

## *Cant. X.*

*Paridell rapeth Hellenore:  
Malbecco her pursewes:  
Findes emongst Satyres, whence with him  
To turne she doth refuse.*

[1]

**T**He morow next, so soone as *Phoebus* Lamp  
Bewrayed had the world with early light,  
And fresh *Aurora* had the shady damp  
Out of the goodly heauen amoued quight,  
Faire Britomart and that same *Faerie* knight  
Vprose, forth on their iourney for to wend:  
But *Paridell* complaynd, that his late fight  
With *Britomart*, so sore did him offend,  
That ryde he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

[2]

So forth they far'd, but he behind them stayd,  
Maulgre his host, who grudged grievously,  
To house a guest, that would be needes obayd,  
And of his owne him left not liberty:  
Might wanting measure moueth surquedry.  
Two things he feared, but the third was death;  
That fierce youngmans vnruely maistry;  
His money, which he lou'd as liuing breath;  
And his faire wife, whom honest long he kept vneath.

[3]

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

[4]

But *Paridell* kept better watch, then hee,  
A fit occasion for his turne to find:

False loue, why do men say, thou canst not see,  
And in their foolish fancie feigne thee blind,  
That with thy charmes the sharpest sight doest bind,  
And to thy will abuse? Thou walkest free,  
And seest euery secret of the mind;  
Thou seest all, yet none at all sees thee;  
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

[5]

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,  
That he *Melbeccoes* halfen eye did wyle,  
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,  
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguyle,  
Both eyes and hart attonce, during the whyle  
That he there soiourned his wounds to heale;  
That *Cupid* selfe it seeing, close did smyle,  
To weet how he her loue away did steale,  
And bad, that none their ioyous treason should reueale.

[6]

The learned louer lost no time nor tyde,  
That least auantage mote to him afford,  
Yet bore so faire a saile, that none espyde  
His secret drift, till he her layd aboard.  
When so in open place, and commune bord,  
He fortun'd her to meet, with commune speach  
He courted her, yet bayted euery word,  
That his vngentle hoste n'ote him appeach  
Of vile vngentlenesse, or hospitages breach.

[7]

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

[8]

And otherwhiles with amorous delights,

And pleasing toyes he would her entertaine,  
Now singing sweetly, to surprise her sprights,  
Now making layes of loue and louers paine,  
Bransles, Ballads, virelayes, and verses vaine;  
Oft purposes, oft riddles he deuysd,  
And thousands like, which flowed in his braine,  
With which he fed her fancie, and entysd  
To take to his new loue, and leaue her old despysd.

[9]

And euery where he might, and euery while  
He did her seruice dewtifull, and sewed  
At hand with humble pride, and pleasing guile,  
So closely yet, that none but she it vewed,  
Who well perceiued all, and all indewed.  
Thus finely did he his false nets dispred,  
With which he many weake harts had subdewed  
Of yore, and many had ylike misled:  
What wonder then, if she were likewise carried?

[10]

No fort so sensible, no wals so strong,  
But that continuall battery will riue,  
Or daily siege through dispuuayance long,  
And lacke of reskewes will to parley driue;  
And Peace, that vnto parley eare will giue,  
Will shortly yeeld it selfe, and will be made  
The vassall of the victors will by liue:  
That stratageme had oftentimes assayd  
This crafty Paramoure, and now it plaine displayd.

[11]

For through his traines he her intrapped hath,  
That she her loue and hart hath wholly sold  
To him, without regard of gaine, or scath,  
Or care of credite, or of husband old,  
Whom she hath vow'd to dub a faire Cucquold.  
Nought wants but time and place, which shortly shee  
Deuized hath, and to her louer told.  
It pleased well. So well they both agree;  
So readie rype to ill, ill wemens counsels bee.

[12]

Darke was the Euening, fit for louers stealth,  
When chaunst *Melbecco* busie be elsewhere,  
She to his closet went, where all his wealth  
Lay hid: thereof she countlesse summes did reare,  
The which she meant away with her to beare;  
The rest she fyr'd for sport, or for despight;  
As *Hellene*, when she saw aloft appeare  
The *Troiane* flames, and reach to heauens hight  
Did clap her hands, and ioyed at that dolefull sight.

[13]

This second *Hellene*, faire Dame *Hellenore*,  
The whiles her husband ranne with sory haste,  
To quench the flames which she had tyn'd before,  
Laught at his foolish labour spent in waste;  
And ranne into her louers armes right fast;  
Where streight embraced, she to him did cry,  
And call aloud for helpe, ere helpe were past;  
For loe that Guest would beare her forcibly,  
And meant to rauish her, that rather had to dy.

[14]

The wretched man hearing her call for ayd,  
And readie seeing him with her to fly,  
In his disquiet mind was much dismayd:  
But when againe he backward cast his eye,  
And saw the wicked fire so furiously  
Consume his hart, and scorch his Idoles face,  
He was therewith distressed diuersly,  
Ne wist he how to turne, nor to what place;  
Was neuer wretched man in such a wofull cace.

[15]

Ay when to him she cryde, to her he turnd,  
And left the fire; loue money ouercame:  
But when he marked, how his money burnd,  
He left his wife; money did loue disclame:  
Both was he loth to loose his loued Dame,  
And loth to leaue his liefest pelfe behind,  
Yet sith he n'ote saue both, he sau'd that same,  
Which was the dearest to his donghill mind,  
The God of his desire, the ioy of misers blind.

[16]

Thus whilst all things in troublous vprere were,  
And all men busie to suppress the flame,  
The louing couple need no reskew feare,  
But leasure had, and libertie to frame  
Their purpost flight, free from all mens reclame;  
And Night, the patronesse of loue-stealth faire,  
Gaued them safe conduct, till to end they came:  
So bene they gone yfeare, a wanton paire  
Of louers loosely knit, where list them to repaire.

[17]

Soone as the cruell flames yslaked were,  
*Malbecco* seeing, how his losse did lye,  
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere  
Into huge waues of grieve and gealosye  
Full deepe emplonged was, and drowned nye,  
Twixt inward doole and felonous despight;  
He rau'd, he wept, he stampt, he lowd did cry,  
And all the passions, that in man may light,  
Did him attonce oppresse, and vex his caytiue spright.

[18]

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grieve,  
And did consume his gall with anguish sore,  
Still when he mused on his late mischief,  
Then still the smart thereof increased more,  
And seem'd more grievous, then it was before:  
At last when sorrow he saw bootéd nought,  
Ne grieve might not his loue to him restore,  
He gan devise, how her he reskew mought,  
Ten thousand wayes he cast in his confused thought.

[19]

At last resolving, like a pilgrim pore,  
To seach her forth, where so she might be fond,  
And bearing with him treasure in close store,  
The rest he leaues in ground: So takes in hond  
To seeke her endlong, both by sea and lond.  
Long he her sought, he sought her farre and nere,  
And euery where that he mote vnderstond,  
Of knights and ladies any meetings were,  
And of eachone he met, he tydings did inuere.

[20]

But all in vaine, his woman was too wise,  
Euer to come into his clouch againe,  
And he too simple euer to surprise  
The iolly *Paridell*, for all his paine.  
One day, as he forpassed by the plaine  
With weary pace, he farre away espide  
A couple, seeming well to be his twaine,  
Which houed close vnder a forrest side,  
As if they lay in waite, or else themselues did hide.

[21]

Well weened he, that those the same mote bee,  
And as he better did their shape auize,  
Him seemed more their manner did agree;  
For th'one was armed all in warlike wize,  
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did deuize;  
And th'other all yclad in garments light,  
Discolour'd like to womanish disguise,  
He did resemble to his Ladie bright;  
And euer his faint hart much earned at the sight.

[22]

And euer faine he towards them would goe,  
But yet durst not for dread approchen nie,  
But stood aloofe, vnweeting what to doe;  
Till that prickt forth with loues extremitie,  
That is the father of foule gealosy,  
He closely nearer crept, the truth to weet:  
But, as he nigher drew, he easily  
Might scerne, that it was not his sweetest sweet,  
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his sheet.

[23]

But it was scornefull *Braggadocchio*,  
That with his seruant *Trompart* houerd there,  
Sith late he fled from his too earnest foe:  
Whom such when as *Malbecco* spyed clere,  
He turned backe, and would haue fled arere;  
Till *Trompart* ronning hastily, him did stay,  
And bad before his soueraine Lord appere:  
That was him loth, yet durst he not gainesay,  
And comming him before, low louted on the lay.

[24]

The Boaster at him sternely bent his browe,  
As if he could haue kild him with his looke,  
That to the ground him meekely made to bowe,  
And awfull terror deepe into him strooke,  
That euery member of his bodie quooke.  
Said he, thou man of nought, what doest thou here,  
Vnfitly furnisht with thy bag and booke,  
Where I expected one with shield and spere,  
To proue some deedes of armes vpon an equall pere.

[25]

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

[26]

What Ladie, man? (said *Trompart*) take good hart,  
And tell thy grieffe, if any hidden lye;  
Was neuer better time to shew thy smart,  
Then now, that noble succour is thee by,  
That is the whole worlds commune remedy.  
That chearefull word his weake hart much did cheare,  
And with vaine hope his spirits faint supply,  
That bold he said; ô most redoubted Pere,  
Vouchsafe with mild regard a wretches cace to heare.

[27]

Then sighing sore, It is not long (said hee)  
Sith I enioyd the gentlest Dame aliue;  
Of whom a knight, no knight at all perdee,  
But shame of all, that doe for honor striue,  
By treacherous deceit did me depriue;  
Through open outrage he her bore away,  
And with fowle force vnto his will did driue,  
Which all good knights, that armes do beare this day,  
Are bound for to reuenge, and punish if they may.

[28]

And you most noble Lord, that can and dare  
Redresse the wrong of miserable wight,  
Cannot employ your most victorious speare  
In better quarrell, then defence of right,  
And for a Ladie gainst a faithlesse knight;  
So shall your glory be aduaunced much,  
And all faire Ladies magnifie your might,  
And eke my selfe, albe I simple such,  
Your worthy paine shall well reward with guerdon rich.

[29]

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

[30]

But *Trompart*, that his maisters humor knew,  
In lofty lookes to hide an humble mind,  
Was inly tickled with that golden vew,  
And in his eare him grounded close behind:  
Yet stoupt he not, but lay still in the wind,  
Waiting aduauntage on the pray to sease;  
Till *Trompart* lowly to the ground inclind,  
Besought him his great courage to appease,  
And pardon simple man, that rash did him displease.

[31]

Bigge looking like a doughtie Doucepere,  
At last he thus; Thou clod of vilest clay,  
I pardon yield, and with thy rudenesse beare;  
But weete henceforth, that all that golden pray,  
And all that else the vaine world vaunten may,  
I loath as dounge, ne deeme my dew reward:  
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pray.  
But minds of mortall men are muchell mard,  
And mou'd amisse with massie mucks vnmeet regard.



[32]

And more, I graunt to thy great miserie  
Gratious respect, thy wife shall backe be sent,  
And that vile knight, who euer that he bee,  
Which hath thy Lady reft, and knighthood shent,  
By *Sanglamort* my sword, whose deadly dent  
The bloud hath of so many thousands shed,  
I sweare, ere long shall dearely it repent;  
Ne he twixt heauen and earth shall hide his hed,  
But soone he shall be found, and shortly doen be ded.

[33]

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

[34]

Thus long they three together traueiled,  
Through many a wood, and many an vncouth way,  
To seeke his wife, that was farre wandered:  
But those two sought nought, but the present pray,  
To weete the treasure, which he did bewray,  
On which their eies and harts were wholly set,  
With purpose, how they might it best betray;  
For sith the houre, that first he did them let  
The same behold, therewith their keene desires were whet.

[35]

It fortun'd as they together far'd,  
They spide, where *Paridell* came pricking fast  
Vpon the plaine, the which himselfe prepar'd  
To giust with that braue straunger knight a cast,  
As on aduenture by the way he past:  
Alone he rode without his Paragone;  
For hauing filcht her bels, her vp he cast  
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,  
He nould be clogd. So had he serued many one.

[36]

The gentle Lady, loose at randon left,  
The greene-wood long did walke, and wander wide  
At wilde aduenture, like a forlorne weft,  
Till on a day the *Satyres* her espide  
Straying alone withouten groome or guide;  
Her vp they tooke, and with them home her led,  
With them as housewife euer to abide,  
To milke their gotes, and make them cheese and bred,  
And euery one as commune good her handeled.

[37]

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

[38]

And after asked him for *Hellenore*,  
I take no keepe of her (said *Paridell*)  
She wonneth in the forrest there before.  
So forth he rode, as his aduenture fell;  
The whiles the Boaster from his loftie sell  
Faynd to alight, something amisse to mend;  
But the fresh Swayne would not his leasure dwell,  
But went his way; whom when he passed kend,  
He vp remounted light, and after faind to wend.

[39]

Perdy nay (said *Malbecco*) shall ye not:  
But let him passe as lightly, as he came:  
For litle good of him is to be got,  
And mickle perill to be put to shame.  
But let vs go to seeke my dearest Dame,  
Whom he hath left in yonder forrest wyld:  
For of her safety in great doubt I am,  
Least saluage beastes her person haue despoyld:  
Then all the world is lost, and we in vaine haue toyld.

[40]

The all agree, and forward them addrest:

Ah but (said craftie *Trompart*) weete ye well,  
That yonder in that wastefull wilderness  
Huge monsters haunt, and many dangers dwell;  
Dragons, and Minotaures, and feendes of hell,  
And many wilde woodmen, which robbe and rend  
All trauellers; therefore aduise ye well,  
Before ye enterprise that way to wend:

One may his iourney bring too soone to euill end.

[41]

*Malbecco* stopt in great astonishment,

And with pale eyes fast fixed on the rest,  
Their counsell crau'd, in daunger imminent.  
Said *Trompart*, you that are the most opprest  
With burden of great treasure, I thinke best  
Here for to stay in safetie behind;  
My Lord and I will search the wide Forrest.

That counsell pleased not *Malbeccoes* mind;  
For he was much affraid, himselfe alone to find.

[42]

Then is it best (said he) that ye doe leaue

Your treasure here in some securitie,  
Either fast closed in some hollow greaue,  
Or buried in the ground from ieopardie,  
Till we retorne againe in safetie:  
As for vs two, least doubt of vs ye haue,  
Hence farre away we will blindfolded lie,  
Ne priuie be vnto your treasures graue.

It pleased: so he did, Then they march forward braue.

[43]

Now when amid the thickest woods they were,

They heard a noyse of many bagpipes shrill,  
And shrieking Hububs them approching nere,  
Which all the Forrest did with horror fill:  
That dreadfull sound the boasters hart did thrill,  
With such amazement, that in haste he fled,  
Ne euer looked backe for good or ill,

And after him eke fearefull *Trompart* sped;  
The old man could not fly, but fell to ground halfe ded.

[44]

Yet afterwards close creeping, as he might,  
He in a bush did hide his fearefull hed,  
The iolly *Satyres* full of fresh delight,  
Came dauncing forth, and with them nimbly led  
Faire *Helenore*, with girlonds all bespred,  
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:  
She proud of that new honour, which they red,  
And of their louely fellowship full glade,  
Daunst liuely, and her face did with a Lawrell shade.

[45]

The silly man that in the thicket lay  
Saw all this goodly sport, and grieved sore,  
Yet durst he not against it doe or say,  
But did his hart with bitter thoughts engore,  
To see th'vnkindnesse of his *Hellenore*.  
All day they daunced with great lustihed,  
And with their horned feet the greene grasse wore,  
The whiles their Gotes vpon the brouzes fed.  
Till drouping *Phoebus* gan to hide his golden hed.

[46]

Tho vp they gan their merry pypes to trusse,  
And all their goodly heards did gather round,  
But euery Satyre first did giue a busse  
To *Hellenore*: so busses did abound.  
Now gan the humid vapour shed the ground  
With perly deaw, and th'Earthes gloomy shade  
Did dim the brightnesse of the welkin round,  
That euery bird and beast awarned made,  
To shrowd themselues, whiles sleepe their senses did inuade.

[47]

Which when *Melbecco* saw, out of his bush  
Vpon his hand and feete he crept full light,  
And like a Gote emongst the Gotes did rush,  
That through the helpe of his faire hornes on hight,  
And misty dampe of misconceiuing night,  
And eke through likenesse of his gotish beard,  
He did the better counterfeite aright:  
So home he marcht emongst the horned heard,  
That none of all the *Satyres* him espyde or heard.

[48]

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

[49]

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

[50]

At last with irkesome trouble she abrayd;  
And then perceiuing, that it was indeed  
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her vpbrayd,  
With loosenesse of her loue, and loathly deed,  
She was astonisht with exceeding dread,  
And would haue wakt the *Satyre* by her syde;  
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,  
To saue his life, ne let him be descryde,  
But hearken to his lore, and all his counsell hyde.

[51]

Tho gan he her perswade, to leaue that lewd  
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,  
And home returne, where all should be renewd  
With perfect peace, and bandes of fresh accord,  
And she receiu'd againe to bed and bord,  
As if no trespassse euer had bene donne:  
But she it all refused at one word,  
And by no meanes would to his will be wonne,  
But chose emongst the iolly *Satyres* still to wonne.

[52]

He wooed her, till day springs he espyde;  
But all in vaine: and then turnd to the heard,  
Who butted him with hornes on euery syde,  
And trode downe in the durt, where his hore beard  
Was fowly dight, and he of death afeard.  
Early before the heauens fairest light  
Out of the ruddy East was fully reard,  
The heardees out of their foldes were loosed quight,  
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

[53]

So soone as he the Prison dore did pas,  
He ran as fast, as both his feete could beare,  
And neuer looked, who behind him was,  
Ne scarsely who before: like as a Beare  
That creeping close, amongst the hiues to reare  
An hony combe, the wakefull dogs espy,  
And him assayling, sore his carkasse teare,  
That hardly he with life away does fly,  
Ne stayes, till safe himselfe he see from ieopardy.

[54]

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

[55]

High ouer hilles and ouer dales he fled,  
As if the wind him on his winges had borne,  
Ne banck nor bush could stay him, when he sped  
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorne:  
Griefe, and despight, and gealosie, and scorne  
Did all the way him follow hard behind,  
And he himselfe himselfe loath'd so forlorne,  
So shamefully forlorne of womankind;  
That as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

[56]

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,  
Ne stayd his flight, nor fearefull agony,  
Till that he came vnto a rockie hill,  
Ouer the sea, suspended dreadfully,  
That liuing creature it would terrify,  
To looke adowne, or vpward to the hight:  
From thence he threw himselfe dispiteously,  
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,  
That seem'd no helpe for him was left in liuing sight.

[57]

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

[58]

Into the same he creepes, and thenceforth there  
Resolu'd to build his balefull mansion,  
In drery darkenesse, and continuall feare  
Of that rockes fall, which euer and anon  
Threates with huge ruine him to fall vpon,  
That he dare neuer sleepe, but that one eye  
Still ope he keepes for that occasion;  
Ne euer rests he in tranquillity,  
The roring billowes beat his bowre so boystrously.

[59]

Ne euer is he wont on ought to feed,  
But toades and frogs, his pasture poysonous,  
Which in his cold complexion do breed  
A filthy bloud, or humour rancorous,  
Matter of doubt and dread suspitious,  
That doth with curelesse care consume the hart,  
Corrupts the stomacke with gall vitious,  
Croscuts the liuer with internall smart,  
And doth transfixe the soule with deathes eternall dart.

[60]

Yet can he neuer dye, but dying liues,  
And doth himselfe with sorrow new sustaine,  
That death and life attonce vnto him giues.  
And painefull pleasure turnes to pleasing paine.  
There dwels he euer, miserable swaine,  
Hatefull both to him selfe, and euery wight;  
Where he through priuy griefe, and horror vaine,  
Is woxen so deform'd, that he has quight  
Forgot he was a man, and *Gealosie* is hight.

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