

THE SECOND  
BOOKE OF THE  
FAERIE QVEENE.

Contayning,

THE LEGEND OF SIR GUYON.

OR

*Of Temperaunce.*

[1]

**R**ight well I wote most mighty Soueraine,  
That all this famous antique history,  
Of some th'aboundance of an idle braine  
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,  
Rather then matter of iust memory,  
Sith none, that breatheth liuing aire, does know,  
Where is that happy land of Faery,  
Which I so much do vaunt; yet no where show,  
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

[2]

But let that man with better sence advise,  
That of the world least part to vs is red:  
And dayly how through hardy enterprize,  
Many great Regions are discovered,  
Which to late age were neuer mentioned.  
Who euer heard of th'Indian *Peru*?  
Or who in venturous vessell measured  
The *Amazons* huge riuer now found trew?  
Or fruitfulest *Virginia* who did euer vew?

[3]

Yet all these were, when no man did them know;  
Yet haue from wisest ages hidden beene:  
And later times things more vnknowne shall show.  
Why then should witlesse man so much misweene  
That nothing is, but that which he hath seene?  
What if within the Moones faire shining spheare,

What if in euery other starre vnseene  
Of other worldes he happily should heare?  
He wonder would much more: yet such to some appeare.

[4]

Of Faerie lond yet if he more inquire,  
By certaine signes here set in sundry place  
He may it find; ne let him then admire,  
But yield his sence to be too blunt and bace,  
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.  
And thou, O fairest Princesse vnder sky,  
In this faire Mirror maist behold thy face,  
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,  
And in this antique Image thy great auncestry.

[5]

The which O pardon me thus to enfold  
In couert vele, and wrap in shadowes light,  
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,  
Which else could not endure those beames bright,  
But would be dazed with exceeding light.  
O pardon, and vouchsafe with patient eare  
The braue aduentures of this Faery knight  
The good Sir *Guyon* graciously to heare,  
In whom great rule of Temp'raunce goodly doth appeare.

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