

Cant. VII.

*Guyon findes Mammon in a delue,
Sunning his threasure hore:
Is by him tempted, & led downe,
To see his secret store.*

[1]

AS Pilot well expert in perilous waue,
That to a stedfast starre his course hath bent,
When foggy mistes, or cloudy tempests haue
The faithfull light of that faire lampe yblent,
And couer'd heauen with hideous dreriment,
Vpon his card and compas firmes his eye,
The maisters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady helme apply,
Bidding his winged vessell fairely forward fly.

[2]

So *Guyon* hauing lost his trusty guide,
Late left beyond that *Ydle lake*, proceedes
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And euermore himselfe with comfort feedes,
Of his owne vertues, and prayse-worthy deedes.
So long he yode, yet no aduenture found,
Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes:
For still he traueild through wide wastfull ground,
That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

[3]

At last he came vnto a gloomy glade,
Couer'd with boughes & shrubs from heauens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
An vncouth, saluage, and vnciuile wight,
Of griesly hew, and foule ill fauour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were beard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His coale-black hands did seeme to haue beene seard
In smithes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes appeard.

[4]

His yron coate all ouergrowne with rust,
Was vnderneath enueloped with gold,

Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
Well it appeared, to haue beene of old
A worke of rich entayle, and curious mould,
Wouen with antickes and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a mass of coyne he told,
And turned vpsidowne, to feede his eye
A couetous desire with his huge threasury.

[5]

And round about him lay on euery side
Great heapes of gold, that neuer could be spent:
Of which some were rude ower, not purifide
Of *Mulcibers* deuouring element;
Some others were new driuen, and distent
Into great Ingoes, and to wedges square;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But most were stampt, and in their metall bare
The antique shapes of kings and kesars straunge & rare.

[6]

Soone as he *Guyon* saw, in great affright
And hast he rose, for to remoue aside
Those pretious hils from straungers enuious sight,
And downe them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, stayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifyde;
And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd.

[7]

What art thou man, (if man at all thou art)
That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
And these rich heapes of wealth doest hide apart
From the worldes eye, and from her right vsaunce?
Thereat with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
In great disdain, he answerd; Hardy Elfe,
That darest vew my direfull countenaunce,
I read thee rash, and heedlesse of thy selfe,
To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe.

[8]

God of the world and worldlings I me call,

Great *Mammon*, greatest god below the skye,
That of my plentie poure out vnto all,
And vnto none my graces do enuye:
Riches, renowme, and principality,
Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
For which men swinck and sweat incessantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth haue their eternall brood.

[9]

Wherefore if me thou deigne to serue and sew,
At thy commaund lo all these mountaines bee;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
Ten times so much be numbred francke and free.
Mammon (said he) thy godheades vaunt is vaine,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them, that covet such eye-glutting gaine,
Proffer thy giftes, and fitter seruauents entertaine.

[10]

Me ill besits, that in der-doing armes,
And honours suit my vowed dayes do spend,
Vnto thy bounteous baytes, and pleasing charmes,
With which weake men thou witchest, to attend:
Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
And low abase the high heroicke spright,
That ioyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend;
Faire shields, gay steedes, bright armes be my delight:
Those be the riches fit for an aduent'rous knight.

[11]

Vaine-glorious *Elfe* (said he) doest not thou weet,
That money can thy wantes at will supply?
Sheilds, steeds, and armes, & all things for thee meet
It can puruay in twinckling of an eye;
And crownes and kingdomes to thee multiply.
Do not I kings create, throw the crowne
Sometimes to him, that lowe in dust doth ly?
And him that raignd, into his rowme thrust downe,
And whom I lust, do heape with glory and renowne?

[12]

All otherwise (said he) I riches read,
And deeme them roote of all disquietnesse;
First got with guile, and then preseru'd with dread,
And after spent with pride and lavishnesse,
Leauing behind them grieffe and heauinesse.
Infinite mischiefes of them do arize;
Strife; and debate, bloudshed, and bitterness,
Outrageous wrong, and hellish couetize,
That noble heart as great dishonour doth despize.

[13]

Ne thine be kingdomes, ne the scepters thine;
But realmes and rulers thou doest both confound,
And loyall truth to treason doest incline;
Witnesse the guiltlesse bloud pourd oft on ground,
The crowned often slaine, the slayer cround,
The sacred Diademe in peeces rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Castles surprizd, great cities sackt and brent:
So mak'st thou kings, & gainest wrongfull gouernement.

[14]

Long were to tell the troublous stormes, that tosse
The priuate state, and make the life vnsweet:
Who swelling sayles in Caspian sea doth crosse,
And in frayle wood on *Adrian* gulfe doth fleet,
Doth not, I weene, so many euils meet.
Then *Mammon* waxing wroth, And why then, said,
Are mortall men so fond and vndiscreet,
So euill thing to seeke vnto their ayd,
And hauing not complaine, and hauing it vpbraid?

[15]

Indeed (quoth he) through fowle intemperaunce,
Fraile men are oft captiu'd to couetise:
But would they thinke, with how small allowaunce
Vntroubled Nature doth her selfe suffise,
Such superfluities they would despise,
Which with sad cares empeach our natiue ioyes:
At the well head the purest streames arise:
But mucky filth his branching armes annoyes,
And with vncomely weedes the gentle waue accloyes.

[16]

The antique world, in his first flowring youth,
Found no defect in his Creatours grace,
But with glad thanks, and vnreproued truth,
The gifts of soueraigne bountie did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy cace;
But later ages pride, like corn-fed steed,
Abusd her plenty, and fat swolne encrease
To all licentious lust, and gan exceed
The measure of her meane, and naturall first need.

[17]

Then gan a cursed hand the quiet wombe
Of his great Grandmother with steele to wound,
And the hid treasures in her sacred tombe,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountaines of gold and siluer to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge desire
And pompous pride eftsoones he did compound;
Then auarice gan through his veines inspire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-deuouring fire.

[18]

Somme (said he then) let be thy bitter scorne,
And leaue the rudenesse of antique age
To them, that liu'd therein in state forlorne;
Thou that doest liue in later times, must wage
Thy workes for wealth, and life for gold engage.
If then thee list my offred grace to vse,
Take what thou please of all this surplusage;
If thee list not, leaue haue thou to refuse:
But thing refused, do not afterward accuse.

[19]

Me list not (said the Elfin knight) receaue
Thing offred, till I knowe it well be got,
Ne wote I, but thou didst these goods bereaue
From rightfull owner by vnrighteous lot,
Or that bloud-guiltnesse or guile them blot.
Perdy (quoth he) yet neuer eye did vew,
Ne tounge did tell, ne hand these handled not,
But safe I haue them kept in secret mew,
From heauens sight, and powre of all which them pursew.

[20]

What secret place (quoth he) can safely hold
So huge a masse, and hide from heuens eye?
Or where hast thou thy wonne, that so much gold
Thou canst preserue from wrong and robbery?
Come thou (quoth he) and see. So by and by
Through that thicke couert he him led, and found
A darkesome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horroure compassed around.

[21]

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht it selfe into an ample plaine,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to *Plutoes* grievly raine:
By that wayes side, there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sate tumultuous Strife:
The one in hand an yron whip did straine;
The other brandished a bloody knife,
And both did gnash their teeth, & both did threaten life.

[22]

On thother side in one consort there sate,
Cruell Reuenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Gealosie out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place, where safe he shroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknesse lye.
And Shame his vgly face did hide from liuing eye.

[23]

And ouer them sad horroure with grim hew,
Did alwayes sore, beating his yron wings;
And after him Owles and Night-rauens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heauy things,
Of death and dolour telling sad tidings;
Whiles sad *Celena*, sitting on a clift,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint a sunder could haue rift:
Which hauing ended, after him she flyeth swift.

[24]

All these before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they passing, spake vnto them nought.
But th'Elfin knight with wonder all the way
Did feede his eyes, and fild his inner thought.
At last, him to a litle dore he brought,
That to the gate of Hell, which gaped wide,
Was next adioyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a litle stride,
That did the house of Richesse from hell-mouth diuide.

[25]

Before the dore sate selfe-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For feare least Force or Fraud should vnaware
Breake in, and spoyle the threasure there in gard:
Ne would he suffer Sleepe once thither-ward
Approch, albe his drowsie den were next;
For, next to death is Sleepe to be compard:
Therefore his house is vnto his annex;
Here Sleep, there Richesse, & Hel-gate them both betwext.

[26]

So soone as *Mammon* there arriu'd, the dore
To him did open, and affoorded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* euermore,
Ne darkenesse him, ne daunger might dismay.
Soone as he entred was, the dore streight way
Did shut, and from behind it forth there lept
An vgly feend, more fowle then dismall day,
The which with monstrous stalke behind him stept,
And euer as he went, dew watch vpon him kept.

[27]

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy guest,
If euer couetous hand, or lustfull eye,
Or lips he layd on thing, that likt him best,
Or euer sleepe his eye-strings did vnty,
Should be his pray. And therefore still on hye
He ouer him did hold his cruell clawes,
Threatning with greedy gripe to do him dye
And rend in peeces with his rauinous pawes,
If euer he transgrest the fatall *Stygian* lawes.

[28]

That houses forme within was rude and strong,
Like an huge caue, hewne out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged breaches hong,
Emboast with massy gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metall loaded euery rift,
That heauy ruine they did seeme to threat;
And ouer them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and spred her subtile net,
Enwrapped in fowle smoke and clouds more blacke then Iet.

[29]

Both roofe, and floore, and wals were all of gold,
But ouergrowne with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkenesse, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for vew of chearefull day
Did neuer in that house it selfe display,
But a faint shadow of vncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away:
Or as the Moone cloathed with cloudy night,
Does shew to him, that walkes in feare and sad affright.

[30]

In all that rowme was nothing to be seene,
But huge great yron chests and coffers strong,
All bard with double bends, that none could weene
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On euery side they placed were along.
But all the ground with sculs was scattered,
And dead mens bones, which round about were flong,
Whose liues, it seemed, whilome there were shed,
And their vile carcasses now left vnburied.

[31]

They forward passe, ne *Guyon* yet spoke word,
Till that they came vnto an yron dore,
Which to them opened of his owne accord,
And shewd of richesse such exceeding store,
As eye of man did neuer see before;
Ne euer could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the world around,
And that about were added to that vnder ground.

[32]

The charge thereof vnto a couetous Spright
Commaunded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other couetous feends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ransacke did intend.
Then *Mammon* turning to that warriour, said;
Loe heere the worldes blis, loe here the end,
To which all men do ayme, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

[33]

Certes (said he) I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made so happy do intend:
Another blis before mine eyes I place,
Another happinesse, another end.
To them, that list, these base regards I lend:
But I in armes, and in atchieuements braue,
Doe rather choose my flitting houres to spend,
And to be Lord of those, that riches haue,
Then them to haue my selfe, and be their seruile sclaue.

[34]

Thereat the feend his gnashing teeth did grate,
And grieu'd, so long to lacke his greedy pray;
For, well he weened, that so glorious bayte
Would tempt his guest, to take thereof assay:
Had he so doen, he had him snatcht away,
More light then Culuer in the Faulcons fist.
Eternall God thee saue from such decay.
But whenas *Mammon* saw his purpose mist,
Him to entrap vnwares another way he wist.

[35]

Thence forward he him led, and shortly brought
Vnto another roome, whose dore forthright
To him did open, as it had beene taught:
Therein an hundred raunges weren pight,
And hundred fornaces all burning bright;
By euery fornace many feends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in sight,
And euery feend his busie paines applide,
To melt the golden metall, ready to be tride.

[36]

One with great bellows gathered filling aire,
And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
Another did the dying bronds repaire
With yron tongs, and sprinckled oft the same
With liquid waues, fiers *Vulcans* rage to tame,
Who maistring them, renewd his former heat;
Some scumd the drosse, that from the metall came;
Some stird the molten owre with ladles great;
And euery one did swincke, and euery one did sweat.

[37]

But when as earthly wight they present saw,
Glistring in armes and battailous aray,
From their whot worke they did themselues withdraw
To wonder at the sight: for till that day,
They neuer creature saw, that came that way.
Their staring eyes sparckling with feruent fire,
And vgly shapes did nigh the man dismay,
That were it not for shame, he would retire,
Till that him thus bespake their soueraigne Lord & sire:

[38]

Behold, thou Faeries sonne, with mortall eye,
That liuing eye before did neuer see:
The thing, that thou didst craue so earnestly,
To weet, whence all the wealth late shewd by mee,
Proceeded, lo now is reueald to thee.
Here is the fountaine of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched bee,
Auisse thee well, and chaunge thy wilfull mood,
Least thou perhaps heereafter wish, and be withstood.

[39]

Suffise it then, thou Money God (quoth hee)
That all thine idle offers I refuse.
All that I need I haue; what needeth mee
To couet more then I haue cause to vse?
With such vaine shewes thy worldlings vile abuse:
But gieve me leaue to follow mine emprise.
Mammon was much displeasd, yet no'te he chuse,
But beare the rigour of his bold mespise,
And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

[40]

He brought him through a darksome narrow strait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A sturdy villein, striding stiffe and bold,
As the highest God defie he would;
In his right hand an yron club he held,
But he himselfe was all of golden mould,
Yet had both life and sence, and well could weld
That cursed weapon, when his cruell foes he queld.

[41]

Disdayne he called was, and did disdain
To be so cald, and who so did him call:
Sterne was to looke, and full of stomacke vaine,
His portance terrible, and stature tall,
Far passing th'height of men terrestriall;
Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race,
That made him scorne all creatures great and small,
And with his pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongst blacke fiendes, then men to haue his place.

[42]

Soone as those glitterand armes he did espye,
That with their brightnesse made that darknesse light,
His harmefull club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten batteill to the Faery knight;
Who likewise gan himselfe to battaill dight,
Till *Mammon* did his hastie hand withhold,
And counseld him abstaine from perilous fight:
For nothing might abash the villein bold,
Ne mortall steele emperce his miscreated mould.

[43]

So hauing him with reason pacifide,
And the fiers Carle commaunding to forbear,
He brought him in. The rowme was large and wide,
As it some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
Many great golden pillours did vpbeare
The massy roofe, and riches huge sustayne:
And euery pillour decked was full deare
With crownes and Diademes, & titles vaine,
Which mortall Princes wore, whiles they on earth did rayne.

[44]

A route of people there assembled were,
Of euery sort and nation vnder skye,
Which with great vprore preaced to draw nere
To th'vpper part, where was aduaunced hye
A stately siege of soueraigne maiestye;
And thereon sat a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in robes of royaltie,
That neuer earthly Prince in such a ray
His glory did enhance, and pompous pride display.

[45]

Her face right wondrous faire did seeme to bee,
That her broad beauties beam great brightnes threw
Through the dim shade, that all men might it see:
Yet was not that same her owne natiue hew,
But wrought by art and counterfettet shew,
Thereby more louers vnto her to call;
Nath'lesse, most heauenly faire in deed and vew
She by creation was, till she did fall;
Thenceforth she sought for helps, to cloke her crime withall.

[46]

There, as in glistring glory she did sit,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose vpper end to highest heauen was knit,
And lower part did reach to lowest Hell;
And all that preace did round about her swell,
To catchen hold of that long chaine, thereby
To climbe aloft, and others to excell:
That was *Ambition*, rash desire to sty,
And euery lincke thereof a step of dignity.

[47]

Some thought to raise themselues to high degree,
By riches and vnrighteous reward,
Some by close shouldring, some by flatteree;
Others through friends, others for base regard;
And all by wrong wayes for themselues prepard.
Those that were vp themselues, kept others low,
Those that were low themselues, held others hard,
Ne suffred them to rise or greater grow,
But euery one did striue his fellow down to throw.

[48]

Which when as *Guyon* saw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preace about that Ladies throne,
And what she was that did so high aspire.
Him *Mammon* answered; That goodly one,
Whom all that folke with such contention,
Do flocke about, my deare my, daughter is;
Honour and dignitie from her alone,
Deriued are, and all this worldes blis
For which ye men do striue: few get, but many mis.

[49]

And faire *Philotime* she rightly hight,
The fairest wight that wonneth vnder skye,
But that this darksome neather world her light
Doth dim with horroure and deformitie,
Worthy of heauen and high felicitie,
From whence the gods haue her for enuy thrust:
But sith thou hast found fauour in mine eye,
Thy spouse I will her make, if that thou lust,
That she may thee aduance for works and merites iust.

[50]

Gramercy *Mammon* (said the gentle knight)
For so great grace and offred high estate;
But I, that am fraile flesh and earthly wight,
Vnworthy match for such immortall mate
My selfe well wote, and mine vnequall fate;
And were I not, yet is my trowth yplight,
And loue auowd to other Lady late,
That to remoue the same I haue no might:
To chaunge loue causelesse is reproche to warlike knight.

[51]

Mammon emmoued was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to faine, him forth thence led
Through griesly shadowes by a beaten path,
Into a gardin goodly garnished
With hearbs and fruits, whose kinds mote not be red:
Not such, as earth out of her fruitfull woomb
Throwes forth to men, sweet and well sauoured,
But direfull deadly blacke both leafe and bloom,
Fit to adorne the dead, and decke the drery toombe.

[52]

There mournfull *Cypresse* grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* sad,
Dead sleeping *Poppy*, and blacke *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
Mortall *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which with th'vniust *Atheniens* made to dy
Wise *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Pourd out his life, and last Philosophy
To the faire *Critias* his dearest Belamy.

[53]

The *Gordin* of *Proserpina* this hight;
And in the midst thereof a siluer seat,
With a thicke Arber goodly ouer dight,
In which she often vsd from open heat
Her selfe to shroud, and pleasures to entreat.
Next thereunto did growe a goodly tree,
With braunches broad dispred and body great,
Clothed with leaues, that none the wood mote see
And loaden all with fruit as thicke as it might bee.

[54]

Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold,
On earth like neuer grew, ne liuing wight
Like euer saw, but they from hence were sold;
For those, which *Hercules* with conquest bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold:
And those with which th'*Eubaeen* young man wan,
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out ran.

[55]

Here also sprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his louer trew,
Whom he had long time sought with fruitlesse suit:
Here eke that famous golden Apple grew,
The which emongst the gods false *Ate* threw;
For which th'*Idaeen* Ladies disagreed,
Till partiall *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had of her, faire *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greekes* and *Troians* made to bleed.

[56]

The warlike Elfe much wondred at this tree,
So faire and great, that shadowed all the ground,
And his broad braunches, laden with rich fee,
Did stretch themselues without the vtmost bound
Of this great gardin, compast with a mound,
Which ouer-hanging, they themselues did steepe,
In a blacke flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the riuier of *Cocytus* deepe,
In which full many soules do endlesse waile and weepe.

[57]

Which to behold, he clomb vp to the banke,
And looking downe, saw many damned wights,
In those sad waues; which direfull deadly stanke,
Plonged continually of cruell Sprights,
That with their pitteous cryes, and yelling shrights,
They made the further shore resounden wide:
Emongst the rest of those same ruefull sights,
One cursed creature, he by chaunce espide,
That drenched lay full deepe, vnder the Garden side.

[58]

Deepe was he drenched to the vpmost chin,
Yet gaped still, as coueting to drinke
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in,
And stretching forth his hand, did often thinke
To reach the fruit, which grew vpon the brincke:
But both the fruit from hand, and floud from mouth
Did flie abacke, and made him vainely swinke:
The whiles he steru'd with hunger and with drouth
He daily dyde, yet neuer throughly dyen couth.

[59]

The knight him seeing labour so in vaine,
Askt who he was, and what he ment thereby:
Who groning deepe, thus answerd him againe;
Most cursed of all creatures vnder skye,
Lo *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Ioue* wont whylome feasted bee,
Lo here I now for want of food doe dye:
But if that thou be such, as I thee see,
Of grace I pray thee, giue to eate and drinke to mee.

[60]

Nay, nay, thou greedie *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy present fate;
And vnto all that lue in high degree,
Ensample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to vse their present state.
Then gan the cursed wretch aloud to cry,
Accusing highest *Ioue* and gods ingrate,
And eke blaspheming heauen bitterly,
As authour of vniustice, there to let him dye.

[61]

Hee lookt a little further, and espyde
Another wretch, whose carkasse deepe was drent
Within the riuier, which the same did hyde:
But both his hands most filthy feculent,
Aboue the water were on high extent,
And faynd to wash themselues incessantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for such intent,
But rather fowler seemed to the eye;
So lost his labour vaine and idle industry.

[62]

The knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting vp his head, him answerd thus:
I *Pilate* am the falsest Iudge, alas,
And most vniust, that by vnrighteous
And wicked doome, to Iewes despiteous
Deliuered vp the Lord of life to die,
And did acquite a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my hands I washt in puritie
The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie.

[63]

Infinite moe, tormented in like paine
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remaine,
For terrour of the tortures manifold,
In which the damned soules he did behold,
But roughly him bespake. Thou fearefull foole,
Why takest not of that same fruit of gold,
Ne sittest downe on that same siluer stoole,
To rest thy wearie person, in the shadow coole.

[64]

All which he did, to doe him deadly fall
In frayle intemperance through sinfull bayt;
To which if he inclined had at all,
That dreadfull feend, which did behind him wayt,
Would him haue rent in thousand peeces strayt:
But he was warie wise in all his way,
And well perceiued his deceitfull sleight,
Ne suffred lust his safetie to betray;
So goodly did beguile the Guyler of the pray.

[65]

And now he has so long remained there,
That vitall powres gan wexe both weake and wan,
For want of food, and sleepe, which two vpbeare,
Like mightie pillours, this fraile life of man,
That none without the same endure can.
For now three dayes of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardie enterprize began:
For thy great *Mammon* fairely he besought,
Into the world to guide him backe, as he him brought.

[66]

The God, though loth, yet was constraind t'obay:
For lenger time, then that, no liuing wight
Below the earth, might suffred be to stay:
So backe againe, him brought to liuing light.
But all so soone as his enfeebled spright
Gan sucke this vitall aire into his brest,
As ouercome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her nest,
And all his senses were with deadly fit opprest.

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