

Rhode Island School of Design

DigitalCommons@RISD

9th Baker & Whitehill Student Artists' Book
Contest 2023

Baker & Whitehill Annual Student Artists' Book
Juried Contest + Exhibition

4-1-2022

The Seven Sins as told in verses by Edmund Spencer

Shuyan Chen

Rhode Island School of Design, schen15@risd.edu

Special Collections

Rhode Island School of Design, risdspecial@risd.edu

Fleet Library

Rhode Island School of Design, library@risd.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.risd.edu/specialcollections_bookcontest9th2023



Part of the [Book and Paper Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Chen, Shuyan; Collections, Special; and Library, Fleet, "The Seven Sins as told in verses by Edmund Spencer" (2022). *9th Baker & Whitehill Student Artists' Book Contest 2023*. 3.
https://digitalcommons.risd.edu/specialcollections_bookcontest9th2023/3

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Baker & Whitehill Annual Student Artists' Book Juried Contest + Exhibition at DigitalCommons@RISD. It has been accepted for inclusion in 9th Baker & Whitehill Student Artists' Book Contest 2023 by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@RISD. For more information, please contact mpompeli@risd.edu.

the
Seven
Sins
as told in the verses by
Edmund
Spenser



· Pride · Idleness · Gluttony ·
Lechery · Avarice · Envy · Wrath



So proud she shyned in her Princely state,
Looking to Heaven; for earth she did disdain:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornfull feete was layne
A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-love's semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

Of grieously Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearlesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so she did swell;
And thundering Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her gyre,
Or if that any else did Iove excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

And proud Lucifer men did her call,
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
No heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannic
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
No rule her Realmes with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advisement of sixe wisards old,
That with their counsell had her kingdome did uphold.



That this was drawn of an unquell pen
By which her six eyes were comforted
Thought to enjoy their kindliest beaute.
With like condition to the best of day
Of which the first, was all the rest did say
With things that likewise the nature of day
Was a wonderful thing to see in day
As yet to write black, and some other
As he to holy March, the service began.

And in his hand his Fortune still he bare
That much was we one, but therein little
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drawn in sleep, and more of his
Some could be one, which his hand he
To look, whether it were right or day
May show the same was very well day
When such an one had part of the day
That knew not, whether right or day.

From worldly cares himself he did eschew
His greedy thought was charged away,
From every work he charged away,
For contemplation sake yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless way,
By which he grew to graveness,
For in his lawless hand through evil day
A shaking fever signified continually,
Such one was Ikenes, first of his day.

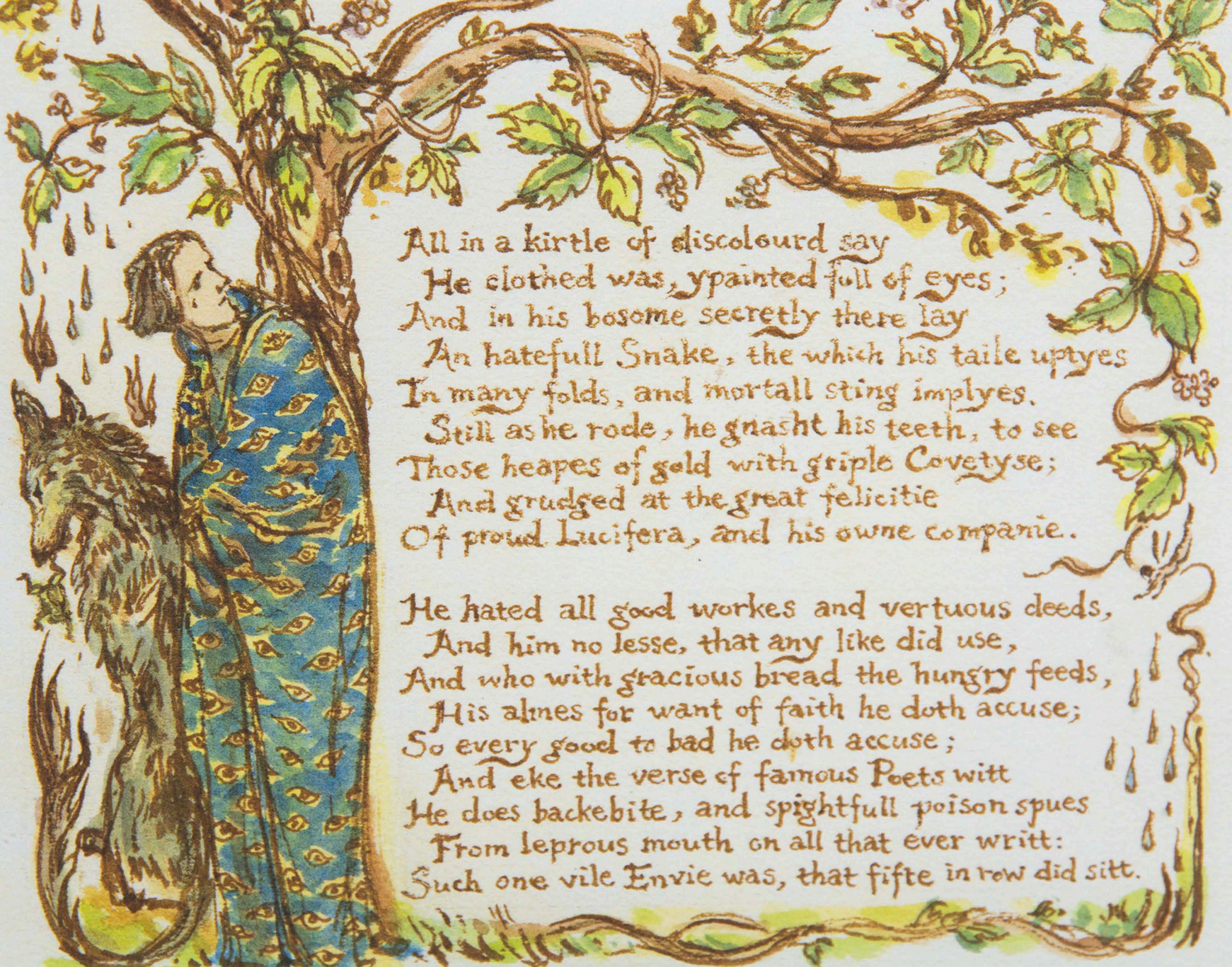
And in his hand his Fortune still he bare
That much was we one, but therein little
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drawn in sleep, and more of his
Some could be one, which his hand he
To look, whether it were right or day
May show the same was very well day
When such an one had part of the day
That knew not, whether right or day.

And greedy thought by him did take
Upon a Camel, where all with gold,
Two men offered long on either side,
With promise great, full of glory and pride,
And in his lip he bore of some he said,
For of his words, I pray, his God he said,
And men shall him with for money said,
A word which was all his trade,
And right and wrong gave in equal balance said.

His life was right with death above,
And thus he was, and so he was,
But he was not, and so he was,
To fill his bag, and riches to compare,
Yet he was not, and so he was,
To know them to, but through his day,
To get, and right to his day,
He led a worldly life with his day.


That overtook night with morning might take,
When greedy lust did take in proper day,
Which was not, and so he was,
Who had enough, yet wished more,
A vile thing, and so he was,
A greedy lust, and so he was,
That will be said not, but so,
Which one was Fortune, the fourth of the day.

And greedy thought by him did take
Upon a Camel, where all with gold,
Two men offered long on either side,
With promise great, full of glory and pride,
And in his lip he bore of some he said,
For of his words, I pray, his God he said,
And men shall him with for money said,
A word which was all his trade,
And right and wrong gave in equal balance said.



All in a kirtle of discolour'd say
He clothed was, y'painted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth, to see
Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use,
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth accuse;
And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writt:
Such one vile Envie was, that fiste in row did sitt.

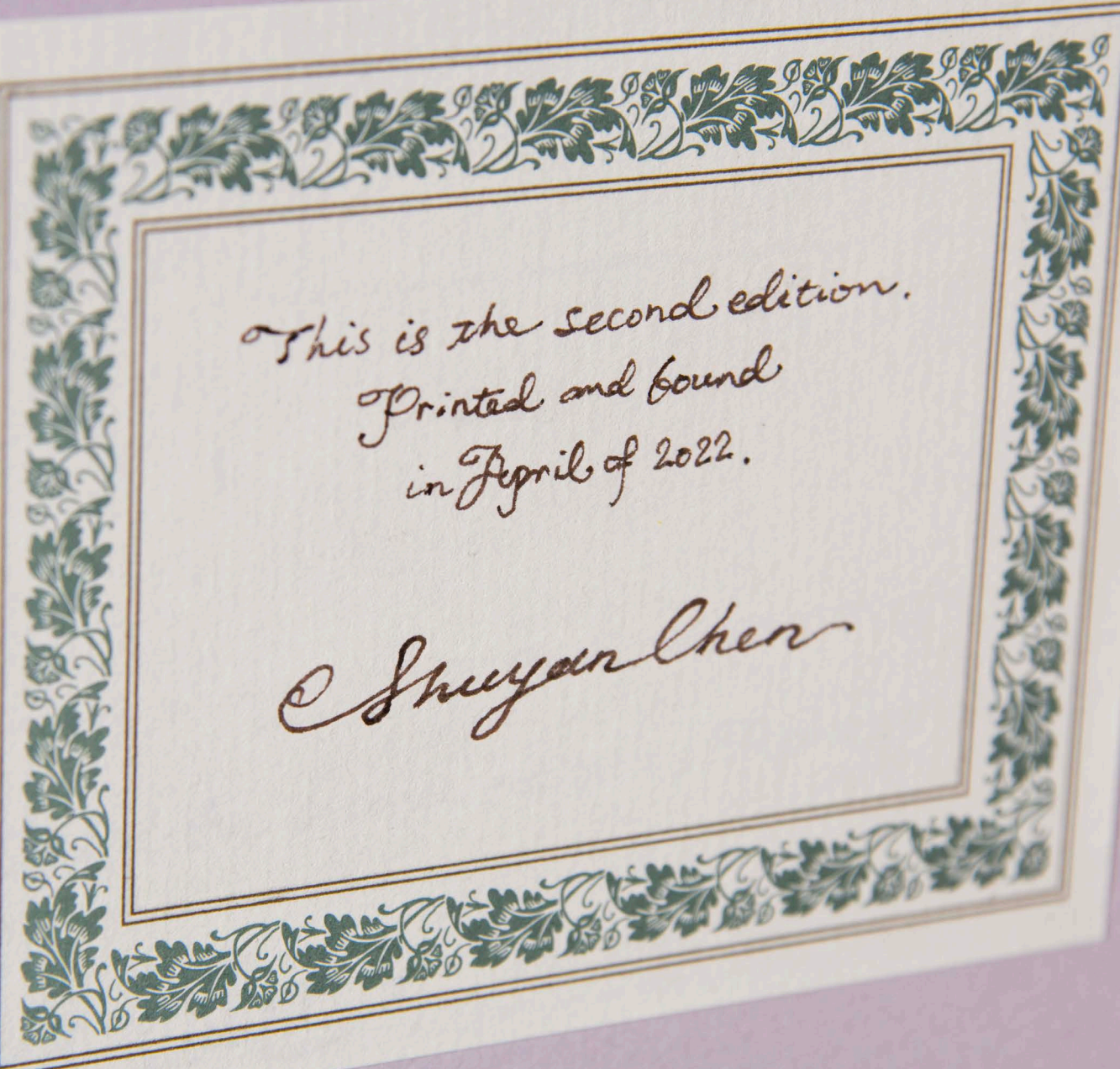


ride fierce revenging Wrath,
both for to be led;
burning bronch he hath,
brandisheth about his head;
forth sparkles fiery red,
one on all that him beheld,
hew and seeming ded;
for still his hand he held,
with hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.



Text selected from *The Faerie Queene*, Book I Canto IV
written by Edmund Spenser, 1590
Format inspired by William Blake

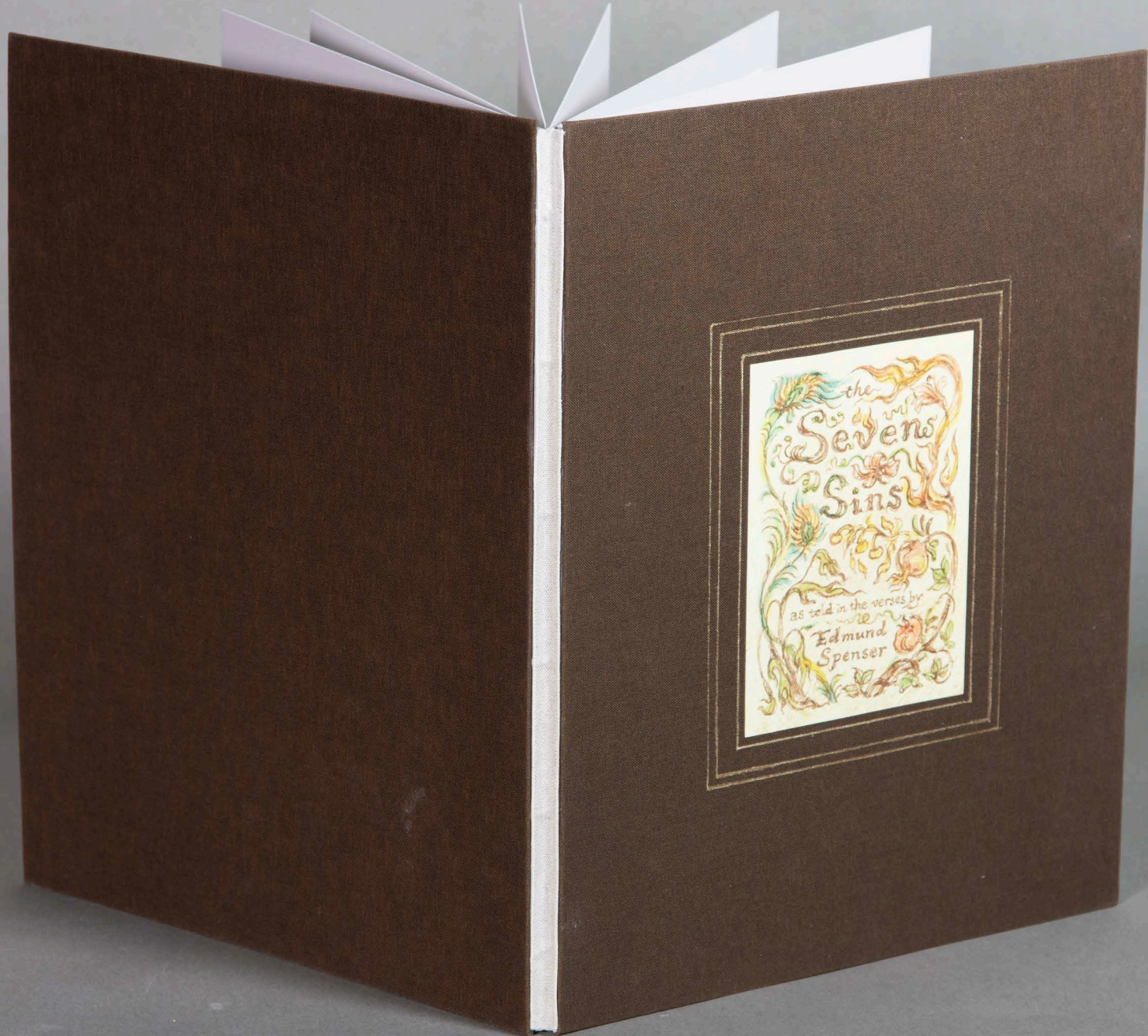
Illustrated and bound by Shuyan Chen
May of 2021



*This is the second edition.
Printed and bound
in April of 2022.*

Shuyan Chen





the
**Seven
Sins**
as told in the verses by
Edmund
Spenser