

THE FAERIE QVEENE.

Disposed into twelue books,

Fashioning
XII. Morall vertues.



LONDON
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1590.

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The first Booke of [the Faerie Queene.

Contayning

The Legend of the Knight *of the Red Crosse,* O R *Of Holinesse.*

LO I the man, whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
Am now enforst a farre vnfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine Oaten reeds:
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises hauing slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loues shall moralize my song.

Helpe then, O holy virgin chiefe of nyne,
Thy weaker Nouice to performe thy will,
Lay forth out of thine euerlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,



Of Faerie knights and fayrest *Tanaquill*,
 Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
 Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
 That I must rue his vnderferued wrong:
 O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

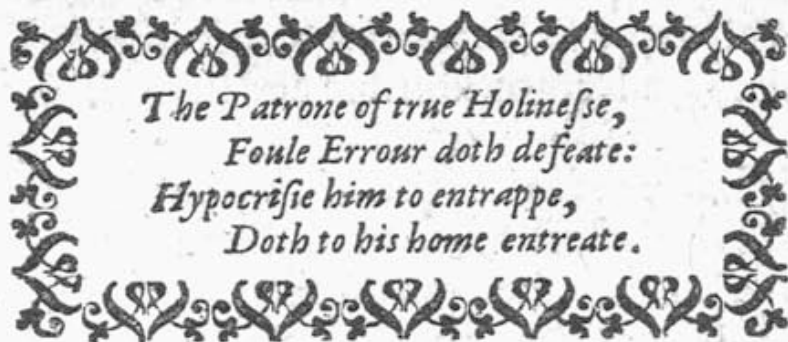
And thou most dreaded impe of highest *Ioue*,
 Faire *Venus* sonne, that with thy cruell dart
 At that good knight so cunningly didst roue,
 That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
 Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
 And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde:
 Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
 In lones and gentle iollities arraid,
 After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heauenly bright,
 Mirrour of grace and Maiestie diuine,
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
 Like *Phæbus* lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into mine feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile:
 The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dread a while.

CANT.

3

Canto I.



A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many' a bloody fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full iolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

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

Vpon a great aduenture he was bond,
That greatest *Gloriana* to him gaue,
That greatest Glorious Queene of *Faery* lond,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to haue,

Which of all earthly thinges he most did craue;
And euer as he rode his hart did earne,
To proue his puissance in battell braue
Vpon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Vpon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne.

A louely Ladie rode him faire beside,
Vpon a lowly Assse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Vnder a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And ouer all a blacke stole shee did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heauie fate vpon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milkewhite lambe The lad.

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

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

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

And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Ioying 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 praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-propp Elme, the Poplar neuer dry,
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all,
 The Aspine good for staues, the Cypresse funerall.

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 Oliue, and the Platane round,
 The caruer Holme, the Maple seeldom inward found.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Vntill the blustering storme is ouerblowne;
 When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,



*The Lord was called Guine for many years
 before he was called Guine*

But wander too and fro in waies vnknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they neereſt weene,
 That makes the doubt, their wits be not their owne:
 So many pathes, ſo many turnings ſeene,
 That which of them to take, in diuerſe doubt they been.

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 hollowe caue,
 Amid the thickeſt woods. The Champion ſtout
 Eſtſoones diſmounted from his courſer braue,
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needleſſe ſpere he gaue.

Be well aware, quoth then that Ladie milde,
 Leaſt ſuddaine miſchiefe ye too raſh prouoke:
 The danger hid, the place vnknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without ſmoke,
 And perill without ſhow: therefore your hardy ſtroke
 Sir knight with-hold, till further tryall made.
 Ah Ladie (ſayd he) ſhame were to reuoke,
 The forward footing for an hidden ſhade: (wade.
 Vertue giues her ſelfe light, through darkeneſſe for to

Yea but (quoth ſhe) the perill of this place
 I better wot then you, though nowe too late,
 To wiſh you backe returne with foule diſgrace,
 Yet wiſedome warnes, whileſt 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:
 Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfe:) this is no place for liuing men.

But

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth vnto the darksom hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the vgly 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.

And as she lay vpon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all ouerspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes vpwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred,
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking vpon her poishous dugs, eachone
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill fauored:
Soone as that vncouth light vpon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

Their dam vpstart, 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.
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 darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiu'd, he leapt
As Lyon fierce vpon 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 aduauist,
 Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay:
 Who nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
 The stroke down frō her head vnto her shoulder glaunst

Much daunted with that dint, her sence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high aboue the ground:
 Tho wrapping vp her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce vpon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he stroue in vaine:
 God helpe the man so wrapt in *Errors* endlesse traine.

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

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps 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 filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

As

As when old father *Nilus* gins to swell
With timely pride about the *Aegyptian* vale,
His fattie waues doe fertile slime outwell,
And ouerflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But when his later ebbe gins t'auale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaues, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures partly male
And partly femall of his fruitful feed;
Such vgly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

The same so fore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiud to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne 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.

As gentle Shepheard in sweete euentide,
When ruddy *Phebus* gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best,
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striuing to infixe their feeble stinges,
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.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame,
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious vnto his foe he came,
Resolud in minde all suddenly to win,

Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
 And stroke at her with more then manly force,
 That from her body full of filthie sin
 He raft her hatefull heade without remorse;
 A streame of cole black blood forth gushed frō her corse

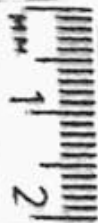
Her scattred brood, soone as their Parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare,
 Gathred themselues about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to haue found
 At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
 They flocked all about her bleeding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

That detestable sight him much amazde,
 To see th'vnkindly Impes of heauen accurst,
 Deuoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
 Hauing all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend, (contend.
 His foes haue flaine themselues, with whom he should

His Lady seeing all, that chaunst, from farre
 Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
 And saide, Faire knight, borne vnder happie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
 Well worthie be you of that Armory,
 Wherein ye haue great glory wonne this day,
 And proou'd your strength on a strong enimie,
 Your first aduenture: many such I pray,
 And henceforth euer wish, that like succeed it may.

Then

If See him that gathred as I goe by those houses



Then mounted he vpon his Steede againe,
And with the Lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne euer would to any byway bend,
But still did follow one vnto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new aduenture sought,
Long way he traueiled, before he heard of ought.

At length they chaunst to meet vpon 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 voide of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

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 aduentures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my deare Sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that liues 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 thinges to mell.

But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd euil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare.

Of

Offsuch (saide he) I chiefly doe inquere,
 And shall thee well rewarde 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 liues so long a space.

Far hence (quoth he) in waistfull wildernesse
 His dwelling is, by which no liuing wight
 May euer passe, but thorough great distresse.
 Now (saide the Ladie) draweth toward night,
 And well I wote, that of your later fight
 Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
 But wanting rest will also want of might?
 The Sunne that measures heauen all day long,
 At night doth baite his steedes the *Ocean* waues among.

Then with the Sunne take Sir, your timely rest,
 And with new day new worke at once begin:
 Vntroubled night they say giues counsell best.
 Right well Sir knight ye haue aduised bin,
 Quoth then that aged man; the way to win
 Is wisely to aduise: now day is spent;
 Therefore with me ye may take vp your In
 For this same night. The knight was well content:
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pas
 In tranecill to and fro: a litle wyde
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and euentide:
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

Arriued

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

The drouping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humor loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of *Morpheus* on them cast
Sweet slōbring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes:
Vnto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to his studie goes, and there amiddes
His magick bookes and artes of sundrie kindes,
He seekes out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepey minds.

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

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which like litle flies
Fluttring about his euerdamned hedd,
Awaite whereto their seruice he applyes,

To

To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gaue a message too,
The other by him selfe staide other worke to doo.

He making speedy way through sperfed 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 neuer peepe,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth euer wash, and *Cynthia* still doth steepe
In siluer deaw his euer-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night ouer him her matle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yuory,
The other all with siluer ouercast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in quietly,
And vnto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowfie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe
And euery drizzling raine vpon 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 enimyes.

The

The Messenger approaching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retourn'd to him in vaine:
So found 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 dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sighes and fanciës weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned vnto him the dreaded name
Of *Hecate*: whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting vp his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
Hether (quoth he) me *Archimago* sent,
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.

The God obeyde, and calling forth straight way
A diuerse dreame out of his prison darke,
Deliuered it to him, and downe did lay
His heauie head, deuoid of careful carke,
Whose senses all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the Yuoric dore,
Remounted vp as light as chearefull Lark,
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore,
In hast vnto his Lord, where he him left afore.

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 liuely and so like in all mens sight,

That weaker fence it could haue rauisht knight:
 The maker selfe for all his wondrous witt,
 Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
 Her all in white he clad, and ouer it
 Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for *Vna* fit.

Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
 Vnto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
 Where he slept soundly void of euil thought,
 And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
 In sort as he him schooled priuily:
 And that new creature borne without her dew,
 Full of the makers guyle with vsage fly
 He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
 Whose semblance she did carrie vnder feigned hew.

Thus well instructed, to their worke they haste,
 And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
 The one vpon his hardie head him plaste,
 And made him dreame of loues and lustfull play,
 That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
 Bathed in wanton blis and wicked ioy:
 Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
 And to him playnd, how that false winged boy, (toy.
 Her chaste hart had subdewd, to learne Dame pleasures

And she her selfe of beautie soueraigne Queene,
 Fayre *Venus* seemde vnto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he waking euermore did weene,
 To bee the chastest flowre, that aye did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose Leman to vile seruice bound:
 And eke the *Graces* seemed all to sing,
Hymen is Hymen, dauncing all around,
 Whylst freshest *Flora* her with Yuie girlond crownd.

In this great passion of vnwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
He starteth vp, as seeming to mistrust,
Some secreet ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo there before his face his Ladie is,
Vnder blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke,
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and louely lopke,
Most like that virgin true, which for her knight him took

All cleane dismayd to see so vncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought haue slaine her in his fierce despight,
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe aduise
To proue his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre vp gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

And sayd, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my loue,
Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
And mightie causes wrought in heauen aboue,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped loue 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 auenging destinie
Hath made iudge of my life or death indifferently.

Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leaue
My Fathers kingdom, There she stopt with teares;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereaue,
And then againe begonne, My weaker yeares

Captiu'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares
 Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde:
 Let me not die in languor and long teares.
 Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus dismayd?
 What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd?

Loue of your selfe, she saide, and deare constraint
 Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
 In secret anguish and vn pittied plaint,
 Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight.
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth: yet since no vntruth he knew,
 Her fawning loue with foule disdainfull spight
 He would not shend, but said, Deare dame I rewe,
 That for my sake vnkowne such grieve vnto you grew.

Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
 For all so deare as life is to my hart,
 I deeme your loue, and hold me to you bound;
 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 chose but please,
 So slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her case.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much grieu'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last dull wearines of former fight
 Hauing yrockt a sleepe his irkesome spight,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tesse his braine,
 With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
 But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spight he backe returnd againe:

Cant.

Cant. II.



BY this the Northerne wagoner had set
His seuenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in Ocean waues yet neuer wet,
Bur firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To al, that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that *Phoebus* fiery carre,
In hast was climbing vp the Easterne hill,
Full enuious that night so long his roome did fill.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
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* wrath, them to affright,
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loues and lusty hed