

To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Empresse
Renowned for Pietie, Vertue, and All Gracious Government

Elizabeth

By the Grace of God
Queen of England, Fraunce and Ireland, and of Virginia,
Defender of the Faith etc.

Her Most Humble Servant Edmund Spenser Doth in All
Humiltie Dedicate, Present, and Consecrate These His Labours
to Live with the Eternitie of Her Fame.

* * * * *

THE FIRST BOOKE OF
THE FAERIE QUEENE

CONTAINING

THE LEGENDE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE RED
CROSSE, OR OF HOLINESSE

* * * * *

I

Lo I the man, whose Muse 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; 5
Whose prayses having slept in silence long,

Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

II

Helpe then, O holy Virgin chiefe of nine, 10
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knightsand fairest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long 15
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.

III

And thou most dreaded 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 bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart, 25
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloody rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirroure of grace and Majestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light 30

Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile: 35
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dred, a-while.

* * * * *

CANTO I

The Patron of true Holinesse
 foule Errour doth defeate;
 Hypocrisie him to entrappe
 doth to his home entreate.

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
 The cruel markes of many'a bloody fielde;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield: 5
 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.

II

And 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: 15
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

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 25
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

IV

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, 35
 And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

V

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.
 45

VI

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, 50
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand, 55
 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.

VIII

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony, 65
 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.

IX

The Laurell, meed of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
 The Willow worne of forlorne Paramours, 75
 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.

X

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,
 85

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

XI

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,
 95

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.

XII

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde, 100
 Least suddaine mischiefes 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. 105
 Ah Ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade:
 Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

XIII

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 wandring wood, this Errours den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
 115
 Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

XIV

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, 125
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred 130
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs, eachone
 Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.
135

XVI

Their dam upstart, 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 entraile. 140
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknesse to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he left 145
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.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round, 155
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 160
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

XIX

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: 165
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grieve 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.

XX

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 175
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

XXI

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, 185
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly female of his fruitful seed;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elsewhere may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight, 190
 That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
 Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawnne of serpents small, 195
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 With swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle Shepheard in sweete even-tide,
 When ruddy Phoebus 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, 205
 But with his clownish hands their tender wings

He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
 Then of the certeine 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; 215
 A streame of cole black blood forth gushed from her corse.

XXV

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.
 225

XXVI

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 thirst,

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

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.

XXVII

His Ladie seeing all that chaunst, from farre 235
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And said, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
 Well worthie be you of that Armorie, 240
 Wherin ye have great glory wonne this day,
 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.

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend; 245
 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 passed forth, and new adventure sought;
 Long way he travelled, before he heard of ought.

XXIX

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 255
 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.

XXX

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. 265
 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 sits not with such things to mell. 270

XXXI

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
 And homebred evil 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 inquire, 275
 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.

XXXII		Thereby a Christall streame did gently play,	305
	280	Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.	
Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wilderness		XXXV	
His dwelling is, by which no living wight		Arrived there, the little house they fill,	
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.		Ne looke for entertainment, where none was:	
Now (sayd the Lady) draweth toward night,		Rest is their feast, and all things at their will:	
And well I wote, that of your later fight		The noblest mind the best contentment has.	310
Ye all forweared be: for what so strong,	285	With faire discourse the evening so they pas:	
But wanting rest will also want of might?		For that old man of pleasing wordes had store,	
The Sunne that measures heaven all day long,		And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,	
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.		He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore	
		He strowd an <u>Ave-Mary</u> after and before.	315
XXXIII		XXXVI	
Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,		The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,	
And with new day new worke at once begin:	290	And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,	
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.		As messenger of Morpheus on them cast	
Right well Sir knight ye have advised bin,		Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.	
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to win		Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes:	320
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;		Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,	
Therefore with me ye may take up your In	295	He to this study goes, and there amidde	
For this same night. The knight was well content:		His Magick bookes and artes of sundry kindes,	
So with that godly father to his home they went.		He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.	
XXXIV		XXXVII	
A little lowly Hermitage it was,		Then choosing out few words most horrible,	325
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,		(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,	
Far from resort of people, that did pas	300	With which and other spelles like terrible,	
In travell to and froe: a little wyde		He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame,	
There was an holy Chappell edifyde,			
Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say			
His holy things each morne and eventyde:			

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

And cursed heaven and spake reprochfull shame
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.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies 335
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applies,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo, 340
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

XXXIX

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire. 345
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
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed, 350
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,

The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye, 355
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

XLI

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock 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: 365
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cries,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

XLII

The messenger approching 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. 375
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

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, 385
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV

The God obeyde, and, calling forth straightway
 A diverse dreame out of his prison darke, 390
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
 His heavie head, devoide of carefull carke,
 Whose sences all were straight benumbed and starke.
 He backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
 Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke, 395
 And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
 In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

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 400
 So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
 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 black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit. 405

XLVI

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, 410
 In sort as he him schooled privily:
 And that new creature, borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

XLVII

Thus well instructed, to their worke they hast, 415
 And coming 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.

XLVIII

And she herselfe of beautie soveraigne Queene,
 Fayre Venus seemde unto his bed to bring 425
 Her, whom he waking evermore did weene,
 To bee 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, 430
 Hymen Io Hymen dauncing all around,
 Whilst freshest Flora her with Yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis, 435
 He started up, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his:
 Lo there before his face his Lady is,
 Under blake stole hyding her bayted hooke;
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis, 440
 With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
 Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took.

L

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
 And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight: 445
 But hasty heat tempring with suffrance wise,
 He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
 Wringing her hands in womans pitteous wise,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth,
 Both for her noble bloud, and for her tender youth. 450

LI

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, 455
 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.

LII

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave 460
 My Fathers kingdome--There she stopt with teares;
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,
 And then againe begun; My weaker yeares
 Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares, 465
 Fly to your fayth 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?

LIII

Love of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint, 470
 Lets me not sleepe, but wast the wearie night
 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, 475
 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.

LIV

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 mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
 And fed with words that could not chuse but please,
 485
 So slyding softly forth, she turned as to her ease.

LV

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.
 495

* * * * *

CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
 the Redcrosse Knight from truth,
 Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
 and workes him wofull ruth.

I

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: 5
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
 Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

II

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 15
 And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
 But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookes againe.

III

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 lustybed
 His wanton dayes that ever loosely led,
 Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

Those two he tooke, and in a secret bed,
Coverd with darknesse and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight. 25

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast,
30

Whom suddenly he wakes with fearfull frights,
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 shameful chaine, 35
Come see where your false Lady doth her honour staine.

V

All in amaze he suddenly upstart
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 leud 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. 45

VI

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 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.

VII

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire, 55
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed;
And rising forth out of her baser bowre, 60
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.

VIII

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make; but all in vaine: 65
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
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.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And Una wandring in woods and forrests, 75
 Th' end of his drift, he praisd 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.

X

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: 85
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
 That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
 And oft would flie away. O who can tell
 The hidden power of herbes and might of Magicke spell?
 90

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon:
 And silver shield, upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest 95
 A bounch of haire discolourd diversly:
 Full jolly knight he seemde, and well address,

And when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

XII

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 grieffe led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithless Sarazin all arm'd to point, 105
 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.

XIII

He had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red, 110
 Purpled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed
 She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
 Her wanton palfrey all was overspred 115
 With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
 Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport and courting dalliaunce
 She intertainde her lover all the way:
 But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
 120

She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
 And bade 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 125
 The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

XV

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
 Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land. 135

XVI

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.

XVII

The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe 145
 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 cruell spies
 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 streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

XVIII

Curse on that Crosse (quoth then the Sarazin),
 That keeps thy body from the bitter fit; 155
 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 share it hewd out of the rest,
 And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.

XIX

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
 Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive,
 And at his haughtie helmet making mark, 165
 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.

XX

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; 175
 Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
 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.
 180

XXI

She turning backe with ruefull countenance,
 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, 185
 Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart,
 And said, Deare dame, your suddin overthrow
 Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
 And tell, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

XXII

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!) 195
 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.

XXIII

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;
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire 205
 Into the hands of his accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slaine, that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

His blessed body spoild of lively breath,
 Was afterward, I know not how, convoid
 And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death 210
 When tidings came to me, unhappy maid,
 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
 215
 With love long time did languish as the stricken hind.

XXV

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; 220
 There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
 Who whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
 The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
 Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansjoy;
 And twixt them both was born the bloody bold Sansloy.
 225

XXVI

In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
 Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
 Craving of you in pittie of my state,
 To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
 He in great passion all this while did dwell, 230
 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.

XXVII

Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest, 235
 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 change 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 derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together traveiled,
 Till weary of their way, they came at last 245
 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 fearfull Shepheard often there aghast 250
 Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
 His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight soone as he them can spie,
 For the cool shade him thither hastily got:
 For golden Phoebus now ymounted hie, 255
 From fiery wheelles 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.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes there as they sit:
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight that lived yit; 265
 Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit,
 And thinking of those branches greene to frame

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
 Small drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.
 270

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voyce was heard,
 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, 275
 And to this wretched Lady, my deare love,
 O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.
 Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove,
 And with that suddein horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passion 280
 Was overpast, and 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,
 Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire, 285
 Both which fraile men do oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtfull eares these speaches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

XXXIII

Then groning deepe, Nor damned Ghost, (quoth he,)
 Nor guileful sprite to thee these wordes doth speake, 290

But once a man Fradubio, now a tree,
 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, 295
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines:
 For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

XXXIV

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 griefe imparts;
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 As raging flames who striveth to suppressse.
 The author then (said he) of all my smarts,
 Is one Duessa a false sorceresse, 305
 That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

XXXV

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. 315

XXXVI

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.

XXXVII

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike faire, 325
 Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
 Whether in beauties glorie did excede;
 A Rosy girlond was the victors meede:
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
 330
 So hard the discord was to be agreeede.
 Fraelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
 And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

The wicked witch now seeing all this while
 The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway, 335
 What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 And by her hellish science raisd streightway
 A foggy mist, that overcast the day,
 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.

XXXIX

Then cride she out, Fye, fye, deformed wight,
 Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
 To have before bewitched all mens sight; 345
 O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
 Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
 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; 350
 So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

XL

Then forth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
 And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
 Ne ever wist but that she was the same,
 Till on a day (that day is every Prime, 355
 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

XLI

Her neather parts misshapen, monstrous,
 Were hidd in water, that I could not see.
 But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
 Then womans shape man would beleeeve to bee.

Thensforth from her most beastly companie 365
 I gan refraine, in minde to slip away,
 Soone as appeard safe opportunitie:
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII

The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare 370
 Perceiv'd my thought, and drownd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbs and ointments did besmeare
 My body all, through charms and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight: 375
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight,
 Where now enclosed in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

XLIII

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? 385
 Time and suffised fates to former kynd
 Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,

Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true. But the good knight 390
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech 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:
 395
 Then turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.

XLV

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 eyelids 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. 405

* * * * *

CANTO IV

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

I

Young knight whatever 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, 5
 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.

II

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 supposd to bee;
 Long with her traveild, till at last they see
 A goodly building, bravely garnished, 15
 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.

III

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: 25
 For she is wearie of the toilesome way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
 Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
 Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
 30
 And golden foile all over them displaid,
 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 delightful bowres; 35
 And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

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: 40
 For on a sandie hill, that still did flit
 And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
 That every breath of heaven shook it:
 And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
 Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly. 45

VI

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 Malvenu, 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.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round, 55
 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 beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day, 65
 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.

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fairest childe,
 That did presume his fathers firie wayne,

And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde
 75
 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,
 And rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen,
 80
 With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shyned 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 85
 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

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
 And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
 Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
 That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
 And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell, 95
 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.

XII		125
And proud Lucifera men did her call,	100	Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise, Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.
That made her selfe a 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:	105	XV
Ne ruld her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie, And strong advizement of six wisards old, That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.		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 prowd, That to strange knight no better countenance allowd. 135
XIII		
Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came, And false Duessa seeming Lady faire,	110	XVI
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 obeysance, did the cause declare,	115	Suddein upriseth from her stately place The royall Dame, and for her coche did call: 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.
XIV		
With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low, She thanked them in her disdainfull wise; Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show	120	XVII
Of Princesse worthy, scarce them bad arise. Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:		So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme, 145 Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
 And strove to match, in royall rich array,
 Great Junoes 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.

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde, 155
 Taught to obey 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 slouthful Asse he chose to ryde, 160
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, but therein little red,
 For of devotion he had little care, 165
 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.

XX

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise,
 From every worke he chalenged essoyne, 175
 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

XXI

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, 185
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne,
 With which he swallowed 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.

XXII

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, 195
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His dronken corse he scarce upholden can,

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

XXIII

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: 205
 Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV

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: 215
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV

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 fanglennesse, 220
 For he was false, and fraught with ficklennesse;

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.
 225

XXVI

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 weak 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.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride, 235
 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.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,

And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware, 245
 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.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise, 255
 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,
 That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand; 260
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX

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; 265
 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 waxed wondrous glad.
 270

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
 He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes. 275
 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.

XXXII

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 285
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
 Such one vile Envie was, that fifte in row did sitt.

XXXIII

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 ashes pale of hew and seeming ded; 295
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV

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 facts he often would repent;
 Yet wilfull man he never would forecast, 305
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
 Abhorred bloodshed 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. 315

XXXVI

And after all, upon the wagon beame
 Rode Sathan, with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesie teme,

So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Hugh 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.

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort, 325
 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 foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifera, as one of the traine: 330
 But that good knight would not so nigh reparaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

So having solaced themselves a space
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed, 335
 They backe retourned 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 vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

XXXIX

Who when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
 He spide with that same Faery champions page,
 Bewraying him, that did of late destroy 345
 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.

XL

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; 355
 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,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight. 360

XLI

Ah dearest Dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
 Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whom great grieffe made forget the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight 365
 And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
 The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
 Even stout Sansfoy (O who can then refrayn?)
 Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heape disdayn.

XLII

And to augment the glorie of his guile, 370
 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, 375
 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.

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledge,
 His cause in combat the next day to try: 380
 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, 385
 That of his plenty poured forth to all;
 Which doen, the Chamberlain Slowth did to rest them call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayed
 Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
 The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd, 390
 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. 395

XLV

Whom broad awake she finds, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
Ah deare Sansjoy, next dearest to Sansfoy, 400
Cause of my new griefe, 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. 405

XLVI

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 410
Of deare Sans foy, I never joyed howre,
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.

XLVII

At last when perils all I weened past, 415
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. 420
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
For that I would not yeeld, that to Sans foy I gave.

XLVIII

But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light, 425
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.

XLIX

Thereto said he, Faire Dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid; 435
For needlesse feare did never vantage none
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sansfoy, 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 blood shall sacrifice in hast.

L

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? 445
 Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchanted armes, that none can perce,
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
 Charmd or enchanted (answerd he then ferce)
 I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce. 450

LI

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 Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.
 455
 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.

I

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. 5
 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.

II

At last the golden Orientall gate, 10
 Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
 And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
 Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire:
 And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
 Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
 15
 He started up, and did him selfe prepaire,
 In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
 For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

III

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, 25

And many Chroniclers that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV

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:
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd 35
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renowned 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. 45

VI

A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves adresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do blesse,

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 weak and fraile.

VII

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong, 55
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 firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe show marks of eithers might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
As when a Gryfon seized of his pray, 65
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore that they the heavens affray: 70
The wise Soothsayer seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

IX

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 75
 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.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre, 85
 And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
 And sluggish german doest thy forces slake
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake? 90

XI

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 foe.
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so, 95
 That twice he reeled, readie twice to fall;
 End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
 The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

XII

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, 105
 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.

XIII

And to him said, Goe now proud Miscreant,
 Thy selfe thy message do 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, 115
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
 But answer none receives: the darkness him does shrowd.

XIV

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.
125
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield, the glory yours.

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought all round about, his thristie 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. 135

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that souveraine Queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene:
Which she accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing 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 fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII

Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed: 145
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,
Him to beguile of grieffe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
155
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete 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 mournfull plight, is swallowed up unawares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide, 165
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.

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
 That Phoebus chearefull face durst never view,
 And in a foule blacke pitchie mantle clad,
 She findes forth comming from her darkesome mew,
 175

Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
 Before the dore her yron charet stood,
 Alreadie harnessed for journey new;
 And coleblacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
 That on their rustie bits did champ, as they were wood.
 180

XXI

Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
 Adornd 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, 185
 And would have backe retyred to her cave,
 Until 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.

XXII

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 caelestially,
 Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade, 195

Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall
 With Elfin sword, most shamefully betrade?
 Lo where the stout Sansjoy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

XXIII

And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
 The bold Sansfoy shrinke underneath his speare; 200
 And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
 That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
 O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
 If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare? 205
 Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
 When two of three her Nephews are so fowle forlorne?

XXIV

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 change in that great mothers face:
 Yet pittie in her hart was never proved 215
 Till then: for evermore she hated, never loved.

XXV

And said, Deare daughter rightly may I rew
 The fall of famous children borne of mee,
 And good successes, which their foes ensew:

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. 225

XXVI

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 has spilt. 230
 But what art thou, that telst of Nephews kilt?
 I that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
 (Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt,
 And gorgeous gold arrayd I to thee came;
 Duessa I, the daughter of Deceit and Shame.

XXVII

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist 235
 The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face
 The false resemblance of Deceit I wist
 Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
 It carried, that I scarce in darkesome place
 Could it discern, though I the mother bee 240
 Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
 O welcome child, whom I have longd to see,
 And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go with thee.

XXVIII

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
 And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
 245
 Through mirkesome aire her readie way she makes.
 Her twyfold Teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
 And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
 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.

XXIX

So well they sped, that they be come at length
 Unto the place, whereas the Paynim lay,
 Devoid of outward sense, and native strength, 255
 Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
 And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
 His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
 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.

XXX

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, 265
 And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:
 The messenger of death, the ghastly Owle
 With drery shriekes did also her bewray;

ENG 236A (Fall 2015) Readings

And hungry Wolves continually did howle,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle. 270

XXXI

Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavie 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, 275
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.

XXXII

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:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide 285
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.

XXXIII

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, 295
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

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 gnarre, until Dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong
And suffred them to passen quietly: 305
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

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; 310
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law,
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw. 315

XXXVI

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 Aesculapius farre apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse,
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was 325

That wont in charett chace the foming Bore:
 He all his Peeres in beauty 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.

XXXVIII

Who all in rage his Sea-god syre besought, 335

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 monument.

XXXIX

His cruell step-dame seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked dayes with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne, 345
 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 Aesculape, that by his art 350
 Did heale them all againe, and joynd every part.

XL

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, 355
 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

XLI

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
 From her nigh wearie waine, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
 Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes, 365

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.

XLII

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, 375
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? can Night defray
 The wrath of thundring Jove that rules both night and day?

XLIII

Not so (quoth she) but sith that heavens king
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight, 380
 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 385
 In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
 Great paines, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

XLIV

Her words prevaile: And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,

And all things else, the which his art did teach: 390
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 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 Phoebus pure, 395
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duessa leaving 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 thrals, that wayled night and day.
 405

XLVI

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

XLVII		Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius, High Caesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.	440
There was that great proud king of Babylon,	415		
That would compell all nations to adore,		L	
And him as onely God to call upon,			
Till through celestiall doome throwne out of dore,		Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,	
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore:		Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:	
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst	420	The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt	
His hart too high through his great riches store;		With sonnes own blade, her fowle reproches spoke;	
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst		445	
His cursed hand gainst God and on his altars daunst.		Faire Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke	
		With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;	
XLVIII		High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke	
And them long time before, great Nimrod was,		Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:	
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;	425	And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill;	
And after him old Ninus farre did pas		450	
In princely pompe, of all the world obayd;		LI	
There also was that mightie Monarch layd		Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,	
Low under all, yet above all in pride,		Which thither were assembled day by day,	
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,	430	From all the world after their wofull falles	
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,		Through wicked pride, and wasted wealthes decay.	
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.		But most of all, which in the Dongeon lay,	455
XLIX		Fell from high Princes courts, or Ladies bowres;	
All these together in one heape were throwne,		Where they in idle pompe, or wanton play,	
Like carcases of beasts in butchers stall.		Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,	
And in another corner wide were strowne	435	And lastly throwne themselves into these heavy stowres.	
The antique ruines of the Romaines fall:		LII	
Great Romulus the Grandsyre of them all,		Whose case when as the carefull Dwarfe had tould,	
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,		460	
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,			

And made ensample of their mournfull sight
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, 465
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.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall, 470
Of mured men which therein strowed lay,
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, 475
A donghill of dead carkases he spide,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.