the land she strooke,
 Then forth the noble *Guyon* sallied,
 And his sage Palmer, that him governed;
 But th'other by his boate behind did stay.
 They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred, 340
 Both firmly armd for every hard assay,
 With constancy and care, gainst daunger and dismay.

39

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
 Of many beasts, that roard outrageously,
 As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
 Had them enraged with fell surquedry;
 Yet nought they feard, but past on hardily,
 Untill they came in vew of those wild beasts:
 Who all attonce, gaping full greedily,
 And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests, 350
 Ran towards, to deuoure those unexpected guests.

40

But soone as they approcht with deadly threat,
 The Palmer over them his staffe upheld,
 His mighty staffe, that could all charmes defeat:
 Eftsoones their stubborne courages were queld,
 And high aduanced crests downe meekely feld,
 In stead of fraying, they them selues did feare,
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
 Such wondrous powre did in that staffe appeare,
 All monsters to subdew to him, that did it beare. 360

41

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

42

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive, 370
 Whereas the Bowre of *Blisse* was situate;
 A place pickt out by choice of best alive,
 That natures worke by art can imitate:
 In which what ever in this worldly state
 Is sweet, and pleasing unto living sense,
 Or that may dayntiest fantasie aggrate,
 Was poured forth with plentifull dispençe,
 And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

43

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
 Aswell their entred gwestes to keepe within, 380
 As those unruly beasts to hold without;
 Yet was the fence thereof but weake and thin;
 Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win,
 But wisdomes powre, and temperaunces might,
 By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
 And eke the gate was wrought of substaunce light,
 Rather for pleasure, then for battery or fight.

44

Yt framed was of precious yvory,
 That seemd a worke of admirable wit;
 And therein all the famous history 390
 Of *Jason* and *Medæa* was ywrit;
 Her mighty charmes, her furious loving fit,
 His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
 His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
 The wondred *Argo*, which in venturous peece
 First through the *Euxine* seas bore all the flowr of *Greece*.

45

Ye might have seene the frothy billowes fry
 Under the ship, as thorough them she went,
 That seemd the waves were into yvory,
 Or yvory into the waves were sent; 400
 And other where the snowy substaunce sprent
 With vermell, like the boyes bloud therein shed,
 A piteous spectacle did represent,
 And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled;
 Yt seemd th'enchanted flame, which did *Creüsa* wed.

46

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
 Be red; that ever open stood to all,
 Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
 A comely personage of stature tall,
 And semblaunce pleasing, more then naturall, 410
 That travellers to him seemd to entize;
 His looser garment to the ground did fall,
 And flew about his heeles in wanton wize,
 Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercize.

47

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
 Not that celestiaall powre, to whom the care
 Of life, and generation of all
 That lives, pertaines in charge particulare,
 Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
 And straunge phantomes doth let us oft forsee, 420
 And oft of secret ill bids us beware:
 That is our Selfe, whom though we do not see,
 Yet each doth in him selfe it well perceive to bee.

48

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity

Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
 But this same was to that quite contrary,
 The foe of life, that good envyes to all,
 That secretly doth us procure to fall,
 Through guilefull semblaunts, which he makes
 us see.

He of this Gardin had the governall, 43^o
 And Pleasures porter was devizd to bee,
 Holding a staffe in hand for more formalitee.

49

With diverse flowres he daintily was deckt,
 And strowed round about, and by his side
 A mighty Mazer bowle of wine was set,
 As if it had to him bene sacrificide;
 Wherewith all new-come guests he gratifide:
 So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
 But he his idle curtesie defide,

And overthrew his bowle disdainfully; 44^o
 And broke his staffe, with which he charmed semblants sly.

50

Thus being entred, they behold around

A large and spacious plaine, on every side
 Strowed with pleasauns, whose faire grassy ground
 Mantled with greene, and goodly beautifide
 With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
 Wherewith her mother Art, as halfe in scorne
 Of niggard Nature, like a pompous bride
 Did decke her, and too lavishly adorne,

When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early

morne.

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45^o

51

Thereto the Heavens alwayes Joviall,
 Lookt on them lovely, still in stedfast state,
 Ne suffred storme nor frost on them to fall,
 Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
 Nor scorching heat, nor cold intemperate
 T'afflict the creatures, which therein did dwell,
 But the milde aire with season moderate
 Gently attempred, and disposd so well,
 That still it breathed forth sweet spirit and holesome
 smell.

52

More sweet and holesome, then the pleasaunt hill 460
 Of *Rhodope*, on which the Nimphe, that bore
 A gyaunt babe, her selfe for grieffe did kill;
 Or the Thessalian *Tempe*, where of yore
 Faire *Daphne Phœbus* hart with love did gore;
 Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repaire,
 When ever they their heavenly bowres forlore;
 Or sweet *Parnasse*, the haunt of Muses faire;
 Or *Eden* selfe, if ought with *Eden* mote compaire.

53

Much wondred *Guyon* at the faire aspect
 Of that sweet place, yet suffred no delight 470
 To sincke into his sence, nor mind affect,
 But passed forth, and lookt still forward right,
 Bridling his will, and maistering his might:
 Till that he came unto another gate,
 No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
 With boughes and braunches, which did broad
 dilate
 Their clasping armes, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54

So fashioned a Porch with rare device,
 Archt over head with an embracing vine,
 Whose bouches hanging downe, seemed to entice
 All passers by, to tast their lushious wine, 481
 And did themselves into their hands incline,
 As freely offering to be gathered:
 Some deepe empurpled as the *Hyacint*,
 Some as the Rubine, laughing sweetly red,
 Some like faire Emeraudes, not yet well ripened.

55

And them amongst, some were of burnisht gold,
 So made by art, to beautifie the rest,
 Which did themselves emongst the leaves enfold,
 As lurking from the vew of covetous guest, 490
 That the weake bowes, with so rich load opprest,
 Did bow adowne, as over-burdened.
 Under that Porch a comely dame did rest,
 Clad in faire weedes, but fowle disordered,
 And garments loose, that seemd unmeet for womanhed.

56

In her left hand a Cup of gold she held,
 And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
 Whose sappy liquor, that with fulnesse sweld,
 Into her cup she scruzd, with daintie breach
 Of her fine fingers, without fowle empeach, 500
 That so faire wine-presse made the wine more
 sweet:
 Thereof she usd to give to drinke to each,
 Whom passing by she happened to meet:
 It was her guise, all Straungers goodly so to greet.

57

So she to *Guyon* offred it to tast;
 Who taking it out of her tender hond,
 The cup to ground did violently cast,
 That all in peeces it was broken fond,
 And with the liquor stained all the lond:
 Whereat *Excesse* exceedingly was wroth, 510
 Yet no'te the same amend, ne yet withstond,
 But suffered him to passe, all were she loth;
 Who not regarding her displeasure forward goth.

58

There the most daintie Paradise on ground,
 It selfe doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others happinesse envye:
 The painted flowres, the trees upshooting hye,
 The dales for shade, the hilles for breathing space,
 The trembling groves, the Christall running by; 520
 And that, which all faire workes doth most aggrace,
 The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

59

One would have thought, (so cunningly, the rude,
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine,)
 That nature had for wantonnesse ensude
 Art, and that Art at nature did repine;
 So striving each th'other to undermine,
 Each did the others worke more beautifie;
 So diff'ring both in willes, agreed in fine:
 So all agreed through sweete diversitie, 530
 This Gardin to adorne with all varietie.

60

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

61

And over all, of purest gold was spred, 541
 A trayle of yvie in his native hew:
 For the rich mettall was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well avis'd it vew,
 Would surely deeme it to be yvie trew:
 Low his lascivious armes adown did creepe,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did steepe,
 Which drops of Christall seemd for wantones to weepe.

62

Infinitt streames continually did well 550
 Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
 That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All pav'd beneath with Jasparr shining bright,
 That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayle upright.

63

And all the margent round about was set,
 With shady Laurell trees, thence to defend 560
 The sunny beames, which on the billowes bet,
 And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
 As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
 Two naked Damzelles he therein espyde,
 Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hyde,
 Their dainty parts from vew of any, which them eyde.

64

Sometimes the one would lift the other quight
 Above the waters, and then downe againe
 Her plong, as over maistered by night, 570
 Where both awhile would covered remaine,
 And each the other from to rise restraine;
 The whiles their snowy limbes, as through a vele,
 So through the Christall waves appeared plaine:
 Then suddeinly both would themselves unhele,
 And th'amarous sweet spoiles to greedy eyes revele.

65

As that faire Starre, the messenger of morne,
 His deawy face out of the sea doth reare:
 Or as the *Cyprian* goddessse, newly borne
 Of th'Oceans fruitfull froth, did first appeare: 580
 Such seemed they, and so their yellow heare
 Christalline humour dropped downe apace.
 Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him neare,
 And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
 His stubborne brest gan secret pleasaunce to embrace.

66

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
 Gazing a while at his unwonted guise;
 Then th'one her selfe low ducked in the flood,
 Abasht, that her a straunger did a vise:
 But th'other rather higher did arise, 590
 And her two lilly paps aloft displayd,
 And all, that might his melting hart entise
 To her delights, she unto him bewrayd:
 The rest hid underneath, him more desirous made.

67

With that, the other likewise up arose,
 And her faire lockes, which formerly were bownd
 Up in one knot, she low adowne did lose:
 Which flowing long and thick, her cloth'd arownd,
 And th'yvorie in golden mantle gownd:
 So that faire spectacle from him was reft, 600
 Yet that, which reft it, no lesse faire was fownd:
 So hid in lockes and waves from lookers theft,
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

68

Withall she laughed, and she blusht withall,
 That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
 And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
 Now when they spide the knight to slacke his pace,
 Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
 The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,
 Their wanton meriments they did encrease, 610
 And to him beckned, to approach more neare,
 And shewd him many sights, that courage cold could
 reare.

69

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
 He much rebukt those wandring eyes of his,
 And counseld well, him forward thence did draw.
 Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of blis*
 Of her fond favorites so nam'd amis:
 When thus the Palmer; Now Sir, well avise;
 For here the end of all our travell is:
 Here wones *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise, 620
 Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70

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

71

The joyous birdes shrouded in chearefull shade, 631
 Their notes unto the voyce attempred sweet;
 Th'Angelicall soft trembling voyces made
 To th'instruments divine responce meet:
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the waters fall:
 The waters fall with difference discreet,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

72

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to bee, 640
Was the faire Witch her selfe now solacing,
With a new Lover, whom through sorcere
And witchcraft, she from farre did thither bring :
There she had him now layd a slombering,
In secret shade, after long wanton joyes :
Whilst round about them pleasauntly did sing
Many faire Ladies, and lascivious boyes,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toyes.

73

And all that while, right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight, 650
As seeking medicine, whence she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight :
And oft inclining downe with kisses light,
For feare of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did sucke his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd ;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

74

The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay ;
Ah see, who so faire thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day ; 660
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may ;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display ;
Loe see soone after, how she fades, and falles away.

75

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
 Of mortall life the leafe, the bud, the flowre,
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
 That earst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
 Of many a Ladie, and many a Paramowre: 671
 Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime,
 For soone comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
 Gather the Rose of love, whilst yet is time,
 Whilst loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime.

76

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of birdes
 Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
 As in approvance of his pleasing words.
 The constant paire heard all, that he did say,
 Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way, 680
 Through many covert groves, and thickets close,
 In which they creeping did at last display
 That wanton Ladie, with her lover lose,
 Whose sleepeie head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,
 As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
 And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
 All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
 That hid no whit her alablaster skin,
 But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
 More subtile web *Arachne* can not spin, 691
 Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
 Of scorched deaw, do not in th'aire more lightly flee.

78

Her snowy brest was bare to readie spoyle
 Of hungry eies, which n'ote therewith be fild,
 And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
 Few drops, more cleare then Nectar, forth distild,
 That like pure Orient perles adowne it trild,
 And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight,
 Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
 Fraile harts, yet quenched not; like starry light 701
 Which sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme more
 bright.

79

The young man sleeping by her, seemd to bee
 Some goodly swayne of honorable place,
 That certes it great pittie was to see
 Him his nobilitie so foule deface;
 A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
 Mixed with manly sternnesse did appeare
 Yet sleeping, in his well proportiond face,
 And on his tender lips the downy heare 710
 Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossomes beare.

80

His warlike armes, the idle instruments
 Of sleeping praise, were hong upon a tree,
 And his brave shield, full of old monuments,
 Was fowly ra'st, that none the signes might see;
 Ne for them, ne for honour cared hee,
 Ne ought, that did to his advaancement tend,
 But in lewd loves, and wastfull luxuree,
 His dayes, his goods, his bodie he did spend:
 O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend. 720

81

The noble Elfe, and carefull Palmer drew
 So nigh them, minding nought, but lustfull game,
 That suddein forth they on them rusht, and threw
 A subtile net, which onely for the same
 The skilfull Palmer formally did frame.
 So held them under fast, the whiles the rest
 Fled all away for feare of fowler shame.
 The faire Enchauntresse, so unwares opprest,
 Tryde all her arts, and all her sleights, thence out to
 wrest.

82

And eke her lover strove: but all in vaine; 730
 For that same net so cunningly was wound,
 That neither guile, nor force might it distraine.
 They tooke them both, and both them strongly
 bound
 In captive bandes, which there they readie found:
 But her in chaines of adamant he tyde;
 For nothing else might keepe her safe and sound;
 But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soone untyde,
 And counsell sage in steed thereof to him applyde.

83

But all those pleasant bowres and Pallace brave,
Guyon broke downe, with rigour pittillesse; 740
 Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
 Them from the tempest of his wrathfulnesse,
 But that their blisse he turn'd to balefulnesse:
 Their groves he feld, their gardins did deface,
 Their arbers spoyle, their Cabinets suppressse,
 Their banket houses burne, their buildings race,
 And of the fairest late, now made the fowlest place.

84

Then led they her away, and eke that knight
 They with them led, both sorrowfull and sad:
 The way they came, the same retourn'd they right,
 Till they arrived, where they lately had 751
 Charm'd those wild-beasts, that rag'd with furie
 mad.

Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
 As in their mistresse reskew, whom they lad;
 But them the Palmer soone did pacify.

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

85

Said he, these seeming beasts are men indeed,
 Whom this Enchauntresse hath transformed thus,
 Whylome her lovers, which her lusts did feed,
 Now turned into figures hideous, 760
 According to their mindes like monstrous.
 Sad end (quoth he) of life intemperate,
 And mournfull meed of joyes delicious:
 But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
 Let them returned be unto their former state.

86

Streight way he with his vertuous staffe them strooke,
 And streight of beasts they comely men became;
 Yet being men they did unmanly looke,
 And stared ghastly, some for inward shame,
 And some for wrath, to see their captive Dame: 770
 But one above the rest in speciall,
 That had an hog beene late, hight *Grille* by name,
 Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
 That had from hoggish forme him brought to naturall.

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beastly man,
That hath so soone forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth, with vile difference,
To be a beast, and lacke intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The donghill kind 780
Delights in filth and foule incontinence:
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggish mind,
But let us hence depart, whilest wether serves and
wind.

NOTES

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS

1. **most mighty Sovereaine.** Each book of the poem is separately dedicated to Elizabeth.

painted forgery. It was one of the commonest accusations brought against poetry by the Puritans and others that it consisted of 'lies.' Sidney in his *Apologie for Poetrie* meets this accusation at considerable length.

2. **fruitfullest Virginia.** Spenser's friend Raleigh was the founder of this colony, and named it in honour of the queen.

3. **the Moones faire shining spheare.** Dante places one heaven within the moon and others within the different planets.

CANTO I

This Canto begins with the account of a trick played by Archimage and Duessa, introduced to link the second book with the first, and to show that they are portions of one story. Archimage and Duessa are, however, enemies of the Redcrosse Knight rather than of Guyon, and it is against him that their machinations are mainly directed.

For the remainder of the Canto see Introduction III.

1. **Architect of cancred guile.** Archimage, the enchanter, the most cunning of all the opponents of righteousness.

falsed letters. As told in I 12.

2. **he algates must forgoe.** I 12 describes how the Redcrosse Knight is married to Una, but is compelled to leave her soon after the wedding to return to the service of his queen.

3. **him to offend,** in the Latin sense of 'to injure.'

subtile engins, tricks and contrivances.

4. **The fish that once was caught.** Archimage and Duessa between them had entrapped the Redcrosse Knight away from Una and into the dungeons of Orgoglio.

6. **demure** has a better meaning in Spenser than in modern English, 'dignified.'

sterne and terrible. The same picture is given of Artegall.

did his foes amate, dismayed his foes.

good Sir Huons hand. An allusion to the romance 'Sir Huon of Bordeaux'; the fairy king—Oberon—helps Sir Huon in many dangers, and finally makes him a king in his own kingdom; hence the part about creating knights. 'Sir Huon' seems to have suggested to Spenser the union of chivalry and fairyland.

7. **A comely Palmer.** Representing the reason which, in the truly temperate man, holds the passions in check; Guyon has to move slowly to keep step with him, because one of the chief qualities of temperance is its deliberateness. So Plato describes his Charmides as never in a hurry or confusion.

8. **clew, a thread.**

humble miser. A Latinism, a poor and unfortunate person.

10. **faire and sheene.** 'sheene,' beautiful, a Chaucerian word.

11. **shent, injured.**

12. **Therewith amoved.** Guyon's gravity gives place when there is really cause for anger. Aristotle counts it as a serious defect if a man is not angry when he ought to be.

stricken Deare. Cf. *Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 2.

15. **teene, grief.** A.-S. *tēona*.

17. **read the man,** interpret or consider the man. A.-S. *rēdan*.

18. **quartred all the field.** Divided the shield into four equal quarters.

19. **Th'adventure of the Errant damozell.** The assistance given to Una.

21. **well aguisd,** well adorned or attired.

22. **late forlorne.** Described in Bk I, Canto 8.

23. **slug in slouth,** lie idle and waste their time.

irrenowned shame. Virgil's *illaudatus* (*Georg.* III 5). The temptation to idleness meets Guyon in several ways; Archimage provides the first.

24. **an uncouth way**, strange and rough. Cp. Milton, "This uncouth errand sole" (*P. L.* II 827).

25. **fact**, deed. A Latinism.

But vaine. A Latinism, *ad vanum*.

26. **to affrap**, to encounter. Sir Guyon at first resolves to fight with the Redcrosse Knight but, on seeing the emblem upon his shield, suddenly recollects himself and pauses. We see his temperance even in the midst of what he thinks excellent cause for anger.

28. **that heavenly Mayd**. The portrait of "The Faerie Queene" which Guyon bears upon his shield.

29. **bevers**, the front part of the helmet.

30. **fond encheason**, foolish reason, mistake.

31. **aguizd**, decked or accoutred.

32. **a Saint with Saints**. The Redcrosse Knight is also St George of England.

33. **More then goodwill to me attribute nought**. Spenser always lays stress upon the divine grace; it is one of the signs of his Puritanism.

Well mote yee thee, well may you thrive; a Chaucerian phrase. A.-S. *þēon*.

gentle thewes, noble virtues. Chaucer has 'goodē thewes' (*Merchant's Tale*).

34. **steddie staffe**, steady. The 'staff' is, of course, the common symbol of the enchanter; with the Palmer it typifies the power of reason which is man's true magic to guide him through the perils and temptations of life.

35. **yfere**, together. The A.-S. *gefēra* is really a noun, and means a travelling companion. Spenser often partially misunderstands his old words.

dearnly, mournfully. Another example of the above; the A.-S. *dearnunga* really means 'secretly.'

36. **long lent**, possessed too long.

from wearie thraldome free. Cf. Giant Despair:

"Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath."

(*F. Q.* I ix 38.)

38. **thrild**, pierced. Chaucer has:

"with a spere was thrilèd his brest-bone."

(*Knight's Tale*.)

her bleeding life does raine. "Purpuream vomit ille animam."
(Virg. *Aen.* ix 349.)

39. thicke, thicket.

40. did ray, defile or soil.

embay, bathe or steepe.

41. lustie hed, strength and vigour.

42. gan wexe. A.-S. *weaxan*, 'to grow.'

his mightie ghost, his strong spirit. Guyon is not in the least insensible, but is quickly moved to compassion.

44. impatient smart. This is the moral of Amavia's death; she lacks the quality which is Guyon's strength and stay.

45. All this passage is closely copied from Virgil's account of the death of Dido. (See Introduction II *b.*)

47. To let a wearie wretch from her dew rest. Cp. again Giant Despair:

"Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
And layes the soule to sleape in quiet grave."

(I ix 40.)

48. fatall priefe, proof or trial.

49. uneth, hardly or scarcely. A.-S. *unēaþe*.

50. with equall brow, with equanimity or favour.

51. foule fardonne, foully destroyed.

52. her lovers drunken mad. Aristotle describes the intemperate man as being like one besotted with drink.

with words and weedes. Like Homer's Circe, who uses herbs and spells to enchant her victims.

all flesh doth frailtie breed. Spenser's Puritanism makes him continually insist on the weakness of man.

54. That me he knew not, neither his owne ill. Cp. Milton:

"Nor once perceive their foul disfigurement" (*Comus*).

55. With cup thus charmd. So Homer's Circe gives to her victims an enchanted cup.

Sad verse. The charm which she utters; sad probably has the sense of serious or powerful.

to him that death does give. Because Mortdant's death is the cause of Amavia's.

her that loves to live. Amavia.

Bacchus with the Nymphe. The poison, the charmed wine, is in his blood, and he is killed by the sudden shock of purity.

56. his head did wreath, he covers his head.

57. Robs reason of her due regalitie. This is Aristotle's theory of intemperance stated in brief: it is that condition in man in which the lower impulses—passion and sensuality—conquer reason.

58. with golden squire, measuring square.

measure out a meane. Aristotle's doctrine that virtue is a mean. (See Introduction III.)

hartlesse griefe, grief without courage to bear it; there is intemperance in pain as well as in joy.

59. doth buriall teene, provides burial; the word will not really bear this sense.

For all so great shame. In the *House of Holiness* (Bk 1 x) one of the seven Bedemen cares for the burial of the dead. Spenser had in this matter a Greek intensity of feeling:

“Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould.”

60. sad Cypresse, boughs of cypress. Cf. Shakespeare (*Twelfth Night*, Act II, Sc. 4):

“My shroud stuck all with yew.”

Bynempt, took. A.-S. *niman*, ‘to take.’

61. medling, mixing or mingling. Cp. “The Redde rose medled with the White yfere” (*Shepheards Calender—April*).

CANTO II

Guyon attempts to cleanse the hands of the babe but cannot, for they remain, notwithstanding all his efforts, stained with blood. Spenser probably means this as a piece of Puritan symbolism—to typify the sin of the flesh which is inherent and cannot be removed by any earthly means.

The second portion of the Canto is devoted to an exposition of Aristotle's theory of virtue as a golden mean between two vices of excess and defect. (See Introduction III.)

1. hent, seized or raised. A.-S. *hentan*.

2. borne under cruell starre, under an evil influence.

in dead parents balefull ashes bred. This is really a reference to the story of the Phoenix, but inaccurately remembered; the Phoenix sprang from its own ashes. It was the bird which, as Milton says, “no second knows nor third” (*Samson Agonistes*).

4. **Might not be purgd with water.** Cp. *Macbeth*:

“No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red.” (Act II, Sc. 2.)

5. **to bord**, to accost.

amated, distressed or terrified. Chaucer has:

“Forgeten had to erthe his pore estate
Of wyntir, that him naked made and mate.”

(*Legend of Good Women*.)

7. **hartlesse**, timid, fearful.

Dan Faunus. ‘Dan’ is a common term to add dignity. Chaucer has “this woful loveure daun Arcite” (*Knight’s Tale*).

8. This stanza seems to be based upon the myth of Arethusa; Spenser often takes myths and employs them in his own way, sometimes briefly as here, sometimes at much greater length.

rustick mate, Faunus.

9. **chast and pure, as purest snow**. Hence the shock to Mortant, in whose veins lust and intemperance still lingered.

10. The **bloody hand** was the badge of the O’Neills, and Spenser almost certainly in this passage refers to the O’Neill’s rebellion as an example of intemperance.

11. **whyleare**, formerly.

golden sell, saddle ornamented with gold.

barbe, part of a horse’s armour, the armour for the chest.

13. **in equall fee**, in equal possession.

The eldest did against the youngest goe. Aristotle says that the two extremes are still more opposed to each other than they are to the mean.

14. **well did enterprize**, received well; a use of the word that seems peculiar to Spenser, and is not really warranted.

15. **breaded tramels**, woven or plaited divisions. Everything about Medina is especially neat and precise.

16. **warlike gest**, warlike deeds.

17. **to sew**, to follow.

20. **to quell**, slay or kill. A.-S. *cwellan*.

fouldring, thundering.

21. **sunbroad shield**. Milton uses this of Michael and Satan:

“Two broad suns their shields
Blazed opposite.” (P. L. VI 305.)

22. **lybicke Ocean**, probably the African deserts.
surbet, wearied.

23. The knights are, both of them, examples of intemperance in anger, assailing Guyon without any provocation from him.

26. **to darraigne**, to decide by battle. Chaucer has:
 "And wilnest to darreyne her by bataille."

(*Knight's Tale*.)

So love does raine, etc. Cp. Horace (*Serm.* II iii 267):

"In amore haec sunt mala; bellum

Pax rursum."

O miserable men. Spenser means, of course, the love which is mere sensuality and animalism—the Aphrodite Pandemos.

28. **counsell sad**, serious counsel.

33. **treague**, truce. It. *trégua*, 'a truce.'

34. **could not colour**, they could not so far hide their feelings.
as doth an hidden moth. Ps. xxxix 12:

"Like as it were a moth fretting a garment."

35. **Elissa**, too little, the sister who stands for the vice of deficiency. The name is derived from *ελάσσων*, 'too little,' and is really Italianate Greek.

36. **Perissa**, too much, *περισσή*. Aristotle's word is 'Hyperbole,' but Spenser probably felt that too strange for a name.

37. **mincing mineon**, an affected creature. 'Mineon,' Fr. *mignon*, might be used either as a term of affection or contempt, or both.
 Cp. *Twelfth Night*:

"But this your minion whom I know you love." (Act v, Sc. 1.)

franion, an idle, licentious person.

38. **forward paire**, the couple who have too much, Sansloy and Perissa.

froward twaine, the couple who love too little, Elissa and Sir Hudibras.

accourage, encourage.

39. **lofty siege**. Guyon, as the guest of honour, would be seated on the dais.

40. **faire peace and mercy**. Later on in the poem (Bk v, Can. 9) Elizabeth appears as Mercilla.

41. **th'Idole**. The image and symbol of her maker's great magnificence. This is a Platonic idea: all beautiful things are images or symbols of the divine, some more and others less.

42. **Order of Maydenhead**, historically the Order of the Garter. An yearely solemne feast. This is imitated from Arthur's feast which he used to hold in Caerleon upon Usk.

43. a **wicked Fay**, the enchantress 'Acrasia.'

Whose glory is in gracious deeds. Cp. her name 'Gloriana.'

45. **pleasures poyson**. Aristotle says that men should beware of pleasure, since almost all are too strongly tempted by it. Spenser's Puritanism made him prone to entertain the same idea.

46. **Orion, flying fast from hissing snake**. Orion sets as the Scorpion rises.

the chaunged skyes, the different constellations.

CANTO III

In this Canto Guyon is shown as a type of *ἀνδρεία*, or true courage. (See Introduction III.)

The second book is the only one without a heroine, but Spenser makes some amends by giving us the radiant figure of Belphebe, one of his types of the queen.

Belphebe expresses the essence of Spenser's chivalrous creed—his worship of honour. For the men of her time Elizabeth really did stand as one of the noblest of inspirations—a symbol of honour and patriotism.

1. **with purple beames**. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 640), "lumine vestit purpureo." Purple light really means brilliant.

had behight, sworn to, or declared.

2. **gentle noriture**. Teach him all that pertains to a gentle upbringing.

raught, reached, or attained.

3. **Patience perforce**. Part of a proverb.

4. **losell**, contemptible fellow; from the verb *leosan*, 'to lose.'

kestrell. A hawk of a mean kind.

ready dight, ready equipped.

5. **gay portance**, gay bearing.

in greatest gree, held in greatest esteem. Fr. *gré*, 'will,' 'liking.'

6. **avaunting**, moving boastfully.

hart-thrilling, heart-piercing.

seely, harmless. A.-S. *sælig*, 'fortunate,' or 'happy.'

7. **wexed, grew.** A.-S. *weaxan*.

dead dog. A Biblical term of contempt.

8. **dead-doing hand.** A Homeric phrase: *ἀνδροφόνος χείρας*.

Miser, miserable or unhappy person. A Latinism.

cleeped, called or named. A.-S. *clcopian*.

in fee, in service or vassalage. Cp. Wordsworth:

“Once did she hold the gorgeous east in fee.”

11. **Archimage.** The enchanter of the first book. One of those who represent the wiles of the Romish church.

did weet, knew. A.-S. *wāt*, ‘knows.’

12. **hard assay, hard trial or attempt.**

13. **foen.** A weak plural.

equall foyle, with the same repulse.

louting, bowing. A.-S. *lūtan*.

gin, trap or snare.

14. **areed, interpret or explain.** A.-S. *arēdan*.

15. **do purvay, provide yourself with.**

16. **eld, old age.** A.-S. *ieldu*.

17. **on even coast, on even terms.**

18. **blive, forthwith, quickly or rapidly.**

what mote that monster make. Probably a Latinism, *monstrum*, ‘a marvellous thing.’ A.-S. *mōt*, ‘be allowed.’

19. **The Northerne wind his wings.** This sudden disappearance is suggested probably by the disappearance of Aeneas in Homer.

20. **bug, terrifying object.**

to faine, dissemble.

21. **dying dreed, terrible fear.**

23. **passing persant, very piercing or thrilling.** French form of participle.

wanton darts. Cp. Milton’s *Comus* (of Diana):

“Set at nought

The frivolous bolt of Cupid.”

So Shakespeare also says of Elizabeth:

“But I might see young Cupid’s fiery shaft
Quench’d in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.”

(*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Act II, Sc. 1.)

24. **broad table.** A *tabula* or canvas for painting pictures.

like dropping honny. "Thy words, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue." (*Solomon's Song* iv 11.)

25. *belgards*, gracious looks. It. *bel guardo*.

amorous retrate. Cp. Milton: "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay." (*P. L.* iv 311.)

mirrhour of celestiaall grace. A Platonic idea; Belphœbe's beauty serves as a mirror for the divine beauty of the world (*Phaedrus*).

moniment of mortall vowes, to whom vows are paid.

26. *for heat*, against the heat.

silken Camus, thin robe of silk (M. L. *camisia*, Fr. *chemise*).

Purified, ornamented. Chaucer has:

"I seigh his sleves y-purified at the hond" (*Prologue*).

aygulets, aglet, tag of a lace.

27. *embayld*, enclosed.

Cordwaine, leather. Chaucer has: "His shoon of cordiwane" (*Sir Thopas*).

entayld, carved. It. *intaglio*.

curious antickes, odd fanciful figures.

aumayld, enamelled.

28. *Like two faire marble pillours*. *Solomon's Song*:

"His legs are as pillars of marble" (v 15).

Spenser is here led away, somewhat fantastically, to elaborate the simile for its own sake. Milton's use of the simile is more masterly than Spenser's; he rarely employs one that does not convey exactly what he intends.

29. *queld*, slew. A.-S. *cwellan*, 'to kill.'

bauldricke, scarf or belt. Chaucer has:

"An horn he bar, the bawdryk was of grene" (*Prologue*).

30. *heedlesse hap*, chance.

the flouring forrest. Spenser often has exquisitely graceful and delicate nature-painting.

*rude haire*s, rough or disordered.

31. *forlore*, lost. A.-S. *forleosian*, 'to lose.'

that famous Queene. Penthesilia, who came to the help of Troy and was slain by Achilles. A later version of the legend, found in the spurious *Dares Phrygius*, ascribes her death to the son of Achilles, Pyrrhus.

33. *thy goodlyhed*, thy graciousness.

34. **mewed**, enclosed. A 'mew' was really a cage for a hawk.
sad stowre, sad event. Spenser uses the word 'stowre' in a great variety of meanings; in Chaucer it means conflict:

"The knyght was faire and styf in stour."

(*Romaunt of the Rose.*)

35. **caitive hands**: because cowardly.

36. **silly life**, poor or innocent.

37. **tooles**, weapons: the bow and arrows.

39. **which doest raunge in this wilde forrest**. Cp. Chaucer's Emily in her prayer to Diana:

"I am, thou woost, yet of thy campaignye,
 A mayde, and love huntynge and venerye,
 And for to walken in the wodes wilde."

(*Knight's Tale.*)

40. We may remember that Spenser's dearly-loved friend, Sidney, longed for achievements and hardships.

eath, easy.

41. We may note the particularly beautiful and subtle alliteration in this stanza. It is one of the noblest in all Spenser's works.

42. **her to embrace**. It is more than probable that Braggadocchio is meant to represent the Duke of Anjou; the project of the French marriage was extremely unpopular in England. Sidney protested against it very vehemently and was, for a time, in disgrace at court.

46. **As one unfit therefore**. The management of a horse was one of the things most greatly esteemed in a knight. Spenser's age valued it highly.

We may compare what Sidney says of his master in horsemanship, John Pietro Pugliano: "Hee sayd, Souldiours were the noblest estate of mankinde, and horsemen the noblest of Souldiours. Hee sayde, they were the Maisters of warre, and ornaments of peace: speedy goers and strong abiders: triumphers both in Camps and Courts. Nay, to so unbelieved a peynt he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred such wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horseman." (*Apologie for Poetrie.*)

did erne, grieve or regret. A.-S. *geornian*, 'to desire.'

CANTO IV

This Canto typifies Guyon's conflict with one particular form of intemperance or incontinence, i.e. incontinence in anger. (See Introduction III.)

Furor and Pyrochles are both examples in their different ways of such incontinence.

1. **the vulgar and the noble seed.** This stanza corresponds fairly closely to the description of the *εὐφυής*—the well-bred gentleman—as given by Plato in his *Republic* (Bk v). It expresses an Elizabethan ideal.

by **native influence**, the star which presided at their birth; 'influence' is really an astrological term.

2. **to yeed**, to go. This is really an incorrect form; it should be a preterite and not an infinitive. A.-S. *gān* (infin.), *ēode* (pret.).

strong passion or weak fleshliness. The two things which tempt most to intemperance; according to Aristotle the strong are most often tempted to intemperance in anger, and the weak to yield to pleasure.

4. **Her other leg**—a Homeric idiom—the left. *Il.* II 217: *χωλὸς δ' ἕτερον πόδα.*

This is the hag 'Occasion' who really signifies the cause for wrath or anger.

5. **raught**, reached or handed.

her one leg were. Without it she has only one.

6. **His mightie hands.** Guyon as the knight of Temperance must struggle directly with Furor. It is the essence of such blind rage that it turns as readily upon one person as upon another.

7. **mickle**, great. A.-S. *micel*. This stanza is an example of Spenser's subtle and close psychology.

8. **In faire defence.** Guyon is accustomed to the regular and dignified conflicts of chivalry.

9. **being downe.** None of Spenser's knights conquer easily; the Puritan in him makes him represent the struggle for virtue as a very hard one.

Still cald upon. Occasion urges Furor to kill Guyon now that he has him at a disadvantage.

emboyling, boiling with anger.

11. **amenage, control.**

eath, easy. A.-S. *ēape*.

passion wood, raging anger. A.-S. *wōd*, 'mad.' The Palmer means that a man must first take away the root of anger in his own heart.

12. **before her eyes.** Occasion is represented as blind so that she cannot see what she does.

an yron lock, a kind of scold's bridle.

14. This is again a piece of careful and subtle psychology: the reasonable man conquering his fury which, when he thinks it subdued, rises up again and again.

15. **copper-wire,...tawny beard.** This colour was always associated with a passionate temper and with anger.

17. The story is from Ariosto, *Orlando Furioso* v. (See Introduction II c.)

whelming lap, overwhelming folds, like a python or snake.

18. **of commune nourse.** The Italian phrase for a foster-brother is *fratello di latte*.

22. **my toward good, my future good.** A.-S. *tō-weard*, 'future.'

24. **boorded, accosted.**

boulted all the floure, sifted to the bottom. Chaucer has in the same sense:

"But I ne kan not bulte it to the bren."

(*Nonnë Priestes Tale*.)

bowre, room. A.-S. *būr*, 'a dwelling-place.'

26. **gorgeous geare, raiment;** the word 'gear' means anything that fits out or equips.

27. **treachour, traitor.**

remove his craftie engin, put in action his plot.

28. **Her proper face, her real face.**

29. **chawing vengeance.** We may compare the description of Envy in Bk 1 iv 30:

"But inwardly he chawed his owne maw."

30. **faytour, deceiver.** O. F. *faitour*.

31. **mischiefe.** The word has a much stronger sense in Elizabethan English than with us.

32. **Feare gave her wings.** Virgil, *Aen.* viii 224:

"Pedibus timor addidit alas."

chauffed at my stay, enraged by being delayed.

34. **affections, strong emotions; a Latinism.** Both Plato and

Aristotle say that virtue is largely a habit; Aristotle declares that a man grows temperate through continually practising temperance and just through continually practising justice.

35. This stanza is an extreme example of poetic 'conceits'; Lyly's *Euphues* and Sidney's *Arcadia* abound in such conceits; so do many Elizabethan sonnets; Spenser is more free than most writers of his time.

36. **Phedon.** In the edition of 1590 it reads 'Phaon.'

37. **A varlet, Atin or Strife:** his name is obviously adapted from 'Ate,' the goddess of mischief.

38. **A flaming fire in midst of bloody field,** the fury which is continually stirring up bloodshed.

word, sentence or phrase as in A.-S.

fit, swift.

dight, equipped. A.-S. *dihtan*.

39. **in presence came.** A Latinism, *in praesentiam*.

40. **t'abye,** to remain, i.e. 'abide.'

41. **Pyrochles.** The name is found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. It means the 'fiery' in allusion to his rash and impetuous temper; he represents the excess of passion (*θυμός*), where Braggadochio is the defect and Guyon the mean (Gr. *πυροκλής*).

Cymochles (Gr. *κυμοκλής*), rage like that of a raging sea.

Acrates, ungoverned love of pleasure (Gr. *ἀκρατής*).

Despight, malice.

Phlegeton. Mentioned in Virgil both as a river and as an infernal deity (*Aen.* vi 265, 550).

Jarre. The 'Discordia' of Virgil (vi 280).

Herebus and Night. A classical pair; very fitly represented as the ancestors of so many vile affections of the mind. We may compare Milton's

"Loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born."

And also (*P. L.* π 959):

"when straight behold the throne
Of Chaos

with him enthroned
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
The consort of his reign
And Discord with a thousand various mouths."

sonne of Aeternitie. This is Spenser's own invention.

The whole stanza is a good example of Spenser's method of taking classical mythology and intermingling it with a quite new and almost equally excellent mythology of his own. Milton describes Chaos and Night as being the parents of 'Tumult' and 'Confusion'; so Spenser describes them as being the parents of his 'Cymochles' and 'Pyrochles,' who stand for violence and wrath.

42. **So from immortal race.** This is quite true. So in Milton the great opponents of man are sprung from immortal race, and the more terrible thereby.

fearefull stead, dreadful place.

43. **in his jeopardie,** in danger or jeopardy from him: a Latinism.

45. **upbray,** reproach or disgrace. A.-S. *upp-bregdan*.

silly, poor.

46. **thrillant,** piercing. A.-S. *þyrlan*.

CANTO V

Guyon in this Canto enters into conflict with Pyrochles, one of the types of angry passion. (See Introduction III.)

1. **stubborne perturbation,** wrath when persisted in: the character of Furor is meant.

2. **pricking,** spurring or riding.

3. **couching,** placing the spear ready for conflict.

4. **so fell,** fiercely. Spenser, like Chaucer, will employ the same word as a rhyme if it is used as a different part of speech, or with different meanings.

sell, the saddle.

fowly dight, soiled him.

5. **shent,** scolded.

Disleall knight. To strike a horse was considered a disgraceful deed; Guyon has done it by accident, but Pyrochles pretends that he thought it deliberate.

6. **sevenfolded shield.** Like the shield of Ajax in Homer (*Il.* vii).

targe, a round shield. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"And sonne wold have a Puce sheeld or a targe."

bever, the front part of the helmet.

7. **inly bate**, bit inwards. The A.-S. form of the pret. is *bāt*.

8. **eke**. A.-S. *ēac*, 'also.'

hurtle round in warlike gyre, skirmish round in a circle. Lat. *gyrus*.

cruell Tygre. The lion in Spenser is nearly always represented as a noble beast, but the tiger is his type of savage ferocity. Cp. xi 20.

9. **foynd**, thrust. Cp. Chaucer (*Knights Tale*):

"with sharpe speres stronge

They foynen ech at oother wonder longe."

plate, plate-armour. Cp. Chaucer (*Knights Tale*):

"And somme woln have a paire plates large."

throwes, attacks causing pain: the word really means pain or affliction (A.-S. *prēa*).

10. Cp. with this stanza *Julius Caesar* (Act II, Sc. 1):

"he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees."

stowre, attack. Cp. Chaucer (*Romaunt of the Rose*):

"The knyght was faire and styf in stour."

precious horne. The horn of the unicorn was supposed to possess great medicinal value.

11. **queint**, quenched. This is a Chaucerian form of the participle: cp. 'drenchen,' 'dreynt.'

the Saint, the image of Gloriana.

12. **Ne deeme thy force** etc. These lines can only be conjecturally interpreted; Pyrochles probably means that Guyon has overcome him, not by 'force' or strength, but only by good luck, 'fortunes doome unjust.'

Maugre must be used in its original sense of ill-will (*mal gré*), a curse upon her spite.

13. **advizement slow**. It is an essential part of Aristotle's definition of Temperance that it considers or deliberates.

th'equall dye, the just judgment.

heedlesse hazardrie. Pyrochles is a type of that recklessness which is opposed to true courage. (See Introduction III.)

15. **to be lesser then himselfe**. A Latinism, *minor seipso*.

17. **great tort**, great wrong; really a legal term.

18. **thrall**, *thrāl*: a word of Scandinavian origin, meaning slave or captive.

scath, shall injure you greatly.

19. *assoyled*, set free, the literal meaning of the word; O. Fr. *asoldre* (Lat. *absolvere*).

her use, her custom.

20. *algates*, by all means.

wood, furious; A.-S. *wōd*, 'mad.'

21. *wroke*, avenged; A.-S. *wrecan*, 'to avenge.'

vaine occasions, foolish causes for anger.

22. *Stygian lake*, ay burning bright. Spenser seems to have confused the Styx with the fiery river Phlegeton; he had, however, Virgil's warrant for speaking of the Styx as a lake; cp. "Bis Stygios innare lacus" (*Aen.* vi 134), and "vides Stygiamque paludem" (*Aen.* vi 324). The infernal rivers were supposed to form or flow into lakes or marshes, since they themselves were slow and sluggish. There is an appropriateness in the mention of the Styx here as it was the river of hate. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* ii 577—80):

"Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
 fierce Phlegeton,
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."

23. *corse*, O. Fr. *cors*; used of the living body by Spenser. wight, person; A.-S. *wiht*.

24. *him dight*, prepared himself.

25. *Atin*, the mischief-maker. The name is taken from 'Ate,' goddess of mischief.

funerall, death: a Latinism, *funus*, 'violent death.'

26. *On gallow trees*, as the worst disgrace he could think of. Giant Despair almost persuades Trevisan to hang himself, which is the most ignoble form of death. (i ix.)

27. *hewes*, shapes. The A.-S. *hiw* means the whole outward appearance.

horribly misshapes, turned to swine.

mewes, prisons: a 'mew' was really a cage for hawks.

Titan, the sun.

29. *wanton Yvie*, probably so-called because sacred to Bacchus.

Eglantine, the dog-rose.

30. *pumy stones*, pumice stones.

sowne, sound: a Chaucerian form of the word. Cp. *Prologue*:

"A baggepipe well koude he blowe and sowne."

With this Canto should be compared Chaucer's account of the house of Morpheus in the *Book of the Duchesse*.

31. **the stately tree.** This may mean either the oak which was sacred to Jove, or the poplar which was consecrated to Alcides—Heracles; Spenser probably means the latter, and the confusion is due to an error in mythology.

in Nemea. Heracles slew the lion near the city of Nemea. Spenser's original reading was the inaccurate form of 'Nemus.' The poplar had nothing to do with the victory of Heracles over the Nemean lion, but was granted to him after his visit to the infernal regions, its two-coloured leaves (white beneath and green above) signifying his conquests over the two realms of light and darkness.

35. **forlorne.** The A.-S. verb is *forlēosan*.

36. **prowest might, best power.**

weetlesse, ignorant.

on senselesse ground, senseless on the ground; a Greek construction.

37. **But he would not endure, i.e. Atin who refuses to wait.**

CANTO VI

1. **A harder lesson.** This is opposed to the dictum of Aristotle who says that it is easier to learn continence in pleasure than to face pain (*Nic. Ethics* III xv).

3. **A Ladie.** Phaedria, who represents mirth and wanton idleness.

5. **More swift then swallow.** Ariosto XXI ii:

“Per l' acqua il legno va con quella fretta
Che va per l' aria ironidine, che varca.”

she turn'd a pin. Phaedria's boat was a magic boat. The flying horse in Chaucer is guided in the same way:

“This same steede shal bere yow ever moore,
Withouten harm, til ye be ther yow leste,
Though that ye slepen on his bak, or reste;
And turne ageyn with writhyng of a pyn.”

(*Squire's Tale*.)

6. **nothing well they her became.** The character has been compared to the *βωμολοχία* of Aristotle which signifies unseasonable and foolish merriment, merriment which is in bad taste, and like buffoonery. (Kitchin, Ed. of *Faerie Queene* II.)

7. aguize, adorn.

dight, placed.

rushes plight, plaited or woven.

8. sovenaunce, remembrance. Fr. *souvenance*.

vow'd revenge, that against Guyon.

wench. Generally used with the implication of immorality.

9. cot, small boat (Irish).

Phædria. Gr. Φαιδρός, 'beaming,' 'radiant.'

10. Ne swelling Neptune, the stormy sea.

ne loud thundring Jove, the sky in a thunderstorm.

bourne, a boundary: used somewhat loosely here for the Idle Lake.

11. That floted. Delos was, according to the legend, a floating island.

12. Todd gives a comparison to Cicero (*De Oratore* i 44): "Patriæ tanta est vis et tanta natura, ut Ithacam illam in asperrimis saxulis, tanquam nidulum, affixam sapientissimus vir immortalitati anteponeret."

13. woxe. A.-S. *weaxan*, 'to grow.'

15. Tasso, *Ger. Lib.* xiv 62.

nothing envious. A Latinism, *nihil invida*.

Yet no man for them taketh. Cp. St Matthew vi 26—9.

16. Flowre-deluce, fleur-de-lys, the iris. Cp. *Shepherds Calendar—April*:

"match with the fayre flowre Delice."

Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, "they toil not neither do they spin." The words of sacred writ themselves are transposed to an evil meaning.

17. What bootes it all to have, and nothing use? Cp. Milton, *Comus*:

"If all the world

Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,

Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,

The allgiver would be unthanked, would be unpraised."

18. griesly. An alternative reading (ed. 1590) is 'griesy,' but 'griesly' is probably better.

weft, started out from, was wafted. This form is Spenser's own invention.

19. for price or prayers. A Latinism, *aut prece aut pretio*.

W. S.

20. **flit**, rapid, swift.

timely tides, the tides at their appropriate times.

sluggish sourse. The water is dead water, and lies where it had always lain.

21. **merimake**, merrymaking, pleasure.

23. **Better safe port etc.**, better to be in a safe port rather than distressed in the sea.

24. **The fields did laugh**. Cp. Psalm lxx: "The valleys shall stand so thick with corn that they shall laugh and sing." Also Petrarch, Sonnet 42, "Ridono i prati."

26. **thewed ill**, bad-mannered. Cp. Chaucer (*Compleynte of Mars*):

"And therte so wel fortunéd and thewed."

fairely tempring etc., tempered fairly and so restrained his fond desire.

27. **his molten hart to steme**, permit his anger to evaporate in idleness.

28. **debonaire**, gracious and beautiful. Cp. Chaucer (*Dethe of Blaunche*):

"And whiche yēn my lady hadde:

Debonair, goode, glade."

29. **to field**, to take to battle, to fight.

haberjeons, armour for the neck and breast. Cp. Chaucer (*Prologue*):

"Of fustian he wered a gipoun

Al bismotered with his habergeon."

spalles, shoulders.

entayld, carved or cut (It. *intaglio*).

giambeux, boots or leggings. Cp. Chaucer (*Sir Thopas*):

"Thire jambeux were of quyrboilly," i.e. leather.

Spenser deliberately uses a number of old words in this account of a knightly conflict to give the flavour of the old romances as much as he can.

31. **as Titan shone**, shone like the sun.

32. **Ah well away**, A.-S. *wala wa*.

wo worth the man, woe be to the man. A.-S. *weorthan*, 'to be.'

34. **dce men in bale to sterve**, cause men to perish in suffering. A.-S. *steorfan*, 'to die.'

scarmoges, slight conflicts or battles. O. Fr. *escarmouche*.

35. **Debatefull strife**, grave or serious strife. Cp. Chaucer when speaking of the furious conflict of Palamon and Arcite (*Knight's Tale*):

“And no thyng but for love was this debate.”

shend, injure or disgrace.

Mars is Cupidoes frend. Homer, *Od.* 8.

37. **Still solemne sad**, ‘sad’ means ‘serious’ but not ‘melancholy.’ Cp. Chaucer (*Dethe of Blaunche*) where the knight speaks of his lady’s eyes as being ‘glade and sadde.’

38. **Tho, then**. A.-S. þā.

shard, passage or channel: a very rare use of the word. A.-S. *sciëran*, ‘to cut,’ *sceard*, ‘a broken piece.’

39. **debatement**. See note to 35.

salvage. An old form M. Lat. *salvaticus*.

trade, tread or spoor.

41. **wan**, pret. of *winnan*, ‘to fight or win.’

hartlesse, without courage.

43. **to weet**, to know, an irregular form.

Harrow now out, and well away, an exclamation of grief. Cp. Chaucer (*Nonnë Preestes Tale*):

“And cryden, ‘Out! harrow! and weylaway!

Ha! ha! the fox!’”

what is thee betyde? what has befallen thee?

44. **under unhappie starre**, under some star of evil influence.

46. The victim of passionate anger cannot lose his wrath in solitude and idleness.

49. **thee hent**, hath seized upon thee.

drent, drowned. M. E. *drenchen*, ‘to drown,’ Chaucerian ‘dreynt.’

50. **his infernall brond**, that dipped in the Styx. See V 22.

51. **disarmd**, relieved him of his grief.

made a priefe, examined.

CANTO VII

1. a **stedfast starre**, the pole star.

yblent, blinded.

2. **yode**, went, *ēode*.

reedes, accounts or considers. A.-S. *rædan*.

4. **enveloped with gold.** Milton's Mammon is a very different person from Spenser's, but they are alike in their passion for gold. Milton says of his Mammon (*P. L.* i 680—4):

“for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy else enjoyed
In vision beatific.”

antickes, fanciful figures.

5. **Mulciber, Vulcan.** Milton also makes Mammon dig in the earth for gold and extract the “precious bane.” Milton's Mulciber is the architect of Pandemonium.

moniment, impression.

7. **right usaunce**, right usage.

8. **swinck**, labour or toil. A.-S. *swincan*.

9. **sew**, follow. Lat. *sequi*.

This stanza plainly contains an illusion to the temptation in the Wilderness.

11. **purvay**, provide.

I lust, I please. A.-S. *lystan*, ‘to desire.’ Spenser's form is really the noun, the A.-S. verb is impersonal.

14. **in Caspian sea.** The Caspian was famous for its storms. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* ii 714—16):

“as when two black clouds
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian.”

on Adrian gulfe. The Adriatic, or Gulf of Venice, also famous for storms.

fond, foolish.

15. **But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
Untroubled Nature doth her selfe suffice.**

Cp. Milton (*Comus* 768—771):

“If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly-pampered Luxury
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess.”

empeach, hinder or prevent.

accloyes, encumbers or chokes with weeds.

16. Cp. again Milton (*Comus* 762—4) :

“Imposter! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance.”

17. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* i 690—2):

“Let none admire
That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.”

19. **Me list not.** A.-S. *lystan*, ‘to desire,’ an impersonal verb taking the dative.

till I know it well be got. Cp. Milton (*Comus* 704—5):

“And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.”

20. **thy wonne, thy dwelling.** A.-S. *wunian*, ‘to dwell.’

A darkesome way: ‘*ibant obscuri*,’ Virgil (*Aen.* vi 268).

21. **a beaten broad high way.** Cp. Milton (*P. L.* ii 1024—30):

“Sin and Death amain,
Following his track (such was the will of Heaven)
Paved after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyss
. reaching the utmost Orb
Of this frail world.”

Plutoes griesly raine, Pluto’s kingdom. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight’s Tale*):

“Right as the hunters, in the regne of Trace.”

Cp. also Milton (*P. L.* i 543):

“Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.”

tumultuous Strife. Probably suggested by Chaucer (*Knight’s Tale*):

“Contek, with bloody knyf, and sharpe manace.”

Payne is not suffering but *Pæna*, the avenging deity.

22. **trembling Feare still to and fro did fly.** Cp. Spenser’s later description (iii xii 12):

“Next him was Feare, all arm’d from top to toe,
Yet thought himselfe not safe enough thereby,
But feard each shadow moving to and froe;
And, his own armes when glittering he did spy.”

23. **Owles and Night-ravens, birds of evil omen.**

sad Celeno. Virgil (*Aen.* iii 245):

“consedit rupe Celaeno, infelix vates.”

clift, a cliff.

24. **which gaped wide.** Virgil (*Aen.* vi 127). Also Milton (*P. L.* ii 884—6):

“the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
. . . . might pass through.”

26. **An ugly feend, more fowle then dismall day.** This passage also Milton recollects in his description of Death (*P. L.* ii 670—1):

“black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell.”

27. **likt him best,** pleased him best.

28. **every rift,** every crack in the wall.

Arachne, the spider.

subtile net, finely woven. Cp. ii xii 81:

“A subtile net, which only for that same.”

29. **But a faint shadow of uncertain light.** Cp. Tasso (xiii 2):

“E luce incerta, e scolorita, e mesta,
Quale in nubilo ciel dubbia si vede.”

33. **n'll,** will not: negative and verb are frequently run together in Chaucerian English.

34. **More light then Culver,** the dove. Virgil (*Aen.* xi 721).

36. Milton probably remembers this stanza. Cp. *P. L.* i 700—4:

“Nigh on the plain in many cells prepared,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluiced from the lake, a second multitude
With wondrous art founded the massy ore,
Severing each kind, and scummed the bullion dross.”

In Milton as in Spenser the fiends are the real discoverers of wealth.

38. **the fountaine,** the source.

39. **idle offers,** worthless.

mesprise, contempt.

41. **Disdayne.** Probably the pride that goes with wealth.

Titans race, the gods of mythology.

42. **glitterand,** glittering: ‘and’ is a northern form of the participle.

43. **Carle,** as man or countryman. A.-S. *ceorl*.

Gyeld, the house of some trade guild.

massy rooffe. Cp. Milton (*Il Penseroso*):

“With antique pillars massy-proof.”

44. a stately siege, a throne.

46. to sty, to mount. A.-S. *stīgan*, 'to ascend,' whence also 'stirrup' and 'stile.'

49. Philotime: Aristotle's *Φιλοτιμή*.

50. Gramercy, great mercy or thanks.

51. to faine, to dissemble.

direfull, deadly blacke; perhaps suggested by Dante, *Inferno* XIII:

"Non frondi verdi, ma di color fosco."

52. mournfull Cypresse: planted around cemeteries in Italy and elsewhere.

Heben, ebony.

Hellebore. A name applied to different plants, but all poisonous.

Coloquintida, colocynth, a kind of gourd.

Tetra mad, *tetrum solanum*, deadly nightshade.

Mortall Samnitis. No such herb is known, and Upton suggests that Spenser really means the *arbor sabina*, or savine tree, a dark plant with deadly properties.

Cicuta bad, the hemlock.

the faire Critias. Socrates spent the last hours of his life with his friends discussing the immortality of the soul and similar problems, but it is a grave error on Spenser's part to place Critias among them, as Critias was one of the thirty tyrants who had been opposed to Socrates and had died some five years previously. The name is possibly a mistake for 'Crito,' who was one of the best friends of Socrates and who was present at his death (*Phaedo*).

54. Hercules. The eleventh labour of Hercules was to obtain the golden apples from Mount Atlas.

According to the usual form of the legend the golden apples grew in an island beyond Mount Atlas, watched, *not* by the daughters of Atlas, but by the Hesperides or daughters of Hesperus. Spenser seems to confuse the two.

th'Eubæan young man, Hippomenes. Eubæa is an island near Bœotia. Atalanta was the swiftest of mortals; she challenged all her suitors to race with her, and promised to wed the one who could conquer her; those who lost were to be put to death. Hippomenes provided himself with the golden apples which he flung one by one in front of her, and she, stopping to pick them up, was delayed and lost the race.

55. Acontius. This is the tale of Acontius and Cydippe told by

Ovid (*Heroides*). Acontius took a golden fruit from the garden of Venus and wrote an inscription on the rind, an oath by Artemis to marry Acontius. Cydippe read the inscription aloud, thus unwillingly taking the vow which she was compelled by the goddess to fulfil.

amongst the gods, the apple of discord. See also *F. Q.* vi i 19—22. The apple was thrown on the board of the gods inscribed 'to the fairest'; Aphrodite, Athena and Hera contested for it, and Paris, deciding on Mount Ida, awarded the apple to Aphrodite, who gave him Helen as his reward, thus bringing about the Trojan war.

partial Paris. Because he wished to gain Helen and therefore was not an impartial judge. See also Tennyson's *Oenone*.

56. laden with rich fee, with the fruit.

Cocytus deepe,

In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

Cp. Milton (*P. L.* II 579):

"Cocytus, named of lamentation loud."

57. of cruell Sprights, by cruel fiends who torment them.

58. See Introduction II b.

swinke. A.-S. *swincan*, 'labour or toil.' Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

"And the swinked hedger at his supper sat."

59. wont whylome feasted bee. According to one version of the legend Tantalus betrayed the secrets of the gods; according to another he had given them unhallowed flesh to eat. Spenser prefers to make him guilty of greediness. Jove was only *once* feasted by Tantalus.

give to eat. A Greek idiom.

60. let him dye, suffer eternally.

61. filthy feculent, soiled and filthy. A Latinism.

63. fruit of gold. The fruit of gold probably typifies 'greediness,' and the silver stool 'idleness.'

64. did beguile the Guyler, cheated the tempter.

66. lenger time. A.-S. *lengra*.

CANTO VIII

1, 2. These are among the loveliest and most famous stanzas in Spenser. They were recollected and copied by Milton.

We may compare (*P. L.* iv 797):

"So saying, on he led his radiant files,
Dazzling the moon"

and (iv 977):

“the angelic squadron bright
Turned fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns
Their phalanx.”

We note also the description of Raphael and his ‘golden pineons’ (v 280—283):

“the middle pair
Girt like a starry zone his waist, and round
Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
And colours dipt in heaven.”

2. *flying Pursuivant*, a herald. So Milton compares Raphael to ‘Maia’s son,’ Mercury, the herald of the gods.

3. *whyleare*, a while before.

4. *delve*, a cave or cleft.

5. *his equall peares*, those of the same age as himself.

like painted Jayes, as bright as the feathers of a jay, probably coloured blue.

6. *Cupido on Idæan hill*. Cupid had no special connection with Mount Ida except through the story of Paris.

his goodly sisters, Graces three. Spenser is again inventing his own mythology; the Graces were not really the sisters of Cupid though it seems appropriate to make them so.

7. *the child*, the angel who resembles a child. Spenser’s angels, notwithstanding their beauty, are much less dignified than Milton’s.

8. *arret*, entrust. M. E. *aretten*.

9. *covrd*, brooded over, cherished. O. Fr. *covrir*.

10. *two sonnes of Acrates, Pyrochles and Cymochles*. See iv 41.

Foreby that idle strand, beside the Idle Lake.

11. *tynd*, probably kindled. A.-S. *tynder*, ‘tinder.’ Spenser seems to have invented a verb of his own. Cp. Proverbs xxvi 21: “As coals are to burning coals and wood to fire; so is a contentious man to kindle strife.”

12. *crownd his coward crest with knightly stile*, wore a knightly helmet.

13. *sleeping fame*, the fame of one who sleeps. A Greek idiom.

15. *I will him reave of armes*. In the *Iliad* the armour of a knight was quite lawfully the spoil of the victor, but the custom of chivalry was different since it was considered disgraceful to rob the dead. In Malory’s *Morte d’Arthure* he mentions, as the last horror

of desolation, that the 'robbers and pillers' come upon the field to 'rob and pill' the noble knights who were slain.

17. **coverd shield**, because, when uncovered, it could dazzle and blind.

amenaunce, bearing. O. Fr. *amener*.

Lybian steed, Arabian horse.

18. **by live**, swiftly or rapidly.

thousand Sar'zins. In the epics of Ariosto and Tasso, 'Saracens' are always among the chief opponents of the Christian knights. Chaucer's knight also had fought three times at 'Tramysse' (i.e. in North Africa), and always slain his foe (*Prologue*).

19. **Beteeme to you**, entrust to you, deliver or give.

20. **Which Merlin made**. Spenser calls it 'Morddure.' In Malory's book Arthur's sword is called Excalibur, and is given to him by the Lady of the Lake; it also is magical.

Medæwart, meadow-wort. This is apparently a plant which is a remedy against enchantment, so that the sword anointed with it cannot be bewitched into uselessness. We may compare it with the Haemony in *Comus* (638):

"He called it Haemony, and gave it me,

And bade me keep it as of sovran use

'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast or damp."

The weapons of nearly all great champions were supposed to be of supernatural origin; we may remember that those of Achilles were wrought by Vulcan.

21. **The vertue is**, its power or quality.

fone, weak plural of 'foe.'

Morddure, the hard-biter. Fr. *mordre-dur*.

22. **vertuous steele**, because possessed of magic properties. Cp. the Palmer's 'vertuous staffe' (xii 86).

23. **salved them**, saluted them.

stomachous disdain, proud disdain.

demaine, demean or appearance; a Spenserian use of the word: it generally means 'behaviour.'

24. **her fatal date**, her destined date. Spenser seems to have been a believer in predestination. We may compare

"Their times in his eternall booke of fate

Are written sure, and have their certeine date."

(I ix 42.)

25. **whose honorable sight**; probably a Latinism: the sight of whom—an honourable man.

26. **a sleeping ghost**, one whose senses are asleep. *gāst* is used in A.-S. of the spirits of the living as well as of the dead.

where oddes appeareth most, honour is least where the odds in favour are greatest.

28. **his dayes-man**, umpire or arbitrator.

let, hinder.

deare abie, suffer for.

29. Cp. with the phrase in the second commandment: "visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." The strong Puritan tone of this stanza should be noted.

30. **Termagaunt** was supposed to be a Mohammedan deity or idol. The word is used by Shakespeare also (*Hamlet*, Act III, Sc. 2).

more sad then lomp of lead, more heavy, to show his strength.

31. **to strike foe undefide**, before the challenge had been given and accepted.

32. **the bitter stound**, the bitter attack. This is a Spenserian use of the word and not quite warrantable. The A.-S. *stund* means 'time.'

34. **Wanting his sword, when he on foot should fight**. The spear was the weapon for horseback, but the sword for those who were dismounted.

35. **importable powre**, power not to be borne.

his ground to traverse wide, to shift his ground repeatedly to ward off their attack.

stowre, battle, conflict. A Chaucerian word.

36. **poinant speare**, piercing.

gryde, pierce or cut. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* vi 329):

"The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Passed through him."

37. **rayle adowne**, flow down.

dreadfull Death behind thy backe. This reminds us of the figures in Holbein's *Dance of Death*, where Death is represented as a skeleton standing behind each victim.

38. **troncheon**, probably the broken part of the spear. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"He foyneth on his feet with his tronchoun."

hacqueton, a jacket worn under the armour, often quilted to keep the armour from the body. Cp. Chaucer (*Sir Thopas*):

“And next his sherte an aketoun,
And over that an haubergeoun.”

40. raught, reached. Cp. Chaucer (*Prologue*):

“Ful semely after hir mete she raughte.”

yond, fierce.

41. his throwes, his strokes. A.-S. *prēa*, ‘calamity.’

twice so many fold, twice as many as to Cymochles.

hart-thrilling, heart-piercing. M. E. *thyrlan*, ‘to pierce.’

42. engore, pierce.

43. pourtract. The portrait of The Faerie Queene upon Guyon’s shield.

44. linked frame, chain mail.

45. renfierst, reinforced or, possibly, made more fierce.

burganet, close-fitting helmet.

46. german, his brother. A Latinism, meaning born of the same father and also of the same mother: a full brother.

49. devoyd of dreed, without fear.

50. Bittur, bittern.

51. miscreaunce, false faith: here Mohammedanism.

dismall day, day of evil fate.

55. embayd, drenched or steeped.

Patrone of his life, a Latinism, *vitae patronus*.

56. the Infant, the Prince (Spanish).

aggrace, from It. *aggraziare*, ‘to lend a charm to.’

CANTO IX

This Canto gives a separate allegory of its own. The house of Alma or the dwelling of the soul is described with all its physical and mental qualities. This Canto was imitated by Phineas Fletcher in a long poem called *The Purple Island*. Fletcher introduces a far more detailed and elaborate description of the body, including a great deal of curious physiology and psychology. As is the case with Spenser, Fletcher’s description of the physical qualities of the body is rather tiresome and unpoetical, but the description of the mental qualities is exceedingly fine.

loup, fastening. Sir Guyon's horse had been stolen, but Spenser does not mention how he became possessed of another.

11. **wind his horne**. A common way of announcing reproach in the romances of chivalry.

12. **from neare decay**, from the destruction which threatens you.

This portion of the poem is probably suggested by Plato's *Republic* (Bk VIII), where he mentions the perturbed affections seizing upon the citadel of the human soul: *τῆς ψυχῆς ἀκροπόλιν*.

Seven yeares this wize. Todd notes that the seven years perhaps allude to the seven ages of the world: (1) Adam to Noah. (2) Noah to Abraham. (3) Abraham to the Exodus. (4) The Exodus to the Building of the Temple. (5) From the Building of the Temple to the Captivity in Babylon. (6) From the Captivity to the Birth of Christ. (7) From the Birth of Christ to the end of the world. Man's life was also divided into seven ages. Cp. Shakespeare, *As You Like It* (Act II, Sc. 7).

13. **Vile caytive wretches**. This reminds us of the description of the unhappy Irish as given by Spenser himself. He says that the winter is the best time for making war upon Ireland: "then the trees are bare and naked, which use both to clothe and house the kearne; the ground is cold and wet which useth to be his bedding; the air is sharp and bitter which useth to blowe through his naked sides and legs; the kine are barren and without milk which useth to be his only food." (*View of the Present State of Ireland*.) In Spenser's symbolism these wretches are, of course, the evil desires, vices and temptations.

14. **from the forest nye**. Spenser mentions that the wild Irish were always taking refuge in the woods.

15. **their cruell Captaine**. Maleger who is described later, **their idle shades**: because desires and temptations, when they are stoutly resisted, fade away. But we may also compare it with what Spenser says of the Irish: "They looked like anatomyes of death, they spake like ghostes crying out of theyr graves."

16. **As when a swarme of Gnats**. This is one of the most realistic similes in Spenser. Cp. what he says of the Irish kearne and his mantle: "For the wood is his howse against all weathers and his mantell is his cave to sleep in. Herein he wrappeth himself rounde, and encloseth himself strongly against the gnattes, which in

that countrey doe more annoy the naked rebelles, whilst they keepe the woodes, and doe more sharply wound them then all theyr enemyes swordes or speares which can come seldome nigh them." (*View of the Present State of Ireland.*)

the fennes of Allan, the great Bog of Allen.

18. **Cupides wanton rage.** Cupid is used in Spenser as synonymous with the baser kind of love: it is he who keeps Amoret a prisoner and tortures her cruelly:

"Next after her, the winged God him selfe
Came riding on a Lion ravenous

His blindfold eies he bad awhile unbinde,
That his proud spoile of that same dolorous
Faire Dame he might behold in perfect kynde,
Which seene, he much rejoyced in his cruell minde."

(III xii 22.)

We may compare also the description of Charissa:

"Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated." (I x 30.)

19. **In robe of lilly white.** As the sign of purity. Cp. with the dress of Una:

"And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withouten spot or pride,
That seemd like silk and silver woven neare."

(I xii 22.)

Braunched, ornamented with branching embroideries.

tyre, ornament or head-dress: an abbreviation of 'attire.'

Rosiere, a rose-bush. O. F. *rosier*. Cp. Chaucer (*Romaunt of the Rose*):

"A roser chargid full of roses."

20. **mildnesse virginall**, maidenly.

21. **sensible**, sensitive.

of thing like to that **Ægyptian slime**. The clay of which man is made. 'Ægyptian' must be a slip for Assyrian for Spenser is speaking, as the next line shows, of Babylon; according to the legend the walls of Babylon were built of brick and bitumen, the latter may be the 'slime.'

Nine. Ninus is nowhere spoken of as the founder of Babylon; Spenser seems to confound him with Nimrod.

22. This is a very difficult passage, partly derived from the *Timæus* of Plato, but, even so, obscure. An elaborate explanation is given by Sir Kenelm Digby. The circle seems to be man's soul and the triangle his body.

The quadrate possibly stands for the 'sacred quaternion,' including all the powers and energies of man; the seven refers to the seven planets influencing all the life of man, and the nine, 'the circle set in heavens place,' is the ninth sphere which enfolds and encloses all things. **Dyapase** or diapason (*διὰ πασῶν*) means a harmony of all these together.

Another explanation, less mystical, is given by Professor Child:

"This verse describes the plan and proportions of Alma's castle, the human body. The circular part is the head, the triangular the legs, the base of the triangle being wanting. The quadrate or parallelogram, which forms the base of both, is the trunk. The triangle and the circle are called 'the first and last proportions,' because they include respectively the least and the greatest space in the same perimeter, or perhaps simply because they are the extremities. The triangle is imperfect, as wanting a base and denoting the animal nature; mortal, because it is altogether fleshly, and contains no spiritual part; feminine, because it includes the generative power, of which the female is the type. The circle is immortal, for it contains the imperishable mind; perfect, not only as complete in itself, but because the soul is made in the image of God; and masculine, because it is the seat of the spiritual principle which exercises sway over the body.

The breadth of the trunk, including the arms, is to the length from the shoulders to the thigh nearly as seven to nine, and the longer side of the parallelogram is affirmed to be equal to the circumference of the head."

Nine was the circle set in heavens' place, or topping this noble structure. All parts of the edifice fitly joined together made 'a goodly dyapase' or concord. The first explanation is more likely to be correct.

23. The one before, the mouth.

24. Marble far from Ireland brought. There was a marble quarry in the neighbourhood of Kilcolman, the poet's home (Todd).

a wandering vine, probably the beard and moustache.

a faire Portcullis, the nose.

25. Barbican, a watch-tower.
a Porter, the tongue.
26. Twise sixteen warders, the teeth.
lout, bow. A.-S. *lūtan*.
27. drapets festivall. Linen cloths (It. *drappo*).
28. ne spard for nicenesse none, was not held back by overdelicacy or false modesty.
29. It was a vault. This description is like the kitchen of a Cambridge college.
Mongiball is really an alternative name for Ætna.
30. An huge great paire of bellowes, the lungs.
accoyld, collected, gathered together.
31. Achates, provisions. Chaucer has the form 'achatour,' meaning one who buys provisions (*Prologue*):
"A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple
Of which achatours myghte take exemple."
33. a goodly Parlour, the heart.
with royall arras. Spenser often describes the figures wrought upon such arras.
34. amate, keep company with.
aggrate, to please. It. *aggraziare*.
35. did gnaw a rush, to express anger or moroseness.
36. Themselves to court, to act in courteous style.
37. long purple pall, long flowing cloak or garment. Cp. Milton (*Il Penseroso*): "In sceptred pall come sweeping by."
- a Poplar braunch. The poplar branch was worn in athletic games and was sacred to Hercules.
with sadnesse spill, destroy with sadness. The word has the same sense in A.-S. *spillan*, 'to destroy.'
38. twelve moneths sought one, i.e. The Faerie Queene.
39. with faire samblaunt, keeping his countenance.
40. with many a plight, with many a fold.
the bird, which shonⁿeth vew, the owl.
how rude Pan did her dight. Spenser seems to think that Pan had changed her into a bird, but there is no legend to that effect.
41. pure Castory, a red or vermilion colour supposed to be taken from the 'castor' or beaver.
42. it discure, discover or reveal it.
43. Shamefastnesse it selfe. Aristotle's 'αἰδώς.'

44. a stately Turret, the head.

ten steps of Alabaster, the neck.

45. antique Cadmus...built, the acropolis of Thebes.

which Alexander did confound, in 335 B.C.

though richly guilt. Virgil is Spenser's authority for this (*Aen.*
II 448):

“Auratasque trabes, veterum decora alta parentum,
Devolvunt.”

young Hector's blood. Euripides in his play of the *Troades* tells how Astyanax was flung from the walls of Troy.

46. flowers and herbars, the hairs of the head.

Two goodly Beacons, the eyes.

of substance sly, finely wrought, thin or fine substance.

47. three honorable sages, Imagination, Judgment, Memory.

48. By Phœbus doome, the wisest thought alive. Socrates whom the Delphic oracle declared to be the wisest man alive.

sage Pylian syre. Nestor, the wisest councillor in the *Iliad* and their oldest chieftain; it was largely due to his counsel that Troy was taken.

in praise of pollicies, could rival their wisdom.

49. the first did in the forepart sit, Imagination or Phantastes. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

“rather lyk manye
Engendred of humouër maléncolyk,
Biforn, in his owene celle fantastik.”

Spenser also notes the connection of Imagination with melancholy (52).

prejudize, pre-judgment.

50. Infinite shapes, the creatures of imagination.

Hippodames, sea-horses.

51. Shewes, visions. The difference between these is probably the difference between the 'Shew of kings' and the air-drawn dagger in Macbeth: the latter would be a vision.

sooth-sayes, fore-tellings. A.-S. *sōth* means 'truth,' and 'sooth-sayes' at first signifies true prophecies.

leasings. A.-S. *lēasung*, 'lie.'

52. Phantastes, *φαντάστης*.

of yeares yet fresh. The Imagination is pre-eminently the faculty of youth.

crabbed hew, sad appearance.

ill disposed skyes, born under unlucky stars.

Where oblique Saturne sate in the house of agonyes. Saturn was always supposed to be unlucky, a planet when 'oblique' was unluckier still; the 'house' was that region or division of the sky in which a planet rose; the 'house of Agonyes' or struggles (*ἀγῶνες*) was probably the sign of the Lion (Leo), in which Chaucer says that Saturn's influence was most malignant of all. Cp. (*Knight's Tale*):

“My deere doghter Venus’ quod Saturne
 ‘My cours, that hath so wyde for to turne,
 Hath moore power than woot any man;
 Myn is the drenching in the sea so wan,
 Myn is the prison in the derke cote,
 Myn is the strangling and hanging by the throte,
 The murmure and the cherles rebellyng,
 The groynynge and the pryvce empoysonyng,
 I do vengeance and pleyn correccioun
 Whyl I dwelle in signe of the leoun.’”

Arcite also alludes to a 'bad aspect' of Saturn as having probably caused their imprisonment (*Knight's Tale*):

“Som wikhe aspect or disposicioun
 Of Saturne, by sum constellacioun
 Hath even us this.”

53. memorable gestes, great deeds.

decretals, probably decrees.

wittily, intelligently or brilliantly: a common 16th century use of the word.

55. better scorse, exchange.

56. eld, age. A.-S. *ieldo*.

doth weld, wields or governs.

king Nine, Ninus of Babylon.

old Assaracus, a mythical king of Troy, ancestor of Aeneas. Cp.

“From royall stocke of old Assaracs line.” (II x 9.)

Inachus divine, the first king of Argos, father of Io; also a river-god, whence the epithet 'divine.'

58. Anamnestes, ἀναμνήστης, the reminder.

Eumnestes, εὐμνήστης, one who remembers well.

59. Briton monuments, the history of Britain.

Regiments, independent kingdoms.

CANTO X

For the material of this Canto see Introduction II a.*

1. **my most dreaded Sovereigne.** The British kings are represented as the ancestors of the Tudors, and so of Elizabeth.

2. **And all the world with wonder overspred.** Cp. the Introductory Stanzas to Book I:

“Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus lampe throughout the world doth shine.”

3. **Mœonian quill,** the pen of Homer. Homer was styled ‘Mæonides’ because supposed to be born in Mæonia or Lydia.

Phœbus rote, the lyre of Phœbus: as the god of poetry.

Phlegræan Jove, because victor over the giants at Phlegra.

His learned daughters, the daughters of Jove, i.e. the Muses. Cp. Milton (*Il Penseroso*):

“hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove’s altar sing.”

4. **this renowned Prince,** Arthur.

5. This description is found both in Holinshed and in Camden.

Unpeopled, unmanurd, unprov’d, unpraysd. The construction with repeated negatives is a Greek idiom, also used by Milton. Cp.

“Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved” (*P. L.* II 185).

pasyd, poised or balanced. This is a curious anticipation of what is now known to be a geological fact; Great Britain was certainly at one time a part of the Continent.

Celticke mayn-land, Gallia Celtica or France. Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

“Roving the Celtic and Iberian fields.”

6. The information in this stanza appears to be from Hardyng, who says that Albion was so-called from its white rocks.

7. Apparently from Holinshed and Camden, who say that the giants differed little from brute beasts.

the fen, the marsh.

8, 9. In these two stanzas Spenser follows mainly Holinshed, but

* N.B. For notes as to sources in this Canto I am mainly indebted to Miss C. A. Harper’s monograph *The Sources of the British Chronicle History in Spenser’s Faerie Queene.*

Holinshed substitutes Danao for Dioclesian; another possible source is Hardyng.

uneath, difficult. A.-S. *un-ēape*.

assot, befool.

shene, beautiful. Chaucer is fond of using this word as an adjective after a noun (*Troilus and Criseyde* II 920):

“Ful loude song ayein the mone shene.”

filthy Sprights, evil spirits.

9. **their owne mother**, the earth. Spenser assumes that, like the giants of classical mythology, they were earth-born.

unkindly crime, unnatural crime: ‘kind’ is regularly used for ‘nature’ in Chaucer.

Brutus, supposed to be descended from Aeneas; the date of his arrival in Britain was usually fixed some time in the 12th century B.C.

Assaracs line, Assaracus, ancestor of the Trojan kings.

fatal error, an error ordained by the fates because he was destined to found the kingdom of Britain.

10. From Holinshed and Geoffrey of Monmouth.

fone, weak plural of ‘foe.’

The **westerne Hogh**, Plymouth Hoe. This detail is not in Geoffrey, but was a local tradition which Spenser might also have found in Camden.

Goëmot. Geoffrey’s form is Goemagot, another form is Gogmagog.

11. No source is known for this stanza.

eight lugs of grownd, a lug or log is a perch.

Hercules in Fraunce. Holinshed gives the extraordinary legend of Hercules fighting in France. Spenser employs it again (IV xi 16). He says that Albion:

“Out of his Albion did on dry foot pas
Into old Gall, that now is cleped France,
To fight with Hercules.”

12. Probably from Geoffrey of Monmouth.

his worthy lot. Geoffrey, ‘*sorti suae cesserat.*’

The habit of inventing imaginary persons in order to explain place-names is common in early histories.

13. Geoffrey of Monmouth, though Geoffrey says that ‘Ignogen’ came from Greece.

14. From Geoffrey, Holinshed and Hardyng.

15, 16. From Geoffrey and possibly Holinshed.
strong munificence, fortifications.

16. *Abus*. Name not found in Geoffrey: possibly due to the *Mirror for Magistrates*. Changed into 'Humber.'

17, 18, 19. This story is mainly from Geoffrey, but Spenser adds certain details of his own: the capture and imprisonment of Loctrinus, the fact that Guendolene was killed at the moment of capture and Sabrina alone drowned in the river.

The story of Sabrina is told also in Milton's *Comus*.
disease, wantonness or wrong.

18. *faire Leman*, his paramour.
overhent, overtook.

19. *attached*, seized upon.

innocent of all. Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

"She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragèd stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood."

20, 21. The account of Madan is probably taken from Holinshed, for it is only the later chroniclers who say that he was a bad ruler.

The details concerning Memprise and Manild seem to be due to both Geoffrey and Holinshed.

21, 22. The history of Ebranck seems to be derived from Stow and Caxton—for the derivation of the name Germany, the name of Brunchild and the final defeat of Ebranck in Gaul are not to be found in Geoffrey.

22. *so many weekes as the yeare has*. The number of his children is usually given as fifty, but Caxton alters it to fifty-three: fifty-two is Spenser's own emendation.

germans, full brothers. L. *germanus*.

23, 24. The account of the second Brutus is apparently taken mainly from Stow and Holinshed, but part of it seems due to another unknown authority.

No known authority gives the Welsh words for 'red shield' or 'green shield' or mentions the moor 'twixt Elversham and Dell.

recur'd, recovered, atoned for.

24. *Scaldis*, the river Scheldt.

Hania, Hainault.

Estham bruges, Bruges.

The second Brutus was usually known as 'Brutus Greenshield.'

Scuith guiridh. The spelling of these words is Irish and not Welsh. Sir Edward Anwyl gives me as the correct forms 'ys gwyd wyrd' (Med. Welsh), 'ys gwyd wyrdd' (Mod. Welsh); similarly 'y scuith gogh' should be 'ys gwyd goch.'

25. The account of 'King Leill' is probably taken from Caxton and Stow, but Stow says that his reign was not peaceable; Spenser is probably writing carelessly, for if Leill's reign had been peaceful it would not be necessary to say of Hudibras that he made the land 'from wearie warres to cease.'

The account of Hudibras comes from Geoffrey, the form of the name being the one employed by him.

25, 26. The account of Bladud is obviously taken from chroniclers later than Geoffrey, possibly in part from Grafton and the *Mirror for Magistrates*.

sweet science, knowledge or learning.

26. **quicke Brimston**, sulphur. This explanation is given in *Robert of Gloucester*.

27—31. Spenser's story of King Lear is taken mainly from Geoffrey; he alters it, however, by condensing it. A few details in phrasing appear to be suggested by Holinshed and Hardyng.

The genius of Shakespeare has made this the most interesting portion of the chronicle; we note now Shakespeare has altered and made more tragic the conclusion of the story.

28. **as behoov'd**, as was fitting.

wanting colours faire, being too blunt and plain.

29. **king of Scots.** In Geoffrey and Holinshed the husbands of the daughters are not kings but dukes.

Aganip of Celtica. Holinshed says that France was ruled over by twelve princes of whom 'Aeganippus' was one.

30. **regiment**, rule or government.

cheare empayrd, spoilt his pleasure or comfort.

31. **gan...avise**, considered.

32. The statement that Cordelia hanged herself is not found in Geoffrey: this appears to be due to Spenser himself.

33. Probably from Geoffrey and Hardyng.

Cundah, Cunedag in Holinshed, Conedage in Hardyng.

34, 35. Mainly from Geoffrey.

Gorbogud. The story of this king under the name 'Gorboduc'

was made the source of a tragedy by Sackville written upon severely classical lines.

Arraught, seized by violence. A.-S. *ā-rācan*.

35. kinred. A.-S. *cynrāden*.

36. From Holinshed and the tragedy of Gorboduc.

seven hundred yeares. Holinshed says that the accession of Dunwallo was 703 years after the arrival of Brutus.

forlorne, lost. A.-S. *forlōsan*, *forloren*.

no monument, no relic.

37—39. Mainly taken from Geoffrey. Certain details, however—the special laws against stealing and the statement that Dunwallo was the first king in Britain to wear a crown of gold—are apparently due to Holinshed and Hardyng.

39. Travelers high way, ... Ploughmans portion. Dunwallo gave the right of sanctuary to high-roads and also to the husbandman's plough, "so that whosoever fled to them, should be in safeguard from bodily harme, and from thence he might depart into what country he would." (Holinshed.)

Numa, Numa Pompilius. The second king of Rome, according to tradition a great law-giver.

40. From Geoffrey and also from some later chronicler—probably Stow. Geoffrey does not mention the conquest of Greece.

Donwallo was styled 'Dunwallo Molmutius,' and his laws were styled the 'Molmutian' laws.

their perjured oth. Geoffrey recounts that the two brothers subdued Gaul and then marched to Rome; they made a treaty with the Romans and invaded Germany; the Romans, however, broke their treaty; Brennus then marched upon Rome and, joined later by his brother, the two besieged Rome. The date assigned is B.C. 365.

41. From Geoffrey and Holinshed, but the reference to 'Easterland' seems Spenser's own.

Easterland. The merchants of Norway were called 'Ostomanni,' and Easterland seems to mean Norway.

Holinshed mentions the 'Easterlings' trading into Ireland but says nothing of the conquest of their country.

foy, tribute. F. *foy*; L. *fidem*.

42. Almost certainly from Hardyng as the resemblance in phrasing is very close.

Guitheline his hayre. Hardyng:

“Guthelyn, his sonne, gan reigne as heyre

Who wedded was to Marcyan full fayre.”

Hardyng mentions also that he made laws called the ‘lawes Marcyane’ and was ‘full juste’ in all his judgment.

Aegerie, one of the ‘Camenae’ or goddesses of prophecy and song; she instructed Numa and helped him to his wisdom.

43. The main source of this stanza appears to be Geoffrey. Geoffrey, however, and most of the other chroniclers say Morindus was devoured by a sea-monster, while Spenser says he sleeps in peace.

Giles Godet seems to be the only chronicler who gives this detail.

Sisillus. Hardyng has ‘Sicilius,’ Grafton ‘Cecilius’ or ‘Sisillus’; Geoffrey’s form is ‘Sisilius.’

cruell rancour etc. Geoffrey has (ch. 14): “nimia probitate famosissimus esset, nisi immoderatae crudelitati indulisset.”

forreine Morands. He defeated a king of the Moriani, though what nation they were is not clear.

44, 45. Probably from Geoffrey and Holinshed.

Gorboman. This description seems due to Holinshed, who calls him ‘very devout.’

pitteous Elidure. Geoffrey has ‘Elidurus’: “qui postea propter misericordiam, quam in fratrem fecit, Pius vocatus fuit.”

45. reseized, reinstated.

Spenser compresses this portion very considerably.

46. Mainly from Geoffrey. One detail differs: Geoffrey says that Lud had three sons whereas Spenser mentions only two.

he did reædifye. Geoffrey (III 20): “renovavit muros Trinovanti.” Troynouant, London.

47—49. Mainly from Geoffrey, but the position given to the story of Nennius seems to be due to Hardyng. Certain details, such as the sword which is ‘yet to be seen’ and the reference to Arthur, seem to be Spenser’s own; at least they are due to no known source. Spenser again abbreviates considerably.

their Eme, their uncle. Cp. Chaucer (*Troilus and Criseyde* I 1022):

“Of thee, her eem, she n’il no such thing here.”

48. did foyle, repulse or defeat.

50, 51. Mainly from Geoffrey and Hardyng. Geoffrey, however, mentions that 'Kimbeline' had two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus, the former of whom succeeded him and refused tribute to the Romans; Spenser omits all mention of Guiderius and ascribes his exploits entirely to Kimbeline.

51. a Treachetour. Geoffrey says (iv 11—13) that Hamo, a general under Claudius, disguised himself as a Briton and so was able to approach and slay Guiderius.

Aruirage. Geoffrey says that Arviragus took his brother's place in the battle and the Britons fought under him unconscious of the change, until they had defeated the Romans.

52. Forwasted, laid waste; 'for' is an intensive prefix in A.-S.

53. Apparently from Holinshed, but the mention of the holy grayle Spenser seems to have added from the romances.

54—56. The story of Bonduca is not to be found in Geoffrey. The main substance of it is given in Holinshed and Stow, but Spenser does not follow either of them closely; his details are either his own invention or from some unknown source. Holinshed places Bonduca in a slightly different period; he says that she was probably the wife of Arviragus.

Fletcher has a very fine play entitled *Bonduca*. Spenser probably includes this story as a compliment to Elizabeth. The more usual form of Bonduca is Boadicea. The main classical authority for her story is Tacitus.

besides the Severne. According to Tacitus Boadicea was an eastern queen and her followers were eastern tribes.

55. her selfe she slew. Holinshed leaves her fate doubtful; "some say she perished by her own hand."

56. Semiramis, queen of Nineveh, supposed to be its founder.

Hysiphil', queen of Lemnos; she saved her father when the other women agreed to slay all the men. She is somewhat curiously chosen as a heroine, but Spenser is perhaps influenced by the fact that Chaucer celebrates her in his *Legend of Good Women*.

Thomiris, queen of the Massagetæ, who defeated Cyrus.

57. Substantially from Geoffrey.

tirannize anew. Geoffrey says that Carausius obtained a fleet from Rome to defend the coast of Britain, then became a pirate and finally king of the Britons; he attacked the Romans.

57, 58. **Allectus...Asclepiodate.** Apparently from Stow.

treacherously slew. Stow says that Carausius was treacherously slain by Allectus, his best friend.

58. **Coyll.** Caxton appears to be Spenser's authority for the details relating to 'Coyll' or 'Coel.'

59. The account of Helena and her skill in musical instruments is taken from Geoffrey; the detail that Coel gives Helena to Constantius in marriage is, however, only to be found in later chroniclers such as Caxton and Holinshed.

godly thewes, virtues.

60. From Geoffrey.

Slaying Traherne. Geoffrey says that Constantius sent Traherne against Octavius, that Traherne was at first successful but, later on, was slain in ambush. The name is quite unhistorical.

61. Mainly from Geoffrey.

the Empire wan. Geoffrey says that Maximian conquered Germany and placed the seat of his empire at Triers.

friends of Gratian. According to Geoffrey these were the kings of the Huns and the Picts.

Maximinian. Apparently an alternative form of Maximian.

62, 63. The first two lines are a translation of Geoffrey's Latin, but the remainder differs from him considerably and seems to be derived from Holinshed and Stow.

63. **bordragings, border ravagings.**

Scatterlings. Probably the same as Easterlings, i.e. Scandinavians.

he heapt a mightie mound. The wall from the Forth to the Clyde.

Alclud, on the Clyde.

Panwelt, Falkirk.

64. Partly from Geoffrey, but the statement that Vortigern invited the Saxons is from the later chroniclers. Spenser omits much in Geoffrey.

Armorick, Armorica or Brittany.

three hoyes, three boatloads. Bede says that the Angles and the Saxons came from the district near the mouth of the Elbe.

65, 66. Mainly from Holinshed.

Hengist and Horsus, the stallion and the horse: the horse was a sacred animal with the early Teutons.

66. **faire daughter, Rowena.**

at **Stonheng**. According to Geoffrey and others the stones at Stonehenge were raised as a monument to the men slaughtered in this treacherous attack. Stonehenge is, of course, far older, and dates from prehistoric times.

67. A brief summary of Geoffrey.

the **sonnes of Constantine**, Constantius, who became a monk, Aurelius Ambrose and Uther Pendragon.

through **poyson**. Geoffrey says he was poisoned by Eopa, a Saxon.

68. it did end, because the chronicle has come down to the reign of Arthur's father.

other **Cesure**, other break: *cacsura*.

offence **empeach**, prevented his feeling anger.

69. **How much to her we owe**. The zealous patriotism of this stanza should be observed; such patriotism is one of the distinguishing characteristics of *The Faerië Queene*.

70. **Guyon...his booke**, *The Antiquitee of Faerie Lond*, dealing with the immediate ancestry of Elizabeth.

Prometheus. According to Aeschylus Prometheus bestowed the gift of fire upon man, and also taught him the arts. Spenser, however, follows Ovid (*Met.* 1).

hart-strings of an Ægle rived. A vulture fed upon his liver which continually grew again. Jove, however, did not deprive him "Of life him selfe," for Prometheus was an immortal.

71. **Quick, alive**. A.-S. *cwic*. It has nothing to do with the word 'elf,' A.-S. *ielfe*. Spenser's derivation is quite fantastic.

gardins of Adonis. Described at length in Spenser's third book (Canto vi).

either **Spright, or Angell**, probably Lilith is meant.

72. **warrayd, made war upon**. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

"On Thesëus to helpe him to werreye."

all that now America, originally thought to be a part of India.

Cleopolis, London. κλέος, 'fame,' 'glory'; πόλις, 'a city.'

73. **Gobbelines**, probably 'goblins': hideous enemies of the fairies.

Panthea, possibly Windsor.

75. **Elficleos**, the famous Elf, Henry VII.

eldest brother, Prince Arthur.

mightie Oberon, Henry VIII.

Doubly supplide, because he married his brother's widow, Catherine of Aragon, and also succeeded to the crown.

76. **Tanaquill, Elizabeth.** Spenser carefully and ingeniously omits all mention of Edward VI and Mary.

CANTO XI

1, 2. These stanzas form another example of Spenser's Platonism; according to Plato the man whose soul subdues and reigns over the evil passions of the body is like a well-governed state, but the man in whom evil passions are predominant is like a state given over to a dreadful tyrant (*Republic*).

strong affections, strong passions.

sinfull vellenage, the service of sin. O. F. *villain*, 'a serf.'

3. **cremosin**, crimson.

4. **let them pas.** The adventures of Guyon and the Palmer are resumed in Canto XII.

6. **Them in twelve troupes.** Todd suggests that this number may represent the seven deadly sins and also those evils which assail the five senses.

offend his proper part, do most damage to the part to which he was most fitly opposed.

7. **the five great Bulwarkes**, the five senses.

importune toyle, violent labour.

8. **Gryphons, griffins**: a fabulous monster that was half an eagle and half a lion.

Lynces eyes, the eyes of a lynx, sharp and clear.

9. **with hault**, withholds or withdraws.

wicked engins, probably frauds or deceits; an 'engin' means any contrivance, and can be used in a mechanical or in a mental sense.

10. **Leasings, lies.** A.-S. *lēasung*.

crakes, braggings.

11. **Puttockes, kites.**

abusions, deceits, frauds.

13. **fierce of force**, violent.

Urchins, hedgehogs.

feeling pleasures, pleasures of the touch.

14. **Ordinance**, either cannon or battering engines.

wicked Capitaine, Maleger.

15. ward, the guardians or defenders of the castle.
two brethren Giants, Arthur and his squire Timias.

16. remerciéd, thanked.

Patrone of her life: a Latinism.

17. courteous conge, courteous leave.

Faire mote he thee, well may he thrive. A.-S. *thēon*, 'to thrive.'

most gent, most noble.

18. his vowes make vaine, the vows he has made to his rural deities.

19. dried stockes, dried branches. Cp. Milton's simile of the rebel angels:

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa." (*P. L.* i 302.)

Spumador, the foaming one.

Such as Laomedon. The famous horses of Troy which were of divine race, though they had nothing to do with the horses of the sun. Laomedon was the father of Priam; the horses had been given by Jupiter to Tros.

20. yode. A.-S. *ēode*, 'went.'

Upon a Tygre. To typify the ferocity of lust.

subtile substance, fine substance.

21. so inly they did tine, injure.

22. This is a fine psychological picture of lust: worn out by his excesses and yet formidable.

belt of twisted brake. Probably bracken, to typify feebleness.

24. felly prickt, spurred it fiercely.

quarrell, arrow.

25. Infant, prince.

28. her attaching, taking her prisoner.

29. the villein, Maleger.

his gentle Squire, Timias.

30. in assurance, in safety.

The strong Puritan tone of this stanza should be observed.

31. His chiefest lets, hindrances.

they should behind invade, they should attack from behind.

to purge himselfe from blame, because he despised his antagonists.

32. grudge, murmur, complain. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

“And whoso gruccheth ought, he dooth folye.”

unto his native seat. The region of fire which was supposed to exist beyond and around the region of air; fire was supposed to be ever striving to rise to its native sphere.

33. touzd, pulled about, worried. Bear-baiting was a popular sport at the time.

deadly quar'le, his arrows.

marle, ground.

34. manhood meare, his own personal strength.

36. shunne the engin of his meant decay, the means of his intended death.

her souse, her swoop.

39. magicall illusion, an illusion created by some magician or enchanter.

wandring ghost that wanted funerall. According to Greek and Latin mythology the souls of the unburied could not cross in Charon's boat but remained lamenting by the waters of Hades. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 325):

“Haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est,
Portitor ille Charon; hi, quos vehit unda, sepulti.”

aerie spirit under false pretence. Such as the one with which Archimage beguiles the Redcrosse Knight (i i 45):

“And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes.”

40. himselfe appeach, himself accuse.

a person without spright, a body without a spirit.

41. Give over to effect, cease from attempting.

42. This is probably suggested by the combat of Hercules with Antaeus. See also Introduction III.

43. Joves harnesse-bearing Bird, the eagle which carries Jove's weapons, i.e. his thunderbolts.

46. scruzd, squeezed or crushed.

standing lake, still or calm lake.

47. Hedlong her selfe. The fit ending for Impatience.

48. he began to faint. This reminds us of Guyon after issuing from Mammon's Cave. The struggle with temptation makes even the conqueror weak and faint.

49. fairest Alma. It was always the part of the ladies to play physician to those wounded in battle.

costly spicery. Probably means drinks of herbs. Cp. Chaucer (*Knight's Tale*):

“To othere woundes and to broken armes,
Somme hadden salves and somme hadden charmes,
Fermaciës of herbes and eek save
They dronken.”

CANTO XII

1. perilous sted, perilous place.

3. the Gulfe of Greedinesse. Suggested by Charybdis. (See Introduction II b.)

4. loadstone. Spenser makes the rock of Scylla a magnet, so that it attracts all ships and destroys them, like the rock in the *Arabian Nights*.

ragged rift, pieces of the cliff which threaten to break off.

helplesse waves, waves which permit of no help.

6. darke dreadfull hole of Tartare steepe. Cp. Virgil (*Aen.* vi 134):

“bis nigra videre

Tartara.”

drent, drowned. A.-S. *drenchen*.

7. to ruinate, to fall down.

exanimate, lifeless.

blent, defiled or stained from; *blenden*, ‘to mix.’

8. Seagulles hoarse and bace. It is notable that Spenser has no affection for the sea nor for the birds associated with it.

despairefull drift, driving or shipwreck.

9. luxurie. Generally used to mean licentiousness in 16th century English.

10. stiffe oares. Virgil (*Aen.* v 15):

“validisque incumbere remis.”

hoare waters, white with foam.

floting the floods emong. Floating islands are a natural phenomenon on certain lakes; they are spongy and made of reeds and water plants. Spenser is more probably thinking of the classical legend of Delos. (See 13.)

11. seeming now and than, appearing from time to time.

certain wonne, fixed dwelling. A.-S. *wunian*, ‘to dwell.’

12. **may never it recure**, may never draw back.
13. **hard assay**, harsh persecution.
her faire twins, Apollo and Artemis.
did rule the night and day, Artemis as goddess of the moon, and Apollo as god of the sun.
highly herried, highly praised. Cp. Chaucer (*Man of Law's Tale*):
 "heryed be Goddes grace."
14. **a litle skippet**, a skiff.
15. **left her lockes undight**, loose and flowing.
withouten ore. It was driven by turning a pin (vi 5).
the departing land. Probably because the island floated away.
16. **and purpose diversly**, accosted them in different ways.
wite, blame. A.-S. *witan*.
17. **gate**, way or passage; of Scandinavian origin.
18. **hidden jeopardy**, hidden danger.
checked wave, the wave which was 'checked' or broken by the quicksand.
Unthriftyhed, extravagance.
19. **mesprize**, neglect.
20. **Whirlepoole of decay**, of Destruction.
haplesse doole, dole or sorrow.
21. **th'utmost sandy breach**, the end of the quicksand.
the measure of his guise, his accustomed level.
22. **Eftsoones**, soon after.
23. **Or shame**, feel shame.
cunning hand, skilful hand.
pourtraicts of deformitee, veritable images of deformity.
Spring-headed Hydraes. Because when one head was cut off more sprang in its place.

According to Olaus Magnus (Bk XXI, Ch. 44) the hydra is a kind of sea-serpent; it is twenty cubits long, and very fierce, and belongs to the same species as the dragon. It sometimes attacks land-animals, and even men: "qui certo anni tempore armenta et pastores ipsos totaliter devorant."

sea-shouldring Whales, because they seem immense enough to push the sea aside.

Great whirlpooles. Olaus Magnus (Bk XXI, Ch. 6) says that these are a kind of whale; "it spouts water like a whale, and its custom is to attack shîps by spouting water upon them and so overwhelming

them ; when it cannot overwhelm a ship in this manner it will attack with blows from its tail." (Lat. *physeter*.)

Scolopendra, a fish resembling a centipede.

Mighty Monoceros. A kind of sea-unicorn, an exaggerated sword-fish. Olaus Magnus says: "Monoceros est monstrum marinum, habens in fronte cornu maximum, quo naves obvias penetrare possit ac destruere et hominum multitudinem perdere." He adds that by divine grace the monoceros, though so fierce, has been made slow so that it is not difficult to evade.

24. **that hath deserv'd the name of Death.** This is probably the Mors. Olaus Magnus says (Bk XXI, C. 19): "Norvagicum littus... maximos ac grandes pisces elephantis magnitudine habet, qui morsi seu rosmari vocantur." According to Olaus this and the 'rosmarin' are the same creature ; he adds that they are of extraordinary ferocity and very quick ; if they can see a man upon the seashore they catch him, and destroy him by biting him in pieces.

griesly Wasserman, a kind of sea-demon, "homo marinus."

Sea-satyre, another kind of sea-demon, "Satyrus marinus."

Huge Ziffius. Olaus Magnus (Bk XXI, C. 14) gives a long account of this monster ; he says it is as large as a whale and has a mouth like an enormous gulf, horrible eyes and a back furnished with long sword-like points which could destroy a ship.

Rosmarines. Apparently the same as the Mors ; the creature was really a walrus and the description of its capture given by Olaus Magnus (Bk XXI, C. 17) is plainly a walrus-hunt ; he says that they were captured for the sake of their teeth, which the Scythians and other races used as ivory because they were hard, white and heavy, and excellently adapted for carving.

25. **bugs, terrifying objects.**

Compared to the creatures in the seas entrall. Olaus Magnus (XXI 8) declares that sea-creatures are far larger and more terrible than land-animals: "Quod vero in mari majores bestiae sunt terrestribus animalibus, facit humoris luxuria, et alta profunditas, in qua et abundantia victus est."

26. **that same wicked witch, Acrasia.**

worke us dread, cause us fear.

vertuous staffe, having magic power.

Tethys bosome. Tethys, the sea-goddess, wife of Oceanus.

28. **inly nothing ill apayd, she has no real grief.**

womanish fine forgery, deceit.

29. stayed stedfastnesse, resolutely.

to bayt, to rest. The word is really the causative of *bītan*, 'to bite,' and means to give food to, e.g. to 'bait horses.' Spenser's use is not quite correct.

30. halfe Theatre, semicircle.

five sisters, sensual pleasures: therefore five.

31. They were faire Ladies. This stanza represents Spenser's own mythology; it is excellently imagined.

Heliconian maides, the Muses.

one moyity, one half.

surquedry, pride.

their hew, form. A.-S. *hīw*, 'shape or form.'

32. The worlds sweet In. In the older language 'inn' has the sense of dwelling place: it is probably so taken here.

35. wastfull mist, desolate or far-spreading.

harmefull fowles, birds. Cp. Chaucer, *Parlement of Fowles*.

36. fatall birds, birds of evil omen.

The ill-faste Owle, deaths dreadfull messengere. Cp. Chaucer (*Parlement of Fowles*):

"The oule eke, that of deth the bode bryngeth."

We may compare also *Macbeth* where the owl 'clamours' all night long on the night of Duncan's murder.

trump of dolefull drere, messenger of gloom and sadness.

The ruefull Strich. The screech-owl that was also an omen of death.

Whistler shrill. Another bird of evil omen, not identified.

hellish Harpies. The harpies were winged monsters, greedy and foul: half woman and half bird.

37. sacred soile. A Latinism, *sacer*, 'accursed.'

38. of nought ydred, afraid of nothing.

39. with fell surquedry, with fierceness and pride.

40. fraying, frightening.

41. Orcus, the god of the infernal regions: Pluto. Cf. Milton (*P. L.* II 964):

"Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon."

42. aggrate, please (It. *aggraziare*).

43. Nought feard their force, that fortilage to win. 'Their force' seems to refer to the beasts; the inmates within do not fear them, but they do fear wisdom and temperance.

44. a worke of admirable wit, a work of genius, as we should say. In Tasso's description of Armida's bower the gate also is wonderfully wrought, but it is of silver and the figures are quite different from Spenser's.

His falsed faith. Cp. Chaucer (*Legend of Good Women*), where he says of Jason :

"Ther other falsen one, thou falseste two."

too lightly fit, too readily passing away.

wondred Argo. Jason's ship which carried the Argonauts 'the flour of Greece.'

the Euxine seas. Colchis, which Jason had to visit to obtain the golden fleece, lay on the eastern side of the Black Sea.

45. the boyes bloud. Medea's two sons whom she slew in revenge when Jason deserted her for Creüsa.

th'enchaunted flame, which did Creüsa wed. Medea sent her rival a wedding present of a most beautiful robe, but it was subtly poisoned and, when Creüsa donned it, it burst into flame and destroyed her and also her father who hastened to her aid. The story is told in the *Medea* of Euripides.

47. celestiaall powre. This is the Genius of whom Socrates spoke, who stood by him always and gave him admonitions and warnings.

generation of all. The marriage bed was called 'lectus genialis'; the genius was the inspirer of good acts and good thoughts, the bestower of plenty and joy.

That is our Selfe. Spenser interprets the genius not as a deity but only as the moral nature of man.

48. Agdistes. The ancients did *not* call the genius Agdistes: that identification really comes from *Natalis Comes* (iv 3) (Warton's Note).

that good envyes to all. This was an evil genius: *Δαίμων κάκος*.

guilefull semblaunts. He suggests ideas of lust and pleasure.

49. Mazer, a large drinking-bowl.

overthrew his bowle disdainfully. We notice here and elsewhere the Puritan severity of Guyon; he shows no tolerance for the powers of ill and destroys the whole Bower.

50. **pleasauns**, pleasantness.

Wherewith her mother Art. Spenser means that it was an artificial garden and not a natural landscape.

51. **alwayes Joviall**, under the aspect of Jupiter: favourable.

52. **Rhodope**, a high mountain in Thrace.

the Nimphe. This story is told by Plutarch (*De Fluviis*, p. 23), and also by Ovid (*Met.* vi 87).

Ida, the mountain range near Troy.

Parnasse, a high mountain in Phocis; it was sacred to Apollo and the Muses; on its slopes was the city of Delphi and the Castalian spring.

54. Perhaps suggested by Calypso's grotto in the *Odyssey*.

empurpled as the Hyacint, the hyacinth or jacinth, a stone which was dark purple in colour. Lat. *hyacinthus*.

56. **without fowle empeach.** 'Empeach' ought to mean 'hinder' but seems used very loosely here: without unpleasant delay. Cp. Milton (*P. L.* v 344):

"For drink the grape
She crushes, inoffensive must."

57. Cp. again Milton, where the brothers break the cup of Comus by dashing it against the ground.

59. **ensude Art**, followed after art. This stanza is translated from Tasso. Cp. Perdita's speech in the *Winter's Tale* (Act iv, Sc. 4).

60. **them selves embay**, drench or steep.

61. **lascivious armes.** The ivy is probably so styled as sacred to Bacchus. Cp. Spenser's *Shepherds Calender*—Oct.:

"O! if my temples were distaind with wine
And girt in garlonds of wild yvie twine."

62. **an ample laver**, a large basin.

64. **unhele**, uncover. A.-S. *helan*, 'to cover.'

65. **that faire Starre.** Venus when appearing as the Morning Star, Lucifer.

69. **all our drift despise**, all our plan.

70. **what manner musicke**, what kind of music.

71. This is closely modelled on Tasso (*Ger. Lib.* xvi).

base murmure, the bass.

74, 75. These two stanzas are a close translation from Tasso (*Ger. Lib.* xvi).

doest faine to see, is glad to see.

75. many a Paramowre, many a lover; the word had not a bad sense in Spenser's time.

Cp. with these stanzas the speech of Comus to the Lady:

“Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded,
But must be current
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk, with languished head.”

76. The constant paire, i.e. Guyon and the Palmer.

77. the fine nets, gossamer.

80. sleeping praise; a Latinism.

full of old monuments, heraldic symbols bestowed as the reward for the great deeds of his ancestors.

fowly ra'st. This was the last disgrace for a knight.

did blend, blinded.

81. a subtile net, fine-woven.

82. distraine, pull asunder, break.

83. banket houses, banqueting houses.

86. an hog...hight Grille. This incident is from Plutarch's dialogues.

87. Delights in filth and foule incontinence. Cp. Milton (*Comus*):

“they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.”

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Spenser, Edmund,
1552?-1599.

The faerie queene /

BAD-2680 (mcsk)



