SPENSER AS A SENSUOUS POET IN BOOK II OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

THESIS

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by

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Chairman of the Graduate Committee

TO

Lucile Gill

My friend, adviser, and inspiration

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PREFACE

An artist experiences a sensation and cannot rest until he translates it into lines of color. A musician has the same sensation and cannot rest until he puts his reaction into pulsing, throbbing music. A poet of sensuous appeal has the same sensation that the other two have had, and from his pen com both the color of the artist and the melody of the musician.

And what type of poetry is that which comes from the pen of such a poet? Is it factual? Is it mystic? Is it didactic? Is it sensuous?

Poetry coming so, from both the artist and the musician in one, could not possibly have the hard factuality of Dryden and Pope. Close reading shows the dominance of the factual over the sensuous in the poetry of these men. Let us notice Dryden. To be entirely fair I shall select a passage which is

considered by most critics to be one of his best.

"O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thy self revealed;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires;
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory and be mine the shame!
Good life be now my task; my doubts are done; [1]
What more could fright my faith than Three in One?"

This passage is exceptional for Dryden because of its poetic beauty, its melody, its cadences, its lofty note; but it is the thought, even here, that we are interested in. It is easy for a poet to lose comprehensibility in passionate bursts of poetic fervor. But there in no incomprehensibility here.

Now let us consider a more typical Dryden passage. He is not soaring in the clouds here. There are no purple passages. It is plain verse for plain man, and as such is the accumulation of the chiselings from the mind, not the soul, of the poet.

"Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
And now their odours armed against them fly:
Some preciously by shattered porcelain fall [2]
And some by aromatic splinters die."

1.Dryden's The Hind and the Panther,I,225,68-81
2.Dryden's Annus Mirabilis, 47,29

Pope is mentioned in the same breath with Dryden when factual poetry is discussed. As further proof of the practicality of the mind-working of the pseudo-classicist, take this passage from Pope.

"The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd,
Fate urged the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again).
The meeting points the sacred hair disever 1
From the fair head, for ever, and forever!"

The only difference between this selection and the preceding one is that Dryden achieved a melody which Pope does not even attempt. So, technically speaking, this passage is perhaps more nearly the ideal of factualism.

Poetry coming from the eye of the artist and the soul of the musician could not result in the sublime exultation in the spiritual which is to be found in the poetry of Milton. The following passage is one of the most metrically perfect in the English language. The reader is seduced by its beauty into an almost come-like spiritual satisfaction. But it is, after all, a musical satisfaction and not a completion of poetic satisfaction.

"Hail holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of the Eternal, co-eternal beam

1.Pope's Rape of the Lock, 147-154

> May I express thee unblam'd? since God is Light,
> And never but in unapproached Light
> Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
> Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
> Or hear'st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
> Whose fountain who shall tell? before the sun,
> Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
> Of God, as with a mantle didst invest
> The rising world of waters dark and deep,[1]
> Won from the void and formless infinite."

Since these two extremes do not satisfy the sensuous poet in question, what have we left? The poetry from the eye of the artist and the soul of the musician must appeal to the sensuous soul of the reader. Its physical beauty must permeate the being of the reader and he must be lost in a maze of color, of imagery, of music, of exquisite odors, of voluptuous tastes. In the poetry of Spenser we have the epitome of all that is sensuous. This example,-

> "Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
> As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
> And was arrayd, or rather disarrayd,
> All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
> That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
> But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
> More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
> Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
> Of scorched deaw, do not in th'ayre more lightly flee."[2]

And again,-

1.P.L.,III,148-149,1-12.
2.F.Q.II,XII,LXXVII.

"And him behynd, a wicked hag did stalke,
In ragged robes and filthy dismray:
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay:
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosly hong unrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill favoured, full of wrinekles old." [1]

Here we find all of the qualities of sensuous poetry. There is the color of good and evil, of the beautiful and the grotesque. There is the lilac-fresh scent of the lovely and the acrid, pungent odor of the unfit. There is the tropical sweetness of all beautiful and the acidity of the disappointed. There is the smooth satin whiteness of the skin of the maiden and the scaley horror of the hide of the hag. And there is the dreadful suggestion of coming battle and the drowsy song of the peaceful.

It will be my endeavor in this paper to show to what extent the sensuous enters into Book II of The Faerie Queene.

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1. F.Q. II, IV, IV.

INTRODUCTION

Upon the heavily rich cloth which is the age of Elizabeth are embroidered the spectacular beginnings of modern English poetry. In the far background are Chaucer's realistic creations, some gay and colorful, some sombre and sad. After them stretches a gray expanse of nothingness, the silence which usually precedes a great outburst of literary achievement. On the edge of this gray expanse a few tentative, half-completed sketches show the pioneering of such worthy experimenters as Skelton, Wyatt, Surrey, and Gascoigne. But these poor sketches are dulled and shadowed by a new glory. The sun of literature, in all its continental splendor, bursts into English skies. A queen holds royal court; a vivid pageantry of brave knights prance past on half-wild horses; wild and gorgeous pageants form the background for the movements of an evil sorcerer; the virtues and vices of all mankind pace by in stately parade. For Spenser, in 1590, brought to England the first three books of the Faerie Queene.

And why should the introduction of this yet incomplete poem mean so much to England's literature? Why should the

sight of lines on a page so storm the hearts of the culture-seeking noblemen of the gay and sophisticated court of this queen? The age of Elizabeth was an age of culture, an age of romance, and an age of growing sophistication. But England had not always yearned after culture and romance and sophistication. Since the time of Chaucer and his poetry of humanity, the island had been bare of the beautiful in life and t he beautiful in literature. Life had been hardened by battle rather than softened by any poetic idea of chivalry. There had been little leisure for poetry, and few Continental efforts had stimulated competition in this isolated island. Men had disliked the idea of going to the Continent for words with which to enrich their language; they were keenly skeptical whether great poetry could be written in the vernacular.

Elizabeth desired a widening of all learning, a general deepening of English culture. Continental ideas were looked upon more tolerantly; education was regarded favorably; an educated court group sprang into existence almost overnight; courtiers crossed to the Continent in an eager search for new learning and new ideas; foreign poetical forms were observed, torn apart, patched together again for use. A realization of the lack of real poetry and a saving discontent with the type of existing poetry were gradually forming in the minds of Englishmen. A desire for great verse in the

vernacular, a recognition of the necessity for the importation of foreign terms, and a knowledge of the virtues of creating new words from the vernacular, were causing English poets to turn questioning eyes to Chaucer, to turn seeking eyes towards France and Italy, to look with favor upon the study of the English language for the purpose of literary expression.

In comparatively recent times, various writers had imbibed foreign learning and had brought their influence to bear upon English literature. But they could not bring their labor to a supreme culmination. They were not able to produce a Faerie Queene. Their poetry was a feeling out, and a striving for an ideal beauty that they were never to realize. They were too near the dark ages of English literature. Their work was but a means by which later masters, Spenser, Shakespeare, Dryden, and all the rest, were to accomplish their immortal poetry.

So Spenser began writing at a time when inspiration had every chance to be of utmost importance to a poet. The realities of his own existence naturally turned him from the poetry of reality. He had been reared in the home of a poor tailor; he had endured all of the mortifications that could come to the soul of a sensitive sizar, and there were many such mortifications in his early life.

> "Spenser was surely more than once mortified by his subordinate position, being conscious of his superiority over those that the privilege of birth or money set above him. Similar mortifications drive young men to socialism

> in our days. In Spenser's time and in that university which was the chief seminary of the English clergy, the spirit of revolt took a religious or rather ecclesiastic turn." [1]

But Spenser soon found that his was not a religious nature. He soon grew tired of ecclesiastical duties and disputes. His poetic temperament craved the color, the romance, the glamour, of court life. And even here it is significant to note that it was his idealized idea of the life of a courtier, rather than the grim reality of hate and intrigue which he later discovered, that inspired the colorful pageantry of the fairy court of Gloriana.

Spenser the Puritan and Spenser the pagan, experienced inevitable conflicts. His mind told him that the purpose of his poem was a glorification of virtue and a damnation of vice. But innately, he cried out after beauty. Life stretched before him in strong appeal to all his senses. The physical aspect of man's nature drew him in spite of his intellectualism. A man became a shining god in armor, a woman became an alabaster pillar of purity, a forest became a vibrant mass of greens and blues and yellows. And through these sensuous, tantalizing creations of his mind, the poet wandered as in a dream, gazing with admiration upon the shining god called man, touching with experimental fingers the alabaster

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1. Legouis, Spenser, p. 9.

shoulder of the ideal called woman, and crushing in one hand green leaves from his living creation of a tree.

Spenser was ultimately a sensuous poet, interested in the life he caught to the pictures he painted. His didacticism, and the apparent stilted virtues of his characters, he dismissed with a subtle humor almost Chaucerian, to lose himself in exultation in color, and beauty, and music.

Sensuous characteristics in a wider sense are found in The Faerie Queene. There are the glorious outpourings of all of the vivid colors of his vivid imagination. There are the living pictures of nature. There are the incomparable portraits of the beautiful and of the grotesque. And there are the wonderfully beautiful cadences and rhythms and melodies of the music of the unmatched lines of descriptive poetry. All of these things combine to make a steady flow of a pageant of living figures such as are seen again only on the cloth of some Renascence tapestry.

CHAPTER ONE

In Book II of the Faerie Queene there is presented in a gorgeous and vivid array a panoramic view of temperance. But what an idea of temperance! It is temperance placed in the midst of rank green forests, of splendid caves of horror, by the side of beautiful lakes, aboard graceful ships which safely cleave the waters of destruction. And in such settings, the virtue of temperance maintains an almost classic aloofness. Temperance, as a virtue, was very appealing to the Christian element in Spenser's character. But in the poem it is not this isolated virtue exalted that pleases and intrigues the poet; it is the exaltation of the pagan vices to a point where they may interfere with the maintenance of a temperate mind which appeals to the poet.

> "He was born to sing May festivities or build enchanting Bowers of Bliss. All he could do to quiet his conscience was, after raising these beautiful structures, to declare them immoral or impious, but he was too much delighted with them to suppress them altogether, and his Muse very seldom prompted the Christian in him to lyrical or descriptive flights of equal beauty."[1]

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1. Legouis's Spenser, p. 28

The book of Guyon is a book of war and of vice. It is a book of good and evil. It is a book of red and gold. The red is the symbol of war and of death; the gold is the symbol of wealth, of sin, of vice.

War, as symbolized by the color red, is the shedding of blood, blood as warm and pure as a rose, and blood as dark and as evil as all sin. In this one book there are no less than nine battles, which indicates the extent of the death glow found in the cantos. But for the moment we are to disregard war and bloodshed. Without one mention of bloodshed, Book II is still one of the most vivid and most colorful of all the books in the poem. This color depends upon the use of yellow, of gold, and gold is found in the Cave of Mammon.

Gold is here the symbol of evil. Let us consider the vices found in the poem. We find Mordant or the vice of heavy drinking, Amavia or the unnatural lover of life, Elissa or the vice of stinginess, Perissa or prodigality, Furor or occasional wrath, Pyrochles or wrath without cause, Atin or strife, Cymochles or passion, Phaedria or immodest mirth, Mammon or avarice, Maleger or the sins of the five senses, and Acrasia or self-indulgence.

Acrasia, of course, is the vice toward which Guyon is ever working, but with the exception of this ever - present aim, one vice stands out in sharp relief. It is the vice of avarice, personified by the person of Mammon.

Avarice was not to be represented by a beautiful maiden, however much she might be distorted by sin. It was not to be personified in any form of youth. Spenser must have looked at the money-mad misers around him, and it must have taken litt'e imagination to find his character portrait among them. He must be old, for youth would not have had time enough to lose all other ideals in the world. His dress must be at once expensive and worn, his face shadowed by his own meanness. And clinging fast to his body must be little flecks of gold. Gold! Thrown into vivid relief against a background of black horror and sin and death, stands this god of gold. Gold! It is the color, the taste, the odor, the very soul of the House of Mammon. It is the matrix out of which Spenser weaves one of the most remarkable pictures in his entire collection of tapestries. The edges of the shadows of hell are lined with gold. The body of Mammon is plastered with it. The eyes of the monster who follows Guyon reflect it. The burning blasts from the furnaces of chaos breathe it forth. Existence hinges upon its reality. The beauty of the daughter of Mammon is a golden splendor. Beautiful trees bear golden fruit. The soul of the poet is inflamed with this fiery spectacle of the gold of God's creation on revue before the eyes of the temperate man.

In Canto VII, the word gold appears no less than eighteen times. And in every case this golden yellow

is set in relief by direct allusion to, or faint suggestion of, a background of darkness, of chaos, of night.

The first reference to gold and to Mammon comes in stanza four, where Guyon comes upon Mammon where he sits counting his wealth.

"At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found in secred shade
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
Of grieslv hew and fowle ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoke was tand, and eies were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have been seard
In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like
clawes appeard.

His yron cote, all overgrowne with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse, dasked with filthy dust,
Well yet appeared to have beene of old
A work of rich entayle and curious mould,
Woven with antickes and wyld ymagery:
And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,
And turned upside downe, to feede his eye [1]
And covetous desire with his huge threasury."

And fromthis first reference, Canto VII becomes the canto of gold. And it must not be forgotten that it is a chaotic darkness, overlaid with yellow.

Mammon leads the rather unwilling Guyon down into the darkness of his cave.

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[1] F.Q.II,VII, 3-4.

"Through the thick covert he him led, and found
A darksome way, which no man could descry,
That deepe descended through the hollow ground, 1
And was with dread and horrour compassed round."

And when Spenser leaves earth and descends into the realm of the lower region, he loses himself in a frenzy of sensuous delight. The first time we have warning of this is when he begins to list the horrors who sit along a broad high way

"That streight did lead to Plutoes grisely rayne:-" 2

Each horror is characterized by but one adjective, but the selection of this one word certainly points to Spenser's place in the first rank for excellence of poetic diction. Here is the list: infernal Payne, tumultuous Strife, cruelle Revenge, rancorous Despight, disloyall Treason, heart-burning Hate, gnawing Gealousy, trembling Feare, lamenting Sorrow, Shame #, sad Horror, self-consuming Care
Care.

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1 F.Q. II, VII, XX, 6-9.

2 Ibid., XXI, 4.

Notice the self-dependence of the word Shame. It needs no intensifier.

And from here Spenser plunges us at once into the interior of the Cave of Mammon. Room after room is opened to us. The cave has the golden wonder of some splendid dream. The first outstanding picture is in the room where

> --"An hundred raunges weren pight,
> And hundred furnaces all burning bright;
> By every fournace many feendes did byde,
> Deformed creatures, horrible in sight;
> And every feend his busie paines applyde,
> To melt the golden metall, ready to be tryde.
>
> "One with great bellowes gathered filling ayre,
> And with forst wind the fewell did inflame;
> Another did the dying brands repayre
> With yron tongs, and sprinkled ofte the same
> With liquid waves, fiers Vulcans rage to tame,
> Who, maystring them, renewd his former heat;
> Some scound the dregge, that from the metall came,
> Some stird the molten owre with ladles great; [1]
> And every one did swinke, and every one did sweat."

In direct contrast to the grotesque figures of the dwarfs with their bent and twisted shadows cast by the tumbling flames from the furnaces, comes the beautiful being of Philotime, daughter of Mammon. She is a creation of gold, but it is not of the same gold as that seen in the other rooms. She is a golden goddess, a living, breathing person, a woman of majesty in whose hands rests the golden chain that reaches from hell to heaven.

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[1] F.Q. II, VII, XXXV-XXXVI.

Philotime becomes the most dangerous temptation in the path of Guyon. Not only is she a glorious woman, but she stands for honor and dignity, the only worldly things which might have within them a real temptation for temperance.

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

There as in glistring glory she did sitt,
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,
Whose upper end to highest heven was knitt,
And lower part did reach to lowest hell;
And all that preasse did rownd 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, [1]
And every linck therof a step of dignity."

But Spenser brings Guyon through in triumph, and then takes him from the maiden into the garden of Proserpina.

There is something mournfully sweet about the name Proserpina which, with the underlying idea of worldly success, creates a mood of sadness in the garden. The garden is set in the midst of shadows; its trees are

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[1] F.Q. II, VII, XLV-XLVI.

black; its flowers are black; the very ground is black. But beneath one huge black tree is a silver seat, and among the black leaves of the tree grow golden apples.

There is no life here. There can be no life in black and gold. The garden is Spenser's most ornate, most gorgeous tapestry. Embroidered upon a background of black velvet is a knight in armor. Among the black leaves of a tall black tree hang golden apples. Beneath the tree is a silver seat. The picture has a sensuous magic about it. It is almost possible to smell the exotic perfume from the huge black tropical flowers. One knows that the juice from the golden fruit would be sweet to excess. One senses the deadening feeling that the scene would breath into a human being.

This feeling serves as a reason for bringing the canto to a successful chose. Guyon has neither eaten nor slept for three days; the deadly atmosphere is lowering his resistance; the canto ends, bringing to a close one of the most masterly of all of Spenser's poetic descriptions.

The Cave of Mammon is not the sole case where the color yellow is used. In Canto I, Duessa the enchantress, is introduced in the form of a beautiful ravished maiden. Guyon, guided by the disguised Archimago, has repaired to the spot in order to seek vengance for the ruindd girl. In stanza XV, the good knight is vainly questioning her of the heinous deed.

"Which when she heard, as in despightfull wise,
She wilfully her sorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did despise:
Her golden lockes most cruelly she rent,
And scratcht her face with ghastly dreriment;
Ne would she speake, ne see, ne yet be seene,
But hid her visage, and her head downe bent,
Either for grievous shame, or for great teene
As if her heart with sorrow had transfixed beene."

To me, the above stanza is one of the worst written in the whole book. There is little of the supreme sensuous qualities found in the picture. Instead, Spenser, apparently endeavoring to cloak vice by a covering of rent virtue, has achieved and created an incongruous picture. One is quite conscious that the woman, through a beautiful exterior, has a vile soul, and at the same time the mere presence of such a soul ruins any apparent physical beauty.

Acrasia, or self-indulgence, is perhaps the most ravishing of all of Spenser's evil characters. Her beauty is doomed to die. In a book of temperance no evil can thrive. But one wishes, invariably, that such a personification of beauty could be, after all, found perfect.

"Upon a bed of roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,

1
F.Q.,II, I, XV.

But rather shewd more white, if more might bee:
More subtile web Arachne cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of scorched deaw, do not in th' ayre more lightly flee.

Her snowy breast was bare to ready spoyle
Of hungry eies, which n'ete therewith be fild;
And yet through languour of her late sweet toyle,
Few drops, more cleare than nectar, forth distild,
That like pure orient perles adowne it trild;
And her faire eyes, sweet smyling in delight,
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not, like starry light,
Which, sparckling on the silent waves, does seeme
more bright."[1]

In a subsequent discussion is found Belphoebe, the essence of sunlight. But here is found Acrasia, the essence of moonlight, of stardust, of dark night. Because of this very fact she becomes the supreme sensuous creation of the poet. Shadows and moonlight are far more fascinating than the bright sky at noon.

One is never aware of the color of her hair, her eyes. One only remembers.

"All in a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shewd more white, if more might be."[2]

Spenser has given Acrasia the beauty of a full blown rose seen by moonlight. He has woven perfection from the threads of suggestion, not alone from facts. She, and her

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[1] F.Q.II, XII, LXXVII-LXXVIII.

[2] Ibid., LXXVII, 4-6.

beauty, should live forever, to give glimpses of happiness in this dull world of ours. She does live in this poetic creation. Did Spenser the Christian unknowingly carried away by the very sensuousness of his own poetry do this, or did Spenser the pagan delight in the glowing being who sprang from his own inspired pen?

In direct contrast to Acrasia is Belphoebe, the embodiment of the beauty of sunshine and of purity. She is the most perfect factual feminine creation, and is of added interest because she is the personification of perfection.

Belphoebe's beauty is given a perfect setting. She stands, a silhouette of gold and ivory against the green background of the forest. Her description is ordered. There are eleven stanzas devoted to her, in the following order,-- face, eyes, mouth, forhead, body, limbs, limbs, body, hair.

Belphoebe is a symphony in gold and green. The green is the bright yellow-green of a forest in spring. The gold is the pale yellow luster which perhaps symbolizes the spring-time of youth. She dashes into the clearing, and pauses to ask Trompart of the hunt. She stands there in her green and yellow huntress's dress, her golden curls flying loose in the wind, her eyes luminous with happiness and the excitement of the chase, her ivory cheeks flushed with color, her showy breast rapidly rising and falling with

the exertion of the chase.

"Her face so faire as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly portraict of bright angels hew,
Cleare as the skye, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexion dew;
And in her cheekes the vermeill red did show
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosiall odours from them threw,
And gazers sence with double pleasure fed,
Hable to heale the sicke, and to revive the dead.

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itself dispread,
For love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battles of his great godhead:
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when she spoke,
Sweet words, like dropping honny she did shed,
And twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make."

Her yellow lockes crisped, like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wide dispred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And whether art it were, or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude haires sweet flowres themselves did lap, [1]
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossoms did enwrap."

Belphoebe is the climax of Spenser's feminine pictures. In her is chained, for the span of a dozen stanzas, all beauty. It is beauty unalloyed! It is beauty perfected!

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[1] F.Q., II, III, XII, XIV, X..

BATTLES IN BOOK TWO

Canto

1) III, XX-XXVII. (Guyon, Hudebras, Sansloi.)

2) IV, VI-XVI. (Guyon, Furor, Occasion.)

3) V, XX-XXV. (Pyrocles, Furor, Occasion)

4) VI, XXVII-XXXI. (Cymocles, Guyon.)

5) VIII, XXX-LIII. (Arthur, Pyrocles, Cymocles.)

6) IX, XIII-XVII. (Arthur, Guyon, Spirits.)

7) X----------(Stories of the battles of the conquest of England) [1]

8) XI, V-XLIX. (Arthur and Maleger.)

9) XII----------(Overthrow of the Bower of Bliss) [2]

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[1] Battle seven is not a single conflict. It is comprised of all of the historical strifes told of in Canto X.

[2] Battle nine is not a battle of bloodshed. It is rather the account of the overthrow of Acrasia's Bower of Bliss. It contains some of the most beautiful of the nature descriptions to be found in the entire poem.

Red is the symbol of war and of death. It is the symbol of war for both the hero and the villain, but it is the symbol of death for the villain alone.

The table on the preceding page is to show to what extent Book II is a book of war. And when it is discovered that in the twelve cantos there are nine battles, the signigicance of the "blood" element easily becomes apparent. For the war of the days of chivalry was a war of blood. There were no cleanly drilled bullet holes with a thin trickle of blood staining a white shirt front. Instead, there was a desperate battle of swords in which,

> "Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate [1]
> Deep in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate."

From the very opening incident in the first canto, the war warning is issued. Archimago, arch villain, tries to inveigle Guyon into a battle with the Red Cross Knight. The fact that he doesn't succeed has little significance, for before the end of the canto Guyon is involved in one of the bloodiest, and at the same time most heart-rending scenes in the entire book. The fact that the characters are perhaps strange to us does not interfere with the reader's sudden well of feeling for the wrong done the luckless Mortdant and Amavia. It is the principle of the act, as Spenser painted it, which causes our sym athy, and

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[1] [illegible], 8-9.

not the characters.

"-----
In whose white alabaster brest did stick
A cruell knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gusht a steam of gore-blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind arownd,
And into a deepe sanguine dide the grassy grownd.

Pitifull spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountaine low she ley,
Which shee increased with her bleeding hart,
And the cleane waves with purple gore did ray:
Als in her lap a lovely babe did play
His cruell sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For in her steaming blood he did embay
His litle hands, and tender joints embrew;
Pitifull spectacle, as ever eie did vew.

Besides them both, upon the soiled grass
The dead corse of an armed knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprincled was;
His ruddy lips did smyle, and rosy red [1]
Did paint his chearefull cheekes, yett being ded;-"

It would be impossible to doubt Spenser's sensuous artistry after reading the above three stanzas. In the first place, they are excellent examples of antithesis. To be a true sensuous poet, one must lose himself, as Spenser surely did, in a glorious orgy of the physical. But to be a sensuous poet of the first rank, there must be more than this. There must be true poetic diction; there must be technique. Now of all the technical devices antithesis, if used correctly, is perhaps the most effective. And what do we fing here? I have underlined the words which

[1] F.Q., II, I, XXXIX, XL, XLI.

seem to contfibute most to the general color of the scene.

There is a white alabaster breast, with a griesly wound from which gusht a streem of gore-blood thick. The grass is dyed a deepe sanguine. The cleane waves of a bubling fountain are dyed with pürple gore. The babe pats his little hands in a pöel of her blood, and laughs and coos at the still rosy corpse of his father. What could be more effective than such contrasts? The opposite of blood is the pure alabaster of the woman's skin. Red blood colors the purest of water. A babe, the symbol of innocence, stains his hands in the blood of sin. And by the startling contrasts of the scene, the horror, the pathos, the spirit of death is presented in an immortal picture, which is one of the most spectacular as well as the most gruesome to be found in the book.

So the exordium of the book intimates the probable direction of action. The scene is become a battlefield, the action a clash of sounding arms.

In Book II out of nine battles there are three distinct battle divisions: the battle of the grotesque, the battle between two brave knights, and the battle between reason and emotion. This study will take up the divisions in the order named.

The grotesque in art has been aptly defined as "the incongruous in art."[1] The incongruity of these battles caused their selection for this discussion.

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[1] Winston Simplified Dictionary

The supreme battle of the grotesque found in the Faerie Queene occurs in Canto III of Book II. Set us consider the case of the battle between the lusel vasant Braggadocio and the idle fool Trompart.

When Guyon had gone to help Amavia, he had left his horse alone on the plain. Braggadocio saw the horse with its handsome trappings, mounted him, and rode away. On his way he met Trompart.

"And by the way he chaunced to espy 1
One sitting idle on a sunny bancke."

The battle between Braggadocio and Trompart is a battle without blows, a battle without blood, a battle without death. It is one of the poet's rare humorous scenes, and with a word here and a phrase there he has managed to give one of the most vivid and at the same time perfect portraits in the collection.

Braggadocio is painted in a few lines.

"Now gan his hart all swell in jollitie,
And of him selfe great hope and helpe conceiv'd.
That puffed up with smoke of vanitie,---
He gan to hope-----."[2]

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[1] F.Q., II, III, VI, 1-?.

[2] Ibid., V, 1,2,3.

And again,

"To whom avaunting inggreat bravery,
As Peacocke, that his painted plumes doth prancke."[1]

And how does he conquer his man? Braggadocio shakes his head and spurs his horse; Trompart falls upon his face.

"He smote his courser in the trembling flancke,
And to him threatned his hart thrilling speare.
The seely man seeing him ryde so rancke,
And ayme at him, fell flat to ground for feare,[2]
And crying "Mercy" lowd, his pitious hands gan reare."

Braggadocio shouts; Trompart yields himself as thrall.

"Thereat the Scarecrow wexed wondrous prowd,
Through fortune of his first adventure faire,[3]
And with big thundring voyce revyld him lowd."

And poor Trompart,

"Hold, O deare Lord, hold your dead-doing hand,
Then loud he cryde, I am your humble thrall."[4]

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1 III,
F.Q., II, VI, 3-4.
2 Ibid., VI, 5-9.
3 Ibid., VII, 1-3.
4 Ibid., VIII, 1-2.

And the battle is over. Now, just how did Spenser achieve his desired effect? In this one selection, it lies altogether in a few isolated descriptive phrases, so strung together that they create the desired artistic effect: smoke of vanitie, Peacocke with painted plumes, Scarecrow, big thundring voice, vile caytive, dead dog, all add to the word picture.

The second battle of the grotesque is Guyon's conflict with Furor. This battle has nothing of the good-natured humor which is found in the story of Braggadocio and Trompart. It is a story of horror and of animalism, and of filth.

Guyon meets Furor and Occasion, as they are dragging Phedon across the plain. He forces the terrible figures to stop.

> "The noble Guyon, mov'd with great remorse,
> Approacheding first the Hag did thrust away,
> And after adding more impetuous forse,
> His mighti[illegible]cid on the madman lay,
> And pluckt him backe: who all on fire streight-way,
> Against him turning all his fell intent,
> With beastly brutish rage gan him assay,
> And smot, and bit, and kickt, and scratcht, and rent,
> And did he wist not what in his avengement."[1]

The battle which follows is the most sordid of all the accounts. There is no beauty here, only horror and filth. It is impossible to get away from the filth. Spenser

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[1] F.Q., II, IV, VI.

reminds us of its presence at every turn in the action. Guyon catches Occasion, the cause of Furor's wrath, and binds her. Then it is an easy matter to overcome Furor.

"In his strong armes he stiffely him embraste,
Who him gainstriving, nought at all prevaled:
For all his power was utterly defaste."[3]

It is a very easy matter to think only of the beautiful of sensuous poetry, and completely ignore the gruesome. The beautiful alone in Book II would be abundance for study, but it is not beauty alone that is to be dealt with. The revolting pictures of the wrathful Furor and the loathsome Occasion are as sensuously perfect as the glowing description of Acrasia.

"And him behind, a wicked Hag did stalke,
In ragged robes, and filthy disarray;
Her other leg was lame, that she no'te walke,
But on a staffe her feeble steps did stay;
Her lockes, that loathly were and hoarie gray,
Grew all afore, and loosely hong unrold,
But all behind was bald, and worne away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill favourd, full of wrinckles old."[2]

I offer this passage as the supreme perfection of the

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1 F.Q., II, IV, XIV, 1-3

2 Ibid., IV.

description of the unlovely.

The third and last battle of the grotesque is the battle between Prince Arthur and Maleger. This is the most sensuous of all the battles in the poem. Maleger, the representative of the sins of the five senses, lays siege upon the House of Alma. Guyon has proceeded upon his journey; it is left to the young prince to rid the house of the besieger.

The bulwarks of the palace were besieged in the following order: five troops were sent against the five gates; the troops of beauty and money were sent against Sight; the troops of bad counsels, praises, and false flatteries were sent against Hearing; foolish delights were sent against Smell; vain feasts were sent against Taste; sensual delights were sent against the body. And Arthur, the Prince, went out against Maleger, the ghostly personification of evil.

> "Soone as the Carle from farre the Prince espyde,
> Glistring in armes and warlike ornament,
> His Beast he felly pricht on either syde,
> And his mischievous bow full readie bent,
> With which at him a cruell shaft he sent.
> But he was warie, and it warded well
> Upon his shield, that it no further went,
> But to the ground the idle quarrell fell;
> Then he another and another did expell."[1]

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[1] F.Q., II, XI, XXIV.

Maleger is one of the most repulsive of Spenser's portraits.

> "As pale and wan as ashes was his looke,
> His bodie leane and meagre as a rake,
> And skin all withered like a dryed rooke,
> Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
> That seem'd to tremble evermore, and quake.
> All in a canvas thin he was bedight,
> And girded with a belt of twisted brake;
> Upon his head he wore an helmet light,
> Made of a dead mans skull, that seem'd a ghastly sight."[1]

They fight. Arthur takes the offensive in the battle, and seemingly conquers Maleger several times. But Maleger is not for human death. It is an awful thing to read:

> "No drop of bloud appeared shed to bee,
> All were the wounde so wide and wonderous
> That through his carkasse one might plainely see.
> Halfe in a maze with horror hideous,
> And halfe in rage, to be deluded thus,
> Again through both the sides he strooke him quight,
> That made his spright to grone full piteous:
> Yet nathemore forth fled his groning spright, [2]
> But freshly as at first, prepard himselfe to fight."

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[1] F.Q., II, XI, XXII.

[2] Ibid., XXVIII.

Again and again does Maleger who is the sin of Evil Desires, springs up to life. At last Arthur, in desperation, lifts Maleger in his two hands, carries him to the edge of a large lake, and plunges him to his death. Life is purged of sensuality.

With the death of Maleger comes the end of the grotesque. Spenser the pagan reveled in all these picturesque creations. One emerges from the illusion as from an opium pipe-dream. And, as a result of the sense of unreality, it is a decided relief to turn from the unreal to the real, from the grotesque to the natural.

These battles, though sensuous in personal description, in details of character were yet without a single exception entirely without bloodshed, without real human pain. And while they are superb in their way, they yet lack the life and humanity of the brave battles between real knights.

The second type of battle is that between two knights. The struggle between Guyon and Pyrochles is an epic in chivalric battle. Two brave knights stand face to face in a battle to the death. Each is firmly convinced of his own right, but one really stands for the right and one stands for the wrong.

Pyrochles makes a superb entrance.

"Ere on the plaine fast pricking Guyon spide

One in bright armes embatteiled full strong,
That as the Sunny beames do glaunce and glide
Upon the trembling wave, so shined bright,
And round about him threw forth sparkling fire,
That seemd him to enflame on every side.
His steed was bloudy red, and fomed ire,
When with the maistring spur he did him roughly
stire."[1]

But Guyon is more than ready for him. He strikes a fierce blow at Pyrochles.

"With his bright blade did smite at him so fell,
That the sharpe steele arriving forcibly
On his broad shield, bit not, but glauncing fell
On his horse necke before the quilted sill,[2]
And from the head the body sundred quight."

The battle between Guyon and Pyrochles is a living clash. It is a clash of strength. Guyon, for once, forgets his dignity and really fights like a man.

"Exceeding wroth was Guyon at that blow,
And much ashamd, that stroke of living arme
Should him dismay, and make him stoup so low,
Though otherwise it did him litle harme.
Tho hurling high his yron braced arme,
He smote so manly on his shoulder plate,
That all his left side it did quite disarme;

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[1] F.Q.II, V, II, 2-9.

[2] Ibid., IV, 2-7.

> Yet there the steele stayd not, but inly bate
> Deepe in his flesh, and opened wide a red floodgate.[1]

Around and around they go, panting, snarling, raging. There is a savage demand for blood. Pyrochles loses himself in rage, and when he begins to fight like a mad bull, Guyon begins to bait him.

> "But Guyon, in the heat of all his strife,
> Was wary wise, and closely did awayt
> Avauntage, whilest his foe did rage most rife:"[2]

The tone of battle mounts steadily to its apex. The nervous tension strains to the breaking point; the action is climaxed in a mighty clash; the villain sinks in defeat.

Just what is the factor in the fight which makes it the extreme of one kind of sensuous appeal? In the first place, it is a passage of extremely vivid movement. There is nothing here that is not physical. Two strong men struggle on a plain under the blazing sun. They bend, they turn, they crash at each other with bright steel. In

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1 F.Q., II, V, VII.

2 Ibid., IX, 5-7.

the second place, the movement is dyed in blood. When their weapons reach flesh, bright blood streams down, the armour is dyed in crimson, the grass of the plain is torn with ruthless feet and spattered with human blood. At last, one man falls.

The battle which follows is between the liberated Furor and Pyrochles. Because it lacks the color, the action, the sheer sensuous beauty of the other battles, I am going to omit it in this discussion.

The next battle to be considered is that between Cymochles and Guyon. Cymochles, on his way to aid his brother Pyrochles, is enticed to the island home of Phaedria, or Immodest Mirth. Guyon, on his way to the Bower of Bliss, is also enticed to the beautiful island. And here occurs one of the strongest battles in fairyland. Cymochles is fighting out of a sense of angry jealousy; Guyon is fighting to regain his self-respect after his moments of weakness.

When three beautiful people meet it should be in a perfect setting. When Phaedria and Guyon approach Cymochles there is no defect to mar the beauty of the landscape. But what happens as they meet?

> "Loe! loe already, how the fowles in aire
> Do flocks, awaiting shortly to obtayn
> Thy carcas for their pray, the guerdon of thy payn."[1]

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[1] F.Q., II, VI, XXVIII, 7-9.

They fall to the battle without waste of words. The fight is of a different nature from the preceding conflicts. Here Guyon is fighting from a sense of moral laxity. He is furious with himself for having brought about this delay in his mission. He is annoyed, and fighting is the best way for a brave knight to recover his good disposition.

> "And therewithall he fiersly at him flew,
> And with importune outrage him assayld:
> Who soone prepard to field, his sword forth drew,
> And him with equall value countervayld:
> Their mightie strokes their haberjeons dismayld,
> And naked made each others manly spalles;
> The mortall steele despiteously entayld
> Deepe in their flesh, quite through the yron walles,
> That a large purple streme adown their giambeux falles."[1]

Here, as in the preceding battle, is vivid movement. Cymochles flying fiercely, Guyon striking mighty blows, both make the movement keen and intense. And for that feature without which no battle is complete, there is the deep purple stream of blood flowing from the wounds of the two brave knights.

Cymochles has the bad taste to taunt Sir Guyon, but his taunts serve only to bring down ire upon his own head. Guyon is already goaded past endurance by the fact of his momentary weakness, and the taunts come as a final blow.

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[1] F.Q., II, VI, XXIX.

"Guyon grudging not so much his might,
As those unknightly ruylings, which he spoke, [1]
With wrathfull fire his courage kindled bright,"

The battle mounts to mad frenzy.

"Both of them attonce their hands erhaunst,
And both attonce their hugh blowes downe did sway;
Cymochles sword on Guyons shield yglaunst,
And thereof nigh one quarter sheard away:
But Guyons angry blade so fierce did play
On th' others helmet, which as Titan shone,
That quite it clove his plumed crest in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith astonisht, still he stood, as senselesse
stone."[2]

Stanza thirty-one is supremely powerful. It is the sensuous appeal of action and of sound. There is the sound of the two knights as they breathe in huge panting gasps; there is the sound of sword on shield; there is the deep grating bite of Cymochles's sword as it shears a quarter of Guyon's shield away; there is the sickening sound of the cutting of human flesh and bone when Guyon's sword pierces Cymochles's helmet and head. It is a horrible sight!

Phaedria intervenes at the psychological moment. Guyon must not kill Cymochles here. He is to die at the hand of another.

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1 F.Q., II, VI, XXX, 5-7

2 Ibid., XXXI.

With Guyon's near-fatal fight with Cymochles, we have come to the end of his fighting career. He is a brave knight, and in this world, a man of his temperament is assured of many glorious fights in the future.

The last of the great battles de ls not with Guyon, but with Prince Arthur, the perfect knight. Guyon has come safely forth from the hellish Cave of Mammon, but when he reaches the fresh air of the upper world, he swoons. He has not recovered when the Palmer finds him, and still later when the Paynim knights appear, he is still prone upon the ground. They, out of hatred, are about to dispoyle him of his armor. Just as they are in the act, Prince Arthur arrives and takes upon himself the defense of Guyon.

Pyrochles opens the attack.

> "With that his hand, more swift than lamp of lead,
> Uplifting high, he weened with Mordure,"[1]

So great is the force of his blow,

> "That horse and man it made to reele aside;"[2]

1
2F.Q.II, VIII, XXI, 5-6
Ibid.,XXXI, 2.

Prince Arthur, deprived of his sword by Archimago, is armed only with his spear. Pyrochles has secured Mordd̈ure, Arthur's sword, but finds himself unable to fight with it against its master.

Arthur leaps to battle and wounds Pyrochles, thus drawing the first blood. The wounded man falls, bathed in the gore of all of Spenser's villains.

> "Through all those foldes the steelehead passage wrought
> And through his shoulder pierst; wherewith to ground
> He groveling fell, all gored in his gushing wound."[1]

Cymochles, in anger, unmounts Arthur. Arthur, on foot, is having great trouble. The Palmer slips him Guyon's sword and Arthur gives Cymochles a terrible wound.

> "Out of the wound the red blood flowed fresh,
> That underneath his feet soone made a purple plesh."[2]

Pyrochles ret liates by wounding Arthur in the side. Here the blood shed is the blood of heroes.

> "Wyde was the wound, and a large lukewarm flood,

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[1] F.Q. II, VIII, XXXII, 6-9.

[2] Ibid., XXXVI, 8-9.

"Red as the Rose, thence gushed grievously,"[1]

The actual sight of the prince's warm red blood brings the fight to a climax. If Arthur had not been wounded, the fight would likely have gone on indefinitely. But the sensuous poet uses sensuous appeal to climax the action. Blood fires the Paynim knights to new courage; the new courage causes their death. Cymochles is the first to go.

"He stroke so hugely with his borrowd blade,
That it empierst the Pagans burganet,
And cleaving the hard steele, did deepe invade
Into his head, and cruell passage made
Quite through his braine."[2]

Pyrochles goes mad. In stanzas forty-semen and forth-eight there is a superb example of written sound. In his insane haste, Pyrochles fights like a demon. His terrible blows, his horrible cries, his insane rushes, all cause the heavens to shake with the din. But his efforts leave the prince curiously calm and undisturbed. He waits until Pyrochles has literally fought himself to

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1 F.Q.II, VIII, XXXIX, 1-2.

2 Ibid., XLV, 3-7.

death, then uses his sword to complete the job.

> "His shining helmet he gan soone unlace,
> And left his headlesse body bleeding all the place." [1]

It is with decided reluctance that I relate the mediocre ending to this superb battle. The end ruins the entire sensuous atmosphere which had so admirably pervaded the cruel encounter. Where three knights stood for the extremes of good and evil. They were superbly matched. Spenser the Puritan could not possibly let evil triumph, but Spenser the pagan might easily have let evil die with one last grand gesture.

These conflicting natures of the poet could not let him write of only the battles of the physical. It was necessary to add to the story three battles of the inner man, battles between reason and emotion. But it is significant to observe how even here, the sensuous colors the action. The battles are, first, the story of brave Mordaunt and Acrasia; second, the struggle between Mammon and Guyon; third, Guyon's faltering on his way to the Bower of Blisse.

There is only vague mention of Mourdaunt's struggle with Acrasia. Amavia tells Guyon the story.

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[1] F.Q.II, VIII, LII, 8-9.

"My liefest Lord she thus beguiled had;
For he was flesh: (all flesh doth frailitie breed) " [1]

Amavia sees none of the beauty of roses and moonlight in Acrasia. She thinks of her only as the power of evil. It is thus through her pathetic story that the mental struggle of Mourdant is hinted at.

In the struggle betwen Guyon and Mammon, the poet spares no detail of the sensuous objects with which the knight is tempted. Mammon first offers gold, but Guyon spurns the offer. But Guyon cannot help being curious about the source of the great wealth of Mammon. Mammon, hoping to tempt the knight, takes him into the underworld. The temptations come in rapid succession.

"Both roofe and floore and walls were all of gold." [2]

"And shewd of richnesse such exceeding store
As eye of man did never see before." [3]

"The roome was large and wide,
As it were some Gyeld or solemne Temple weare:
Many great golden pillours did vphold
The massy roofe, and riches hight sustayne,

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1 F.Q.II, I, LI, 5-6.

2 Ibid.,VII, XXIX, 1.

3 Ibid., XXXI, 4-5.

> And every pillour decked was full deare
> With crownes and Diadems and titles vaine,
> Which mortall princes wore whiles they on earth
> did reyne."[1]
>
> * * * *
>
> "And faire Philotime she rightly hight,
> The fairest wight that wonneth under skye,"[2]

What man has ever before gone through such sensuous temptations and emerged victorious? He is offered wealth, power, fame, the body and soul of a beautiful woman. He refuses. The melody, the color, the movement of this drama is superb. The sensuous qualities almost entirely overshadow the presence of the moral.

These battles of the mind lead up to a decided climax. The first struggle is in the mind, not of a hero, but of a stranger. The second is in the mind of the protagonist, yet there is no hint of his weakening. In the third and last struggle, Guyon is only saved from falling by the moral support of his good old Palmer.

The two have gone into the interior of the island in order to penetrate to the heart of the Bower of Blisse. They come upon a beautiful fountain, wherein bathe two beautiful girls. The maidens deliberately try to seduce the knight. Guyon has withstood all temptations of the

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[1] F.Q.II, VII, XLIII, 3-9.

[2] Ibid., XLIX, 1-2.

sensuous, but when he is brought face to face with the sensual, he would have fallen. For the knight, with all his stupid niceties, eagerly answers the advances made by one of the beautiful maidens.

> "Now when they spide the knight to slacke his pace,
> Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
> The secret signes of kindled lust appeare,[1]
> Their wanton meriments they did encreace."

The palmer, sensing the dawning weakness and inner struggle which the knight is experiencing, reminds him of his mission, and takes him on.

So ends the book of red and gold. It has been impossible to go into all the details of the colors and their infinite relations to man and his actions. Colors other than red and gold are run in a minor scale. They are lost in the gorgeous crimsons and yellows of the richer colors.

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[1] F.Q., II, XII, LXVIII, 4-8.

CHAPTER TWO

SOUND IN POETRY

The second important factor which contributes to the sensuous perfection in poetry is sound. Sound is not an indefinite element; sound in poetry is the tangible result of the use of certain well-used metrical devices. There are four important metrical devices which greatly add to music in poetry: alliteration, rime, assonance, and rhythm.

RIME

Many worthy critics have ably discussed the relative importance and unimportance of the Spenserian stanza. No matter what their decision, which is a remarkably favorable one, is, it is sufficient to say that close reading shows the possibilities and attainments of the stanza in the realm of sensuous poetry. But it is the rime of this stanza that we are to consider here.

There are two types of end-rime used in English poetry, masculine and feminine. Their definitions show a decided difference in their characteristics.

> "When the similarity of sound occurs in the final syllable only of each line, the rime is called masculine, no matter whether that syllable form part or the whole of a word.
>
> ---
>
> When the similarity occurs in the last two syllables of the line, i.e. in the last stressed syllable and a following unstressed syllable, the rime is feminine."[1]

But the main difference between the two is not structural; it is the application of rime to subject. Masculine rime expresses force, strength, vigor; feminine rime expresses lingering music, melody, sweetness. It is this cloying sweetness of meter which is so often sought by the less masterful poets to take the place of the power of real music.

To what does such a discussion point? It is this. Spenser, Swinburne, Tennyson, Keats, and Poe are the supreme musical poets of the English language. Of these five, Swinburne, Tennyson, and Poe mainly achieve the music of their poetry through the use of feminine rime.

> "From too much love of <u>living</u>,
> From hope and fear set free,
> We thank with brief <u>thanksgiving</u>

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[1] Smith's Principles of English Meter, p. 180.

Whatever gods may be
That no life leves for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river [1]
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

This is an excellent example of Swinburne's use of the feminine ending. The lingering sweetness of the verse, the mournful melody of each line is carried on and on throughout the entire quotation. And the only attempt at beauty in poetry is made through the slow melody of the feminine ending.

"But propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill--
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine--
To watch the emerald-color'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine." [2]

Notice how Tennyson creates the drowsy, dreamy atmosphere of these lines. The cadence is a slow rising and falling; the sensuous melody of each line lingers in the

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[1] Swinburne's Garden of Proserpine .

[2] Tennyson's Lotos-Eaters.

dropping tones of the last unaccented syllable of the feminine ending. The main appeal of the lines reste absolutely on this one device. Without feminine rime, the verses would be almost ordinary.

The use of feminine rime reached one of its climatic points in the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe.

"And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king."[1]

Here again is seen the drowsy music, the complete subjugation to the dreamy sensuous beauty of the lingering ending. It is obvious how the ending aids the imagery.

It is quite apparent how these three musical poets secured the lingering melody of their verse. The feminine ending does give a flow, an even rhythm to verse which completely seduces one to its sensuous beauty. But the use of such a device does mean the inevitable danger of having the verse cloyed by its very sweetness of music.

But what of Spenser? He lived during an age of metrical experimentation, when one of the most common metrical devices was the feminine ending. His poetry stands at the top of

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[1] Poe's The Haunted Palace

musical verse. But in his poetry do we find stanza after stanza of feminine rime? No. There is no perfect feminine rime to be found in all of Book II. The passages which seem to approach most nearly feminine rime prove on close reading to be purely masculine.

"So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortall life, the bud, the leafe, the flowre:
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to decke both bed and bowre,
Of many a ladye and many a Paramowre:
Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime,
For soone comes age, that will her pride defbowre:
Gather the Rose of love, whilest yet is time,
Whilest loving thou mayst loved be with equall crime."[1]

Notice in the following passage how the accent of flowre-deluce points to monosyllabic accenting.

"The lilly, Ladye of the flowring field,
The flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,
Bid thee to them thy fruitlesse labours yield,

[1] F.Q.II, XII, 75.

- ' - ' - ' - ' - '
And soone leave off this toylesome wearie <u>steure</u>;
- ' - ' - ' - ' - '
Loe loe how brave she decks her bounteous <u>boure</u>,
With silken curtens and gold coverlets,
- ' - ' - ' - ' - '
Therein to shrowd her sumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither spinnes nor cardes, ne cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets."[1]

To complete the list of the musical poets, Keats must be considered. "In the earlier poems of Keats, feminine rimes are common--rather too common indeed, for the rhythm becomes too effeminate in character."[2] But in his later poetry, Keats rises above the use of the effeminate device. Notice his use of the Spenserian stanza.

"Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint;
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:- Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint."[3]

Of this list of musical poets, Tennyson and Keats are the Spenserian imitators. The contrast is both strong and

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[1] F.Q.II VI, XVI,.

[2] Smith's Principles of English Meter.

[3] Keats' Eve of St. Agnes

interesting. Tennyson early fell into the lazier way of securing melody by feminine rime, but Keats grew in the ways of his master, and we finally see how he, like Spenser, secured music naturally.

And what is this comparison worth? It shows that Spenser, a supreme musical poet, secured his melody by monosyllabic masculine rimes; it shows that melody does not depend upon rime; it shows that Spenser, although he had every opportunity to employ such devices, was above such means; it shows the superiority of Spenser's masculine rimes over the almost monotonous feminine rimes of the other poets.

ALLITERATION

In importance second to none, the use of alliteration brings sensuous beauty to the melody of this poem. "By alliteration I mean the near repetition of the same consonant or vowel sound, whether it is repeated at the beginning or any other position in a word."[1] There are three significant uses of alliteration: (1) to secure melody, (2) to obtain atmosphere, (3) to color action.

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[1] Mallam, Approach to Poetry, p. 23.

1) To secure melody

"Sad verge, give death to him that death does give,
And losse of love, to her that loves to live, [1]
So goone as Bacchus with the Nymphe does lincke."

"Withdraw from thought of warlike enterprize,
And drowne in dissolute delights apart."[2]

"There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall, and Heben sad; [3]
Dead sleeping Poppy and blacke Hellebore."

"And her faire eyes sweet smyling in delight
Moystened their fierie beames, with which she thrild
Fraile harts, yet quenched not--like starry light
Which sparkling on the silent waves, does seeme
more bright."[4]

"The lilly, Layde of the flowring field, [5]
The Flowre-deluce, her lovely Paramoure,"

These five passages are typical of Spenserian alliterative lines. It would be impossible to enter into a detailed discussion of all of the alliterative passages in this one

1 F.Q.II, LV, 4-6.
2 Ibid., VI, XXV, 6-7.
3 Ibid., VII, LII, 1-3.
4 Ibid.,XI, LXXVII, 6-9.
5 Ibid.,VI, XVI, 1-2.

book; there is scarcely a single stanza without an alliterative line. But in these five typical passages what do we find? Spenser uses the liquid consonants l and r, along with the less liquid but very effective s, rather than vowels, to achieve the pronounced melody of his verse. In the second place, he chooses the more difficult compound alliteration, rather than simple alliteration for his effect. In the third place, the alliterative cadences are for oral rather than for silent reading.

2) To obtain atmosphere

"The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah see, whoso fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display; [1]
Loe see soone after, how she fades and falles away."

"With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
A solemne Meane unto them measured." [2]

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[1] F.Q.II, XII, LXXIV.

[2] Ibid., XXXIII, 1-4.

"There he him found all carelessly displayd,
In secret shadow from the sunny ray,
On a sweet bed of lillies softly layd, 1
Amidst a flocke of Damzels fresh and gay."

In the first selection the alliterative s and l are consciously used to create the idea of the sensuous perfection of a rose. In the second selection, the alliterative r absolutely creates the solemn roll and break of the sea. In the third selection, the s and l alliteration again reverts to the sensuous and sensual atmosphere.

3) To color action

action "And forth he fares full of malicious mind,"[2]

action "Who seeing him from farre so fierce to pricke,"[3]

vice "A false infamous faitour late befell,"[4]

action "And now is fled; foule shame him follow where he went."[5]

action "So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot."[6]

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1 F.Q.II, V, XXXII, 1-4.
2 Ibid., I, II, 1.
3 Ibid., XXVI, 1.
4 Ibid., XXX,3.
5 Ibid.,
6 Ibid., III, III, 1.

action "It fortuned forth faring on his way,"[1]

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age "That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,"[2]

age "He seemd to be a sage and sober sire,"[3]

sensual "In sloutkfull sleepe his molten hart to steme,"[4]

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evil "He weened well to worke some uncouth wild,"[5]

wrath "He wexed wondrous wroth, and said, Vile Knight,"[6]

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action "Into a lake he lept, his Lord to ayd."[7]

action "Late left beyond that ydle lake, proceedes."[8]

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1 F.Q.II, IV, III, 1.

2 Ibid., I, VII, 4.

3 Ibid., I, VII, 7.

4 Ibid., VI, XXVII, 5.

5 Ibid., I, VIII, 2.

6 Ibid.,IV, XLV, 2.

7 Ibid., IX, XXVII, 1.

8 Ibid., II, 2.

To the sensuous Spenser the use of alliteration is definite though natural. Spenser's poetry is the type naturally expressed in smoothly flowing words, bringing a languorous music to the senses, resulting in an almost stupefying sense of physical satisfaction. In this way alliteration naturally came as an unconscious expression. But there are instances, on the other hand, when Spenser turns sententious. And here, as our quotations show, alliteration is used definitely, and for a purpose.

And therefore let us tabulate the points which these quotations point to.

1) That alliteration, especially the alliterative s and l, brings sensuous beauty to the melody.

2) That Spenser expertly combines two alliterative letters, thus using compound alliteration, which has far more than twice the possibilities of simple alliteration.

3) That the liquid consonants l and r, along with s, not only lend added beauty to the melody, but that theycreate the proper charmed response to the drowsy mood of the cadences.

4) That Spenser consciously flares into full action with his alliterative f; that s seems to typify the physical; that w senses evil; that l is quite apt in describing human men.

ASSONANCE

"By assonance I mean the echo or reverberation of a sound by other sounds similar but not identical."[1]

The one general use of assonance, as of all metrical technical devices, is to secure melody. But within this general use are included certain specific purposes: to harmonize thought with expression, to secure sonorous melody, to create mood, to aid imagery. Let us consider these specific purposes separately.

1) To harmonize thought with form

"The whiles my soule was soyld with foule iniquitie."[2]

"And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All in a vele of silk and silver thin
That hid no whit her alabaster skin."[3]

"So them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceipt."[4]

Just what is meant by harmonizing form and thought? It is this: the poet carefully selects his words and so groups them that the result exactly expresses the thought.

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2 F.Q., II,

3 Ibid., XII, LXXVII, 3-6.

4 Ibid., V, XXXIV, 8.

1 Smith's Principles of English Meter.

Take the first quoted example. It tells of a soul in sin. The word soul, through its very connotation, is dramatic to the average reader. And a large part of its dramatic force other from its connotation, rests upon the length, the fullness of the o scund. In this case the soul was soyld. The o-like sound throughout the three stages brings a sound continuity which is extremely effective.

"And was arayd, or rather disarayd,
All ir a vele of silke and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin."[1]

This is a description of the body of Acrasia. The thought depends upon the sensuous beauty of her white skin, thinly covered by a veil of silver silk. And how does Spenser expreas this? He first lays a strong foundation with the long a of arayd and disarayd. When this is done, he gives the next two lines to the use of monosyllabic words having a stressed short i. It is the repetition of this i in such words as silke, silver, thin, hid, whit, skin, which gives harmony to the lines. The words themselves are highly suggestive, and the recurring i impresses this recurrence absolutely upon the ear.

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1 F.Q., II, V, XXXIV, 8.

"So them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceipt."[1]

In this quotation, it is the assonance of the syllable, rather than of any single letter, which is used. This type of assonance is used to intensify the thought. It involves repetition; it impresses the meaning in an extraordinarily strong manner; the recurring long e calls attention to the thought and to the importanct of the meaning.

To secure sonorous melody

"Him so I sought, and so at last I found."[2]

"The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay."[3]

"Ioe see soone after, how she fades and falles away."[4]

There are two vowel sounds which add most to the melody of poetry. They are the o-sound in so and the a-sound as in lay. In the above quotations, there is a predominance of these two sounds, with the result that the melody of the lines takes on a solemn music which is almost Miltonic. It is impossible to read any of the four lines

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1 F.Q., II, V, XXXIV.

2 Ibid., I, LIV, 1.

3 Ibid., XII, LXIV,1.

4 Ibid., XII, LXXIV, 9.

and not notice the majesty of the cadence, the sonorous rise and fall of the melody. One automatically slows down at the beginning of such movements. There is a dignity, a majesty, a beauty about the slow cadence of the open o and a which makes the reader take the rolling sound with added delight and appreciation.

To create mood

Words are carefully chosen to create mood. Various moods are represented by certain word arrangements, but best of all, they are represented by the sound of these words. All of the romance of spring, all of the beauty of nature, all of the glamour of love are caught into being by certain sound effects. All depend upon the melody of their cadences for a large portion of their effectiveness.

Spenser was extremely effective in his creation of settings. One line creates such perfect atmosphere as,

"When forth from virgin bowre she comes in th'early morne."[1]

Here is found the entire effect of youth, spring, the freshness of nature, and beauty. And how is the sonorous melody effected? It is accomplished not only by the

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[1] F.Q., II, XII, L, 9.

connotation of the words; it is accomplished by the repeated use of the open a.

In this line,

"The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space."[1]

nature is sensed in a larger aspect. And the effect is largely gotten through the repetition of the long a. The a coming again and again gives a resounding and springing movement which aptly creates the mood of out-of-door beauty.

At the opposite extreme from the beautiful nature mood, there is found the mood of the evil, of the dissolute man.

"That round about him dissolute did play 2
Their wanton follies and light merriment."

There could be no greater difference in the moods of two selections. One is the lovely mood of spring; one is the dark suggestion of the mood of the sensual love, loose desires, and wantonness. They, achieved in the same way, are of equal beauty. The connotation of the words and the repetition of certain vowels work together to the best

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1 F.Q., II, XII, LVIII, 6.

2 Ibid., V, XXXII, 5-6.

impression of the very connotation. Constant repetition of sound unconsciously calls attention to mood. Not only is it possible, but it is actually very common that the use of the same vowel sound helps in the attainment of opposite moods.

One of the most important books of mood is Canto VII, where the Cave of Mammon is spread forth in all of its luxury.

> "Their fruit were golden apples glistring bright,
> That goodly was their glory to behold."[1]

Again the mood is partly the result of the vowel assonance. The recurring o makes music which is enhanced by the repetition, and music adds to the sense of shining gold which pervades the lines.

Perhaps the most effective of the unusual pictures in Book II is the picture of Maleger, astride his untamed tiger.

> "Upon a Tygre swift and fierce he rode,
> That as the winde ran underneath his lode,
> Whiles his long legs nigh raught unto the ground;
> Full large he was of limbe and shoulders brode."[2]

The important point in this word picture is the vivid movement,

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[1] F.Q., II, VII, LIV, 1-2.

[2] Ibid., XI, XX, 4-7.

suggested by the sonorous quality of the vowels. One catches a vivid glimpse of the lithe panther movement of the beast.

The short *i* is excellent in the portrayal of feminine beauty, the femininely sensuous beauty which has as its background soft satins, and golden ornaments.

"There, as in glistring glory, she did sit, [1]
She held a great gold chaine ylincked well,"

One more quotation. The sensuous beauty which applies to a beautiful woman is similarly caught in this picture of the garden of the underworld.

"The Gardin of Proserpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a siluer seat [2]
With a thicke Arber goodly over dight,"

The garden is a purely sensuous creation. The thick arbor furnishing a dusky background is lighted by a single silver seat. The short *i* occurring over and over again emphasized the sensuous beauty until the final mood is one of mystery and romance.

How just how does assonance help in the creation of mood? The vowels *o* and *a* and *i* are largely used to add

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[1] F.Q., II, VII, XLVI, 1-2.

[2] Ibid., LIII, 1-3.

sonorous movement to the cadences. This very movement, because of its repetition, impresses the meaning of the line into the mind. This repeated stimulated expression causes the sense of mood to appear and to remain.

IMAGERY

The "Faerie Queene" is especially noted for the vividness and beauty of its imagery. The pictures are painted with a lavish yet masterful hand, the result being a vast heightening of the sensuous qualities of the poetry. Assonance has no little part in the creation of imagery. Imagery has been called the forms called forth in the mind in response to rhetorical figures. Assonance aids in the making of those figures effective.

In Chapter One, I have discussed Spenser's use of the grotesque. One of the best examples of assonance aiding imagery occurs in Canto XII, where the Monsters of the sea are described.

> "All these, and thousand thousands many more,
> And more deformed monsters thousand fold,
> With dreadfull noise, and hollow rumbling rore,
> Came rushing in the foamy waves enrold," [1]

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[1] F.Q.II, XII, XXV, 1-4.

The effectiveness of this picture of the monsters practically depends upon the use of assonance. The dominant sound is the open o, magnified by the sonorous consonant sounds following: g, r, m. There are thousands of the monsters; they make a dreadful noise, a hollow rore; they are enrold in the foamy waves. The entire picture is suggested by the sonorous roll of the g; the last thing which remains after reading is the last lingering sound of the slow vowel.

"With that the rolling sea resounding soft,
In his big base them fitly answered,
And on the rocke the waves breaking aloft,
A sad[illegible] meane unto them measured,"[1]

One of the most vivid of all sights is the rolling of the open sea, the dashing of waves upon the shore. Such a picture has been the inspiration of various superb poetry. Spenser was no amateur at sea pictures. This description of the waves is perfect. And again assonance greatly aids in the creation of the image. There could have been no perfect picture without rolling, resounding, rocke, aloft, seheme. And the basis of each of these words is the vowel o. The o becomes the rolling of the sea, the breaking of the waves on the rockes. And it is the

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1 F.Q.II, XII, XXXII, 1-8.

solemn cadence of the o which remains after the picture is gone.

For a last example of the assonance in imagery, let us take a few lines from The Bowre of Blisse.

> "The angelicall soft trembling voyces made
> To the instruments divine respondence meet;
> The silver sounding instruments did meet
> With the base murmure of the waters fall;
> The waters fall with difference discreet,
> Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call; [1]
> The gentle warbling wind low answered to all."

There is a complete change of mood in the imagery found here. And with this change there is a corresponding change of vowel assonance. No longer is the solemn roll of the o needed. The assonance here is of the short i. The result is more exquisite, the melody is calmer and more delicately sensuous; the effect is that of a cameo in comparison to the grandeur of the sea images.

Assonance resolves itself into the most important of these fundamentals of meter. It is the structure upon which is built the gorgeous rhythms and meters of the poem. It is the means by which ordinary words are endowed with a magic only temporarily their own. It is means by which thoughts are caught and held steadily before the reader in all their

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[1] F.Q.II, XII, LXXI, 6-9.

vivid possibilities. Assonance, when used expertly, can be the making or the ruining of sensuous poetry. Spenser, here as always, is a master. His verse is added to, is ornamented, is enriched by assonance.

RHYTHM

Spenser has a marvellous sense of rhythm. It is that, along with his perfect diction, which results in the wonderful melody of his verse. Any clever stylist can juggle certain effects from alliteration, assonance, and rime. But it is the master poet who achieves that undulation, that pulsing rhythm which sweels on and on to a great climax. Spenser does have that swelling rhythm; he does have the perfect throb to his lines.

"And so rhythm becomes an indefinite prolongation of a series of stressed and lapsing units."[1] And in the "Faerie Queene" is found a prolongation of rhythm seldom surpassed. It is true that in blank verse there are greater possibilities for rhythmic perfection than there are in rime. But Spenser succeeds in creating both definite rhythm and definite masculine rimes.

There are two types of rhythm, objective and subjective. Objective rhythm is that in which the periodic arrangement

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[1] Hallam's An Approach to Poetry, p.39

is marked by a perceptible beat. Subjective rhythm is the instinctive marking, by the individual, of rhythmic groups even where originally there were none.[1]

In the following quotations, let us determine which type Spenser uses.

"And fast beside, there trickled softly downe
A gentle streame, whose murmuring wave did play
Emongst the mossy stones, and made a sowne,
To lull him soft asleepe, that by it lay;
The wearie Traveller, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirsty heat,
And then by it his weavie limbes display,
Whiles creeping slomber made him to forget
His former paine, and wypt away his toylsom sweat."[2]

In this stanza the rhythm is unquestionable. The definite iambic meter moves on and on to the climatic Alexandrine with a never varying pulse, a steady and definite rhythm. The one aim of the stanza is to create the mood of drowsiness, and the slow cadenced of the verses ably aid in this purpose. The regularity in time, which is an essential in rhythm, is obvious; the alternation of arsis and thesis is with such steadiness that the mood of laziness is inevitable and natural.

"There mournfull Cypresse grew in greatest store,

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[1] Summary of Smith's Principles of English Meter, p.9

[2] F.Q.II, V, XXX.

And trees of bitter Gall, and Heben sad;
Dead sleeping Poppy and blacke Hellebore,
Cold Coloquintida, and Tetra mad;
Mortall Samnitis, and Cicuta bad,
With which th' unjust Athenians made to dy
Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad,
Poured out his life and last Philosophy [1]
To the fairo Critias, his dearest Belamy."

We have seen again and again how Spenser, in his creation of moods, reverts to a state of half-melancholy, dreamy being. This state is perfectly exhibited in the above stanza. Already we have seen how he uses alliteration and assonance to create mood. But here, as in all the stanzas, we find Rhythm the underlying base of both mood and the poetic sensuousness.

This stanza has an excellent and decided rhythm. It is supreme example of technical skill. Incorporated into the nine lines are words of such extraordinary quality that they would be met with seldom in poetry,--Gall, Heben, Hellebore, Coloquintida, Tetra, Samnitis, Cicuta, Athenians, Critias. It is a masterly achievement to use such words as these and yet attain a stanza of perfect and regular rhythm. But Spenser has easily written such a stro , a strophe of obvious rhythm which does not have to be imagined by the reader.

As a third example let us examine one of the most rhythmically perfect of the Book's stanzas.

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[1] F.Q.II, VII, LII.

"The whiles some one did chaunt this lovely lay:
Ah see, who so fayre thing doest faine to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly shee
Doth first peepe forth with bashfull modestee,
That fairer seemes, the lesse ye see her may;
Lo see soone after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosome she doth broad display; [1]
Lo see soone after, how she fades, and falles away."

This passage is one of the climatic points in the sensuously beautiful passages. Its melody is the melody of music, of the dance, of song. Of the eighty words, but thirteen are polysyllabic. So often in rhythmic verse, the rhythm is aided by the swinging melody of polysyllabic words. But here Spenser so expertly swings his monosyllabic words into perfect line, so definitely marks the rhythm by the natural semi-stress on the word accent, that the resulting movement is of the perfect cameo cutting which he occacionally produced.

This stanza is an excellent example of rime, alliteration, assonance, and rhythm. It is perhaps fitting that we end this chapter with just such a perfect example of these four important metrical devices. The rime is the perfect Spenserian stanza, -b-a-b-b-c-b-c-c. The alliteration has to do with the musical i, s, and l, a very effective combination in poetry. The assonance of the o and the e is a perfect addition to mood and imagery. And the rhythm is the pulsing, recurring, regular rise and fall which so marks Spenser as a user of objective rhythm.

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[1] LXXIV

CONCLUSION

In this essay it has been my endeavor to show to what extent Edmund Spenser is a sensuous poet. Charles Lamb has called Spenser the poet's poet. The large following which sprang up in his wake certainly bears out Lamb's statement.

There have ever been two main schools of English poetry, the poetry of thought, and the poetry of the sensuous. Of the first school, Dryden and Pope are perhaps the most prominent members. Their poetry was quite frankly concerned with thought. They cared little for the sensuous beauty of expression. Their couplets were calculated to bring the most results with the least poetic ornament. This very fact which made them supreme in their field of sententious realism really ruined them with later poets. The young poets who sprang up in the years following, stood at a safe distance and admired the cold perfection of the lines of Dryden and Pope. But when they, in their youth, turned to seek a master, they never thought of following these men. They turned, instead, to a man who could give their young life the beauty that was craved; they sought a poet who created living pictures rather than cold occasional philosophy or harsh realism. Naturally, they

turned to Spenser.

As I have attempted to show in this essay, Spenser took great delight in creating his beautiful tapestries. Their rich color, set to superb music, was a part of his own soul, and for this reason, it had acquired a warmth which the poetry of Dryden and Pope had never acquired. Spenser wrote of color because color appealed to him; he set his words down in beautiful music because for him colorful fancy and beautiful thoughts were naturally expressed in melody. He was sincere in all that he wrote. His sincerity helped in the growth of a school of Spenserian imitators.

Prominent among these imitators were Shenstone, Thomson, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Most of these poets professed deep admiration for the occasional philosophy of Dryden, and for the realistic couplets of Pope. But none of them thought of building his poetic life upon the foundation of either of these two men. Instead, they turned to the man who saw the world clothed in a sort of rosy glow; they turned to the man who had expressed his thoughts in melody which they admired, melody which they sought to equal. The very fact that the poetry of England's greatest poets, Spenser, Shakespeare, Shelley, and Keats included, has within it many sensuous qualities, shows that sensuous beauty is of all time.

Spenser happened, through accident od date, to be

England's first great sensuous poet. Because of this priority of date, the sensuous school of poetry grew out of his influence. But if Spenser had been born two or three centuries later, his sincerity in writing would still have made him a leader of his school.

APPENDIX A

It was my original intention that this thesis should include a third chapter, a chapter based on the senses of taste, of smell, of touch. Since a close study of Book II of the "Faerie Queene" has revealed no material for such a study, the third chapter has not materialized.

It is interesting to note that Spenser, called one of the supreme sensuous poets, has devoted his attention to sight and sound to the exclusion of taste, touch, and smell. But after all, the fact is not incongruous. The sights and the sounds of this world are the strongest sensuous appeals to man. Since this is true, the slighting of the three minor senses, poetically speaking, cannot be of paramount importance.

APPENDIX B

COLOR CHART

RED	43
YELLOW	30
WHITE	22
GREEN	9
GRAY	9
PURPLE	6
BLACK	26
	150

The above chart shows the number of times that colors, in their various name forms, are used in Book II of the "Faerie Queene".

COLOR CHART

MAN

RED	13
YELLOW	18
WHITE	17
GRAY	6
BLACK	5
PURPLE	2
GREEN	1

This chart shows the number of times the names of the colors are used in the descriptions of men.

COLOR CHART

NATURE

RED	5
YELLOW	12
GREEN	8
WHITE	5
PURPLE	4
GRAY	3
BLACK	1

The chart in Table II shows the number of times the names of the colors are used as to nature.

COLOR VOCABULARY[1]

RED----------125

YELLOW--------129

BROWN-------- 8

GREEN--------- 79

BLUE---------- 28

PURPLE -------- 42

WHITE--------243

GRAYS--------- 21

BLACK--------- 73

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1 The above color vocabulary is taken from Pratt's "The Use of Color in the Verse of the English Romantic Poets", pp. 104-105. In comparing this chart with the charts worked out for Book II, a few differences are noticeable. Here, next to white, yellow ranks first, red second. In Book II red is first, yellow second. The only other noticeable difference is that in the whole poem there are many colors, while in Book II there are but twenty one additional color references in all twelve cantos.

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