

## *Cant. VI.*

*From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace  
fayre Vna is releast:  
Whom saluage nation does adore,  
and learnes her wise beheast.*

[1]

**A**S when a ship, that flyes faire vnder saile,  
An hidden rocke escaped hath vnwares,  
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,  
The Marriner yet halfe amazed stares  
At perill past, and yet it doubt ne dares  
To ioy at his foole-happie ouersight:  
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares  
The dreadlesse courage of this Elfin knight,  
Hauing escap't so sad ensamples in his sight.

[2]

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed  
The faire *Duess'* had forst him leaue behind;  
And yet more sad, that *Vna* his deare dreed  
Her truth had staind with treason so vnkind;  
Yet crime in her could neuer creature find,  
But for his loue, and for her owne selfe sake,  
She wandred had from one to other *Ynd*,  
Him for to seeke, ne euer would forsake,  
Till her vnwares the fierce *Sansloy* did ouertake.

[3]

Who, after *Archimagoes* fowle defeat,  
Led her away into a forrest wilde,  
And turning wrathfull fire to lustfull heat,  
With beastly sin thought her to haue defilde,  
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.  
Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes,  
Her to perswade, that stubbornne fort to yilde:  
For greater conquest of hard loue he gaynes,  
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

[4]

With fawning wordes hee courted her awhile,  
And looking louely, and oft sighing sore,

Her constant hart did tempt with diuerse guile:  
But wordes and lookes, and sighes she did abhore,  
As rocke of Diamond stedfast euermore.  
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,  
He snatcht the vele, that hong her face before;  
Then gan her beautie shine, as brightest skye,  
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

[5]

So when he saw his flatt'ring arts to fayle,  
And subtile engines bet from batteree,  
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,  
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,  
And with rich spoile of ransackt chastetee.  
Ah heauens, that do this hideous act behold,  
And heauenly virgin thus outraged see,  
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,  
And hurle not flashing flames vpon that Paynim bold?

[6]

The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,  
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, & shrieking cryes,  
The last vaine helpe of womens great distresse,  
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,  
That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;  
And *Phæbus* flying so most shamefull sight,  
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,  
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight  
Can now deuise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

[7]

Eternall prouidence, exceeding thought,  
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:  
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,  
From Lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.  
Her shrill outcryes and shriekes so loud did bray,  
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd;  
A troupe of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away  
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,  
Whiles old *Syluanus* slept in shady arber sownd.

[8]

Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,

In hast forsooke their rurall meriment,  
And ran towards the far rebownded noyce,  
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.  
Vnto the place they come incontinent:  
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,  
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,  
Whose like he neuer saw, he durst not bide,  
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

[9]

The wyld woodgods arriued in the place,  
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,  
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,  
As her outragious foe had left her late,  
And trembling yet through feare of former hate;  
All stand amazed at so vncouth sight,  
And gin to pittie her vnhappie state,  
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,  
In their rude eyes vnworthie of so wofull plight.

[10]

She more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;  
And euery tender part for feare does shake:  
As when a greedie Wolfe through hunger fell  
A seely Lambe farre from the flocke does take,  
Of whom he meanes his bloudie feast to make,  
A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,  
The innocent pray in haste he does forsake,  
Which quit from death, yet quakes in euery lim  
With change of feare, to see the Lyon looke so grim.

[11]

Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart,  
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to moue she had:  
The saluage nation feele her secret smart,  
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;  
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad,  
And rustick horroure all a side doe lay,  
And gently grenning, shew a semblance glad  
To comfort her, and feare to put away,  
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obay.

[12]

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet commit  
Her single person to their barbarous truth,  
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,  
Late learnd what harme to hastie trust ensu'th,  
They in compassion of her tender youth,  
And wonder of her beautie soueraine,  
Are wonne with pittie and vnwonted ruth,  
And all prostrate vpon the lowly plaine,  
Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance faire.

[13]

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,  
And yields her to extremitie of time;  
So from the ground shee fearelesse doth arise,  
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:  
They all as glad, as birdes of ioyous Prime,  
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,  
Shouting, and singing all a shepherds ryme,  
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,  
Do worship her, as Queene, with oliue girlond croud.

[14]

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,  
That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring,  
And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,  
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.  
So towards old *Syluanus* they her bring;  
Who with the noise awaked, commeth out,  
To weet the cause, his weake steps gouerning,  
And aged limbs on Cypresse stadle stout,  
And with an yuie twine his wast is girt about.

[15]

Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,  
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did inuent,  
Or *Cybeles* franticke rites haue made them mad;  
They drawing nigh, vnto their God present  
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.  
The God himselfe vewing that mirrhour rare,  
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent;  
His owne faire *Dryope* now he thinkes not faire,  
And *Pholoe* fowle, when her to this he doth compare.

[16]

The woodborne people fall before her flat,  
And worship her as Goddesses of the wood;  
And old *Sylvanus* selfe bethinkes not, what  
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,  
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood;  
Sometimes Dame *Venus* selfe he seemes to see,  
But *Venus* neuer had so sober mood;  
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to bee,  
But misseth bowe, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

[17]

By vew of her he ginneth to reuiue  
His ancient loue, and dearest *Cyparisse*,  
And calles to mind his pourtraiture aliue,  
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this,  
And how hee slew with glauncing dart amisse  
A gentle Hynd, the which the louely boy  
Did loue as life, aboue all worldly blisse;  
For grieffe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,  
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

[18]

The wooddy Nymphes, faire *Hamadryades*,  
Her to behold do thither runne apace,  
And all the troupe of light-foot *Naiades*,  
Flocke all about to see her louely face:  
But when they vewed haue her heauenly grace,  
They enuie her in their malitious mind,  
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:  
But all the *Satyres* scorne their woody kind,  
And henceforth nothing faire, but her on earth they find.

[19]

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid,  
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,  
And long time with that saluage people staid,  
To gather breath in many miseries.  
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,  
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,  
And made her th'Image of Idolatryes;  
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine  
From her own worship, they her Asse would worship fayn.

[20]

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight  
By iust occasion to that Forrest came,  
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,  
From whence he tooke his well deserued name:  
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,  
And fild far landes with glorie of his might,  
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enemy of shame,  
And euer lou'd to fight for Ladies right,  
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

[21]

A Satyres sonne yborne in Forrest wyld,  
By straunge aduenture as it did betyde,  
And there begotten of a Lady myld,  
Faire *Thyamis* the daughter of *Labryde*,  
That was in sacred bands of wedlock tyde  
To *Therion*, a loose vnruly swayne;  
Who had more ioy to range the Forrest wyde,  
And chase the saluage beast with busie payne,  
Then serue his Ladies loue, and wast in pleasures vayne.

[22]

The forlorne mayd did with loues longing burne,  
And could not lacke her louers company,  
But to the wood she goes, to serue her turne,  
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,  
And followes other game and venery:  
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,  
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,  
The loyall links of wedlocke did vnbind,  
And made her person thrall vnto his beastly kinde.

[23]

So long in secret cabin there he held  
Her captiue to his sensuall desire,  
Till that with timely fruite her belly sweld,  
And bore a boy vnto that saluage sire:  
Then home he suffred her for to retire,  
For ransome leauing him the late borne childe;  
Whom till to ryper yeeres he gan aspire,  
He nounsled vp in life and manners wilde,  
Emongst wild beasts and woods, from lawes of men exile.

[24]

For all he taught the tender ymp, was but  
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;  
His trembling hand he would him force to put  
Vpon the Lyon and the rugged Beare,  
And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;  
And eke wilde roring Buls he would him make  
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;  
And the Robuckes in flight to ouertake,  
That euery beast for feare of him did flie and quake.

[25]

Thereby so fearelesse, and so fell he grew,  
That his owne sire and maister of his guise  
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,  
And oft for dread of hurt would him aduise,  
The angry beasts not rashly to despise,  
Nor too much to prouoke; for he would learne  
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,  
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne  
Leaue roaring, when in rage he for reuenge did earne.

[26]

And for to make his powre approued more,  
Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell;  
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,  
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell;  
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fierce and fell;  
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.  
Such ioy he had, their stubborne harts to quell,  
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,  
That his beheast they feared, as tyrans law.

[27]

His louing mother came vpon a day  
Vnto the woods, to see her little sonne;  
And chaunst vnwares to meet him in the way,  
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne,  
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,  
That roaring all with rage, did lowde requere  
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:  
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,  
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

[28]

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,  
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,  
Vntill with loue reuokt from vaine affright,  
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,  
And then to him these womanish words gan say;  
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my ioy,  
For loue of me leaue off this dreadfull play;  
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy,  
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

[29]

In these and like delights of bloody game  
He trayned was, till ryper yeares he raught;  
And there abode, whilst any beast of name  
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught  
To feare his force: and then his courage haught  
Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,  
And far abroad for straunge aduentures sought:  
In which his might was neuer ouerthrowne,  
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

[30]

Yet euermore it was his manner faire,  
After long labours and aduentures spent,  
Vnto those natiue woods for to repaire,  
To see his sire and ofspring auncient.  
And now he thither came for like intent;  
Where he vnwares the fairest *Vna* found,  
Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,  
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,  
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

[31]

He wondred at her wisdom heauenly rare,  
Whose like in womens wit he neuer knew;  
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,  
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,  
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,  
And ioyd to make proofe of her crueltie  
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse, and so true:  
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,  
And learnd her discipline of faith and veritie.

[32]

But shee, all vow'd vnto the *Redcrosse* knight,  
His wandring perill closely did lament,  
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,  
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,  
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,  
How to escape. At last in priuie wise  
To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent;  
Who glad to gaine such fauour, gan devise,  
How with that pensiuie Maid he best might thence arise.

[33]

So on a day when Satyres all were gone,  
To do their seruice to *Syluanus* old,  
The gentle virgin left behind alone  
He led away with courage stout and bold.  
Too late it was, to Satyres to be told,  
Or euer hope recouer her againe:  
In vaine he seekes that hauing cannot hold.  
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,  
That they the woods are past, & come now to the plaine.

[34]

The better part now of the lingring day,  
They traueild had, when as they farre espide  
A wearie wight forwandring by the way,  
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,  
To weet of newes, that did abroad betide,  
Or tydings of her knight of the *Redcrosse*.  
But he them spying, gan to turne aside,  
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse;  
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

[35]

A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,  
And soild with dust of the long dried way;  
His sandales were with toilesome traueill torne,  
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,  
As he had traueild many a sommers day,  
Through boyling sands of *Araby* and *Ynde*;  
And in his hand a *Iacobs* staffe, to stay  
His wearie limbes vpon: and eke behind,  
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

[36]

The knight approching nigh, of him inquerd  
Tydings of warre, and of adventures new;  
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.  
Then *Vna* gan to aske, if ought he knew,  
Or heard abroad of that her champion true,  
That in his armour bare a croslet red.  
Aye mee, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew  
To tell the sad sight, which mine eies haue red:  
These eyes did see that knight both liuing and eke ded.

[37]

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,  
That suddeine cold did runne through euery vaine,  
And stony horroure all her sences fild  
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.  
The knight her lightly reared vp againe,  
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:  
Then wonne from death, she bade him tellen plaine  
The further processe of her hidden grieffe;  
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chiefe.

[38]

Then gan the Pilgrim thus, I chaunst this day,  
This fatall day, that shall I euer rew,  
To see two knights in trauell on my way  
(A sory fight) arraung'd in battell new,  
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew:  
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,  
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,  
That drunke with blood, yet thirsted after life:  
What more? the *Redcrosse* knight was slaine with Paynim knife.

[39]

Ah dearest Lord (quoth she) how might that bee,  
And he the stoutest knight, that euer wonne?  
Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see  
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?  
Where is (said *Satyrane*) that Paynims sonne,  
That him of life, and vs of ioy hath reft?  
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne  
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left  
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were cleft.

[40]

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,  
Whiles *Vna* with huge heauinesse opprest,  
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;  
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,  
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest,  
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:  
Euen he it was, that earst would haue suppress  
Faire *Vna*: whom when *Satyrane* espide,  
With fowle reprochefull words he boldly him defide.

[41]

And said, Arise thou cursed Miscraunt,  
That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train  
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt  
That good knight of the *Redcrosse* to haue slain:  
Arise, and with like treason now maintain  
Thy guilty wrong, or else thee guilty yield.  
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,  
And catching vp in hast his three square shield,  
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

[42]

And drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborne Elfe,  
In euill houre thy foes thee hither sent,  
Anothers wrongs to wreake vpon thy selfe:  
Yet ill thou blamest mee, for hauing blent  
My name with guile and traiterous intent;  
That *Redcrosse* knight, perdie, I neuer slew,  
But had he beene, where earst his armes were lent,  
Th'enchauter vaine his error should not rew:  
But thou his error shalt, I hope, now prouen trew.

[43]

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,  
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile  
Each other bent his enemy to quell,  
That with their force they pearst both plate and maile,  
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,  
That it would pittie any liuing eie.  
Large floods of bloud adowne their sides did raile;  
But floods of bloud could not them satisfie:  
Both hungred after death: both chose to win, or die.

[44]

So long they fight, and fell revenge pursue,  
That fainting each, themselues to breathe let,  
And oft refreshed, battell oft renewe:  
As when two Bores with rankling malice met,  
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,  
Till breathlesse both them selues aside retire,  
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,  
And trample th'earth, the whiles they may respire;  
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

[45]

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,  
They gan to fight returne, increasing more  
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,  
With heaped strokes more hugely, then before,  
That with their drierie wounds and bloody gore  
They both deformed, scarcely could be known.  
By this sad *Vna* fraught with anguish sore,  
Led with their noise, which through the aire was thrown,  
Arriu'd, where they in erth their fruitles bloud had sown.

[46]

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin  
Espide, he gan reuiue the memory  
Of his lewd lusts, and late attempted sin,  
And left the doubtfull battell hastily,  
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:  
But *Satyrane* with strokes him turning, staid,  
And sternely bad him other businesse plie,  
Then hunt the steps of pure vnspotted Maid:  
Where-with he all enrag'd, these bitter speaches said.

[47]

O foolish faeries sonne, what furie mad  
Hath thee incenst, to hast thy dolefull fete?  
Were it not better, I that Lady had,  
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?  
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,  
To loue another. Lo then, for thine ayd,  
Here take thy louers token on thy pate.  
So they two fight; the whiles the royall Mayd  
Fled farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afraid.

[48]

But that false *Pilgrim*, which that leasing told,  
Being in deed old *Archimage*, did stay  
In secret shadow, all this to behold,  
And much reioyced in their bloody fray:  
But when he saw the Damsell passe away  
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,  
In hope to bring her to her last decay.  
But for to tell her lamentable cace,  
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

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