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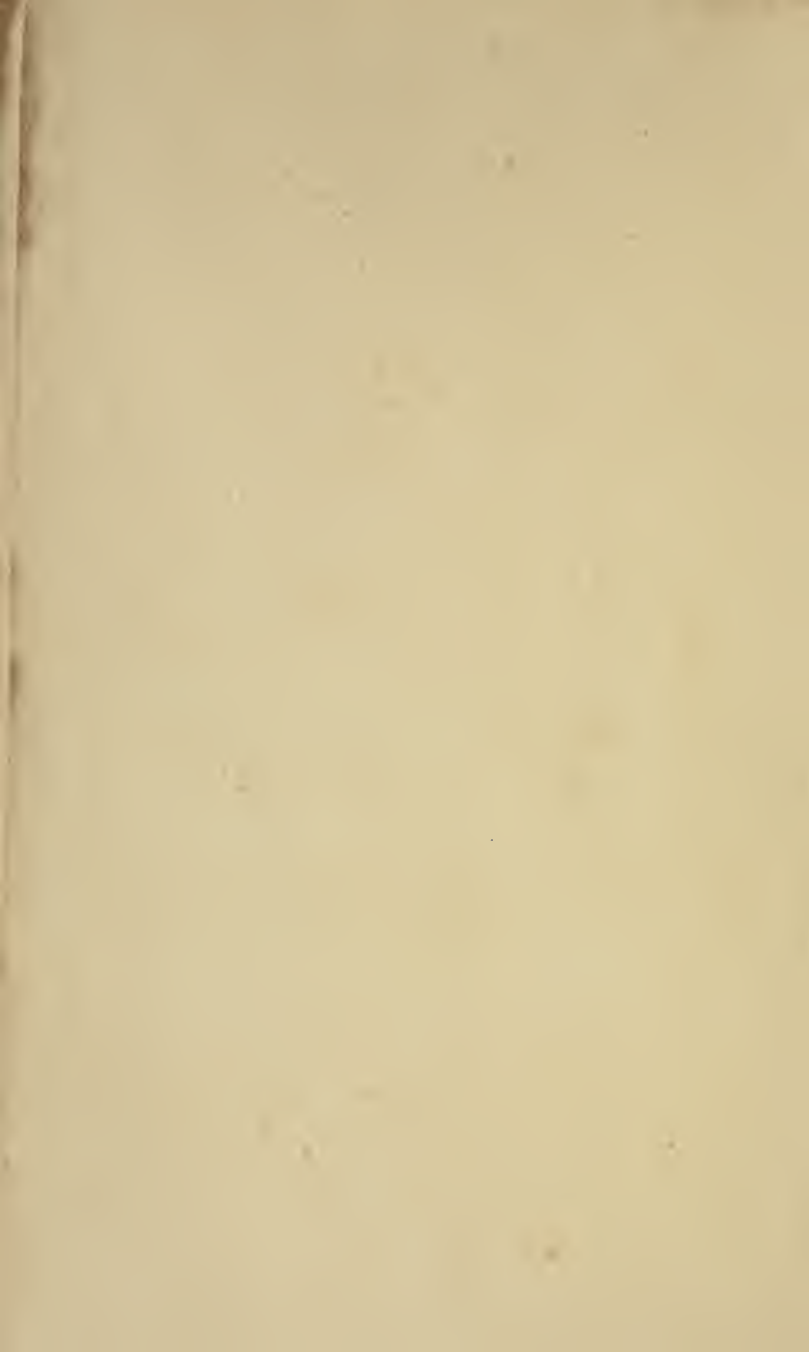
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THE  
WORKS  
OF THE  
ENGLISH POETS.

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. V.

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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

FROM  
THE TEXT OF J. UPTON.

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

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VOL. V.



# C O N T E N T S

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME.

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THE SIXTH BOOKE OF  
THE FAERY QUEENE.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld; his two knights  
Doe gaine their treasons meed.  
Fayre Mirabellaes punishment  
For loves disdainde decreed.

I.

LIKE as the gentle hart itselfe bewrayes  
In doing gentle deedes with franke delight,  
Even so the baser mind itselfe displayes  
In cancred malice and revengefull spight:  
For to maligne, t'envie, t'use shifting slight,  
Be arguments of a vile donghill mind;  
Which what it dare not doe by open might,  
To worke by wicked treason wayes doth find,  
By such discourteous deeds discovering his base kind.

II.

That well appears in this discourteous knight,  
The coward Turpine, whereof now I treat;  
Who notwithstanding that in former fight  
He of the prince his life received late,  
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate  
He gan devize to be aveng'd anew  
For all that shame, which kindled inward hate:  
Therefore so soone as he was out of vew,  
Himselfe in hast he arm'd, and did him fast pursew.

## III.

Well did he tract his steps as he did ryde,  
 Yet would not neare approch in daungers eye,  
 But kept aloofe for dread to be descryde,  
 Untill fit time and place he mote espy,  
 Where he mote worke him scath and villeny.  
 At last he met two knights to him unknowne,  
 The which were armed both agreeably,  
 And both combynd whatever chaunce were blowne  
 Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his owne.

## IV.

To whom false Turpine comming courteously,  
 To cloke the mischiefe which he inly ment,  
 Gan to complaine of great discourtesie,  
 Which a straunge knight, that neare afore him went,  
 Had doen to him, and his deare ladie shent ;  
 Which if they would afford him ayde at need  
 For to avenge in time convenient,  
 They should accomplish both a knightly deed,  
 And for their paines obtaine of him a goodly meed.

## V.

The knights belev'd that all he sayd was trew ;  
 And being fresh and full of youthly spright  
 Were glad to heare of that adventure new,  
 In which they mote make triall of their might,  
 Which never yet they had approv'd in fight,  
 And eke desirous of the offred meed :  
 Said then the one of them, " Where is that wight,  
 The which hath doen to thee this wrongfull deed,  
 That we may it avenge and punish him with speed ?"

## VI.

“He rides,” said Turpine, “there not farre afore,  
 With a wyld man soft footing by his syde,  
 That if ye list to haste a litle more,  
 Ye may him over-take in timely tyde.” \*  
 Eftsoones they pricked forth with forward pryde;  
 And ere that litle while they ridden had,  
 The gentle prince not farre away they spyde,  
 Ryding a softly pace with portance sad,  
 Devizing of his love more then of daunger drad.

## VII.

Then one of them aloud unto him cryde,  
 Bidding him turne againe; “False traytour knight,  
 Foule woman-wronger”——for he him defyde.  
 With that they both at once with equall spight  
 Did bend their speares, and both with equall might  
 Against him ran; but th’one did misse his marke,  
 And being carried with his force forth-right  
 Glaunst swiftly by; like to that heavenly sparke,  
 Which glyding through the ayre lights all the hea-  
 vens darke.

## VIII.

But th’other ayming better did him smite  
 Full in the shield with so impetuous powre,  
 That all his lance in peeces shivered quite,  
 And scattered all about fell on the flowre:  
 But the stout prince with much more stedy stowre  
 Full on his bever did him strike so sore,  
 That the cold steele through piercing did devowre  
 His vitall breath, and to the ground him bore,  
 Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

## IX.

As when a cast of faulcons make their flight  
 At an hernessaw that lyes aloft on wing,  
 The whyles they strike at him with heedlesse might,  
 The varie foule his bill doth backward wring;  
 On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,  
 Herselfe quite through the bodie doth engore,  
 And falleth downe to ground like senselesse thing;  
 But th' other, not so swift as she before,  
 Fayles of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no  
 more.

## X.

By this the other, which was passed by,  
 Himselfe recovering, was return'd to flight;  
 Where when he saw his fellow lifelesse ly,  
 He much was daunted with so disinal sight;  
 Yet nought abating of his former spight,  
 Let drive at him with so malitious mynd,  
 As if he would have passed through him quight:  
 But the steele-head no stedfast hold could fynd,  
 But glauncing by deceiv'd him of that he desynd.

## XI.

Not so the prince; for his well-learned speare  
 Tooke surer hould, and from his horses backe  
 Above a launces length, him forth did beare,  
 And gainst the cold hard earth so sore him strake,  
 That all his bones in peeces nigh he brake.  
 Where seeing him so lie, he left his steed,  
 And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take  
 Of him, for all his former follies meed,  
 With flaming sword in hand his terror more to breed.



## XII.

The fearfull swaine beholding death so nie  
 Cryde out aloud for mercy him to save;  
 In lieu whereof he would to him descrie  
 Great treason to him meant, his life to reave.  
 The prince soone hearkned, and his life forgave.  
 Then thus said he, " There is a straunger knight,  
 The which for promise of great meed us drave  
 To this attempt, to wreake his hid despight,  
 For that himselfe thereto did want sufficient might."

## XIII.

The prince much mused at such villenie, [meed;  
 And sayd, " Now sure ye well have earn'd your  
 For th' one is dead, and th' other soone shall die,  
 Unlesse to me thou hither bring with speed  
 The wretch that hyr'd you to this wicked deed."  
 He glad of life, and willing eke to wreake  
 The guilt on him which did this mischief breed,  
 Swore by his sword, that neither day nor weeke  
 He would surceasse, but him whereso he were would  
 seeke.

## XIV.

So up he rose, and forth streightway he went  
 Backe to the place where Turpine late he lore;  
 There he him found in great astonishment  
 To see him so bedight with bloodie gore  
 And griesly wounds, that him appalled sore.  
 Yet thus at length he said, " How now, sir knight,  
 What meaneth this which here I see before?  
 How fortuneth this foule uncomely plight,  
 So different from that which earst ye seem'd in sight?"

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