Til al the noyse of the pepul was i-doo; And whan he sawh the pepul of noyse al stille, Thus schewed he the mighty dukes wille.

- 2. Explain the words ben, schuln, hernoys, oostes, palfreys, browdyng, paramentz, retenu, rayhyng, bokelyng, layneres, lasyng, faste, yemen, nakers, seyden, ballyd, hered, sparth, menstralcy, i-liche, fet, seen, doon, herken, hest, herowd, hoo, i-doo.
- 3. Scan

Til al the noyse of the pepul was i-doo; And whan he sawh the pepul of noyse al stille, Thus schewed he the mighty dukes wille.

- 4. Translate into modern English—Færy Queene Book I Canto VII.
 - 1. What man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her colours dyed deep in graine,
 To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.
 - 2. Who when, returning from the drery Night
 She found not in that perilous house of Pryde,
 Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
 Her hoped pray; she would no lenger bide,
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
 To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted plate,
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.
 - 3. He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
 Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kind
 Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
 The witch approching gan him fairely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony sweet.
 - 4. Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
 And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
 Which shielded them against tne boyling heat.
 And with green boughes decking a gloomy shade,
 About the fountaine like a girlond made;
 Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well.
 Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
 The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
 Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.