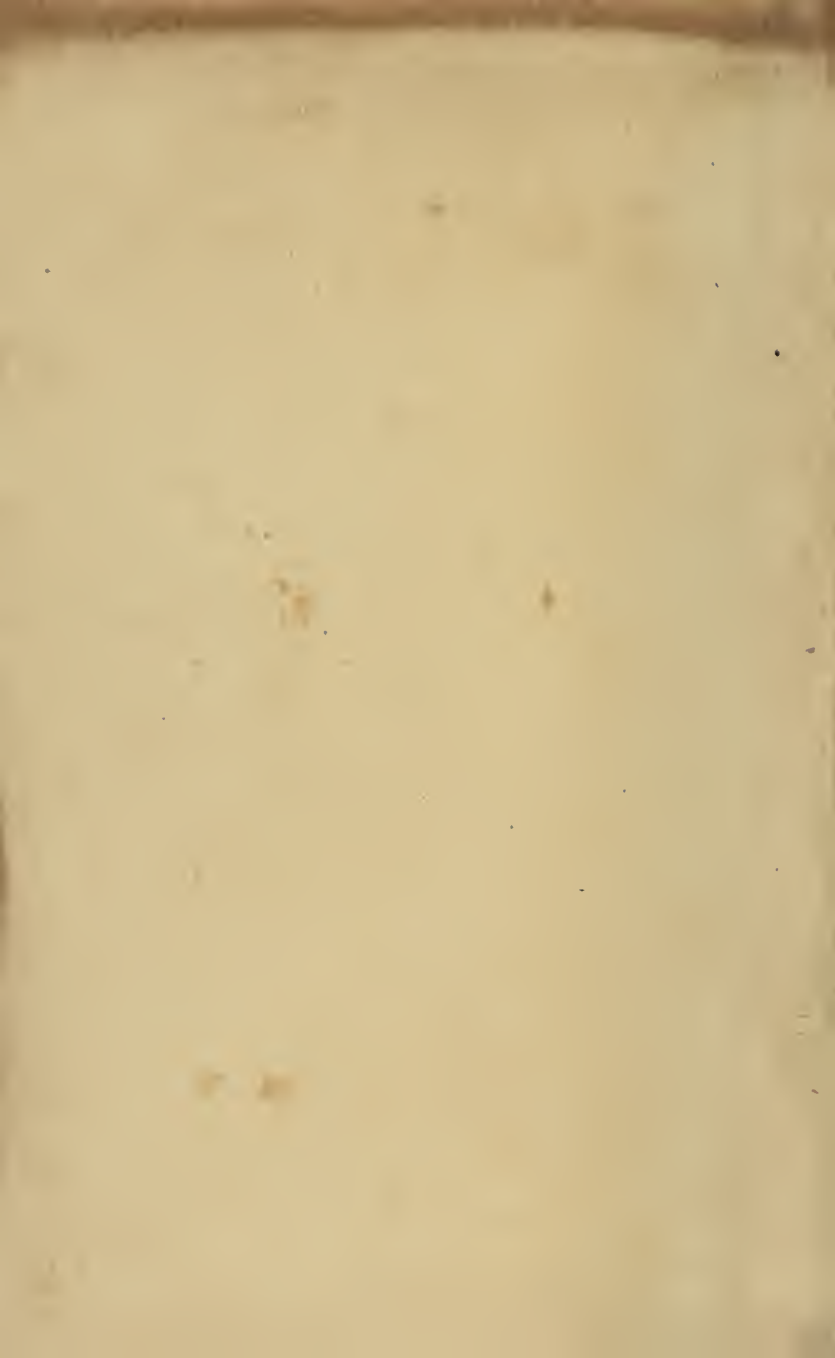


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WITH  
*PREFACES,*  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY  
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

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Re-edited,

WITH NEW BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL MATTER,  
BY J. AIKIN, M.D.

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VOL. II.

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1802.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

FROM  
THE TEXT OF J. UPTON.

---

WITH A  
PREFACE, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
*BY J. AIKIN, M.D.*

---

VOL. II.





# C O N T E N T S

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

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THE SECOND BOOKE OF  
THE FAERY QUEENE

CONTAYNING

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON, OR OF TEMPERAUNCE.

---

I.

RIGHT well I wote, most mighty souveraine,  
That all this famous antique history  
Of some th' aboundance of an ydle braine  
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of iust memory ;  
Sith none that breatheth living aire doth know  
Where is that happy land of faery,  
Which I so much doe vaunt, yet no where show ;  
But vouch antiquities, which no body can know.

II.

But let that man with better sence advize,  
That of the world least part to us is red ;  
And daily how through hardy enterprize  
Many great regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were never mentioned.  
Who ever heard of th' indian Peru ?  
Or who in venturous vessell measured  
The Amazons huge river, now found trew ?  
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever vew ?

## III.

Yet all these were, when no man did them know,  
 Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene ;  
 And later times thinges more unknowne shall show.  
 Why then should witlesse man so much misweene,  
 That nothing is, but that which he hath seene ?  
 What if within the moones fayre shining sphaere,  
 What if in every other starre unseene,  
 Of other worldes he happily should heare ?  
 He wonder would much more; yet such to some  
 appeare.

## IV.

Of faery lond yet if he more inquirye,  
 By certein signes, here sett in sondrie place,  
 He may it fynd; ne let him then admyre,  
 But yield his sence to bee too blunt and bace,  
 That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.  
 And thou, o fayrest princesse under sky,  
 In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face,  
 And thine owne realmes in lond of faery,  
 And in this antique ymage thy great-auncestry.

## V.

The which o pardon me thus to enfold  
 In covert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,  
 That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
 Which ells could not endure those beames bright,  
 But would bee dazled with exceeding light.  
 O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient care  
 The brave adventures of this faery knight,  
 The good sir Guyon, graciously to heare ;  
 In whom great rule of temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

## CANTO I.

Guyon, by Archimage abusd,  
 The red-crosse knight awaytes;  
 Fyndes Mordant and Amavia slaine  
 With pleasures poisoned baytes.

## I.

THAT conning architect of cancred guyle,  
 Whom princes late displeasure left in bands  
 For falsed letters and suborned wyle,  
 Soone as the red-crosse knight he understands  
 To beene departed out of Eden landes,  
 To serve againe his souveraine elfin queene,  
 His artes he moves, and out of caytives handes  
 Himselfe he frees by secret meanes unseene ;  
 His shackles emptie lefte, himselfe escaped cleene :

## II.

And forth he fares full of malicious mynd  
 To worken mischief and avenging woe,  
 Whereever he that godly knight may fynd,  
 His onely hart-sore and his onely foe ;  
 Sith Una now he algates must forgoe,  
 Whom his victorious handes did earst restore  
 To native crowne and kingdom late ygoe ;  
 Where she enioyes sure peace for evermore,  
 As wether-beaten ship arryv'd on happie shore.

## III.

Him therefore now the obiect of his spight  
 And deadly feude he makes : him to offend  
 By forged treason or by open fight  
 He seekes, of all his drifte the aymend end :  
 Thereto his subtile engins he does bend,  
 His practick witt and his fayre-fyled tonge,  
 With thousand other sleightes ; for well he kend  
 His credit now in doubtfull ballaunce hong :  
 For hardly could bee hurt, who was already stong.

## IV.

Still as he went, he craftie stales did lay,  
 With cunning traynes him to entrap unwares,  
 And privy spyals plast in all his way,  
 To weete what course he takes, and how he fares ;  
 To ketch him at a vauntage in his snares.  
 But now so wise and wary was the knight  
 By tryall of his former harmes and cares,  
 That he descryde, and shonned still his slight :  
 The fish that once was caught new bayt wil hardly  
 byte.

## V.

Nath'lesse th' enchaunter would not spare his payne,  
 In hope to win occasion to his will ;  
 Which when he long awaited had in vayne,  
 He chaungd his mynd from one to other ill :  
 For to all good he enemy was still.  
 Upon the way him fortun'd to meete,  
 Fayre marching underneath a shady hill,  
 A goodly knight, all armd in harnesse meete,  
 That from his head no place appeared to his feete.

## VI.

His carriage was full comely and upright,  
 His countenance demure and temperate ;  
 But yett so sterne and terrible in sight,  
 That cheard his friendes, and did his foes amate :  
 He was an elfin borne of noble state,  
 And mickle worship in his native land ;  
 Well could he tourney, and in lists debate,  
 And knighthood tooke of good sir Huons hand,  
 When with king Oberon he came to fary land.

## VII.

Him als accompanyd upon the way  
 A comely palmer, clad in black attyre,  
 Of rypest yeares, and heares all hoarie gray,  
 That with a staffe his feeble steps did stire,  
 Least his long way his aged limbes should tire :  
 And if by lookes one may the mind aread,  
 He seemd to be a sage and sober syre,  
 And ever with slow pace the knight did lead, [tread.  
 Who taught his trampling steed with equall steps to

## VIII.

Such whenas Archimago them did view,  
 He weened well to worke some uncouth wyle :  
 Eftsoones untwisting his deceiptfull clew,  
 He gan to weave a web of wicked guyle,  
 And with faire countenance and flattring style  
 To them approching, thus the knight bespake,  
 “ Fayre sonne of Mars, that seeke with warlike  
 spoyle,  
 And great atchiev'ments, great yourselfe to make,  
 Vouchsafe to stay your steed for humble misers sake.”



## IX.

He stayd his steed for humble misers sake,  
 And badd tell on the tenor of his playnt :  
 Who feigning then in every limb to quake  
 Through inward feare, and seeming pale and faynt,  
 With piteous mone his percing speach gan paynt ;  
 “ Deare lady, how shall I declare thy cace,  
 Whom late I left in languorous constraynt ?  
 Would God thyselfe now present were in place,  
 To tell this ruefull tale ; thy sight could win thee grace :

## X.

“ Or rather would, (o would it so had chaunst !)   
 That you, most noble sir, had present beene  
 When that lewd rybault, with vyle lust advaunst,  
 Laid first his filthie hands on virgin cleene,  
 To spoyle her dainty corps so faire and sheene,  
 As on the earth, great mother of us all,  
 With living eye more fayre was never secne  
 Of chastity and honour virginall :  
 Witnes ye heavens, whom she in vaine to help did call.

## XI.

“ How may it be,” sayd then the knight halfe wroth,  
 “ That knight should knighthood ever so have shent ? ”  
 “ None but that saw,” quoth he, “ would weene for  
 troth,  
 How shamefully that mayd he did torment :  
 Her looser golden lockes he rudely rent,  
 And drew her on the ground, and his sharpe sword  
 Against her snowy brest he fiercely bent,  
 And threatned death with many a bloodie word ;  
 Tonge hates to tell the rest that eye to see abhord.”



## XII.

Therewith amoved from his sober mood,  
“ And lives he yet,” said he, “ that wrought this act,  
And doen the heavens afford him vitall food ?”  
“ He lives,” quoth he, “ and boasteth of the fact,  
Ne yet hath any knight his courage crackt.”  
“ Where may that treachour then,” sayd he, “ be  
found,  
Or by what meanes may I his footing tract ?”  
“ That shall I shew,” said he, “ as sure as hound  
The stricken deare doth chaleng by the bleeding wound.”

## XIII.

He stayd not lenger talke, but with fierce yre  
And zealous haste away is quickly gone  
To seeke that knight, where him that crafty squire  
Supposd to be. They do arrive anone  
Where sate a gentle lady all alone,  
With garments rent, and heare discheveled,  
Wringing her handes, and making piteous mone :  
Her swollen eyes were much disfigured,  
And her faire face with teares was fowly blubbered.

## XIV.

The knight approaching nigh thus to her said,  
“ Faire lady, through fowle sorrow ill bedight,  
Great pittie is to see you thus dismayd,  
And marre the blossom of your beauty bright :  
Forthy appease your grieffe and heavy plight,  
And tell the cause of your conceived payne :  
For if he live, that hath you doen despight,  
He shall you doe dew recompence agayne,  
Or els his wrong with greater puissance maintaine.”

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