SOME EVIDENCES OF THE INFLUENCE OF
SPENSER ON KEATS AS SHOWN IN KEATS'S POETRY

by

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Esther Rockey
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INTRODUCTION

Romantic Influences in English Literature

Among other forces or tendencies which influence literature are the two opposing ones known as classicism and romanticism. Classicism, on the one hand, connotes perfection, completeness, proportion, exactness, clarity, and other qualities which attract the intellectual man; on the other hand, romanticism connotes incompleteness, mystery, shadowy outline, suggestiveness, multiplicity of detail rather than severity of outline, and, in fact, all of those qualities which appeal to the imagination, the fancy, or the sentimental and emotional side of man. The romanticist is attracted by the inexpressible, the spiritual, the mysterious. The classicist has a certain hardness of spirit which sometimes makes him a cold critic, a sharp-witted satirist; the one who exalts the intellect. The romanticist is warm-hearted, affectionate, appreciative, emotional, humane. The classicist bowd down to form and authority, is clear cut and precise, striving to get effect with severity of detail; the romanticist is profuse in detail and imagery, rich in suggestion, exciting by the unusual and the strange, and putting a premium upon originality and individuality.
There are other ways of using these two words; the qualifications of them given are only suggestive terms defining the method and spirit of the two forces when expressed in literature and art. The definition is inadequate, but sufficient for the present purpose. These two forces manifest themselves also in social and religious movements; in life itself.

English literature has for the most part been dominated by the romantic spirit. All medieval literature and life was romantic. The works of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton are romantic. Ben Jonson tried to influence the Elizabethan age toward classicism, but the romantic Shakespeare, coupled with the general English predilection for the romantic, was too strong a force for him to overcome. In poetry, Edmund Spencer, in the same period, exerted his strength on the side of romanticism. His later influence has also been of great importance in formulating the spirit of nineteenth century poetry.

Down to the time of Dryden and the eighteenth century, romanticism dominated English poetry, but under Dryden and Pope the classic gained the ascendancy. Emphasis was placed upon form, correctness, brilliancy, and authority. Man as a human being with a heart and individual emotions was lost sight of in the interest of brilliancy of wit, of intellect, of the conventional and of the formal.
The Romantic Revival

And then toward the end of the eighteenth century came the reaction. Romanticism, which had dwindled to a mere trickle, now began to emerge once more as the dominating force. There can be no arbitrary date set for the transition; indeed, evidences of it appear as far back as 1726, with the publication of John Dyer's "Grongar Hill," or 1730, when James Thomson's "The Seasons" appeared. Other evidences of the growing strength of the movement follow in increasingly rapid succession: the Gothic romances; Grey's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard"; Goldsmith's "The Deserted Village"; Burns's poems of the common man; Blake's mysticism. This re-emergence is known as the revival of romanticism in English letters.

The change was not simply literary; it was felt in every phase of life. Religiously, there was the revival of emotional to replace formal religion; socially, a rise in the value placed upon the individual—in fact, the rise of democracy. Transcendental philosophy recognized the spiritual nature of man. Literature returned to the interests already given under the definition of romanticism. It became concerned with nature and with the individual hearts and emotional experiences of men. Emotion and sentiment re-
placed intellect as dominating forces.

There were a number of well-defined influences which affected the literature of the period. For inspiration and guidance writers turned to the English medieval period, to the Elizabethan age, to nature, to folk literature. Poets returned to folk literature, to Milton, and to Spenser. The artificiality of the pseudo-classic school was combated by a return to English literary tradition for models of language and material, necessarily accompanied by a return to a more natural emotional spirit.

The great poets of the revival were Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Of this group, the poet most influenced by Spenser, and most influential in bringing back the Spenser influence into English poetry was John Keats.

**SPENSER AND KEATS**

This particular paper has to do with the influence of the Elizabethan poet Spenser upon the nineteenth century poet Keats. It is not the purpose to show the romantic elements in both. Such a subject would be too broad, for both were romantic poets and partook of the general romantic spirit and style. The purpose is rather to confine the discussion to some indications of more direct influence of the writings of Spenser upon the spirit, subject interest, and
style of the poet Keats; similarities which indicate direct influence rather than such as may be accredited to the general influence of the romantic impulse of the times. This, in part, will be shown by Keats's own expressions of interest in Spenser and acknowledgment of his debt, and by comparisons and passages from selected groups of poems. More particularly, the paper aims to collect examples of similarity of phrasing and vocabulary which indicate, somewhat, the debt of Keats to Spenser. In this respect, it aims to offer direct evidence to substantiate the general statement often made, without adequate proof, that Spenser had influence on Keats. Usually only fragmentary evidence has been offered for the statement. The study started with questioning the accuracy of the observation, and has ended with gathering evidence upon which such a statement can be justified.

For the purpose, complete editions of the poetry of both Keats and Spenser have been used, but in the case of the latter, attention has been concentrated on only a part of the poems. The First Book of "The Faerie Queene" was chosen because of Keats's evident interest in it, not only attested to by his friend, Charles Cowden Clarke, but also shown by the volume which he seems to have marked and given to his brother George. The full text of his selections is included in the appendix. Whenever a quotation from "The Faerie Queene" is used in the body of this paper, any lines which he marked
are given with his underlinings or annotations. "The Shop- 
heardes Calender" is included because, as an early work of 
Spenser, it is in rather an analogous position to the part 
of Keats's work supposed to be most influenced. The "Epith-
alamion," the "Prothalamion," and "Colin Clouts Come Home 
Again" are studied not only because of their place in En-
GLISH literature, but also because of their personal tone 
and content. The "Amoretti," although of less value in a 
literary sense, and rather a conventional sonnet cycle, is 
also a personal chronicle of the poet's courtship, and as 
such, might have a bearing either on parts of Endymion, or 
on Keats's sonnets.

Lamb called Spenser "the poet's poet" and the title has 
stayed with him since. Spenser was never popular with the 
general public as was Chaucer or Shakespeare, but there have 
avways been select groups who have appreciated and enjoyed 
his work. The fullness and richness of his poetry are appre-
ciated more by each generation studying it; critics contin-
ually find new qualities in it to admire. The compiler of 
the Spenser Concordance says of him:

To a classicist he is classic; to the romanticist, ro-
mantic. To Milton he is 'sage and serious,' a higher teach-
er than Scotus or Aquinas, one in whose rapturous song more 
is meant than meets the ear; to a man of the senses his 
imagination teams with loveliness and riots in a boundless 
paradise of beautiful things. To the mystic he is a seer, 
to the moralist an expositor of ethics. For the historian 
he embodies and illustrates in essence the noblest traits of
the two great cultures from which his work drew its sustenance. He is lyric or epic, satiric or philosophical, naive or sophisticated. To all men of finer perceptions and sensibilities he is all things. He is the poet's poet.

From his contemporary, Marlowe, to the present day, virtually all great poets of whatever manner or school bear witness, conscious or unconscious, to his power. Works consciously imitated from Spenser - 'The Purple Island,' 'The Castle of Indolence,' 'Childe Harold' - though numerous enough, represent but a more superficial and insignificant phase of it. In subtler and more essential ways Spenser's power exerts itself in Marlowe, Shakespeare, the Fletchers, Jonson, Coleridge, Scott, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and a host of minor writers. Here it is seen in the metrical form, there in the fable or matter, now in the style, now in the single phrase or word; it appears even in the transformed aspect of things which Spenser has helped his successors to perceive. Indeed, much of the traditional language and idiom of our poetry has been made poetical by Spenser, and begins with him.

Such is the poet whose influence upon Keats we are to consider.

Keats's Attraction to Spenser

Apparently Keats's poetic awakening came about in the first place through reading "The Faerie Queene." Of course, there is no doubt but that he would have turned to poetry eventually, had he never heard of Spenser, but the time might have been delayed and he might have found a less felicitous inspiration. The story of his introduction to Spenser is rather well known, but will bear repetition.

Osgood, Charles Grosvenor, A Concordance to the Poems of Edmund Spenser, p. vi.
Keate's parents were members of the lower middle class. His father, Thomas Keate, went to London from Devon or Cornwall. In the city he found employment at a livery-stable owned by John Jennings, and before he was twenty became the head hostler. He married his employer's daughter, Frances Jennings, and they moved into the apartments above the stables at the sign of the Swan-and-Hoop. They had five children: John was born on October 29 or 31, 1795; George was born in 1797, Tom in 1799, Edward (who died in infancy) in 1801, and Frances Mary in 1803.

Although Thomas Keate was not of high social standing, he had great ambitions for his children. He must have been a man of intelligence and ability or he would not have advanced as quickly as he did to the responsible position in Mr. Jennings's business. He later showed his good judgment by sending his boys to school. He had hoped to send them to Harrow, but when the time came, the school kept by the Reverend John Clarke at Enfield seemed more suited to their means. The choice proved happy for John, for it was there that he came under the influence of the schoolmaster's son, Charles Cowden Clarke, who first introduced to him the beauties of Spenser, as well as those of Chapman's "Homer."

According to Clarke, Keate lived the ordinary life of a school boy, showing no particular aptitude for studying.
poetry, or for any other intellectual pursuit. Although his father died in 1804, his school days continued until 1810. It was only in the last two years that he really became interested in his studies. During the later part of his time at Enfield, he became so absorbed in his work that Clarke says he was seldom seen without a book, and could hardly be induced to leave his work even during vacations, to play with the other boys. He was especially interested in travel, in history, and in mythology. He voluntarily made a prose translation of the Aeneid.

In February, 1810, Keats's mother died. It was a great shock to him, for he was extraordinarily devoted to her. Later in the year, his grandmother, wishing to insure the future of the children in case of her death, or feeling unequal to assuming the responsibility for them, made Rowland Sandell, a merchant, and Richard Abbey, a wholesale tea dealer, their guardians, and put most of the money left by her husband in trust for them. The guardians were made immediately responsible for the children, and Mr. Abbey, as the active trustee, began to make plans for John's future. At the end of the school year, he was apprenticed to a surgeon, Mr. Hammond, for five years.

Although Keats was removed from Enfield, he was at Edmonton, which, being only two miles away, was near enough
for him to walk the distance once or twice a week to visit Clarke. It was during one of these visits that Clarke read Spenser’s "Epithalamion" aloud to the boy. Describing this introduction to Spenser, Clarke says:

It were difficult, at this lapse of time, to note the spark that fired the train of his poetical tendencies; but he must have given unmistakable tokens of his mental bent; otherwise, at that early stage of his career, I never could have read to him the "Epithalamion" of Spenser; and this I remember having done . . . . At that time he may have been sixteen years old; and at that period of life he certainly appreciated the general beauty of the composition, and felt the more passionate passages; for his features and exclamations were ecstatic. How often, in aftertimes, have I heard him quote these lines:

Behold, while she before the altar stands,  
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,  
And blesses her with his two happy hands,  
How the red roses flush up to her cheeks!  
And the pure snow, with goodly vermel stain,  
Like crimson dyed in grain,  
That even the angels, which continually  
About the sacred altar do remain,  
Forget their service, and about her fly,  
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,  
The more they on it stare;  
But her sad eyes, still fasten’d on the ground,  
Are governed with goodly modesty,  
That suffers not one look to glance away,  
Which may let in a little thought unsound.

That night he took away with him the first volume of the "Faerie Queene," and he went through it, as I formerly told his noble biographer, [as a young horse would through a spring meadow - ramping.] Like a true poet, too - a poet 'born, not manufactured,' a poet in grain, he especially singled out epithets, for that felicity and power in which Spenser is so eminent. He hoisted himself up, and looking burly and dominant, as he said, "what an image that is - [a-shouldering whales.]

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1Clarke, Mary and Charles Cowden, Recollections of Writers, John Keats, pp. 125-6.
It is generally conceded that Keats's first poetic attempt was written as a result of this introduction to Spenser. In his biography of Keats, Sidney Colvin says:

Spenser has been often proved not only a great awakener of the love of poetry in youth, but a great fertilizer of the germs of original poetical power when they exist; and Charles Brown, the most intimate friend of Keats during two later years of his life, states positively that it was to the inspiration of the "Faerie Queen" that his first notion of attempting to write was due. Though born to be a poet, he was ignorant of his birthright until he had completed his eighteenth year. It was the "Faerie Queen" that awakened his genius. In Spenser's fairy-land he was enchanted, breathed in a new world, and became another being; till, enamoured of the stanza, he attempted to imitate it, and succeeded. This account of the sudden development of his poetical powers I first received from his brother, and afterwards from himself. This, his earliest attempt, the "Imitation of Spenser," is in his first volume of poems, and it is peculiarly interesting to those acquainted with his history. Cowden Clarke places the attempt two years earlier, but his memory for dates was, as he owns, the vaguest, and we may fairly assume him to have been mistaken.

Although Keats did not show the lines to Clarke, whose first knowledge of his literary attempts came when in 1815 Keats showed him his sonnet "Written on the Day That Mr. Leigh Hunt Left Prison," Clarke judges that Brown was right about the "Imitation of Spenser" being his earliest poem, "from their subject being the inspiration of his first love, in poetry — and such a love!"² In this connection Amy Lowell says:

That, in any individual case, starts a poet writing? That would be an interesting inquiry, if there were means to

²Clarke, *op. cit.*, p. 127.
answer it in a sufficient number of cases to make the ques-
tion worth while. Granted the faculty to be lying in wait, 
what, in the majority of poets, is the one touch needed to 
set it going in words? Clearly in Keats's case, the answer 
is - the reading of Spenser. The result was the lines, "Im-
itation of Spenser." Brown told Lord Houghton that the 
poem was the earliest one Keats was known to have written. 
Brown probably got this from Keats himself. Keats may, of 
course, have tried his hand at something before, but the 
fact that he included the Imitation in his first volume, and 
left out so many poems that succeeded it, proves that he had 
conceived a special affection for it and that this affection 
was shared by his brothers, also. A first poem is simply a 
wonder, a miracle, to a young poet, and the young poet's 
friends and family. Apart, therefore, from Brown's state-
ment, we can believe that it was his first attempt by the 
evidence of its preservation, for its fate was greater than 
it deserved. It is, in truth, a pretty feeble thing; a 
fragment of poetical copy, marvelous to Keats and his broth-
ers because neither he nor they knew that he had it in him 
to do even that - but with little other interest. Of course 
he viewed it with partial eyes, but not so partial as to 
show it to the eight-years-older Clarke.

It must have been soon after this that Keats left Ed-
monton for London. Although he had over a year of appren-
ticeship to complete, he for some reason obtained his re-
lease and went to the city in the summer or fall of 1814. 
There he entered the hospitals of St. Thomas's and Guy's to 
continue his studies. For a time he roomed with some fel-
low students, but in the summer of 1816 his brothers joined 
him in London and they all took lodgings together in the 
Poultry. Although Keats's chief interest had by this time 
come to be poetry, he completed his medical training and 
passed his examination as licentiate on July 30, 1816. His

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conscience would not permit him to go on with the work. Clarke says that he openly admitted "his inability to sympathize with the science of anatomy, as a main pursuit in life; for one of the expressions that he used, in describing his unfitness for its mastery, was perfectly characteristic. He said, in illustration of his argument, 'The other day for instance, during the lecture, there came a sunbeam into the room, and with it a whole troop of creatures floating in the ray; and I was off with them to Oberon and fairyland.' And yet, with all his self-styled unfitness for the pursuit, I was afterwards informed that at his subsequent examination he displayed an amount of acquirement which surprised his fellow students, who had scarcely any other association with him than that of a cheerful crotchety rhymester.¹ As soon as he came of age he gave up his position as dresser at Guy's Hospital, much to Mr. Abbey's displeasure, and turned to literature definitely for his life work.

The few facts which make up the rest of his short life are rather well known and need not be dwelt on at any length. The portion so far given has been presented to show that there was little in his background or schooling to lead him to poetry except the contact with Spenser through Clarke. The account of the remainder of his life will be brief, with

¹Clarke, op. cit., pp. 131-2.
the attention given to the publication of his poems rather than to the influences of his many friends, who, although they played an important part in his life, have little to do with the subject of this paper.

Leigh Hunt, to whom the young poet was introduced by Clarke, is an exception. The ideas which Keats absorbed from Hunt in regard to poetry were for the most part regrettable, as Keats realized even before the composition of "Endymion." Hunt was, however, an ardent admirer of Spenser, and his reaffirmation of Keats's love for the Elizabethan cannot be regretted.

In the same year that Keats definitely adopted poetry for his life work, his first volume appeared. This volume received little attention from the reviewers, partly because they were busy with other publications of greater importance, and partly because they disapproved of his friend, the liberal Leigh Hunt. His next poem to be published, "Endymion," he worked on from April through November, 1817. During this time Keats's headquarters were with his brothers in London, but he spent much time outside of the city.

In June, 1818, the brothers were separated when George married Georgiana Wylie and left for America. Keats saw them off and then went on a walking tour through Scotland with his friend Brown. Had he realized the precarious state
of his health he probably would never have attempted such a trip. He had to cut his journey short and returned to London ill. He found his brother Tom dying of consumption, and nursed him through his illness in spite of the poor condition he was in himself. After Tom's death in December, Keats went to live with Brown. It was during Tom's illness that Keats had first met Fannie Brawne; when he moved to Brown's home he lived next door to Fannie, with whom he fell deeply in love. It was also at this time that the reviewers wrote their scathing articles on "Endymion."

The year 1819 was a busy one for Keats. He wrote practically all that appeared in the "Lamia" volume, the finest poems published during his life. He was not too depressed by his adverse reviews, or too demoralized by his love affair, as some critics would have one believe, to produce such poems as "The Eve of St. Agnes," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Ode to a Nightingale," or "Ode to Autumn." He also wrote the two fragments of "Hyperion," "Otho the Great," and toward the end of the year, "The Gap and Bells," although not all of these appeared in the 1820 volume.

It was in February, 1820, that Keats had the hemorrhage which he said signed his death warrant. From that time on, his only work was that of seeing the third volume of poems through the press. He grew steadily weaker, and finally, in
a last attempt to regain his health, he sailed for Italy in September, accompanied by the artist, Severn. He died on February 23, 1821, having lived only twenty-five years and four months.

Poems in the Spenserian Stanza

The most obvious influence of Spenser on Keats is Keats's adoption of the Spenserian stanza for a few of his poems. Although the five poems in this group are not related to each other in spirit, material, or chronology, to any marked degree, still they may be discussed together because of their form and the contrasting uses of the stanza which they exhibit. The earliest one, "Imitation of Spenser," has already been mentioned. The second, according to Lord Houghton's tentative date of composition (late in 1818), is the Spenserian stanza written at the end of Book V, Canto 11, of Keats's copy of "The Faerie Queene." The third is that fine poem which appeared in Keats's second volume, "The Eve of St. Agnes," which was written in January, 1819. The fourth is the "Spenserian Stanzas on Charles Armitage Brown," written in April, 1819, and finally there is that disappointing attempt at satire, "The Cap and Bells," on which, according to Lord Houghton, he was working in 1820.

Keats's first attempt at poetry, "Imitation of Spenser," may not have been a masterpiece, but as a first attempt it
certainly shows more than ordinary ability. Amy Lowell calls it a "pretty feeble thing; a fragment of poetical copy," and adds "To us, who are not partial, it contains one
good passage, that in which Keats describes the island:

'It seem'd an emerald in the silver sheen
Of the bright waters.'

Saintsbury is more generous when he says that the stanzas
"are no great things, but they are, with whatever inequalities and infelicities of phrase, much nearer to Spenser's rhythm than even Shelley's finest, and no bad draft for the 'Eve of St. Agnes' later." R. Buxton Forman says that this poem shows little that is directly Spenserian but that it is rather more like an imitation of Thomson's Spenserian stanzas.

The first lines of the poem might have been written by
Spenser, himself - compare in spirit and vocabulary:

Now Morning from her orient chamber came
And her first footsteps touch'd a verdant hill;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silv'ring the untainted gushes of its rill;
Imitation of Spenser, 1-4

At last, the golden Orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open hayre;
And Phoebus, free as bydcreene to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shakin his deawe hayre.
And burl his glistring beams through gloomy hayre.
F. Q., I, v, 2, l-5

Somrlely had Phoebus in the glooming East
Jeff harnessd his fyrie-footed teene,
He reard above the earth his flaming crenest,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steame.
F. Q., I, xii, 2, l-4

Besides the joy in the freshness of the hour which is felt
in all of these selections, there are certain definite simil-
larities. First, there is the personification of Morning in
the first two quotations; in these, two hills are mentioned.
In the next selection from "The Faerie Queene" the use of
'Orientall gate' suggests Keats's 'orient chamber.' In the
last selection 'flaming crenest' is quite similar to Keats's
'creest with amber flame.' Whether these have been imitated
consciously is not to the point; the passages were marked
by Keats as indicated, and even if these particular imita-
tions were unconsciously made, they show predilections for
the same types of expressions and descriptive phrases. The
same will hold true for practically all comparisons in this
paper, of course, and will not need to be pointed out again.

Silver is a favorite descriptive word with both poets.
Keats speaks of Morning's flame 'Silv'ring the untainted
gushes' of a rill, and again of the 'silver sheen of the
bright waters." Spenser describes a well 'from which fast
trickled a silver flood.' 

Keats's swan with the 'neck of arched snow' is reminisc-
cent of the two swans of the "Prothalamion," than which
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strew
Did never whiter show
Proth., 40-1

In the last stanza of Keats's attempt, the word most
suggestive of Spenser is the obsolete 'teen.' Spenser was
very fond of using Old or Middle English expressions, which
he seemed to consider more mellow and poetic than Elizabeth-
an English. Keats followed Spenser in this to some extent,
but was never as unrestrained in their use. Keats is gen-
erally supposed to have coined a number of words, but ac-
cording to W. J. Arnold, who has made a careful study of his
vocabulary, nine-tenths of the supposed coinages of words
were revivals from earlier poets. 'Teen' is an example of
this. Spenser uses the word twice in the First Book of "The
Faerie Queen":

arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teen,
Would faine have fled, no durst approchen neare;
F. Q., I, ix, 34, 6-8

Backs to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeres in warlike wise,
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene:
F. Q., I, xii, 18, 7-9

1 The Faerie Queene, I, xi, 29, 4.
2 Hancock, Albert Elmer, John Keats, footnote, p. 74.
The use of the ending 'es' in 'scales,' line 12, to complete a metric foot is Spenserian:

In wine and oil they wash his wounds wide

F. Q., I, v, 17, 4

There is one more characteristic in the poem common to both poets: the use of 'did' as an auxiliary verb to form past tenses. In the "Imitation of Spenser" the till 'did down distill,' 'many streams a little lake did fill,' and the swan's feet beneath the waves 'did show.' In "The Shepheardes Calender" we find that Colin Clout 'broke his oaten pipe, and downe dyd lyu.' In "The Faerie Queene" the Red Cross Knight is annoyed by 'loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke.' The examples of this usage in Spenser are almost innumerable.

There is not a great deal to be said of the stanza which was written at the close of Book V, Canto 11, of "The Faerie Queene" except that it is interesting as one of Keats's few poetic expressions of his democratic ideals. It is so obviously inspired by "The Faerie Queene" that no comment is needed on that point. Besides the characters mentioned, there are three words which would indicate Spenser, even were the source not otherwise known. 'Mickle' and 'yclep'd' are used in the first two lines:

In after-time, a sage of mickle lore
Yclep'd Typographus, the Giant took,
And did refit his limbs as heretofore
In After-time, 1-3
And though one fall through heedless haste,  
Yet is his misse not mickle.  
S. G. Julys, 13-6

Therefore he Anamnestes sleped is  
F. Q., II, ix, 58, 8

"For in the last line is the third word:

The one he struck stone-blind, the other's eyes wax dim.

In After-time, 9

So saynt they woxe, and feele in the folde,  
That now unmeteth their feele feet could then uphold.  
S. G. Januarye, 5-6

He woxe diemaid, and gan his fate to feare:  
F. Q., I, xi, 52, 8

Next there is that masterpiece of the Spenserian stanza, "The Eve of St. Agnes." This is the only highly successful poem of the five. Because of this one poem, however, many critics have said that of all the poets who have attempted to use the Spenserian stanza, Keats was the most successful. Professor Corson says:

Probably no English poet who has used the Spenserian stanza first assimilated the spirit of Spencer, before using the stanza, as did Keats; and to this fact may be partly attributed his effective use of it as an organ for his imagination in its lingering, loving, particularizing mood.

Professor de Selincourt expresses well the opinion of a number of critics when he says:

The stanza is not merely formally Spenserian, it is employed with a truly Spenserian effect; and the subtle modu--

1 Corson, Miran, Primer of English Verse, p. 124.
lation of the melody, and in particular the lingering sweetness of the Alexandrine, are nowhere else so effective outside the "Faerie Queen." With the form Keats has at last perhaps caught something of that spirit of chivalry inherent in Spenser which from the first he had desired to emulate. In his conception of Madeline, whose deeply felt sensuous beauty is expressive of a beauty of soul which breathes its pure influence over all that meet it and whilst it fires the blood sanctifies the heart, Keats had realized the frame of mind which conceived of Una or Pastorella, and which inspired the "Epithalamium," and is free at last from the mawkish sentimentality and misdirected sensuousness of his early love-poetry.

This is the only poem of any length and serious artistic endeavor that Keats ever tried in the Spenserian stanza. It was a good medium for him, since it gave him a stanza which lent itself to his minute descriptions, and which still prevented him from wandering about indefinitely, led on by his descriptive passages, as in the case of "Enchantment." In the form of the stanza, he allowed himself a little more freedom than did Spenser, but it does not detract from the spirit or change the style greatly. For example, in comparing the first ten stanzas of "The Eve of St. Agnes" with the first ten stanzas of Book I, Canto I, of "The Faerie Queen," we find that Keats used fifteen run-on lines while Spenser used only six, and that in Keats there are only twenty-eight lines without internal punctuation while in Spenser there are fifty-five such lines. Keats in less inclined to make his caesuras regularly medial, also.

\(^{1}\)de Selincourt, E., editor of The Poems of John Keats, p. lvi.
The poem begins and ends with the Beadsman, who, according to Amy Lowell, with Angela, forms the contrasting motif for the two lovers—just as the night and cold contrast with the warmth and gaiety inside the castle, and as the worldly merry-making in the banquet-hall contrasts with the purity and peace of Madeline’s room. The idea and description of the Beadsman seems to have come from Book I of ‘The Faerie Queene.' Instead of a beadsman there are ‘seven Bead-men.' 1 The description of the old monk in Keats’s poem is taken from other parts of ‘The Faerie Queene,' however, especially from descriptions of Archimago and Coroceed. The similarities are very intangible. The spirit differs, because in ‘The Faerie Queene' the descriptions are of an insincere wizard and a blindly superstitious old woman.

There are not many phrases that parallel each other closely, nor are the descriptions used for the same effect. Nevertheless, one cannot read Keats without being reminded of Spenser, and vice versa.

Another interesting comparison is possible in these lines—the use of the same words or phrases in the last lines of one stanza, and the first lines of the next, to tie the two together. This device is used several times in the poem but nowhere does it show up more clearly than in the

1‘The Faerie Queene,' I, ix, 35, 3.
first and second stanzas:

Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.
His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man
Eve of St. Agnes, I, 9; II, 1.

Other examples of this are:

"Now tell me where is Madeline", said he,
"0 tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
"Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
"When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve--
"Yet men will murder upon holy days:
Eve of St. Agnes, XIII, 6-9; XIV, 1-3

"God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
"This very night: good angels her deceive!
"But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look.
Eve of St. Agnes, XIV, 7-9; XV, 1-3

meantime the frost wind-blowes
Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet.
Eve of St. Agnes, XXXVI, 7-9; XXXVII, 1

There is precedent for this linking, in Spenser's stanzas;
only a few of the numerous examples need be given:

And by her, in a line, a milkeswhite lambe she lad.

Go pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every virtuous lore;
F. Q., I, 1, 4, 9; 5, 1-3

Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare her found.
Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all unwasting of that well she knew;
F. Q., I, 11, 44, 9; 45, 1-2

Again she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his saufety gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day;

The joyous day gan early to appeare;
F. Q., I, xi, 50, 7-9; 51, 1

"The Eve of St. Agnes" has no passages of any length parallel to Spenser except the one of the Beadsman. There are, however, a few descriptions which are very similar to some of Spenser's. For example, these descriptions of 'imageries' carved in stone seen related:

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Eve of St. Agnes, LXIV, 1-2

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning imagerie.
F. Q., I, vii, 36, 1-2

This description of Madeline;

She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd and fled.
Eve of St. Agnes, XXII, 9

is much like one of Spenser's lines:

And made to fly, like doves whom the eagle doth affray.
F. Q., V, xii, 5, 9

Again, both poets like spiced dainties imported from far lands:

and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.
Eve of St. Agnes, XXX, 8-9
And dainty spices fetch from furthest Yni.
F. Q., I, v, 4, 6

Both think of love as causing eternal woe:

"O leave me not in this eternal woe,
"For if thou diest, my love, I know not where
to go."

Eve of St. Agnes, XXXV, 3-9

For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternal woes my weaker hart
Have wasted.

F. Q., I, iv, 46, 5-8

For the last images in the poem, Keats is indebted to
Spenser. The description of the Beadsman has already been
discussed. The line on Angela, who died 'palsy-twitched,
with meagre face deform', closely echoes Spenser's line,

With heare glib deform'd, and meiger face
F. Q., IV, viii, 12, 8

For the most part, Spenser's influence in this poem is
made evident by the use of particular words, many of which
although he had undoubtedly found in other authors, Keats
had probably first encountered in Spenser. The first one in
"The Eve of St. Agnes" is 'aright':

And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
Eve of St. Agnes, VI, 3-5

The word is common in Spenser, and a few examples must rep-
resent the many:

How I him lov'd, and love with all my might
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought
aright.
F. Q., I, vii, 40, 5-9
'Full hard it is', (quoth he) 'To read aright
The course of heavenly cause,'
F. Q., I, ix, 6, 6-7

To whom the careful charge of him she gave,
To lead aright, that he should never fail
In all his ways through this wide worldes wave;
F. Q., I, x, 34, 6-7

The second word is one which has already been dis-
cussed in connection with the stanza written in Keats's copy
of "The Faerie Queene," 'mickle,' and needs no further at-
tention given to it other than that Angela begged Porphyro
to 'let me laugh awhile, I've nickle time to grieve.'

Keats's orthography often follows that of Spenser, as
in 'lilly,' "ballance," and other words which will be men-
tioned later. In "The Eve of St. Agnes" he uses Spenser's
'woful':

Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, be tide her weal or woe
Eve of St. Agnes, XVIII, 6-9

In Spenser we find

She, while she was, (that was, a woeful word to
sayne!)
For beauties praise and pleasure had no pere:
S. C. November, 93-4

Forsaken, wofull, solitary mayd.
F. Q., I, iii, 3, 2

The Eve of St. Agnes, XIV, 9.
The use of 'espial' closely approaches Spenser's use:

The dame return'd, and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial.

Eve of St. Agnes, XLI, 3-5

Examples from "The Faerie Queen" follow:

For oftentimes faint hearts, at first espial
Of his grim face, were from approaching scared:
F. Q., IV, x, 17, 6-7

And which will I prove, as shall appear by triall,
To be this maides with whom I fastned hand,
Known by good markes and perfect good espial
F. Q., V, iv, 15, 7-8

'Dame' is another favorite word with Spenser which is found also in Keats. It appears forty times in Book I of "The Faerie Queen." Keats uses it three times in "The Eve of St. Agnes," twice in "Endymion," once in "Isabella," and many times in "Otho the Great" and "La Belle Dame Sans Mercie." Since it is such a common word, no space need be given for examples of its usage.

The description of Madeline safe in her bed,

Clasp'd like a missal where smart Paynims pray
Eve of St. Agnes, XXVII, 7

surely owes something to the Paynims of "The Faerie Queen" spoken of over and over again as proud or bold Paynims, ene-
mics of Gloriana and her knights.

The word 'tinct' found in what is said by some critics to be Keats's most poetic line,

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon
Eve of St. Agnes, XLI, 6
may well have come from

The blow in black, the greane in gray, is tinct
S. C. November, 108

'Vermicil' or 'vermili,' a favorite with both poets, is
used once in "The Eve of St. Agnes":

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
"Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
"Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermil dy'd!"
Eve of St. Agnes, XXXVIII, 1-3

In the "Epithalamion" the words 'vermiceil' and 'dyed' are
linked again:

How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow with goodly vermiceil staynes,
Like crimson dyde in grayne:
Epith., 226-8

In the "Prothalamion" nymphs fill their baskets

With store of vermiceil roses,
To decke their bridgromes posies.
Proth., 33-4

It has generally been said that Spenser's influence on
Keats was most active in his earliest period of composition.
"The Eve of St. Agnes" was written in January, 1819, during
his best period - after most of his immaturities of style
and emotion had been overcome, and before his illness inter-
fereed with his ability. It was written during the period
when he was, according to critics, more influenced by
Shakespeare and Milton. However, the evidence presented
above must show that even in his best work Keats had not
forgotten his Spenser.
The fourth poem in the Spenserian stanza is that on Charles Armitage Brown, written about April, 1819. It is an inconsequential piece, written in fun, because Brown was writing one on Keats and Fannie Brawne. It has a number of words of Middle English flavor - 'carle,' 'parle,' 'edeigned,' and others, but the only two from Spenser are 'west' and 'ne.' These are so common to many writers and used so lightly that they may be passed by without more discussion.

The last poem in this stanza form is "The Cap and Bells." This was, perhaps, the only poem written by Keats with an eye to pleasing the public. He was influenced to undertake it partly by his friend Brown, and partly by the success of Byron's "Don Juan." Keats needed money, and the idea seemed to have possibilities. Amy Lowell says:

Keats took the Spenserian stanza precisely because of its unsuitability for comic verse . . . But his stanza was not the only thing Keats got from Spenser; he filched his fairy king directly from the Tenth Book of the Second Canto of the "Faerie Queene," where Spenser gives a genealogy of the fairy sovereigns, one of whom is the 'noble Elfinan.' From Spenser, too, Keats received the idea of putting his fairy realm in India, and calling its capital city Panthea. But Keats's Panthea hovers in the air, which Spenser's does not; for this attribute of the fairy Emperor's capital Keats went to Drayton.1

Much of the language of the poem is colloquial. About the only Spenserian expressions are in the lines

1Lowell, Amy, op. cit., II, p. 369. The reference is evidently to Book II, Canto X, instead of Book X, Canto II.
...and her palaquin
Rested amid the desert’s dreariment.
Cap and Bells, XLIV, 6-7

All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreariment.
F. Q., I, xi, 32, 7-8

and

The Emperor, empiere’d with the sharp sting
Of love, retired, vex’d and murmuring
Cap and Bells, XV, 4-5

The thought whereof expierst his hart so deepe,
That of no worldly thing he tooke delight;
F. Q., IV, xii, 19, 6-7

The rest of the poem has nothing of Spenser in it; the
spirit, the content, and the treatment are entirely foreign
to him, and it is not intended to be compared to his work in
any way except the mechanical form.

Turning now from the poems written in Spenserian stanza
form for the rest of the discussion, it seems to be advis-
able to take up the poems in order as they were published;
that is, the volume which appeared in 1817, "Endymion," the
"Lamia" volume, "Hyperion, a Vision" (the attempted recon-
struction of the poem), and finally the posthumous and fugi-
tive poems. It will be shown that Spenser’s influence was
strongest during the time when the first two volumes were
being written, somewhat weaker in the "Lamia" volume, and
only occasionally evident in the late works. Accordingly,
more space will be devoted to the early works of Keats than
to the later. Of poems in which there is no perceptible influence nothing will be said.

Influences in the Volume of 1817

The first volume of poems, published in 1817, had on its title page a quotation from Spenser's "Fate of the Butterfly":

What more felicity can fall to creature Than to enjoy delight with liberty. 
Mulopotos, 209-210

The first poem in the volume is the promising lyric "I Stood Tip-Toe upon a Little Hill." It is characteristically full of descriptions — too full to be entirely successful, but parts of it are effective. This bit is good:

There too should be

The frequent chequer of a youngling tree,
I Stood Tip-Toe, 37-8

Part of its charm it owes to Spenser, from whom Keats got the word youngling:

She stoppeth the breath of her youngling S. C. Maye, 100

She set her youngling before her knee S. C. Maye, 182

The use of 'silver' in the fine lines on the moon (113-5) is suggestive of Spenser, but the idea is common and therefore cannot be credited to him alone.

The use of 'crystal' and 'bubble' in the following pas-
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
I Stood Tip-Toe, 118

While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles:
I Stood Tip-Toe, 137

Compare:

Thereby a christall streame did gently play
F. Q., I, 1, 34, 8

Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood
F. Q., I, xii, 7, 9

Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly wall
F. Q., I, vii, 4, 6

In this poem there is again the use of 'did' to form past tenses, which was noticed in the "Imitation of Spen- ser":

So did he feel, who pull'd the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide.
I Stood Tip-Toe, 151-3

Poor nymph,—poor Pan,—how he did weep to find
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind.
I Stood Tip-Toe, 163-160

Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
I Stood Tip-Toe, 236

The spirit of the poem is Spenserian in its luxuriance and excess of details of nature. The lines on the fauns and nymphs, 151-162, for example, are in much the same tone as the stanzas in "The Faerie Queene," I, vi, 13-6, although no exact similarities can be pointed out.
The "Specimen of an Induction to a Poem" is interesting as an attempt to write a tale of chivalry such as Keats admired in Spenser, but he became so interested in his descriptions that he never got to any action. Several times he made new starts, but each only resulted in more description. He is making a conscious effort to catch Spenser's spirit, but he never really succeeds. His reference in the sixth line to the magician of "The Faerie Queene," Archimago, first definitely shows of what he is thinking. Later he follows Spenser's orthography and writes 'ballancing,' line 30. Spenser usually added a 'u,' and always used two 'l's':

Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall bal Lance
walde.

F. Q., I, iv, 27, 8-9

'Thou, wretched man, of death host greatest need,
'If in true bal lance thou wilt weigh thy state;

F. Q., I, ix, 45, 1-2

The word 'banneral' Keats gets from Spenser:

Beneath the shade of stately banneral
Induction, 38

He gan to him object his haynous crime
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And lastly to despoyle of knightly banneral

F. Q., VI, vii, 28, 7-9

The 'light-footed damseels' of line 41 suggest the
'lightfoot myds' in line 67 of the "Epithalamion."
The poem finally concludes with an appeal to Spenser for assistance, saying that if his appeal seems too presumptuous, Hunt (Libertas) would speak for him:

Spenser! thy brows are arched, open, kind; And come like a clear sun-rise to my mind; And always does my heart with pleasure dance, When I think on thy noble countenance: Where never yet wasught more earthly seen Than the pure freshness of thy laurels green. Therefore, great bard, I not so fearfully Call on thy gentle spirit to hover nigh My daring steps: or if thy tender care, Thus startled unaware, Be jealous that the foot of other wight Should madly follow that bright path of light Trec'd by thy lov'd Libertas; he will speak, And tell thee that my prayer is very meek; That I will follow with due reverence, And start with aye at mine own strange pre- tence. Him thou wilt hear; so I will rest in hope To see wide plains, fair trees and lowny slope: The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers; Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.

Specimen of an Induction, 43-53

Calidore is close enough in spirit to the "Induction" to lead one to believe that Keats may have intended them to be together in a completed state, but the latter was never finished. He is still thinking of Spenser, in it, and has chosen for his hero the knight of the Sixth Book of "The Faerie Queen," Sir Calidore. Spenser made him the knight of courtesy, and Keats kept the idea in making young Cali-
dore the flower of chivalry and courtesy, but again, as in
the "Induction," he was unable to get into action.

The poem offers another example of Keats's preference
for Spenser's orthography in 'lillies,' line 21. The singu-
lar is never spelled with one 'l' in either poet, but is al-
ways 'lilly' or 'lillie.' In Keats the plural is always
'lillies,' but in Spenser it may be 'lillies,' 'lillyes,'
or 'lilies.'

Another word which appears several times in both poets
is 'undersong':

And soon upon the lake he skims along,
Deaf to the nightingale's first undersong;
Calidore, 60-1

He cried out, to make his undersong:
"Ah! my loves queene, and goddesse of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doest me wrong?"
C. C., 169-171

So ended she; and all the rest around
To her redoubted that her undersong,
Which said, their bridall daye should not be
long.

Epith., 109-111

The excessive emotion of Calidore —

Into how sweet a trance his soul was gone,
While whisperings of affection
Made him delay to let their tender feet
Come to the earth

Calidore, 83-8

is justified, to some extent, by precedent:

Whylest rapt with joy resembling heavenly
madnes,
By soule was revisit quite, as in a trance.

Amoretti, XXXIX, 9-10
One of the best images in the poem,

A man of elegance, and stature tall;
So that the waving of his plumes would be
High as the berries of the wild ash tree.

Calidore, 112-4

echoes Spenser's more elaborate

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A branch of heares discolour'd diversly,
With sprinkled pearls and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seem to daunce for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted hys
On top of Greene Salvinus all alone,
With blossome brave bedecked daintily;
Those tender looks so tremble every one;
At every little breath that under heaven is blowne.

F. Q., I, vii, 32

The 'trumpets silver voice,' the little islands, and the leafy bowers are also Spenserian touches.

The lines "On Receiving a Curious Shell, and a Copy of Verses" is a trivial piece with only a word or two of interest here. The word 'massy' is Spenserian:

Hast thou a goblet for dark sparkling wine?
That goblet right heavy, and massy and gold?
On Receiving a Shell, 5-6

But all of Diamon perfect pure and clean
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewn out of Adamant rocks with engines keen.
F. Q., I, vii, 33, 5-7

The line

Ah! courteous Sir knight, with large joy thou art crown'd;
On Receiving a Shell, 17

seems to be inspired, even to the rise, by Spenser:
'Ah! courteous knight,' (quoth she) 'what secret wound Could ever find to grieve the gentlest heart on ground?'

F. Q., I, ix, vii, 8-9

In this poem there is also the use of 'did' to form past tense which has already been discussed in connection with the "Imitation of Spenser."

The poem "To ............" (Hadst Thou Liv'd in Days of Old) has several bits which must have been inspired by Spenser. The lines,

With those beauties, scarce discern'd
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye
Of the little loves that fly
Round about with eager pry.

Hadst Thou Liv'd, 26-30

seem to be almost a composite of the three following selections:

even th' angels, which continually
About the sacred altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.

Epith., 229-233

The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers feathered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round our bed,

Epith., 355-9

I note perceive how, in her glancing sight,
Legions of loves with little wings did fly,
Darting their deadly arrows, fyry bright,
At every rash beholder passing by.

Amoretti, XVI, 5-8
The lines,

At least for ever, evermore,
Will I call the Graces four.
Hast Thou Liv'd, 33-40

seem but a condensation of

Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven:
She shalbe a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.
S. C. Aprill, 113-7

The description of the charms of the recipient in
lines 25-34 and 41-50 are much like lines in Book II, Canto xii, of "The Faerie Queene" which describe the maidens bathing near the bower of bliss. The similarity is not in spirit or even to any great extent in phraseology, and need only be pointed out.

The lines "To Hope" have not much to yield in this study. The third stanza bears some resemblance to the description of the cave of Despair in "The Faerie Queene," Book I, Canto ix. The spelling of 'chase' is Spenser's:

Chace him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright.
To Hope, 17

The warlike youtheas, on daytie couches layd
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye
F. Q., I, iv, 44, 3-4

Una did her marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred
From heven high to chace the cheareless darke;
F. Q., I, xi, 51, 6-8
The stanzas "Woman! When I Behold Thee" start out in true Spenserian style, even if not in Spenserian spirit, in the use of a series of adjectives:

Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain, Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies; 

Woman! When I Behold Thee, 1-2

Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art Dore, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortless. 

F. Q., I, v, 36, 5-6

Darke, dolefull, dreary like a greedy grave 

F. Q., I, ix, 33, 4

That he is still dreaming of "The Faerie Queens" is shown by his idealization of two of the knights:

to be thy defender 

I hotly burn — to be a Calidore— 
A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander— 
Might I be lov'd by thee like these of yore 
Woman! When I Behold Thee, 11-4

The third stanza also contains evidence of his interest in the earlier poet:

God! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats 
For man's protection. 

Woman! When I Behold Thee, 31-3

And by her, in a line, a milk-white lamb she led. 

F. Q., I, 1, 4, 9

The "Epistle to George Felton Matthew" would have nothing in it worth pausing for were it not for a direct quotation from Spenser:

Felton! without incitements such as these, 
How vain for me the niggard muse to tease:
For thee, she will thy every dwelling grace,
And make "a sunshine in a shady place:

Epistle to George Felton Matthew, 73-5

And on the grasses her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fairer head her fillet she unlight,
And laid her stole beside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shone bright,
And made a sunshine in a shady place:

F. Q., I, iii, 4, 3-6

The use of 'coy' in this epistle and in the next one,
"To My Brother George", is also Spenserian in tone. There
is a reference to 'knighthly Spenser' in line 24 of the lat-
ter, but it is only to introduce the visions that a poet
might see in a trance.

Since Charles Cowden Clarke was the man who introduced
to Keats the beauties of Spenser, one would expect the epis-
tle to him to be rather full of Spenserian characteristics.
The only important one, however, is the passage in which
Spenser is referred to as one of the great poets with whose
works Clarke is familiar:

Small good to one who had by Mulla's stream
Fondled the maidens with the breasts of cream;
Who had beheld Belphoebe in a brook,
And lovely Una in a leafy nook,
And Archimago leaning o'er his book.

Epistle to Charles Cowden Clarke, 33-7

'Mulla' is the name used by Spenser in his poetry, for the
stream near his home in Ireland. The next line undoubtedly
refers to
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrushed,
Epith., 175

Belphebe, Una and Archimago are, of course, characters in
"The Faerie Queene." Keats also characterizes Spencer's
use of vowels:

Spenserian vowels that slope with ease
And float like buds o'er summer seas
Epistle to Charles Cowden Clarke, 56-7

He is probably referring to the repeated use of a certain
vowel in a line, as in

Go to the bower of my beloved love
Epith., 23

In the sonnet "To a Friend Who Sent Me Some Roses"
there are two passages worthy of note. The first is ob-
vious:

---when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields
To a Friend, 3-4

: A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
: Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shields,
: Therein old dinte of deeps woundes did remaine.
: P. Q., I, 1, 1, 1-3

The other is less certain, but of interest:

A fresh-blowne musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer;
To a Friend, 6-7

He seemd I smelt a gardin of sweet flowres,
That dainty odours from them threw around
Amoretti, LXIV, 3-3

"Sleep and Poetry," Keats's longest poem up to this
point, was written under the influence of Leigh Hunt and contains little that is Spenserian. This passage is one of the few suggestive ones:

A bowery nook
Will be elysium—an eternal book
Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
About the leaves, and flowers—about the play-
ing
Of nymphs in woods, and fountains; and the shade
Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid,
Sleep and Poetry, 62-8

One naturally suspects that the 'eternal book' is to be Spenser's—the 'nymphs' might be out of Book I, Canto vi, of 'The Faerie Queene,' and 'the shade' around the sleeping maid is from the passage just quoted in connection with the 'Epistle to George Felton Matthew.' The lines

from a thick brake,
Nestled and quiet in a valley mild,
Bubbles a pipe;
Sleep and Poetry, 226-8

reminds one of Spenser's shepherds and their pipes, as well as of his frequent use of 'bubble,' which has already been discussed. The 'fauns' and 'satyrs' in lines 360-363 might have come out of Spenser, as well as such phrases as 'vacant air,' 'shady green,' or 'fingers soft and round.'

This concludes the volume of 1817. The evidence certainly shows that Keats was reading and appreciating Spenser; that he regarded the older poet as a man worthy of imitation, but that his attempts at catching his spirit and
style were, generally speaking, unsuccessful. He had the sensuousness and love of luxury without enough of the restraint that keeps it from being amorphous.

Influences in "Endymion"

"Endymion" was begun in May, 1817, and published in April, 1818. During the period of its composition, Keats tried to get away from Hunt's literary influence, for he realized that Hunt's style was not good. Since it was impossible to break away entirely or to change his style at once, there still remain evidences of it. One might expect this to mean that Spencer also fell from his pedestal, since Hunt admired him, but "Endymion" shows as strong an interest in Spencer as the volume already discussed.

The possibilities in the story of Endymion had long been in Keats's mind; the first poem in his first volume was originally called "Endymion." It may be that even when he dropped that title it was because he had the more ambitious poem in mind. It is only a matter of speculation, but it may be that the birth of the idea could be traced back to the time when Clarke read Spencer's "Epithalasion" to Keats, for if he was as interested in the poem as Clarke maintained, he even then was awakened to the poetry in the myth with which he was already acquainted:
Who is the dame which at my window peepes?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleeps,
But walkes about the high heaven al the night?
O fayrest goddess, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy:
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wool, which privily
The Latmian shepheard once unto thee brought,
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Epith., 372-381

However this may be, there are many places where one may definitely say that there are echoes of Spenser. The first concrete example is the word 'vermeil':

Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white,
Hide in deep herbage;
Endy., I, 49-51

It is also used later:

the vermeil rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-grown
Like spiked aloe
Endy., I, 636-8

O Sorrow,
Why dost borrow
The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?
Endy., IV, 146-8

Examples from Spenser have been given in the discussion of "The Eve of St. Agnes."

There is something of the same spirit in these two passages:

Upon the sides of Latmus was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into overhanging boughs and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
Where no man went;

Endy., I, 64–5

Unkindness past, they ran of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasuresse of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boiling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy
Glaed.
About the fountains like a girland made;
F. Q., I, vii, 4, 1–5

In lines 108 and 110 there is a Spenserian touch in
the use of 'ed' to complete a line and rime with a word hav-
ing a stressed 'ed' ending; in this case, the rime is 'bo-
wildered' and 'bed.' Keats uses it rather often; it is
found in "Lamia," "Isabolla," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and
"The Cap and Bells." Another example from "Endymion" and
one or two from Spenser will suffice:

Which done, and all these labours ripened,
A youth, by heavenly power lov'd and led,
Shall stand before him;
Endy., III, 707–9

High above all a cloth of State was spread,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queen.
F. Q., I, iv, 8, 1–5

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings strange did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished.
F. Q., I, xii, 29, 1–3

Again we find 'younglings' used, but this time as a

noun:
Each having a white wicker over brim'd
With April's tender younglings:
Endy., I, 137-8

But needs me, what paine doth thee so appall?
Or lovest thou, or benc thy younglings wene-
S. C. August, 15-8

Two passages qualifying whiteness are similar:

Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and crescees from the rill.
Endy., I, 157-8

Nor Jove himselfe, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear:
Yet Leda was, they say, as white as he.
Proth., 42-4

The first quotation also contains the Spenserian 'lillies.'

Another example of their agreement in spelling is the word 'chase':

Endymion too, without a forest peer,
Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
Endy., I, 196-3

and then had hurl'd
My spear aloft, as signal for the chase—
Endy., I, 531-2

Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chase.
F. Q., I, vii, 5, 1-2

Critics have said that Keats coined the word 'need-
ments,' but the following examples make it evident that he did not:

Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air;
Endy., I, 207-8
Nought took I with me, but mine eaten quill; small needments else need shepheard to prepare.

O. C. , 194-5

behind her farse away a Dwarf did lye; that basic scad, in being ever last,
Or wearied with the burden of her bag
Of needments at his backs.

F. Q. , I, I, 6, 1-4

and eke behind
His scrip did hand, in which his needments he did bind.

F. Q. , I, vi, 35, 8-9

Not only Keats's underlining, but also his use of 'prepare' and 'scrip' with 'needments' indicate a careful study of these lines in Spenser.

These miniatures of larks are interesting:

The earth is glad: the merry lark has pour'd
His early song against yon breezy sky.

Endy., I, 220-1

The merry lark his matins sings aloft.

Epith. , 60

The hymn to Pan has a variation in verse form which may be due to Spenser's influence. It is probable that Keats developed his use of the short line by a study of the "Shepheardes Calender," the "Epithalamion," and the "Prothalamion." It is an effective way to add emphasis and break monotony:

Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows!

Endy., 288-292
Keats had tried the device out, in "I Stood Tip-Toe":

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
Ye ardent marigolds!
        I Stood Tip-Toe, 47-8

Some examples of Spenser's use are:

Sheew thy selue, Cynthia, with thy silver
    rayes,
And be not abash'd:
When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
    O how art thou daish't!
But I will not match her with Latonae seedes;
Such follie great sorrow to Niobe did breede:
    Now she is a stone,
And makes dayly mone
Warning all other to take heed.
        S. C. Aprill, 62-90

Mark how the cheerfull birds do chaunt
    theyr laies
And carroll of loves praise!
        Epith., 78-9

Spenser also gave Keats a precedent for accenting
words ending in 'ion' or the suffix 'ing' at the end of a
line:

        even though she saw
Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
Before the deep intoxication.
But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
Her self possession
        Endy., I, 500-504

Miraculous may seem to him that reads
So strange example of conception;
But reason teacheth that the fruitfull
seedes
Of all things living, through impression
Of the sunbeames in moist complexion,
Do life conceive and quickened are by kind;
So after Nilus inundation,
Infinite shapes of creatures men doe fynd
Informed in the mud on which the same hath
shyn'd.
        F. Q., III, vi, 8
Meantime, on shady levels, moosy line,
Young companies nimbly began dancing
To the swift treble pipe, and the humming
string

Endy., I, 312-4

The hateful messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings.
F. Q., II, vii, 23, 4-5

"Passion" is used as a verb by both poets:

"O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet,
turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles
Endy., I, 247-8

Great wonder had the knight to see the maid
So strangely passioned,
F. Q., II, ix, 41, 8-9

In the following quotation, 'raft' comes from Spencer:

and the raft
Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top.
Endy., I, 334-5

That from her body, full of filthy sin,
He raft her hateful head without remorse:
F. Q., I, 1, 34, 7-8

In line 490 Endymion's sister Peona appears. Of her

Amy Lowell says:

The name Peona seems to have been an invention of
Keats's as indeed was her existence, she had no place in
legend or poetry until Keats gave her one. Sir Sidney Col-
vin says that her name was perhaps suggested 'by that Peo-
an in the fourth book of "The Faerie Queene," or by the
Pecon mentioned in Lempriere as a son of Endymion in the
Elean version of the tale, or by Pecon, the physician of the
gods of the Iliad, whom she resembles in her quality of
healer and comforter; or very probably by all three togeth-
er.'

The description of the quiet kept by Peona while Endymion sleeps, suggests the hall of Morpheus:

And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Winding by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace; so that a whispering blade
Of grass, a willful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

Endy., I, 446-452

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling down
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mint with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a sworne.
F. Q., I, 41, I-5

Another word common to both poets is 'distraught':

Thus on I thought,
Until my head was dizzy and distraught,
Endy., I, 564-5

'What frantick fit', quoth he, 'hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?'
F. Q., I, ix, 28, I-2

'Lap' is used as an intransitive verb for 'held' or 'carried':

Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
But lapp'd and lull'd along the dangerous sky.
Endy., I, 645-6

There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
Lapped in flowres and precious spicery.
F. Q., III, vi, 48, 4-5

It is sometimes convenient to take over a word but use
it as a different part of speech:

and a colour grew
Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake.
Endy., I, 797-8

Like lyfull heat to nummed senses brought
F. Q., VI, xi, 45, 4

The word is used in "The Cap and Bells," also, describing a
'metropolitan murmur, lifeful, warm.'

The ouzel, in the lines,

—for lo! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
A heavy ditty,
Endy., I, 683-4

is a bird out of Spenser's poetry:

The ouzell shrille, the ruddock warbles soft
Epith., 62

A word already discussed in the "Induction" appears
again in "Endymion" — 'ballance':

The eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That ballances the heavy meteor-stone;
Endy., I, 643-4

'Honey-dew' is a phrase in Spenser that caught Keats's
fancy:

One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
Endy., II, 6-7

Soone after that, into a golden showre
Him selfe he chaung'd, faire Danae to vew
And through the roofe of her strong brassen
towre
Did raine into her lap an hony dew.
F. Q., III, xi, 31, 1-4
The adventure of Pastorella, a character in "The Faerie Queene," in the bandit's den, is, according to Keats, one of the things

to brood on with more aridency
Than the death-day of empires.
Endy., II, 33-4

Another example of Spenser's spelling is in the word 'chaff' or 'chauff' for 'chafe':

But rest
In chaffing restlessness, is yet more drear
Then to be crush'd in striving to uprear
Love's standard on the battlements of song.
Endy., II, 33-41

'Plight' is used for 'placed' to give atmosphere:

It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight;
And in the middle, there is softly plight
A golden butterfly;
Endy., II, 50-61

Or on the marble pilloir that is plight
Upon the top of Mount Olympus light.
F. Q., III, vii, 41, 4-5

The beauty of this passage surely owes something to Spenser:

Dark nor light,
The region: nor bright, nor somber wholly,
But mingled up; a gleaming melancholy;
Endy., II, 231-3
his glistering armor made
A little glooming light, much like a shade.
F. Q., I, 1, 14, 4-5

'Crystal floods' are common in Spenser's poetry, and this combination of words appealed to Keats as well:

Through winding passages, where sameeness breeds vexing conceptions of some sudden change; whether to silver grotto, or giant range of sapphire columns, or fantastic bridge
Athwart a flood of crystal.
Endy., II, 234-9

: Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in chrystal flood.
F. Q., I, xii, 7, 9

Run all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the chrystal flood;
Proth., 56-7

The description of the bower of adonis in "Endymion," Book II, lines 375 to 587, seems to be inspired by the 'gardines of Adonis' in "The Faerie Queene," Book III, Canto vi. H. Buxton Forman says, "One would think stanzas 44, 45, and 47, at all events, must have been fresh in his memory."¹ Keats elaborated on the passage, but he kept the same dreamy, luxurious, secluded atmosphere. That he had studied the section is further shown by his use of 'lap' in an earlier part of "Endymion," as it appears in the Spenserian description of the garden. He also extracted the word

'eterns' from the phrase 'etere ne in mutability' and used it later in "Endymion":

I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
Endy., III, 41-3

Keats uses 'elf' for human-beings instead of for fai-
ries as Spenser does:

Who would not be so prison'd? But, fond elf,
He was content to let her amorous plea
Pain through his careless arms;
Endy., II, 461-3

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he
lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
F. Q., I, 1, xvii, i-3

: Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd,
: straight way
: He started up,
F. Q., I, v, 2, 6-7

'Minish' is another word used by both poets:

High afar
The Latmen saw them minish into nought;
Endy., II, 561-2

The paw yet missed not his minish might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first
was pight
F. Q., I, xi, 43, 8-9

The word 'dight' is approved by each:

With not one tinge
Of sanctuary splendour, not a sight
Able to face an owl's, they still are dight

\[1\]

Faerie Queen, III, vi, 47, 5.
By the bleary-eyed nations in empurpled vests,  
And crowns and turbans.  
Endy., III, 6-12

Some pranke their ruffles, and others dight  
Their gay attire:  
F. Q., I, iv, 14, 6-9

Soone after them, all dauncing on a row,  
The comely virgins come, with girlandes dight  
F. Q., I, xii, 6, 5-6

In the poem "To Hope" there was an example of Keats's  
use of Spenser's spelling for the verb 'chase.' In "Endymion" there is another:

and unless  
Dian had chase'd away that heaviness  
He might have di'd:  
Endy., III, 137-9

'Tedious toil' is another Spenserian phrase that  
cought Keats's eye:  

Then up he rose, like one whose tedious toil  
Had watch'd for years in forlorn hermitage.  
Endy., III, 226-7

High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for  
me take!  
F. Q., I, xi, 1, 9

Now then should I, without another wit,  
Think ever to endure so tedious toyle.  
Amoretti, XXXIII, 9-10

The use of 'drave' fits in well with the spirit of  
Glaucus's fight with the sea:

And, with a blind voluptuous rage, I gave  
Battle to the swollen billow-ridge, and drave  
Large froth before me, while there yet re-  
main'd  
Mare strength, nor from my bones all marrow  
Glaucus's fight with the sea:

Endy., III, 609-12
On top whereof my dwelt the phastly Owle,
Shrieking his beleful not; which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle.
F. Q., I, ix, 33, 6-8

'Tight' is a good word to lend atmosphere to an "antique song":

a youthful wight
Smiling beneath a coral diadem,
Endy., III, 775-6

"unhappy wight!
Endymion!" said Peona, "we are here!"
Endy., IV, 511-2

Spenser used it often:

Then cride she out, "Fye, fye! deformed wight"
F. Q., I, 11, 39, 1

Long she thus travelled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight
shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
F. Q., I, iii, 10, 1-3

The description of Neptune and his banquet makes an
interesting parallel to similar lines in "The Faerie
Queene." Especially the passage describing Oceanus, Doris,
and Amphitrite shows clearly that Keats had given the ear-
lier poem considerable attention. The sections are too
long to quote or compare in detail in this paper.¹ They are
similar in descriptive details in the selection of gods,
and the order of their appearance. Professor de Selincourt
says:

¹Endymion, III, 865-1004; The Faerie Queene, IV, xi, 11-19.
This similarity is extraordinarily interesting as showing Keats's deep knowledge of Spenser, especially where he deals with classical themes. It is not in the least to be supposed that he definitely copied the passage -- the mistake as to Amphion¹ would hardly have occurred in that case -- but it had sunk into his mind, so that, when desirous of representing a similar scene himself, he drew upon it unconsciously. A comparison between the two passages as independent treatments of a similar theme would have interesting results. Spenser's picture is of a far more sustained beauty and is nowhere marred by the faults of taste from which the work of Keats at this period is never free for any long space. At the same time Keats rises in places to a higher plane of emotion, and where Spenser is content with presenting a picture of serene beauty, Keats is more dramatic, and realized more fully the human significance in which the legends took their rise.²

In this passage Keats has been criticized for the incongruity of calling Oceanus's kingdom his sheepfold. This may well be due to Spenser, for throughout "Colin Clouts Come Home Again" the sea is spoken of as Cynthia's (Queen Elizabeth's) sheepfold, and Raleigh is the 'Shepherd of the Ocean.'

Keats and Spenser were attracted by far lands -- lands which, in their imaginations, seemed almost to belong to the fairies. Arab, Ind, and the Levant were favorites. In Keats we have, besides the introduction of the mysterious Indian maiden, such lines as these:

The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres vail,
And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;

Spenser writes:

¹Keats wrote 'Amphion' instead of 'Arion.'
²de Selincourt, op. cit., p. 443
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And dainty spices fetch from furthest Ind.
F. Q., I, v, 4, 5-6

As he had travelld many a summers day
Through boiling sands of Arabic and Inde.
F. Q., I, vi, 35, 5-6

An unusual word which Keats took from Spenser is 'daedale';

I have no daedale heart: why is it wrung
To desperation?
Endy., IV, 452-460

His daedale hand would faile, and greatly
faynt,
And her perfections with his error faynt:
F. Q., III, Introduction, 2, 4-5

Then doth the daedale earth throw forth to
thee
Out of her fruitful lap abundant flowres;
F. Q., IV, 2, 45, 1-3

Another uncommon one is 'inly':

Dark regions are around it, where the tomes
Of buried griefe the spirit sees, but scarce
One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart:
Endy., IV, 536-53

And over all a blacke stole shee did throw:
As one that inly mourned, so was she sad.
F. Q., I, 1, 4, 5-6

Pordie, so farre as I from envie,
That their fondnesse inly I pitie.
S. C. Mayo, 37-3

The last word in the poem is Spenserian:

Paoma went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.
Endy., IV, 1002-3
Whom all admired as from heaven sent
And gazed upon with gaping wonderment;
F. G., I, xi, 9, 4-5

"Endymion" was not a successful poem, as no one knew better than Keats, but it is, nevertheless, very beautiful in parts. Although it is poorly organized, dramatically speaking, and although it is too long and diffuse, it is still full of beauty. Much of it is the beauty of Spenser, of which Lowell said:

In the world into which Spenser carries us, there is neither time nor space, or rather it is outside of and independent of them both, and so purely ideal, or more truly, imaginary; yet it is full of form, color, and all earthly luxury, and so far is not real yet apprehensible by the senses. 1

This could as truly be said of "Endymion." The spirit of the poem is the spirit of Spenser — luxurious, sensual, but withal, moral.

Influences in the "Lamia" Volume

The third and last volume published during Keats's life-time was called Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes and Other Poems, and appeared in 1820. In it are most of Keats's finest poems, with the exception of his sonnets and "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." His five greatest odes, his most successful narrative poems, and the magnificent fragment of "Hyperion" are all in this volume. That Spenser in-

fluenced Keats in his more immature poems has been made evident; the continuance of his influence in this mature productive period must be determined next. "The Eve of St. Agnes," the poem in this volume which best shows this, has already been discussed. The remainder of the poems show less of the influence, partly because their subject matter and form were too different from Spenser's, partly because of the stronger influence of Milton and Shakespeare.

The story of "Lamia" is the most fruitful one left in the volume after "The Eve of St. Agnes" has been discussed. The subject lends itself to Spenserian treatment, and in its unreality and luxuriousness, it has his spirit. The first lines, with their nympha and satyr, dryads and fauns, might almost have been paraphrased from parts of "The Faerie Queene." The allusions are Spenserian, as well as many of the epithets. For example:

Upon her crest she wore a wannah fire
Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
*Lamia*, 57-8

Look how the crowne which Ariadne wore

Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the starres an ornament.

*F. Q.*, VI, x, 8, 1 and 6-8

'Wannah fire' has the same quality as 'uncouth light' or 'glooming light' in Spenser.

*Lamia*, newly released from her serpents form, stood
By a clear pool, wherein she passioned  
To see herself escap'd from so sore ills.  
Lamia, I, 182-3

This use of 'passion' as a verb has been discussed in "Endymion."

Another word which has already been noticed in "The Eve of St. Agnes" is 'aright':

Thus gentle Lamia judg'd, and judg'd aright,  
That Lycius could not love in half fright,  
So threw the goddess off, and won his heart  
More pleasantly by playing a woman's part,  
Lamia, I, 334-7

'Libbard' seemed more poetic than 'leopard' to both poets:

Twelve spher'd tables, by silk seats in-  
spir'd  
High as the level of a man's breast rear'd  
On libbard's paws, upheld the heavy gold  
Of cups and goblets.  
Lamia, II, 183-6

for he would Learne  
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly Wise,  
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard storne  
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge  
did earne.  
F. Q., I, vi, 25, 6-9

Another word which has already been discussed is 'undersong':

Soft went the music the soft air along,  
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong  
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low.  
Lamia, II, 199-201

Since it is found yet again in the next poem to be taken up, the reference might as well be given here:
And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song, like hoarse night-guets sepulchral briars among.

Isabella, XXXVI, 7-8

In the denouement of Lamia there is a bit strongly reminiscent of Spenser:

A deadly silence step by step increased, until it seen'd a horrid presence there, and not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

Lamia, II, 205-8

Astond, he stood, and up his heare did move; and with that suidein horror could no member move.

F. Q., I, 11, 31, 8-9

It is unusual to see 'nigh' used as a verb-form, but both Keats and Spenser use it so:

"Fool!" said the sophist, in an undertone gruff with contempt; which a death-nigh-ing moan from Lycias answer'd,

Lamia, II, 201-3

The joyous time now nigheth fast,

S. C. March, 4

And, for the deawe night now doth nye

S. C. Mayo, 316

Keats liked Spenser's word 'perceant':

The sophist's eye,

Like a sharp spear went through her utterly, keen, cruel, perceant, stinging:

Lamia, II, 209-301

All were his earthly eien blunt and bad,

And through great age had lost their kind-ly sight,

Yet wondrous quick and perseant was his
The quotation from "Lamia" also shows the use of series of adjectives, to which attention was given earlier in the paper.

From the Greek story "Lamia" we turn to the Italian "Isabella," a story from Boccacio. Even before reading it, one expects the latter to show less of Spenserian elements, for the subject itself is far from the type that he would choose. Study of the poem verifies the suspicions. There is very little in "Isabella" of Spenser. Several of the indications of influence have been mentioned in connection with other poems: the spelling of 'lilly,' the word 'underset,' the use of 'elf' to designate a human being, and the predilection for distant lands as expressed in the line

Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby,
Isabella, LII, 2

There is another example of Spenser's orthography in 'sculls':

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through this clayey soil and gravel hard,
To see scull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole;

Isabella, XLV, 1–4

And underneath their feet, all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

F. Q., I, iv, 36, 3–9

Keats spelling.
This description also suggests Spenser's:

Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,  
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,  
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs. 
Isabella, LV, 7-8

Her angels face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place; 
F. Q., I, iii, 6-8

his glittering armor made  
A little glooming light, much like a shade; 
F. Q., I, i, 14, 4-5

According to Professor de Selincourt's chronology,  
"Isabella" was written before either "The Eve of St. Agnes"  
or "Lamia." Amy Lowell agrees with him, dating the composition of "Isabella" as from February to April, 1818; "The Eve of St. Agnes," January to September, 1819, and "Lamia," July to August, 1819. The poem which shows the greatest indebtedness to Spenser, and which at the same time is the finest of the three, was the last one to be completed, indicating that although the evidence of it appeared more spasmodically than in his earlier poems, Spenser's influence on Keats had not been outgrown.

"Hyperion," written during the first part of the time when Keats was working on "The Eve of St. Agnes," is the most outstanding example of Milton's influence on him. Although it has some unusually fine passages, Keats was never satisfied with the poem, and finally left it uncompleted. He gave as his reason that the Miltonic style did not fit
him. The fact that he left "Hyperion" a fragment but completed "The Eve of St. Agnes" is surely a significant comment in itself on the felicity of the Spenserian influence.

Even in "Hyperion" there are passages which suggest Spenser as much as Milton. There is the description of Thea:

> she would have ta'en
> Achilles by the hair and bent his neck;
> Or with a finger stay'd Ixion's wheel
> Hyper., I, 26-30

> There was Ixion turned on a wheel,
> For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
> F. Q., I, v, 35, 1-2

In this poem, Keats used 'vermilion' twice. Reading Milton may have brought it to his mind, but that he had found it much earlier in Spenser and adopted it has already been noted. Here Keats writes:

> And like a rose in vermilion tint and shape,
> In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
> That inlet to severe magnificence
> Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.
> Hyper., I, 209-213

> Flush everything that hath a vermall tint
> and hue
> Let the rose blow intense and warm the air,
> And let the clouds of even and of morn
> Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
> Hyper., III, 14-17

Another word discussed earlier which appears here again is 'distraught':

> "why
> Is my eternal essence thus distraught
> To see and to behold these horrors new?"
> Hyper., I, 231-233
In the paragraphs on "A Spenserian Stanza," 'wox' was mentioned. It is also in "Hyperion":

Pale wox I, and in vapours hid my face. Hyper., I, 396

Keats's description of the goddess Asia owes something to Spencer:

Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants. Hyper., II, 61-3

Apon her arms a silver anchor lay,
Whenceon she leaned ever, as befell;  
F. Q., I, x, 14, 6-7

"Hyperion" contains a second example of 'nigh' used as a verb:

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
Is persecuted more and fevor'd more,
When it is nighing to the mournful house
Where other hearts are sick of the same bruises. Hyper., II, 101-4

There is also another use of 'younngling':

Are ye not smitten by a younngling arm? Hyper., II, 318

The attempted reconstruction of "Hyperion," called
"Hyperion, a Vision," was not published during Keats's lifetime, but it should be taken up with the original poem, nevertheless. It was to have contained just about the same material that was in the other, with enough added to give it a vision instead of an epic form; a new introduction was necessary to give the narrator background and reason for his
vision. It is not pertinent to this paper to discuss the changes made, however, except in as much as they pertain to Spenser. How many of the passages just quoted he would have retained had he reworked all that he had in the other poem is a question which cannot be answered. The only one he got to, Ixion's wheel, he eliminated. He did add a little that had a Spenserian touch in using 'massy' again.

Turning from these with awe, once more I raised
My eyes to fathom the space every way:
The embossed roof, the silent massy range
Of columns north and south, ending in mist
Of nothing.

Hyper., A Vision, I, 81-5

'Languorous' is Spenserian, also:

I looked upon the altar, and its horns
Whiten'd with ashes, and its languorous flame,
And then upon the offerings again;

Hyper., A Vision, I, 213-5

'Dear Leyg, how shall I declare thy case,
Whom late I left in languorous constraint?'

F. Q., II, 1, 9, 6-7

A third addition is 'aright' in the following lines:

"Mortal, that thou say'st understand aright,
I humanize my sayings to thine ear,"

Hyper., A Vision, II, 1-3

Influences in Posthumous and Fugitive Poems

There remains but little more to discuss along this line. The posthumous and fugitive poems which were published at various times have but few and scattered points of
similarity, which may be gone through rapidly.

The "Sonnet to Spenser" is the only poem in this group directly addressed to Spenser. Whether it was written in Keats's early period or late is a matter for dispute. Lord Houghton says early, but Professor de Selincourt, with better evidence, I believe, places it in 1818. The date might be significant in showing the length of time Spenser's influence was exerted over Keats, but even if it were definitely concluded to have been composed in 1818, it must still be remembered that it was written by request, and so not to be given too much weight. The only Spenserian word in it is 'Elfin,' which has already been discussed.

In the sonnet "The Human Seasons" there is one phrase, 'lusty Spring,' which has the Spenserian tone:

He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear Takes in all beauty with an easy span: The Human Seasons, 3-4

For lusty Spring now in his timely howre Is ready to come forth, him to receive; Amoretti, IV, 8-12

In the "Ode to Apollo" there is a stanza on Spenser.

The rest of the poem shows nothing Spenserian:

A silver trumpet Spenser blows, And, as its martial notes to silence flee, From a virgin chorus flows A hymn in praise of spotless Chastity.

---

1 de Selincourt, op. cit., p. 543.
'Tis still! Wild warblings from the AEolian lyre
Enchantment softly breathe, and tremulously expire.
Ode to Apollo, 6

One of the best bits in the "Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds" suggests a line from "The Faerie Queene":

The rocks were silent, the wide sea did weave
An untumultuous fringe of silver foam
Along the flat brown sand;
Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds, 90-92

Her wanton palfrey all was overspread
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
F. Q., I, 11, 13, 7-8

The song "The Stranger Lighted from his Steed" has several Spenserian notes:

He seized my lady's lilly hand,
And kissed it all unheard,
Song, 3-4

Happy ye leaves! when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead doing might Shall handle you,
Amoretti, I, 1-3

and

He kiss'd my lady's cherry lips
Song, 7

Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Epith., 174

In "A Prophecy: To George Keats in America" Keats uses 'silly' for 'helpless':

Though the woolen that will keep
It warm, is on the silly sheep—
A Prophecy, 22-23
My seely sheepe like well belowe,
They needs not melampode:
S. C. Julye, 160-160

"The Eve of Saint Mark" contains a passage supposed to have been written during the middle ages. Where Keats got all of his vocabulary for it is not important in this paper. A few of the words could have come from Spenser. 'Beforne' is one of these:

—"Als writith he of swevenes,"
Men han beforne they wake in bliss,"
Eve of Saint Mark, 69-100

The time was once, and may againe retourn, (For ought may happen, that hath bene beforne) S. C. Maye, 103-4

'Mote' is another:

And how a litling child mote be
A saint er its nativitie
Eve of Saint Mark, 103-4

Fraslesea was as faires as faires mote bee
F. Q., I, 11, 37, 8

The last one is 'mo':

Of Goddes love, and Sathen's farce,—
He writith; and thinges many mo
Of swiche thinges I may not show.
Eve of Saint Mark, 108-110

Sike questions ripeth up cause of newe woe,
Fore one opened mote unfolde many moe.
S. C. September, 13-4

All these, and many mo, remains,
C. C., 448-9

'Flowery grass' in the "Ode on Indolence" echoes Spenser:
So, ye three Ghosts, adieu! Ye cannot raise my head cool-bedded in the flowery grass;  
Ode on Indolence, 6, 1-2

Like unto Maia, when Jove her tooke  
In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,  
Epith., 307-8

In the same poem 'spright' is used for 'spirit':

Vanish, ye Phantoms! from my idle spright,  
Into the clouds, and never more return!  
Ode on Indolence, 6, 9-10

Having yreect a sleep his irksome spright,  
That troubulous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine  
F. Q., I, 1, 55, 5-6

In the poem "A Dream, After Reading Dante's Episode of Paolo and Franciscos" 'spright' appears again:

As Hermes once took to his feathers light,  
When lulled Argus, baffled, swoon'd and slept,  
So on a Delphic reed, my idle spright  
So played, so charm'd, so conquer'd, so bereft  
The dragon-world of all its hundred eyes;  
A Dream, 1-5

"La Belle Dame Sans Merci," which James Russell Lowell called one of the finest poems in all literature, has a parallel in "The Faerie Queene," Book II, Canto vi. There the knight is taken to an island by a beautiful lady in a gondola, who proves to be Phaedria, the personification of "Immodest Merth." She decks herself with garlands and sings the knight to sleep. After putting juice of herbe in his eyes to prolong his slumbers she leaves him. The
passage, extending from stanza three to nineteen is too long to quote; the main similarities are given in the above summary. The general outlines of the two stories are related, but while in Spenser's tale there is mirth and joy, in Keats's there is a sense of tragedy throughout. There are a few words in Keats's poem which have already been shown to have come from Spenser. The most evident are 'wight,' 'lilly,' and 'faery.'

The last work of Keats to be considered is "Otho the Great," written in July and August, 1819, with the aid of Keats's friend Brown. The play promises little and yields little. In the entire drama there are three distinctly Spenserian expressions. The first occurs in Act I, Scene 1, when Conrad says "You guess aright." The second is more characteristic of Spenser:

**Lie!—but begone all ceremonious points**
Of honor battailous.
Otho, IV, 11, 90-1

He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
F. Q., I, v, 2, 7-8

The last is a word already discussed, 'wight':

---Now! now! I'm pight
Tight-footed for the deed!
Otho, V, v, 64-5
Diction Compared

From the foregoing study of individual poems, it has become evident that in many cases Keats and Spenser used the same descriptive words. Certain words are favorites with both, such as crystal, silver, and vermeil. In a paper on Keats's epithets, David Watson Rannie says:

That Keats's epithets are on the whole remarkable must strike the most superficial reader; and closer inspection confirms the impression. Further, if we compare them as a whole with those of notably idealistic poets such as Spenser and Shelley, or those of great masters of verbal choice such as Tennyson and "Winburne, we shall be struck by Keats's individuality and range. Spenser's epithets (with very few exceptions) are remarkably simple and obvious.

In order to compare the two more definitely in this respect, a count was made of the use of several words chosen at random, which seemed to be favorites of both men. The first word, 'dew,' was used 25 times as a noun and not once with the same descriptive adjectives by Keats. Spenser used it as a noun 20 times but although each time there are adjectives to describe it, only 13 different ones were used. In Keats the word was used 25 times as an adjective or compound with 25 different nouns or adjectives; in Spenser it was used 23 times and with only 16 other words. Crystal is another word used often by both men: it appears 26 times.

with 26 nouns in Keats; in Spenser it appears 22 times with 16 nouns. Golden is the third word considered. Keats used it 32 times with 78 different nouns, while Spenser used it 149 times with 91 nouns. It appears that although the two had predilections for the same words in many cases, Keats showed the greater originality, and freedom in using his vocabulary.

CONCLUSION

That Spenser's influence on Keats was great there can be no doubt. It has been shown in his language, his versification, his subject matter, his method of treatment, and his spirit. How this compared with other influences upon him there has been no attempt to show. However, it can be said that the influence lasted throughout his writing period, even at the time when the influence of Hunt, Shakespeare or Milton seemed to be dominant.

In language we found the influence evinced by the use of the same words and expressions or the same spelling. Words which critics accused Keats of coining, he had found in Spenser. Keats is full of short phrases that have a Spenserian flavor, many of which can be found or paralleled in the Elizabethan poet. Both showed a decided liking for obsolete and unusual forms. However, Keats's vocabulary compared to Spenser's in size, he used it with greater variety.
Keats's use of the Spenserian stanza was, in one case at least, extremely successful. Other minor influences of Spenser have been noted also - the use of the short line, the use of words ending in 'es' and 'ed,' the device of carrying over words in the last line of one stanza to the first line of the next, and so on.

In subject matter Keats did not follow Spenser very far. There is an attempt or two in his early works, and again in "The Eve of St. Agnes" something of Spenserian chivalry was attained, but for the most part, after his first essays at telling tales of chivalry, his subject matter is far from Spenser. However, there are many vignettes which can be traced to the earlier poet - the garden of Adonis, Oceanus in Neptune's hall, and other beautiful bits inspired by Spenser.

The method of treatment and spirit of the two cannot but be linked. In their sensuousness and at the same time their spirituality, in their love of beauty and truth and in their connection of beauty and truth or morality, they are kindred spirits. There is diffuseness in the poems of both because they both add beauty to beauty, sensation to sensation until the reader is surfeited. Neither have ability for brief pithy sayings, although two of Keats's expressions of beauty have almost become household maxims. Nei-
ther believed in leaving anything incomplete or unelaborat-
ed upon to hold the reader by a sense of not having been
satisfied; Keats criticized Shelley for not filling his
poetry fuller until it was saturated with beauty and emotion.
In regard to this Keats said, "I think poetry should sur-
prise by a fine excess, and not by singularity."1

The following comment on Keats describes well his poe-
try and is almost as applicable to Spenser:

Keats, it is true, can never be a popular poet. He
did not seek public favor through any corruption or distor-
tion of language, or by social, political, or religious con-
troversy. He lived in the realm of art, learned its great
language, reveled in its beauty, and strove to bring the
message to the leaders of men. He was, as he said, 'ambi-
tious of doing the world some good,' but that could not be
until he had attained 'as high a summit in poetry' as his
encomiums would permit. 'I have not,' said he, 'the least
contempt for my species; and though it may sound paradoxical
my greatest elevations of soul leave me every time more
humbled.' The purport of his message and philosophy was to
reveal to the world 'the mighty abstract Idea of Beauty in
all things'; to make clear by his poetry that truth and
beauty are identical and accompanied by lasting joy. Such
was his protest against the world that is too much with us.
The unfeeling materialism and industrialism to which soci-
ety was tending — his plea for sweetness and light. But
since the general public, as a rule, is blind to the prac-
tical value of aesthetics, and since his message was one
that 'no gross ear can hear,' Keats, like his great teach-
ers, Milton and Spenser, must remain a poet's poet.2

1Complete Poetical Works and Letters of John Keats. Cam-

2Concordance to the Poems of John Keats, pp. v-vi.
APPENDIX

PASSENGES ANNOTATED OR UNDERSCORED BY KEATS IN A VOLUME OF SPENCER CONTAINING THE FIRST BOOK OF "THE FAERIE QUEENE"¹

Introduction.
Stanza I: Me, all to mean, the sacred Muse areeds To blazon 'broad, amongst her learned Throng:
Fierce Warras, and faithful Loves, shall moralize my Song.

Introduction: Lay forth out of thine everlasting
Stanza II: The antique Rolls, which there lie hid-den still,
Of Fairy Knights,

Introduction: Lay now thy deadly Heben Boms apart.
Stanza III: And with thy Mother mild come to mine ayd:

Canto I. Stanza I: A Gentle Knight was pricking on the
Plain,
: Yelad in mightie Armes and silver Shield,

C. I. S. II. But of his Cheere did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydread.

C. I. S. IV. A lovely Lady rode him fair beside.
Upon a lowly Asse more white than Snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a Veil, that wimpled was full low.
And over all a black Stole she did throw.

As one that hourly mourn'd: so was she sad.
And heavy sat upon her fairrely slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white Lamb she had.

C. I. S. V.

So pure an Innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every vertuous line,
And by Descent from Royall Lynage came
Of Ancient Kings and Queens, that had
Of yore
Their Scepters stretcht from East to Westerne Shore.

C. I. S. VI.

Behind her farr away a Deerd did lye,
That lassie seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her Bag
Of Needments at his Back.

C. I. S. VII.

A shady Grove not farr away they spide,
That promis Aid the Tempest to with-stand:
Whose lofty Trees, yelded with Sum-mer's Pride,
Did spread so broad, they Heaven's Light did hide,
Not perceivable with power of any Starr:
And all within were Paths and Alleys wide,
With footing worse, and leading inward farr:

C. I. S. VIII.

The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The Vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, sole King of Forrests all,
The Aspline good for Staves, the Cypress Funeral.

C. I. S. IX.

The Laurel, Meed of mighty Conquerors
And Poets same, the Firr that weareth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorne Paramours,
The Ewe, obedient to the Bender's will,
The Birch for Shafts, the Sallow for the Mill,
The Mirrhe, sweet bleeding in the bitter Wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantane round,
The Carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward found.

At length it brought them to a hollow Cave,
Amid the thickest Woods. The Champion stout
Eftsoons dismounted from his Courser brave,
And to the Dwarf awhile his needless Spear he gave.

His glistening Armour made
A little glooming Light, much like a Shade,
Her huge long Tail her Den all overscorched,
Yet was in Knots and many Boughtes wound,
Pointed with mortal Sting . . .

Soon as that uncouth Light upon them shone,
Into her Mouth they crept, and sudden all were gone.

Their Dam upstart, out of her Den effrained,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous Tail
About her cursed Head; whose Folds display'd
Were stretch'd now forth at length without Entrail.

And turning fierce, her speckled Tail advaunc'd,
C. I. S. XVIII. : Much daunted with that Dint, her Sense was daz'd,
Yet kindling Rage, she her self gath-
ered round,
And all at once her beastly Body rais'd
With doubled Forces high above the Ground:
The wrapping up her wreathed Stern around,
Lept fierce upon his Shield, and her huge Train
All suddenly about his Body wound,
That Hand or Foot to stir he strove in vain:
God help the Man so wrapt in Error's endless Train.

C. I. S. XX. Therewith she spew'd out of her filthy Maw
A flood of Poison horrible and black,
Full of great Lumps of Flesh and Cobs-
bets raw,
Which stunk so wildly, that it forc'd him slack
His grasping hold, and from her turn him back:
Her Vomit full of Books and Papers was,
With loathly Frogs and Toads, which Eyes did lack,
And creeping, sought way in the woody Grass:
Her filthy Farbreake all the Place de-
filed has.

C. I. S. XXI. As when old Father Nilus 'cins to swell
With timely Pride above th' Egyptian Vale,
His fatty Waves do fertile Slime out-
well,
And overflow each Plain and lowly Dale:

C. I. S. XXII. Deformed Monsters, foul, and black as ink;
Which swarming all about his Legs did crawl,
C. I. S. XXIII.

As gentle Shepherd in sweet Even-tide,
Then ruddy Phoebus 'pins to walk in West,
High on an Hill, his Flock to vesen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty Summer best;
A Cloud of cumbersome Gnats do him molest,
All striving to infix their feeble Stings,
That from their noynance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish Hands their tender Wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth war their Murmurings.

C. I. S. XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yold,
His Feet all bare, his Beard all hoary Gray,
And by his Belt his Book he hanger bad;
Sober he seem'd, and very severely sad,
And to the Ground his Eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and void of Malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And ofthen knocked his Breast, as one that did repent.

C. I. S. XXX.

Silly old Man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his Beads all day for his Trespass,

C. I. S. XXXII.

Far hence (quoth he) in wastful Wilderness
His Dwelling is, by which no living Wight
May ever pass, but thorough great Distress.

The Sun that measures Heaven all day long,
At Night both bait his Steeds the Ocean Waves among.

C. I. S. XXXIV. A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Down in a Dale, hard by a Forest's side,
Far from resort of People, that did pass
In Travel to and fro; a little wide
There was an holy Chappel edify'd,
Therein the Hermit duly went to say
His holy things each Morn and Even-tide:
Thereby a Crystal Stream did gently play,
Which from a sacred Fountain welled forth alway.

C. I. S. XXXV. For that old Man of pleasing Words had store,
And well could file his Tongue as smooth as Glass;
He told of Saints and Pov'es, and evermore
He strow'd an Ave-Mary after and before.

C. I. S. XXXVI. The drooping Night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad Hymn loadeth their Eye-lids,
As Messenger of Morpheus on them cast
Sweet slumbering Dew, the which to sleep them bids.
Unto their Lodging then his Guests he ridde:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleep he finds,
He to his Study goes, and there amidds
His Magick Books and Arts of sundry kinds,
He seeks out mighty Charms to trouble sleezy kinds.

C. I. S. XXXVIII. And forth he call'd, out of deep Darkness dread,
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
Fluttering about his ever-damned Head.

C. I. S. XXXIX. He making speedy way through sacred Air,
And through the World of Waters wide
and deep;
To Morpheus' House doth hastily repair.
Amid the Bowels of the Earth full steep,
And low, where dawning Day doth never deep.
His dwelling is; there Thetis his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep.
In silver Dew his ever-drooping Head,
Whiles and Night over him her Mantle black doth spread.

C. I. S. XL.

By them the Sprite doth pass in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deep,
In drowsy Fit he finds; of nothing he takes keep.

C. I. S. XLI.

And more, to lull him in his Slumber soft,
A trickling Stream from high Rock tumbling down,
And ever drizzling Rain upon the Loft,
Mixt with a muttering Wind, much like the Sound
Of Swarming Bees, did cast him in a Swoon;

C. I. S. XLII.

The Messenger approaching, to him spake,
But his waste words return'd to him in vain:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and push'd with Pain,
Whereat he 'gan to stretch: but he again
Shook him so hard, that forced him to speak.
As one then in a Dream, whose dryer Brain
Is tossed with troubled sights and fancies weak,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his
Silence break.

**C. I. 8. XLIII.**

The Sprite then 'gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatened unto him the dreaded Name
Of Hecate; whereat he 'gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish Head, with blame,
Half angry, asked him, For what he came.
Neither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborn Sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send, for his intent,
A fit false Dream, that can delude the Sleepers sent.

**C. I. 8. XLIV.**

The God obey'd, and calling forth straight-way
A diverse Dream out of his Prison dark,
Deliver'd it to him, and down did lay
His heavy Head, devoid of careful dark,
Those senses all were straight benumb'd and stark.
He back returning by the Ivory Door,
Remounted up as light as cheerful Lark,
Am on his Little Wince the Dream he bore
In haste unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

**C. I. 8. XLV.**

Who all this while with Charms and hidden Arts,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid Air her tender parts.
So lively, and so like in all Mens sight,
That weaker Sense it could have ravish'd quite:
The Maker's self, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,  
And to him plain'd, how that false  
winged Boy  
Her chaste Heart had subdu'd, to learn  
Dame Pleasure's Toy.

And she her self, of Beauty sovereign  
Queen,  
Fair Venus, seem'd unto his Bed to  
bring  
Her, whom he waking evermore did ween  
To be the chasteest Flower that ay did  
spring  
On earthy Branch, the Daughter of a  
King,  
Now a loose Leman to vile Service  
bound:  
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing  
Hymen Io Hymen, dancing all around,  
Whilst freshest Flora her with Ivy Gar- 
land crown'd.

Lo there before his Face his Lady is,  
Under black Stole hiding her baited  
Hook,  
And as half blushing, offer'd him to  
kiss,  
With gentle Blandishment and lovely  
Look.

Wringing her Hands in Women's piteous  
vice,  
And then again begun: My weaker Years  
Captiv'd to Fortune and frail worldly  
Fears,  
Fly to your Faith for Succour and sure  
Aid:  
Let me not die in Languor and long  
Tears.

Not all content, yet seem'd she to ap- 
pease  
Her mournful Plaints, beguiled of her  
Art,
And fed with words that could not chuse but please,
So sliding softly forth, she turn'd as to her ease.

At last dull weariness of former fight
Having wrock'd and asleep his irksome spright,
That troublous dream 'gan freshly toss his brain,

By this the Northern Westmoner had set
His sevenfold Tene behind the stedfast star,
That was in Ocean Waves yet never wet,
But firm is fix'd, and sendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide Deep wanderring are:
And cheerful Chaunticleer, with his note shrill,
Had warned once, that Phoebus' fiery Carr
In haste was climbing up the Eastern Hill,
Full envious that Night so long his Room did fill.

Effsoons he took that miscreanted fair,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtle air,
Like a young squire, in Loves and lusty-jed;
His wanton Days that ever loosely led,
Without regard of Arms and dreaded Fight:
Those two he took, and in a secret Bed,
Cover'd with darkness and misleading Night,
Then both together laid, to joy in vain Delight.

Now when the rosy-fingered morning fair,
Weary of aged Tithon's saffron Bed,
Had spread her purple robe through dewy Air,
And the high Hills Titan discovered,
The royal Virgin shook off drowsy-bed,
And rising forth out of her baser Bow-
er,
Look'd for her Knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarf, that went to wait each Hour;
Then 'gan she wail and weep, to see that woful stover.

C. 2. S. VIII.
Yet she her weary Limbs would never rest,
But every Hill and Dale, each Wood and Plain
Did search, for grieved in her gentle Breast,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

C. 2. S. IX.
For her he hated as the hissing Snake,
And in her many Troubles did most ple-
sure take.

C. 2. S. XI.
But now seem'd best, the Person to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled Guest:
In mighty Arms he was yclad anon,
And silver Shield; upon his Coward Breast
A bloody Cross, and on his craven Crest
A bunch of Hair discolour'd diversely:
Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and well address'd,
And when he sat upon his Courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

C. 2. S. XII.
Will was his Guide, and Grief led him astray.

C. 2. S. XIII.
A goodly Lady clad in scarlet Red,
Purified with Gold and Pearl in rich assay,
And like a Persian Mitre on her Head
She wore, with Crowns and Owles garnished.
The which her lavish Lovers to her gave:
Her wanton Pallfrey all was overspred
With tinsel Trappings, woven like a Wave,
Whose Bridle hung with golden Bells and Boses brave.

C. 2. 2. XIV. With fair dispert and courting dalliance
She entertain'd her Lover all the way:

C. 2. 2. XVI. ...with the Terror of the Shock
Astonied, both stand senseless as a Block,
Forgetful of the hanging Victory:

C. 2. 2. XIX. ...his grudging Ghost did strive
With the frail Flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the Souls do fly, of Men that live amiss.

C. 2. 2. XX. The Lady, when she saw her Champion fall,
Like the old Ruins of a broken Tower,

C. 2. 2. XXVI. In this sad plight, friendless, unfortunate.

C. 2. 2. XXVII. With change of Cheer the seeming simple Maid
Let fall her eyne, as shamase'd, to the Earth,
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said:
So forth they rode, she feigning seemly Mirth.

C. 2. 2. XXVIII. And she coy Looks:

C. 2. 2. XXVIII. ...two goodly Trees, that fair did gared
Their Arms abroad, with grey Moss overcast;
And their green Leaves trembling with every Blast,
Made a calm Shadow far in compass round.
And thinking of those Branches green
to frame
A Garland for her dainty Forehead fit,

At last, when as the dreadful Passion
Was over past, and Manhood well awake,

The fire of Love and Joy of Chevalree

And by her hellish Science rais'd
straightway
A foggy Mist that overcast the day,
And a dull Blast, that breathing on
her Face,
Dimm'd her former Beauties shining Ray,

I chauntest to see her in her proper Hew,
Bathing herself in Origane and Thyme:

...Her Eye-lids blew
And dimm'd sight with pale and deadly
Hew,
At last she up 'gan lift: with trem-
bling chest
Her up he took, too simple and too
true,
And off her kist.

Nought is there under Heav'ns wide hol-
lowness
That moves more dear Compassion of
Mind,
Than Beauty brought t' unworthy Wretched-
ness
Through Envy's Snares or Fortune's
Freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her Bright-
ness blind,
Or through Allegiance and fast Fealty,
Which I do owe unto all Woman-kind,
Feel my Heart pierc'd with so great
Agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I
could die.

And now it is expassioned so deep,
For fairest Una's sake,
C. 3. S. IV.

From her unhaisty Beast she did alight,
And on the grass her dainty Limbs did lay
In secret Shadwes, far from all Mens sight;
From her fair Head her Fillet she undight
And laid her Stole aside. Her Angel's Face,
As the great Eye of Heaven shined bright,
And made a Sun-shine in the shady place;

C. 3. S. VI.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary root,
And lick'd her lilly Hands with feun-
ing Tongue.

C. 3. S. VIII.

Redounding Tears did choke th' end of her Plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood:

At last, in close Heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the Virgin born of heavenly Brood,
And to her snowy Palfrey got again,

C. 3. S. IX.

The Lion would not leave her desolate,

From her fair Eyes he took Commande-
ment,
And ever by her Looks conceived her In-
tent.

C. 3. S. X.

Till that at length she found the trod-
don Grass,
In which the Track of People's Footing vas,
Under the steep foot of a Mountain hose;
The same she follows, till at last she has
A Damocel spy'd, slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a Pot of Water bore.

C. 3. S. XIII
: Where that old Woman day and night did pray
: Upon her Beads devoutly penitent;
: Nine hundred Pater-Nosters every day,
: And thrice nine hundred Ave's she was wont to say.

C. 3. S. XIV
: And to augment her painful Penance more,
: Thrice every Week in Ashes she did sit,
: And next her wrinkled Skin rough Tuck-cloth wore,
: And thrice three times did fast from any bit:
: But now for fear her Beads she did forget.
: Whose, needless dread for to remove away,
: Fair Una framed Words and Count'rance fit:
: Which hardly done, at length she 'gan then pray,

C. 3. S. XV
: The day is spent, and cometh drowsy Night,
: When every Creature shrouded is in sleep;
: Sad Una down her lays in weary plight,
: And at her feet the Lion watch doth keep:
: Instead of Rest, she does lament, and weep
: For the late Loss of her dear loved Knight,
: And sighs and groans, and evermore does steep
: Her tender Breast in bitter Tears all Night;

C. 3. S. XVI
: Now when Aldeboran was mounted high
: Above the shini Cassiopela's Chair,
: And all in deadly sleep did drown'd lie;
: One knocked at the Door, and in would fare;
: He knocked fast, and often curs'd, and sware,
C. 3. B. XVII.  
: Then he by cunning sleights in at the Window crept.

C. 3. B. XIX.  
: And entering is; when that disdainful Beast
: Encountering fierce, him sudden doth surprise,
: And seizing cruel Claws on trembling Breast
: Under his Lordly Foot him proudly hath supprest.

C. 3. S. XXI.  
: With Pains for passing that long wandring Greek.
: That for his Love refused Deity;

C. 3. S. XIV.  
: ...he forward 'can advance
: His fair enchanted Steed, and eke his charmed Launce.

C. 3. S. XXV.  
: Ere long he came where Una travel'd slow,
: And that wild Champion waiting her beside;

C. 3. S. XIX.  
: His lovely words her seem'd due Recompence
: Of all her passed Pains; one loving Hour
: For many Years of Sorrow can dispence;
: A Dram of Sweet is worth a Pound of Sour;
: She has forgot, how many a woful stower
: For him she late endur'd;

C. 3. S.XXI.  
: Much like, as when the beaten Mariner,
: That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
: Oft sound in swelling Thetis' saltish Tear,
: And long time having tann'd his tawny Hide
With blustering Breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching Flames of fierce Orion's hound;
Soon as the Port from far he hath esp'y'd,
His cheerful Whistle merrily doth sound,
And Heres crowned with Cups; his Hates him pledge around:

C. 3. S. LXXII. Such Joy made Una, when her Knight she found;
And eke th' Enchaunter joyous seem'd no less
Than the glad Merchant, that does view from ground
His Ship far come from watry Wilderness;
He hurl's out Vows, and Neptune oft doth bless:

C. 3. S. XXXIII. And the sharp Iron did for Anger eat,
When his hot Rifer sour'd his chauffed Side;

C. 3. S. XXXI. ...but in a Traunce still lay,
And on those puileful dazed Eyes of his
The Cloud of Death did sit.

C. 3. S. XLII. Eftsoons he pierced through his chauffed Chest
With thrilling Point of deadly Iron Band,
And launc'd his Lordly Heart;

C. 3. S. XLIV. And all the way, with great lamenting Pain,
And piteous Plaints she filleth his dull Ears,
That stony Heart could riven have in twain;

C. 4. S. XVI. As fair Aurora in her purple Pall,

C. 4. S. XVII. Great Juno's golden Chair, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when one does ride
To Jove's high House through Heavens brass-paved way,
Drawn of fair Peacocks, that excel in Pride,
And full of Arms' Eyes their Tails disport upon wide.

C. 4. S.XVIII. :  
Was sluggish Idleness, the Nurse of Sin;
Upon a slothful Ass he chose to ride,
Array'd in Habit black, and arms thin,
Like to an holy Monk, the Service to begin.

C. 4. S.XIX. :  
And in his hand his Fortress still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little red;
For of Devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in Sleep, and most of his days dead;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy Head,
To looken whether it were night or Day.
May seem the Wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,

C. 4. S.XXII. :  
In green Vine Leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other Cloathes he could not wear for Heat;
And on his Head an Ivy Garland had,
From under which fast trickled down the Sweat:
Still as he rode, he some-what still did eat,
And in his Hand did bear a Bouzing-Can,
Of which he sapt so oft, that on his Seat His drunken Corse he scarce upholden can:
In Shape and Life, more like a Monster than a Man.

C. 4. S.XXIII. :  
Full of Diseases was his Carcass blue,
And a dry Dropsey through his Flesh did flow;
Which by mis-diet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that Crew.
C. 4. S.XXIV.  
And next to him rode lustful Lechery
Upon a bearded Coat, whose rugged Hair
And wally Dyes (the sign of Jealousy)
Was like the Person self, whom he did
bear:
Who rough, and black, and filthy did ap-
pear,
Unseemly Man to please fair Ladies Dye;
Yet he, of Ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid standen by:
O! who does know the bent of Women's fan-
tasy?

C. 4. S.XXV.  
In a green Gown he clothed was full
fair,
Which underneath did hide his Filthi-
ness,
And in his Hand a burning Heart he bare,
Full of vain Follies and new-fangledness:
For, he was false, and fraught with
Fickleness,
And learned had to love with secret
Looks,
And well could daunce and sing with rue-
fulness,
And Fortunes tell, and read in loving
Books,
And thousand other ways to bait his flesh-
ly Hooks.

C. 4. S.XXVII.  
And greedy Avarice by his did ride,
Upon A (two) Loaden all with Gold;
Two iron Coffers hung on either side,
With precious Metal, full as they might
hold,
And in his Lap an heap of Coin he told:
For of his wicked Pelf his God he made,
And unto Hell himself for Money sold;
Accursed Usury was all his Trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal Bal-
ance weigh'd.

C. 4. S.XXVIII.  
His Life was nigh unto Death's Door
yplac'd,
And thread-bare Coat and cobbled Shoes
he ware,
He scarce good morsel all his Life did
taste,
But both from Back and Belly still did
spare,
To fill his Bags, and Riches to compare:

And next to him malicious Envy rode
Upon a ravenous Wolf, and still did chaw
Between his canked Teeth a venemous
tode,
That all the Poison ran about his Jaw;
But insanely he chewed his own Man
At Neighbour's Wealth, that made him
ever sad;
For Death it was, when any good he saw,
And went, that cause of Weeping none he
had:
But when he heard of Harm, he waxed won-
drous glad.

All in a Kirtle of discollour'd Stay
He cloathed was, yainted full of Eys.

And him besides rides fierce revenging
Wrath,
Upon a Lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning Brond he hath,
The which he brandostheth about his Head;
His Eyes did hurle forth Sparkles fiery
red,
And stared stern on all that him behold,
As Ashes pale of new and seeming dead;
And on his Dagger still his Hand he
hold;

His ruffin Payment all was stain'd with
Blood
Which he had spilt, and all to Rags
yrent,
Through unadvised Rashness waxen wood;
For of his Hands he had no government,
He care'd for Blood in his avengement:
But when the furious Fit was overpast,
His cruel Facts he often would repent;
Yet willful Man he never would forecast,

The swelling Spleen, the Phrenzey raging
rife,
The shaking Palsey, and Saint Francis' Fire:
C. 4. B.XXVI.: And after all, upon the Waggon Beam  
Rode Satan, with a smarting Whip in hand,  
With which he forward lash'd the lazy Team  
So oft as Sloth still in the Hire did stand,  
Huge Host of People did about them band,

C. 4. B.XXVII.: So forth they march in this goodly sort,  
To take the solace of the open Air,  
And in fresh flowering Fields themselves to sport.  
Amongst the rest rode that false Lady Fair;  
The Foul Duessa,

C. 4. B.XXVIII: With pleasure of the breathing Fields yfed,

C. 5. B. I. The noble Heart, that harbours virtuous  
Thought,  
And is with child of glorious great Intent  
Can never rest, until it forth have brought  
Th' eternal Brood of Glory excellent:

C. 5. B. II. At last, the golden Oriental Gate  
Of greatest Heaven 'gan to open Fair,  
And Phoebus fresh, as Bridgroom to his Mate,  
Came dancing forth, shaking his dour Hair:  
And hurles his glistening Beams through gloomy Air.  
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd,  
straightway  
He started up, and did himself prepare,  
In Sun-bright Arms, and battellious array:  
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

C. 5. B. III. There many Minstrels taken Melody,  
To drive away the dull Melancholy,  
And many Harps, that to the trembling  
Chord  
Can tune their timely Voices cunningly,
And many Chroniclers that can record
Old Loves, and Wars for Ladies done by
Many a Lord.

C. 5. B. IV. : Soon after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven mail all armed warily,
And sternly looks at him,

They bring them Wines of Greece, and
Araby,
And dainty Spices fetch'd from furthest

C. 5. B. V. : She is ybrought unto a naled Groos,

C. 5. B. VI. : A shrilling Trumpet sounded from on high,

C. 5. B. VIII. : So th' one for Wrong, the other strives:
for Right:
As when a Griffon, seiz'd of his Prey,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his
Flight,

Through widest Air making his ydle way,
That would his rightful Havine rend
away:
With hideous Horror both together
emite,
And souce so sore that they the Heav-
ens affray.

C. 5. B. XVI. : Greatly advancing his gay Chevalry.

C. 5. B. XVII. : In Wine and OIl they washen his wounds
wide,
And softly 'gan embalm on every side.
And all the while, most heavenly Melody
About the Bed sweet Music did divide,
Him to beguile of Grief and Agony:
And all the while Dues a wept full bitter-
ly.

C. 5. B. XVIII. : As when a weary Traveller, that strays
By mudd Shooe of broad seven-mouthed
Nile,
Unweeeting of the perilous wandring ways,
Both meet a cruel crafty Crocodile,
Which in false Grief hiding his harmful Gulfe,

Both weep full sore, and sheddest tender Tears;

C. 5. S. XX.

Before the Door her iron Chariot stood.
Already harnessed for Journy new;
And cole-black Steeds yborn of hellish Brood,
That on their rusty Bits did champ, as they were mood.

C. 5. S. XXI.

She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted Light began to fear:
(For never did such Brightness there appear)
And would have back retired to her Cave,
Until the Witch's Speech she 'gan to hear.

C. 5. S. XXII.

Or that great House of Gods Celestial,
Which was begot in Beemorw's Hall,
And saw at the Secrets of the World unmade;

C. 5. S. XXIV.

Her feeling Speeches some Compassion mov'd
In Heart, and Change in that great Mother's Face;

C. 5. S. XXVII.

Then bowing down her aged Back, she kist the wicked Witch;

C. 5. S. XXVIII.

Then to her iron Wagon she betakes,
And with her bears the foul well-favour'd Witch:
Through mirksome Air her ready way she makes.
Her trystfold Tare (of which, two black as Pitch,
And two were brown, yet each to each un-Pitch)
Did softly swim away, no ever stam.
Unless she champ'd their stubborn Bouts to twitch;
Then, founding Tarre, their Bridles they would champ.
And trampling the fine Element, would fiercely ram.

C. 5. 8. XXXI.  His cruel Wounds, with cruddy Blood conceal'd,
They blinden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heal'd:
So lay him in her Chariot, close in Right conceal'd.

C. 5. 8. XIX.  And all the while she stood upon the Ground,
The wakeful Dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted Sound,
With which her iron Wheels did then alfray,
And her dark griesly Look then much dismay.
The Messenger of Death, the ghastly Owl,
With dreary shrieks did her also bewray;
And hungry Wolves continually did howl
At her abhorred Face, so filthy and so foul.

C. 5. 8. XXXI.  Thence turning back in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy Corse with easy pace

C. 5. 8. XXXII.  By that same way the direfull Dames do drive
Their mournful Chariot;

The trembling Ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattering their Iron Teeth, and staring a side,
With slyry Eyes; and all the hellish Brood
Of Fiends infernal flock'd on every side,
To gaze on earthly Wight, that with the Night durst ride.

C. 5. 8. XXXIII :  They pass the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many Souls sit wailing wofully,
And come to fiery Flood of Phlegeton,

Before the Threshold, dreadful Cerberus
His three deformed Heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand Adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming Tongue;
At them he 'gan to rear his Bristles strong,
And telly grarrs, until Day's Enemy
Did him appease; then down his Tail he hung.

There was a Cave ywrought by wondrous Deep, dark, uneasy, doleful, comfortless.

There antient Night arriving, did alight
From her high weary Wain,

Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborn Hannibal,
Ambitious Sylia, and stern Marius,
High Cesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

He by a privy Postern took his Flight,

As when a Ship, that flies fair under Sail,
An hidden Rock escaped hath unwares,
That lay in wait her Wrack for to bewail,
The Mariner yet half amazed etares
At peril past, and yet it doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy Oversight:
So doubly is distress'd 'twixt Joy and Cares
The dreadlees Courage of this Elfin Knight,

A Troup of Fauns and Satyrs far away Within the Wood were dauncing in a Round,
While old Sylvanus alent in shady Arbour sound:
0. 6. 8. IX. With ruffled raiment, and fair blubbrd face.

0. 6. 8. XI. Their frowning foreheads with rough Hors eyed,
And rustic Horor all aside do lay,
And gently greming, she a semblance glad
To comfort her, and Fear to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obey.

0. 6. 8. XIII. They all, as glad as Birds of joyous prime,
Then lead her forth, about her dance- ing round,
Shouting, and singing all the Shepherds Rime,
And with green Branches strewing all the Ground,
Do worship her, as Queen, with Olive Gar- land crown'd.

0. 6. 8. XIV. And all the way their merry Pines they sound,
That all the Woods with double Echo ring,
And with their horned Feet do wear the Ground,
Leaping like wanton Kids in pleasant Eoring,
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring:
Who, with the Noise araked, cometh out to meet the Cause, his weak Steps mov- in,
And aged Limbs on Cyproes staddle stout,
And with an Ivy Twine his Waste in Sirt about.

0. 6. S. XV. Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
If Bacchus' merry Fruit they did invent,
Or Cybel's frantick Kites have made them mad:

0. 6. S. XVI. The Wood-born People fall before her flat,
And worship her as Goddess of the Wood;
And old Sylvanus' self bethinks not, To think of Night so fair, but gazing stood.

Sometimes Diana be her takes to be, But wisseth Bow, and Shafts, and Buckling to her Knee.

But pin'd away in Anguish and self-will'd Annoy.

The woody Nymphs, fair Nymphadan, Her to behold do thither run space, And all the Troop of light-foot Naiades

Glad of such Luck, the luckless lucky Maid Did her content to please their feeble Eyes, And long time with that salvage People stay'd, To gather Breath in many Miseries.

Yet evermore it was his manner fair, After long Labours and Adventures spent, Unto those native Woods for to repair, To see his Sire and Offspring, auntient.

So, on a day, when Satyres all were gone To do their Service to Sylvanus old,

A silly Man, in simple Needs forsworn, And spoil'd with dust, of the long dried way: His Sandals were with toilsome Travel torn, And Face all tann'd with scorching sandy May, As he had travell'd many a Summer's Day, Through boiling Sands of Arab and India: And in his Hand a Jacob's Staff, to stay His weary Limbs upon:

Whereas that Pagan proud himself did rest, In secret Shadow by a Fountain side:
C. 7. S. II. ...wheras he weary sate
To rest himself, forsy by a Fountain side.

C. 7. S. III. He feeds upon the cooling Shade, and bays
his sweaty Forehead in the breathing
Wind,
Which through the trembling Leaves full
gently plays.

C. 7. S. IV. Unkindness past, they 'gan of Solyce
treat,
And bathe in pleasuance of the joyouse
Shade,
Which shielded them against the boiling
Heat,
And with green Boughs decked a gloomy
Clade.
About the Fountain, like a Garland made;
Whose bubbling Wave did ever freshly well
He ever would through fervent Summer
fade:

C. 7. S. VI. And lying down upon the sandy Graill,
Drunk of the Stream, as clear as crystal
Glass:

... till craul'd cold his Courage 'gan as-
sail,
And cheerful Blood in Faintness chill did
melt,
Which like a Fever-fit through all his Body
swelt.

C. 7. S. VII. Yet goodly court he made still to his
Dame,
Pour'd out in Looseness on the grassy
Ground,

C. 7. S. X. ... his stalking Steps are staid
Upon a snaggy Oak, which he had torn
Out of his Mother's Bawles,

C. 7. S. XI. ... he 'gan advance
With huge Force and insupportable Main,

C. 7. S. XIII. ... and fram'd by Furies Skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur
fraught,
And fram'd with Bullet round,
The woful Dwarf, which saw his Master's fall,
While he had keeping of his grasing Steed,
And valiant Knight become a Captive thrall,
When all was past, took up his forlorn Need,
His mighty Armour, missing most at need;
His silver Shield, now idle waistersless;
His poinant Spear, that many made to bleed,
The ruesful Komments of Heaviness;
And with them all deports, to tell his great Distress.

At last, when Life recover'd had the Rein,
And over-wrestled his strong Enemy,

She fed her Wound with fresh renewed Dale;
Long toos'd with Storms, and bet with bitter Wind,
High over Hilles, and low adown the Dale,
She wandred many a Wood, and measur'd many a Vale.

Like glauncing Light of Phoebs' brightest Ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of Steel endanger may;
Athwart his Breast a Bauldrick brave he ware,
That shin'd like twinkling Stares, with Stones most precious rare.

Like Hesperus amongst the lesser Lights,

Thereby his mortal Blade full comely hong
In ivory Sheath, veary'd with curious
allights;
Those Hilsa were burnish'd Gold, and Han-
dle strong,
Of mother Pearl, and buckled with a golden
Tune.

C. 7. 8. XXXI.

His haughty Helmet, horrid all with Gold,
Both glorious Brightness, and great Horror
bred:
For all the Great a Dragon did enfold
With greedy Paws, and over all did
spread
His golden Kings: His dreadfull hideous
Head
Close couched on the Snare, seem'd to
throw
From Fleming Mouth bright Sparkles fiery
red,
That sudden Horror to faint Hearts did
show;
And deadly Tail was stretch'd adorn his Back
full low.

C. 7. 8. XXXII.

Upon the top of all his lofty Great,
A bunch of Hairs discolour'd diversely,
With sprinkled Pearl, and Gold full rich-
ly dress'd,
Did shake, and seem'd to dance for Jol-
lity,
Like to an Almond-Tree ymounted high
On top of green Felinas all alone,
With Allogene brave bedeck'd daintily;
Whose tender Looks do trouble every one
At every little Breath, that under heaven
is blown.

C. 7. 8. XXXVII.

His Spear of Heben Wood behind him bare,
Those harmful Head, thrice heated in the
Fire,
Had driven many a Breasts with Pike-head
square;

The iron Novels into frothy Fose he bit.

C. 7. 8. XXXVIII. When as this Knight nigh to the lady
drew,
With lovely court he 'gan her entertain;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret Sorrow did her Heart distrain:
Which to allay, and calm her storming Pain,
Fair feeling words he wisely 'gan display,
And for her Humour fitting purpose feign,
To tempt the Cause it self for to bewray;
Wherewith emmoy'd, these bleeding words she 'gan to say:

C. 7. S. XXXIX. The careful Gold beginneth for to creep,
: And in my Heart his iron Arrow steep,

C. 7. S. XLIII. Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
: And Debon's golden Waves do wash continually:

C. 7. S. XLIV. Bred in the loathly Lakes of Tartary,

C. 7. S. XLVIII. And ye the forlorn Reliques of his Power,
: His biting Sword and his devouring Spear,
: Which have endured many a dreadful Stower,
: Can speak his Prowess, that did earst you bear,
: And well could rule:

C. 8. S. III. Then took the Squire an Horn of Euple small,
: Which hung adown his side in twisted Gold,
: And Tassels gay.

C. 8. S. IV. Three Miles it might be easy heard around,
: And Echoes three answer'd it self again:

C. 8. S. V. In haste came rushing forth from inner Bower,
: With staring Count'nanoe stern, as one astoun'd,
And staggering Steps, to sect what sud-
dain Stover
And wrought that Horror strange, and dar'd
his dreaded Power.

C. S. S. VII. All arm'd with ragged Smobs and knotty
Train.

C. S. S. IX. Enroll'd in Flames, and smouldring
Dreadnought,

C. S. S. XVII. Thereat he roared for exceeding Pain,
That to have heard, great Horror would
have bred;
And scourging th' empty Air with his
long Train,
Through great Impatience of his grieved
Head,

Came hurrying in full fierce, and forc'd
the Knight retire.

C. S. S. XIX. ...for he has read his end
In that bright Shield.

C. S. S. XXVII. And you fresh Bud of Vertue springing
fast,

C. S. S. XXIX. But no Man car'd to answer to his Cry.
There reign'd a solemn silence over all,
No Voice was heard, nor Might was seen in
Bower or Hall.

C. S. S. XXX. At last, with creasing crooked Face
forth came
An old old Man, with Beard as white as
Snow.

That on a Staff his feeble Stone did
frame.

And guide his weary Gate both to and
Iro;
For his Eye-sight him failed long yee;
And on his Arm a bunch of Keys he bore.
The which unused Must did overgrow;
Those were the Keys of every inner Door,
But he could not then use, but kept them
still in store.
C. S. S. XXXI. For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face:

C. S. S. XXXII. His reverent Hairs and holy Gravity

C. S. S. XXXVII. But in the name a little Grate was pight,
Through which he sent his Voice, and loud did call
With all his Power, to west if living
Wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen
might.

C. S. S. XL. Whose feeble Thighs, unable to uphold
His mired Corpse.

C. S. S. XLI. His sad dull Eyes deep sunk in hollow
Pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted Sun to view:

His rawbone Arms, whose mighty braunad
Bowers

C. S. S. I. O Goodly golden Chain, wherewith yfere
The Vertuee linked are in lovely wise;

C. S. S. IV. His dwelling is low in a Valley green,
Under the foot of Meuran molee here,
From whence the River Dee, as Silver clean,
His tumbling Billows rolls with gentle
rare:

C. S. S. VIII. Ah, Love, lay down thy Bow, the whiles
I may respire.

C. S. S. XII. Of looser Life, and Heat of hardiment,
Ranging the Forest wide on Courser free,
The Fields, the Floods, the Heavens with
one Consent
Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine
intent.

C. S. S. XIII. The verdant Grass my Couch did goodly
ight,
And Pillow was my Helmet fair display'd:
C. 9. 3. XIV. When I awoke, and found her place do-
void,
And naught but pressed Grass where she
had lain,
I sorrowed all so much, as earst I
joy'd,
And washed all her place with watry
Eyne.

C. 9. 3. XXI. And with his winged Heels did tread the
Wind,
As he had been a Foul of Pegasus his kind.

C. 9. 3. XXII. His subtle Tongue, like dropping Honey,
melt' th
Into the Heart, and searcheth every
Vein,
That ere one be aware, by secret
Stealth
His power is rest, and Weakness doth re-
maint.

C. 9. 3. XXXIII. Ere long they came, where that same
wicked Night
His dwelling was, low in a hollow Cave,
Far underneath a grassy Cliff night,
Dark, doleful, drearly, like a greedy
Grave.
That still for carrion Carcasses doth
Grave;
On top whereof my dwell the ghastly
Owl,
Thirring his baleful Note, which ever
d rave
Far from that haunt all other cheerfull
Fowl;
And all about it wending Ghosts did weal
and howl.

C. 9. 3. XXXIV. And all about, old Stocks and Stubs of
Trees,
Whereon nor Fruit, nor Leaf was ever
seen;
Did hang upon the ragged rocky Knees;
On which had many Wretches hang'd been,
Whose Carcasses were scattered on the
Green,
C. 9. 8. XXXV. That darkness save they enter, where they
find
That cursed Man, low sitting on the
ground,
Musing full sadly in his mulllel Mind;
His weary locks, long graven, and un-
bound,
Disordered hung about his Shoulders round,
And hid his Face; through which his hol-
low Eye
Look'd deadly dull, and stared as en-
tom'd;
His raw-bone Cheeks, through Penury and
Rina,
Were shrunk into his Jaws, as he did never
dine.

C. 9. 8. XXXVI. His Garment, naught but moss ragged
Clothes,
With Thorns together pin'd, and ratched
me,
The which his raked Sides he wrapp'd
about;
And him beside there lay upon the Grass
A dreary Gorse, whose Life may did pass.
All mallow'd in his own yet Luke-warm
Blood.

C. 9. 8. XL. ...love the Soul to sleep in quiet Grove?

C. 9. 8. LI. But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him fraught a Dagger sharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand; his Hand did
quake,
And tremble like a Leaf of Aemin green,
And troubled Blood through his pale Face
was seen
To come and go; with Tidings from the
Heart,
As it a running Messenger had been.

C. 10. 8. V. with Looks full lowly cast, and Gate
full slow,
Went on a Staff his feeble Steps to stay,

C. 10. 8. VI. Each goodly thing is hardest to begin:
But entred in, a spacious Court they see,
Both plain and pleasant to be walked in,
There fairly then receives a gentle Squire,
Of mild Demeanor, and rare Courtesy,
Right cleanly clad in comely and Attire;
In Word and Deed that shew'd great Modesty,
And knew his Good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with Speeches meet
Does fair entreat; no courting Nicety,
But simple, true, and she unfeigned sweet,

Thus as they 'gan of sundry things de
vise,
Lo! two most goodly Virgins came in place,
Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wise,
With Countenance daintie, and modest Grace,
They numbered even Steps, and equal pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia night,
Like sunny Beams threw from her crystal face,
That could have dar'd the roch Beholder's sight,

She was arrayed all in lilly White,
And in her right hand bore a Cup of Gold,
With Wine and Water fill'd up to the height,
In which a Serpent did himself enfold,
That Morrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did change her constant Mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A Book, that was both sign'd and seal'd with Blood,

Upon her Arm a silver Anchor lay,
Thereon she leaned ever, as before.
And ever up to Heav'n, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, no swerved
other way.

C. 10. S. XIV. 
Then to the Knight, with shamefac'd Mod-
esty,
They turn themselves, at Una's word Re-
quest,
And his salute with well-beseeming Gleè;
Who fair then quites, as him beseemed
best,
And goodly can discourse of many a noble
Gest.

C. 10. S. XXXI. 
Adorn'd with Gems and Orches wondrous
fair,
Whose passing Price unath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle Pair
Of turtle Doves, she sitting in an Ivory
Chair.

C. 10. S. XXXIX. 
The Plums of Pride, and Wings of Vanity,

C. 10. S. XLVI. 
On top whereof, a sacred Chappel was,
And sate a little Hermitage thereby,
Therein an aged holy man did lie.

C. 10. S.XLVII. 
Great Grace that old Man to him given
had:
For God he often saw from Heaven's
height.

X:
All were his earthly Eyer both blunt and
bad,
And through great Age had lost their
kindly Sight.

Yet wondrous quick and piercing was his
Bright,
As Eagle's Eye, that can behold the Sun.

Hilton (Written in Keats's handwriting.)

C. 10. S.XLVIII. 
With snowy Locks adown his Shoulders
shed,
As hoary Frost with Sparkles doth attire
The mossy Branches of an Oak half dead.

C. 10. S.LIII. 
That blood-red Billows like a walled
Front
On either side disparted with his Rod,
Till that his Army dry-foot through
them yod,
Dwelt forty Days upon; where, writ in
Stone
with bloody Letters by the Hand of God,
The bitter Doom of Death and baleful Moan
He did receive, whiles flashing Fire about
him shone.

Or like that sacred Hill, whose head
full high,
Adorn'd with fruitful Olives all around,
Is, as it were for endless Memory
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was
found,
For ever with a flowering Garland
crown'd;
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for

Through famous Poets Verse each where
renown'd,
On which the thrice three learned Indies
play
Their heavenly Notes, and make full many a
lovely Lay.

Cannot describe, nor wit of Man can
tell;
Too high a Ditty for my simple song:
The City of the great King hight it
well,

Saint George of merry England, the sign
of Victory.

And in her modest manner thus began she:
There stretch'd he lay upon the army
side
Of a great Hill, himself like a great

The furnace of Time, and everlasting Fames.

O gently come into my feeble Breast,
Come gently, but not with that mighty
Page,
Where-with the Martial Troops thou dost
infest,
And Hearts of great Heroes doth enrage,
That naught their Kindled Courage may assuage;
Soon as thy dreadful Trump begins to sound,
The God of War with his fierce Equipage
Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound,

C. II. S. VII.
Fair Goddess lay that furious Fit aside,
Till I of Wars and bloody Wars do sing,
And Briton Fields with Sarazin Blood bedy'd,
Twixt that great Fairy-Queen and Paynim King,
That with their horror Heaven and Earth did ring,
A work of labour long, and endless praise:
But, now a while let down that haughty String,

C. II. S. VIII.
By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Half flying, and half footing in his haste,
That with his largeness measured much Land,
And rode sides Shadow under his huge Haste;
As Mountain doth the Valley over-cast.
He feared him by his eyes, and his holy constance, terrible, and real, which (to increase his wonted Greatness more) Was strown with Urth, and Poison, and with bloody Gore.

C. II. S. IX.
Witch as an Eagle, seeing Prey appear, His stily Plumes doth rouze, full rically bright;
So shaked he, that Horror was to hear: For, as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noise his razed Scales did send unto the Knight.

C. II. S. X.
His flamgy Wings when forth he did disp-play.
Fierce like two Seals, in which the hollow
Mind
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:

C. 11. S. XI.

His huge long Tail, wound up in hundred
Folds,
Does ever-spread his long Brass-scaly
Back;
Whose wreathed Boughs when ever he un-
Folds,
And thick entangled Knots adown does
slack;
Be-spotted all with Shields of red and
Black.
It sweepeth all the Land behind him far.

C. 11. S. XIII.

And that more wondrous was, in either Jaw
Three ranks of iron Teeth arranged were,
In which, yet trickling Blood and Gobbets
raw

C. 11. S. XIV. (His blazing Eyes)

As two broad Beacons, set in open Fields,
Send forth their Flames far off to every
Shire.

But far within, as in a hollow Glade,
Those glaring Lamps were set, that made a
dreadful Glade.

C. 11. S. XIV.

So dreadfully he towards him did rage
Foreswifing up aloft his uncoiled Brass;
And often bounding on the bruised Grass,
As for great joyance of his new-come
Crest,
Eftsoons he 'gan advance his hauty
Crest,
As cheuffed Boar his Eristles doth up-
rear,
And shook his Scales to Battle ready
crest;
That made the Red-cross Knight nigh
quake for fear,

C. 11. S. XVIII.

Then with his waving Wings displayed
wide,
Himself up high he lifted from the
ground.
And with strong Flight did forcibly di-
vide
The yielding Air, which nigh too feeble
found
Her slitting parts, and Element unsound.
To bear so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad Sails, about him soared
round:
At last, low stooping with unwieldy Away,
Snatch'd up both Horse and Man, to bear
them quite away.

C. 11. c. XIX. Long he then bore above the subject Plain
So far as Yevon Bow a Shaft may send,
C. 11. c. XXI. The rolling Billows beat the ragged
Shore,
As they the Earth would shoulder from her
Seat;
C. 11. c. XXIII. His hideous Tail then hurled he about,
And there with all enwrent the nimble
Thighs
Of the Froth-fomy Steed,
C. 11. c. XXVIII: Faint, weary, sore, enboyled, grieved, brent
With Heat, Toil, Wounds, Arms, Smart, and
inward Fire.
C. 11. c. XXXI. Now ran the golden Phoebus for to steep
His fiery Face in Billows of the West,
And his faint Steeds water'd in Ocean
deep.
C. 11. c. XXXIV. As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean Wave,
Whose he hath left his Fins a all heavy
swey,
And deck'd himself with Feathers youthful
swey,
Like Hays Hawk up mounts unto the Skies,
His newly builded Finions to assay,
And marvels at himself, still as he
flies:
C. 11. c. LII. Her golden Locks for haste were loosely
shed
About her Ears, when Una her did mark
C. 21. 3. LIV.

Climb to her Charet, all with flowers
From Heaven high, to chase the cheerless
Dark,

So down he fell, and forth his Life did
breathe,
That vanish'd into Smoc and Clouds
swift;
So down he fell, that th' Earth him un-
derneath
Did groan, as feeble so great Load to
lift;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky Cliff,
whose false Foundation Waves have wash'd
away.
With dreadful noise is from the main
Land rift,
And rolling down, great Neptune doth
dissey:
So down he fell, and like an heaped Moun-
tain lay.

C. 22. 3. I.

Behold, I see the Haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary Course to bend;
Vere the main Chete, and bear up with
the Land,
The which afore is fairly to be kent,
And seemeth safe from Storms, that may
offend;
There this fair Virgin, weary of her way
Must landed be, now at her Journey's
end;
There eke my feeble Bark awhile my
stay,
Till merry Wind and Weather call her
thence away.

C. 13. 3. II.

Scarceley had Phoebus, in the glooming
east,
Yet harnessed his fiery-footed team.

C. 13. 3. III.

Up rose with hasty Joy, and feeble
speed
That aged Sire,

C. 13. 3. V.

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged
array'd in antique robes down to the
ground,
And in their Hands sweet Tymbræla all upheld on high.

C. 12. 5. VI. And sad Habiliments right well beseen;

C. 12. 5. VII. As fair Diana, in fresh Summer's Day,

C. 12. 5. VIII. Then on her Head they set a Girland green,

C. 12. 5. IX. Or in his Womb might lurk some hidden Nest

C. 12. 5. X. One Mother, when as her fool-hardy Child

C. 12. 5. XI. With Sheaves, and Trumpets, and with Clarions sweet;

C. 12. 5. XII. That godly King and Queen did passionate.

C. 12. 5. XIII. So fair and fresh, as freshest Flower in May;

C. 12. 5. XIV. Then 'gan they sprinkle all the Posts with Wine,

C. 12. 5. XV. Beholds her Nymphæ, enrang'd in shady Wood,

C. 12. 5. XVI. Behold' she, and they with their viols play,

C. 12. 5. XVII. Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in crystal Flood:

C. 12. 5. XVIII. Then 'gan they sprinkle all the Posts with Wine,

C. 12. 5. XIX. Their heads with crystal Flooded,

C. 12. 5. XX. And made great Feast, to solemnize that Day;

C. 12. 5. XXI. And precious Odours fetch'd from far away,

C. 12. 5. XXII. That all the House did swell with great Array:
And all the while sweet Music did apply
Her curious Skill, the warbling Notes
to play,
To drive away the dull Melancholy;

During the which there was an heavenly
Noise
Heard sound through all the Palace pleas-
ently,
Like as it had been many an Angel's
Voice,
Singing before th' eternal Majesty,
In their trinal Triplicities on high;
Yet wist no Creature, whence that heav-
only Sweet
Proceeded:

Now strike your Sails, ye jolly Mar-
ners;
For we be come unto a quiet Rode,
Where we must land some of our Passen-
gers,
And light this weary Vessel of her Load.
Here a while may make her safe Abode,
Till she repaired have her Tackles spent,
And Wants supply'd. And then again
abroad
On the long Voyage whereto she is bent;
Well may she speed, and fairly finish her
Intent.

GLOSSARY

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<td>eoteme</td>
<td>Endy., III, 42; Hyp., I, 117.</td>
<td>F. Q., III, vii, 37, 6; F. Q., II, xii, 25, 6</td>
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<td>fear(tr.verb)</td>
<td>Endy., IV, 732; Isa., VIII, 6.</td>
<td>F. Q., III, vii, 37, 6; F. Q., II, xii, 25, 6</td>
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<td>fray</td>
<td>Endy., II, 245; Lam., I, 280.; St. Ag., XXI, 9; etc.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, 1, 38, 5; 11, 14, 5; Amor., LIII, 2; Epith., 344.</td>
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<td>grievely</td>
<td>Endy., II, 622.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, 4, 11, 1, v, 20, 1</td>
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<td>indly</td>
<td>Endy., IV, 510.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, 1, 4, 6; ix, 24, 8.</td>
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<td>languishment</td>
<td>Cal., 88.</td>
<td>Amor., IX, 11; F.Q., IV, xii, 22, 5.</td>
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<td>lifeful</td>
<td>Endy., I, 765; Cap and Bella, IXV, 6.</td>
<td>F.Q., VI, xii, 45, 4.</td>
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<td>lilly</td>
<td>Endy., II, 408; 946; Lam., I, 24; St. Ag., VI, 7; etc.</td>
<td>Amor., I, 1; Proth., 23.</td>
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<td>louted</td>
<td>Otho, III, 1, 17; Cap and Bella, IXIX, 4.</td>
<td>S.C. June, 57; Sept., 14; C.C., 261; 7.</td>
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<td>St. Mark, 109; Caddly, XIV, 3.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, 11, 20, 8; 67, 6; 43, 6.</td>
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<td>St. Mark, 103.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, 1, 6, 4; vii, 35, 9.</td>
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<td>Spencerian Stanzas on C. A.B., II, 10, 11, 14, 15.</td>
<td>S.C. Mar., 4; Maye, 316.</td>
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<td>needments</td>
<td>Endy., I, 208; C.C., 195.</td>
<td>Epith., 82.</td>
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<td>perceant</td>
<td>Lam., II, 301.</td>
<td>S.C. Dec., 27.</td>
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<td>pight</td>
<td>Endy., II, 60; Otho, V, 5, 164.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, 1, 24, 6.</td>
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<td>pricket</td>
<td>Teignmouth, VII, 6.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, 111, 5, 2; 41, 5; vii, 12, 5; etc.</td>
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<td>raft</td>
<td>Endy., I, 334.</td>
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<td>ramping</td>
<td>Endy., IV, 595.</td>
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<td>Endy., II, 383; III, 356.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, v, 1, 20, 2; vii, 18, 2; etc.</td>
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<td>sallow</td>
<td>Tip-toe, 67; Endy., II, 34; IV, 393.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, i, 9, 5; etc.</td>
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<td>shallop</td>
<td>Endy., I, 423; Cal., S7.</td>
<td>F.Q., III, vii, 27, 8; etc.</td>
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<td>Endy., III, 393; Lam., I, 188; Sleep and Poetry, 373; Otho, III, 11, 125.</td>
<td>F.Q., III, 1x, 35, 0.</td>
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<td>upright</td>
<td>Endy., III, 168; Indolence, VI, 10; A Dream, 3.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, ix, 34, 7; x11, 18, 6.</td>
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<td>St. Ag., XIX, 6.</td>
<td>C.C., 163; Epith., 110.</td>
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<td>under-song</td>
<td>Cal., 61; Lam., II, 200; Epith., 207; Proth., 33; Nyp., I, 209; III, 14; St. Ag., XXVIII, 3.</td>
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<td>Endy., IV, 143; I, 50; 686; Epith., 227; Proth., 33; Nyp., I, 209; III, 14; St. Ag., XXVIII, 3.</td>
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<td>wist</td>
<td>Four Fairies, 68.</td>
<td>F.Q., I, v, 27, 3; etc.</td>
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<td>Tip-toe, 142; Endy., II, 384; IV, 1003.</td>
<td>Amor., III, 12; XIX, 1.</td>
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<td>cycloped</td>
<td>In After-Time, 2.</td>
<td>F.Q., II, III, 8, 9; II, 1x, 53, 8; III, v, 8, 7; etc.</td>
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<td>youngling</td>
<td>Tip-toe, 37; Endy., I, 130; Nyp., II, 318.</td>
<td>S.C. May, 163.</td>
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