The Faerie Queene (Book 1.1) Lyrics. Canto I. The Patron of true Holiness, Foule Error doth defeate: Hypocrisie him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate. A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine, Y cladd in mightie armes and siluer shielde, Wherein old dints of
deepe wounds did remaine, The cruel markes of manyâ€™s bloody felië; Yet armes till that time did he neuer wield: His angry steede
did chide his foming bitt, As much disdayning to the curbe to yield: Full iolly knight he seemd, and.Â His Lady sad to see his sore
constraint, Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee, Add faith vnto your force, and be not faint: Strangle her, else she sure will
strangle thee.