

GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE
OR, THE
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM
IN
ENGLISH HEROICAL VERSE,
FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO
BY
EDWARD FAIRFAX

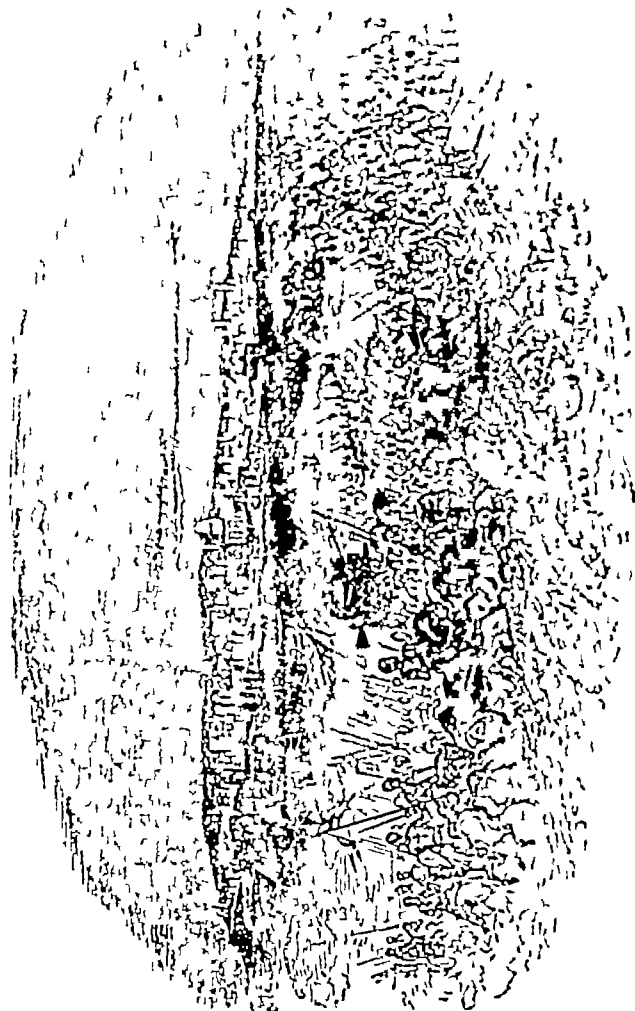
THE SEVENTH EDITION
REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL FOLIO OF 1699.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED
A GLOSSARY
TO
THE LIVES OF TASSO AND FAIRFAX.
BY THE EDITOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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“ We do not know a translation in any language that is to be
ferred to this, in all the essentials of poetry.—*Quarterly Review*.”



(The Uninvited)

ADVERTISEMENT

In the year 1818 the Editor of this series published an edition of *Fairfax & Tasso* in two volumes. This noble translation of one of the few great epic poems which ancient and modern times have produced had not been reprinted for seventy years. In the present edition the *Lives of Fairfax and Tasso* have been revised. The Editor subjoins his original advertisement, which bears the date of October 1817:—

“Dr Johnson, with usual hat of his characteristic tenacity ventured to predict that the *Tasso of Fairfax* would never be reprinted. If the national taste in poetry had not mended since the days of that critic his prophetic flattery of Hoole would not yet have been dispelled. We have fortunately learnt to associate our ideas of French versifiers and Dutch gardeners—have quitted the formal parterres and dull vistas of our geometrical excursions, for the luxuriant irregularity that nature loves and have abandoned the monotonous sweetness, sententious declamation, and laboured antithesis of the school of Pope for the harmonious variety enchanting simplicity and eloquent outpourings, of our early poets. The pretensions of *Fairfax* to take his station with the most exalted of these glorious spirits are fairly discussed in his accompanying *Life*. To these testimonies, and,

what is far better, to this his great work, the reader is referred for the motives which suggested this reprint

“ The previous editions of Fairfax’s ‘Tasso’ have been four. The first, published by the author himself, is unquestionably the most correct. It has furnished the copy of the present edition, the emendations being solely confined to the *orthography*. The 2nd and 3rd editions are represented as being deformed with many ridiculous interpolations. The 4th, published in 1749, is tolerably accurate, but the editor occasionally ventured to modernise his original in a way which shews he neither understood his sweetness nor his simplicity *

“ The Lives of Tasso and Fairfax have been newly written. The Italian authorities have been carefully consulted for the former, the air of romance which generally attaches itself to the unhappy poet of Italy is consequently somewhat tempered. The biography of Fairfax is necessarily imperfect, from the very obscure notices of his actions and character.

“ The Glossary will, it is hoped, be adequate to the explanation of any difficulty which an intelligent reader may meet with

“ CHARLES KNIGHT ”

* Our edition of 1817 was the fifth. In the same year Mr Singer published a beautiful reprint of the original, retaining the old orthography. The present edition is therefore the seventh.

THE LIFE
OF
TORQUATO TASSO



[Tasso. From 1622 after death.]

THE author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* was too remarkable for his genius, his acquirements his honours, and his misfortunes, not to have left very clear and satisfactory records of the vicissitudes of his life. He lived too in an age when eminent literary merit received its

full tribute of contemporary admiration, and amongst governments which, however tyrannical, understood the advantage and splendour of patronising, and of exhibiting, the great examples which the time afforded of uncommon excellence in philosophy, poetry, and the elegant arts Tasso had therefore his full portion of fame, if not of content, and the minuteness of his biographers has thus left to the world an adequate picture of his temper, his feelings, and his habits, whilst they have supplied a melancholy memorial of the insufficiency of talent, and learning, and even piety, to obtain a corresponding reward of present tranquillity and happiness. As Tasso was in his outward circumstances amongst the most afflicted, his history commands a proportionate interest. The traces of felicity are light, fleeting, and unfruitful, the records of adversity are strong, indelible, and full of wisdom *

Torquato was the son of Bernardo Tasso, and of Porzia de Rossi. He was born on the 11th of March, 1544. The same distinction which the cities of Greece sought to acquire in claiming Homer for their denizen, has been suggested to the towns of Italy by the fame of Tasso. Sorrento demands him because she was his birth-place,

* The commonly-received notions of the events of Tasso's life have been adopted upon the authority of Giovanni Bap-tisto Manso, a Neapolitan nobleman. His acquaintance with the unfortunate poet appears to have commenced in 1588. the miseries and honours of the Homer of Italy terminated in 1595. Of the wandering and unsettled habits of Tasso's middle age, and of the mysterious transactions of the court of Ferrara, his testimony must necessarily be imperfect. Succeeding biographers have devoted themselves with more diligence and accuracy to substantiate facts, by Tasso's own correspondence, and other unimpeachable records.

Naples calls him her own for his maternal descent and his education. Ferrara would participate in his honours as his favoured slave for twenty years and he has no account of his paternal origin. The question has been warmly debated by the partizans of these various pretensions. It is enough for us to know that he was born at Sorrento, where his mother being far advanced in her pregnancy had gone to visit her sister Hippolyta.

His parents speedily returned to Naples with their infant son. The first two or three years of his existence were without question passed in the heedless delight, the sudden grief, the ardent curiosity, and the gradual acquirements of common childhood. The Italian historian who, in imitation of the ancients, delighted to bestow on him with a character of the marvellous, informs us that his powers were so rapidly developed that he reasoned and spoke at six months old with no characteristic of infancy but the tone of his voice, and that he gave equally precocious indications of an unusual serenity of temper. To keep pace with these prodigies, his friend and biographer Manso sends him to a college of Jesuits at four years old, and makes him publicly declaim and compose poetry without any poeifity of style at seven. His more judicious historian Serassi and his commentator Tiraboschi have on the contrary ascertained that he went to the college at seven, and publicly distinguished himself at ten; a sufficient indication of the force of his ability without attempting to render him superior to the common laws of the human faculties. A fervent feeling of religion seems even at this early period to have chastened his genius. In a letter to a friend he describes with unaffected zeal the devotional fear with which he

first received the holy sacrament This sentiment never forsook him, and in the affliction of his latter years, like the piety of our own Collins, threw a gleam of hope and consolation over the darkness of a wandering mind

In his tenth year Torquato quitted Naples His father had seven years before attached himself to the interest of Ferrante, the Prince of Salerno, accompanying him on a mission to the court of Charles V, to remonstrate in the name of the people of Naples, against the establishment of the Inquisition in that city This liberal undertaking was in a high degree successful, but the approbation of their fellow-citizens was of little avail to the Prince of Salerno, and to his follower Bernardo Tasso, for Don Pedro of Toledo, Viceroy of Naples, conceived such an implacable hatred against the opposers of his intolerant projects, that he contrived to exasperate the Emperor against Ferrante That nobleman, having in vain endeavoured to procure an audience of Charles V, retired to Rome, and renounced his allegiance to the Imperial Court Bernardo Tasso resolved to associate his fortune with that of his friend and patron His son Torquato followed him thither in the year 1554 The separation from his mother, and from the scenes of his earliest remembrances, was not likely to be treated by the enthusiastic boy as a common event It was his first unhappiness, and he chose to express his feelings in the language of truth and nature, which gives to poetry its sweetest charm The following lines are equally creditable to the taste and affection of the youthful bard —

“ Me dal sen della madre empia fortuna
Pargoletto d' velse ah di que bra

Ch'ello bagnò di lagrime dolenti,
 Con sospir mi rimembra, e degli aruenti
 Proghi che se n' portar l' aere sopaci.
 Ch'io non dovea più giungo volto a volto,
 Fra quelle braccia accolto
 Con nodi così stretti e sì tenaci
 Lascio! e seguì con mal sicure piante
 Qual Ascanio o Camilla, il padre errante.*

Torquato arri ed at Rome in October 1554. Here for two years he followed his studies devoting himself principally to Greek and Latin under skillful masters. In February 1556 Bernardo received the afflicting intelligence of the death of his wife. He sought to comfort himself under this misfortune by the presence of his only daughter; but she was detained at Naples, against her will by some intrigues of her father's relations. A rupture having taken place in August, 1556 between the courts of Philip II and the pontiff Paul IV. Bernardo, considering himself insecure at Rome, sought the protection of the Duke of Urbino renowned for his patronage of men of letters. He sent Torquato to Bergamo. The promising student was then twelve years and a half old distinguished for the purity of his person the elegance of his address, and the graces of his understanding. The merit of Bernardo produced for him such a favorable re-

- * Forth from a mother's fostering breast
 Fata plucks me in my helpless years;
 With sighs I look back on her tears
 Bething the lips her kisses prest;
 Alas! her pure and ardent prayers
 The fugitive breeze now blily bears
 No longer breathe we face to face,
 Our arms entwined as knots in close embrace;
 Ascanius or Camillas like, my feet
 Unstable seek a wandering air's retreat.

ception in the court of Urbino, that his son in a few months joined him there. The Duke became so impressed with the brilliancy of his talents, that he assigned him to his own son as a companion of his studies. His first honours were thus derived from the favours of a prince. The splendours of a palace left a lasting and fatal impression upon his ardent mind, and prepared him to seek for a happiness in courtly favours and dignities which they had not the power of bestowing upon his high and sensitive spirit.

Under this protection he abode for two years, partly in Urbino, and partly in Pesaro. In 1559 he followed his father to Venice, where his application to literature continued unremitted. Bernardo, himself a man of elegant taste, felt a natural pride and delight in the genius of his son. But his knowledge of the world, and perhaps his experience of the misery of a dependence in the Italian courts, determined him to urge Torquato to the exercise of his talents in a liberal profession. Even in that age the character of a poet in Italy retained too much of the servility and the dissoluteness of the ancient Troubadours. The services of a man of letters were generally claimed by some petty prince who aspired to the honour of being a patron of genius. The possessor of talent was thus too often kept about a palace in an unhappy state of undefined and undignified familiarity, harassed by the dependence, without receiving the certain rewards of a servant, exhibited for the amusement of noble guests, like a jester or a musician, or toyed with by the courtly dames, till his heated feelings were dashed back by some artifice of contemptuous scorn. To save his son from these miseries, the prudent father of Tor-

quato proposed to him the study of jurisprudence in the
 university of Padua, as the certain road to riches and
 eminence. The youth set out upon his undertaking; but
 this pursuit was to him a harsh and crabbed task. The
 Institutes of Justinian were soon cast aside for more con-
 genial studies and he devoted himself to poetry as the
 mistress of his affections. The first fruit of his determi-
 nation was the poem of *Rinaldo*; this was composed in
 ten months, and published in his eighteenth year. It
 manifested the force and elegance of his genius and ex-
 cited a reasonable expectation of what might be accom-
 plished by the addition of a ripened judgment to his
 other powers. His father who had at first evinced dis-
 pleasure at what he considered a neglect of profitable
 studies no longer resisted the determined bent of Tor-
 quato's mind, but left him to the uncontrolled direction
 of his own laudible inclinations. The counsels of ex-
 perience may guide those level faculties, in which good
 sense preponderates, to profitable employments but there
 never was a youth of decided genius who wholly con-
 sidered his inexplicable impulse towards a particular ex-
 cellence through any fears of improving distance any
 prospect of future riches, or even to the strong motions
 of paternal regard. Young Tasso is no solitary example
 of this force of nature.

About this period Torquato was invited to the uni-
 versity of Bologna by Pietro Donato Ceal. He was re-
 ceived with kindness and attention continuing his studies
 with his accustomed assiduity. It was here that he con-
 ceived the thought of writing the great poem upon which
 his fame is principally founded. He applied himself to
 his happy scheme in his 19th year. Some remains of

his first attempt indicate the superior elegance and correctness of his versification in the complete copy of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata'. In this city happened the first of those untoward events which had so powerful an influence upon his character and conduct. A suspicion arose that he was the author of a satire which had given considerable offence. An order was issued for his imprisonment. The poet not being found at his common abode, his books and papers were rudely seized, and delivered over to the criminal judge. They were afterwards returned to him, but he became so disgusted by this affront that he hastily quitted Bologna, and being invited by his friend Scipio Gonzaga, returned to Padua. His father having entered into the service of the Duke of Mantua, Torquato, straitened in his circumstances, was obliged to seek the patronage of Cardinal Luigi d'Este, the brother of Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, to whom he had dedicated his poem of 'Rinaldo'. Under the protection of this noble ecclesiastic he first visited the court of Ferrara, and commenced that attachment to the House of Este which was so intimately allied with all the real and imaginary misfortunes of his future life.

Torquato arrived at the court of Ferrara in 1565. In this splendid abode he was surrounded by objects equally dangerous to his philosophy and his peace. His reception was pleasing to his youthful ambition. The Duke Alfonso entered into a friendly competition with his brother in the patronage of Tasso's ripening talents, and he was occasionally honoured and delighted by the kindness and approbation of two accomplished and beautiful princesses, sisters of the House of Este. To this dangerous friendship may be attributed the great misfortunes of his life. The

biographers of Tasso till within a very recent period, have considered that there was no evidence of the misplaced affection which the youthful poet was supposed to have entertained towards one of these princesses. But in a very able essay upon *The Love of Tasso &c.* published at Pisa in 1832, Professor Rosini has proved, with sufficient clearness, that the Princess Eleonora was really the object of the young poet's ambitious passion. The question is succinctly discussed by Mr. Vieuzeux, in a masterly article in the *Penny Cyclopædia*. He says Tasso was young and amorous: he had been for some time passionately in love with Laura Peperara, a lady of Mantua to whom he addressed many sonnets and other verses after the manner of Petrarch, styling her his Laura. This lady with whom he had probably become acquainted during a visit which he paid to his father at Mantua in 1564 came some years after to Ferrara as a lady of honour of the duchess, and was married to Count Turchi of Ferrara. But in the mean time Tasso appears to have been struck with the personal attractions and mental accomplishments of the Princess Eleonora, the duke's sister and already in 1568 there is a sonnet by him, beginning *Nel tuo petto real da voci sparte* which is evidently addressed to a princess of a sovereign house. From that time he ceased to write amatory verses evidently addressed to the same person, whom he styles his *Donna* or *adultera*. In some of them he mentions the name of Eleonora, but as there were so many ladies of that name at different times at the court of Ferrara, this has given rise to various surmises about the person meant. At last Tasso avowed in several ways his love for the princess, though, from the then existing usages of society

it was impossible that he could ever have obtained her hand. Most of the sonnets and other lyrics, which are evidently intended for this object of his second love, are conceived in a respectful and somewhat melancholy strain, as if the writer felt the hopelessness of his passion. The disparity of rank was in those times an insurmountable obstacle to any legitimate result of such an attachment, and the house of Este was one of the proudest in Italy. Like Petrarch, Tasso seems to have obtained friendship only in return for his love. But there are some of Tasso's compositions written between 1567 and 1570, in which he assumes the tone of a favoured lover. Such are the two sonnets 'Donna di me doppia vittoria aveste' and 'Prima colla beltà voi mi vinceste,' the dialogue between love and a lover, beginning 'Tu ch' i più chiusi affetti,' and the madrigal which begins 'Soavissimo bacio.' From the context, although no name is mentioned, they all evidently allude to the same object as the other amatory verses addressed to his 'donna.' There are also some autograph lines of Tasso discovered by Mai among the Falconeri MSS, and published by Betti at Rome (*Giornale Arcadico*, October, 1827), in which Eleonora is mentioned by name."

At the persuasion of Duke Alfonso, Tasso resumed his poem on the 'Recovery of Jerusalem,' which had been laid aside, like most of the brilliant conceptions of the greatest poets, for two years. Occupied by this interesting labour, he passed some time at Ferrara in much tranquillity. The death of his father soon disturbed his repose. He performed the last offices of piety to his parent at Ostia. On his return to Ferrara he lost a protectress by the marriage of the Princess Lucrezia with

the Duke d'Urbino. On this occasion he recited an oration at the opening of the academy of Ferrara, which is described as a splendid and noble composition.

Tasso continued in the court of Ferrara, employed in the composition of his Jerusalem, till 1571. In that year Cardinal Luigi, having resolved to visit France prevailed on Torquato, then rising into celebrity to accompany him. In the first interview of this noble ecclesiastic with his cousin Charles IX. King of France Tasso was presented as the poet of Godfrey and of the French heroes who signalized themselves at the conquest of Jerusalem. This sovereign bestowed upon him the most marked respect and several anecdotes are related to show the influence which his character had obtained over the mind of that cruel and treacherous tyrant. The poet refused all the honours and advancements which were offered to him remaining only a year at Paris, which he passed in the society of the poet Ronsard and other men of literary eminence. It is amongst the few blessings of Tasso's career that he was spared the misery of witnessing those infamous scenes of superstitions — which till the end of time, will be the ineffaceable shame of the altar and throne of France.

After his return to Ferrara Tasso composed his Aminta. It was represented at Ferrara in 163. Its success was proportioned to the beauty of an attempt in an almost untrodden path of poetical composition. It was translated into most of the languages of Europe; and had the still higher applause of becoming the model of the exquisite Pastor Fido. On the appearance of this beautiful imitation of his own pastoral, Tasso and of Guarini, with a rare and unaffected liberality united to a

proper sense of his own claims—"If he had not seen the 'Aminta' he would not have excelled it."

In 1574 Tasso had reached the 18th canto of the 'Gerusalemme Liberata' In the progress of this great work he is reported to have availed himself of the military knowledge of the Duke Alfonso, to add a grace and spirit to his descriptions of skirmishes and battles The whole poem indeed evinces an union of the most technical warlike knowledge, with the clearest perception in applying such an acquirement to the purposes of poetry The 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' not only in this particular, but in every other propriety of character, scenery, and costume, combines the actual with the ideal in that tasteful alliance which none but the possessor of true genius can effect This poem, which was destined to last as long as the language in which it is written, was at length completely published in 1575 The suddenness and extent of its popularity throughout Europe were perhaps never excelled even in periods when literary communication became more rapid, but its success excited a bitterness of criticism which mediocrity always escapes The mind of Tasso was unable to bear up against these attacks, and they seem to have contributed, more than any other cause, to root in him that impatience of censure or suspicion which embittered the remaining portion of his life

Indignant at the malevolence with which he was assailed, and wanting fortitude to trust his fame to that solemn award of time which malice and envy cannot impeach, he sought to relieve his anxiety by visiting some of the principal Italian cities He accordingly passed a year in Padua, Bologna, Sienna, and Firenze, returning to

of the Duchess d'Urbino in her own chamber. This event happened in 1577. He was immediately arrested. Mr Vieusseux thus notices the events which immediately followed this arrest —“From the place of his imprisonment Tasso wrote a submissive letter to the duke, begging his pardon, and the duke, appearing to forgive him, released him after a few days, and took him with him to his country-seat of Bel Riguardo about the end of June. What happened there between the duke and Tasso is not ascertained, but from some expressions of the poet, it appears that he was there closely and sternly examined by the duke, who had probably by this time in his possession Tasso's papers, ‘in order to get from him an acknowledgment of what, if allowed, would incense him against him.’ On the 11th of July the duke sent Tasso back to Ferrara under an escort, and shut him up in the convent of St Francis, his secretary having written to the monks that he was mad, and must be treated as a madman. Tasso's love adventures, his real or pretended madness, and the causes of his long imprisonment, made much noise about Italy at the time, and they have been so much discussed and commented upon since, that they have acquired an historical importance, especially as they serve to illustrate the manners of the times. Duke Alfonso has been much abused, and, we think, without discrimination, for his treatment of the poet. There is a mystery about the whole story resembling that which hangs over Ovid's banishment. Professor Rosini has collected with the greatest patience and care the discordant opinions, as well as the evidence resulting from Tasso's own writings, published and unpublished, and from those of his contemporaries, and the conclusion

family, and was here living in ease and competence, Torquato, after a separation of so many years, was not likely to be known to the companion of his infant pleasures. He approached her in his disguise, feigning to be the bearer of a message from her brother, that he was in extreme danger of his life from the triumph of his enemies. He wore the mask so successfully, and depicted the imaginary danger in such powerful terms, that his sister was overpowered by her affection, and fainted at his feet. Satisfied of her love, he then discovered himself, and for some time found in her house those unostentatious comforts and endearing sincerities of which he had been long deprived. But his nature seems to have been incompatible with the enjoyment of tranquil happiness. He soon began to cherish the wish of returning to Ferrara. Mr. Vicusseux says —“ Having by kind treatment recovered his health and his spirits, he went to Rome, where he applied through some agent of the Duke to be allowed to return to Ferrara. Duke Alfonso wrote in reply, that he was willing to receive Tasso again into his service, if he would allow himself to be treated by the physicians, but that if he continued his subterfuges, and to talk as he had done before, he would immediately turn him out of his territories, and never allow him to return. Tasso, upon this, returned to Ferrara in the spring of 1578, with the Cavaliere Gualengo. He was civilly but coldly received by the Duke, who gave him to understand that he ought now to try to compose himself and to lead a quiet life, and to avoid all excitement. He attempted to get an interview with the Princess Eleonora and the Duchess of Urbino, but was prevented.” His papers, too, had

been handed about with a freedom which went far beyond his notions of what was due to his own dignity; and in the apprehension that they would be published in a mutilated and incorrect form he justly desired to have them restored. His requests and his complaints were treated with equal neglect; and the result was that Torquato again left the court of Ferrara in indignation, protesting that he would rather serve any rival prince than endure indignities from the hands of those by whom he had been once loaded with courtesy and honour.

With these excited feelings he departed for Mantua. The sovereign of that state had bestowed upon Bernardo Tasso the favour of his patronage; and Torquato naturally expected that his own reputation would procure for him a benignant and dignified reception. He was disappointed. Neglect and poverty still awaited him, and as a last resource, he was obliged to sell a ruby ring and a necklace of gold remembrances of honour or of love to enable him to set out for Padua and Venice. Maffeo Veniero, commiserating the misery of the unfortunate poet, wrote to the Grand Duke of Tuscany to receive him at his court, but whether the answer were delayed, or his inconstant humour again prevailed, he set out for the territories of the Duke d'Urbino. On his way thither he composed a simple and affecting canzone, addressed to the river Metauro, in which he deplored the misfortunes which had followed him from his birth, and anticipated the peace which that country might present to him. His hopes were not altogether vain; he enjoyed a temporary tranquillity; but suspicions and fears again clouded his mind, and he decided to place himself under the pro-

tection of the Duke of Savoy He left Urbino, and having endured many of the miseries of fatigue and poverty, arrived at Torino in a pitiable condition The great poet of Italy was reduced to the appearance of a wretched and degraded itinerant, and such was the garb of this favourite of the rich, the proud, and the beautiful, that he was driven from the gate of that city as a miserable and offensive vagabond From this disgrace he was rescued by Angelo Ingegneri, a Venetian man of letters, who, casually passing by, recognised in the persecuted wanderer the renowned but unhappy Tasso He was conducted to Philip, Marquis of Este, then residing at Torino, by whom he was kindly received, and his wants supplied He was here introduced to Emanuel, Prince of Piedmont, who offered him the most liberal provision at his court. But his affections were at Ferrara, and to that abode of his honours and his afflictions he determined to return for the third time

This resolution became to him a source of desperate and unassuaged misfortune He arrived at Ferrara in February, 1579 Unhappily for Tasso this court was too much occupied by gorgeous preparations for the marriage of the reigning Prince, to find leisure or inclination to listen to the claims, or reward the worth, of the faithful though capricious poet Torquato could neither procure an interview with the Prince or Princess, he was neglected by his former patrons and insulted by his ancient enemies He became infuriated by this unexpected treatment, and publicly proclaimed his injuries with the bitter contempt which unguarded genius directs against the oppressors of the great, retracting the praise which he had once bestowed upon the House of Este, and tak-

ing up the tone of rage and indignant contempt. The consequences were as fatal as might have been expected from the absolute power of an enraged Italian prince. The Duke ordered Tasso to be treated as a lunatic, and to be confined in the hospital of St. Anne.

In this abode of human wretchedness in its most ghastly forms was the persecuted poet detained for more than seven years. Of the miseries which he here endured Tasso is himself the best evidence. In a letter to his friend Scipio Gonzaga he describes himself as having abandoned every thought of glory and honour resolving to think himself happy "if like common men, he might pass the remaining portion of his life in the liberty of some obscure hamlet; if not in health, at least not thus miserably sick; if not harassed, at least not despised." — My melancholy," he says, "increases through the fear of the unknown and the indignities which I suffer because of the squalidness and dirt of my board, of my hair and of my dress, greatly annoy me; and above all solitude, my cruel and natural enemy afflicts me." What a picture is this of the torments inflicted upon the exquisitely sensitive mind of the imprisoned poet and the high-spirited gentleman! It is indeed might be that mind by the gloom of suspicion or the irritability of despair it retained in all its force and brilliancy the fountain of affection, the glow of fancy the love of truth, and the hatred of injustice. In the dungeon of misfortune it was still the same aspiring, proud, keen, and cultivated spirit, as in the saloon of luxury. The manner in which Tasso employed the long period of his dreary confinement is a proof of the soundness of his understanding. He retained the flow of his imagination which,

if too much indulged, might have been deadened and bewildered by the appalling contemplation of the wreck of the human mind, but he applied himself to the composition of dialogues, which should demand the exercise of sober and dispassionate inquiry, and inculcate useful and practical truth. The titles of these performances composed under such an extraordinary affliction are, 'Il Messaggero,' 'Del Piacere Onesto,' 'Il Gonzaga,' and 'Il Padre di Famiglia.' These proofs of his sanity were repeatedly exhibited at the court of his oppressor, as the strongest reason for his liberation. The Duke was still remorseless, and to the supplication of various princes for the freedom of this glory of Italy, he constantly answered that he would not give Tasso his liberty, but medicines enough for his restoration to health. The poet himself addressed canzonets to his powerful persecutors, setting forth his miseries, and imploring a relief from them. The Duke was inexorable. In a letter addressed to Alfonso, the afflicted and subdued prisoner says, "I throw myself at the feet of your clemency, merciful lord, and I entreat that you will pardon the false, and mad, and rash words for which I am imprisoned." If the confinement of Tasso was intended to repress his ambitious love, the restraint was carried to a criminal and unnecessary excess, for the Princess Eleonora died in 1581, and the poet was secluded from the world till 1586. During the latter years of his confinement its severities were mitigated. He was allowed to see his friends, and had the common comforts of life around him. It has even been maintained that a wretched cell at Ferrara, which used to be shown as the place of his original imprisonment, is not the identical place. The

evidence is not clear but it will be difficult even for tolerable proof to shake a long traditional belief. The late Mr Shelley in his *Posthumous Essays and Letters* has left the following beautiful description of a visit to Tasso's Cell at Ferrara:—

"There is here [Ferrara] a receipt of the entire *Gerusalemme Liberata*, written by Tasso's own hand a manuscript of some poems, written in prison to the Duke Alfonso and the satires of Ariosto written also by his own hand and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. The *Gerusalemme* though it had evidently been copied and re-copied is interlined particularly towards the end with numerous corrections. The handwriting of Ariosto is a small, firm and pointed character, as I should say a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind that of Tasso is large free, and flowing except that there is a checked expansion in the midst of its flow which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the length of the word. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to turn by the chillness of the winds of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object and as we do not agree in physiognomy so we may not agree now. But my business is to relate my own views, and not to attempt to inspire others with them. Some of the MSS of Tasso were sonnets to his particular which contain a great deal of what is called flattery. If Alfonso's ghost were asked how he felt those praises now I wonder what he would say. But to me there is much more to pity than to condemn in these

entreaties and praises of Tasso Tasso's situation was widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day, for, from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor But then there was no hope There is something irresistibly pathetic to me in the sight of Tasso's own handwriting, moulding expressions of adulation and entreaty to a deaf and stupid tyrant, in an age when the most heroic virtue would have exposed its possessor to hopeless persecution, and, such is the alliance between virtue and genius, which unoffending genius could not escape

“ We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Sant' Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands The dungeon is low and dark, and, when I say that it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the Doge's palace of Venice But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies It is low, and has a grated window, and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damps In the darkest corner is a mark in the wall where the chains were rivetted, which bound him hand and foot After some time, at the instance of some Cardinal, his friend, the Duke allowed his victim a fire-place, the mark where it was walled up yet remains ”

During the confinement of Tasso many of his poems

crept into publication in a mutilated and deformed state. To the pain of his prison was added the difficulty which it imposed upon him in the protection of his interest and his fame. His friend and admirer Angelo Ingegneri, subsequently printed two editions more exact than the former but they still laboured with errors and omissions which disquieted the refined taste of their author. The celebrated Aldus published his lyrical and prose works in 1581. The world was prodigal of its applause but Tasso heard only the voice of lamentation.

Amidst the indescribable miseries of his unhappy condition the poet languished till 1586. At that period Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, applied so efficaciously for his liberation that in July of that year after a confinement of seven years, two months and some days, the pride of Italy was freed from his wretched and degrading imprisonment. How he departed himself to his paternal state is not known; but he determined to build no longer upon the favours of the court of Ferrara. In the month of 1586 he went with his liberator to Mantua, where the reigning Duke received him with a munificence and attention which were well calculated to obliterate the remembrance of his recent indignities.

The long confinement of Tasso had seriously impaired his health; and had in some degree weakened the powers of his mind, by exciting gloomy and distempered humours and visionary notions, which haunted him for the remainder of his life. Soon after his arrival at Mantua he thus wrote to a friend:—"I am sick of some infirmity sufficiently violent and which I have sought to Mantua of which liberty is the only alleviation, and of which I cannot expect to find any other solace. But

the greatest of all my other evils, and which appears to me something like a frenzy, is caused by the many troublesome thoughts and dreams and fantasies by which I am disturbed” The unhappy passions of the disappointed enthusiast had been too long left to prey upon themselves, and the gloomy severities which were inhumanly and ignorantly applied to the supposed wanderings of his mind, had nourished some faint portion of that malady which they were intended to eradicate.

But the powers of Tasso's mind, when looking out of himself, still retained all the soundness and brilliancy of his more happy years. He was invited to Genoa to lecture on the *Ethics* and *Poetics* of Aristotle, with an adequate reward, and he appears to have determined on embracing this course of honourable usefulness. To recover his strength he went to Bergamo, where the endearing kindness of his friends, and the pleasing recollections of his youth, appear to have restored him to health and tranquillity. On his return to Mantua he was still undecided as to the offers of the republic of Genoa. Duke Vincenzo having succeeded to the government of Mantua, Tasso found himself neglected amidst the more serious duties of his patron and liberator. He therefore resolved to go to Rome, whither he departed in 1587. His means of travel were very confined, and although he was received on his journey with abundant honours, we may judge of the unhappiness of his condition by a letter which is extant, addressed to Don Ferrante Gonzaga, dated the last day of October 1587, in which he begs his Excellency to give him ten crowns for alms¹. His wants were liberally supplied, and he was provided with a good beast, which relieved him from the fatigue of a journey

on foot. He arrived at Rome; but his stay was short he departed for Naples. The enchanting beauties of this delightful city the pleasure which he felt in revisiting the scenes of his first literary victories, the hospitable treatment which he received from many noble and learned inhabitants, and the spontaneous honours which were bestowed upon him, were unspeakable gratifications to his feeling heart and led him to anticipate a lasting asylum for his genius and spirit—a retreat where he might devote himself to his poetical impulses, and accomplish the triumphs which his country expected from the maturity of his genius.

At the seat of his friend Batista Masano Marquis of Villa, his future biographer he passed the autumn of 1588. The sports of the field engaged much of his attention and he otherwise relieved his mind by the delights which he found in an elegant and accomplished society. But his soul had been deeply tinged with a belief in supernatural appearances, and he came habitually to affirm that a familiar spirit appeared to him, of the nature of that which is declared to have attended Socrates. In the supposed presence of this being he often sank into a profound abstraction and, even in the company of his friend Masano once maintained an animated conversation with this hallucinatory inhabitant of an immaterial world—

Of providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate;

with an earnestness and power which left no doubt of his own belief in the reality of his hallucinations. This may have been madness but it was the madness of an ardent and philosophical spirit, which felt that there was other evidence of the beauty and wisdom of the Supreme In-

telligence, beyond that of the senses, and which went to the extremes which such a belief may produce in a fervid and undisciplined imagination

On his return to Naples he abode at the house of the Count of Paleno but the father of this nobleman being displeased at his son receiving a descendant of a follower of the exiled Prince of Salerno, Torquato resolved to return to Rome Travelling without money, and in tattered garments, a fever attacked him on his way to the 'eternal city,' and he was constrained to take refuge in the hospital of Bergamasca Here he slowly recovered, and proceeded on his way The Grand Duke Ferdinand de Medici, hearing of the distresses of so great a man, generously invited him to his court He arrived at Firenze in 1590 But his inconstancy and melancholy still attended him, for he resolved to return to Rome, whither he set out in September of the same year, loaded with benefits and honours by Ferdinand, whose kindness might have won him to tranquillity, had not his own unconquerable gloom infused a bitter into every cup of happiness which fortune presented to him

The remaining years of his life were passed either at Rome or Naples They were not distinguished by any particular incidents, or greatly differed from the former course of his weary and afflicting pilgrimage Sick in body, disturbed in mind, full of fears and suspicions, yet affectionate to his friends and grateful to his benefactors, illustrious in his honours, but miserable in his poverty, in no place did he find repose or content The extent and the imperishable character of his fame were perhaps amongst his secret but most refreshing consolations About this period of his life a circumstance occurred

which must have afforded him a singular satisfaction. In his last journey to Rome, the party with which he travelled were fearfully alarmed by the depredations of a troop of *bersaglieri* which infested a road through which they must pass. Marco di Salas, the captain of this troop having heard that the great poet of Italy was of the company fell of a sudden for so celebrated a name, sent to Torquato his associates that he and all his friends should pass in safety.

He remained at Rome for the last time in November 1594. He was here introduced to Cardinal Ciriaco Aldobrandini. This ecclesiastic was so impressed with the majesty of Tasso's genius, that he interceded himself to procure for him the triumph of being solemnly crowned in the capitol with the laurel wreath, as Petrarch and others had been crowned. This glory was decreed to him by the Pope and the Senate. On his introduction to the Head of the church, the Holy Father with a grace of compliment seldom excelled, observed, That the merit of Torquato Tasso would confer as much honour on the laurel he was about to receive as the laurel had formerly conferred upon others. His good fortune delighted and astonished him. But he was not destined to wear the wreath which Petrarch had dignified. He fell sick, and he instantly felt assured that his malady would interpose a final barrier between his honours and his calamities.

On the approach of his illness Tasso desired that he might be conveyed to the monastery of Saint Onofrio. He had always claimed a vivid impression of religious obligation, and he felt a delight in the contemplation of being surrounded by pious men in his final moments.

From this last abode he wrote a beautifully pathetic letter to his friend Antonio Costantini, full of piety and charity, with an unfeigned resignation to what he considered as the certain indication of his approaching dissolution. His predictions were not vain. A fever seized him on the 10th of April, the malady was increased by the improper use of milk. He became in imminent danger. Remedies were prescribed to him, but he was convinced of their futility, and resisted their application with a mild but constant perseverance. The Pope's physician, who had attended him, announced that his last moments were approaching. He received the annunciation with firmness, and, lifting his eyes to heaven, thanked his God that he had conducted him, through so many tempests, to a safe and tranquil port. With such sentiments of fervent piety he awaited the hour of his death. He desired all the copies of his works that might be collected by his friends, to be transmitted to the flames. The invention of printing would have rendered the request of no avail, had his admirers even wished to commit this injustice upon his reputation. On the arrival of his patron, Cardinal Cinzio, with the Pope's benediction, he exclaimed—'This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned—not as a poet in the Capitol, but with the glory of the blessed in Heaven'—He died in the arms of Cardinal Cinzio.

Thus closed the eventful and unhappy career of Torquato Tasso, on the 25th of April, 1595. Although he desired that no pomp might be lavished on his remains, the last honours were paid to him in a manner that denoted the respect of his contemporaries. He was interred in the church of Saint Onofrio. A plain slab was

placed over his remains with a simple Latin inscription expressing—

"HERE LIE THE BONES OF TORQUATO TASSO.

Cardinal Bonifazio Nevillanus, some years after erected a tomb to his memory

Bianca Manso has left us a very minute description of the person and mental qualities of his illustrious friend. Tasso was tall and well-proportioned; his skin fair his hair of a pleasing brown his head large and his forehead high; his eyebrows finely arched his eyes powerful and of a lively blue his nose large lips thin teeth white and regular; his neck long and well-proportioned; his head elevated his breast and shoulders full and broad; his arms and legs long and muscular. He was formed for athletic exercises in which he excelled. His voice was clear and harmonious; his action graceful. Altogether nature had been as lavish in the completion of his body as his mind. The beauty of his person and the nobleness of his spirit, gave him all the attributes of a knight of romance and like the heroes he described he was equally fitted to obtain the triumphs of camps or courts—an enemy's submission, or a mistress's love.

Of the powers of his mind Manso has presented us a still more favourable report. He was decidedly a man of pre-eminently genius; of ardent feelings of rapid imagination. He was, besides a profound and accomplished scholar. The extensive knowledge which the *Cerusalemme Liberata* alone displays and the great number of his other works, acquired during a life of travel of poverty of sickness, of impetuosity, and of much other earthly vicissitude prove that his industry was almost

unequaled But he was not a sour or abstracted man of letters His temper was ardent, his ambition was towering, his passions were resistless He was therefore neither formed for the cloister nor the closet, he did not look for his rewards in the applause of academies, or the decrees of learned associations He was the poet of "fierce wars and faithful loves," he delighted to be surrounded with the descendants of the Tancreds and the Rinaldos, and to find the portraits of his Erminias and his Armidas in the saloons of the Italian courts He was not for the dry contests of academical disputations, or the sober dignities of the professor's chair—but he aspired to receive the dazzling meed of renown from the lips of nobility and beauty, to take his envied station, as the first poet of Italy and of the world,

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize"

In this pursuit there must have been occasional disappointment, and disappointment to Tasso was misery In an age when the pride of birth was all-commanding, he thought to stand upon an equal elevation by the pride of genius, in an age when the distinctions of rank were inflexible, he perhaps also believed that they would yield to the beauty of person, to the elevation of heart, to the splendour of talent, and to the strength of love There can be little doubt that one master-spring of disappointed affection swayed his whole destiny, and made him the wayward, restless, self-abandoned, and most unhappy slave of presumptuous hopes, of bitter regrets, of agonizing remembrances, of superstitious paroxysms But for

this his industry might have secured him independence his noble and amiable spirit might have won him true and unshaken friends, and the especial blessing of equal and mutual affection his piety might have regulated his passions and exalted his hopes and the world might have rejoiced to behold how the heavenly gifts of a feeling and elevated heart, and a rich and glowing imagination, may be converted by man to happiness for himself and blessings for his fellows.

Of the character of Tasso's poetical genius it is unnecessary here to say much. The *Gerusalemme Liberata* is the mine where we must principally search for the rich gems of his powerful and vigorous understanding. We shall not indeed often find those wonderful creations which belong to a Dante or a Shakespeare but we shall discover in an eminent degree, some of the highest attributes of the highest poetry. The minuteness and consistency of his delineations of character are unrivalled by any epic poet the interest of the story is kept alive by the happy art, maintains going straight-forward with the main business and sometimes diversified by the most beautiful and affecting episodes. His descriptions of natural appearances are wonderfully varied and original the many charming delineations of morning are a sufficient proof that Tasso had looked with a poet's eye upon the ever-changing fresh, and beautiful face of nature. Tasso is the poet for young and ardent minds there is nothing grovelling in his conceptions his heroes though somewhat exaggerated in their physical powers, are men of high and impassioned thoughts, of generous and dignified feelings they disgust us with no brutalities such as Homer presents they are brave enthusiasts and w

therefore forget the political injustice of the quarrel in which they are engaged Tasso may truly be called an heroic poet, he painted from his own noble mind, and he has left us portraits of Christian warriors which may be the lights of the military character in all ages his Godfrey, his Tancred, his Rinaldo, each stand a model,

“ Whom every man in arms should wish to be ”

THE LIFE

OR

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

NEVER were the histories of two men more opposed to each other than those of Tasso and his English translator. The one for thirty years lingering with excited feelings and many disappointments in the anti-chambers or banquetting-rooms of glittering courts, or travelling with a restless and unquiet spirit from one province to another, in purple or in rags—sometimes driven back as a vagabond and sometimes hailed as the glory and pride of Italy—seems never from his childhood to have tasted the slightest portion of domestic tranquillity or felt that charm of independence which his proud and ardent temper so impatiently desired. He was held down by a chain which he could never shake off. The vicissitudes of his fortune were remarkable and the whole life of his weary pilgrimage is therefore very differently lively and interesting. Fairfax on the contrary, as if solemnly inspired by the example of the Italian poet with whose fame he had associated his own, seems to have devoted himself to the duties of a peaceful and dignified retirement. The rewards of war had no temptations for his retired spirit and after the publication of his *God-*

frey of Bulloigne, even the applause of the world appears to have been to him a vain and worthless object of ambition. Contented with his paternal inheritance, happy in his domestic relations, and occupied with the education of his children and his nephews, he indeed cultivated his philosophical and poetical genius, but his modest diffidence prevented him proposing an end for his labours beyond the instruction and amusement of himself and his family. He was surrounded by no dependants who noted his habits or his opinions, and in that age literary fame in England seldom entailed a curious and observant regard upon its possessor. The life of Tasso was agitated, miserable, and brilliant, that of Fairfax was serene, happy, and useful.*

Edward Fairfax was the second son of Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, in Yorkshire. Douglas † distinctly states, that he was born to Sir Thomas "by Dorothy his wife, daughter of George Gale, of Ascham Grange, Esq, Treasurer to the Mint at York." Brian Fairfax, in his account to Atterbury, ‡ does not hint, of himself, at any supposition of Edward being an illegitimate son, and his mention of the friendship in which he lived with

* The materials for the life of Fairfax are slight, and in some matters contradictory. They are principally comprised in a communication from Mr Brian Fairfax, a descendant of the poet, to Bishop Atterbury, in a notice by Dodsworth the antiquary, in his manuscript work, 'Sancti et Scriptores Ebor,' in a short biographical account by Mrs. Cooper, in her 'Muses' Library,' which she states to have been furnished to her by Fairfax's family, and in the Peerages of the times of Elizabeth and James I.

† Author of the 'Peerage'

‡ Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, &c by Nichols, vol 1 p 374

his elder brother Sir Thomas the first Lord Fairfax almost precludes the probability of the correctness of such an opinion. Added to this Edward appears to have been received in his own family and in society with the same respect as his elder and younger brothers: their superior honours were bestowed upon them as a recompense for public services distinctions which the quiet and unassuming merit of a student could not challenge. On the contrary Dodsworth a contemporary who is quoted by Brian Fairfax mentions him as "Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone Esq. in the forest of Hamstrough natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, in Yorkshire and brother to Sir Thomas Fairfax the first that was created Baron of Cameron 3 Car 1." It is a material corroboration of this assertion, that Brian Fairfax, who had access to the family papers, should pass it over without contradiction. Mrs. Cooper mentions his descent in nearly the same words. The circumstance in itself is of little importance. Whether Edward were not the child of Dorothy wife of Sir Thomas Fairfax or whether this lady herself were not bound to her partner by the rites of the church we are assured that our poet was liberally educated by his father inherited an ample patrimony and was greatly esteemed by his successful and ennobled brother.

The inclinations of Edward Fairfax led him to cultivate his genius in the retirement of his father's abode. His writings evidently bespeak that his application to books must have been early and unremitting and the beauty and great variety of his descriptions of natural scenery showed that he had pursued the best study for the formation of a poet, with an enthusiastic feeling

His brothers devoted themselves to the career of arms. Thomas, who in 1591 was knighted before Rouen for his brave conduct in the army sent to the assistance of Henry IV of France, distinguished himself in Germany against the ambitious House of Austria, he was created Baron of Cameron, May 4, 1627, and died in his 80th year. Charles was a Captain, under Sir Francis Vere, at the battle of Neuport, in 1600, and commanded the English in the famous siege of Ostend, for some time before its surrender. He was there killed in 1604, having been previously wounded by a piece of the skull of a Marshal of France, who was slain near him by a cannon-ball.

Edward, having married, settled at Fuyistone as a private gentleman. The epochs of his life are so uncertain, that it is impossible to trace his literary progress in connection with his domestic circumstances. As an author he appeared at once before the world, with the great work upon which his fame has been established. His translation of 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' was first published in 1600. A previous attempt had been made to clothe the heroic Italian in an English dress. 'Godfrey of Bulloigne, or the Recoverie of Hierusalem, an heroical poeme, written in Italian by Seig Torquato Tasso, and translated into English by R. C., Esq.,' was printed for Christopher Hunt, of Fxeter, in 1594. R. C. is held to have been Richard Carew. Five Cantos only appeared of this translation. A writer in the 'Retrospective Review,' vol. iii, says, "In Fairfax's translation, though, when compared with more modern attempts, it is abundantly faithful, we frequently find him varying from the strict sense of the original, while at the same time we feel loth to blame him for wandering, when his aberrations

tions lead us along such beautiful ways. Carow seems to have had more strict and confined notions of the boundaries beyond which it does not become a translator to show himself. He follows his prototype step by step, carefully placing his foot in the very print of Tasso's which necessarily gives him an appearance of constraint and difficulty. He adheres as much too religiously to his great original as Pope and the translators of his school have been too free."

The translation of Fairfax, in all probability received every encouragement which the somewhat scanty poetical readers of that age had in their power to bestow. It must have become very rapidly popular to have found a place in the specimens of celebrated poets in Allot's *England's Parnassus*, printed in 1000. Hisdon, & Brian, states, that King James valued it above all other English poetry and King Charles, in the time of his confinement used to divert himself by reading it." The critics of a later period have not been sparing of their commendations. Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton describes him, in his *Thesaurus Poeticus* as one of the most judicious, elegant, and happy in his time most approved, of English translators, both for his choice of so worthily extolled an heroic poet as Torquato Tasso as for the exactness of his version, in which he is judged by some to have approved himself no less a poet than in what he hath written of his own genius. Winstanley describes him nearly in the same terms. Mrs Cooper after reproaching the neglect with which his *manuscript* had been treated by poetical blasphears, says— This gentleman is the only writer down to D Avenant, that needs no apology to be made for him on account of the age he

lived in, his diction being, generally speaking, so pure, so elegant, and full of graces, and the turn of his lines so perfectly melodious, that I hardly believe the original Italian has greatly the advantage in either, nor could any author, in my opinion, be justified for attempting Tasso anew, as long as his translation can be read"—But applause of a much higher character has been bestowed upon Fairfax. The testimony of Waller and Dryden to his success in the harmony of verse would have been sufficient (had not the popular taste been too long corrupted by a languid monotony of numbers) to have repressed such pretences as those of Hoole to supersede Fairfax, by a versification "better adapted to the ear of all readers of English poetry, except of the very few who have acquired a taste for the phrases and cadences of those times when our verse, if not our language, was in its rudiments!"* The decisive commendation of Fairfax, which the readers of English poetry now begin to understand, is contained in Dryden's Preface to his Fables. It runs thus—"Spenser and Fairfax both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth great masters in our language, and who saw much farther into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr Waller of Fairfax, for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original, and

* Preface to Hoole's Tasso

many besides myself have heard our *Lambert* Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from 'Godfrey of Balloigne' which was turned into English by Mr Fairfax."—The approbation of *Hume* is of value to Fairfax, when we look at the historians' prejudices in with others of his school, on the subject of our old English poets—"Fairfax" he says, "has translated *Tasso* with an *elegance* and ease and at the same time with an *exactness* which for that age are surprising"—Lastly we have the testimony of a congenial spirit to Fairfax's excellence of one who led the way in that revolution of taste which has restored our *rational* *judgment* to its *due* *importance*. The learnedly-beautiful *Collins* has the following spirited praise of *Tasso* and his translator—

"In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to nature true
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view
Th' heroic muse employ'd her *TASSO'S* art.
How have I trembled, when, at *Tandred's* stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping *Wound* pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal *air* is spoke
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British *FAIRFAX* strung!
P'ringling poet! whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows;
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here;
Hence, his warm lay with softest *swell* flows;
Melting it flows, pure, *musical* strong, and clear
And fills th' *human* heart, and wins th' harmonious
ear! †

History of England, vol. v. 4to.

† Ode on the Highland *Scotch* *melodians*.

The poetical industry of Fairfax was not exhausted in his 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' He appears, upon the authority of Dodsworth, to have written a metrical history of Edward the Black Prince This subject, which once presented itself to the judgment of Dryden as a worthy foundation for a British Epic, may have been heroically executed by Fairfax He also wrote twelve Eclogues, which he presented to the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, of which William, the son of the Duke, states in 1736, that they were written in the 1st year of James I, but had lain ten years neglected in his father's study, until Lodowic, the former Duke, desired a sight of them The author then transcribed them for his Grace's use That copy was seen and approved by many learned men, and Dr Theophilus Field, afterwards Bishop of Hereford, wrote commendatory verses upon them The encomium and the MS perished in the fire of the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, but the rough copies of the Eclogues were recovered Mrs Cooper states, that these productions were on important subjects, relating to the manners, characters, and incidents of the times in which Fairfax lived—"They are pointed," she says, "with many fine strokes of satire, dignified with wholesome lessons of morality and policy to those of the highest rank, and some modest hints even to Majesty itself The learning they contain is so various and extensive, that, according to the evidence of his son, who has written large annotations on each, no man's reading besides his own was sufficient to explain his references effectually" In the 'Muses' Library,' the fourth of these Eclogues is printed, by the permission of the family granted to Mrs Cooper It is evidently expressive of

Fairfax's religious opinions; and constitutes a masterly and in some parts admirably beautiful allegory of the expiation of sin and the redemption of Christianity.

The secluded and studious habits of Fairfax's life naturally led to religious and metaphysical speculations. His zeal for the reformed faith and his conviction, derived from unwarped inquiry and accurate reasoning that the Church of England deduced its doctrines and discipline from apostolical institutions, provoked him to a controversy with Dorrell, a papist. His letters on this occasion have never been published; but they are described as being written with great ability and learning and distinguished by a moderation which has rarely characterised such controversial treatises. The force of his imagination, added to the abstractions of his reason, gave a wild and mystical character to many of his opinions. Falling in with the prevailing notions of his age he yielded his assent to the influence of political agents in the affairs of the world and perhaps as Collins has elegantly said of him

"Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung."

It was natural that his "undoubting mind" would desire to make converts to its own credence. He accordingly wrote a treatise on Divinity a MS copy of which was formerly in the possession of Mr Reed. It was entitled *A Discourse of Witchcraft*, as it was acted in the family of Mr Edward Fairfax, of Fuystone, in the county of York, in the year 1621. From the original copy written with his own hand. Of the tenour of this singular narrative we have no description. From a passage which has been extracted from it, we have the

author's own account of his religious opinions, these bespeak the same liberal, contented, and moderate mind which he displayed in the practice of his tranquil life. He says—"For myself, I am in religion neither a fantastic puritan nor a superstitious papist, but so settled in conscience that I have the sure ground of God's word to warrant all I believe, and the commendable ordinances of our English Church to approve all I practise, in which course I live a faithful Christian and an obedient subject, and so teach my family."

Edward Fairfax had several children, sons and daughters. The eldest, William, became, under the instruction of his father, a man of considerable learning. He greatly assisted the celebrated Mr Stanley in the compilation of the '*Lives of the Philosophers*,' and also in his valuable commentary on *Æschylus*. Our poet also filled up the usefulness of his life by the education of his nephews. The elder of these, Ferdinand, the second Lord Fairfax, was the father of the celebrated parliamentary general, the second, Thomas, was a distinguished Jesuit, the third, William, was a lawyer of eminence, and father of Bryan, the correspondent of Atterbury, the fourth and fifth, William and John, were in the English army, and both fell at the same time in the service of their country, in 1641. The pupils of Edward Fairfax were doubtless fitted for the duties of life by sound learning, and excited to an honourable course of industry by that emulation which an instructor of genius knows how to inspire.

In the performance of such pleasing duties our poet lived till 1632. The precise period of his death is somewhat uncertain, but his biographers agree in fixing it

about this time. He was buried at Newhall between Denton and Knaresborough, a plain marble stone was erected to his memory.

After the praises which have been so liberally bestowed on the poetical powers of Fairfax it will be unnecessary here to enter into a description of his merits. His best eulogium will suggest itself to the reader of taste in the perusal of these volumes. He will there find such a union of energy and sweetness of grace and fidelity as have rendered the *Recueil* of Jerusalem indisputably the best translation in the English language. The few obsolete words and quaint turns of expression which sometimes occur can never justify any neglect which would overlook the unequalled spirit and harmony of the general performance. If the slight defects, not of the poet, but of the age are to consign Fairfax to oblivion, while the insipidities of Hoole are to be slept over and quoted, Spenser and Fletcher and even Shakspeare might be delivered up to the black letter critics while Addison and Tickell and Lonsdowne, and all the tribe of French imitators, should be acknowledged as the masters of English verse. Happily such tastes have lost their empire among us and we may venture to predict that the knowledge and admiration of Fairfax will be added to the triumphs of our old noble school of pure and genuine poetry.

GLOSSARY.

A.

Abrayed—awaked.
Affray—affright.
Algates—nevertheless.
Amating—terrifying
Appaid—rewarded, paid

B

Band—bound.
Bases—stockings.
Battail battle, battalion.
Batten—fat.
Beild—shelter
Bewraied—discovered
Blaised—published
Bourgeon—shoot forth.
Brand—sword
Brast—burst.
Brust—broken.
Busk'd—prepared.

C

Cade—domesticated.
Cantle—a piece, a fragment.
Carhnet—a necklace
Chevisance—achievement.
Churle—a rustic

Cobles—stones used in sling-
 ing
Cog—a boat
Congé—leave to depart
Copes—covering for the head
Cornet—company of horse.
Cumbers—embarrassments.

D

Desave—deceive
Dictamnium—the plant dit-
 tany
Dight—clothed.
Doft—put off
Don'd—put on.
Dormant—a large beam
Drpile—weak

E

Eame—uncle
Eath—easy
Eft soon
Eftsoons—quickly
Eild—age, period of life.
Emprise—enterprise
Enorme enormous

P

Found—found.
Filed—smooth.
Folds—throat.
Fum—foes.
Furcibus—opposite.
Furcibus—sharpened.
Furrow'd—furrowed.
Froaris—frothy.
Frustrated—bruised, crushed.

G

Giglet-eyes—only
Gilt—a vest.
Glance—sword.
Gurrying—growing.
Grove—groves.
Q—favour good-will.

H

Hops—brambles.
Hobbs—ebony, of ebony.
Hest—taken, put on, seized upon.
Hest—over and.
Hight—is called.
Hinge—hange.
Holt—a wood.
Hurtle—jostle, rush against.

K.

Kent—cut.

L.

Lear'd—learned.
Lear'ing—blackhood.
Leda—language.
Leyer—wholly.
Lifer—dearer better rather.
Lite—little.

M.

Mare—Mare.
Mere—cage, enclosed place.
Mister—sort, or manner of.
Mo—more.
Mote—might, may.

N

Near—near.
Notless—nevertheless.
Will—will not.
Would—would not.

P

Pardie—a mining oath, used
 of millarly.
Pards—a fault is.
Pk—companion.
Pight—fixed.
Pine—pain.
Pious—press.
Prent—ready.
Pricked—spared.

Q

Quarel—an arrow.
Quarry—an arrow.

R.

Raught—reached.
Remove—remove.
Raw—to pity.
Rarities—surplices.
Path—companion.
In row—in row.

S.

Scaldred—parched.
South—mischief.

Scissed—cut
Seld—seldom
Seely—foolish
Sell—saddle
Semblant—figure, appearance
Sendal—fine lincn
Shaw—thicket
Sheen—bright
Shend—injury, spoil
Sight—sighed
Shewless—useless
Smool—smoke
Soun—sound
Spyall—spy
Spright, or Sprite—spirit, mind
Spring—a grove
Stallu orth—brave, stout
Sterre—parish
Stound—price of time
Stour—fight
Stowers—battles

T

Teen—grief
Thorpe—a village
Tofore—before
Tooting—peeping
Tout—to look upon
Truchmen—interpreters

U

Ugly—terrific
Uneath—scarcely, with difficulty
Unrevol en—unrevenged
Ure—a wild ox

V

Vamure—advanced wall
Ventail—the fore part of a helmet, which lifts up

W

Wannish—somewhat wan
Warray'd—made war upon
Ween—imagine
Wect—to know
Wend—go
Whilere—some time before
Whilome—formerly, of old
Windlays—windings
Wist—knew
Won—dwell
Woud—inhabited
Wood—furious, savage.

Y

Yelep'd—called
Yode—went
Yood—went.
Ypight—fixed



[Queen Elizabeth.]

TO HER HIGH MAJESTY.

WIT's rich triumph, wisdom's glory
Art's chronicle, learning's story,
Tower of goodness, virtue, beauty,
Forgive me, that presume to lay
My labours in your clear eye's ray;
This boldness springs from faith, zeal, duty

Her hand, her lap, her vesture's hem,
Muse, touch not for polluting them;
All that is her's is pure, clear, holy,
Before her footstool humble lie,
So may she bless thee with her eye;
The sun shines not on good things solely

Olive of peace, angel of pleasure,
What line of praise can your worth measure?
Calm sea of bliss which no shore boundeth,
Fame fills the world no more with lies,
But, busied in your histories,
Her trumpet those true wonders soundeth

O, Fame! say all the good thou may'st,
Too little is that all thou say'st
What if herself herself commended?
Should we then know, ne'er known before,
Whether her wit or worth were more?
Ah! no, that book would ne'er be ended

Your Majesty's humble Subject,

EDWARD F. IRFAX.

THE
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

God sends his Angel to Terras d'arr,	
Godfrey unites the Christian peers and knights,	19
And all the Lords and Princes sit	
Choose him their Duke to rule the wars and fight;	32
He mustereth all his host, whose number known,	34
He send them to the fort that Sam beheld;	63
The aged Tyrant Josiah's kind but fruitless	
In fear and trouble to resist provokes.	81

I

THE sacred walls and the godly Knight
That the great sepulchre of Christ did free
I sing, much was his valour and strength
And in that glorious war much suffer'd he:
In vain against him did he oppose her might
In vain the Turks and Muslims armed be
His soldiers wild to brawls and mutines pent
Reduced he to peace so heaven him bless.

II.

O heavenly muse that not with fading lays
Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring
But aldest crown'd with stars immortal rays
In heaven, where legions of bright angels sing
Inspire life in my wit my thoughts upraise
My verse ennoble and forgive the thing
If fictions light I mix with truth divine
And fill these lines with others' praise than thine.

III.

Thither thou know'st the world is best inclined
 Where luring Parnass most his sweet imparts,
 And truth convey'd in verse of gentle kind,
 To read perhaps will move the dullest hearts,
 So we, if children young diseas'd we find,
 Anoint with sweets the vessel's foremost parts,
 To make them taste the potions sharp we give,
 They drink deceived, and so deceiv'd they live

IV

Ye noble princes, that protect and save
 The pilgrim muses, and their ship defend
 From rock of ignorance, and error's wave,
 Your gracious eyes upon this labour bend,
 To you these tales of love and conquests brave
 I dedicate, to you this work I send,
 My muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold
 Your fights, your battles, and your combats bold

V

For if the Christian princes ever strive
 To win fair Greece out of the tyrant's hands,
 And those usurping Ismaelites deprive
 Of woeful Thrace, which now captived stands,
 You must from realms and seas the Turks forth drive,
 As Godfrey chased them from Judah's lands,
 And in this legend, all that glorious deed
 Read, whilst you arm you arm you, whilst you read

VI

Six years were run, since first, in martial guise,
 The Christian lords warray'd the eastern land,
 Nice by assault, and Antioch by surprise,
 Both fair, both rich, both won, both conquer'd stand,
 And thus defended they, in noblest wise,
 'Gainst Persian knights and many a valiant band,
 Tortosa won, lest winter might them shend,
 They drew to holds and coming spring attend

VII.

The sullen season now was come and gone
 That forc'd them, late ceas'd from their noble war
 When God Almighty from his lofty throne
 Set in those parts of heav'n that purest are
 As far above the clear stars every one
 As it is hence up to the highest star
 Look'd down and all at once (th' world believ'd)
 Each land each city country town and cell.

VIII.

All things b' view'd, at last in Syria stay'd
 Upon the Christian lord his eyes were fix'd
 That warlike look wherein th' he oft survey'd
 Men's secret thoughts that most unaid'd lie
 He cast on purp'ant Goffrey that away'd
 To drive the Turks from Sion's bulwarks high
 And, full of zeal and faith esteem'd his bit
 All worldly honour empire treasure might.

IX.

In Baldwin next he spied another thought
 Whom spirits proud to vain ambition move:
 Tancr'd he saw his life's joy set at nought
 So woo-begone was he with pains of love
 Beyond the conquer'd folk of Antioch brought
 The gentle yoke of Christian rule to prove
 He taught them laws statutes, and customs new
 Arts, crafts obedience and religion true

X.

And with such care his busy work he pil'd
 That to nought else his acting thoughts he bent.
 In young Rinaldo fierce desires he spied
 And noble heart of rest impatient,
 To wealth or so /ign power he nought applied
 His wits but all to virtue excellent
 Patterns and rules of skill and usage hold
 He took from Guelpho, and his fathers old

XL.

Thus, when the Lord discover'd had and seen
 The hidden secrets of each worthy's breast,
 Out of the hierarchies of angels sheen
 The gentle Gabriel called he from the rest ,,
 'Twixt God and souls of men that righteous been.
 Ambassador is he, for ever blest,
 The just commands of heaven's eternal King,
 'Twixt skies and earth, he up and down doth bring'

XLII.

To whom the Lord thus spake, Godfredo find,
 And in my name ask him, why doth he rest?
 Why be his arms to ease and peace resign'd?
 Why frees he not Jerusalem distress'd?
 His peers to counsel call, each baser mind
 Let him stir up, for, chieftain of the rest
 I choose him here, the earth shall him allow,
 His fellows late shall be his subjects now

XLIII.

This said, the angel swift himself prepar'd
 To execute the charge impos'd aright
 In form of airy members fair embar'd,
 His spirits pure were subject to our sight,
 Like to a man in show and shape he far'd,
 But full of heav'nly majesty and might,
 A stripling seem'd he thrice five winters old,
 And radiant beams adorn'd his locks of gold

XLIV.

Of silver wings he took a shining pair,,
 Fringed with gold, unwaried, nimble, swift,
 With these he parts the winds, the clouds, the air,
 And over seas and earth himself doth lift;
 Thus clad, he cut the spheres and circles fair,
 And the pure skies with sacred feathers cleft,
 On Libanon at first his foot he set,
 And shook his wings with rosy May-dews wet



[Lith. sculp.]

XV

Then to Tortosa's confines swiftly sped
 The sacred messenger, with headlong flight,
 Above the eastern wave appeared red
 The rising sun, yet scanty half in sight,
 Godfrey e'en then his morn devotions said,
 As was his custom, when, with Titan bright,
 Appear'd the angel, in his shape divine,
 Whose glory far obscured Phœbus' shine

XVI

Godfrey (quoth he), behold the season fit
 To war, for which thou waited hast so long,
 Now serves the time, if thou o'erslip not it,
 To free Jerusalem from thrall and wrong
 Thou with thy lords in counsel quickly sit,
 Comfort the feeble, and confirm the strong,
 The Lord of Hosts their general doth make thee,
 And for their chieftain they shall gladly take thee

XVII

I, messenger from everlasting love,
 In his great name thus his behests do tell,
 Oh! what sure hope of conquest ought thee move!
 What zeal, what love, should in thy bosom dwell!
 This said, he vanish'd to those seats above,
 In height and clearness which the rest excel,
 Down fell the Duke, his joints dissolv'd asunder,
 Blind with the light, and stricken dead with wonder

XVIII

But, when recover'd, he consider'd more
 The man, his manner, and his message said,
 If erst he wished, now he longed sore
 To end that war, whereof he lord was made
 Nor swell'd his breast with uncouth pride therefore,
 That heav'n on him above this charge had laid,
 But, for his great Creator would the same,
 His will increas'd, so fire augmenteth flame

XIX.

The captains call'd forthwith from every tent,
 Unto the rendezvous he them invites,
 Letter on letter, post on post he sent,
 Entreatance fair with counsel he unites;
 All, what a noble usage could augment,
 The sleeping spark of valour what incites
 He us'd, that all their thoughts to honour rul'd
 Some prais'd, some pray'd some counsel'd all pleased.

XX.

The captains, soldiers all (save Boemond) came,
 And pitch'd their tents, some in the fields without,
 Some of green boughs their slender cabins frame
 Some lodg'd were Tortosa's streets about
 Of all the host the chief of worth and name
 Assembled been, a senate grave and stout
 Then Godfrey after silence kept a space
 Lift up his voice and spake with princely grace.

XXI.

Warriors, whom God himself elected hath
 His worship true in Sion to restore
 And still, I call'd from danger harm and death
 By many a sea and many an unknown shore
 You have subjected lately to his faith
 Some provinces rebellious long before
 And, after conquests great have in the same
 Erected trophies to his cross and name.

XXII.

But not for this our homes we first forsook,
 And from our native soil have march'd so far:
 Nor us to dangerous seas have we betook
 Expos'd to hazard of so far-sought war
 Of glory vain to gain an idle smock,
 And lands possess'd that wild and barbarous are:
 That for our conquests were too mean a pry
 To shed our bloods, to work our souls' decay

XXIII,

But this the scope was of our former thought,
 Of Sion's fort to scale the noble wall,
 The Christian folk from bondage to have brought,
 Wherein, alas, they long have lived thrall,
 In Palestane an empire to have wrought
 Where godliness might reign perpetual,
 And none be left, that pilgrims might denay
 To see Christ's tomb, and promis'd vows to pay.

XXIV

What to this hour successively is done
 Was full of peril, to our honour small,
 Nought to our first designment, if we shun
 The purpos'd end, or here lie fixed all
 What boots it us these wars to have begun
 Or Europe rais'd to make proud Asia thrall,
 If our beginnings have this ending known,
 Not kingdoms rais'd, but armies overthrown?

XXV

Not as we list erect we empires new
 On frail foundations, laid in earthly mould,
 Whereof our faith and country be but few,
 Among the thousands stout of pagans bold,
 Where nought behoves us trust to Greece untrue,
 And western aid we far remov'd behold,
 Who buldeth thus, methinks, so buldeth he,
 As if his work should his sepulchre be

XXVI

Turks, Persians, conquer'd, Antiochia won,
 Be glorious acts, and full of glorious praise,
 By heav'n's mere grace, not by our prowess, done,
 Those conquests were achiev'd by wondrous ways.
 If now from that directed course we run
 The God of battles thus before us lays,
 His loving kindness shall we lose, I doubt,
 And be a by-word to the lands about

XXII.

Let not these blessings then, sent from above
 Abused be or spilt in profane wise,
 But let the issue all dependent prove
 To good beginnings of each enterprise;
 The gentle means might our valour move
 Now every passage plain and open lies
 What lets us then the great Jerusalem
 With valiant squadrons round about to hem?

XXVII.

Lords, I protest; and hearken all to it,
 Ye times and ages, future, present, past;
 Hear all ye blessed in the heavens that sit
 The time for this achievement hasteneth fast:
 The longer rest worse will the season fit,
 Our surety shall with doubts be all cast,
 If we foreslow the siege I well know
 From Egypt will the pagans succour'd be.

XXIX.

This said, the hermit Peter rose and spake
 (Who sat in council those great lords among)
 At my request this war was undertake,
 In private cell who erst liv'd closed long
 What Godfrey wills, of that no question make
 There cast no doubts where truth is plain and strong,
 Your acts I trust will exceed his speech,
 Yet one thing more I would you gladly teach.

XXX.

These strifes, unless I be mistak the thing,
 And discords rais'd oft in disorder'd sort,
 Your disobedience, and ill managing
 Of actions, lost for want of due support,
 Refer I justly to a further spring
 Spring of evilition strife, opposition tort,
 I mean alling power to sundry given,
 In thought, opinion, worth, estate, uneven

XXXI

Where divers Lords divided empire hold,
 Where causes be by gifts, not justice, tried,
 Where offices be falsely bought and sold,
 Needs must the lordship there from virtue slide
 Of friendly parts one body then uphold,
 Create one head the rest to rule and guide,
 To one the regal power and sceptre give,
 That henceforth may your king and sovereign live

XXXII

And therewith staid his speech O gracious muse,
 What kindling motions in their breasts do fry!
 With grace divine the hermit's talk infuse,
 That in their hearts his words may fructifie,
 By this a virtuous concord they did choose,
 And all contentions then began to die,
 The princes with the multitude agree,
 That Godfrey ruler of those wars should be.

XXXIII

This power they gave him, by his princely right
 All to command, to judge all, good and ill,
 Laws to impose to lands subdued by might,
 To maken war both when and where he will,
 To hold in due subjection every wight,
 Their valours to be guided by his skill,
 This done, report displays her tell-tale wings,
 And to each ear the news and tidings brings

XXXIV

She told the soldiers, who allow'd him meet
 And well deserving of that sovereign place,
 Their first salutes and acclamations sweet
 Received he, with love and gentle grace,
 After, their reverence done, with kind regret
 Requited was with mild and cheerful face,
 He bids his armies should, the following day,
 On those fair plains, their standards proud display.

XXXV

The golden sun rose from the silver wave
 And with his beams enamel'd every green,
 When up arose each warrior bold and brave
 Glist'ring in filed steel and mirror sheen
 With jolly plumes their crests adorn'd they have,
 And all tofore their chieftain muster'd been:
 He, from a tower high cast his watchful sight
 On every footman, and on every knight.

XXXVI

My mind, time's enemy oblivion's foe
 Dispose thee true of each note-worthy thing
 O let thy lightning might avail me so
 That I each troop and captain great may sing
 That in this glorious war did famous grow
 Forgot till now by time's evil handling
 This work, derived from thy favour so dear
 Let all times hearken, never age out-wear

XXXVII

The French came foremost battalions and bold,
 Late led by Hugo, brother to their king,
 From France the vale that rivers four enfold
 With rolling streams descending from their spring
 But Hugo dead, the lilly fair of gold,
 Their united ensign, they tofore them bring
 Under Clotharius great, a captain good,
 And hardy knight, champion of princes blood.

XXXVIII.

A thousand were they in shining armour clad
 Next whom there marched forth another band,
 That number nature and instruction had
 Like them, to fight far off or charge at hand,
 All valiant Normans, by Lord Robert led,
 The native Duke of that renowned land
 Two Bishops next their standards proud upheave
 Call'd on the good William and good Ademare.

XXXX

Their jolly notes they chanted loud and clear,
 On merry mornings, at the mass divine,
 And horrid helms high on their heads they bear,
 When their fierce courage they to war incline,
 The first four hundred horsemen gathered near
 To Orange town, and lands that it confine
 But Ademare the Poggian youth brought out,
 In number like, in hard assays as stout

XL

Baldwin his ensign fair did next despread
 Among his Boulougniers of noble fame,
 His brother gave him all his troops to lead
 When he commander of the field became
 The Count Carinto did him straight succeed,
 Grave in advice, well skill'd in Mars his game,
 Four hundred brought he, but so many thrice
 Led Baldwin, clad in gilden arms of price

XII

Guelpho next them the land and place possess'd,
 Whose fortunes good with his great acts agree,
 By his Italian sue, from th' house of Est
 Well could he bring his noble pedigree,
 A German born, with rich possessions blest,
 A worthy branch sprung from the Guelphian tree,
 'Twixt Rhene and Danubie the land contain'd
 He rul'd, where Suaves and Rhetians whilom reign'd.

XIII

His mother's heritage was this and right,
 To which he added more by conquest got,
 From thence approved men of passing might,
 He brought, that death or danger feared not;
 It was their wont in feasts to spend the night,
 And pass cold days in baths and houses hot,
 Five thousand late, of which now scantily are
 The third part left, such is the chance of war

XLIII

The nation then with clypeus locks and hair
 That dwell between the sea and Ardenne wood
 Where Moselle streams and Rhene the meadows wear
 A barren soil for grain for pasture good,
 Their banners with them, who oft
 Their earthen bulwarks gainst the ocean flood
 The flood elsewhere that ships and larks devour,
 But there drowns cities walled towns and towers.

XLIV

Both in one troop and but a thousand all
 Under another Robert fierce they run
 Then the English squadron soldiers stout and tall
 By William led, their march ignis juvencus son,
 These archers be and with them come withal
 A people near the northern pole that won,
 Whom Ireland sent from loughs and forests bear
 Divided far by sea from Europe's shore

XLV

Tancred's next, nor small, them all was one
 Rinald except, a piece of greater might;
 With majesty his noble countenance shone
 His were his thoughts, his heart was bold in fight,
 No shameful vice his worth had o'ercome
 His fault was love by unadvised sight,
 Bred in the dangers of adorning arms
 And nurs'd with griefs with woe and lament.

XLVI

Fame tells, that on that over-blessed day
 When Christian swords with Pagan blood were died,
 The furious prince Tancred from that fray
 His coward foes chased through forests wide
 Till tired with the fight, the heat, the way
 He sought some place to rest his weary side,
 And drew him near a silver stream, that play'd
 Among wild herbs under the greenwood shade.

XLVII

A Pagan damsel there unwares he met,
 In shining steel, all save her visage fair,
 Her hair unbound she made a wanton net
 To catch sweet breathing from the cooling air
 On her at gaze his longing looks he set,
 Sight, wonder, wonder, love, love bled his care,
 O love, O wonder, love new born, new bred,
 Now grown, now arm'd, this champion captive led.

XLVIII

Her helm the virgin don'd, and but some wight
 She fear'd might come to aid him as they fought,
 Her courage yearn'd to have assaul'd the knight,
 Yet thence she fled, unaccompanied, unsought,
 And left her image in his heart ypright,
 Her sweet idea wander'd through his thought,
 Her shape, her gesture, and her place in mind
 He kept, and blew love's fire with that wind

XLIX

Well might you read his sickness in his eyes,
 Their banks were full, their tide was at the flow,
 His help far off, his hurt within him lies,
 His hopes unsprung, his cares were fit to mow
 Eight hundred horse, from Champaign came, he guies,
 Champaign, a land where wealth, ease, pleasure grow,
 Rich nature's pomp and pride, the Tirrhene main
 There woos the hills, hills woo the vallies plain

L

Two hundred Greeks came next, in fight well tried,
 Not surely arm'd in steel or iron strong,
 But each a glave had pendant by his side,
 Their bows and quivers at their shoulders hung,
 Their horses well inured to chace and ride,
 In diet spare, untir'd with labour long,
 Ready to charge and to retire at will,
 I'ough broken, scatter'd, fled, they skirmish still.

LI

Tatine their guide and except Tatine none
 Of all the Greeks went with the Christian host:
 O sin, O shame, O Greece = d alone!
 Dst not this fatal war affront thy coast?
 Yet sittest thou an idle looker-on,
 And glal attendest which side won or lost
 Now if thou be a bond slave vile become
 No wrong is that but Cod's most righteous doom.

LII.

In order last but first in worth and fame
 Unfear'd in fight untir'd with hurt or wound
 The noble squadron of ad venturers came
 Terrors to all that tread on A IAN P. AND;
 Cease Orpheus of thy Minois Arthur shame
 To boast of Launcelot or thy talis round
 For these whom antique times with laurel dress
 These far exceed them, thee and all the rest.

LIII.

Dodon of Cousa was their guide and lord,
 And for of worth and birth alike they been,
 They chose him captain by their free accord
 For he most acts had done most battles seen
 Grave was the man in years in looks in word,
 His locks were gray yet was his courage green,
 Of worth and might the noble lodge he bore
 Old scars of grievous wounds receiv'd of yore.

LIV

After came Eustace well esteemed man
 For Godfrey's sake his brother and his own;
 The king of Norway's heir Gerardo then
 Proud of his father's titles = rd crown;
 Roger of Bahnavill and Egerlan
 For hardy knights approved were and known;
 Besides were number'd in that warlike train
 Rambald Gentonlo, and the Gerards twain.

LV.

Ubaldo then, and puissant Rosmond
 Of Lancaster the heir, in rank succeed,
 Let none forget Obizo of Tuscan lond,
 Well worthy praise for many a worthy deed,
 Nor those three brethren, Lombards fierce, and yond,
 Achilles, Sforza, and stern Palameed,
 Nor Otton's shield he conquer'd in those stowers,
 In which a snake a naked child devours

LVI

Guascher and Raiphe in valour like there was,
 The one and other Guido, famous both,
 Gernier and Eberard to overpass
 In foul oblivion would my muse be loth,
 With his Gildippes dear, Edward, alas,
 A loving pair, to war among them go'th,
 In bond of virtuous love together tied,
 Together sei v'd they, and together died

LVII

In school of love are all things taught we see,
 There learn'd this maid of arms the ireful guise,
 Still by his side a faithful guard went she,
 One true love knot their lives together ties,
 No wound to one alone could dang'rous be,
 But each the smart of other's anguish tries,
 If one were hurt, the other felt the sore,
 She lost her blood, he spent his life therefore

LVIII

But these and all Rinaldo far exceeds,
 Star of this sphere, the diamond of this ring,
 The nest, where courage with sweet mercy breeds,
 A comet, worthy each eye's wondering,
 His years are fewer than his noble deeds,
 His fruit is ripe soon as his blossoms spring,
 Armcd, a Mars might coyest Venus move,
 And if disarm'd, then God himself of Love

LIX.

Sophia by Adige's bank him bore
 Sophia the fair *gallant* to Bertokla great,
 Fit mother for that pearl and before
 The tender imp was weaned from the teat,
 The Princess Maud him took in virtue's love
 She brought him up fit for each worthy feat.
 Till of these wars the golden trumpet he hears
 That soundeth glory same, *musick* in his ears.

LX.

And then, though scanty three times five years old,
 He fled alone by many an unknown coast
 O'er *Aegean* seas by many a Greekish bold,
 Till he arriv'd at the Christian host
 A noble flight, adventurous, brave and bold
 Whereon a valiant *palace* might justly boast,
 Three years he serv'd in field when scout begin
 Few golden hairs to deck his frovy chin.

LXI.

The *business* past, their veld-left staves fill
 The hands on foot, and Raymond them before,
 Of Toulouse lord from lands near Piræne hill,
 By Garonne *littles* and salt sea billows worn,
 Four thousand foot he brought, well arm'd, and skill
 Had they all pains and travel to have born,
 Stout men of arms and with their guide of *power*
 Like Troy's old town defend'd with Ilion's tower

LXII.

Next Stephen of Amboise did five thousand lead
 The men he press'd from Tours and Blois but late,
 To hard *array* unfit, unsure at need,
 Yet arm'd to point in well attempter'd plate
 The hand did like itself the people breed,
 The soil is gentle smooth, soft delicate,
 Doldly they *charge* but soon retire for doubt,
 Like fire of straw soon kiodled, soon burnt out.

LXIII

The hard Alen to marched, and with him
 The leader brought six thousand Switzers bold;
 Audacious were their looks, their faces grim,
 Strong eyes on the Alpine cliffs they hold,
 Their horses and coltses had, to armours trim
 They change their metal, cast in warlike mould,
 And with this band late herds and flocks that guide,
 Now kings and realms he threaten'd and defied

LXIV

The glorious standard fast to heav'n they spread,
 With Peter's keys enobled, and his crown,
 With it seven thousand stout Camillo led,
 Lambat clad in walls of iron brown,
 In this adventure and occasion, glad
 So to revive the Romans' old renown,
 Or prove at least to all of wiser thought
 Their hearts were fertile land, although unwrought.

LXV

But now was passed every regiment,
 Each band, each troop, each person, worth regard,
 When Godfrey with his lords to counsel went,
 And thus the Duke his princely will declar'd
 I will, when day next clears the firmament,
 Our ready host in haste be all prepar'd
 Closely to march to Sion's noble wall,
 Unseen, unheard, or undescried at all

LXVI

Prepare you then, for travail strong and light, ²⁰
 Fierce to the combat, glad to victory
 And with that word and warning soon was dight
 Each soldier, longing for near coming glory,
 Impatient be they of the morning bright,
 Of honour so them prick'd the memory
 But yet their chieftain had conceiv'd a fear
 Within his heart, but kept it secret there.

LXVII

For he by faithful spall was assur'd
 That Egypt's king was forc'd on his way,
 And to arrive at Gaza old procur'd
 A fort, that on the Syrian frontiers lay;
 Nor think he that a man to wars engag'd
 Will ought forelow or in his joy stay
 For well he knew him for a dang'rous foe;
 An herald call'd he then, and spake him so:

LXVIII.

A pinnaco take thee swift as shaft from bow
 And speed thee Henry to the Greeklis main,
 There should arrive as I by letters know
 From one that never aught reports in vain,
 A vallant youth, in whom all virtues flow
 To help us this great conquest to obtain
 The Prince of Dames he is, and brings to war
 A troop with him from under th' Arctic star

LXIX.

And, for I doubt the Greeklis men will sly
 Will use with him some of his wonted craft,
 To stay his passage, or divert awry
 Elsewhere his forces, his first journey left
 My herald good, and more you'll well try,
 See that these men be not us becraft,
 But send him thence with such convenient speed,
 As with his honour stands and with our need.

LXX.

Return not thou but leger stay behind
 And move the Greeklis prince to send us aid
 Tell him his kingly promise doth him bind
 To give us succour by his vassal made
 This aid, and thus instruct, his letters sign'd
 The trusty herald took nor longer staid
 But sped him thence to done his lord's behest
 And thus the Duke reduc'd his thoughts to rest.

LXXI

Aurora bright her chrysal gates unbarr'd,
 And bridegroom-like forth-step'd the glorious sun,
 When trumpets loud and clarions shrill were heard,
 And every one to rouse him fierce begun,
 Sweet music to each heart for war prepar'd,
 The soldiers glad by heaps to harness run,
 So, if with drought endanger'd be their grain,
 Poor ploughmen joy, when thunders promise rain

LXXII

Some shirts of mail, some coats of plate put on,
 Some don'd a cuirass, some a corslet bright,
 An hawberk some, and some a habergeon,
 So every one in arms was quickly dight,
 His wonted guide each soldier tends upon,
 Loose in the wind waved their banners light,
 Their standard royal towards heaven they spread,
 The cross triumphant on the Pagans dead.

LXXIII

Meanwhile the car that bears the light'ning brand,
 Upon the eastern hill was mounted high,
 And smote the glist'ring armies as they stand,
 With quiv'ring beams which daz'd the wond'ring eye,
 That Phaeton-like it fired sea and land,
 The sparkles seem'd up to the skies to fly,
 The horses neigh, and clatt'ring armours sowne,
 Pursue the echo over dale and down

LXXIV

Their general did with due care provide
 To save his men from ambush and from train,
 Some troops of horse that lightly armed ride,
 He sent to scour the woods and forests main,
 His pioneers their busy work applied,
 To even the paths and make the highways plain,
 They fill'd the pits, and smooth'd the rougher ground,
 And open'd every strait they closed found

LXXV

They meet no forces gathered by their foe
 No towers, defend'd with rampire more or wall,
 No *mountain* no wood no mountain could forelow
 Their hasty pace or stop their *course* at all:
 So when his banks the prince of rivers Po,
 Doth *overflow*, he breaks, with hideous fall
 The mossy rocks and trees o' *er* with age
 Nor aught withstands his fury and his rage.

LXXVI.

The king of Tripoli in every hold
 Shut up his men munition and his *treasure*,
 The *straggling* *troop*, sometimes *scall* he would,
 Save that he durst not move them to displ *ment*
 He staid their rage with presents gifts, and gold
 And led them through his land at ease and leisure,
 To keep his realm in peace and rest he chose
 With what *conditions* Godfrey list impose

LXXVII

Those of Mount Seir, that neighboureth by east
 The holy city, faithful folk each one,
 Down from the hill descended most and least,
 And to the Christian Duke by heaps they gone,
 And welcome him and his, with joy and feast,
 On him they smile on him they gaze alone
 And were his guides, as faithful, from that day
 As *Heracles* that leads the sun his way

LXXVIII.

Along the sands his armies safe they guide,
 By ways *accuse*, to them well known before;
 Upon the tumbling billows fraughted ride
 The armed ships, coasting along the shore
 Which for the camp might every day provok
 To bring munition good and victuals store
 The Isles of Greece sent in *part* *honor* meet,
 And store of wine from Scios came and Crete.



[Mount So...

LXXIX.

Great Neptune griev'd made scalls the lood
 Of ships, hulks, gallees, barks and brigantines
 In all the mid-earth seas was left no rood
 When in the Pagan his bold sails untwines,
 Spread was the brave Armado wide and broad
 From Venice, Genoa, and towns which them confine
 From Holland, England, France and Sicill sent,
 And all for Judah ready bound and bent

LXXX

All these together were crum'd, and knit
 With surest bonds of love and friendship strun-
 Together sail'd they fraught with all things fit
 To make a donee by land that might belong
 And when occasion serv'd darken'd it,
 Then sail'd the Arim coasts and lakes along
 Thither with speed their hasty course they plied,
 Where Christ the Lord for our offences died.

LXXXI

The brazen trump of iron-winged Fame,
 That mingl'eth faithful troth with forged lies
 Foretold the Heathen how the Christians came
 How thither and the conquering army hies,
 Of every knight it sound' the worth and name,
 Each troop, each band, each squadron it descries,
 And threat'eth death to those, fire, sword, and slaughter
 Who held captiv'd Israel's fairest daughter

LXXXII

The fear of ill exceeds the evil we fear
 For so our present harms still most alarm us,
 Each mind is press'd, and open every ear
 To hear new tidings, though they no way joy us.
 This secret rumour whisper'd every where
 About the town, these Christians will destroy us
 The aged king his coming evil that knew
 Did wail'd thoughts in his false heart renew

TXXXIII

This aged prince, ycleped Aladine,
 Ruled in care, new sovereign of this state,
 A tyrant erst, but now his fell engine
 His graver age did somewhat mitigate,
 He heard the western lords would undermine
 His city's wall, and lay his towers prostrate.
 To former fear he adds a new-come doubt,
 Treason he fears within, and force without

TXXXIV

For nations twain inhabit there and dwell,
 Of sundry faith, together in that town,
 The lesser part on Christ believed well,
 On Termagant the more, and on Mahowne :
 But when this king had made his conquest fell,
 And brought that region subject to his crown,
 Of burdens all he set the Paynims large,
 And on poor Christians laid the double charge

TXXXV

His native wrath reviv'd with this new thought,
 With age and years that weaken'd was of yore,
 Such madness in his cruel bosom wrought,
 That now, than ever, blood he thirsteth more,
 So stings a snake that to the fire is brought,
 Which harmless lay benumb'd with cold before,
 A lion, so, his rage renewed hath,
 Though tame before, if he be mov'd to wrath

TXXXVI

I see, quoth he, some expectation vain,
 In these false Christians, and some new content,
 Our common loss they trust will be their gain,
 They laugh, we weep, they joy, while we lament,
 And more, perchance by treason or by train,
 To murder us they secretly consent,
 Or otherwise to work us harm and woe,
 To ope the gates, and so let in our foe

LXXX II.

But lest they should effect their cursed will,
 Let us destroy this scoundrel on his nest
 Both young, and old let us this people kill
 The tender infant at their mothers breast
 Their houses burn, their holy temples fill
 With bodies slain, of those that lov'd them best;
 And on that tomb they hold so much in price
 Let's offer up their priests to sacrifice

LXXX III

Thus thought the tyrant in his trait'rous mind,
 But durst not follow what he had decreed
 Yet if the laws his some mercy find
 From cowardice not ruth did that proceed
 His noble foes durst not his craven kind
 Exasperate, by such a bloody deed;
 For if he need what grace could then be got,
 If thus of peace he broke or loos'd the knot?

LXXXIV

His villain heart his cursed rage restrain'd,
 To other thoughts he lent his fierce desire
 The suburbs, first that flat with the earth he plain'd
 And burnt their buildings with devouring fire;
 Loth was the wretch the Israelites should have gain'd
 Or help, or ease, by finding sought attire;
 Cedron, Bethsaida, and each wat'ring cist,
 Empoison'd he, both fountains springs and wells.

XC.

So wary wise this child of darkness was,
 The city's self he strongly fortifies
 Three sides by acies it well defended has,
 That's only weak that to the northward lies;
 With mighty bars of long enduring brass,
 The steel-bound doors, and iron gates he ties,
 And lastly legions armed well provides,
 Of subjects born and hired and besides.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ismeno conjures, but his charms are vain	
Aladine will kill the Christians in his ire	8
Sophronia and Olindo would be slain	14
To save the rest, the king grants their desire;	32
Clorinda hears their fact, and fortune's plain,	
Their pardon gets, and keeps them from the fire	38
Argantes, when Aletes' speeches are	61
Despis'd, defies the Duke to mortal war	88

I

WHILE thus the tyrant bends his thoughts to arms,
 Ismeno 'gan tofore his sight appear,
 Ismen, dead bones laid in cold graves that warms,
 And makes them speak, smell, taste, touch, see, and hear,
 Ismen, with terror of his mighty charms,
 That makes great Dis in deepest hell to fear,
 That binds and looseth souls condemn'd to woe,
 And sends the devils on errands to and fro'

II

A Christian once, Macon he now adores,
 Nor could he quite his wonted faith forsake,
 But in his wicked arts both oft implores
 Help from the Lord, and aid from Pluto blake;
 He, from deep caves by Acheron's dark shore,
 Where circles vain and spells he us'd to make,
 T' advise his king in these extremes is come,
 Architophell so counsell'd Absalom

III.

My lege he says, the camp last hither moves
 The axe is laid unto this cedar's root
 But let us work as valiant men behave,
 For boldest hearts good fortune helpeth out:
 Your princely care your kingly wisdom proves
 Well have you labour'd well foreseen about,
 If each perform his charge and duty so,
 Nought but his grave here conquer shall your foe.

IV

From surest castle of my secret cell
 I come partaker of your good and ill,
 What wizard sage or witch's sacred spell
 May profit us all that perform I will:
 The sprites conjure, from bliss that whilom fell,
 Shall to your service low constrain'd by skill
 But how we must begin this enterprise
 I will your highness thus in brief advise.

V

Within the Christians church, from light of skies,
 An hidden altar stands, far out of sight
 On which the image venerable lies
 Of Christ's dear mother call'd a virgin bright
 An hundred lamps ago burn before her eyes;
 She in a slender veil of thowel slight,
 On every side great plenty doth behold
 Of offerings brought myrrh, frankincense and gold.

VI.

This idol would I have remov'd away
 From thence, and by your princely hand transport
 In Biseon's sacred temple safe it lay
 Which then I will enchant in wordous sort
 That while the image in that church doth stay
 No strength of arms shall win this noble fort
 Or shake this wall; such passing might
 Have spells and charms, if they be said aright.

VII

Advised thus, the king impatient
 Flew in his fury to the house of God,
 The image took, with words unreverent
 Abus'd the prelates, who that deed forbod,
 Swift with his prey away the tyrant went,
 Of God's sharp justice nought he fear'd the rod,
 But in his chapel vile the image laid,
 On which th' enchanter charms and witchcrafts said.

VIII

When Phœbus next unclos'd his wakeful eye,
 Uprose the sexton of that place profane,
 And miss'd the image where it us'd to lie,
 Each-where he sought in grief, in fear, in vain,
 Then to the king his loss he 'gan descrie,
 Who sore enraged kill'd him for his pain,
 And straight conceiv'd, in his malicious wit,
 Some Christian bade this great offence commit.

IX

But whether this were act of mortal hand,
 Or else the Prince of Heav'n's eternal pleasure,
 That of his mercy would this wretch withstand,
 Nor let so vile a chest hold such a treasure,
 As yet conjecture hath not fully scann'd,
 By godliness let us this action measure,
 And truth of purest faith will fitly prove,
 That this rare grace came down from heav'n above.

X

With busy search the tyrant 'gan invade
 Each house, each hold, each temple, and each tent,
 To them the fault or faulty one bewrai'd,
 Or hid, he promis'd gifts or punishment,
 His idle charms the false enchanter said,
 But in this maze still wander'd and mis-went,
 For heaven decreed to conceal the same,
 To make the miscreant more to feel his shame

XI.

But when the angry king did not
 What guilty hand this sacrifice had wrought
 His ireful countenance boiled in excess, and hot
 Against the Christians whom he faulters thought;
 All ruth, compassion, mercy he forgot
 A staff to beat that dog he long had sought:
 Let them all die, quoth he, both great and small,
 So shall the offender perish sure withall.

XII.

To spill the wine with poison mix'd who shall it?
 Slay then the righteous with the faulty-one
 Destroy this field, that yields us wheat but tares
 With thorns this vineyard all is overgrown
 Among these wretches is not one that cares
 For us, our laws, or our religion
 Up, up, dear subjects, fire and weapon take
 Burn, murder, kill these traitors for my sake.

XIII

This Herod thus would Bethlehem's infants kill;
 The Christians soon these direful news receive
 The trump of death sounds in their bearing shrill,
 Their weapon, faith, their fortress was the grave
 They had no courage, time, device, or will
 To fight, to fly, excuse, or pardon crave
 But stood prepared to die, yet help they find
 Whence least they hope, such knots can bear a blind.

XIV

Among them dwelt, her parents joy and pleasure
 A maid whose fruit was ripe not over year'd
 Her beauty was her dotage's sweet treasure;
 The field of love with plough of virtue ear'd
 Her labour goodness, godliness her leisure
 Her house the heaven by this full moon eye clear'd
 For there, from lover's eyes withdrawn alone
 With virgin beams this spotless Cynthia shone.

XV.

But what avail'd her resolution chaste,
 Whose soberest looks were whetstones to desire ?
 Nor love consents that beauty's field lie waste ;
 Her visage set Olindo's heart on fire
 O subtile love ! a thousand wiles thou hast,
 By humble suit, by service, or by hire,
 To win a maiden's hold, a thing soon done,
 For nature fram'd all women to be won

XVI

Sophronia she, Olindo hight the youth,
 Both of one town, both in one faith were taught,
 She farr, he full of bashfulness and truth,
 Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought ,
 He durst not speak, by suit to purchase ruth,
 She saw not, mark'd not, wist not what he sought ;
 Thus lov'd, thus serv'd he long, but not regarded,
 Unseen, unmark'd, unpitied, unrewarded

XVII

To her came message of the murderment,
 Wherein her guiltless friends should hopeless sterve,
 She that was noble, wise, as fair and gent,
 Cast how she might their harmless lives preserve ,
 Zeal was the spring whence flow'd her hardiment,
 From maiden's shame yet was she loth to swerve
 Yet had her courage ta'en so sure a hold,
 That boldness, shamefast , shame had made her bold

XVIII

And forth she went, a shop for merchandize,
 Full of rich stuff, but none for sale exposed,
 A veil obscur'd the sun-shine of her eyes,
 The rose within herself her sweetness closed,
 Each ornament about her seemly lies,
 By curious chance, or careless art, composed ,
 For what the most neglects, most curious prove,
 So beauty's help'd by nature, heaven, and love

XIX.

Admir'd of all on went this noble maid
 Until the *prince* of the king she gain'd
 Nor for he swell'd with ire was she afraid,
 But his fierce wrath with *firm* grace sustained
 I come, quoth she (but be thine anger staid,
 And *uncheck'd* rage against faultless souls restrained),
 I come to show thee and to bring thee both
 The wight whose fact hath made thy heart so wroth.

XX.

Her modest boldness and that light'ning ray
 Which her sweet beauty *is* on his face
 Had strook the *king* with wonder and dismay
 Changed his cheer and clear'd his *usual* grace
 That had her eyes dispos'd their looks to play
 The king had *never* been in love's *strange* lace;
 But *joy* and beauty doth not fancy move
 A frown forbids a smile *er* *under*th love.

XXI.

It was *with* wonder and delight,
 Although not love, that moved his cruel sense,
 Tell on quoth he, unfold the *chance* aright,
 Thy people's lives I grant for *ransom*.
 Then she Behold the *fallen* here in sight,
 This hand committed that *supposed* offence,
 I took the *way*, mine that *fault*, that *fact*,
 Mine be the glory of that *ill* *act*.

XXII.

This spotless lamb thus offered up her blood
 To save the rest of Christ's selected fold;
 O noble he! was ever truth so good?
 Blest be the lips that such a *leasing* told
 Thoughtful awhile remain'd the tyrant wood,
 His native wrath he *gan* a space withhold
 And *said* That thou *die* soon I will,
 What *aid*? what *couldst* hadst thou in that *ill*?

XVIII

My lofty thoughts, she answer'd him, envied
 Another's hand should work my high desire,
 The thirst of glory can no partner bide,
 With mine own self I did alone conspire
 On thee alone, the tyrant then replied,
 Shall fall the vengeance of my wrath and ire
 'Tis just and right, quoth she, I yield consent,
 Mine be the honour, mine the punishment

XXIV

The wretch of new enraged at the same,
 Ask'd where she hid the image so convey'd
 Not hid, quoth she, but quite consum'd with flame,
 The idol is of that eternal maid,
 For so at least I have preserv'd the same
 With hands profane from being efit betray'd
 My lord, the thing thus stolen demand no more,
 Here see the thief, that scorneth death therefore

XXV

And yet no theft was this, yours was the sin,
 I brought again what you unjustly took,
 This heard, the tyrant did for rage begin
 To whet his teeth, and bend his frowning look,
 No pity, youth, fairness, no grace could win,
 Joy, comfort, hope, the virgin all forsook,
 Wrath kill'd remorse, vengeance stopt mercy's breath,
 Love's thrall to hate, and beauty slave to death

XXVI

Ta'en was the damsel, and without remorse,
 The king condemn'd her, guiltless, to the fire,
 Her veil and mantle pluck'd they off by force,
 And bound her tender arms in twisted wire
 Dumb was this silver dove, while from her corse
 These hungry kites pluck'd off her rich attire,
 And for some-deal perplexed was her sprite,
 Her damask late now chang'd to purest white

XXVII.

The news of this mishap I wd far and near
 The people run both young and old to gaze;
 Olindo also run, and ran to fear
 His lady was some partner in this case
 But when he found her bound strip'd from her gear
 And the tormentors ready saw in place
 He broke the thong and into present heat,
 And thus bespake the king in rage and haste:

XXVIII.

Not so, not so this girl shall bear away
 From me the honour of so noble feat
 She durst not, did not, could not, so convey
 The massy substance of that idol great;
 What sleight had she the wardens to betray?
 What strength to heave the goddess from her seat?
 No, no my lord, she sails but with my wind;
 (Ah thus he lov'd, yet was his love unkind.)

XXIX.

He added further Where the shining glass
 Lets in the light amid your temple's side
 By broken by ways did I inward pass
 And in that window made a postern wide,
 Nor shall therefore this ill-advised lass
 Usurp the glory should this fact betide
 Mine be these bonds, mine be these flames so pure,
 O glorious death, more glorious sepulture.

XXX.

Sopronia rais'd her modest looks from ground,
 And on her lover bent her eye-sight mild;
 Tell me what fury what conceit unbound,
 I counteth here to death so sweet a child?
 Is not in me sufficient usage found
 To bear the anger of this tyant wild?
 Or hath fond love thy heart so unbound?
 Wouldst thou not live nor let me die alone?

XXXX

Thus spake the nymph, yet spake but to the wind,
 She could not alter his well-settled thought.
 O miracle! O strife of wondrous kind!
 Where love and virtue such contention wrought,
 Where death the victor had for meed assign'd,
 Their own neglect each other's safety sought,
 But thus the king was more provok'd to ire,
 Their strife for bellows serv'd to anger's fire

XXXXI

He thinks (such thoughts self-guiltiness finds out)
 They scorn'd his power, and therefore scorn'd the pain:
 Nay, nay, quoth he, let be your strife and doubt,
 You both shall win, and fit reward obtain
 With that the serjeant bent the young man stout,
 And bound him likewise in a worthless chain,
 Then back to back fast to a stake both ties,
 Two harmless turtles, dight for sacrifice

XXXXII

About the pile of fagots, sticks and hay,
 The bellows rais'd the newly-kindled flame,
 When thus Olindo, in a doleful lay,
 Begun too late his bootless plants to frame
 Be these the bonds? Is this the hop'd-for day
 Should join me to this long-desired dame?
 Is this the fire alike should burn our hearts?
 Ah! hard reward for lovers' kind desarts!

XXXXIII

Far other flames and bonds kind lovers prove,
 But thus our fortune casts the hapless die,
 Death hath exchange'd again his shafts with love,
 And Cupid thus lets borrow'd arrows fly
 O Hymen say, what fury doth thee move
 To lend thy lamps to light a tragedy?
 Yet this contents me that I die for thee,
 Thy flames, not mine, my death and torment be

XXXV

Yet happy were my death, mine endur'g blest,
 My torments easy full of sweet delight,
 If this I could obtain, that breast to breast
 Thy bosom whil'st I live my yielded spite
 And thine with it, in heav'n's pure clothing drest,
 Through closest sides might take united flight.
 Thus he complain'd, whom gently she perceiv'd,
 And sweetly spake him thus, that so her lov'd:

XXXVI

Far other plaints dear friend, tears and laments
 The time, the place, and our estates require
 Think on thy sins, which man's old foe presents
 Before that judge that quites each soul his hire
 For his name suffer for no pain torment
 Him, whose just justice to his throne aspire:
 Behold the heavens, thither thine eyesight bend,
 Thy looks, sighs, tears, for intercession send.

XXXVII

The pagans loud cried out to God and men,
 The Christians mourn'd in silent lamentation;
 The tyrant's self a thing unmov'd began
 To feel his heart relent, with mere compassion
 But not dispos'd to ruth or mercy than,
 He sped him thence, home to his habitation:
 Sophronia stood not griev'd nor discontented
 By all that saw her but herself lamented.

XXXVIII

The lovers, standing in this doleful wise,
 A warrior bold unmov'd as if he'd been
 In man's arms yel'd, and strange doings
 From countries far but now arriv'd there;
 A savage thy name on her helmet lies
 The famous badge Clorinda us'd to bear;
 That wons in every warlike stour to win,
 By which bright sign well known was that fair kin.

XXXIX

She scorn'd the arts these seely women use,
 Another thought her nobler humour fed,
 Her lofty hand would of itself refuse
 To touch the dainty needle, or nice thread,
 She hated chambers, closets, secret mews,
 And in broad fields preserv'd her maidenhead
 Proud were her looks, yet sweet, though stern and stout,
 Her dame a dove thus brought an eagle out

XL.

While she was young, she us'd with tender hand
 The foaming steed with froarie bit to steer,
 To tilt and tournay, wrestle in the sand,
 To leave with speed Atlanta swift arreare,
 Through forests wild and unfrequented land
 To chace the hon, boar, or rugged bear,
 The satyrs rough, the fawns and fairies wild,
 She chased oft, oft took, and oft begul'd

XLI

This lusty lady came from Persia late,
 She with the Christians had encountered est,
 And in their flesh had opened many a gate
 By which their faithful souls their bodies left,
 Her eye at first presented her the state
 Of these poor souls, of hope and help bereft,
 Greedy to know, as is the mind of man,
 Their cause of death, swift to the fire she ran

XLII

The people made her room, and on them twain
 Her piercing eyes their fiery weapons dart,
 Silent she saw the one, the other plain,
 The weaker body lodg'd the nobler heart
 Yet him she saw lament, as if his pain
 Were grief and sorrow for another's smart;
 And her keep silence so, as if her eyes
 Dumb orators were to entreat the skies

XLIII.

Clorinda chang'd to ruth her warlike mood,
 Few silver drops her *cheek* cheeks depaint,
 Her sorrow was for her that speechless stood
 Her silence more *express'd* than his complaint
 She ask'd an aged man seem'd grave and good,
 Come say me sire quoth she, what hard *circumstances*
 Would murder here love's queen, and beauty's king?
 What fault or *crime* doth to this death them bring?

XLIV

Thus she inquir'd and answer short he gave,
 But such as all the chance at large *disclosed*
 She wondered at the case, the virgin brave
 That both were guiltless of the fault supposed
 Her noble thought cast how she might them save,
 The *war* on suit or battle she reposed
 Quick to the fire she ran, and quench'd it out,
 And thus bespake the serjeants and the rout

XLV

Be there not one among you all that dare
 In this your *hateful* office aught proceed
 Till I *return* from court, nor take you care
 To reap *displeasure* for not making speed
 To do her will the men themselves *perjure*
 In their faint hearts her looks such terror brood
 To court she went, their pardon would she get,
 But on the way the courteous king she met.

XLVI.

Sir king quoth she, my name Clorinda hight,
 My fame *probance* hath pierc'd your ears ere now,
 I come to try my wonted power and might,
 And will defend this land, this town and you
 All hard *of* esteem I eath and fight,
 Great acts I reach to to small things I bow
 To fight in field, or to defend this wall,
 Point what you list, I nought *refuse* at all.

XLVII

To whom the king What land so far remote,
 From Asia's coasts, or Phoebus' glist'ring rays,
 O glorious virgin, that recordeth not
 Thy fame, thine honour, worth, renown and praise?
 Since on my side I have thy succours got,
 I need not fear in these mine aged days,
 For in thine aid more hope, more trust, I have,
 'Than in whole armies of these soldiers brave.

XLVIII

Now Godfrey stays too long, he fears I ween,
 Thy courage great keeps all our foes in awe,
 For thee all actions far unworthy been,
 But such as greatest danger with them draw,
 Be you commandress therefore, princess, queen,
 Of all our forces, be thy word a law
 Thus said, the virgin 'gan her beav'our vale,
 And thank'd him first, and thus began her tale.

XLIX

A thing unus'd, great monarch, may it seem,
 To ask reward for service yet to come,
 But so your virtuous bounty I esteem,
 That I presume for to entreat, this groom
 And seely maid from danger to redeem,
 Condemn'd to burn by your impartial doom,
 I not excuse, but pity much their youth,
 And come to you for mercy and for ruth

L.

Yet give me leave to tell your highness this,
 You blame the Christians, them my thoughts acquite,
 Nor be displeas'd, I say you judge amiss,
 At every shot look not to hit the white,
 All what th' enchanter did persuade you is
 Against the lore of Macon's sacred right,
 For us commandeth mighty Mahomet,
 No idols in his temples pure to set

LII.

To him therefore this wonder done refer
 Give him the praise and honour of the thing
 Of us the gods benign so useful are,
 Lest customs usage into their church we bring
 Let Iamen with his squares and leagues war,
 His weapons be the staff, the glass, the ring
 But let us manage war with blows, like knights,
 Our praise in arms, our honour lies in fights.

LIII.

The virgin held her peace when this was said
 And though to pity never fram'd her thought,
 Yet, for the king admir'd the noble maid,
 His purpose was not to deny her sight
 I grant them life, quoth he your prayers aid
 Against these Frenchmen hath their pardon bought;
 Nor further seek what their offences be,
 Guiltless I quite guilty I set them free.

LIV.

Thus were they loos'd, happy of! — kind
 Offspring blessed be this act of thine
 True witness of thy great and heavenly mind
 Where sun, moon, stars, of love, faith, virtue, shine.
 So forth they went, and left pale death behind
 To joy the bliss of sweet ge-rites divine
 With her he would have died with him content
 Was able to live, that would with her have bent.

LV.

The king, as wicked thoughts are most suspicious
 Suppos'd too fast this tree of life grew
 O blessed Lord! why should this Pharaoh vicious
 Thus try to live upon thy Hebrews true?
 Who to perdition his will, vile and malicious
 Exil'd these, and all the faithful crew,
 All that were strong of body, stout of mind,
 But kept their wives and children pledge behind

LV

A hard division, when the harmless sheep
 Must leave their lambs to hungry wolves in charge,
 But labour's virtue's watching, ease her sleep,
 Trouble best wind that drives salvation's barge,
 The Christians fled, whither they took no keep,
 Some strayed wild among the forests large,
 Some to Emmaus, to the Christian host,
 And conquer would again their houses lost.

LVI

Emmaus is a city small, that lies
 From Sion's walls distant a little way,
 A man that early on the morn doth rise,
 May thither walk ere third hour of the day
 Oh! when the Christian lords this town espies,
 How merry were their hearts, how fresh, how gay
 But, for the sun inclined fast to west,
 That night there would their chieftain take his rest.

LVII

Their canvas castles up they quickly rear,
 And build a city in an hour's space,
 When lo! disguised in unusual gear,
 Two barons bold approachen 'gan the place,
 Their semblance kind, and mild their gestures were,
 Peace in their hands, and friendship in their face,
 From Egypt's king ambassadors they come,
 Them many a squire attends, and many a groom

LVIII

The first Aletes, born in lowly shed
 Of parents base, a rose sprung from a brier,
 That now his branches over Egypt spread,
 No plant in Pharaoh's garden prospered higher,
 With pleasing tales his lord's vain ears he fed,
 A flatterer, a pickthank, and a liar,
 Curst be estate got with so many a crime,
 Yet this is oft the stair by which men climb.

LIX.

Argantes called in that other knight,
 A stranger came he late to Egypt's land,
 And there advanced was to honour's height,
 For he was stout of courage, strong of hand
 Bold was his heart, and restless was his sprite,
 Fierce stern outrageous, keen as sharpen'd brand,
Servant of God, scant to himself a friend,
 And prick'd his *cause* on his weapon's end.

LX.

These two *ambassadors* made they might be heard,
 Nor was their just petition long denied;
 The gallants quickly made their court of guard,
 And brought them in where sat their famous guide;
 Whose kingly look his princely mind declared,
 Where nobles, virtue, truth, and valour bide:
 A slender courtesy made Argantes bold,
 So as one prince salutes another world.

LXI.

Aleto laid his right hand on his heart,
 Bent down his head, and cast his eyes full low;
 And a *response* made with courtly grace and art,
 For all that humble lore to him was know
 His sober lips then did he softly part,
 Whence of pure rhetoric whole *ambassadors* outflow
 And thus he said, while on the *Christian* lords
 Down fell the mildew of his sugar'd words:

LXII.

O only worthy whom the earth all fears!
 High God defend thee, with his heavy shield
 And humble so the hearts of all thy peers,
 That their stiff necks to thy sweet yoke may yield
 These be the sheaves that honour's law all bears,
 The seed thy valiant acts, the world the field,
 Egypt the headland is, where heaped lies
 Thy fame, worth, justice, wisdom, victories.

LXIII

These, altogether, doth our sovereign hide
 In secret storehouse of his princely thought,
 And prays he may in long accordance bide
 With that great worthy, which such wonders wrought,
 Nor that oppose against the coming tide
 Of proffered love, for that he is not taught
 Your Christian faith, for, though of divers kind,
 The loving vine about her elm is twin'd

LXIV

Receive, therefore, in that unconquered hand,
 The precious handle of this cup of love,
 If not religion, virtue be the band
 'Twixt you to fasten friendship, not to move
 But, for our mighty king doth understand,
 You mean your power 'gainst Judah land to prove,
 He would, before this threat'ned tempest fell,
 I should his mind and princely will first tell.

LXV

His mind is this, he prays thee be contented
 To joy in peace the conquests thou hast got,
 Be not thy death, or Sion's fall lamented,
 Forbear this land, Judea trouble not;
 Things done in haste at leisure be repented,
 Withdraw thine arms, trust not uncertain lot,
 For oft we see what least we think betide,
 He is thy friend 'gainst all the world beside.

LXVI

True labour in the vineyard of thy Lord,
 Ere prime thou hast th' imposed day-work done,
 What armies conquer'd, perish'd with thy sword!
 What cities sack'd! what kingdoms hast thou won!
 All ears are maz'd, while tongues thine acts record,
 Hands quake for fear, all feet for dread do run,
 And though new realms you may to thralldom bring,
 No higher can your praise, your glory spring

LXXII.

They come to the light, a single one
 And when it comes to the great good of heaven
 Clave to us, then, I am glad to find,
 So true at first, we know to the end
 None of them but we be not then degraded,
 Till he had the same, when they all at it are bound
 For this the light is of heaven, not
 Great doubtful, certain; such, from such, is the

LXXIII.

Yet still we call, while from the world
 Till on some secret rock we see the light
 The sea of glory hath no end, no end
 They who are with us, who is every light
 Still feel the fire that in darkness is
 To bring no reason, or light, or light;
 This makes the heaven, peace, or light, or light
 Like a river, but that for us, or light, or light.

LXXIV.

They bid thee follow on the path, or path
 No gain, and ever, enter fortune's gate
 Nor in the world, or world, that is the light
 Till settled be the kingdom, and estate
 Till Man's correct doctrine, and estate
 Till we find, as all be deviate;
 Sweet word, I grant, but is not all, — no secret,
 But greatest hopes of greatest, or light, or light.

LXXV.

For if thy courage do not blind thine eyes
 If clouds of fury little set thee in a beam,
 Then may it thou see this deep, or light, or light
 The fall of death, water, and heaven's streams;
 High state the best is where most, or light, or light
 Mars most, or light, or light, or light, or light;
 Who climbeth high on earth, be highest light,
 And for all falls attend the highest light.

LXXVI

Tell me, if, great in counsel, arms, and gold,
 The Prince of Egypt war 'gainst you prepare,
 What if the valiant Turks and Persians bold
 Unite their forces with Cassano's heir?
 Oh! then, what marble pillar shall uphold
 The falling trophies of your conquests fair?
 'Trust you the monarch of the Greekish land?
 That reed will break, and breaking, wound your hand

LXXVII

The Greekish faith is like that half-cut tree,
 By which men take wild elephants in Ind,
 A thousand times it hath beguiled thee,
 As firm as waves in seas, or leaves in wind
 Will they, who erst denied you passage free,
 (*Passage to all men free, by use and Lind*)
 Fight for your sake? or on them do you trust
 To spend their blood, that could scarce spare their dust?

LXXVIII

But all your hope and trust perchance is laid
 In these strong troops, which thee environ round,
 Yet foes unite are not so soon dismay'd,
 As when their strength you erst divided found
 Besides, each hour thy bands are weaker made,
 With hunger, slaughter, lodging on cold ground,
 Meanwhile the Turks seek succours from our King,
 Thus fade thy helps, and thus thy cumpers spring

LXXIX

Suppose no weapon can thy valour's pride
 Subdue, that by no force thou may'st be won,
 Admit no steel can hurt or wound thy side,
 And be it heav'n hath thee such favour done,
 'Gainst famine yet what shield canst thou provide?
 What strength resist? what sleight her wrath can shut
 Go, shake thy spear, and draw thy flaming blade,
 And try if hunger so be weaker made

LXXV.

Th' inhabitants each pasture and each plain
 Destroy'd have, each field to waste is laid
 In fenced towers built and is their grain
 Before thou cam'st this kingdom to invade
 These horse and foot how canst thou then sustain?
 Whence comes thy store? whence thy munition made?
 Thy ships to bring it are, perchance assign'd
 Oh! that you live so long as please the wind!

LXXVI.

Perhaps thy fortune doth controul the wind,
 Doth loose or bind their blasts in secret cave;
 The sea, perverse cruel and deaf by kind
 Will bear thy call and still her raging wave
 But if our armed gallees be assign'd
 To aid those ships which Turks and Persians have
 Say then, what hope is left thy slender fleet?
 Dost flocks of crows a flight of eagles meet?

LXXVII.

My lord a double conquest must you make
 If you achieve renown by this enterprise:
 For if our fleet your navy chase or take
 For want of victuals all your camp then dies;
 Or if by land the field you once forsake,
 Then vain by sea were hope of victories:
 Nor could your ships restore your lost estate
 For steed once stolen we shut the door too late.

LXXVIII.

In this estate, if thou esteemest light
 The joyful kindness of th' Egyptian king
 Then give me leave to say this weight
 Beasts thee not, in whom such virtues spring:
 But heav'n's hand to guide thy mind aright
 To gentle thoughts that peace and quiet bring;
 So that poor Asia her complaints may cease,
 And you enjoy your conquest got, in peace.

TXXXIX

Nor ye that part in these adventures have,
 Part in his glory, partners in his harms,
 Let not blind fortune so your minds desave,
 To stir him more to try these fierce alarms,
 But, like the sailor, 'scaped from the wave,
 From further peril, that his person arms
 By staying safe at home, so stay you all,
 Better sit still, men say, than rise to fall

TXXX

This said Aletes and a murmur rose
 That show'd dislike among the Christian peers,
 Their angry gestures with dislike disclose
 How much his speech offends their noble ears
 Lord Godfrey's eye three times environ goes,
 To view what count'nance every warrior bears,
 And lastly on th' Egyptian baron staid,
 To whom the duke thus, for his answer, said

TXXXI

Ambassador, full both of threats and praise,
 Thy doubtful message hast thou wisely told,
 And, if thy sovereign love us, as he says,
 Tell him he sows to reap an hundred-fold,
 But where thy talk the coming storm displays
 Of threat'ned warfare, from the Pagans bold,
 To that I answer, as my custom is,
 In plainest phrase, lest mine intent thou miss

TXXXII

Know, that till now, we suff'ered have much pain,
 By lands and seas, where storms and tempests fall,
 To make the passage easy, safe and plain,
 That leads us to this venerable wall,
 That so we might reward from heav'n obtain,
 And free this town, from being longer thrall,
 Nor is it grievous to so good an end,
 Our honours, kingdoms, lives, and goods to spend

Not hope of pleasures, nor thirst of worldly good
 Enticed us to follow this cup of life
 The heavenly father keep his sacred brood
 From foul infection of so great a vice ;
 But by our real eye be that plague withstood,
 Let not those pleasures us to sin entice
 His grace, his mercy and his powerful hand
 Will keep us safe from hurt, by sea and land.

This is the spur that makes our cowardly run ;
 This is our harbour safe from danger's floods
 This is our beld, the blust'ring winds to shun
 This is our guide through deserts, forests, woods
 This is our summer's shade our winter's sun
 This is our wealth, our treasure, and our goods ;
 This is our engine *lance* that overthrows,
 Our spear that hurts, our sword that wounds our foes.

LXXXV

Our courage hence, our hope our valour *spiritual*,
 Not from the trust we have in shield or spear
 Not from the succours France or Greece brings,
 On such weak posts we list no buildings rear
 He can defend us from the power of kings,
 From chance of war that makes weak hearts to fear ;
 He can these hungry *crowds* with manna feed,
 And make the seas—land, if we *need* need.

LXXXVI

But if our sins us of his help *deprive*,
 Or his high justice let no mercy fall ;
 Yet should our deaths us some contentment give,
 To die, where Christ receiv'd his burial ;
 So might we die, not envying them that live ;
 So would we die, not un-*pardoned* all
 Nor Turks, nor Christians if we perish such,
 Have cause to joy or to complain too much

LXXVII.

Think not that wars we love, and strife affect,
 Or that we hate sweet peace, or rest deny,
 Think not your sovereign's friendship we reject,
 Because we list not in our conquests stay
 But, for it seems he would the Jews protect,
 Pray him from us that thought aside to lay,
 Nor us forbid this town and realm to gain,
 And he in peace, rest, joy, long mote he reign

LXXVIII

This answer given, Atlantes wild drew nax,
 Trembling for ire, and waxing pale for rage,
 Nor could he hold, his wrath encreas'd so far,
 But thus, enflam'd, bespake the captain sage.
 Who scorneth peace shall have his fill of war,
 I thought thy wisdom should thy fury 'swage,
 But well you show what joy you take in fight,
 Which makes you prize our love and friendship light.

LXXIX

This said, he took his mantle's foremost part,
 And 'gan the same together fold and wrap;
 Then spake again, with fell and spiteful heart
 (So lions roar, enclos'd in train or trap,)
 Thou proud despiser of inconstant Mart,
 I bring thee war and peace clos'd in this lap,
 Take quickly one, thou hast no time to muse,
 If peace, we rest, we fight, if war thou chuse

XC.

It seem'd fury, discord, madness fell
 Flew from his lap, when he unfold'd the same
 His glaring eyes with anger's flames swell,
 And like the brand of foul Alecto flame,
 He look'd like huge Typhoeus look'd from hell
 Again to shake heav'n's everlasting frame;
 Or him that built the tower on Shinar
 Which threat'ne'th battle gainst the morning star

XCII.

Godfredo then depart, and bid your king
 Haste hither aid, or else, within short while,
 (For gladly we accept the war you bring)
 Let him expect us on the banks of Nile.
 He entertain'd them then with banqueting
 And gifts presented to those Pagans vile
 Altes had a helmet, rich and gay
 Late found at Nice, the conquer'd prey

XCIII.

Argent a sword, whereof the web was steel
 Pommel, rich stone; hilts, gold, approv'd by touch,
 With rarest workmanship all forged & cool,
 The curious art excell'd the substance much;
 Thus fair, rich, sharp, to see, to have, to feel,
 Glad was the Paladin to enjoy it such
 And said, How I this gift can use and wield
 Soon shall you see, when first we meet in field.

XCIV.

Thus took they congee, and the angry knight
 Thus to his fellow parled on their way
 Go thou by day but let me walk by night
 Go thou to Egypt, I at Sicily stay,
 The answer given thou canst unfold aright
 No need of me, what I can do or say
 Among these arms I will go wreak my spate
 Let Paris court it, Hector lov'd to fight.

XCV

Thus he, who late arriv'd a messenger,
Departs a foe, in act, in word, in thought,
The law of nations, or the lore of war,
If he transgress, or no, he recketh nought
Thus parted they, and ere he wandered far
The friendly star-light to the walls him brought -
Yet his fell heart thought long that little way,
Griev'd with each stop, tormented with each stay

XCVI

Now spread the night her spangled canopy,
And summon'd every restless eye to sleep
On beds of tender grass the beasts down lye,
The fishes slumb'ring in the silent deep,
Unheard was serpent's hiss, and dragon's cry,
Birds left to sing, and Philomene to weep,
Only that noise heav'n's rolling circles kest,
Sung lullaby, to bring the world to rest.

XCVII

Yet neither sleep, nor ease, nor shadows dark,
Could make the faithful camp or captain rest,
They long'd to see the day, to hear the lark
Record her hymns and chaunt her carols blest,
They yearn'd to view the walls, the wished mark
To which their journies long they had address'd,
Each heart attends, each longing eye beholds
What beam the eastern window first unfolds

BOOK III.

THE ASSURAGE.

The camp at great Jerusalem set out:	3
Clotilda gives them battle In the breast	13
Of fair Erminda Tamer's love	17
He justs with her unknown, whom he lov'd best;	21
Argent th' ad valours of their guide deprives:	45
With stately pomp they lay their Lord in chest:	72
Godfrey commands to cut the forest down, And make strong engines to	74

I.

THE purple morning left her crimson bed,
 And don'd her robes of pure vermilion hue
 Her amber locks she crown'd with roses red
 In Eden's flowery gardens gathered new
 When through the camp a numerous shrill was heard;
 Arm, arm, they cried arm, arm, the trumpets blow;
 Their merry noise pursued the joyful blast,
 So hum small bees, before their armies they go.

II.

Their captain rules their courage, guides their host,
 Their furrow'dness he staid with gentle rein
 And yet more easy haply wore the feat,
 To stop the whirlwind near Charybdis main,
 Or calm the blustering winds on mountains great,
 Than fierce desires of warlike hearts restrain;
 He rules them yet, and ranks them in their haste,
 For well he knows disorder'd speed makes waste.

III

Feath'rd their thoughts, their feet in wings were drest,
 Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tir'd thereby,
 For willing minds make heaviest burdens light,
 But when the gliding sun was mounted high,
 Jerusalem, behold, appear'd in sight
 Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,
 Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,
 With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet

IV

As when a troop of jolly sailors row,
 Some new found land and country to discover,
 Through dingy roue seas and under starry now,
 Thrill to the furling waves, and trouble's sky,
 If once the wished shore begin to show,
 They all salute it with a joyful cry,
 And each to other shew the land in haste,
 Forgetting quite their pains and peril past

VII

Their naked feet trod on the dusty way
 Follow by the side of their zealous guide;
 Their scarfs, their crests, their plumes, and feathers gay
 They quickly doff and willing laid aside;
 Their moulted hearts their wonted pride lay
 Along their wat'ry cheeks warm tears down slide
 And then such secret speech as this, they us'd,
 While to himself, each one himself address'd:

VIII

Flower of goodness, root of lasting bliss,
 Thou well of life whose streams were purple blood
 That flowed here, to cleanse the soul amidst
 Of sinful man behold this brinish flood
 That from my melting heart distilled is;
 Reveal in green these tears O Lord so good
 For never was I with sin so clogg'd
 Had fitter time, or greater cause to mourn.

IX

This while the wary hero look'd over
 From tops of Zion's towers, the hills and dales
 And saw the dust the fields and pastures cover
 As when thick mists arise from moory vales:
 At last the sun-bright shields he gan discover
 And glist'ring helms, for violence none that falls;
 The metal above like lightning bright in skies,
 And man and horse amid the dust descends.

X

Then loud he cries, Oh, what a dust ariseth!
 Oh, how it shines with shields and targ'ets clear!
 Up, up, to arms for vallant heart despite
 The threat'ned storm of death, and danger near;
 Debold your foes: then further thus devise
 Haste haste, for vain delay comes with the fear
 These horrid clouds of dust, that yonder fly
 Your coming foes do hide and hide the sky

XI

The tender children, and the fathers old,
 The aged matrons, and the virgin chaste,
 That durst not shake the spear, nor target hold,
 Themselves devoutly in their temples plac'd,
 The rest, of members strong and courage bold,
 On hardy breasts their harness don'd in haste,
 Some to the walls, some to the gates them dight,
 Their king meanwhile directs them all aright.

XII

All things well ord'ed, he withdrew with speed
 Up to a turret high, two ports between,
 That so he might be near at every need,
 And overlook the lands and furrows green,
 Thither he did the sweet Erminia lead,
 That in his court had entertained been,
 Since Christians Antioch did to bondage bring,
 And slew her father, who thereof was king

XIII

Against their foes Clorinda sallied out,
 And many a baron bold was by her side,
 Within the postern stood Argantes stout
 To rescue her, if ill mote here betide
 With speeches brave she cheer'd her warlike rout,
 And with bold words them heart ned as they ride,
 Let us by some brave act, quoth she, this day
 Of Asia's hopes the ground-work found and lay

XIV

While to her folk thus spake the virgin brave,
 Thereby, behold, forth past a Christian band,
 Towards the camp that herds of cattle drave,
 For they that morn had forraid all the land,
 The fierce virago would that booty save,
 Whom their commander singled hand for hand,
 A mighty man at arms, who Guardo hight,
 But far too weak to match with her in fight

XV

They met, and low in dust was Guardo laid,
 Twixt either army from his sell down kest
 The Pagans about for joy and hopeful said,
 Those good be-laulogs would have endings blest:
 Against the rest on went the noble maid,
 She broke the helm, and pierc'd the armed breast
 Her men the paths rode through made by her sword
 They pass the stream where she had found the ford.

XVI.

Soon was the prey out of their hands recov'rd
 By step and step the Frenchmen gan retire
 Till on a little hill at last they how'rd
 Whose strength prevent'd them from Clorinda's ire
 When as a tempest that hath long been cov'rd
 In watery clouds, breaks out with sparkling fire
 With his lovely squadron Lord Tasso did come;
 His heart with rage his eyes with courage flame:

XVII.

Most-great the spear was which the gallant bore,
 That in his warlike pride he made to shake
 As winds tall cedar-tops on mountains bore
 The king that wood'rd at his lady's spake
 To her that near him seated was before,
 Who felt her heart with love's hot fever quake,
 Well shouldst thou know quoth he, each Christian knight
 By long acquaintance though in secret light.

XVIII.

Say, who is he shows so great worthiness,
 That rides so rank, and bends his lance so fell?
 To this the princess said nor more nor less,
 Her heart with sighs, her eyes with tears did swell:
 But sighs and tears she wisely could suppress,
 Her love and joy she also dissembled well
 And strove her love and hot desire to cover
 Till heart with sighs, and eyes with tears ran over

XIX

At last she spake, and with a crafty sleight
 Her secret love disguis'd in clothes of hate,
 Alas, too well, she says, I know that knight,
 I saw his force and courage proved late,
 Too late I view'd when his power and might
 Shook down the pillar of Cassano's state,
 Alas, what wounds he gives! how fierce, how fell!
 No physic helps them cure, nor magic's spell

XX.

Tancred he hight, O Macon, would he wear
 My thrall, ere fates him of this life deprive!
 For to his hateful head such spite I bear,
 I would him reave his cruel heart on live
 Thus said she, they, that her complainings hear,
 In other sense her wishes credit give
 She sigh'd withall, they construed all amiss,
 And thought she wish'd to kill, who long'd to kiss

XXI

This while forth prick'd Clorinda from the throng,
 And 'gainst Tancredie set her spear in rest,
 Upon their helms they crack'd their lances long,
 And from her head her gulden casque he kest,
 For every lace he broke and every thong,
 And in the dust threw down her plumed crest,
 About her shoulders shone her golden locks,
 Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks

XXII

Her looks with fire, her eyes with lightning blaze,
 Sweet was her wrath, what then would be her smile?
 Tancred, whereon think'st thou? what dost thou gaze?
 Hast thou forget her in so short a while?
 The same is she, the shape of whose sweet face
 The god of love did in thy heart compile
 The same that left thee by the cooling stream,
 Safe from sun's heat, but scorch'd with beauty's beam

XXIII.

The prince well knew her though her painted shield
 And golden helm he had not mark'd before;
 She sav'd her head, and with her axe well steel'd,
 Assault'd the knight but her the knight fulsom;
 Gainst other foes he prov'd him through the field,
 Yet she for that refrained ne'er the more,
 But following Turn thee cried in ireful woe;
 And so at once she threats to kill him twice

XXIV.

Not once the baron lift his armed hand
 To strike the maid but gazing on her eyes,
 Where lordly Cupid seem'd in arms to stand
 No way to ward or shun her blows he tries
 But softly says, No stroke of thy strong hand
 Can vanquish Tamerc'd but thy conquest lies
 In those fair eyes which fiery weapons dart,
 That find no lighting-place except this heart.

XXV.

At last resolv'd, although he hop'd small grace
 Yet ere he died to tell how much he loved,
 For pleasing words in woman's ears find place
 And gentle hearts with humble suit are moved
 O thou, quoth he, withhold thy wrath a space
 For if thou long to see my valour prov'd
 Were it not better from this warlike rout
 Withdrawn somewhat alone to fight it out?

XXVI.

So singled may we both our quarrels try
 Clorinda to that motion yielded glad,
 And helmsless to the forest and green field,
 Whither the prince right pensive went and sad
 And there the virgin gave him soon defy
 One blow she strucken and he warded had,
 When he cried Hold and ere we prove our might,
 First hear thou some conditions of the fight.

XXVII

She staid, and desp'rate love had made him bold
 Since from the fight thou wilt no respite give,
 The cov'nants be, he said, that thou unfold
 This wretched bosom, and my heart out rive,
 Giv'n thee long snce, and if thou, cruel, would
 I should be dead, let me no longer live,
 But pierce this breast, that all the world may say,
 The eagle made the turtle-dove her prey

XXVIII

Save with thy grace, or let thine anger kill,
 Love hath disarm'd my life of all defence;
 An easy labour harmless blood to spill,
 Strike then, and punish where is none offence
 This said the prince, and more perchance had will
 To have declar'd, to move her cruel sense,
 But, in ill time, of Pagans thither came
 A troop, and Christians that pursu'd the same

XXIX

The Pagans fled before their valiant foes,
 For dread or craft, it skills not that we knew,
 A soldier wild, careless to win or lose,
 Saw where her locks about the damsel flew,
 And at her back he proffereth, as he goes,
 To strike where her he did disarmed view
 But Tancred cry'd, Oh, stay thy cursed hand,
 And, for to ward the blow, lift up his brand

XXX

But yet the cutting steel arrived there,
 Where her far neck adjoin'd her noble head,
 Light was the wound, but through her amber hair,
 The purple drops down railed bloody red,
 So rubies set in flaming gold appear
 But Lord Tancredie pale with rage, as lead,
 Flew on the villain, who to flight him bound,
 The smart was his, though she receiv'd the wound

XXXI.

The villain flies he, full of rage and ire,
 Pursues, she stood and wond'ring on them both,
 But yet to follow them shew'd no desire
 To stray so far she would perchance be loth,
 But quickly turn'd her fierce as flaring fire
 And on her foes wreaked her anger's wrath
 On every side she kills them down again,
 And now she flies, and now she turns again:

As the swift ure, by Volga's rolling flood
 Chas'd through the plains the mastiff curs to scorn,
 Flies to the kennel of some neighbour wood
 And often turns again his dreadful horn
 Against the dogs imbrued in sweat and blood
 That bite not, till the beast to flight is run
 Or as the Moors at their straggling tents run
 Defenc'd, the flying balls unhurt to shun:

XXXII

So ran Clorinda, so her foes pursued,
 Until they both approach'd the city's wall
 When lo, the Pagans their fierce wrath unroll'd
 Cast in a ring about they wheel'd all,
 And gainst the Christians' backs and sides they showed
 Their courage fierce and to new combat fall;
 When down the hill AIGES came to fight
 Like angry Mars to aid the Trojan knight

XXXIV

Furious, tofore the front of his rank,
 In steady steel forth step'd the warrior bold;
 The first he smote down from his saddle sank,
 The next, under his steed, lay on the mould;
 Under the Saracen's spear the worthies shrank,
 No breast-plate could that cursed tree uphold,
 When that was broke, his precious sword he drew
 And whom he hit, he felled hurt, or slow

XXXV

Clorinda slew Ardelio, aged knight,
 Whose graver years would for no labour yield,
 His age was full of puissance and might,
 Two sons he had to guard his noble eild,
 The first, far from his father's care and sight,
 Call'd Alcandro, wounded lay in field,
 And Poliphern, the younger, by his side
 Had he not nobly fought, had surely died

XXXVI

Tancred by this, that strove to overtake
 The villain that had hurt his only dear,
 From vain pursuit at last returned back,
 And his brave troop discomfit saw well near,
 Thither he spurr'd, and 'gan huge slaughter make,
 His shock no steed, his blow no knight could bear,
 For dead he strikes him whom he lights upon,
 So thunders break high trees on Libanon

XXXVII

Dudon his squadron of adventurers brings,
 To aid the worthy and his tired crew,
 Before the res'due young Rinaldo flings,
 As swift as fiery lightning kindled new
 His argent eagle with her silver wings
 In field of azure, fair Erminia knew,
 See there, sir king, she says, a knight as bold
 And brave, as was the son of Pelcus old

XXXVIII

He wins the prize in just and tournament,
 His acts are numberless, though few his years,
 If Europe six like him to war had sent
 Among these thousands strong of Christian peers
 Syria were lost, lost were the Orient,
 And all the lands the southern Ocean wears,
 Conquer'd were all hot Afric's tawny kings,
 And all that dwell by Nilus' unknown springs

X

Rinaldo is his name his armed fist
 Breaks down stone walls when rams and engines fail;
 But turn your eyes, because I would you wist
 What lord that is, in green and golden mail;
 Dudoon be hight, who guideth as him fist
 Th' adventures troop, whose name is sold doth fail
 High birth, grave years, and practice long in war
 And fearless heart, make him renowned far

XL

See that big man, that all in lawn is bound,
 Clarendon call'd, the king of Navarra's son
 A prouder knight treads not on grass or mud,
 His pride hath lost the praise his prowess won
 And that kind pair in white all armed round,
 Is Edward and Gildippes who began
 Through love the hazard of fierce war to prove,
 Famous for arms but famous more for love.

XLI

While thus they tell their fortunes worthiness,
 The slaughter regeth in the plain at large;
 Towered and young Rinaldo break the press,
 They bruise the helm, and pierce the sevenfold targe;
 The troop by Dudoon led perform'd no less,
 But in they come and give a furious charge;
 Argantes self fell'd at one single blow
 Inglorious bleeding lay on earth full low

XLII

Nor had the banner ever risen more,
 But that Rinaldo's horse ev'n then down fell,
 And with the fall his leg was hurt so sore,
 That for a space there must he alights dwell.
 Meanwhile the pagan troops were nigh forelore,
 Swiftly they fled, glad they escap'd so well
 Argantes, and with him Clorinda stout,
 For bank and bulwark serv'd to save the rout.

XVIII

These fled the last, and with their force sustained
 The Christians' rage, that followed them so near;
 Their scatt' red troops to safety well they trained,
 And while the res'due fled the brunt these bear,
 Dudon pursu'd the victory he gained,
 And on Tigranes nobly broke his spear,
 Then with his sword headless to ground him cast,
 So gard'ners branches lop that spring too fast.

XIV

Algazer's breastplate, of fine temper made,
 Nor Corban's helmet, forg'd by magic art,
 Could save their owners, for Lord Dudon's blade
 Cleft Corban's head, and pierc'd Algazer's heart;
 And their proud souls down to th' infernal shade,
 From Amurath and Mahomet depart,
 Nor strong Argantes thought his life was sure,
 He could not safely fly, nor fight secure

XLV

The angry pagan bit his lips for teen,
 He ran, he stay'd, he fled, he turn'd again,
 Until at last unmark'd, unview'd, unseen,
 When Dudon had Almansor newly slain,
 Within his side he sheath'd his weapon keen,
 Down fell the worthy on the dusty plan,
 And lifted up his feeble eyes unneath,
 Oppress'd with leaden sleep of iron death

XLVI

Three times he strove to view heav'n's golden ray,
 And rais'd him on his feeble elbow thrice,
 And thrice he tumbled on the lowly lay,
 And three times clos'd again his dying eyes,
 He speaks no word, yet makes he signs to pray,
 He sighs, he faints, he groans, and then he dies.
 Argantes proud to spoil the corpse disdain'd,
 But shook his sword with blood of Dudon stain'd

XLVII

And turning to the Christian knights he cried
 Lordings behold this bloody reeking blade
 Last night was given me by your noble guide;
 Tell him what proof thereof this day is made;
 Needs must this please him well that is to side
 That I so well can use this martial trade
 To whom so rare a gift he did present
 Tell him the workman fits the instrument.

XLVIII.

If further proof thereof be long to see
 Say it still thirsts, and would his heart-blood drink
 And if he haste not to encounter me
 Say I will find him when he least doth think:
 The Christians at his words may I be,
 But he to shun their ire doth safely shrink
 Under the shelter of the neighbour wall
 Well guarded with his troops and soldiers all.

XLIX.

Like storms of hail the stones fell down from high
 Cast from the bulwarks, flankers, ports, and towers
 The shafts and quarries from their engines fly
 As thick as falling drops in April showers
 The French withdrew they list not press too nigh
 The Saracens escaped all the powers.
 But now Rinaldo from the earth up-leapt,
 Where by the leg his steed had long him kept.

L.

He came and breathed vengeance from his breast
 Against him that noble Dodon late had slain,
 And being come thus spake he to the rest:
 Warriors why stand you peering here in vain?
 Pale death our valiant leader hath oppress'd
 Come wreak his loss whom bootless you complain.
 These walls are weak they keep but words out,
 No rampier can withstand a village stout.

LI

Of double iron, brass, or adamant,
 Or, if this wall were built of flaming fire,
 Yet should the pagan vile a fortress want,
 To shroud his coward head safe from mine ire
 Come follow then, and bid base fear avaunt,
 The harder work deserves the greater hire
 And with that word close to the walls he starts,
 Nor fears he arrows, quarries, stones, or darts

LII

Above the waves as Neptune lift his eyes
 To chide the winds, that Trojan ships oppress'd,
 And with his count'nance calm'd seas, winds, and skies.
 So look'd Rinaldo, when he shook his crest
 Before those walls, each pagan fears and flies
 His dreadful sight, or trembling stay'd at lest
 Such dread his awful visage on them cast,
 So seem poor doves at goshawks' sight aghast

LIII

The herald Sigier now from Godfrey came,
 To will them stay and calm their courage hot,
 Retire, quoth he, Godfrey commands the same,
 To wreak your ire this season fitteth not
 Though loth, Rinaldo stay'd and stopt the flame
 That boiled in his hardy stomach hot,
 His bridled fury grew thereby more fell,
 So rivers stopp'd above their banks do swell

LIV

The bands retire, not dang' red by their foes
 In their retreat, so wise were they and wary,
 To murder'd Dudon each lamenting goes,
 From wonted use of ruth they list not vary,
 Upon their friendly arms they soft impose
 The noble burden of his corpse to carry
 Meanwhile Godfredo from a mountain great
 Beheld the sacred city and her seat

LVI

Jerusalem is seated on two hills
 Of height unlike and turned side to side
 The space between a gentle valley fills,
 From mount to mount expanded fair and wide;
 Three sides are sure intar'd, with crags and hills
 The rest is easy scant to rise espy'd;
 But mighty bulwarks fence that plainer part
 So art helps nature nature strength-both art.

LVII

The town is stor'd of troughs and cisterns made
 To keep fresh water, but the country seems
 Devoid of grass unfit for ploughmen's trade
 Not fertile, moist with rivers, wells, and streams
 There grow few trees to make the summer's shade
 To shield the parched land from scorching beams
 So rare that a wood stands six mile from the town,
 With aged cedars dark and shadows brown.

LVIII

By east, among the dusty valleys glide
 The silver waters of Jordan's crystal flood;
 By west the midland sea with boulders tied
 Of sandy shores where Jojya willow stood;
 By north, Samaria stands and on that side
 The golden calf was rear'd in Bethel wood
 Bethlem by south where Christ incarnate was,
 A pearl in steel a diamond set in brass.

LXIII

While thus the Duke on every side descried
 The city's strength, the walls and gates about,
 And saw where least the mure was fortified
 Where weakest seem'd the walls to keep him out;
 Erminia, as he armed rode him spy'd
 And thus bespake the heathen tyrant stout:
 See Godfrey there in purple clad and gold
 His stately port, and princely look behold!

LIX

Well seems he born to be with honour crown'd,
 So well the lore he knows of regiment,
 Peerless in fight, in counsel grave and sound,
 The double gift of glory excellent,
 Among these armies is no warrior found
 Graver in speech, bolder in tournament,
 Raimond pardie in counsel match him might,
 Tancred and young Rinaldo like in fight

LX

To whom the king; he likes me well therefore,
 I knew him whilom in the court of France,
 When I from Egypt went ambassador,
 I saw him there break many a sturdy lance,
 And yet his chin no sign of manhood bore,
 His youth was forward, but with governance,
 His words, his actions, and his portance brave,
 Of future virtue timely tokens gave

LXI

Presages, ah, too true, with that a space
 He sigh'd for grief, then said, Fain would I know
 The man in red, with such a knightly grace,
 A worthy lord he seemeth by his show,
 How like to Godfrey looks he in the face!
 How like in person! but some deal more low
 Baldwin, quoth she, that noble baron hight,
 By birth his brother, and his match in might

LXII

Next look on him that seems for council fit,
 Whose silver locks bewray his store of days,
 Raimond he hight, a man of wondrous wit,
 Of Tholouse lord, his wisdom is his praise,
 What he forethinks doth (as he looks for) hit,
 His stratagems have good success always
 With gilden helm beyond him rides the mild
 And good Prince William, England's king's dear child

LXIII.

With him is Coelpho as his noble mate
 In birth, in acts, in arms alike the rest
 I know him well, since I beheld him late
 By his broad shoulders and his squared breast ;
 But my proud foe that quite hath ruin'd
 My high estate and Antioch's crown,
 I see not, the wood, that to death did bring
 Mine aged lord, my father and my king

LXIV

Thus talk'd they : meanwhile Godfredo went
 Down to the troops that in the valley staid
 And for in vain he thought the labour spent
 To assail those parts that to the mountains laid
 Against the northern gate his force he bent,
 'Gainst it he camp'd, 'gainst it his engines play'd ;
 All felt the fury of his angry power
 That from those gates lies to the corner tower

LXV

The town a third part was this, or little less
 Fore which the Duke his glorious ensigns led
 For so great a camp had that fortress,
 That round it could not be environed
 With such a siege (nor Dabul's king I guess
 That whilome took it such an army led ;)
 But all the ways he kept, by which his foe
 Might to or from the city come or go.

LXVI

His care was next to cast the trenches deep
 So to his resting camp by night
 Lest from the city while his soldiers sleep,
 They might assail them with untimely fight.
 This done he went where lords and peers weep,
 With dire lament about the murder'd knight
 Where Dabul dead lay slaughter'd on the ground
 And all the soldiers sat lamenting round.

LXVII

His wailing friends adorn'd the mournful bier
 With woeful pomp, whereon his corpse they laid,
 And when they saw the Bulloigne prince draw near,
 All felt new grief, and each new sorrow made,
 But he, withouten show or change of cheer,
 His springing tears within their fountains staid,
 His rueful looks upon the corpse he cast
 Awhile, and thus bespake the same at last

LXVIII

We need not mourn for thee, here laid to rest,
 Earth is thy bed, and not thy grave, the skies
 Are for thy soul the cradle and the nest,
 There live, for here thy glory never dies
 For like a Christian knight and champion blest,
 Thou didst both live and die, now feed thine eyes
 With thy Redeemer's sight, where crown'd with bliss
 Thy faith, zeal, merit, well deserving is

LXIX

Our loss, not thine, provokes these plants and tears,
 For when we lost thee, then our ship her mast,
 Our chariot lost her wheels, their points our spears,
 The bird of conquest her chief feather cast
 But though thy death far from our army bears
 Her chiefest earthly aid, in heav'n yet plac'd
 Thou wilt procure us help divine, so reaps
 He, that sows godly sorrow, joy by heaps

LXX

For if our God the Lord Almighty
 Those armed angels in our aid down send,
 That were at Dothan to his prophet sent,
 Thou wilt come down with them, and well defend
 Our host, and with thy sacred weapons bent
 'Gainst Sion's fort, these gates and bulwarks rend,
 That so thy hand may win this hold, and we
 May in these temples praise our Christ for thee

LXXI.

Thus he complain'd but now the sable shade
 Ycleped night, had thick darkness
 The sun, in veil of double darkness made;
 Sleep eased care rest brought complaint to bed.
 All night the wary Duke drew his bed
 How that high wall should best be built;
 How his strong walls he might aptly frame
 And whence get timber fit to build the same.

LXXII.

Up with the lark the warlike Duke arose
 A mourning chief at Dadon's burial
 Of javans and a pile his friends composed
 Under a hill of oaks with cedars tall;
 Beside the hill a fruitful palm-tree stood,
 Fanobled since by this great funeral
 Where Dadon's corpse they softly laid in ground;
 The priests sang hymns, the soldiers wept around.

LXXIII.

Among the boughs they here and there be low
 Emblems and arms, as witness of his praise
 Which he from pagan lords, that did them owe
 Had won in prosperous fights and happy days:
 His shield they fixed on the bole below
 And there this distich under writ, which says—
 This palm with stretched arms doth on the wall
 The champion Dadon's glorious name record.

LXXIV.

This work performed with all convenient good
 Godfrey his carpenters and men of skill
 In all the camp, sent to an aged wood
 With convoy meet to guard them safe from ill:
 Within a valley deep this forest stood
 To Christian eyes unseen, unknown, until
 A Syrian told the Duke who thither sent
 Those chosen workmen that for timber went.

LXXXV

And now the axe rag'd in the forest wild,
The echo sighed in the groves unseen,
The weeping nymphs fled from their bowers evil'd,
Down fell the shady tops of shaking trees,
Down came the sacred palms, the ashes wild,
The funeral cypress, holly ever green,
The weeping fir, thick beech, and sailing pine,
The married elm fell with his fruitful vine

LXXXVI

The shooter yew, the broad-leav'd sycamore,
The barren plantain, and the walnut sound,
The myth that her foul sin doth still deplore,
The alder owner of all wat'rish ground,
Sweet juniper, whose shadow hurteth sore,
Proud cedar, oak the king of forests crown'd
Thus fell the trees, with noise the deserts roar,
The beasts their caves, the birds their nests forlore

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

Satan his Devils and the Witches with all
 And sends them forth to work the Devil's will
 False Heliodorus their aid from hell doth call
 And sends Armada to retort his fall
 She tells her birth, her fortune and her fall
 A he said, allures and wins the workers on
 That they will use of her retort to press;
 She wins them with deceit, craft, beauty, love

I.

While thus their work went on with lofty speed
 And reared rams their horned fronts a'levance
 The ancient foe to man and mortal seed
 In wannish eyes upon them best advanced;
 And when he saw their labours well advanced
 He wept for rage and threat and dire mischance,
 He chok'd his curses to himself he spake
 Such noise wild bulls that softly bellow make

II.

At last, resolving in his damned thought
 To find some let to stop their warlike feat,
 He gave command his Jinnes he'll be brought
 Before the throne of his infernal seat.
 O Lord! as if it were a thing of nought
 God to resist or change his purpose great,
 Who on his foes doth thunder in his ire
 Whose arrows hail-stones be and coals of fire.

III

The dreary trumpet blew a dreadful blast,
 And rumbled through the lands and kingdoms under,
 Through wasteness wide it roar'd, and hollows vast,
 And fill'd the deep with horror, fear, and wonder,
 Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,
 That fall from skies with storms of hail and thunder,
 Nor half so loud the whistling winds do sing,
 Broke from the earthen prisons of their king

IV

The Peers of Pluto's realm assembled been
 Amid the palace of their angry king,
 In hideous forms and shapes 't'ofore unseen,
 That fear, death, terror, and amazement bring,
 With ugly paws some trample on the green,
 Some gnaw the snakes that on their shoulders hing,
 And some their forked tails stretch forth on high,
 And tear the twinkling stars from trembling sky

V

There were Sileno's foul and loathsome rout,
 There Sphinxes, Centaurs, there were Gorgons fell,
 There howling Scyllas yawling round about,
 There serpents hiss, there seven-mouthed Hydras yell,
 Chimera there spews fire and brimstone out,
 And Polyphemus blind supporteth hell,
 Besides ten thousand monsters therein dwells,
 Mis-shap'd, unlike themselves, and like nought else

VI

About their Prince each took his wonted seat
 On thrones red hot, y'built of burning brass,
 Pluto in midst heav'd his trident great,
 Of rusty iron huge that forged was,
 The rocks on which the salt sea billows beat,
 And Atlas tops the clouds in height that pass,
 Compar'd to his huge person, mole-hills be,
 So his rough front, his horns so lifted he

VII.

The tyrant proud frowned from his lofty cell,
 And with his looks made all his monsters tremble
 His eyes, that full of rage and venom swell,
 Two lions seem, that men to arms his,
 His salted locks, that on his bosom fell,
 On rugged mountains briars and thorns resemble
 His yawning mouth that foamed clotted blood,
 Gaped like a whirlpool wide in Stygian flood.

VIII.

And as mount *Ætna* sculls sulphur out,
 With cliffs of burning crags, and fire, and smoke
 So from his mouth flew kindled coals about,
 Hot sparks and smells that man and beast would choke
 The human language durst not whine for doubt,
 Still were the Furies while their *Succubus* spoke,
 And swift *Cyclops* staid his *manu* still,
 While thus the murderer thund'ring out his will:

IX.

Ye powers infernal, worthier far to sit
 Above the sun, whence you your offspring take,
 With me that whirlwinds through the welkin flit,
 Down tumbled headlong to this empty lake,
 Our former glory still her it,
 Our bold attempts and war we once did make
 Against Him that rules above the starry sphere,
 For which like traitors we lie damned here.

X.

And now lamented of clear and gladd'ning sky
 Of Titan's brightness that so glorious is,
 In this deep darkness, lo! we helpless lie,
 Hopeless again to joy our former bliss,
 And more, which makes my griefs to multiply
 That sinful creature man created is,
 And in our place the heavens possess he most,
 Vile man! begot of clay and born of dust.

XI

Nor this suffic'd, but that he also gave
 His only Son, his darling, to be slain,
 To conquer so hell, death, sin, and the grave,
 And man condemned to restore again,
 He brake our prisons, and would al gates save
 The souls that here should dwell in woe and pain,
 And now in Heav'n with Him they live always,
 With endless glory crown'd and lasting praise.

XII.

But why recount I thus our passed harms ?
 Remembrance fresh makes weak'ned sorrows strong,
 Expulsed were we with injurious arms,
 From those due honours us of right belong
 But let us leave to speak of these alarms,
 And bend our forces 'gainst our present wrong,
 Ah ! see you not how He attempted hath
 To bring all lands, all nations to his faith !

XIII.

Then let us careless spend the day and night,
 Without regard what haps, what comes or goes,
 Let Asia subject be to Christians' might,
 A prey be Sion to her conquering foes,
 Let her adore again her Christ aright,
 Who her before all nations whilome chose,
 In brazen tables be his lore ywrit,
 And let all tongues and lands acknowledge it.

XIV

So shall our sacred altars all be his,
 Our holy idols tumbled in the mold,
 To him the wretched man, that sinful is,
 Shall pray, and offer incense, myrrh, and gold ;
 Our temples shall their costly deckings miss,
 With naked walls and pillars freezing cold,
 Tribute of souls shall end and our estate,
 Or Pluto reign in kingdoms desolate

XV

Oh! be not then the *champion* periah'd clean
 That whilome dwelt within your haughty thought
 When, arm'd with hining fire and weapons keen,
 Against the angels of proud hea'n we fought
 I grant we fell on the Phlegrean green,
 Yet good our cause was, though our fortune nought;
 For chance *eth* oft th' ignowder part,
 We lost the field, yet lost we not our heart.

XVI.

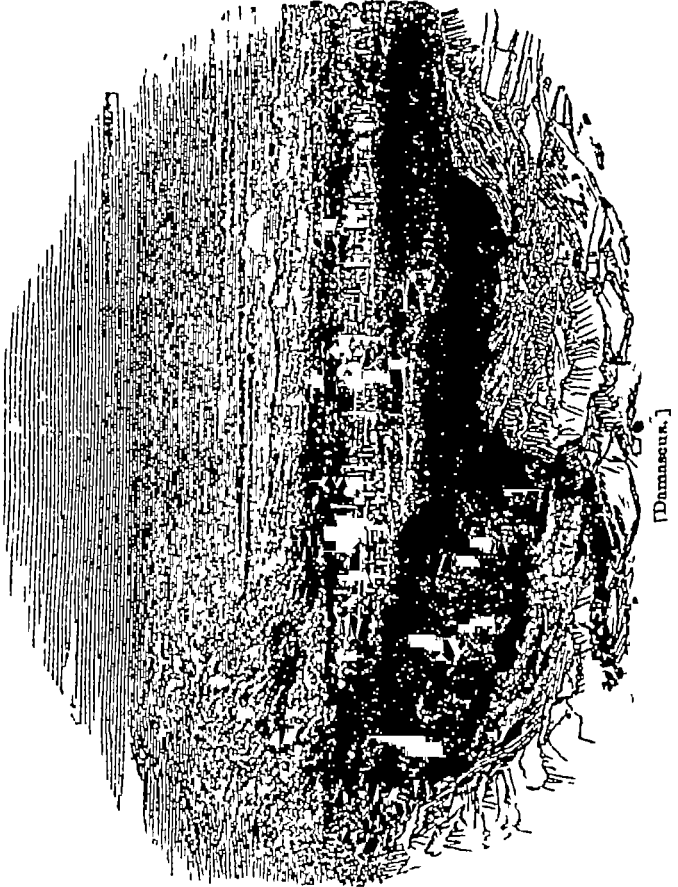
Go then, my strength, my hope, my spirits, go
 These *wicked* rebels with your power withstand,
 Pluck up these weeds, lest they overgrow
 The gentle garden of the Hebrews' land
 Quench out this spark before it kindle so
 That Asia burn' consumed with the brand.
 Use open force, or secret guile unsplaid
 For craft is virtue gainst a foe defied.

XVII.

Among the knights and worthies of their train
 Let some like out-laws wander uncouth ways,
 Let some be slain in field, let some again
 Make oracles of *women's* yess and nays,
 And pine in foolish love; let some complain
 On Godfrey's rule, and nuntines gainst him raise;
 Turn each one's sword against his fellow's heart
 Thus kill them all, or spoil the g'cal part.

XVIII

Before his words the tyrant ended had
 The lesser devils arose with ghostly roar,
 And thronged forth about the world to gad;
 Each land they filled, river *to* *coast*, and shore,
 The goblins, fairies' fiends, and faries mad,
 Ranged in slow ry dales, and *moor* *in* *the* *hour*
 And under every trembling leaf they sit,
 Between the solid earth and welkin sit.



[Damascus.]

XIX

About the world they spread both far and wide,
 Filling the thoughts of each ungodly heart
 With secret mischief, anger, hate, and pride,
 Wounding lost souls with sin's empoison'd dart.
 But say my Muse, whence first they tried
 To hurt the Christian lords, and from what part
 Thou know'st of things perform'd so long ago,
 This latter age bears little truth or noise.

XX.

The town Damascus and the lands about
 Ruled Hadrart, a wily grave and sage,
 Acquainted well with all the haughty rout
 Of Pluto's reign, even from his tender age
 Yet of this war he could not figure out
 The wisest ending of such a contest;
 For neither stars above, nor powers of hell,
 Nor skill nor art, nor charm nor devil could tell.

XXI.

And yet he thought, O vain conceit of man!
 Which as thou wisest judgest things to come,
 That the French host to sure destruction ran
 Condemned quite by heav'n's eternal doom:
 He thinks no force withstand or vanquish can
 Th' Egyptian strength, and therefore would that some
 Both of the prey and glory of the fight,
 Upon his Syrian folk should haply light.

XXII.

But for he held the Frenchman's worth in price,
 And fear'd the doubtful gam of bloody war
 He, that was closely false and silly wise,
 Cast how he might annoy them most from far
 And as he gan upon this point devise,
 (As counsellors in ill still nearest are)
 At hand was Satan ready ere men need,
 If once they think to make them do the deed.

XXIII

He counsel'd him how best to hunt his game,
 What dart to cast, what net, what toil to pitch
 A niece he had, a nice and tender dame,
 Peerless in wit, in nature's blessings rich,
 To all deceit she could her beauty frame,
 False, fair, and young, a virgin and a witch,
 To her he told the sum of this emprise,
 And prais'd her thus, for she was fair and wise :

XXIV

My dear, who underneath these locks of gold,
 And native brightness of thy lovely hue,
 Hidest grave thoughts, ripe wit, and wisdom old,
 More skill than I, in all mine arts untrue,
 'To thee my purpose great I must unfold,
 This enterprise thy cunning must pursue,
 Weave thou to end this web which I begin,
 I will the distaff hold, come thou and spin

XXV.

Go to the Christians' host, and there assay
 All subtle sleights that women use in love,
 Shed brinish tears, sob, sigh, entreat, and pray,
 Wring thy fair hands, cast up thine eyes above,
 For mourning beauty hath much power, men say,
 The stubborn hearts with pity frail to move,
 Look pale for dread, and blush sometime for shame,
 In seeming troth thy lies will soonest frame

XXVI.

Take with the bait Lord Godfrey; if thou may'st,
 Frame snares of looks, trains of alluring speech,
 For if he love, the conquest then thou hast
 Thus purpos'd war thou may'st with ease impeach,
 Else lead the other lords to deserts waste,
 And hold them slaves far from their leader's reach
 Thus taught he her, and for conclusion saith,
 All things are lawful for our lands and faith.

XXII.

The sweet Armida took this charge on hand,
 A tender piece, for beauty, sex and age.
 The sun was smother'd underneath the land
 When she began her wondrous pilgrimage
 In silken weeds she useth to withdraw
 And conquer knights in warlike equipage.
 Of their night-ambling dame the Syrians prated,
 Some good, some bad, as they her lov'd or hated.

XXVIII.

Within few days the nymph arrived there,
 Where Godfrey had his tents uplight;
 Upon her strange attire, and visage clear
 Gazed each soldier, gazed every knight:
 As when a comet doth in skies appear
 The people stand amaz'd at the light,
 So wonder'd they and each at other's sight,
 What mister wight she was, and whence she came.

XXX.

Yet never eye to Cupid's service vow'd
 Held a face of such a lovely pride
 A tinsel veil her amber locks did shroud,
 That strove to cover what it could not hide
 The golden sun behind a silver cloud,
 So shew'd out his beams on every side
 The marble goddess, set at Guido's, naked,
 She seem'd, were she uncloth'd, or that awak'd.

XXXI.

The zephyr wind among her tresses plays,
 And curl'd up those curls which riches short;
 Her beautiful eye to spread his beams denays,
 But keeps his shot where Cupid keeps his fort;
 The rose and lily on her cheek assays
 To paint true fairness out in bravest sort
 Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,
 Still blush for still they kiss while still they close.

XXXI

Her breasts, two hills o'erspread with purest snow,
 Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently swelling,
 Between them lies a milken dale below, [dwelling,
 Where love, youth, gladness, whiteness make their
 Her breasts half hid, and half were laid to show,
 Her envious vesture greedy sight repelling
 So was the wanton clad, as if thus much
 Should please the eye, the rest unseen the touch

XXXII

As when the sunbeams dive through Tagus' wave,
 To spy the storehouse of his springing gold,
 Love-piercing thought so through her mantle drave,
 And in her gentle bosom wander'd bold
 It view'd the wondrous beauty virgins have,
 And all to fond desire with vantage told.
 Alas! what hope is left to quench the fire,
 That kindled is by sight, blown by desire

XXXIII

Thus past she, praised, wish'd, and wond'ring at,
 Among the troops who there encamped lay,
 She smil'd for joy, but well dissembled that
 Her greedy eye chose out her wished prey,
 On all her gestures seeming virtue sat,
 Towards th' imperial tent she ask'd the way
 With that she met a bold and lovesome knight,
 Lord Godfrey's youngest brother, Eustace hight

XXXIV

This was the fowl that first fell in the snare,
 He saw her fair, and hop'd to find her kind,
 The throne of Cupid hath an easy stair,
 His bark is fit to sail with every wind,
 The breach he makes no wisdom can repair
 With reverence meet the baron low inclin'd,
 And thus his purpose to the virgin told,
 For youth, use, nature, all had made him bold

XXXV

Lady If thee learn a stile so low,
 In whose sweet looks such sacred beauties shine,
 For never yet did heav'n such grace bestow
 On any daughter born of Adam's line,
 Thy name let us, though far unworthy know
 Unfold thy will, and whence thou art in fire,
 Lest my uncharitable boldness learn too late,
 What honours due become thy high estate.

XXXVI

Sir knight, quoth she, your praises reach too high
 Above her merit you would give me,
 A hapless maid I am, both born to die,
 And dead to joy, that live in care and woe,
 A virgin helpless, fugitive and poor,
 My native soil and kingdom thus forego
 To seek Duke Godfrey's aid, such store men tell
 Of virtuous ruth doth in his bosom dwell.

XXXVII

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,
 If you be courteous, sir as well you seem.—
 Content, quoth he since of one womb yore,
 We brethren are, your fortune good esteem
 To encounter me, whose word is alleth more
 In Godfrey's hearing than you haply deem,
 Mine aid I grant, and his I promise too,
 All that his might, or my sword, can do.

XXXVIII

He led her easily forth when this was said,
 Where Godfrey sat with his lords and peers;
 She reverence did, then blush'd as one dismay'd
 To speak, for secret wants and inward fears
 It seem'd a beautiful shame her passions staid.
 At last the courteous Duke her gently cheers;
 Silence was made, and she began her tale.
 They sit to hear thus sung the noble tale:

XXXIX.

Victorious prince, whose honourable name
 Is held so great among our pagan kings,
 That to those lands thou dost by conquest tame,
 That thou hast won them some content it brings,
 Well known to all is thy immortal fame,
 The earth thy worth, thy foe thy praises sings,
 And painims wronged come to seek thine aid,
 So doth thy virtue, so thy power persuade

XL

And I, though bred in Macon's heath'nish lore,
 Which thou opprestest with thy puissant might,
 Yet trust thou wilt an helpless maid restore,
 And repossess her in her father's right
 Others in their distress do aid implore
 Of kin and friends, but I in this sad plight
 Invoke thy help my kingdom to invade,
 So doth thy virtue, so my need persuade

XLI

In thee I hope, thy succours I invoke,
 To win the crown whence I am dispossessed,
 For like renown awaiteth on the stroke
 To cast the haughty down, or raise th' opprest,
 Nor greater glory brings a sceptre broke,
 Than doth deliv'rance of a maid distress'd
 And since thou canst at will perform the thing,
 More is thy praise to make than kill a king

XLII

But if thou wouldst thy succours due excuse,
 Because in Christ I have no hope nor trust,
 Ah! yet for virtue's sake thy virtue use,
 Who scorneth gold because it lies in dust?
 Be witness, heav'n, if thou to grant refuse,
 Thou dost forsake a maid in cause most just,
 And for thou shalt at large my fortunes know,
 I will my wrongs, and their great treasons show

XLIII.

Prince Artaban that reigned in his life
 On fair Damaris, was my noble sire,
 Born of mean race he was, yet got to wife
 The queen Charicleia, such was the fire
 Of her hot love, but soon the fatal knife
 Had cut the thread that kept their joys entire,
 For so mishap her cruel lot had cast,
 My birth her death my first day was her last.

XLIV

And ere five years had fully come and gone
 Since his dear spouse to hasty death did yield
 My father also died, consumed with moan,
 And sought his love amid the Elysian field,
 His child and me poor orphan, left alone.
 Mine uncle grieved in my tender ead;
 For well he thought, if mortal men have faith,
 In brother's breast true love his death hath.

XLV

He took the charge of me, and of the crown,
 And with kind shows of love so brought to pass,
 That through Damascus great report was blown
 How good, how just, how kind mine uncle was
 Whether he kept his wicked hate unknown,
 And hid the serpent in the flow'ring grass,
 Or that true faith did in his bosom won,
 Because he meant to match me with his son.

XLVI.

Which son, within short while did undertake
 Degree of knighthood, as became him well
 Yet never durst bo for his lady's sake
 Break sword or lance advanc'd in lofty cell
 As fair he was as Citherea's make,
 As proud as he that signals with bell
 In fashions new and in love unkind,
 For Cupid deluges not wound a valiant mind.

XLVII

This paragon should queen Armida wed,
 A goodly swain to be a princess' pheer,
 A lovely partner of a lady's bed,
 A noble head a golden crown to wear!
 His glosing sire his errand daily said,
 And sugar'd speeches whisp'rd in mine ear,
 To make me take this darling in mine arms,
 But still the adder stopp'd her tears from charms

XLVIII

At last he left me with a troubled grace,
 Through which transparent was his inward spite,
 Methought I read the story in his face
 Of these mishaps that on me since have light
 Since that, foul spirits haunt my resting place,
 And ghastly visions break my sleep by night,
 Grief, horror, fear, my fainting soul did kill,
 For so my mind foreshow'd my coming ill

XLIX

Three times the shape of my dear mother came,
 Pale, sad, dismay'd, to warn me in my dream
 Alas! how far transformed from the same,
 Whose eyes shone erst like Titan's glorious beam —
 Daughter, she says, fly, fly, behold thy dame
 Foreshows the treasons of thy wretched came,
 Who poison 'gainst thy harmless life provides —
 This said, to shapeless air unseen she glides

L.

But what avail high walls or bulwarks strong,
 Where fainting cowards have the peece to guard?
 My sex too weak, mine age was all too young,
 To undertake alone a work so hard,
 To wander wild the desert woods among,
 A banish'd maid, of wonted ease debarr'd,
 So grievous seem'd, that leifer were my death,
 And there t' expire where first I drew my breath

LX.

I feared deadly evil if long I staid,
 And yet to fly had neither will nor power
 Nor durst my heart declare it wax'd afraid
 Lest so I hasten might my dying hour :
 Thus restless waited I, unhappy maid !
 What hand should first pluck up my springing bow ?
 Even as the wretch, condemn'd to lose his life,
 Awaits the falling of the murd'ring knife.

LXI.

In these extremes (for so my fortune would
 Peril me to my further ill)
 One of my noble father's sons said old,
 That for his goodness bore his child good will,
 With store of tears this villain gain unfold,
 And said, my guardian would his pupil kill
 And that himself if justice made he kept,
 Should give me justice dire ere next I slept.

LXII.

And further told me, if I wish'd to live,
 I must save myself by secret flight
 And offer'd then all that he could give
 To aid his noble lady banish'd from her right.
 His words of comfort fear to exile drive,
 The dread of death made lesser dangers light
 So we agreed, when the shadows dim
 Obscur'd the earth, I should depart with him.

LXIII.

Of close escapes the aged lady said,
 Blacker than eret, her sable mantle spread,
 When with two trusty knights in great distress,
 Both from my uncle and my realm I fled.
 Oft look'd I back, but hardly could I shed
 Those showers of tears mine eyes might shed ;
 For when I looked on my kingdom lost,
 It was a grief, a death an hell to meet

LV.

My steeds drew on the burden of my limbs,
 But still my looks, my thoughts, drew back as fast
 So fare the men that, from the haven's brims,
 Far out to sea by sudden storm are cast.
 Swift o'er the grass the rolling chariot swims,
 Through ways unknown, all night, all day, we haste
 At last, nigh tir'd, a castle strong we fand,
 The utmost border of my native land,

LVI

The fort Arontes was, for so the knight
 Was call'd that my deliv'rance thus had wrought
 But when the tyrant saw, by mature flight
 I had escap'd the treasons of his thought,
 The rage increased in the cursed wight,
 'Gainst me, and him that me to safety brought,
 And us accus'd, we would have poisoned
 Him, but descried, to save our lives we fled.

LVII

And that, in lieu of his approved truth,
 To poison him I hired had my guide,
 That he dispatched, mine unbridled youth
 Might range at will, in no subjection tied,
 And that each night I slept (O foul untruth!)
 Mine honour lost, by this Arontes' side —
 But heav'n I pray send down revenging fire,
 When so base love shall change my chaste desire!

LVIII

Not that he sitteth on my regal throne,
 Nor that he thirst to drink my lukewarm blood,
 So grieveth me as this despite alone,
 That my renown, which ever blameless stood,
 Hath lost the light wherewith it always shone
 With forged lies he makes his tale so good,
 And holds my subjects' hearts in such suspense,
 That none take armour for their queen's defence.

LIX.

And though he doth my regal throne possess
 Clothed in purple, crown'd with barmah and gold
 Yet in his hate, his rancour ne'er the less,
 Since nought sameth malice when the old:
 He threats to burn Arontes fatherless,
 And murder him unless he yield the bold
 And me, and mine, thus not with war, but death;
 Thus unquench'd hatred endless is my death

LX.

And so he trusts to wash away the stain
 And hide his shameful fact with mine affairs;
 And saith he will restore the throne again
 To its late honour and due excellence
 And therefore would I should be slay'd slain
 For while I live his right is in suspicion—
 This is the cause my guileless life is sought,
 For on my ruin is his safety wrought.

LXI.

And let the tyrant have his heart's desire,
 Let him perform the cruelty he craves;
 My guileless blood must quench the wretched fire,
 On which my endless tears were bootless spent,
 Unless thou help. To thee my soul and sire,
 I fly a virgin, orphan, innocent;
 And let these tears that on thy feet distill,
 Redeem the drops of blood be thirsts to spill.

LXII.

By these thy glorious feet that tread secure
 On necks of tyrants, by thy conquests brave,
 By that right hand, and by those temples pure
 Thou seekst to free from Macon's love, I crave
 Help for this sickness, none but thou canst cure
 My life and kingdom let thy mercy save
 From death and ruin: but in vain I prove thee,
 If right if truth if justice cannot move thee,

LXIII

Thou, who dost all thou wishest at thy will,
 And never willest ought but what is right,
 Preserve this guiltless blood they seek to spill,
 Thine be my kingdom, save it with thy might.
 Among these captains, lords, and knights of skill,
 Appoint me ten approved most in fight,
 Who, with assistance of my friends and kin,
 May serve my kingdom lost again to win

LXIV

For lo, a knight that hath a gate to ward,
 A man of chiefest trust about his king,
 Hath promised so to beguile the guard,
 That me and mine he undertakes to bring
 Safe where the tyrant haply sleepeth hard
 He counsell'd me to undertake this thing,
 Of thee some little succour to entreat,
 Whose name alone accomplish can the feat —

LXV

This said, his answer did the nymph attend,
 Her looks, her sighs, her gestures all did pray him,
 But Godfrey wisely did his grant suspend,
 He doubts the worst, and that awhile did stay him,
 He knows, who fears no God, he loves no friend,
 He fears the heathen false would thus betray him
 But yet such ruth dwelt in his princely mind,
 That, 'gainst his wisdom, pity made him kind

LXVI

Besides the kindness of his gentle thought,
 Ready to comfort each distressed wight,
 The maiden's offer profit with it brought,
 For if the Syrian kingdom were her right,
 That won, the way were easy which he sought,
 To bring all Asia subject to his might,
 There might he raise munition, arms, and treasure,
 To work th' Egyptian king and his displeasure

LXVII.

Thus was his noble heart long time betwixt
 Fear and *unhappy* not, *if* *it* *nor* *denying*
 Upon his eyes the dame her lookings fix'd
 As if her life and death lay on his saying;
 Some tears she shed with sighs and sobbings mix'd,
 As if her hope were dead *if* *could* *his* *delaying*
 At last her *will* *it* *suit* the Duke deny'd
 But with sweet *words* *thus* *would* *content* the maid:—

LXVIII.

If not in *the* *help* of our God we fought,
 In *our* *quarrel* if this sword were shaken
 Well might thou gather in thy gentle thought
 So fair a Princess should not be forsaken;
 But since these *murders*, from the world's end brought
 To free this *murder'd* town have undertaken
 It were unfit we turn'd our strength away
 And victory even in her *vanity* stay

LXIX.

I promise thee, and on my princely word
 The burden of thy wish and hope *express*,
 That when this chosen temple of the Lord
 Her holy doors shall to his saints *unlocked*
 In rest and peace then this victorious sword
 Shall execute due *vengeance* on thy foes:
 But if for pity of a worldly dame
 I left this work, such pity were my shame.—

LXX.

At this the Princess bent her eyes to ground,
 And stood unmov'd, though not *unconscious* *of* *a* *space*;
 The secret bleeding of her *inward* wound
 Shed heav'nly dew upon her angel's face.—
 Poor wretch, quoth she, in tears and *vain* *desires*
 Death be thy peace the grave thy resting place,
 Since such thy hap, that, lest thou *never* *find*,
 The gentlest heart on earth is prov'd *unkind*

I XXXI

Where none attends what boots it to complain ?

Men's froward hearts are mov'd with women's tears,
As marble stones are pierc'd with drops of rain ,

No plants find passage through unwilling ears
The tyrant haply would his wrath restrain,

Heard he these prayers ruthless Godfrey hears ,
Yet not thy fault is this , my chance, I see,
Hath made ev'n pity pitiless in thee

I XXXII.

So both thy goodness and good hap denay'd me,

Grief, sorrow, mischief, care, hath overthrown me ;
The star that rul'd my birth-day hath betray'd me,

My genius sees his charge, but dares not own me ;
Of queen-like state my flight hath disarray'd me ,

My father died ere he five years had known me ,
My kingdom lost, and lastly resteth now ,
Down with the tree sith broke is every bough

I XXXIII

And, for the modest lore of maidenhood

Bids me not sojourn with these armed men,

O! whither shall I flee ? What secret wood

Shall hide me from the tyrant ? Or what den,

What rock, what vault, what cave can do me good ?

No, no, where death is sure, it resteth then

To scorn his power, and be it therefore seen,

Armida liv'd, and died, both like a queen —

I XXXIV

With that she look'd as if a proud disdain

Kindled displeasure in her noble mind ,

The way she came she turn'd her steps again,

With gestures sad, but in disdainful kind ,

A tempest raled down her cheeks amain,

With tears of woe, and sighs of anger's wind ;

The drops her footsteps wash whereon she treads,

And seems to step on pearls or crystal beads

LXXV

Her cheeks on which this streaming nectar fell
 'Still d thro' the lunbeck of her diamond eyes,
 The roes white and red resembled well
 Whereon the rosy May-dew sprinkled lies,
 When the fair morn first blusheth from her cell
 And breatheth balm from opened paradise
 Thus sigh'd thus mourn'd thus wept, this lovely creature,
 And in each drop bathed a grace unnumber'd.

LXXVI.

Thrice twenty Cupids unperceiv'd flew
 To gather up this liquor ere it fall
 And of each drop an arrow forged new ;
 Else, as it came snatch'd up the crystal ball
 And at rebellious hearts for wild-fire threw
 O wondrous love! thou mak'st gain of all ;
 For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand
 She bends thy bow or kindleth else thy brand.

LXXVII

This forged plaint drew forth unfeign'd tears
 From many eyes, and pierc'd each worthy a heart ;
 Each one condoleteth with her that her hears
 And of her grief would help her bear the smart :
 If Godfrey aid her not, not one but swears
 Some tyger gave him suck, on roughest part,
 'Midst the rude crags, on Alpine cliffs aloft :
 Hard is that heart which beauty makes not soft.

LXXVIII

But jolly Emilian in whose breast the brand
 Of love and pity kindled had the flame
 While others softly whisper'd under hand,
 Before the Duke, with comely boldness, came :—
 Brother and lord, quoth he, too long you stand
 In your first purpose yet resolve to frame
 Your thoughts to ours and lend this virgin aid :
 Thanks are half lost when good turns are delay'd.

LXXIX

And think not that Eustace's talk assays
 To turn these forces from this present war,
 Or that I wish you should your armies raise
 From Sion's walls, my speech tends not so far,
 But we that venture all for fame and praise,
 That to no charge nor service bounden are,
 Forth of our troop may ten well spared be
 To succour her, which nought can weaken thee

LXXX

And know they shall in God's high service fight,
 That virgins innocent save and defend,
 Dear will the spoils be in the heaven's sight,
 That from a tyrant's hateful head we rend
 Nor seem I forward in this lady's right,
 With hope of gain or profit in the end,
 But, for I know he arms unworthy bears,
 To help a maiden's cause that shuns or fears

LXXXI.

Ah! be it not pardie declar'd in France,
 Or elsewhere told where court'sy is in prize,
 That we forsook so fair a chevisance,
 For doubt or fear that might from fight arise
 Else, here surrender I both sword and lance,
 And swear no more to use this martial guise,
 For ill deserves he to be term'd a knight,
 That bears a blunt sword in a lady's right —

LXXXII

Thus parled he, and with confused sound
 The rest approved what the gallant said.
 Their general the knights encompass'd round,
 With humble grace and earnest suit they pray'd —
 I yield, quoth he, and be it happy found
 What I have granted, let her have your aid,
 Yours be the thanks, for yours the danger is
 If aught succeed, as much I fear amiss

LXXXIII.

But, if with you my words may credit find,
 Oh! temper then this heat ungrabbles you so,—
 Thus much he said but they with fancy blind
 Accept his grant and let his counsel go.
 What works not beauty! man's relenting mind
 Is eath to move with plaints and shows of woe:
 Her lips cast forth a chain of sugar'd words
 That captiv'd led most of the Christian lords.

LXXXIV

Eustaco recall'd her and bewails her thus:—
 Beauty's chief darling: let these sorrows be
 For such assistance shall you find in us
 As with your need or will may best agree.—
 With that she cheer'd her forehead dolorous,
 And smil'd for joy that Phobos blush'd to see;
 And had she deign'd her veil for to remove,
 The god himself once more had fallen in love.

LXXXV

With that she broke the silence once again,
 And gave the knight great thank in little speech;
 She said she would his handmaid poor remain,
 So far as honour's laws receiv'd no breach.
 Her humble gestures made the rest due plain,
 Dumb eloquence speaks more than words can
 This women know, and thus they use the pulse
 To enchant the vallant and beguile the wise

LXXXVI.

And when she saw her enterprise had got
 Some wiabed mean of quick and good proceeding
 She thought to strike the lion that was hot;
 For every action hath its hour of speeding.
 Medea or falso Circe I could not
 So far the shapes of men, as her eyes speeding
 Alter'd their hearts, and with her siren's sound
 In lust their minds their loves in love she drown'd.

LXXXVII

All wily sleights that subtle women know,
 Hourly she us'd to catch some lover new
 None ken'd the bent of her unsteadfast bow,
 For with the time her thoughts her looks renew
 From some she cast her modest eyes below,
 At some her gazing glances roving flew,
 And while she thus pursued her wanton sport,
 She spurr'd the slow, and rein'd the forward short

LXXXVIII

If some, as hopeless that she would be won,
 Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,
 On them her gentle looks to smile begun,
 As who say, she is kind, if you dare prove her
 On ev'ry heart thus shone thus lustful sun,
 All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her,
 And in their hearts that chaste and bashful were,
 Her eye's hot glance dissolv'd the frost of fear.

LXXXIX

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay
 To touch the softness of her tender skin,
 She look'd as coy as if she list not play,
 And made as things of worth were hard to win,
 Yet temper'd so her 'dancful looks alway,
 That outward scorn shew'd store of grace within.
 Thus with false hope their longing hearts she fir'd,
 For hardest gotten things are most desir'd

XC

Alone sometimes she walk'd in secret, where
 To ruminate upon her discontent,
 Within her eyelids sat the swelling tear,
 Not poured forth, though sprung from sad lament,
 And with this craft a thousand souls well near
 In snares of foolish ruth and love she hent,
 And kept as slaves, by which we fitly prove,
 That witless pity breedeth fruitless love

XCL

Sometimes, as if her hope unloos'd had
 The chains of grief wherein her thoughts lay fetter'd
 Upon her minkons look'd she blithe and glad;
 In that deceitful lore so was she better'd
 Not glorious Titan in his brightness clad
 The sunshine of her face in lustre better'd;
 For when she list to cheer her beauties so,
 She smil'd away the clouds of grief and woe

XCII

Her double charms of smiles and sugar'd words
 Lulled on sleep the virtue of their senses;
 Reason small aid against those assaults affords,
 Wisdom no warrant from those sweet offences
 Cupid's deep rivers have their shallow fords
 His griefs bring joys his losses recompences
 He breeds the sore and cures us of the pain;
 Achilles knew that wounds and heals again.

XCIII.

While thus she them enamour'd 'twixt frost and fire
 'Twixt joy and grief 'twixt hope and restless fear
 The sly enchantress felt her gain the nigher
 There were her flocks that golden fleeces bear:
 But if some one durst utter his desire
 And by complaining make his griefs appear;
 He labour'd hard rocks with plaints to move
 She had not learn'd the gunnet then of love

XCIV

For down she bent her beaful eyes to gaze,
 And down'd the weed of women's modest grace
 Down from her eyes welled the pearles round
 Upon the bright enamel of her face:
 Such honey drops on melting flowers are found
 When Phœbus holds the crimson morn in chace:
 Full seem'd her looks of anger and of shame
 Yet pity shone transparent through the same.

XCV

If she perceived by his outward cheer,
That any would his love by talk bewray,
Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stop'd her ear,
And played fast and loose the live-long day
Thus all her lovers kind deluded were,
Their earnest suit got neither yea nor nay,
But like the sort of weary huntsmen fare,
That hunt all day and lose at night the hare

XCVI

These were the arts by which she captived
A thousand souls of young and lusty knights,
These were the arms wherewith love conquered
Their feeble hearts subdued in wanton fights
What wonder if Achilles were misled,
Or great Alcides, at their ladies' sights,
Since these true champions of the Lord above
Were thralls to beauty, yelden slaves to love?

BOOK V

THE ARMS BLOT

Godfredo scorns Rinakdo should aspire	
To rule that charge for which he seeks and strives,	15
And slanders him so far that in his ire	26
The wronged knight his life of life dequils ca.	31
Far from the camp the slayer doth retire	40
Nor lets himself be bound in chains or gyves.	42
Arnaldo departs content; and from the seas	79
Godfrey hears news which him and his displease.	85

I.

WHILE thus Arnaldo false the knights misled
 In wandring errors of deceitful love;
 And thought, besides the champions promised
 The other lordings in her aid to move
 In Godfrey's thought a strong contention bred
 Who fittest were this hazard great to prove
 For all the worthies of th' advent'rous band
 Were like in birth, in power in strength of hand.

II.

But first the Prince, by grave advice, decreed
 They should some knight choose at their own election,
 That in his charge Lord Dudon might succeed,
 And of that glorious troop should take p' election
 So none should g' be a, displeas'd with the deed,
 Nor blame the cause of their new subjection
 Besides, Godfredo show'd by this device
 How much he held that regiment in price.

III

He call'd the worthies then, and spake them so —
 Lordings, you know I yielded to your will,
 And gave you licence with this dame to go,
 To win her kingdom, and that tyrant kill
 But now again I let you further know,
 In following her it may betide you ill,
 Refrain therefore, and change this forward thought,
 For death unsent for, danger comes unsought

IV

But if to shun these perils, sought so far,
 May seem disgraceful to the place you hold,
 If grave advice and prudent counsel are
 Esteem'd detractors from your courage bold,
 Then know, I none against his will debar,
 Nor what I granted erst I now withhold,
 But be mine empire, as it ought of right,
 Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek, and light

V

Go then or tarry, each as likes him best,
 Free pow'r I grant you on this enterprise,
 But first, in Dudon's place, now laid in chest,
 Choose you some other captain stout and wise
 Then ten appoint among the worthiest,
 But let no more attempt this hard emprise,
 In this my will content you that I have,
 For pow'r constrain'd is but a glorious slave —

VI

Thus Godfrey said, and thus his brother spake,
 And answer'd for himself and all his peers —
 My Lord, as well it fitteth thee to make
 These wise delays, and cast these doubts and fears,
 So 'tis our part at first to undertake,
 Courage and haste beseem our might and years,
 And this proceeding with so grave advice,
 Wisdom in you, in us were cowardice.

III

He call'd the worthies then, and spake them so —
 Lordings, you know I yielded to your will,
 And gave you licence with this dame to go,
 To win her kingdom, and that tyrant kill
 But now again I let you further know,
 In following her it may betide you ill,
 Refrain therefore, and change this forward thought,
 For death unsent for, danger comes unsought

IV

But if to shun these perils, sought so far,
 May seem disgraceful to the place you hold,
 If grave advice and prudent counsel are
 Esteem'd detractors from your courage bold,
 Then know, I none against his will debar,
 Nor what I granted erst I now withhold,
 But be mine empire, as it ought of right,
 Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek, and light

V

Go then or tarry, each as likes him best,
 Free pow'r I grant you on this enterprise,
 But first, in Dudon's place, now laid in chest,
 Choose you some other captain stout and wise
 Then ten appoint among the worthiest,
 But let no more attempt this hard emprise,
 In this my will content you that I have,
 For pow'r constrain'd is but a glorious slave —

VI

Thus Godfrey said, and thus his brother spake,
 And answer'd for himself and all his peers —
 My Lord, as well it fitteth thee to make
 These wise delays, and cast these doubts and fears,
 So 'tis our part at first to undertake,
 Courage and haste beseem our might and years,
 And this proceeding with so grave advice,
 Wisdom in you, in us were cowardice.

VII.

Since then the feat is easy, danger none,
 All set in battle and in hardy fight,
 Do thou permit the chosen ten to goe
 And aid the damsel.—Thus devis'd the knight,
 To make men think the sun of honour above
 There where the lamp of Cupid gave the light.
 The rest perceive his guile and it approve,
 And call that knighthood which was childish love.

VIII.

But loving Eostace, that with jealous eye
 Beheld the worth of Sophia's noble child,
 And his fair shape did secretly envie,
 Bewild'ring the virtues in his breast compil'd
 And, for in love he would no company
 He stor'd his mouth with speeches smoothly fil'd,
 Drawing his rival to attend his word
 Thus with fair sleight he lold the knight aboard :—

IX.

Of great Bertoldo thou far greater heir
 Thou star of knighthood, flower of chivalry
 Tell me who now shall lead this squadron fair
 Since our late guide in marble cold doth lie ?
 I that with famous Dudon might compare
 In all but years, hoar locks, and gravity
 To whom should I Duke Godfrey's brother yield,
 Unless to thee, the Christian army's shield ?

X.

Thee, whom high birth makes equal with the best,
 Thine acts prefer both me and all before me,
 Nor that in fight thou both surpass the rest
 And Godfrey's worthy self I hold in scorn
 Thee to obey than am I only press'd,
 Before thee worthless be thine eagle borne.
 This honour haply thou esteemest light,
 Whose day of glory never yet found night.

XI

Yet may'st thou further, by this means, display
 The spreading wings of thy immortal fame,
 I will procure it, if thou say'st not nay,
 And all their wills to thine election frame
 But, for I scanty am resolv'd which way
 To bend my force, or where employ the same,
 Leave me, I pray, at my discretion free
 'To help Armida, or serve here with thee —

XII

This last request, for love is evil to hide,
 Impurpled both his cheeks with scarlet red,
 Rinaldo soon his passions had descried,
 And, gently smiling, turn'd aside his head,
 And, for weak Cupid was too feeble-ey'd
 'To strike him sure, the fire in him was dead,
 So that of rivals was he nought afraid,
 Nor car'd he for the journey or the maid

XIII

But in his noble thought revolv'd he oft
 Dudon's high prowess, death and burial,
 And how Argantes bore his plumes aloft,
 Praising his fortune for that worthy's fall
 Besides, the knight's sweet words and praises soft
 To his due honour did him fitly call,
 And made his heart rejoice, for well he knew,
 Though much he prais'd him, all his words were true —

XIV

Degrees, quoth he, of honours high to hold,
 I would them first deserve, and then desire,
 And were my valour such as you have told,
 Would I for that to higher place aspire,
 But if to honours due raise me you would,
 I will not of my works refuse the hire,
 And much it glads me that my pow'r and might
 Ypraised is by such a valiant knight

XV

I neither seek it, nor refuse the place,
 Which if I get, the praise and thanks be thine.—
 Eustace this spoken, hid thence apace
 To know which way his fellows hearts incl no.
 But Prince Gerardo coveted the place,
 Whom though Armida sought to undermine,
 Gains't him yet vain did all her engines prove,
 His pride was such there was no place for love.

XVI.

Gerardo was the King of Norway's son,
 That many a realm and region had to guide,
 And, for his elders lands and crowns had won,
 His heart was puffed up with endless pride
 The other boasts more what himself had done
 Than all his ancestors' great acts beside
 Yet his forefathers old before him were
 Famous in war and peace five hundred year

XVII.

This barb'rous Prince, who only vainly thought
 That like in wealth and kingly pow'r doth lie
 And in respect esteem'd all virtue nought,
 Unless it were adorn'd with titles high,
 Could not endure that to the place he sought,
 A simple knight should dare to press so nigh
 And in his breast so bolded fell despite,
 That ire and wrath oxild r quite.

XVIII.

The hidden devil that lies in close await
 To win the sort of unbelieving man,
 Found entry there where ire undid the gate,
 And in his bosom unperceiv'd ran
 It fill'd his heart with malice, strife, and hate,
 It made him rage, blaspheme swear curse and ban,
 Invisible it still attends him near
 And thus each minute whisp'ers in his ear

XIX

What, shall Rinaldo match thee? Dares he tell
 Those idle names of his vain pedigree?
 Then let him say, if thee he would excel,
 What lands, what realms his tributaries be,
 If his forefathers, in the graves that dwell,
 Were honoured like thine that live, let see
 Oh how dares one so mean aspire so high,
 Born in that servile country Italy?

XX

Now, if he win, or if he lose the day,
 Yet is his praise and glory hence derived,
 For that the world will to his credit say,
 Lo, this is he that with Gernando staved
 The charge some deal thee haply honour may,
 That noble Dudon had while here he lived,
 But laid on him he would the office shame,
 Let it suffice he durst desire the same

XXI

If when this breath from man's frail body flies
 The soul take keep, or know the things done here,
 Oh! how looks Dudon from the glorious skies!
 What wrath, what anger in his face appear,
 On this proud youngling while he bends his eyes,
 Marking how high he doth his feathers rear,
 Seeing his rash attempt, how soon he dare,
 Though but a boy, with his great worth compare!

XXII

He dares not only, but he strives, and proves,
 Where chastisement were fit, there wins he praise
 One counsels him, his speech him forward moves,
 Another fool approveth all he says
 If Godfrey favour him more than behoves,
 Why then he wrongeth thee an hundred ways,
 Nor let thy state so far disgraced be,
 But what thou art, and can'st, let Godfrey see —

XXIII

With such false words the kindled fire began
 To ev'ry vein its poison'd heat to reach
 It swell'd his scornful heart, and forth it ran
 At his proud looks, and too rash speech :
 All that he thought blame-worthy in the man
 To his disgrace, that would he each-where preach ;
 He torn'd him proud and vain his worth in fight
 He call'd fool-hardie rashness, in ~~his~~ right :

XXIV

All that in him was rare or excellent,
 All that was good, all that was princely found
 With such sharp words as malice could invent,
 He blam'd, such power hath wicked tongue to wound
 The youth (for every where those rumours went)
 Of these reproaches heard sometimes the sound
 Nor did for that his tongue the fault mend
 Until it brought him to his woeful end.

XXV

The cursed flood that set his tongue at large,
 Still bred more fancies in his idle brain
 His heart with slanders now did overcharge
 And soothed him still in his angry vein.
 Amid the camp a place was broad and large,
 Where one fair regiment might easily train
 And there, in tilt and harmless tournament
 Their days of rest the youths and gallants spent

XXVI.

There, as his fortune would it should betide
 Amid the press Germanus gan retire,
 To rout out his venous unspoy'd,
 Wherewith foul envy did his heart inspire.
 Rhold heard him as he stood by
 And, as he could not bridle wrath and ire,—
 Thou best,—cried he loud and with that word
 About his head he tost his flaming sword.

XXVII

Thunder his voice, and lightning seem'd his brand,
 So fell his look and furious was his cheer,
 Gernando trembled, for he saw at hand
 Pale death, and neither help nor comfort near,
 Yet, for the soldiers all to witness stand,
 He made proud sign as though he nought did fear,
 But bravely drew his little-helping blade,
 And valiant show of strong resistance made

XXVIII

With that a thousand blades of burnish'd steel
 Glist' red on heaps, like flames of fire in sight,
 Hundreds, that knew not yet the quarrel wheel,
 Ran thither, some to gaze and some to fight
 The empty air a sound confus'd did feel
 Of murmurs low and outcries loud on height,
 Like rolling waves and Boreas' angry blasts,
 When roaring seas against the rocks he casts

XXIX

But not for this the wronged warrior staid
 His just displeasure and incensed ire,
 He car'd not what the vulgar did or said,
 To vengeance did his courage fierce aspire
 Among the thickest weapons way he made,
 His thund'ring sword made all on heaps retire,
 So that of a near thousand stay'd not one,
 But Prince Gernando bore the brunt alone

XXX

His hand, too quick to execute his wrath,
 Performed all as pleas'd his eye and heart,
 At head and breast oft-times he stricken hath,
 Now at the right, now at the other part
 On ev'ry side thus did he harm and seath,
 And oft beguil'd his sight with nimble art,
 That no defence the Prince of wounds acquits,
 Where least he thinks or fears, there most he hits.

XXXI.

Nor ceased he till in Gernando's breast
 He sheathed once or twice his furious blade
 Down fell the hapless Prince with death oppress'd,
 A double way to his weak soul was made,
 His bloody sword the victor wip'd and dress'd,
 Nor longer by the slaughter'd body staid,
 Bet sped him thence, and soon appossess'd both
 His hate, his ire his rancour and his wrath.

XXXII.

Call'd by the tumult Godfrey drew him near
 And there beheld a sad and rueful sight
 The signs of death upon his face appear
 With dust and blood his locks were loathly dight :
 Shebs and *cramp* : *ts* on each side might he bear
 Made for the sudden death of that great knight.
 Amaz'd, he ask'd who durst and did so much
 For yet he knew not whom the fault would touch

Arnoldo minion of the Prince thus slain
 Augments the fault in telling it and saith—
 This prince is murder'd for a quarrel vain,
 By young *Rusbi* in his desperate wrath
 And with that sword, that should Christ's law maintain
 One of Christ's champions bold he killed hath
 And this he did, in such a place and hour
 As if he scorn'd your rule, despis'd your power —

XXXIII.

And further adds, that he deserved death
 By law and law should be inviolate
 That none offence could *gravia* be unseath
 And yet the place the fault did *argue* : *ato* :
 If he escap'd, that mischief would take breath
 And flourish bold in spite of rule and state
 And that Gernando's friends would venge the wrong
 Although to justice that should first belong

XXXV

And by that means should discord, hate, and strife,
 Raise mutines, and what thereof ensu'th
 Lastly, he prais'd the dead, and still had life
 All words he thought could veng'ance move or ruth
 Against him Tancred argued for life,
 With honest reasons to excuse the youth
 The Duke heard all, but with such sober cheer
 As banish'd hope, and still increased fear —

XXXVI

Grave prince, quoth Tancred, set before thine eyes
 Rinaldo's worth and courage, what it is,
 How much our hope of conquest in him lies,
 Regard that princely house and race of his
 He that correcteth every fault he spies,
 And judgeth all alike, doth all amiss,
 For faults, you know, are greater thought or less,
 As is the person's self that doth transgress —

XXXVII

Godfredo answer'd him—If high and low
 Of sov'reign power alike should feel the stroke,
 Then, Tancred, ill you counsel us, I trow,
 If lords should know no law, as erst you spoke,
 How vile and base our empire were, you know,
 If none but slaves and peasants bear the yoke,
 Weak is the sceptre, and the pow'r is small,
 That such provokes brings annex'd withal,

XXXVIII

But mine was freely given ere it was sought,
 Nor that it lessen'd be I now consent,
 Right well know I both when and where I ought
 To give condign reward and punishment
 Since you are all in like subjection brought,
 Both high and low, obey and be content —
 Thus heard, Tancredie wisely staid his words,
 Such weight the sayings have of kings and lords

XXIX

Old Raymond prais'd his speech for old men think
 They ever wuost seem when most severe :—
 "Th' best, quoth he, to make these great ones shrink,
 The people love him whom the nobles fear
 There must the rule to all disorders sink,
 Where pardons, more than punishments, appear
 For feeble is each kingdom frail and weak
 Unless its base be this fear I speak.—

XL.

These words Tancredio heard and ponder'd well,
 And by them wist how Godfrey's thoughts were bent
 Nor list he longer with these old men dwell
 But turn'd his horse and to Rinaldo went
 Who, when his noble foe death-wounded fell
 Withdrew him softly to his gorgeous tent
 There Tancred found him and at large declar'd
 The words and speeches sharp which late he heard.

XLI.

And said,—Although I wot the outward show
 Is not true witness of the secret thought,
 For that some men so subtle are, I trow
 That when they purpose most, appeareth nought
 Yet dare I say Godfredo means, I know
 Such knowledge hath his looks and speeches wrought,
 You shall first pris'ner be and then be trac'd,
 As he shall deem it good and law provok'd.—

XLII.

With that a bitter smile well might you see
 Rinaldo cast, with scorn and high disdain —
 Let them in fetters plead their cause, quoth he,
 That are base peasants born of servile strain
 I was free born, I live and will die free
 Before these feet be fetter'd in a chain
 These hands were made to shake sharp spears and swords,
 Not to be tied in gyves and twisted cords.

XVIII

If my good service reap this recompence,
 To be clapp'd up in close and secret mew,
 And as a thief be after dragg'd from thence,
 To suffer punishment as law finds due,
 Let Godfrey come or send, I will not hence,
 Until we know who shall this bargain rue,
 That of our tragedy, the late done fact
 May be the first, and this the second act

XXIV

Give me mine arms, he cried — His 'squire them brings,
 And clad his head and breast in iron strong,
 About his neck his silver shield he flings,
 Down by his side a cutting sword there hung
 Among this earth's brave lords, and mighty kings,
 Was none so stout, so fierce, so fair, so young
 God Mars he seem'd descending from his sphere,
 Or one whose looks could make great Mars to fear

XLV

'Tancredie labour'd with some pleasing speech
 His spirits fierce and courage to appease —
 Young prince, thy valour (thus he 'gan to preach)
 Can chastise all that do thee wrong, at ease,
 I know your virtue can your en'mies teach
 That you can 'venge you when and where you please
 But God forbid this day you lift your arm
 To do this camp, and us, your friends, such harm!

XLVI

Tell me, what will you do? why would you stain
 Your noble hands in our unguilty blood?
 By wounding Christians, will you again
 Pierce Christ, whose parts they are and members good?
 Will you destroy us for your glory vain,
 Unstead as rolling waves in ocean flood?
 Far be it from you so to prove your strength,
 But let your zeal appease your rage at length,

LI

Their speeches soften much the warrior's heart,
 And make his wilful thoughts at last relent,
 So that he yields, and saith he will depart,
 And leave the Christian camp incontinent
 His friends, whose love did never shrink or start,
 Proffer'd then aid, what way soe'er he went
 He thank'd them all, but left them all, besides
 Two bold and trusty 'squires, and so he rides

LII

He rides, revolving in his noble spright
 Such haughty thoughts as fill the glorious mind,
 On hard adventures was his whole delight,
 And now to wondrous acts his will inclin'd,
 Alone against the pagans would he fight,
 And kill their kings from Egypt unto Inde,
 From Cinthia's hills, and Nilus' unknown spring,
 He would fetch praise, and glorious conquest bring

LIII

But Guelpho, when the prince his leave had take,
 And now had spurr'd his courser on his way,
 No longer tarrance with the rest would make,
 But hastes to find Godfredo, if he may
 Who seeing him approaching, forthwith spake,—
 Guelpho, quoth he, for thee I only stay,
 For thee I sent my heralds all about,
 In ev'ry tent to seek and find thee out —

LIV

This said, he softly drew the knight aside
 Where none might hear, and then bespake him thus —
 How chanceth it thy nephew's rage and pride
 Makes him so far forget himself and us?
 Hardly could I believe what is betide,
 A murder done for cause so frivolous!
 How I have lov'd him thou and all can tell
 But Godfrey lov'd him but whilst he did well

LV

I must provide that ev'ry one have right,
 That all be heard each cause be well discuss'd
 As far from partial love, as free from spight,
 I hear complaints, yet nought but proofs I trust:
 Now if th' th' weigh our rule so light,
 And have the sacred love of war so trust,
 Take you the charge that he before us come
 To clear himself and hear our upright doom

LVI

But let him come with woful bond or shal
 For still my thoughts to do him grace are fram'd
 But if our power he haply shall disdain
 As well I know his courage yet untam'd,
 To bring him by permission take some pain
 Else, if I prove severe, both you be blamed
 That force my gentle nature (*against my thought*)
 To rigour lost our laws return to nought.—

LVII

Lord Guelpo thus said thus — What heart can bear
 Such slanders false, down'd by hate and spight
 Or with staid patience reprehension bear
 And not revenge by battle and by fight?
 The Norway prince hath bought his folly dear
 But who with words could stay the angry knight?
 A fool is he that comes to preach or prate,
 When men with swords their right and wrong debate

LVIII

And where you wish he should himself submit
 To hear the censure of your upright laws,
 Alas! that cannot be, for he is illt
 Out of this camp with woful stay or part
 There take my gage, behold I offer it
 To him that first accus'd him in this cause,
 Or any else that dare, and will maintain
 That for his pride the 1st was justly slain:

LIX.

I say with reason Lord Germando's pride
 He hath abated if he have offended
 'Gainst your commands, who are his lord and guide,
 Oh, pardon him, that fault shall be amended —
 If he be gone, quoth Godfrey, let him ride
 And brawl elsewhere, here let all strife be ended
 And you, Lord Guelpho, for your nephew's sake,
 Breed us no new, nor quarrels old awake —

LX

This while, the fair and false Armida striv'd
 To get her promis'd aid in sure possession,
 The day to end with endless plaint she driv'd,
 Wit, beauty, craft, for her made intercession
 But when the earth was once of light depriv'd,
 And western seas felt Titan's hot impression,
 'Twas two old knights and matrons twain she went,
 Where pitched was her fair and curious tent

LXI

But this false queen of craft and sly invention, [quivers,
 (Whose looks Love's arrows were; whose eyes his
 Whose beauty matchless, free from reprehension,
 A wonder left by heav'n to after-livers,)
 Among the Christian lords had bred contention,
 Who first should quench his flames in Cupid's rivers,
 With all her weapons and her darts rehears'd,
 Had not Godfredo's constant bosom pierc'd

LXII

To change his modest thought the dame procureth,
 And proff'reth heaps of love's enticing treasure —
 But as the falcon, newly gorg'd, endureth
 Her keeper lure her oft, but comes at leisure,
 So he, whom fulness of delight assureth
 What long repentance comes of love's short pleasure,
 Her crafts, her arts, herself and all despiseth,
 So base affections fall when virtue riseth,

LXIII.

And not one foot his steadfast foot was moved
 Out of that bras'nly path wherein he paced,
 Yet thro' his wiles and the good ways he proved,
 To have that castle sur of conquests rated;
 She used those looks and smiles that most laboured
 To melt the frost which his hard heart embraced,
 And found his breast a thousand soft she entered,
 Yet was the fort so strong, it was not entered.

LXIV

The dame who thought that one blink of her eye
 Could make the chaste heart feel her sweet pain,
 Oh, how her joys shuddered was hereby
 When all her del'it's were told, her crafts were all
 Some other where she would her forces try
 Where at more ease she might more advantage find
 As tired soldiers, whom success had put out,
 Thence raise their siege and find the towers left out.

LXV

But yet all ways the wily witch could find
 Could not Tancrillo's heart to hereward bring;
 His soul was filled with winter wind
 He had no heart of new affection sprung;
 For as one poison doth exclude by kind
 Another's force so kind love
 These two alone nor more nor less the dame
 Could win the rest all burnt in her sweet flame.

LXVI.

The princess, though her purpose would not frame
 As late she hoped and as still she would
 Yet for the lords and knights of greatest name
 Became her prey as erst you heard it told
 She thought, ere truth-revealing time or fate
 Betray'd her act to lead them to some hold
 Where she might hands she meant to make them prove
 Composed by Vulcan not by gentle Love.

LXVII

The time prefix'd at length was come and past,
 Which Godfrey had set down, to lend her aid,
 When at his feet herself to earth she cast,—
 The hour is come, my lord, she humbly said,
 And if the tyrant haply hear at last
 His banish'd niece hath your assistance pray'd,
 He will in arms to save his kingdom rise,
 So shall we harder make this enterprise

LXVIII

Before report can bring the tyrant news,
 Or his espials certify their king,
 Oh let thy goodness these few champions chuse,
 That to her kingdom should thy handmaid bring,
 Who, except heaven to aid the right refuse,
 Recover shall her crown, from whence shall spring
 Thy profit, for betide thee peace or war,
 Thine all her cities, all her subjects are —

LXIX

The captain sage the damsel fair assured
 His word was past, and should not be recanted,
 And she with sweet and humble grace endured
 To let him point those ten, which late he granted
 But to be one each one sought and procured,
 No suit, entreaty, intercession wanted
 Their envy each at other's love exceeded,
 And all importunate made more than needed

LXX

She, that well saw the secret of their hearts,
 And knew how best to warm them in their blood,
 Against them threw the cursed poison'd darts
 Of jealousy, and grief at other's good,
 For love she wist was weak without those arts,
 And slow, for jealousy is Cupid's food,
 For the swift steed runs not so fast alone,
 As when some strain, some strive him to outgone

LXXXI.

Her words in such alluring sort she framed
 Her looks enticing and her wooing smiles,
 That on every one his follow's favours blamed,
 That of their mistress he receiv'd erewhiles;
 This foolish crew of lovers, now ham'd,
 Mad with the poison of her secret wiles,
 Ran forward still in this disorder'd sort,
 Nor could Gouffredo's bridle rein them short.

LXXXII

He, that would satisfy each good desire,
 Withouten partial love, of every knight,
 Although he swell'd with hate, with grief, and ire,
 To see these follies and these fe-mur light
 Yet since by no advice they would retire,
 Another way he sought to set them right —
 Write all your names, quoth he and see whom chance
 Of lot to this exploit will first advance.—

LXXXIII

Their names were writ, and in a helmet shaken,
 While each did Fortune's grace and aid implore
 At last they drew them, and the foremost taken
 The Earl of Pembroke was, Arturidore;
 Doubtless the County thought his bread well taken
 Next Gerrard follow'd then, with tresses hoar
 Old Wenevorne that felt Cupid's rage
 Now in his doting and his dying age.

LXXXIV

Oh how contentment in their foreheads shined
 Their looks with joy thoughts swell'd with secret
 These thro' it seem'd good success'd sign'd [pleasur'd]
 To make the lords of love and beauty's treasure,
 Their doubtful follows at their hap repaid,
 And with small patience wait fortune's leisure
 Upon his lips that read the scrolls attending
 As if their lives were on his words depending

I XXXV

Guascar the fourth, Rudolpho him succeeds,
 Then Uldericke whom love list so advance,
 Lord William of Roncighion next he reads,
 Then Eberard, and Henry born in France,
 Rambaldo last, whom wicked lust so leads,
 That he forsook his Saviour with mischance,
 This wretch the tenth was, who was thus deluded,
 The rest to their huge grief were all excluded

I XXXVI

O'ercome with envy, wrath, and jealousy,
 The rest blind fortune curse, and all her laws,
 And mad with love, yet out on love they cry,
 That in his kingdom let her judge their cause.
 And, for man's mind is such, that oft we try
 'Things most forbidden, without stay or pause,
 In spite of fortune, purpos'd many a knight
 To follow far Armida when 't was night,

I XXXVII

To follow her, by night or else by day,
 And in her quarrel venture life and limb
 With sighs and tears she 'gan them softly play
 To keep that promise when the skies were dim;
 To this and that knight did she plain, and say
 What grief she felt to part withouten him
 Meanwhile the ten had don'd their armour best,
 And taken leave of Godfrey and the rest

I XXXVIII

The Duke advis'd them every one apart,
 How light, how trustless was the pagans' faith,
 And told what policy, what wit, what art,
 Avoids deceit, which heedless men betray'th
 His speeches pierce their ear, but not their heart;
 Love calls it folly, what so wisdom saith
 Thus warn'd he leaves them to their wanton guide,
 Who parts that night, such haste had she to ride.

XXIV

The conqueress departs, and with her led
 Those prisoners whom love would captive keep ;
 The hearts of those she left behind her led,
 With point of sorrow's arrow pierced deep,
 But when the night her drossy mantle spread,
 And fill'd the earth with silence shade and sleep,
 In secret sort then each forsook his tent
 And as blind Cupid led them blind they went.

XXV

Eustacio first, who scantily could forbear
 Till friendly night might hide his haste and home
 He rode in post, and let his beast him bear
 As his blind fancy would his journey frame :
 All night he wand'ring and he wist not where
 But with the morning he espied the dame
 That with her guard up from a village rode
 Where she and they that night had made her bed

XXVI

Thither he gallop'd fast, and drawing near
 Ramhaldo knew the knight, and loudly cried—
 Whence comes young Eustacio, and what seeks he here ?
 I come (quoth he) to serve the queen Armide
 If she accept me would we all were there
 Where my goodwill and faith might best be tried.
 Who (quoth the other) chooseth thee to prove
 This high exploit of hers ?—His answer'd Love

XXVII

Love hath Eustacio chosen, fortune thee ;
 In thy conceit which is the best election ?—
 Nay then these shifts are all replied he,
 Those titles false serve thee for no protection
 Thou canst not here for this admitted be
 Our fellow say out, in this sweet subjection—
 And who (quoth F. stern angry) dares deny
 My fellowship ?—Ramhaldo answered, L.—

LXXXIII

And with that word his cutting sword he drew,
 That glist'ed bright and sparkled flaming fire .
 Upon his foe the other champion flew,
 With equal courage and with equal ire
 'The gentle Princess (who the danger knew)
 Between them stept and pray'd them both retire —
 Rambald (quoth she) why should you grudge or plam,
 If I a champion, you an helper gain ?

LXXXIV

If me you love, why wish you me deprived
 (In so great need) of such a pussant knight ?
 But welcome, Eustace, in good time arrived,
 Defender of my state, my life, my right,
 I wish my hapless self no longer lived,
 When I esteem such good assistance light —
 Thus talk'd they on and travell'd on their way,
 Their fellowship increasing every day

LXXXV

From every side they come, yet wist there none
 Of others' coming or of others' mind,
 She welcomes all, and telleth every one
 What joy 'her thoughts in his arrival find
 But when Duke Godfrey wist his knights were gone,
 Within his breast his wiser soul divid
 Some hard mishap upon his friends should light,
 For which he sigh'd all day, and wept all night

LXXXVI

A messenger (while thus 'he mus'd) drew near,
 All soil'd with dust and sweat, quite out of breath,
 It seem'd the man did heavy tidings bear,
 Upon his looks sat news of loss and death —
 My lord, quoth he, so many ships appear
 At sea, that Neptune bears the load uneth,
 From Egypt come they all, this lets thee weest,
 William, Lord Amural of the Genoa fleet

LXXXVII.

Besides, a crew by coming from the shore,
 With vittuals for this noble camp of thine,
 Surprised was, and lost is all that store
 Mules, beasts, camel, palm-corn and wine.
 Thy men with us fought till they could fight no more
 For all were slain or captives made in spite:
 Th' Arabian outlaws them assailed by night,
 When least they feared, and loath they look'd for fight.

LXXXVIII.

Their frantic boldness doth presume so far,
 That many Christians have they falsely slain
 And like a raging flood they spreaded are,
 And overflow each country field and plain
 Send therefore some strong troops of men of war
 To force them hence, and drive them home again;
 And keep the ways between these tents of thine
 And those broad seas, the seas of Persia —

LXXXIX.

From mouth to mouth the heavy rumour spread
 Of these misfortunes, which dispersed wide
 Among the soldiers, great amusement bred
 For mine they doubt, and new-come foes beside
 The Duke (that saw their wonted courage fled
 And in the place thereof weak fear captiv'd)
 With merry looks these cheerful words he spak
 To make them heart again and courage take. —

XC.

You champions bold with me that escap'd have
 So many dangers, and such hard assays,
 Whom still your God did keep, defend and save.
 In all your battles combats, fights, and frays
 You that subdued the Turks and Ieruzalem brave
 That thirst and hunger held in scorn always,
 And vanquish'd hills and seas, with heat and cold
 Shall vain reports appeal your courage bold?

XCI

That Lord, who help'd you out at every need,
 When aught befel this glorious camp amiss,
 Shall fortune all your actions well to speed,
 On whom his mercy large extended is,
 To fore his tomb when conquering hands you spread,
 With what delight will you remember this!
 Be strong therefore, and keep your valours high,
 To honour, conquest, fame, and victory —

XCII

Their hopes half dead, and courage well-nigh lost,
 Reviv'd, with these brave speeches of their guide,
 But in his breast a thousand cares he toss'd,
 Although his sorrows he could wisely hide,
 He studied how to feed that mighty host,
 In so great scarceness, and what force provide
 He should against th' Egyptian warriors sly,
 And how subdue those thieves of Arabia.

BOOK VI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes calls the Christians out to just	14
Otho, not chosen, doth his strength assay	28
But from his saddle tumbled in the dust,	33
And captive to the town is sent away	
Tancrod begins new fight, and when both trust	36
To win the praise and palm, night ends the fray	50
Erminia hopes to cure her wounded knight	55
And from the city armed rides by night.	89

I.

But better hopes had them recomforted
 That lay besieged in the sacred town
 With new supply late were they vict'ill'd
 When night obscur'd the earth with shadows brown
 Their arms and engines on the walls they spread
 Their slings to cast, and stones to tumble down
 And all that side which to the northward lies,
 High rampires and strong bulwarks fortifies.

II.

Their wary king commands now here, now there,
 To build this tower to make that bulwark strong
 Whether the sun, the moon or stars appear
 To give them light, to work no time comes wrong
 In every street new weapons forged were
 By cunning smith sweating with labour long
 While thus the careful Prince provision made,
 To him Argantes came, and boasting said—

III

How long shall we, like prisoners in chains,
 Captiv'd lie inclos'd within this wall?
 I see your workmen taking endless pains
 To make new weapons, for no use at all,
 Meanwhile these western thieves destroy the plains,
 Your towns are burnt, your forts and castles fall,
 Yet none of us dares at these gates out-peep,
 Or sound one trumpet shrill to break their sleep.

IV.

Their time in feasting and good cheer they spend,
 Nor dare we once their banquets sweet molest,
 The days and nights they bring likewise to end,
 In peace, assurance, quiet, ease, and rest
 But we must yield, whom hunger soon will shend,
 And make for peace, to save our lives, request,
 Else, if th' Egyptian army stay too long,
 Like cowards die within this fortress strong

V

Yet never shall my courage great consent
 So vile a death should end my noble days,
 Nor on mine arms, within these walls ypent,
 To-morrow's sun shall spread his timely rays
 Let sacred heavens dispose as they are bent
 Of this frail life, yet not withouten praise
 Of valour, prowess, might, Argantes shall
 Inglorious die, or unrevenged fall

VI

But if the roots of wonted chivalry
 Be not quite dead your princely breast within,
 Devise not how with fame and praise to die,
 But how to live, to conquer, and to win,
 Let us together at these gates out-fly,
 And skirmish bold, and bloody fight begin,
 For when last need to desperation driveth,
 Who dareth most be wisest counsel giveth

VII.

But if in field your wisdom dare not venture
 To hazard all your troops to doubtful fight,
 Then bind yourself to Godfrey by halventure,
 To end your quarrels by one single knight:
 And, for the Christian this accord shall enter
 With better will, say such you know your right,
 That he the weapons, place, and time shall chuse,
 And let him for his best that vantage use.

VIII.

For though your foe had hands like Hector strong
 With heart unfeard and courage stern and stout,
 Yet no misfortune can your justice wrong
 And what that wanteth shall this arm help out
 In spite of fate shall this right hand ere long
 Return victorious: if hereof you doubt,
 Take it for pledge, whereas if trust you have,
 It shall yourself defend and kingdom save.—

IX.

Bold youth (the tyrant thus began to speak)
 Although I with red seem with age and years,
 Yet are not these old arms so faint and weak,
 Nor this hoar head so full of doubts and fears
 But when as death this vital thread shall break,
 He shall my courage bear my death who bears
 And shall live that liv'd a king and knight,
 To his fair morn will have an evening bright.

X.

But that (which yet I would have farther blam'd)
 To thee in secret shall be told and spoken
 Great Saladin of Nice, so far yprais'd
 To be revenged for his sceptre broken,
 The men of arms of Arabos hath rais'd,
 From Inde to Afric and when we give taken
 Attends the favour of the friendly night,
 To vittails us and with our foes to fight.

XI

Now, though Godfredo hold by warlike feat
 Some castles poor and forts in vile oppression,
 Care not for that, for still our princely seat,
 This stately town, we keep in our possession,
 But thou appease and calm that courage great
 Which in thy bosom makes so hot impression,
 And stay fit time, which will betide ere long
 T' increase thy glory, and revenge our wrong —

XII

The Saracine at this was inly spited,
 Who Soliman's great worth had long envied,
 To hear him praised thus he nought delighted,
 Nor that the King upon his aid relied —
 Within your power, Sir King (he says), united
 Are peace and war, nor shall that be denied,
 But for the Turk and his Arabian band,
 He lost his own, shall he defend your land?

XIII

Perchance he comes some heavenly messenger,
 Sent down to set the Pagan people free,
 Then let Argantes for himself take care,
 'This sword, I trust, shall well safeconduct me,
 But while you rest and all your forces spare,
 'That I go forth to war at least agree,
 Though not your champion, yet a private knight,
 I will some Christian prove in single fight —

XIV

The king replied—Though thy force and might
 Should be reserv'd to better time and use,
 Yet that thou challenge some renowned knight
 Among the Christians bold, I not refuse
 The warrior, breathing out desire of fight,
 An herald call'd, and said—Go tell these news
 To Godfrey's self, and to the Western Lords,
 And in their hearings boldly say these words

XV

Say that a knight who holds in great dread in
 To be thus closed up in secret mow
 Will with his sword in open field maintain,
 If any dare deny his words for true
 That no devotion as they falsely feign
 Hath mov'd the French these countries to subdue
 But vile ambition, and pride a hateful vice
 Desire of rule and spoil and covetice

XVI

And that to fight I am not only prest
 With one or two that dare defend the cause,
 But come the fourth or fifth, come all the rest
 Come all that will, and all that weapons draws,
 Let him that yields obey the victor's best,
 As wills the lore of mighty Mars his laws.—
 This was the challenge that fierce Pagan sent,
 The herald don'd his coat of arms, and went.

XVII.

And when the man before the presence came
 Of princely Godfrey and his captains bold —
 My Lord, quoth he, may I withouten blame
 Before your grace my message brave unfold?—
 Thou may'st, he answer'd, we approve the same,
 Withouten fear be thine an he go told.—
 Then, quoth the herald, shall your Highness see
 If this *in* his message sharp or pleasing be.—

XVIII.

The challenge gan he then at large expose
 With mighty threats, high terms, and glorious words
 On every side an angry murmur rose,
 To wrath so mov'd were the knights and lords.
 Then Godfrey spake and said—The man hath chose
 An hard exploit, but when he feels our swords
 I trust we shall so fair entreat the knight
 As to crave the fourth or fifth of fight.

XIX

But let him come and prove, the field I grant,
 Noi wrong nor treason let him doubt or fear,
 Some here shall pay him for his glorious vaunt,
 Without or guile or 'vantage, that I swear —
 The herald turn'd when he had ended scant,
 And hasted back the way he came whileere,
 Nor staid he aught, nor once foreslow'd his pace,
 Till he bespake Argantes face to face —

XX

Arm you, my Lord, he said, your bold defies
 By your brave foes accepted boldly been,
 This combat neither high nor low denies,
 Ten thousand wish to meet you on the green,
 A thousand frown'd with angry flaming eyes,
 And shak'd for rage their swords and weapons keen,
 'The field is safely granted by their guide —
 Thus said, the champion for his armour cried

XXI

While he was arm'd, his heart for ire nigh brake,
 So yearn'd his courage hot his foe to find
 The King, to fair Clorinda present, spake —
 If he go forth, remain not you behind,
 But of our soldiers best a thousand take,
 To guard his person and your own assign'd,
 Yet let him meet alone the Christian knight,
 And stand yourself aloof, while they two fight.—

XXII

Thus spake the king, and soon without abode
 The troop went forth in shining armour clad
 Before the rest the Pagan champion rode,
 His wonted arms and ensigns all he had
 A goodly plain displayed wide and broad
 Between the city and the camp was sprad,
 A place like that wherein proud Rome beheld
 Her forward young men manage spear and shield

XXIII

There all alone Argantes took his stand
 Defying Christ and all his servants true,
 In stature, strength and in strength of hand,
 In pride, presumption, and in dreadful awe
 Enrich'd like; on the Phlegrean strand,
 Or that huge giant Jesse's infat' slow
 But his fierce semblance they esteem'd light,
 For most not knew or else not fear'd his might.

XXIV

As yet not one had Godfrey d'glad out
 To undertake this hardy enterprise,
 But on Prince Tancred saw he all the rout
 Had fix'd their viwes and had cast their eyes;
 On him he spied them; round about,
 As though their honour on his part was lies
 And now they whisper'd louder what they meant
 Which Godfrey heard and saw and was content.

XXV

The rest gave place, for every one desired
 To whom their chieftain's will did most incline.—
 Tancred (quoth he), I pray thee calm the pride,
 Alas! the rage of yonder Saracene—
 No longer would the chosen champion bide;
 His face with joy his eyes with gladness shine
 His helm he took, and ready steed bestrode,
 And, guarded with his trusty friends, forth rode.

XXVI

But scantily had he spurr'd his courser swift
 Near to that plain where proud Argantes staid,
 When unawares his eyes he chang'd to lift,
 And on the hill beheld the warlike maid
 As white as snow upon the Alps' cliff
 The virgin shone, in silver arms array'd,
 Her ventail up so high that he descried
 Her goodly visage and her beauty's pride.

XXVII.

He saw not where the Pagan stood, and stared,
 As if with looks he would his toeman kill,
 But full of other thoughts he for ward fared,
 And sent his looks before him up the hill,
 His gesture such his troubled soul declared,
 At last as marble rock he standeth still,
 Stone-cold without, within burnt with love's flame,
 And quite forget himself and why he came

XXVIII

The challenger, that yet saw none appear
 That made or sign or show he came to just—
 How long, cried he, shall I attend you here?
 Dares none come forth? Dares none his fortune trust?
 The other stood amaz'd, love stopp'd his ear,
 He thinks on Cupid, think of Mars who lust,
 But forth starts Otho bold, and took the field,
 A gentle knight, whom God from danger shield!

XXIX

'This youth was one of those who late desired
 With that vain-glorious boaster to have fought,
 But Tancred chosen, he and all retired,
 Yet to the field the valiant prince they brought
 Now, when his slackness he awhile admired,
 And saw elsewhere employed was his thought,
 Nor that to just (though chosen) once he proffer'd,
 He boldly took that fit occasion offer'd

XXX.

No tyger, panther, spotted leopard,
 Runs half so swift the forests wild among,
 As this young champion hasted thitherward,
 Where he attending saw the Pagan strong
 Tancredie started with the noise he heard,
 As wak'd from sleep where he had dreamed long —
 Oh stay, he cried, to me belongs this war —
 But cried too late, Otho was gone too far

XXXX

Then full of fury anger and despite,
 He staid his horse, and waxed red for shame;
 The fight was his, but now disgraced quite
 Himself he thought, another play'd his game.
 Meanwhile the Saracens did hugely smite
 On Otho's helm who to requite the same,
 His foe quite through his sev'n fold targe did bear
 And in his breast-plate stuck and broke his spear

XXXXI

Th encounter such upon the tender grass
 Down from his steed the Christian backward fell,
 Yet his proud foe so strong and sturdy was,
 That he nor shook nor stagger'd in his sell
 But to the knight that lay full low alas!
 In high disdain his will thus gan he tell —
 Yield thee my slave and this thine honour be,
 Thou may'st report thou hast encounter'd me.—

XXXXII

Not so, quoth he perdie it's not the gulso
 Of Christian lights the fallen so soon to yield;
 I can my fall excuse in better wise,
 And will revenge this shame, or die in field.—
 The great Cur bent his frowning eyes,
 Like that grim visage in Minerva's shield —
 Then learn quoth he, what force Argantes useth
 Against that fool that pursued grace refuseth.—

XXXXIII

With that he spurr'd his horse with speed and haste
 (Forswelling what good knights to virtue owe):
 Otho his fury shinn'd, and, as he pass'd,
 At his right side he reach'd a noble blow:
 Wide was the wound, the blood outstreamed fast,
 And from his side fell to his stirrup low
 But what avails to hurt, if wounds augment
 Our foe's fierce courage, strength, and hardiment?

XXXX

Argantes nimbly turn'd his ready steed,
 And, ere his foe was wist or well aware,
 Against his side he drove his courser's head,
 What force could he 'gainst so great might prepare?
 Weak were his feeble joints, his courage dead,
 His heart amaz'd, his paleness shew'd his care,
 His tender side 'gainst the hard earth he cast,
 Sham'd with the first fall, bruised with the last

XXXXVI

The victor spurr'd again his light-foot steed,
 And made his passage over Otho's heart,
 And cried—These fools thus under foot I tread,
 That dare contend with me in equal mart—
 Tancred for anger shook his noble head,
 So was he griev'd with that unknighly part
 The fault was his, he was so slow before,
 With double valour would he salve that sore

XXXXVII

Forward he gallop'd fast, and loudly cried—
 Vill'yn! (quoth he) thy conquest is thy shame,
 What praise, what honour shall this fact betide?
 What gain, what guerdon shall befall the same?
 Among th' Arabian thieves thy face go hide,
 Far from resort of men of worth and fame,
 Or else in woods and mountains wild, by night,
 On savage beasts employ thy savage might—

XXXXVIII

The Pagan patience never knew, nor used,
 Trembling for ire his sandy locks he tore,
 Out from his lips flew such a sound confused
 As lions make in deserts thick which roar,
 Or as when clouds, together crush'd and bruised,
 Pour down a tempest by the Caspian shore
 So was his speech imperfect, stop'd, and broken,
 He roar'd and thund'red when he should have spoken.

XXXX.

But when with threats they both had whetted keen
 Their eager rage, their fury spate, and fro,
 They turn'd their steeds and left large space between
 To make their forces greater pressing nigher
 With terms that warlike and that worthy been
 O sacred muse! my haughty thoughts inspire,
 And make a trumpet of my slender quill
 To thimble out this furious combat shrill.

XLI.

These sons of Mayors bore, instead of spears
 Two knotty masts, which none but they could lift
 Each forming steed so fast his master bears,
 That never beast, bird shaft, flow half so swift
 Such was their fury as when Borcas tears
 The shatter'd crags from Taurus northern cliff:
 Upon their helms their lances long they broke
 And up to heav'n flew splinters, sparks, and smel.

XLII.

The shock made all the towers and turrets quake,
 And woods and mountains all nigh-hand resound
 Yet could not all that force and fury shake
 The vallant champions, nor their persons wound
 Together hurled both their steeds, and broke
 Each other's neck the riders lay on ground
 But they (great masters of war's dreadful art)
 Pluck'd forth their swords, and soon from earth upstart.

XLIII.

Close at his surest ward each warrior leeth
 He wisely guides his hand, his foot, his eye
 This blow he proveth that defence he trieth
 He traaseth, retireth, presseth nigh
 Now strikes he out, and now he falsifieth
 This blow he wardeth, that he lets slip by
 And for advantage oft he lets some part
 Discover'd seem thus art deludeth art.

XLIII

The Pagan, ill defenc'd with sword or targe
 Tancredie's thigh, as he suppos'd, espied,
 And reaching forth 'gainst it his weapon large,
 Quite naked to his foe leaves his left side
 Tancred avoideth quick his furious charge,
 And gave him eke a wound deep, sore, and wide,
 That done, himself safe to his ward retired,
 His courage prais'd by all, his skill admired

XLIV

The proud Circassian saw his streaming blood
 Down from his wound, as from a fountain, running,
 He sigh'd for rage, and trembled as he stood,
 He blam'd his fortune, folly, want of cunning,
 He lift his sword aloft, for ire nigh wood,
 And forward rush'd,—Tancred, his fury shunning,
 With a sharp thrust once more the Pagan hit,
 To his broad shoulder where his arm is knit

XLV

Like as a bear through-pierced with a dart,
 Within the secret woods no further flieth,
 But bites the senseless weapon, mad with smart,
 Seeking revenge till unreveng'd she dieth,
 So mad Argantes far'd, when his proud heart
 Wound upon wound and shame on shame espieth,
 Desire of vengeance so o'ercame his senses,
 That he forgot all dangers, all defences

XLVI

Uniting force extreme with endless wrath,
 Supporting both with youth and strength untired,
 His thund'ring blows so fast about he la'th,
 That skies and earth the flying sparkles fired
 His foe to strike one blow no leisure hath,
 Scantly he breathed, though he oft desired,
 His warlike skill and cunning all was waste,
 Such was Argantes' force, and such his haste

XLVII.

Long time Tancred's had in vain intended
 When this huge storm should overflow and pass;
 Some blows his mighty target well defended,
 Some fell beside and wounded deep the grass
 But when he saw the tempest never ended,
 Nor that the Pains's force aught weaker was
 He high advanced his cutting sword at length,
 And rage to rage oppos'd, and strength to strength.

XLVIII.

Wrath bore the sway, both art and reason fail
 Fury new force and courage new supplies
 Their armour forged were of metal frail;
 On every side thereof huge cantles flies
 The land was strewn all with plate and mail
 That on the earth, on that their warm blood lies
 And at each rush and every blow they smote
 Thro' the noise, the sparks seem'd lightning hot.

XLIX.

The Christian people and the Pagans gazed,
 On this fierce combat, wishing oft the end
 'Twixt hope and fear they stood long time amazed,
 To see the knights assail and eke defend
 Yet neither sign they made nor noise they rais'd,
 But for the issue of the fight attend,
 And stood as still as life and sense they wanted
 Save that their hearts within their bosoms jangled.

L.

Now were they tired both, and well nigh spent
 Their blows show'd greater will than power to wound;
 But night her gentle daughter, darkness, sent
 With friendly shade to unspread the ground.
 Two heralds to the fighting champions went,
 To part the fray as law of arms them bound;
 Ardenas born in Franco, and wise Pineloro,
 The man that brought the challenge proud before.

LIX

At Sion was this princess entertained
 By that old tyrant, and her mother dead,
 Whose loss too soon the woeful damsel plained,
 Her grief was such she liv'd not half the year,
 Yet banishment nor loss of friends constrained
 The hapless maid her passions to forbear,
 For though exceeding were her woe and grief,
 Of all her sorrows yet her love was chief

LX

The seely maid in secret longing pined,
 Her hope a mote drawn up by Phœbus' rays,
 Her love a mountain seem'd, whereon bright shined
 Fresh memory of Tancred's worth and praise
 Within her closet if herself she shined,
 A hotter fire her tender heart assays
 Tancred at last, to raise her hope nigh dead,
 Before those walls did his broad ensign spread

LXI

The rest to view the Christian army feared,
 Such seem'd their number, such their power and might,
 But she alone her troubled forehead cleared,
 And on them spread her beauty shining bright,
 In every squadron when it first appeared,
 Her curious eye sought out her chosen knight,
 And every gallant that the rest excels,
 The same seems him, so love and fancy tells

LXII

Within the kingly palace, builded high,
 A turret standeth near the city's wall,
 From which Erminia might at ease descry
 The western host, the plains and mountains all,
 And there she stood all the long day to spy,
 From Phœbus' rising to his evening fall,
 And with her thoughts disputed of his praise,
 And every thought a scalding sigh did raise

LXIII.

From hence the furious combat she survey'd,
 And felt her heart tremble with fear and pain
 Her secret thought thus to her fancy said
 Behold thy dear in danger to be slain
 So with suspect, with fear and grief dismay'd,
 Attended she her darling's loss or gain
 And ever when the Pagan lift his blade
 The stroke a wound in her weak bosom made

LXIV

But when she saw the end, and wist withal
 Their strong contention should still begin
 And 't strange her courage did appal
 Her vital blood was icy cold within;
 Sometimes she sigh'd, sometimes tears let fall,
 To witness what distress her heart was in
 Hopeless dismay'd, pale, sad, astonish'd,
 Her love her fear her fear her torment bred.

LXV

Her idle brain unto her soul presented
 Death, in an hundred ugly fashions painted;
 And if she slept, then was her grief augmented
 With such sad visions were her thoughts acquainted
 She saw her lord with wounds and hurts tormented
 How he complain'd, call'd for her help, and fainted
 And found awak'd from that unquiet sleeping
 Her heart with pining sore eyes red with weeping

LXVI.

Yet these presages of his coming ill
 Not the chief cause of her discomfort were,
 She saw his blood from his deep wounds distil,
 Nor what he suffer'd could she bide or bear:
 Besides, report her longing ear did fill
 Doubling his danger doubling so her fear
 That she concludes, so was her courage lost
 Her wounded lord was weak, faint, dead, most

LXVII

And, for her mother had her taught before
 The secret virtue of each herb that springs,
 Besides fit charms for every wound or sore
 Corruption breedeth, or misfortune brings,
 (An art esteemed in those times of yore
 Beseeming daughters of great lords and kings,)
 She would herself be surgeon to her knight,
 And heal him with her skill, or with her sight

LXVIII

Thus would she cure her love, and cure her foe
 She must, that had her friends and kinsfolk slain
 Some cursed weeds her cunning hand did know,
 That could augment his harm, increase his pain,
 But she abhorr'd to be revenged so,
 No treason should her spotless person stain,
 And virtueless she wish'd all herbs and charms
 Wherewith false men increase their patients' harms

LXIX

Nor feared she among the bands to stray
 Of armed men, for often had she seen
 The tragic end of many a bloody fray,
 Her life had full of haps and hazards been,
 This made her bold in every hard assay,
 More than her feeble sex became, I ween,
 She feared not the shake of every reed,
 So cowards are courageous made through need

LXX

Love,—fearless, hardy, and audacious love,—
 Embold'ned had this tender damsel so,
 That where wild beasts and serpents glide and move,
 Though Afric's deserts durst she ride or go,
 Save that her honour (she esteem'd above
 Her life and body's safety) told her no,
 For in the secret of her troubled thought
 A doubtful combat love and honour fought —

LXXI.

O spotless virgin (Honour thus begun)
 That my true love observed firmly hast,
 When with thy foes thou didst in bondage won,
 Remember then I kept thee pure and chaste;
 At liberty now whither wouldst thou run,
 To lay that field of princely virtue waste
 Or lose that jewel ladies hold so dear?
 Is my lovehood so great a load to bear?

LXXII

Or deemst thou it a praise of little price
 The glorious title of a virgin's name?
 That thou wilt gad by night in gilet wise
 Amidst thine armed foes to seek thy shame?
 O fool! a woman conquers when she flies,
 Refusal kindleth, *in afflu* quench the flame
 Thy lord will judge thou sinnest beyond measure,
 If ainy thus thou waste so rich a treasure.—

LXXIII

The sly deceiver Cupid, thus beguill'd
 The simple damsel with his filid tongue —
 Thou wert not born (quoth he) in deserts wild
 The cruel bears and savage beasts among,
 That thou shouldst scorn fair Citherea's child,
 Or hate those pleasures that to youth belong
 Nor did the gods thy heart of iron frame
 To be in love is neither sin nor shame

LXXIV

Go then go, whither wot desire inviteth
 How can thy gentle knight so cruel be?
 Lo e in his heart thy grief and sorrows writeth
 For thy laments how he complaineth see.
 Oh cruel woman, whom no care exciteth
 To save his life that sav'd and honour'd thee!
 He languisheth one foot thou wilt not move
 To succour him, yet say'st thou art in love.

LXXV

No, no, stay here Argantes' wounds to cure,
 And make him strong to shed thy darling's blood,
 Of such reward he may himself assure,
 'That doth a thankless woman so much good —
 Ah, may it be thy patience can endure
 'To see the strength of this Circassian wood,
 And not with horror and amazement shrunk,
 When on their future fight thou hap'st to think ?

LXXVI

Besides the thanks and praises for the deed,
 Suppose what joy, what comfort shalt thou win,
 When thy soft hand doth wholesome plasters spread
 Upon the breaches in his ivory skin,
 'Thence to thy dearest lord may health succeed,
 Strength to his limbs, blood to his cheeks so thin,
 And his rare beauties, now half dead and more,
 'Thou may'st to him, him to thyself restore

LXXVII

So shall some part of his adventures bold
 And valiant acts henceforth be held as thine ;
 His dear embracements shall thee strait enfold,
 'Together join'd in marriage rites divine,
 'Tastly, high place of honour shalt thou hold
 Among the matrons sage and dames Latine,
 In Italy, a land (as each one tells)
 Where valour true and true religion dwells —

LXXVIII

With such vain hopes the seely maid abused,
 Promis'd herself mountains and hills of gold
 Yet were her thoughts with doubts and fears confused,
 How to escape unseen out of that hold,
 Because the watchmen every minute used
 To guard the walls against the Christians bold,
 And in such fury and such heat of war,
 The gates or seld or never open'd are

LXXV

With strong Clorinda was Erminia sweet
 In surest links of dearest friend hip bound
 With her she us'd the rising sun to greet,
 And her (when Phoebus glided under ground)
 She made the lovely partner of her sheet
 In both their hearts one will, one thought was found;
 Nor aught she hid from that virago bold,
 Except her love that tale to none she told,

LXXVI

That kept she secret; if Clorinda heard
 Her make complaints or sadly lament
 To other cause her sorrow she refer'd,
 Matter enough she had of discontent;
 Like as the bird, that having close imbar'd
 Her tender young ones in the springing bent,
 To draw the murderer farther from her nest,
 Cries and complains most, where she needeth least.

LXXVII

Alone, within her chamber's secret part,
 Sitting one day upon her heavy thought,
 Devising by what means, what sleight, what art,
 Her close departure should be safest wrought
 Assembled in her unresolv'd heart,
 A hundred passions stir and in her fought,
 At last she saw high hanging on the wall
 Clorinda's silver arms; and sigh'd withal —

And sighing softly to herself she said,
 How bold is this virgin in her right!
 How envy I the glory of the maid
 Yet envy not her shape or beauty's light
 Her steps are not with trailing garments staid,
 Nor chambers hide her valour's shining bright
 But arm'd she rides and breaks with sword and spear,
 Nor is her strength restrain'd by shame or fear

LXXXIII

Alas! why did not heav'n these members frail
 With lively force and vigour strengthen so,
 That I this silken gown and slender veil
 Might for a breastplate and an helm forego?
 Then should not heat, nor cold, nor rain, nor hail,
 Nor storms that fall, nor blust'ring winds that blow,
 Withhold me, but I would both day and night
 In pitched field or private combat fight

LXXXIV

Nor haddest thou, Argantes, first begun
 With my dear lord that fierce and cruel fight,
 But I to that encounter would have run,
 And haply ta'en him captive by my might,
 Yet should he find (our furious combat done)
 His thralldom easy, and his bondage light,
 For fetters mine embracements should he prove,
 For diet, kisses sweet, for keeper, love

LXXXV

Or else my tender bosom opened wide,
 And heart through-pierced with his cruel blade,
 The bloody weapon in my wounded side
 Might cure the wound, which love before had made,
 Then should my soul in rest and quiet slide
 Down to the valleys of th' Elysian shade,
 And my mishap the knight perchance would move
 To shed some tears upon his murdered love

LXXXVI

Alas! impossible are all these things,
 Such wishes vain afflict my woeful sprite
 Why yield I thus to plants and sorrowings,
 As if all hope and help were perish'd quite?
 My heart dares much, it soars with Cupid's wings
 Why use I not for once these armours bright?
 I may sustain awhile this shield aloft,
 Though I be tender feeble, weak, and soft.

LXXXVII.

Love, strong bold mighty never tired love,
 Supplieth force to all his servants true
 The fearful stage he doth to battails move
 Till each his horns in other's blood embroo
 Yet mean not I the haps of war to prove,
 A stratagem I have devised new
 Clorinda-like in this fair harness fight
 I will escape out of the town this night.

LXXXVIII.

I know the men that have the gate to ward,
 If she can and dare not her will deny
 In what sort else could I beguile the guard?
 This way is only left, this will I try
 O gentle love, in this adventure hard
 Thine handmaid guide, assist, and fortify!
 The time, the hour now fitteth best the thing
 While stout Clorinda talketh with the king.—

Resolved thus without delay she went,
 As her strong pæon did her rashly guide,
 And those bright arms down from the rafter bent,
 Within her closet did she closely hide:
 That might she do mean for she had sent
 The rest on sleeveless errands from her side
 And night her stealths brought to their wished end
 Night, patroness of thieves, and lovers' friend!

XC.

Some sparkling fires on heav'n a bright visage shone,
 His azure robe the orient brightness lost,
 When she, whose wit and reason both were gone,
 Call'd for a squire she lov'd and trusted most
 To whom, and to a maid (a faithful one)
 Part of her will she told how that in post
 She would depart from Judah's king and feign'd
 That other cause her sudden flight constrain'd.

XCI

The trusty squire provided needments meet,
 As for their journey fitting most should be,
 Meanwhile her vesture (pendent to her feet)
 Erminia doft, as erst determin'd she
 Stript to her petticoat, the virgin sweet
 So slender was, that wonder was to see,
 Her handmaid, ready at her mistress' will,
 To arm her help'd, though simple were her skill

XCII

The rugged steel oppress'd and offended
 Her dainty neck and locks of shining gold,
 Her tender arm so feeble was, it bended
 When that huge target it presum'd to hold,
 The burnish'd steel bright rays far off extended,
 She feigned courage, and appeared bold
 Fast by her side unseen smil'd Venus' son,
 As erst he laugh'd when Alcides spun

XCIII

Oh, with what labour did her shoulders bear
 That heavy burden, and how slow she went!
 Her maid, to see that all the coasts were clean,
 Before her mistress through the streets was sent
 Love gave her courage, love evild fear,
 Love to her tired limbs new vigour lent,
 Till she approached where the squire abode,
 There took they horse forthwith, and forward rode

XCIV

Disguis'd they went, and by unused ways
 And secret paths they strove unseen to gone,
 Until the watch they meet, which sore affrays
 These soldiers new, when swords and weapons shone,
 Yet none to stop their journey once assays,
 But place and passage yielded every one,
 For that white armour and that helmet bright
 Were known and feared in the darkest night.

XCIV

Erminia (though some deal she were dismay'd)
 Yet went she on and goodly count'nance bore
 She doubted lest her purpose were bowray'd
 Her too-much boldness she repented sore.
 But now the gate her fear and passage staid,
 The heedless porter she beguill'd thus: —
 I am Clorinda, ope the gates, she cried,
 Whereas the king a while thus late I ride. —

XCVL

Her woman's voice and terms all framed been
 Most like the speeches of the princess stout.
 Who would have thought on horseback to have seen
 That feeble dæmuel armed round about?
 The porter her obey'd and she (between
 Her trusty squire and maiden) sallied out,
 And through the secret dokes they silent pass,
 Where danger least, least fear least peril was.

XCVIL

But when these fair advent'urers entered were
 Deep in a vale, Erminia staid her haste
 To be recall'd she had no cause to fear
 Thus foremost hazard had she truly past
 But dangers new (tofore unseen) appear
 New perils she descried, new doubts she cast
 The way that her desire to quiet brought
 More difficult now seem'd than erst she thought.

XCVIII.

Armed to ride among her angry foes,
 She now perceiv'd it was great oversight;
 Yet would she not, she thought, herself disclose,
 Until she came before her chosen knight
 To him she purpos'd to present the rose,
 Pure, spotless, clean untouch'd of mortal wight
 She staid therefore and in her thoughts more wise,
 She call'd her squire, whom thus she gave advice —

XCIV

Thou must, quoth she, be mine ambassador,
 Be wise, be careful, true, and diligent,
 Go to the camp, present thyself before
 The prince Tancredie, wounded in his tent,
 Tell him thy mistress comes to cure his sore,
 If he to grant her peace and rest consent,
 'Gainst whom fierce love such cruel war hath raised;
 So shall his wound be cur'd, her torments eased.

C.

And say, in him such hope and trust she hath,
 That in his powers she fears no shame nor scorn,
 Tell him thus much, and whatso'er he saith,
 Untold no more, but make a quick return -
 I (for this place is free from harm and seath)
 Within this valley will meanwhile sojourn -
 Thus spake the princess, and her servant true
 To execute the charge imposed flew,

CI.

And was receiv'd (he so discreetly wrought)
 First of the watch that guarded in their place,
 Before the wounded prince then was he brought,
 Who heard his message kind with gentle grace;
 Which told, he left him tossing in his thought
 A thousand doubts, and turn'd his speedy pace
 To bring his lady and his mistress word
 She might be welcome to that courteous lord.

CII.

But she impatient, to whose desire
 Grievous and harmful seem'd each little stay,
 Recounts his steps, and thinks, now draws he nigher,
 Now enters in, now speaks, now comes his way,
 And that which griev'd her most, the careful squire
 Less speedy seem'd than e'er before that day
 Lastly she forward rode with love to guide,
 Until the Christian tents at hand she spied

CIII.

Invested in her starry veil the night
 In her kind arms embraced all this round
 The silver moon from sea uprising bright,
 Spread frosty pearl upon the candleod ground
 And Cynthia-like for beauty's glistering light,
 The love-sick nymph threw glist'ring beams around
 And emwallers of her old love she made
 Those valleys dumb that silence, and that had

CIV.

Beholding then the camp, quoth she,—O fair
 And castle-like pavilions, richly wrought
 From you how sweet methinks blows the air
 How comforts it my heart, my soul, my thought!
 Through her *is* fair grace, from galls of sad despair
 My tossed bark to port well nigh is brought
 In you I seek redress for all my harms
 Rest midst your weapons, peace amongst your arms

OR

Receive me then and let me mercy find,
 As gentle love will me I shall
 Among you had I entertainment kind,
 When first I was the Prince Tamerle's thrall
 I covet not, led by ambition blind,
 You should me in my father's throne instal,
 Might I but serve in you my lord so dear
 That my content my joy my comfort were.

CVI.

Thus perlied she (poor soul) and never feared
 The sudden blow of fortune's cruel spate
 She stood where Phoebe's splendid beam appeared
 Upon her silver armour doubly bright
 The place about her round the shining cleared
 Of that pure white wherein the nymph was dight
 The tigress great that on her helmet laid,
 Bore witness where she went, and where she staid.

CVII.

So, as her fortune would, a Christian band
 Their secret ambush there had closely framed,
 Let by two brothers of Italia land,
 Young Polpherne and Alicandro named,
 These with their forces watched to withstand
 Those that brought vittales to their foes untamed,
 And kept that passage, them Ermima spied,
 And fled as fast as her swift steed could ride

CVIII

But Polpherne, before whose watery eyes
 His aged father strong Clorinda slew,
 When that bright shield and silver helm he spies,
 The championess he thought he saw and knew,
 Upon his hidden mates for aid he cries
 'Gainst his supposed foe, and forth he flew,
 As he was rash and heedless in his wrath,
 Bending his lance 'Thou art but dead, he saith

CLX

As when a chased hind her course doth bend
 To seek by soil to find some ease or good,
 Whether from craggy rock the spring descend,
 Or softly glide within the shady wood,
 If there the dogs she meet where late she wend
 To comfort her weak limbs in cooling flood,
 Again she flies swift as she fled at first,
 Forgetting weakness, weariness, and thirst

CX

So she, that thought to rest her weary spright,
 And quench the endless thirst of ardent love,
 With dear embracements of her lord and knight,
 But such as marriage rites should first approve,
 When she beheld her foe, with weapon bright,
 Threat'ning her death, his hasty courser move,
 Her love, her lord, herself abandoned,
 She spurr'd her speedy steed, and swift she fled.

CXI.

Erminia fled, scantily the tender grass
 Her Pegasus with his light footsteps bent,
 Her maiden's beast for speed did likewise pass
 Yet divers ways (such was their fear) they went:
 The squire, who all too late return'd, alas!
 With tardy news from Prince Tancred's tent
 Fle'd likewise, when he saw his mistress gone
 It boot'd not to sojourn there again

CXII.

But Alonzo, wiser than the rest,
 Who this suppos'd Clorinda saw likewise,
 To follow her yet was he nothing press'd,
 But in his ambush still and close he lies
 A messenger to Godfrey he address'd,
 That should him of this accident advise
 How that his brother chas'd with naked blade
 Clorinda's self or else Clorinda's shade

CXIII

Yet that it was, or that it could be she,
 He had small cause or reason to suppose,
 Occasion great and weighty must it be
 Should make her ride by night among her foes
 What Godfrey willed that observ'd he,
 And with his soldiers lay in ambush close.
 These news through all the Christian army went,
 In every cabin talk'd, and every tent.

CXIV

Tancred whose thoughts the squire had fill'd with doubt,
 By his sweet words, suppos'd now hearing this—
 Alas! the virgin came to seek me out,
 And for my sake her life in danger is.—
 Himself forthwith he singled from the rout,
 And rode in haste, though half his arms he miss'd
 Among those sandy fields and valleys green
 To seek his love, he gallop'd fast unseen.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT

A shepherd fair Erminia entertains,	6
Whom whilst Tancredie seeks in vain to find,	22
He is entrapp'd in Armida's trains	27
Raymond with strong Argantes is assign'd	61
To fight an Angel to his aid he gains	79
Satan, that sees the Pagan's fury blind	
And hasty wrath turn to his loss and harm,	
Doth raise new tempest, uproar, and alarm.	99

I

ERMINIA'S steed this while his mistress bore
 Through forests thick among the shady trees,
 Her feeble hand the bridle reins forlorn,
 Half in a swoon she was for fear, I ween;
 But her fleet courser spared ne'er the more
 To bear her through the desert woods unseen
 Of her strong foes, that chas'd her through the plain,
 And still pursu'd, but still pursu'd in vain

II

Like as the weary hounds at last retire,
 Windless, displeas'd, from the fruitless chase,
 When the sly beast tapish'd in bush and briar,
 No art nor pains can rouse out of his place,
 The Christian knights so full of shame and ire
 Returned back, with faint and weary pace,
 Yet still the fearful dame fled swift as wind,
 Nor ever staid nor ever look'd behind

III.

Through thick and thin all night, all day she drove,
 Withouten comfort, company or guide
 Her plaints and tears with every thought revived.
 She heard and saw her griefs, but nought heard
 But when the sun his burning chariot drove
 In Thetis' wave, and weary team untied
 On Jordan's sandy banks her course she staid
 At last, there down she light, and down she laid.

IV

Her tears her drink, her food her sorrowings,
 This was her diet that unhappy night
 But sleep, that sweet repose and quiet brings
 To ease the griefs of disorientated wight,
 Spread forth his tender soft, and nimble wings,
 In his dull arms fast'ning the virgin bright
 And love, his mother and the graces kept
 Strong watch and ward, while this fair lady slept.

V

The birds awak'd her with their morning song
 Their warbling made pierce her tender ear
 The murmuring brooks and whistling winds among
 The rattling boughs and leaves their parts did bear
 Her eyes mov'd and beheld the groves along
 Of swains and shepherd youths that dwellings were
 And that sweet noise, birds, winds, and waters sent,
 Provok'd again the lady to lament

VI.

Her plaints were interrupted with a sound
 That seem'd from thickest bushes to proceed
 Some jolly shepherd sung a lusty round,
 And to his voice had tun'd his oaten reed
 Thither she went an old man there she found
 At whose right hand his little flock did feed,
 Sat making bleats, his three sons among,
 That learn'd their father's art, and learn'd his song



[The Jordan.]

VII.

Beholding one in hml g arms appear
 The seely man and his were sore dismay d
 But sweet *Laminta* comforted their fear
 Her ventail up her visage open had.—
 You happy folk, of heav n beloved dear,
 Work on, quoth she, upon your harmless trade
 These dreadful arms I bear no warfare bring
 To your sweet toil, nor those sweet tunes you sing

VIII.

But, father since this land, those towns and towers
 Destroyed are with sword, with fire, and spoil
 How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
 In safety thus apply your harmless toil?—
 My son, quoth he, this poor estate of ours
 Is ever safe from storm of warlike broil
 This wilderness doth us in safety keep,
 No thund ring drums, no trumpet breaks our sleep:

IX.

Haply just heav'ns, defence and shield of right,
 Doth love the innocency of simple swains
 The thunderbolts on highest r t ma light,
 And seld or never strike the lower plains
 So kings have cause to fear *Bollona's* might,
 Not they whose sweat and toll their dinner gains
 Nor over greedy soldier was enticed
 By poverty neglected and despised:

X.

O *pa city!* chief of the heav'nly brood,
 Dearer to me than wealth or kingly crown
 No wish for honour thirst of other's good,
 Can move my heart, contented with mine own:
 We quench our thirst with water of this flood
 Nor fear we poison should therein be thrown
 These little flocks of sheep and tender goats
 Give milk for food, and wool to make us coats

XI

We little wish, we need but little wealth,
 From cold and hunger us to clothe and feed,
 These are my sons, their care preserves from stealth
 Then father's flocks, nor servants more I need
 Amid these groves I walk oft for my health,
 And to the fishes, birds, and beasts give heed,
 How they are fed in forest, spring, and lake,
 And their contentment for ensample take

XII

'Time was (for each one hath his doting time,
 These silver locks were golden tresses then)
 That country life I hated as a crime,
 And from the forest's sweet contentment ran,
 To Memphis' stately palace would I climb,
 And there became the mighty caliph's man,
 And though I but a simple gardener were,
 Yet could I mark abuses, see and hear

XIII

Enticed on with hope of future gain,
 I suffer'd long what did my soul displease,
 But when my youth was spent, my hope was vain,
 I felt my native strength at last decrease,
 I 'gan my loss of lusty years complain,
 And wish'd I had enjoy'd the country's peace,
 I bade the court farewell, and with content
 My later age here have I quiet spent —

XIV

While thus he spake, Erminia, hush'd and still,
 His wise discourses heard with great attention,
 His speeches grave those idle fancies kill,
 Which in her troubled soul bred such dissension.
 After much thought reformed was her will,
 Within those woods to dwell was her intention,
 Till fortune should occasion new afford,
 To turn her home to her desired lord

XV

She said thus: O shepherd full of state!
 That troubles some didst whilom feel and prove,
 Yet livest now in this contented state,
 Let my mishap thy thoughts to pity move,
 To entertain me as a willing mate
 In shepherd's life, which I admire and love
 Within these pleasant groves perchance my heart
 Of her discontents may mind some part.

XVI.

If gold or wealth, of most esteemed dear
 If jewels rich thou didst hold in prize,
 Such store thereof such plenty have I here,
 As to a greedy mind might well suffice.—
 With that down trickled many a silver tear
 Two crystal streams fell from her watery eyes
 Part of her sad misfortunes then she told
 And wept, and with her wept that shepherd old.

XVII.

With speeches kind he gain the virgin dear
 Towards his cottage gently home to guide
 His aged wife there made her homely cheer
 Yet welcom'd her and plac'd her by her side.
 The princess don'd a poor peasant's gear
 A kerchief woven upon her head she tied
 But yet her gestures and her looks, I guess,
 Were such as ill becom'd a shepherdess:

XVIII.

Not those rude garb could obscure and hide
 The heav'nly beauty of her angel's face,
 Nor was her princely visage dimm'd
 Or ought disparag'd by those labours base
 Her little flocks to pasture would she guide,
 And milk her goats, and in their folds them place;
 Both chime and luller could she make and frame
 Herself to please the shepherd and his dame.

XIX

But oft, when underneath the green-wood shade
 Her flocks lay hid from Phœbus' scorching rays,
 Unto her knight she songs and sonnets made,
 And them engrav'd in bark of beech and bays,
 She told how Cupid did her first invade,
 How conquer'd her, and ends with Tancred's praise
 And when her passion's writ she over read,
 Again she mourn'd, again salt tears she shed —

XX

You happy trees, for ever keep (quoth she)
 This woeful story in your tender mind,
 Another day under your shade, may be,
 Will come to rest again some lover kind,
 Who if these trophies of my griefs he see,
 Shall feel dear pity pierce his gentle mind
 With that she sigh'd, and said—Too late I prove
 There is no truth in fortune, trust in love

XXI

Yet may it be (if gracious heav'ns attend
 The earnest suit of a distressed wight)
 At my entreat they will vouchsafe to send
 To these huge deserts that unthankful knight,
 That when to earth the man his eyes shall bend,
 And see my grave, my tomb, and ashes light,
 My woeful death his stubborn heart may move,
 With tears and sorrows to reward my love

XXII

So, though my life hath most unhappy been,
 At least yet shall my spirit dead be blest,
 My ashes cold shall, buried on this green,
 Enjoy that good this body ne'er possess —
 Thus she complain'd to the senseless treen,
 Floods in her eyes, and fires were in her breast,
 But he for whom these streams of tears she shed,
 Wander'd far off, alas! as chance him led

XXVII

His stallworth steed the champion stout bestrode,
 And pricked fast to find the way he lost ;
 But through a valley as he musing rode,
 He saw a man, that seem'd for haste a post ,
 His horn was hung between his shoulders broad,
 As is the guise with us Tancredie crost
 His way, and gently pray'd the man to say,
 To Godfrey's camp how he should find the way —

XXVIII

Sir, in the Italian language, answer'd he,
 I ride where noble Boemond hath me sent —
 The Prince thought this his uncle's man should be,
 And after him his course with speed he bent
 A fortress stately built at last they see,
 'Bout which a muddy stinking lake there went,
 There they arriv'd when Titan went to rest
 His weary limbs in night's untroubled nest

XXIX

The courier gave the fort a warning blast,
 The drawbridge was let down by them within —
 If thou a Christian be (quoth he) thou may'st
 Till Phœbus shine again here take thine inn ,
 The County of Cosenza (three days past)
 This castle from the Turks did nobly win
 The Prince beheld the peece, which site and art
 Impregnable had made on every part ;

XXX

He fear'd within a pile so fortified
 Some secret treason or enchantment lay ,
 But had he known even there he should have died,
 Yet should his looks no sign of fear bewray ,
 For wheresoever will or chance him guide,
 His strong victorious hand still made him way ,
 Yet, for the combat he must shortly make,
 No new adventures list he undertake.

XXXV

When that great name Rambaldo's cars did fill,
 He shook for fear and looked pale for dread,
 Yet proudly said—Tancred, thy hap was ill
 To wander hither where thou art but dead,
 Where nought can help thy courage, strength, and skill,
 To Godfrey will I send thy cursed head,
 That he may see how, for Armida's sake,
 Of him and of his Christ a scorn I make —

XXXVI

This said, the day to sable night was turned,
 That scant one could another's arms descry,
 But soon a hundred lamps and torches burned,
 That cleared all the earth and all the sky,
 The castle seem'd a stage with lights adorned,
 On which men play some pompous tragedy
 Within a terrace sat on high the Queen,
 And heard and saw, and kept herself unseen

XXXVII

The noble Baron whet his courage hot,
 And busk'd him boldly to the dreadful fight,
 Upon his horse long while he tarried not,
 Because on foot he saw the Pagan knight,
 Who underneath his trusty shield was got,
 His sword was drawn, clos'd was his helmet bright,
 'Gainst whom the Prince march'd on a stately pace,
 Wrath in his voice, rage in his eyes and face

XXXVIII

His foe, his furious charge not well abiding,
 Travers'd his ground, and started here and there,
 But he (though faint and weary both with riding)
 Yet followed fast, and still oppress'd him near,
 And on what side he felt Rambaldo sliding,
 On that his forces most employed were,
 Now at his helm, now at his hawberk bright,
 He thundered blows, now at his face and sight,

XVIII

The Pagan wretch no longer could sustain
 The dreadful terror of his fierce aspect,
 Against the threat'ned blow he saw right plain
 No temper'd armour could his life protect,
 He leap'd aside, the stroke fell down in vain
 Against a pillar near the bridge erect,
 Thence flaming fire and thousand sparks out start,
 And kill with fear the coward Pagau's heart

XIV

Toward the bridge the fearful Panim fled,
 And in swift flight his hope of life reposed,
 Himself fast after Lord Tancredie sped,
 And now in equal pace almost they closed,
 When, all the burning lamps extinguished,
 The shining fort his goodly splendour losed,
 And all those stars on heaven's blue face that shone,
 With Cinthia's self, dis'peared were and gone

XLV

Amid those witchcrafts and that ugly shade
 No further could the Prince pursue the chace,
 Nothing he saw, yet forward still he made,
 With doubtful steps, and ill-assured pace,
 At last his foot upon a threshold trade,
 And ere he wish'd he entered had the place,
 With ghastly noise the door-leaves shut behind,
 And clos'd him fast in prison dark and blind

XLVI

As in our seas, in the Comachuan bay,
 A seely fish, with streams enclosed, striveth
 To shun the fury and avoid the sway
 Wherewith the current in that whirlpool driveth,
 Yet seeketh all in vain, but finds no way
 Out of that watery prison where she diveth,
 For with such force there be the tides in-brought,
 There entereth all that will, thence issueth nought

LI.

The night, which that expected day fore-went,
 Scantly the Pagan clos'd his eyes to sleep,
 He told how night her sliding hours spent,
 And rose ere springing day began to peep,
 He call'd for armour, which incontinent
 Was brought by him that used the same to keep,
 That harness rich old Aladine him gave,
 A worthy present for a champion brave.

LII

He don'd them on, nor long their riches ey'd,
 Nor did he aught with so great weight incline,
 His wonted sword upon his thigh he tied,
 The blade was old and tough, of temper fine
 As when a comet, far and wide descried,
 In scorn of Phœbus 'midst bright heav'n doth shine,
 And tidings sad of death and mischief brings
 To mighty lords, to monarchs, and to kings,

LIII

So shone the Pagan in bright armour clad,
 And roll'd his eyes great swell'd with ire and blood,
 His dreadful gestures threat'ned horror sad,
 And ugly death upon his forehead stood,
 Not one of all his squires the courage had
 'T' approach their master in his angry mood,
 Above his head he shook his naked blade,
 And 'gainst the subtle air vain battle made —

LIV

That Christian thief (quoth he) that was so bold
 To combat me in hard and single fight,
 Shall wounded fall inglorious on the mould,
 His locks with clods of blood and dust bedight,
 And living shall with wat'ry eyes behold
 How from his back I tear his harness bright,
 Nor shall his dying words me so entreat,
 But that I'll give his flesh to dogs for meat

LV

Like as a bull when prick'd with jealousy
 He spies the rival of his hot desire
 Through all the fields doth bellow roar and cry
 And with his thund'ring voice augments his ire
 And threatning battle to the empty sky,
 Tears with his horn each tree, plant, bush and briar
 And with his foot casts up the sand on height,
 Defying his strong foe to deadly fight

LVI.

Such was the Pagan's fury such his cry
 An herald call'd he then, and thus he spake —
 Go to the camp, and in my name defy
 The men that combat for his Jesus' sake —
 This said upon his steed he mounted high,
 And with him did his noble prisoner take
 The town he thus forsook, and on the green
 He ran as mad or frantic he had been.

LVII.

A bugle small he winded loud and shrill,
 That made around the fields and valleys near
 Louder than thunder from Olympus hill
 Seemed that dreadful blast to all that hear
 The Christian lords of prowess, strength and skill
 Within th' imperial tent assembled were,
 The herald there in boasting terms defied
 Tancred's first, and all that durst beside.

LVIII.

With sober cheer Godfredo look'd about,
 And view'd at leisure every lord and knight,
 But yet for all his looks not one stepped out
 With courage bold to undertake the fight:
 Absent were all the Chastellau champions stout,
 No news of Tancred since his secret flight
 Bemoor'd far off, and furnished from the crew
 Was that strong Prince who proud Gerardo slew

LIX

And eke those ten which chosen were by lot,
 And all the worthies of the camp beside,
 After Armida false were follow'd hot,
 When night was come their secret flight to hude,
 The rest their hands and hearts that trusted not
 Blushed for shame, yet silent still abide,
 For none there was that sought to purchase fame
 In so great peril, fear exiled shame

LX

The angry Duke their fear discovered plain,
 By their pale looks and silence, from each part,
 And as he moved was with just disdain,
 These words he said and from his seat upstart —
 Unworthy life I judge that coward swain
 To hazard it e'en now that wants the heart,
 When this vile Pagan with his glorious boast
 Dishonours and defies Christ's sacred host

LXI

But let my camp sit still in peace and rest,
 And my life's hazard at their ease behold,
 Come bring me here my fairest arms and best, —
 And they were brought sooner than could be told
 But gentle Raymond, in his aged breast
 Who had mature advice and counsel old,
 Than whom in all the camp were none or few
 Of greater might, before Godfredo drew,

LXII

And gravely said—Ah let it not betide
 On one man's hand to venture all this host!
 No private soldier thou, thou art our guide,
 If thou miscarry all our hope were lost,
 By thee must Babel fall and all her pride,
 Of our true faith thou art the prop and post,
 Rule with thy sceptre, conquer with thy word,
 Let others combat make with spear and sword

LXIII

Let me this Pagan's glorious pride age,
 These good arms can yet their weapons use
 Let others shun Bellona's dreadful rage,
 Those silver locks shall not Raymond's scum.
 Oh that I were in prime of lusty age
 Like you that this adventure brave refuse,
 And dare not once lift up your coward eyes
 Gainst him that you and Christ himself despise!

LXIV

Or as I was, when all the lords of fame
 And German princes great stood by to view,
 In Conrad's court (the sovereign of that name)
 When Leopold in single fight I saw
 A greater praise I reap'd by the same,
 So strong a foe in combat to subdue,
 Than he should do who all alone shew'd chase
 Or kill a thousand of these Pagans base.

LXV

Within these arms had I that strength again
 This breathing Palmir had not liv'd till now
 Yet in this breast doth courage still remain
 For age or years these members shall not bow
 And if I be in this encounter slain,
 Suffice Argente shall not scape, I vow
 Give me mine arms, this battle shall with praise
 Augment mine honour got in younger days.—

LXVI

The jolly Baron old thus bravely spake,
 His words are spurs to virtue every knight
 That seem'd before to tremble and to quake
 Now talk'd bold, example both such might
 Each one the battle fierce would undertake,
 Now strove they all who should begin the fight
 Baldwin and Roger both would combat fair,
 Stephen, Guelpo, Gernier and the Gorrards twain

LXVII

And Pyrrhus, who, with help of Boemond's sword,
 Proud Antioch by cunning sleight oppress'd,
 The battle eke, with many a lowly word,
 Ralph, Rosimond, and Eberard request,
 A Scotch, an Irish, and an English lord,
 Whose lands the sea divides far from the rest,
 And for the fight did likewise humbly sue,
 Edward and his Guldippes, lovers true

LXVIII

But Raymond more than all the rest doth sue
 Upon that Pagan fierce to wreak his ire
 Now wants he nought of all his armours due
 Except his helm, that shone like flaming fire
 To whom Godfredo thus — O mirror true
 Of antique worth! thy courage doth inspire
 New strength in us, of Mars in thee doth shine
 The art, the honour, and the discipline

LXIX

If ten like thee of valour and of age
 Among these legions I could haply find,
 I should the heat of Babel's pride assuage,
 And spread our faith from Thule to furthest Inde,
 But now I pray thee calm thy valiant rage,
 Reserve thyself till greater need us bind,
 And let the rest each one write down his name,
 And see whom fortune chooseth to this game,

LXX

O! rather see whom God's high judgment taketh,
 To whom is chance and fate and fortune slave —
 Raymond his earnest suit not yet forsaketh,
 His name writ with the res'due would he have
 Godfrey himself in his bright helmet shaketh
 The scrolls, with names of all the champions brave
 They drew, and read the first whereon they hit,
 Wherein was Raymond, Earl of Tholouse, writ

LXXI

His name with joy and mighty shouts they bless
 The rest allow his choice, and fortune praise
 New vigour blushed through those looks of his,
 It seem'd he now resum'd his youthful days:
 Like to a snake whose slough new changed is,
 That shines like gold against the sunny rays
 But Godfrey most approv'd his fortune high
 And wish'd him honour conquest, victory

LXXII.

Then from his side he took his noble brand
 And giving it to Raymond, thus he spake —
 This is the sword wherewith, in Saxon land,
 The great Rubeck battle used to make
 From him I took it fighting hand to hand,
 And took his life with it and many a lake
 Of blood with it I have shed since that day
 With thee God grant it prove as happy may —

LXXIII

Of those delays meanwhile impatient,
 Argantes threat both loud and sternly cries—
 O glorious people of the Occident!
 Behold him here that all your host defies
 Why comes not Tancred, whose great hardiment
 With you is priz'd so dear? perchance he lies
 Still on his pillow and *per* the night
 Again may shield him from my power and might.

LXXIV

Why then some other come, by hand and hand
 Come all come forth on horseback, come on foot,
 If not one man dares combat hand to hand,
 In all the thousands of so great a rout
 See where the tomb of Mary's Son doth stand,
 March thither warriors bold, what makes you doubt?
 Why run you not, there for your sins to weep,
 Or to what greater need these forces keep?—

LXXV

Thus scorned by that heathen Saracine
 Were all the soldiers of Christ's sacred name
 Raymond (while others at his words repine)
 Burst forth in rage, he could not bear this shame,
 For fire of courage brighter far doth shine,
 If challenges and threats augment the same,
 So that upon his steed he mounted light,
 Which Aquilmo for his swiftness hight

LXXVI

This jennet was by Tagus bred, for oft
 The breeder of those beasts to war assign'd,
 When first on trees bourgeon the blossoms soft,
 Prick'd forward with the sting of fertile kind,
 Against the air casts up her head aloft,
 And gathereth seed so from the fruitful wind,
 And thus conceiving of the gentle blast,
 (A wonder strange and rare), she foals at last!

LXXVII

And had you seen the beast you would have said
 The light and subtle wind his father was,
 For if his course upon the sands he made,
 No sign was left what way the beast did pass,
 Or if he manag'd were, or if he play'd,
 He scanty bended down the tender grass
 Thus mounted rode the Earl, and as he went,
 Thus pray'd, to heaven his zealous looks up-bent —

LXXVIII.

O Lord! that diddest save, keep, and defend
 Thy servant David from Goliah's rage,
 And broughtest that huge giant to his end,
 Slain by a faithful child of tender age,
 Like grace, O Lord! like mercy now extend,
 Let me this vile blasphemous pride assuage,
 That all the world may to thy glory know,
 Old men and babes thy foes can overthrow —

XXIX

Thus pray'd the County, and his prayers dear
 Strength nee'd with zeal, with godliness and faith,
 Before the throne of that great Lord appear
 In whose sweet grace is life, death in his wrath
 Among his armies bright and legions clear
 The Lord an angel good selected hath
 To whom the charge was given to guard the knight,
 And keep him safe from that fierce Pagan's might.

XXX

The angel good, appointed for the guard
 Of noble Raymond from his tender child
 That kept him then, and kept him afterward
 When spear and sword he able was to wield
 Now when his great Creator's will he heard
 That in this fight he should him chiefly shield
 Up to a tower set on a rock did fly
 Where all the heavenly arms and weapons lie.

XXXI

There stands the lance wherewith great Michael slow
 The aged dragon in a bloody fight
 There are the dreadful thunders forged now
 With storms and plagues that on poor sinners light
 The massy trident mayst thou pendent view
 There on a golden pin hang up on height,
 Wherewith sometimes he smites this solid land,
 And throws down towns and towers thereon which stand.

L

Among the blessed weapons there which stand
 Upon a diamond shield his looks he bended
 So great that it might cover all the land
 Twixt Caucasus and Atlas hills extended
 With it the Lord's dear flocks and faithful bands,
 The holy kings and cities are defended
 The sacred angel took this target shewn
 And by the Christian champion stood unseen.

LXXXIII

But now the walls and turrets round about
 Both young and old with many thousands fill,
 The king Clorinda sent and her brave rout
 To keep the field, she staid upon the hill —
 Godfrey likewise some Christian bands sent out,
 Which arm'd and rank'd in good array stood still,
 And to their champions empty let remain
 'Twixt either troop a large and spacious plain.

LXXXIV

Aigantes looked for Tancredie bold,
 But saw an uncouth foe at last appear,
 Raymond rode on, and what he ask'd him told —
 Better thy chance, Tancred is now elsewhere,
 Yet glory not of that, myself behold
 Am come prepar'd, and bid thee battle here,
 And in his place, or for myself, to fight,
 Lo here I am, who scorn thy heath'nish night —

LXXXV

The Pagan cast a scornful smile, and said—
 But where is Tancred, is he still in bed?
 His looks late seem'd to make high heav'n afraid,
 But now for dread he is or dead or fled,
 But were earth's centre or the deep sea made
 His lurking hole, it should not save his head —
 Thou hest, he says, to say so brave a knight
 Is fled from thee, who thee exceeds in might —

LXXXVI

The angry Pagan said—I have not spilt
 My labour then if thou his place supply,
 Go, take the field, and let's see how thou wilt
 Maintain thy foolish words and that brave lie —
 Thus parlied they to meet in equal tilt,
 Each took his aim at other's helm on high,
 Even in the sight his foe good Raymond hit,
 But shak'd him not, he did so firmly sit

LXXXVII.

The fierce Christian miss'd of his blow,
 A thing which seldom befell the man before
 The angel by heaven his force did know
 And far awry the poignant weapon bore
 He burst his lance against the sand below
 And bit his lips for rage, and curst and swore
 Against his foe return'd he swift as wind
 Half mad in arms a second match to find.

LXXXVIII.

Like to a ram that butts with horned head,
 So spur'd he forth his horse with deep rate race:
 Raymond at his right hand let slide his steed
 And as he pass'd struck at the Pagan's face
 Who turn'd again the brave Earl nothing dread,
 Yet stepp'd aside and to his rage gave place,
 And on his helm with all his strength gave smite
 Which was so hard his courtlax could not bite.

The Saracine employ'd his art and force
 To gripe his foe within his mighty arms
 But he avoided nimbly with his horse
 He was no prentice in those fierce alarms;
 About him made he many a winding course,
 No strength, no sleight the subtle warrior harms
 His nimble steed obey'd his ready hand,
 And where he stept no print left in the sand.

XC.

As when a captain doth beseege some hold
 Set in a marsh or high on a hill,
 And trieth ways and wiles a thousand fold
 To bring the peeco subjected to his will
 So far'd the County with the Pagan bold
 And when he did his heed and breast none ill,
 His weaker parts he wisely gave — II
 And entrance search'd oft twist mail and mail.

XCI

At last he hit him on a place or twain,
 That on his arms the red blood trickled down,
 And yet himself untouched did remain,
 No nail was broke, no plume cut from his crown
 Argantes raging spent his strength in vain,
 Waste were his strokes, his thrusts were idle thrown,
 Yet press'd he on, and doubled still his blows,
 And where he hits he neither cares nor knows

XCII

Among a thousand blows the Saracine
 At last struck one, when Raymond was so near
 That not the swiftness of his Aquiline
 Could his dear lord from that huge danger bear
 But lo! at hand unseen was help divine,
 Which saves when worldly comforts none appear,
 The angel on his targe receiv'd that stroke,
 And on that shield Argantes' sword was broke

XCIII

The sword was broke, therein no wonder lies
 If earthly temper'd metal could not hold
 Against that target forg'd above the skies
 Down fell the blade in pieces on the mould,
 The proud Circassian scant believ'd his eyes,
 Though nought were left him but the hilts of gold,
 And full of thoughts amaz'd awhile he stood,
 Wond'ring the Christian's armour was so good

XCIV

The brittle web of that rich sword he thought
 Was broke through hardness of the County's shield,
 And so thought Raymond, who discovered nought
 What succour heav'n did for his safety yield,
 But when he saw the man 'gainst whom he fought
 Unweaponed, still stood he in the field,
 His noble heart esteem'd the glory light,
 At such advantage if he slew the knight.

XCV

Go fetch he would have said another hind
 When in his heart a better thought arose,
 How for Christ's glory he was champion met
 How Godfrey had him to this combat chose
 The armies' honour on his shoulder laid
 To hazards new he list not that expose
 While thus his thoughts debated on the case,
 The hilt Argantes harked at his face

XCVI.

And forward spurr'd his mounter fierce withal
 Within his arms longing his foe to strain
 Upon whose helm the heavy blow did fall
 And bent well nigh the metal to his brain :
 But he whose courage was heroicall
 Leap'd by and mak'ns the Pagan's onset vain,
 And wounds his hand, which he outstretched saw
 Fiercer than eagle's talon, lion's paw

XCVII.

Now here, now there, on every side he rode
 With nimble speed and spurr'd now out, now in
 And as he went and came still laid on load
 Where Lord Argantes arms were weak and thin
 All that huge force which in his arms abode,
 His wrath, his ire, his great desire to win,
 Against his foe together all he bent,
 And heav'n and fortune further'd his intent.

XCVIII.

But he, whose courage for no peril fails,
 Well arm'd and better hearted, scorns his powers
 Like a tall ship, when spent are all her sails,
 Which still resists the rage of storm and shower
 Whose mighty ribs fast bound with bands and nails,
 Withstand fierce Neptune's wrath for many an hour
 And yields not up her bruised keel to winds,
 In whose stern blasts no ruth nor grace she finds :

XCIX

Argues such thy present danger was,
 When Satan stirr'd to aid thee at thy need,
 In human shape he forg'd an airy mass,
 And made the shade a body seem indeed,
 Well might the spirit for Clorinda pass,
 Like her it was in armour and in weed,
 In stature, beauty, countenance, and face,
 In looks, in speech, in gesture, and in pace,

c.

And for the sprite should seem the same indeed,
 From whence she was whose show and shape it had,
 Towards the wall it rode with feigned speed,
 Where stood the people all dismay'd and sad
 To see then knight of help have so great need,
 And yet the law of arms all help forbad
 There in a turret sat a soldier stout
 To watch, and at a loop-hole peeped out

CI

The spirit spake to him, called Oradine,
 The noblest archer then that handled bow —
 O, Oradine, quoth she, who straight as line
 Canst shoot, and hit each mark set high or low,
 If yonder knight, alas! be slain in fine,
 As likest is, great ruth it were you know,
 And greater shame if his victorious foe
 Should with his spoils triumphant homeward go

CII

Now prove thy skill, thine arrow's sharp head dip
 In yonder thievish Frenchman's guilty blood,
 I promise thee thy sovereign shall not slip
 To give thee large rewards for such a good, —
 Thus said the sprite the man did laugh and skip
 For hope of future gain, nor longer stood,
 But from his quiver huge a shaft he hent,
 And set it in his mighty bow new bent

CIII

Twanged the string out flew the quarrel long
 And through the subtle air did singing pass
 It hit the knight, the buckles rich among
 Wherewith his precious girdle fasten'd was.
 It bruised them and pierc'd his hauberk strong
 Some little blood down trickled on the grass
 Light was the wound the angel by unseen
 The sharp head blunted of the weapon keen.

CIV

Raymond drew forth the shaft, as much bebov'd,
 And with the steel his blood out streaming came
 With bitter words his foe he then reprov'd
 For breaking faith, to his eternal shame.
 Godfrey whose careful eyes from his beloved
 Were never turned saw and mark'd the same
 And when he view'd the wounded County bleed
 He sigh'd, and feared more perchance than need

CV

And with his words and with his threatning eyes
 He stir'd his captains to revenge that wrong
 Forthwith the spurred courser forward hies
 Within their rests put were their lances long
 From either side a squadron brave out flies,
 And boldly made a fierce encounter strong
 Tho' raised dust to o'erspread began
 Their shining arms and far more shining sun.

CVI

Of breaking spears, of rumpug helm and shield,
 A dreadful rumour roar'd on every side,
 There lay a horse another through the field
 Ran masterless, dismounted was his guide
 Here one lay dead there did another yield,
 Some sigh'd some sobb'd some prayed, and some cry'd:
 Fierce was the fight and longer still it lasted
 Fiercer and fiercer still themself as they wasted.

CVII

Argantes nimbly leap'd amid the throng,
 And from a soldier wrung an iron mace,
 And breaking through the ranks and ranges long,
 Therewith he passage made himself and place,
 Raymond he sought the thickest prease among,
 To take revenge for late receiv'd disgrace,
 A greedy wolf he seem'd, and would assuage
 With Raymond's blood his hunger and his rage

CVIII

The way he found not easy as he would,
 But fierce encounters put him oft to pain,
 He met Ormanno and Rogero bold,
 Of Balnavile Guy, and the Gerards twain,
 Yet nothing might his rage and haste withhold,
 These worthies strove to stop him but in vain,
 With these strong lets increased still his ire,
 Like rivers stopp'd, or closely smould'ring fire

CIX

He slew Ormanno, wounded Guy, and laid
 Rogero low among the people slain,
 On every side new troops the man invade,
 Yet all their blows were waste, their onsets vain
 But while Argantes thus his prizes play'd,
 And seem'd alone this skirmish to sustain,
 The Duke his brother call'd, and thus he spake
 Go with thy troop, fight for thy Saviour's sake,

CX

There enter in where hottest is the fight,
 Thy force against the left wing strongly bend —
 This said, so brave an onset gave the knight,
 That many a Pannim bold there made his end
 The Turks too weak seem'd to sustain his might,
 And could not from his power their lines defend,
 Their ensigns rent, and broke was then array,
 And men and horse on heaps together lay.

CXL.

O *caithowu* likewise away the right wing ran,
 Nor was there one again that turn'd his face
 Save bold Argantes, else fled every man
 Fear drove them thence on heaps with headlong charge.
 He stay'd alone and battle new began
 Five hundred men, weapon'd with sword and mace,
 So great resistance never could have made,
 As did Argantes with his single *Naris*.

CXL.

The strokes of swords and thrusts of many a spear
 The shock of many a just, he long sustained
 He seem'd of strength enough this charge to bear
 And time to strike now here now there he gain'd
 His armour broke his members bruised were,
 He sweat and bled, yet courage still he scign'd
 But now his foes upon him press'd so fast,
 That with their weight they bore him back at last.

CXL.

His back giv'ng this storm at length he turned,
 Whose headlong fury bore him backward still
 Not like to one that fled but one that mourn'd
 Because he did his foes no *g. ealar* ill
 His threaten'g eyes like flaming torches burn'd,
 His courage thirsted yet more blood to spill
 And every way and every mean he sought
 To stay his flying mates, but all for nought.

CXLV

This good he did, while thus he play'd his part,
 His bands and troops at ease and safe retir'd
 Yet onward drest back order, fear wants art,
 Deaf to attend *nded* or desired.
 But Godfrey that perceiv'd in his wise heart
 How his bold knights to victory aspir'd,
 Fresh soldiers sent to make more quick pursuit,
 And help to gather conquest's precious fruit.

CXV

But this (alas !) was not th' appointed day
 Set down by heav'n to end this mortal war,
 The Western lords this time had borne away
 The prize for which they travell'd had so far,
 And not the devils (that saw the sure decay
 Of their false kingdom by this bloody war)
 At once made heav'n and earth with darkness blind,
 And stirr'd up tempests, storms, and blust'ring wind

CXVI

Heav'n's glorious lamp, wrapp'd in an ugly veil
 Of shadows dark, was hid from mortal eye,
 And hell's grim blackness did bright skies assail,
 On every side the fiery light'nings fly,
 The thunders roar, the streaming rain and hail
 Pour down, and make that sea which erst was dry,
 The tempests rend the oaks, and cedars brake,
 And make not trees, but rocks and mountains shake

CXVII

The rain, the light'ning, and the raging wind,
 Beat in the Frenchmen's eyes with hideous force,
 The soldiers staid amaz'd in heart and mind,
 The terror such stopped both man and horse
 Surprised with this ill, no way they find
 Whither for succour to direct their course
 But wise Clorinda soon th' advantage spied,
 And spurring forth, thus to her soldiers cried —

CXVIII

You hardy men at arms, behold (quoth she)
 How heav'n, how justice in our aid doth fight,
 Our visages are from this tempest free,
 Our hands at will may wield our weapons bright,
 The fury of this friendly storm you see
 Upon the foreheads of our foes doth light,
 And blinds their eyes, then let us take the tide,
 Come, follow me, good fortune be our guide —

CXX.

This mad against her foes on rode the dame,
 And turn'd their backs against the wind and rain
 Upon the French with furious rage she came,
 And scorn'd those vile blows they struck in vain
 Argantes at the instant did the same,
 And them who chased him now chas'd again:
 Nought but his fearful back each Christian shows
 Against the tempest and against their blows.

CXXI.

The cruel hall and deadly wounding blade
 Upon their shoulders smote them as they fled
 The blood new spilt, while thus they slaughter made
 The water fall'n from skies had dyed red.
 Among the murder'd bodies Pyrrhus laid,
 And vallant Ralph his heart-blood there out-blod
 The first subdu'd by strong Argantes' might,
 The second conquer'd by that virgin knight.

CXXII.

Thus fled the French and them pursu'd in chace
 The wicked sprites and all the Syrian train
 But gainst their force, and gainst the fell minnion
 Of hell and wind, of tempest and of rain,
 Godfrey alone turn'd his audacious face,
 Blaming his barons for their fear so vain
 Himself the camp-gate boldly stood to keep,
 And sav'd his men within his trenches deep.

CXXIII.

And twice upon Argantes proud he flew
 And beat him backward mangre all his might,
 And twice his thirsty sword he did embue
 In Pagans blood where thickest was the fight.
 At last himself with all his folk withdrew
 And that day's conquest gave the virgin bright
 Which got, she home retr'd and all her men
 And thus she chas'd this lion to his den.

CXXIII.

Yet ceased not the fury and the ire
Of these huge storms of wind, of rain, and hail,
Now was it dark, now shone the light'ning fire,
The wind and water every place assail,
No bank was safe, no rampire left entire,
No tent could stand when beam and cordage fail,
Wind, thunder, rain, all gave a dreadful sound,
And with that music deaf'd the trembling ground

BOOK VIII.

THE ARJ MEAT

A messenger to Godfrey sage doth tell	5
The prince of Denmark's valour death, and end :	24
Th' Italians, trusting signs untrue too well,	48
Think their Bismold slain ; the wicked fiend	57
Breeds fury in their breasts, their bosoms swell	
With ire and hate, and war and strife forth send ;	
They threaten Godfrey ; he prays to the Lord,	78
And calms their fury with his look and word.	78

I.

Now were the skies of storms and tempests cleared
 Lord Æolus shut up his winds in hold
 The silver-mantled morning fresh appeared,
 With roses crown'd, and breakin' d high with gold ;
 The spirits yet which had these tempests roared
 Their malice would still more and more unfold
 And one of them, that Astragor was named
 His speeches thus to foul Alecto fram'd —

II.

Alecto, see, we could not stop nor stay
 The knight that to our foes new tidings brings,
 Who from the hands escap'd with life away
 Of that great prince chief of all Pagan kings,
 He comes, the fall of his slain lord to say
 Of death and loss he tells, and such sad things,
 Great news he brings, and greatest danger is
 Bertoldo's son shall be call'd home for this.

III

Thou know'st what would befall, bestir thee then,
 Prevent with craft what force could not withstand,
 Turn to their evil the speeches of the man,
 With his own weapon wound Godfredo's hand,
 Kindle debate, infect with poison wan
 The English, Switzer, and Italian band,
 Great tumults move, make brawls and quarrels rife,
 Set all the camp on uproar and at strife

IV

This act beseems thee well, and of the deed
 Much may'st thou boast before our lord and king —
 Thus said the sprite persuasion small did need,
 The monster grants to undertake the thing
 Meanwhile the knight whose coming thus they dread,
 Before the camp his weary limbs doth bring,
 And well-nigh breathless—Warriors bold, he cried,
 Who shall conduct me to your famous guide?—

V

An hundred strove the stranger's guide to be,
 To hearken news the knights by heaps assemble,
 The man fell lowly down upon his knee,
 And kiss'd the hand that made proud Babel tremble —
 Right puissant lord, whose valiant acts (quoth he)
 The sands and stars in number best resemble,
 Would God some gladder news I might unfold —
 And there he paus'd and sigh'd, then thus he told —

VI

Sweno, the King of Denmark's only heir,
 The stay and staff of his declining eild,
 Longed to be among these squadrons fan,
 Who for Christ's faith here serve with spear and shield,
 No weariness, no storms of sea or air,
 No such contents as crowns and sceptres yield,
 No dear entreaties of so kind a sire,
 Could in his bosom quench that glorious fire,

VII.

He thirsted sore to learn this warlike art
 Of thee, great lord and master of the same,
 And was inform'd in his noble heart
 That never act he did down'd famous;
 Besides the news and tidings from each part
 Of young Rinaldo's worth and praises came
 But that which most his courage stirred hath
 Is zeal, religion, godliness, and faith.

VIII.

He hasted forth and then without delay
 And with him took of knights a chosen band,
 Directly toward Thrace we took the way
 To Blizance old, chief fortress of that land;
 There the Greek monarch gently pray'd him stay,
 And bore an herald sent from you to save,
 How Antioch was won who first declar'd,
 And how defended nobly afterward

IX.

Defended gainst Corbana, valliant knight,
 That all the Persian armies had to guide,
 And brought so many soldiers bold to fight
 That void of men he left that kingdom wide
 He told three acts, thy wisdom, and thy might
 And told the deeds of many a lord beside
 His speech at length to young Rinaldo past,
 And told his great achievements first and last

X.

And how this noble camp of yours of late
 Besieged had this town, and in what sort,
 And how you pray'd him to participate
 Of the last conquest of this noble fort.
 In hardy Sweno opened was the gate
 Of worthy anger by this brave report;
 So that each hour a year and five years long
 Till he were fighting with these Pagans strong.

XI.

And while the herald told your fights and frays,
 Himself of cowardice reprov'd he thought,
 And him to stay that counsels him or prays
 He hears not, or (else heard) regardeth nought,
 He fears no perils, but (whilst he delays)
 Lest this last work without his help be wrought,
 In this his doubt, in this his danger lies,
 No hazard else he fears, no peril spies.

XII

Thus hasting on, he hasted on his death,
 Death that to him and us was fatal guide
 The rising morn appeared yet uneth,
 When he and we were arm'd, and fit to ride,
 The nearest way seem'd best, o'er houl't and heath
 We went, through deserts waste, and forests wide;
 The straits and ways he openeth as he goes,
 And sets each land free from intruding foes

XIII

Now want of food, now dang'rous ways we find,
 Now open war, now ambush closely laid,
 Yet past we forth, all perils left behind,
 Our foes or dead or run away afraid,
 Of victory so happy blew the wind,
 That careless all, and heedless too, it made,
 Until one day his tents he hapt to rear,
 To Palestine when we approached near,

XIV

There did our scouts return, and bring us news
 That dreadful noise of horse and arms they hear,
 And that they deem'd by sundry signs and shows
 There was some mighty host of Pagans near
 At these sad tidings many chang'd their hues,
 Some looked pale for dread, some shook for fear,
 Only our noble lord was alter'd nought
 In look, in face, in gesture, or in thought,

XV

But said—A crown prepare you to possess
 Of martyrdom, or happy victory
 For this I hope, for that I wish no less,
 Of greater merit and of greater glory
 Brethren, this camp will shortly be, I guess,
 A temple sacred to our memory
 To which the holy men of future age
 To leav our graves shall come in pilgrimage.—

XVI

This said, he set the watch in order right,
 To guard the camp along the trenches deep
 And as he armed was so every knight
 He willed on his back his arms to keep.
 Now had the stillness of the quiet night
 Drown'd all the world in silence and in sleep,
 When suddenly we heard a dreadful sound,
 Which deaf the earth and tremble made the ground.

XVII

Arm, arm, they cry'd Prince Sweno at the same,
 Glist'ring in shining steel, leapt foremost out;
 His visage alone, his noble looks did flame
 With kindled brand of courage bold and stout
 When, lo the Pagans to assault us came
 And with huge numbers bound us round about
 A forest thick of spears about us grew
 And over us a cloud of arrows flew

XVIII.

Uneven the fight, unequal was the fray
 Our enemies were twenty men to one
 On ev'ry side the slain and wounded lay
 Unseen, where nought but glist'ring weapons shone;
 The number of the dead could no man say
 So was the place with darkness overgrown
 The night her mantle black upon us spread,
 Hiding our losses and our valiant deeds.

XIX

But hardy Sweno, 'midst the other train,
 By his great acts was well descried I wote,
 No darkness could his valour's daylight stain,
 Such wond'rous blows on every side he smote,
 A stream of blood, a bank of bodies slain,
 About him made a bulwark and a moat,
 And whensoe'er he turn'd his fatal brand,
 Dread in his looks and death sat in his hand

XX.

Thus fought we till the morning bright appeared,
 And strewed roses on the azure sky,
 But when her lamp had night's thick darkness cleared,
 Wherein the bodies dead did buried lie,
 Then our sad cries to heav'n for grief we reared,
 Our loss apparent was, for we descri
 How all our camp destroyed was almost,
 And all our people well-nigh slain and lost.

XXI

Of thousands twain an hundred scant survived
 When Sweno murder'd saw each valiant knight,
 I know not if his heart in sunder rived,
 For dear compassion of that woeful sight
 He shew'd no change, but said—Since so deprived
 We are of all our friends by chance of fight,
 Come, follow them, the path to heav'n their blood
 Marks out, now angels made, of martyrs good —

XXII

This said, and glad I think of death at hand,
 The signs of heav'nly joy shone through his eyes,
 Of Saracines against a mighty band
 With fearless heart and constant breast he flies
 No steel could shield them from his cutting brand,
 But whom he hits without recure he dies,
 He never struck but fell'd or kill'd his foe,
 And wounded was himself from top to toe

XXVII.

But still the light approached near and near,
 And with the same a whisp'ring murmur ran,
 Till at my side arrived both they were,
 When I to spread my feeble eyes began
 Two men behold in vestures long appear,
 With each a lamp in hand, who said—O son,
 In that dear Lord who helps his servants trust,
 Who, ere they ask, grants all things to the just —

XXVIII

This said, each one his sacred blessing flings
 Upon my corse, with broad outstretched hand,
 And mumbled hymns and psalms and holy things,
 Which I could neither hear nor understand —
 Arise (quoth they) — With that, as I had wings,
 All whole and sound I leap'd up from the lard
 O miracle, sweet, gentle, strange, and true!
 My limbs new strength receiv'd and vigour new

XXIX

I gaz'd on them like one whose heart denaith
 To think that done he sees so strangely wrought,
 Till one said thus — O thou of little faith,
 What doubts perplex thy unbelieving thought?
 Each one of us a living body hath,
 We are Christ's chosen servants, fear us nought,
 Who to avoid the world's allurements vain,
 In wilful penance hermits poor remain —

XXX

Us messengers to comfort thee elect
 That Lord hath sent that rules both heav'n and hell,
 Who often doth his blessed will effect
 By such weak means as wonder is to tell,
 He will not that this body lie neglect,
 Wherein so noble soul did lately dwell,
 To which again, when it uprisen is,
 It shall united be in lasting bliss,

XXXI.

I say Lord Sweno's corpse for which prepar'd
 A tomb there is according to his worth
 By which his honour shall be far declar'd,
 And his just praises spread from south to north
 But lift thine eyes up to the heavens-ward
 Mark yonder light that like the sun shines forth,
 That shall direct thee with those beams so clear
 To find the body of thy master dear —

XXXII.

With that I saw from Clothia's silver face
 Like to a falling star a beam down slide,
 That bright as golden line mark'd out the place
 And lighten'd with clear beams the forest wide
 So I + was above when Phoebus left the chace
 And laid her down by her Eudymion's side.
 Such was the light, that well discern I could
 His shape his wounds his face (though dead) yet bold.

XXXIII.

He lay not grovelling now, but as a knight
 That ever had to heaven only things desire
 So it wards heaven the prince lay bolt upright,
 Look'd him that upward still sought to aspire
 His right hand closed held his weapon bright,
 Ready to strike and execute his ire
 His left upon his breast was humbly laid,
 That none might know that while he died he pray'd.

XXXIV

While on his wounds with countless tears I wept,
 That neither helped him, nor ead my care
 One of those aged fathers to him stept
 And forc'd his hand that need'd no weapon spare —
 This sword (quoth he) hath I good taken kept
 That of the dragons' blood he drank his share
 And Lushbeth still he could not save his lord
 His sword, and sharp, was dearest to his sword.

XXXX

Heav'n therefore will not, though the prince be slain
 Who used erst to wield this precious brand,
 That so brave blade unused should remain,
 But that it pass from strong to stronger hand,
 Who with like force can wield the same again,
 And longer shall in grace of fortune stand,
 And with the same shall bitter vengeance take
 On him that Sweno slew, for Sweno's sake

XXXXVI

Great Soliman kill'd Sweno, Soliman
 For Sweno's sake upon this sword must die
 Here take the blade, and with it haste thee thence
 Thither where Godfrey doth encamped lie,
 And fear not thou that any shall or can
 Or stop thy way or lead thy steps awry,
 For He that doth thee on this message send,
 Thee with his hand shall guide, keep, and defend.

XXXXVII

Arrived there, it is His blessed will,
 With true report that thou declare and tell
 The zeal, the strength, the courage, and the skill
 In thy beloved lord that late did dwell,
 How for Christ's sake he came his blood to spill,
 And sample left to all of doing well,
 That future ages may admire his deed,
 And courage take when his brave end they read.

XXXXVIII

It resteth now thou know that gentle knight
 That of this sword shall be thy master's heir,
 It is Rinaldo young, with whom in might
 And martial skill no champion may compare,
 Give it to him, and say, the heavens bright
 Of this revenge to him commit the care —
 While thus I list'ned what this old man said,
 A wonder new from further speech us staid,

For there wheress the wounded body lay,
 A stately tomb with curious work behold
 And wondrous art, was built out of the clay
 Which rising round the carcass did enfold
 With words engraven in the marble grey,
 The warrior's name his worth and praise, that told
 On which I gazing stood and often rosd
 That epitaph of my dear master dead.—

XL.

Among his soldiers (quoth the hermit) here
 Must Sweno's corpse remain in marble chest,
 While up to heav'n are flown their spirits dear
 To live in endless joy for ever blest
 His funeral thou best with many a tear
 Accompanied it's now high time to rest
 Come, be my guest until the morning ray
 Shall light the world gain then take thy way —

XLI.

This said, he led me over boulds and hags
 Through thorns and bushes scant my legs I drew
 Till underneath a heap of stones and crags
 At last he brought me to a cave I new
 Among the bears, wild boars, the wolves, and stags,
 There dwelt he safe with his disciple true,
 And fear'd no treason force, nor hurt at all,
 His guiltless conscience was his castle wall.

XLII.

My supper roots my bed was moss and leaves
 But weariness in little rest found ease:
 But when the purple morning night berceaves
 Of late usurped rule on lands and seas,
 His low bed couch each wakeful hermit leaves
 To pray rose they and I, for so they please,
 I could take when ended was the same,
 And hitherward as they advis'd me came.—

XLIII

The Dane his woeful tale had done, when thus
 The good Prince Godfrey answer'd him — Su knight,
 Thou bringest tidings sad and dolorous,
 For which our heavy camp laments of right,
 Since so brave troops, and so dear friends to us,
 One hour hath spent in one unlucky fight,
 And so appeared hath thy master stout,
 As lightning doth, now kindled, now quench'd out

XLIV

But such a death and end exceedeth all
 The conquests vain of reins, or spoils of gold,
 Nor aged Rome's proud stately capital
 Did ever triumph yet like theirs behold,
 They sit in heav'n on thrones celestial,
 Crowned with glory, for then conquest bold,
 Where each his hurts I think to other shows,
 And glories in those bloody wounds and blows

XLV

But thou who hast part of thy race to run,
 With haps and hazards of this world toss'd,
 Rejoice, for those high honours they have won,
 Which cannot be by chance or fortune cross'd
 But for thou askest for Bertoldo's son,
 Know that he wandereth, banish'd from this host,
 And till of him new tidings some man tell,
 Within this camp I deem it best thou dwell

XLVI

These words of theirs in many a soul renewed
 The sweet remembrance of fair Sophia's child,
 Some with salt tears for him their cheeks bedewed,
 Lest evil betide him 'mongst the Pagans wild,
 And every one his valiant prowess shewed,
 And of his battles stories long compil'd,
 Telling the Dane his acts and conquests past,
 Which made his ears amaz'd, his heart aghast

XLVII.

Now when remembrance of the youth had wrought
 A tender pity in each soften'd mind
 Behold returned home with all they sought
 The bands that were to forage late assign'd
 And with them in abundance great they brought
 Both flocks and herds of every sort and kind,
 And corn although not much, and hay to feed
 Their noble steeds and coursers when they need:

XLVIII.

They also brought of misadventure sad
 Tokens and signs, seem'd too apparent true
 Rinaldo's armour crush'd and hack'd they had
 Oft pierced through, with blood besmear'd new
 About the camp (for always rumours bad
 Are farthest spread) these woeful tidings flow
 Thither assembled straight both high and low
 Longing to see what they were loth to know

XLIX.

His heavy hauberk was both seen and known,
 And his broad shield wherein display'd flies
 The bird that proves her chickens for her own
 By looking 'gainst the sun with open eyes:
 That shield was to the Pagans often shown
 In many a hard and hardy enterprise
 But now with many a gush and many a stroke
 They see, and sigh to see, it crush'd and broke.

L.

While all his soldiers whisper'd under hand
 And here and there the fault and cause do lay
 Godfrey before him called Alibrand,
 Captain of those that brought of late this prey;
 A man who did on points of virtue stand,
 Blameless in words, and true whatever he say —
 Say (quoth the Duke) where you this armour had,
 Hide not the truth but tell it good or bad.—

LI

He answer'd him—As far from hence, think I,
 As on two days a speedy post well rideth,
 To GAZA-ward a little plain doth lie,
 Itself among the steepy hills which hideth,
 Through it, slow falling from the mountains high,
 A rolling brook 'twixt bush and bramble glideth,
 Clad with thick shade of boughs of broad-leav'd treen,
 Fit place for men to lie in wait unseen

LII.

Thither, to seek some flocks or herds we went,
 Perchance close hid under the greenwood shaw,
 And found the springing grass with blood besprent,
 A warrior tumbled in his blood we saw,
 His arms, though dusty, bloody, hack'd and rent,
 Yet well we knew when near the corse we draw,
 To which (to view his face) in vain I started,
 For from his body his fair head was parted,

LIII

His right hand wanted eke, with many a wound
 The trunk through pierced was from back to breast,
 A little by his empty helm we found
 The silver eagle shining on his crest,
 To spy at whom to ask we gazed round,
 A churle towards us his steps address't,
 But when us armed by the corse he spied,
 He ran away his fearful face to hide

LIV

But we pursu'd him, took him, spake him fair,
 Till comforted at last he answer made,
 How that the day before he saw repair
 A band of soldiers from that forest's shade,
 Of whom one carried by the golden hair
 A head but late cut off with murd'ring blade,
 The face was fair and young, and on the chin
 No sign of beard to bud did yet begin,

LV

And how in snail I wrapt away he bore
 That head with him hung at his anvil-bow
 And how the murd'ers, by the arms they wore,
 For soldiers of our camp he well did know
 The carcass I disarm'd, and weeping sore
 Because I guess'd who should that harness owe
 Away I brought it, but first order gave
 That noble body should be laid in grave.

LVL

But if it be his trunk whom I believe
 A nobler tomb his worth deserveth well,—
 This said, good Aliprando took his leave,
 Of certain truth he had no more to tell
 Sore sigh'd the Duke, so did these news him grieve,
 Fears in his heart, doubts in his bosom dwell,
 He yearn'd to know, to find and learn the truth
 And punish would them that had slain the youth.

LVII.

But now the night despatch'd her lazy wings
 O'er the broad fields of heav'n's bright wilderness
 Sleep, the soul's rest and ease of careful things,
 Buried in happy peace both more and less.
 Thou, Argillan alone, whom sorrow stings,
 Still wakest, musing on great deeds I guess,
 Nor suff'rest in thy watchful eyes to creep
 The sweet repose of mild and gentle sleep.

LVIII.

This man was strong of limbs, and all his ways
 Were bold, of ready tongue and working spright,
 Near Trento born, bred up in brews and frays,
 In jars, in quarrels, and in civil fight,
 For which exil'd, the hills and public ways
 He filled with blood and robberies day and night,
 Until to Asia's wars at least he came,
 And boldly there he serv'd and purchas'd fame.

LIX

He clos'd his eyes at last when day drew near,
 Yet slept he not, but senseless lay, oppress'd
 With strange amazedness and sudden fear,
 Which false Alecto breathed in his breast;
 His working powers within deluded were,
 Stone still he quiet lay, yet took no rest,
 For to his thought the fiend herself presented,
 And with strange visions his weak brain tormented •

LX

A murder'd body huge beside him stood,
 Of head and right hand both but lately spoiled,
 His left hand bore the head, whose visage good
 Both pale and wan with dust and gore defouled,
 Yet spake, though dead, with whose sad words the blood
 Forth at his lips in huge abundance boiled —
 Fly, Argillan, from this false camp fly far,
 Whose guide a traitor, captains murderers are

LXI

Godfrey hath murder'd me by treason vile,
 What favour then hope you, my trusty friends?
 His villan heart is full of fraud and guile,
 To your destruction all his thoughts he bends,
 Yet if thou thirst for praise of noble style,
 If in thy strength thou trust, thy strength that ends
 All hard assays, fly not, first with his blood
 Appease my ghost, wandering by Lethe's flood

LXII

I will thy weapon whet, inflame thine ire,
 Arm thy right hand, and strengthen ev'ry part —
 This said, even while she spake she did inspire
 With fury, rage, and wrath his troubled heart
 The man awak'd, and from his eyes like fire
 The poison'd sparks of headstrong madness start,
 And armed as he was, forth is he gone,
 And gather'd all th' Italian bands in one.

LXIII

He gather'd them where lay the arms that late
 Were good Rinaldo's, then with semblance stout
 And furious words, his fore-conceived hate
 In bitter speeches thus he vomits out —
 Is not this people barb'rous and ingratitude,
 In whom truth finds no place faith takes no root
 Whose thirst unquenched is of blood and gold
 Whom no yoke boweth bridle none can hold?

LXIV

So much we suffered have these seven years long
 Under this servile and unworthy yoke,
 That thorough Rome and Italy our wrong
 A thousand years hereafter shall be spoke
 I count not how Cilicia's kingdom strong
 Subdu'd was by Prince Tauricida's stroke
 Nor how false Baldwin him that land bereaves
 Of virtue's harvest, fraud there reap'd the sheaves:

LXV

Nor speak I how each hour at ev'ry need
 Quick ready resolute at all assays,
 With fire and sword we hasted forth with speed
 And bore the brunt of all their fights and frays:
 But when we had perform'd and done the deed
 At ease and leisure they divid'd the preys:
 We reap'd nought but travail for our toil,
 There was the praise, the realms, the gold, the spoil.

LXVI.

Yet all this season were we willing blind
 Offended unreverend wrong'd, but unwroken
 Light griefs could not provoke our quiet mind;
 But now alas! the mortal blow is stroken
 Rinaldo have they slain and law of kind
 Of arms, of nations and of high heav'n broken
 Why doth not heav'n kill them with fire and thunder?
 To swallow them why cleaves not earth asunder?

LXVII.

They have Rinaldo slain, the sword and shield
 Of Christ's true faith, and unreveng'd he lies,
 Still unrevenged heth in the field

His noble corpse, to feed the crows and pies
 Who murder'd him ? who shall us certain yield ?

Who sees not that although he wanted eyes ?
 Who knows not how th' Italian chivalry
 Proud Godfrey and false Baldwin both envy ?

LXVIII

What need we further proof ? Heav'n, heav'n, I swear,

Will not consent herein we be beguiled,
 This night I saw his murder'd sprite appear,
 Pale, sad, and wan, with wounds and blood defiled,
 A spectacle full both of grief and fear,

Godfrey, for murd'ring him, the ghost reviled
 I saw it was no dream before mine eyes,
 Howe'er I look, still, still methinks it flies

LXIX

What shall we do ? Shall we be govern'd still
 By this false hand, contaminate with blood ?
 Or else depart and travel forth, until

To Euphrates we come, that sacred flood,
 Where dwells a people void of martial skill,
 Whose cities rich, whose land is fat and good,
 Where kingdoms great we may at ease provide,
 Far from these Frenchmen's malice, from their pride ?

LXX

Then let us go, and no revengement take

For this brave knight, though lie it in our power,
 No, no, that courage rather newly wake,

Which never sleeps in fear and dead one hour,
 And this pestiferous serpent, poison'd snake,
 Of all our knights that hath destroy'd the flow'r,
 First let us slay, and his deserved end
 Ensample make to him that kills his friend

LXXX

I will I will if your courageous force
 Dareth so much as it can well perform
 Tear out his curst heart without remorse
 The nest of treason false and guile extreme —
 Thus spake the angry knight with headlong course
 The rest him follow'd like a storm's swift turn
 Arm, arm they cried: to arms the soldiers ran
 And as they ran Arm arm, cried every man.

LXXXI

Mongst them Alecto strew'd wasteful fire
 Evenenoming the hearts of most and least;
 Folly, disdain, madness, strife, rancour, ire
 Thirst to shed blood, in every breast increas'd;
 This ill spread far and till it set on fire
 With rage th' Italian lodgings never ceas'd
 From thence unto the Switzer's camp it went
 And last infected every English tent.

LXXXII.

Not public loss of their beloved knight
 Alone stirr'd up their rage and wrath untamed
 But sure-conceiv'd griefs and quarrels light
 Their ire still nourish'd and still enflam'd
 Awak'd was each former cause of spite;
 The French men cruel and unjust they nam'd
 And with bold threats they made their hatred known,
 Hate sold kept clos'd, and oft unwisely shown.

LXXXIV

Like boiling liquor in a seething pot,
 That ferment, swelleth high and bubbleth fast,
 Till o'er the brims among the embers hot
 Part of the broth and of the scum it cast
 Their rage and wrath those few appeas'd not,
 In whom of wisdom yet remain'd some taste;
 Camille, Williams, Tancred, were away
 And all whose greatness might their madness stay

LXXV

Now headlong ran to harness in this heat
 These furious people, all on heaps confused,
 The roaring trumpets battle 'gan to threath,
 As it in time of mortal war is used
 The messengers ran to Godfiedo great,
 And bade him arm while on this noise he mused,
 And Baldwin first, well clad in iron hard,
 Stepp'd to his side, a sure and faithful guard

LXXVI

Their murmurs heard, to heav'n he lift his eyne,
 As was his wont, to God for aid he fled —
 O Lord, thou knowest this right hand of mine
 Abhorred ever civil blood to shed,
 Illumine their dark souls with light divine,
 Repress their rage, by hellish fury bred,
 The innocency of my guiltless mind
 Thou knowest, and make these know, with fury blind —

LXXVII

This said, he felt infused in each vein
 A sacred heat from heav'n above distilled,
 A heat in man that courage could constrain,
 That his grave look with awful boldness filled
 Well guarded, forth he went to meet the train
 Of those that would revenge Rinaldo killed,
 And though their threats he heard, and saw them bent
 To arms on every side, yet on he went.

LXXVIII

Above his hauberk strong a coat he ware
 Embroidered fair with pearl and rich stone,
 His hands were naked, and his face was bare,
 Wherein a lamp of majesty bright shone,
 He shook his golden mace, wherewith he dare
 Resist the force of his rebellious sone
 Thus he appear'd, and thus he 'gan them teach,
 In shape an angel, and a god in speech —

LXXXIX.

What foolish word what threat be those I hear?
 What noise of arms? Who dares these words use or
 Am I so backward? stand you so in fear?
 Where is your late obedience? where your love?
 Of Godfrey's fall-blood who can witness that?
 Who dare or will there stand as you do?
 Perchance you look I hunt outrageous bride,
 Das for your favours or excuse the thing!

LXXX.

Ah, God forbid these lands should hear or see
 (I'm so distract'd, at whose great name they quake)
 This sceptre and my bold name for me
 A true defence before the world can make
 Yet for sharp justice go err'd shall be
 With clearecy I will no wrongs take
 For this offence but for Minah's love
 I pardon you hereafter what you do!

LXXXI.

But Argillan's guilty blood shall wash
 This stain away who kindled this debate
 And, led by hasty rage and fury rash,
 To these disorders first waded the gate —
 While thus he spoke the lightning beams did wash
 Out of his eyes of majesty and state
 That Argillan (who would have thought it?) did
 For fear and terror conquer'd with his look!

LXXXII.

The rest, with indiscreet and foolish wrath
 Who threaten'd late with words of shame and pride
 Whose hands so ready were to harm and maul
 And brandish'd bright swords on every side,
 Now hush'd and still attend what Godfrey saith,
 With shame and fear their dreadful looks they hide
 And Argillan they let in chains be bound
 Although their weapons him environ'd round

TXXXIII

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
 And beats his tail, with courage proud and wroth,
 If his commander come, who first took pain
 To tame his youth, his lofty crest down go'th,
 His threats he feareth, and obeys the rein
 Of thraldom base and serviceage, though loth,
 Nor can his sharp teeth nor his armed paws
 Force him rebel against his ruler's laws

TXXXIV

Fame is, a winged warrior they behel'd,
 With semblant fierce and furious look that stood,
 And in his left hand had a splendent shield,
 Wherewith he covered safe their chieftain good,
 His other hand a naked sword did wield,
 From which distilling fell the lukewarm blood,
 The blood pardie of many a realm and town
 Whereon the Lord his wrath had poured down.

TXXXV

Thus was the tumult without bloodshed ended,
 Their arms laid down, stife into exile sent,
 Godfrey his thoughts to greater actions bended,
 And homeward to his rich pavilion went,
 For to assault the fortress he intended,
 Before the second or third day were spent
 Meanwhile his timber wrought he oft survey'd,
 Whereof his rams and engines great he made.

BOOK IX.

THE ARGUMENT

Allecto false great Suliman with more
 By night the Christians in their tents to kill;
 But God, who their intents saw from above
 Sends Michael down from his sacred hill:
 The spirits foul to hold the angels do;
 The knights, deliver'd from the witch, at will
 Destroy the Pagans, scatter all their host:
 The Suliman flies when all his lands are lost.

23
 63

I.

THE CRISLY child of Erebus the grim
 (Who saw these tumults done and tempests spent,
 Against stream of grace who ever strives to swim
 And all her thro' his against bears a s' whicher bent)
 Departed now bright Titan's beams were down
 And fruitful lands wax'd barren as she went;
 She sought the rest of her infernal crew
 New storms to raise new broils, and tumults new

II.

She (that well wist her sisters had enticed
 By their false arts far from the Christian host,
 Tattered Nilus and the rest best prized
 For martial skill, for might esteemed most)
 Said—Of these discords and these strifes advised,
 Great Solim when day his light hath lost
 These Christians shall smalt with sudden war
 And kill them all, while thus they strive and jar—

III

With that, where Soliman remain'd she flew,
 And found him out with his Arabian bands,
 Great Soliman, of all Christ's foes untrue,
 Boldest or courage, mightiest of his hands,
 Like him was none of all that earth-bred crew
 That heaped mountains on th' Æmonian sands,
 Of Turks he sovereign was, and Nice his seat,
 Where late he dwelt, and rul'd that kingdom great

IV

The lands forenenst the Greeckish shore he held,
 From Sangar's mouth to crook'd Meander's fall,
 Where they of Phrygia, Mysia, Lydia dwell'd,
 Bithynia's towns and Pontus' cities all
 But when the hearts of Christian princes swell'd,
 And rose in arms to make proud Asia thiall,
 Those lands were won where he did sceptre wield,
 And he twice beaten was in pitched field

V

When fortune oft he had in vain assay'd,
 And spent his forces, which avail'd him nought,
 To Egypt's king himself he close convey'd,
 Who welcom'd him as he could best have thought,
 Glad in his heart and inly well appaid
 That to his court so great a lord was brought,
 For he decreed his armies huge to bring
 To succour Judah's land and Judah's king

VI

But, ere he open war proclaim'd, he would
 That Soliman should kindle first the fire,
 And with huge sums of false enticing gold,
 Th' Arabian thieves he sent him forth to hire,
 While he the Asian lords and Morians bold
 Unites -- The Soldan won to his desire.
 Those outlaws, ready aye for gold to fight,
 The hope of gain hath such alluring might

VII.

Thus made their captain to destroy and burn
 In Judah land he entered is so far
 That all the ways whereby he should return,
 By Godfrey's people kept and guarded are;
 And now he 'gan his further ways pursue
 This wound had he like us an elder war
 On great adventures ran his lady thought
 But not assur'd, he yet reveals'd us thought.

VIII.

To him Alceste came and scolded loud
 Of one whose eye was great whose looks were great
 Whose cheeks were blood-red, and whose looks were clear
 Mustaches strutting long and chin chamois
 A steeped turban on her head she wore
 Her garments long and by her side her garter
 Her girdle quiet at her shoulders hung
 And in her hand a bow was stiff and true —

IX.

We have (quoth she) thro' his wickedness grown
 Through sterile sands strange paths, and wearish ways,
 Yet spoil or booty have we gotten none
 Nor victory deserving fame or praise;
 Godfrey meanwhile to ruin stick and stone
 Of this fair town with battery sore assays
 And if awhile we rest we shall behold
 This glorious city smoking like in ruins.

X.

Are sheep-cotes burnt or prize of sheep or kine
 The cause why Saliman those lands did win?
 Canst thou that kingdom lately lost of thine
 Recover thus, or thus redress thy harm?
 No, no when heaven's small castles next shall alarm
 Within their tents give them a bold alarm,
 Believe Arques old whose grave advice
 Thou hast in exile prov'd, and prov'd in Nice.

XI

He feareth nought, he doubts no sudden blow,
 From these ill-armed and worse-hearted bands,
 He thinks this people, us'd to rob and spoil,
 To such exploit dare not lift up their hands
 Up then, and with their courage put to foil
 This fearless camp, while thus secure it stands —
 This said, her poison in his breast she hides,
 And then to shapeless air unscen she glides

XII.

The Soldan cried—O thou, which in my thought
 Increased hast my rage and fury so,
 Nor seem'st a wight of mortal metal wrought,
 I follow thee whereso thou list to go,
 Mountains of men, by dint of sword down brought,
 Thou shalt behold, and seas of red blood flow,
 Where'er I go, only be thou my guide,
 When sable night the azure skies shall hide —

XIII

When this was said, he muster'd all his crew,
 Reprov'd the coward, and allow'd the bold,
 His forward camp, inspir'd with courage new,
 Was ready dight to follow where he would
 Alecto's self the warning trumpet blew,
 And to the wind his standard great unroll'd
 Thus on they marched, and thus on they went,
 Of their approach their speed the news prevent

XIV.

Alecto left them, and her person dight
 Like one that came some tidings new to tell.
 It was the time when first the rising night
 Her sparkling diamonds poureth forth to sell.
 When (into Sion come) she marched right
 Where Judah's aged tyrant us'd to dwell,
 To whom of Solman's designment bold,
 The place, the manner, and the time, she told

XV

Their mantle dark the grisly shadows spread,
 Stained with spots of deepest sanguine hue
 Warm drops of blood on earth a black visage shed,
 Supplid the place of pure and precious dew
 The moon and stars for fear of sprites were fled,
 The shrieking goblins eachwhere howling flew
 The furies roar the ghosts and fairies yell,
 The earth was fill'd with devils and empty hell.

XVI.

The Soldan fierco through all this horror went
 Toward the camp of his redoubted foe,
 The night was more than half consum'd and spent,
 Now bounding down the western hill she goes,
 When distant soont a mile from Godfrey's tent,
 He let his people there awhile repose,
 And strolled them, and then he boldly spoke
 These words, which rage and courage might provoke :

XVII.

See there a camp full stuff'd of spoils and preys,
 Not half so strong as false part recordeth,
 See there the storehouse where their captain lays
 Our treasures stolen where Asia's wealth he boardeth
 Now chance the ball unto our racket plays,
 Take then the vantage which good luck affordeth
 For all their arms, their horses, gold, and treasure
 Are ours ours without loss, harm, or displeasur.

XVIII.

Nor is this camp that great victorious host
 That slew the Persian lords, and Nice hath won
 For those in this long war are spent and lost,
 These are the dregs, the wine is all outrun,
 And these few left are drown'd and dead in wet
 In heavy sleep, the labour half is done
 To send them howling to Averna's deep,
 For little differs death and heavy sleep.

LIX

Come, come, this sword the passage open shall
 Into their camp, and on their bodies slain
 We will pass o'er then rampire and their wall,
 This blade, as scythes cut down the fields of grain,
 Shall cut them so, Christ's kingdom now shall fall,
 Asia her freedom, you shall praise obtain —
 Thus he inflam'd his soldiers to the fight,
 And led them on through silence of the night

LX

The sentinels by starlight (lo!) descried
 This mighty Soldan and his host draw near,
 Who found not as he hop'd the Christians' guide
 Unware, ne yet unready was his gear,
 The scouts when this huge army they descried,
 Ran back, and 'gan with shouts the larum rear
 The watch start up and draw their weapons bright,
 And busk'd them bold to battle and to fight

LXI

Th' Arabians wist they could not come unseen,
 And therefore loud their jarring trumpets sound,
 Their yelling cries to heav'n up-heaved been,
 The horses thunder'd on the solid ground,
 The mountains roared, and the valleys green,
 The echo sighed from the caves around,
 Alecto with her brand (kindled in hell)
 Token'd to them in David's tower that dwell

LXII

Before the rest forth prick'd the Soldan fast
 Against the watch, not yet in order just,
 As swift as hideous Boreas' hasty blast,
 From hollow rocks when first his storms out burst,
 The raging floods that trees and rocks downcast,
 Thunders that towns and towers drive to dust,
 Earthquakes to tear the world in twain that threat,
 Are nought compared to his fury great.

XXIII

He struck no blow but that his foe he hit
 And never hit but made a grievous wound
 And never wounded but death followed it
 And yet no peril, hurt, or harm he found
 No weapon on his harden'd helmet hit,
 No potent stroke his senses once astound,
 Yet like a bell his tinkling helmet rung
 And thence flew flames of fire and sparks among

XXIV

Himself well nigh had put the watch to flight,
 A jolly troop of Franchmen strong and stout,
 When his Arabian came by heaps to fight,
Covering like raging floods the fields about
 The beaten Christians ran away full light
 The Pagans, mingled with the flying rout,
Enter'd their camp, and ulled as they stood
 Their tents with ruin, laughter death and blood.

XXV

High on the Soldan's helm enswell'd laid
 A hideous dragon, arm'd with many a scale,
 With iron jaws, and leathern wings display'd,
 Which twisted in a knot her forked tail,
 With triple tongue it seem'd abo his'd and bray'd
 About her jaws the froth and venom trail,
 And as he stirr'd and as his foes him hit,
 So flames to cast and fire she seem'd to spit.

XXVI

With this strange light the Soldan fierce appeared
 Dreadful to those that round about him been,
 As to poor sailors, when huge storms are roared
 With lightning flash the raging seas are seen,
 Some fled away because his strength they feared,
 Some bolder gainst him bent their weapons keen
 And forward night, in ill and mischief pleased,
 Their dangers hal, and dangers still increased.

XXVII

Among the rest that strove to merit praise
 Was old Latinus, born by Tiber's bank,
 To whose stout heart in fights and bloody frays,
 For all his eild, base fear yet never sank -
 Five sons he had, the comforts of his days,
 That from his side in no adventure shrank,
 But, long before then time, in iron strong
 They clad their members, tender, soft, and young

XXVIII

The bold ensample of then father's might
 Their weapons whetted and their wrath increas'd —
 Come, let us go (quoth he) where yonder knight
 Upon our soldiers makes his bloody feast,
 Let not their slaughter once your hearts affright,
 Where danger most appears there fear it least,
 For honour dwells in hard attempts, my sons,
 And greatest praise in greatest peril won —

XXIX

Her tender brood the forest's savage queen
 (Ere on their crests their rugged manes appear,
 Before their mouths by nature armed been,
 Or paws have strength a seely lamb to tear)
 So leadeth forth to prey, and makes them keen,
 And learns by her ensample nought to fear
 The hunter in those desert woods that takes
 The lesser beasts, whereon his feast he makes

XXX

The noble father and his hardy crew
 Fierce Solman on every side invade,
 At once all six upon the Soldan flew
 With lances sharp, and strong encounters made
 His broken spear the eldest boy down threw,
 And boldly (over boldly) drew his blade,
 Wherewith he strove, but strove therewith in vain,
 The Pagan's steed, unmarked, to have slain

XXXI.

But as a mountain or a cape of land,
 Assaulted with storms and seas on every side
 Doth unremoved steadfast still withstand
 Storm, thunder lightning tempest, wind, and tide,
 The Soldan so withstood Lattinus' band,
 And unmov'd did all their joists bid
 And of that hapless youth, who hurt his sword
 Down to the chin he cleft in twain the head.

Kind Aramante, who saw his brother slain,
 To hold him up stretch'd forth his friendly arm
 O foolish kindness and O pity vain,
 To add our proper loss to others harm!
 The Prince let fall his sword and cut in twain
 (About his brother twin'd) the child's weak arm
 Down from their saddles both together slide,
 Together mourn'd they and together died.

That done, Sabine's lance with nimble force
 He cut in twain and gainst the stripling bold
 He spur'd his steed, that underneath his horse
 The hardy infant tumbled on the world
 Whose soul, out-squeezed from his brutal curae
 With ugly painfulness forsook her bold,
 And deeply mourn'd that of so sweet a cage
 She left the bliss and joys of youthful age.

XXXII.

But Pious yet and Laurence were alive,
 Whom at one birth their mother fair brought out,
 A pair whose likeness made the parents strive
 Oft which was which, and joy'd in their doubt
 But what their birth did undistinguish'd give
 The Soldan's rage made known, for Pious stout
 Headless at one huge blow he laid in dust,
 And through the breast his gentle brother thrust.

XXXV

Their father (but no father now, alas !),
 When all his noble sons at once were slain,
 In their five deaths so often murder'd was,
 I know not how his life could him sustain,
 Except his heart were forg'd of steel or brass,
 Yet still he liv'd, pardie he saw not plain
 Their dying looks, although their deaths he knows,
 It is some ease not to behold our woes

XXXVI

He wept not, for the night her curtain spread
 Between his cause of weeping and his eyes,
 But still he mourn'd, and on sharp vengeance fed,
 And thinks he conquers if reveng'd he dies,
 He thirsts the Soldan's heath'nish blood to shed,
 And yet his own at less than nought doth prize,
 Nor can he tell whether he hieffer would
 Or die himself, or kill the Pagan bold

XXXVII

At last—Is this right hand (quoth he) so weak
 That thou disdain'st 'gainst me to use thy might?
 Can it nought do? Can this tongue nothing speak
 That may provoke thine ire, thy wrath, and spite?—
 With that he struck, his anger great to weak,
 A blow that pierc'd the mail and metal bright,
 And in his flank set ope a floodgate wide,
 Whereat the blood outstreamed from his side

XXXVIII

Provoked with his cry, and with that blow,
 The Turk upon him 'gan his blade discharge,
 He cleft his breastplate, having first pierc'd thro'
 (Lined with seven bulls' hides) his mighty targe,
 And sheath'd his weapon in his guts below,
 Wretched Latinus, at that issue large,
 And at his mouth, pour'd out his vital blood,
 And sprinkled with the same his murder'd brood

On Apennine, like as a sturdy tree
 Against the winds that make resistance stout,
 If with a storm it overthrown be,
 Falls down and breaks the trees and plants about
 So Latine fell and with him felled he
 And slew the nearest of the Pagans rout
 A worthy end fit for a man of fame,
 That dying slow and conquer'd o'ercame.

XL.

Meanwhile the Soldan strove his rage to tame
 To satisfy with blood of Christians spill'd
 Th' Arabians, hearten'd by their captain stern
 With murder every tent and cabin fill'd
 Henry the English knight, and Ollpherne,
 O Heroo Draguto! by thy hands were kill'd
 Gilbert and Philip were by Arabians
 Both slain, both born upon the banks of Rhene.

XLI.

Albazar with his mace Ernesto slow
 Under Algazel Engerlan down fell
 But the huge murder of the meener crew
 Or manner of their deaths, what tongue can tell?
 Godfrey, when first the heathen trumpets blew
 Awak'd, which heard, no fear could make him dwell,
 But he and his were up and arm'd ere long
 And marched forward with a squadron strong

XLII.

He that well heard the rumour and the cry
 And mark'd the tumult still grow more and more,
 Th' Arabian thieves he judg'd by and by
 Against his soldiers made this battle sore
 For that they forray'd all the countries nigh,
 And spoil'd the fields, the Duke knew well before
 Yet thought he not they had the hartiment
 So to assail him in his armed tent.

XLIII

All suddenly he heard, while on he went,
 How to the city-ward Arm, arm, they cried,—
 The noise upreared to the firmament
 With dreadful howling fill'd the valleys wide.
 Thus was Clorinda, whom the king forth sent
 To battle, and Argantes by her side
 The Duke (this heard) to Guelpho turn'd, and pray'd
 Him his lieutenant be, and to him said —

XLIV

You hear this new alarm from yonder part,
 That from the town breaks out with so much rage,
 Us needeth much your valour and your art
 To calm their fury, and their heat to 'suage,
 Go thither then, and with you take some part
 Of these brave soldiers of mine equipage,
 While, with the res'due of my champions bold,
 I drive these wolves again out of our fold —

XLV.

They parted (this agreed on them between)
 By divers paths, Lord Guelpho to the hill,
 And Godfrey hasted where th' Arabians keen
 His men like silly sheep destroy and kill,
 But as he went his troops increased been,
 From every part the people flocked still,
 That now grown strong enough, he 'proached nigh
 Where the fierce Turk caus'd many a Christian die.

XLVI

So, from the top of Vesulus the cold,
 Down to the sandy valleys tumbleth Po,
 Whose streams the farther from then fountain rolled,
 Still stronger wax, and with more puissance go,
 And, horned like a bull, his forehead bold
 He lifts, and o'er his broken banks doth flow,
 And with his horns to pierce the sea assays,
 To which he proffereth war, not tribute pays

XLVII.

The Duke has men fast flying did espy
 And thither ran, and thus (displeas'd) spake —
 What fear is this? O whither do you fly?
 See who they be that this pursuit do make
 A heartless band, that dare no battle try
 Who wounds before dare neither give nor take
 Against them turn your stern eyes threat'ning sight,
 An angry look will put them all to flight.—

XLVIII.

This said, he spurr'd forth where Soliman
 Destroy'd Christ's vineyard like a savage boar,
 Through streams of blood, through dust and dirt he ran
 O'er heaps of bodies wallowing in their gore
 The squadrons close his sword to open began,
 He brake their ranks, behind, beside, before,
 And where he goes under his feet he treads
 The armed Saracens and barbed steeds

XLIX.

This slaughter-house of angry Mars he past,
 Where thousands dead, half dead, and dying were
 The hardy Soldan saw him come in haste,
 Yet neither stepp'd aside nor shrunk for fear,
 But buck'd him bold to fight, aloft he cast
 His blade prepar'd to strike, and stepped near
 These noble princes twain (so fortune wrought)
 From the world's ends hither met, and here they fought:

L.

With virtue fury strength with courage strove
 For Asia's mighty empire: who can tell
 With how strange force their cruel blows they drove,
 How sore their combat was, how fierce, how fell?
 Great deeds they wrought, each other's harness clove;
 Yet still in darkness (more the ruth) they dwell
 The night their acts her black veil covered under
 Their acts wherewith the sun, the world, might wonder

LI

The Christians (by their guide's ensample hearted)
 Of their best armed made a squadron strong,
 And to defend their chieftain forth they started
 The Pagans also sav'd their knight from wrong,
 Fortune her favours 'twixt them ev'nly parted,
 Fierce was th' encounter, bloody, doubtful, long,
 These won, those lost, these lost, those won again,
 The loss was equal, ev'n the numbers slain

LII

With equal rage as when the southern wind
 Meeteth in battle strong the northern blast,
 The sea and air to neither is resign'd,
 But cloud 'gainst cloud, and wave 'gainst wave they cast
 So from this skirmish neither part declin'd,
 But fought it out, and kept their footings fast,
 And oft with furious shock together rush, [crush
 And shield 'gainst shield, and helm 'gainst helm they

LIII

The battle eke to Sion-ward grew hot,
 The soldiers slain, the hardy knights were kill'd,
 Legions of sprites from Limbo's prisons got,
 The empty air, the hills and valleys fill'd,
 Hearting the Pagans that they shrink'd not,
 Till where they stood their dearest blood they spill'd,
 And with new rage Argantes they inspire,
 Whose heat no flames, whose burning needs no fire,

LIV.

Where he came in he put to shameful flight
 The fearful watch, and o'er the trenches leap'd,
 Even with the ground he made the rampire's height,
 And murder'd bodies in the ditch up-heap'd,
 So that his greedy mates with labour light
 Amid the tents a bloody harvest reap'd
 Clorinda went the proud Circassian by,
 So from a piece two chained bullets fly

LV

Now fled the French, when in lucky hour
 Arrived Gualphus and his helping band
 He made them turn against this stony shore
 And with bold face their wicked foes withstand
 Sternly they fought, that from their wounds down pour
 The streams of blood, and ran on either hand.
 The Lord of heaven measurable upon this fight
 From his high throne bent down his gracious sight

LVI.

From whence, with grace and goodness compass'd round
 He ruleth, bleaseth keepeth all he wrought
 Above the air the fire, the sea, and ground,
 Our sense, our wit, our reason and our thought
 Where persons three (with power and glory crown'd)
 Are all one God, who made all things of nought
 Under whose feet (subjected to his grace)
 Sit nature, fortune, motion, time and place:

LVII.

This is the place from whence like smoke and dust,
 Of this frail world the wealth the pomp and power,
 Ho tosseth, tumbleth, turneth as he lust,
 And guides our life, our death our end, and hour:
 No eye (be it virtuous, pure and just)
 Can view the brightness of that glorious bow'r
 On every side the blessed spirits be
 Equal in joys, though differing in degree

LVIII.

With harmony of their celestial song
 The palace echoed from the chambers pure:
 At last he Michael call'd (in harness strong
 Of never yielding diamond armed sure)—
 Behold (quoth he) to do despite and wrong
 To that dear flock my mercy hath in cure,
 How Satan from hell's loathsome prison sends
 His ghouls his sprites, his furies, and his fiends:

LIX

Go, bid them all depart, and leave the care
 Of war to soldiers, as doth best pertain,
 Bid them forbear t' infect the earth and air,
 To darken heav'n's fair light bid them refrain,
 Bid them to Acheron's black flood repair,
 Fit house for them, the house of grief and pain,
 There let their King himself and them torment,
 So I command, go tell them mine intent.—

LX

Thus said, the winged warrior low inclin'd
 At his Creator's feet with rev'rence due,
 Then spread his golden feathers to the wind,
 And swift as thought away the angel flew,
 He past the light and shining fire assign'd
 The glorious seat of his selected crew,
 The mover first and circle crystalline,
 The firmament where fixed stars all shine

LXI

Unlike in working, then, in shape and show,
 At his left hand Saturn he left and Jove,
 And those untruly errant called, I trow,
 Since He errs not who them doth guide and move
 The fields he passed then whence hail and snow,
 Thunder and rain, fall down from clouds above,
 Where heat and cold, dryness and moisture strive,
 Whose wars all creatures kill, and slain revive

LXII

The horrid darkness and the shadows dun
 Dispersed he with his eternal wings,
 The flames which from his heav'nly eyes outrun
 Begild the earth and all her sable things
 After a storm so spreadeth forth the sun
 His rays, and binds the clouds in golden strings,
 Or in the stillness of a moonshine even,
 A falling star so glideth down from heaven

LXXXIII.

But when th' infernal troop he approached near
 That still the pagans ire and rage provoke
 The angel on his wings himself did bear,
 And shook his lance and thus at last he spake:—
 Ha! do you not learn'd yet to know and fear
 The Lord's just wrath and thunders dreadful stroke?
 Or in the torments of your endless ill,
 Are you still fierce still proud rebellious still?

LXXXIV.

The Lord hath sworn to break the iron bands
 The brazen gates of Zion's fort which close
 Who is it that his sacred will withstands?
 Against his wrath who dares himself oppose?
 Go hence you cur'd to your appointed limits,
 The realms of death of torments, and of woe,
 And in the depths of that infernal lake
 Your battles fight, and there your triumphs make;

LXXXV.

There tyrannize upon the souls you find
 Condemn'd to woe and double still their pains,
 Where some complain where some their teeth do grind,
 Some howl and weep, some clink their iron chains—
 This add they fled and those that staid behind
 With his sharp lance he driveth and constrains;
 They sighing left the lands, his ill'er sheep
 Where Hesperus doth lead, doth feed doth keep

LXXXVI.

And towards hell their lazy wings display,
 To wreak their malice on the damned ghosts:
 The birds that follow Titan's hottest ray
 Pass not by so great flocks to warmer coasts,
 Nor leaves by so great numbers fall away
 When winter nips them with his new-come frosts:
 The earth (delivered from so fool annoy)
 Recall'd her beauty and resum'd her joy

LXVII.

But not for this in fierce Argantes' breast
 Lessen'd the rancour or decay'd the ire,
 Although Alceto left him to molest
 With the hot brands of her infernal fire,
 His armed head with his sharp blade he blest,
 And those thick ranks which seemed most entire
 He broke, the strong, the weak, the high, the low,
 Were equalised by his murdering blow

LXVIII.

Not far from him, amid the blood and dust,
 Heads, arms, and legs Clorinda strewed wide,
 Her sword through Berengario's breast she thrust,
 Quite through his heart where life doth chiefly bide,
 And that fell blow she struck so sure and just,
 That at his back his blood and life forth glide,
 Even in the mouth she smote Albinus then,
 And cut in twain the visage of the man

LXIX

Gernier's right hand she from his arm divided,
 Whereof but late she had receiv'd a wound,
 The hand his sword still held, although not guided,
 The fingers, half alive, stirr'd on the ground,
 So from a serpent slain the tail divided
 Moves in the grass, rolleth and tumbleth round
 The championess so wounded left the knight,
 And 'gainst Achilles turn'd her weapon bright,

LXX

Upon his neck 'light that unhappy blow,
 And cut the sinews and the throat in twain,
 The head fell down upon the earth below,
 And soil'd with dust the visage on the plan,
 The headless trunk (a woeful thing to know!)
 Still in the saddle seated did remain,
 Until his steed (that felt the reins at large)
 With leaps and flings that burden did discharge

LXXXI.

While thus this fair and fierce Bellona slew
 The western lords, and put their troops to flight,
 Gildippes raged amongst the Pagan crew,
 And low in dust laid many a hardy knight
 Like was their sex, their beauty and their hue
 Like was their youth, their courage, and their might;
 Yet fortune would they should the battle try
 Of mightier foes, for both were fram'd to die :

LXXXII.

Yet wish'd they oft, and strove in vain to meet,
 So great betwixt them was the presso and throng
 But hardy Guelpho gaug'd Clorinda sweet
 Ventur'd his sword, to work her harm and wrong
 And with a cutting blow so did her greet
 That from her side the blood stream'd down along
 But with a thrust as sure as sharp she made
 And 'twixt his ribs colour'd some-deal her blade :

LXXXIII.

Lord Guelpho struck again but hit her not,
 For strong Osmida haply pass'd by
 And, not resent him, another's wound he got,
 That cleft his front in twain above his eye.
 Near Guelpho now the battle wax'd hot,
 For all the troops he led gan thither hie,
 And thither drew eke many a Pagan knight,
 That fierce, stern, bloody deadly wax'd the fight.

LXXXIV.

Meanwhile the purple morning peep'd o'er
 The eastern threshold to our half of land,
 And Argillano in this great uproar
 From prison loosed was, and what he found
 Those arms he hent, and to the field them bore,
 Ready'd to take his chance what came to hand
 And with great acts should the Pagan host
 Would win again his reputation lost.

I XXXV

As a fierce steed 'scap'd from his stall at large,
 Where he had long been kept for warlike need,
 Runs through the fields unto the flow'ry marge
 Of some green forest where he us'd to feed,
 His curled man his shoulders broad doth charge,
 And from his lofty crest doth spring and spread,
 Thunder his feet, his nostrils fire breathe out,
 And with his neigh the world resounds about

I XXXVI

So Argillan rush'd forth, sparkled his eyes,
 His front high lifted was, no fear therein,
 Lightly he leaps and skips, it seems he flies,
 He left no sign in dust unprinted thin,
 And coming near his foes, he sternly cries,
 As one that fear'd not all their strength a pin —
 You outcasts of the world, you men of nought,
 What hath in you this boldness newly wrought?

I XXXVII

Too weak are you to bear an helm or shield,
 Unfit to arm your breast in iron bright,
 You run half naked trembling through the field,
 Your blows are feeble, and your hope in flight,
 Your feats and all the actions that you wield
 The darkness hides, your bulwark is the night,
 Now she is gone, how will your fights succeed?
 Now better arms and better hearts you need —

I XXXVIII

While thus he spoke, he gave a cruel stroke
 Against Algazell's throat with might and man,
 And as he would have answer'd him and spoke,
 He stopp'd his words and cut his jaws in twain,
 Upon his eyes death spread his misty cloak,
 A chilling frost congealed every vein,
 He fell, and with his teeth the earth he tore,
 Raging in death, and full of rage before

XXX

Then by his puissance mighty Solufin
 I road Agrault, and Malcauce died
 And at one wondrous blow his weapon fine
 Did Adiarill in two parts divide
 Then through the breast he wropt Adrial
 Whom dying with sharp taunts he gan deride;
 He, lifting up his feeble eyes,
 To his proud scars thus answereth ere he dies —

XXXI

Not thou (whoe'er thou art) shall glory long
 Thy happy conquest in my death, I trow
 Like chance awaits thee from a hand more strong
 Which by my side will shortly lay thee low —
 He smil'd, and said — Of mine hour short or long
 Let hee 'n take care — but here meanwhile die thou,
 Pasture for wolves and crows. — On him his foot
 He set and drew his sword and life both out.

XXXII

Among this squadron rode a gentle page,
 The Soldier's minion, darling, and delight,
 On whose fair chin the spring-tine of his age
 Yet liv'd or did not her flowers small or light
 The sweat (proud on his cheeks with heat and rage)
 Seem'd pearls or morning dew on lilies white,
 The dust therein uprull'd adorn'd his hair
 His Leo seem'd fierce and well, wrathful and fur

XXXIII

His steel was white and white as pail of snow
 That falls on tops of aged tops —
 Let him, and stars are not so swift, I trow
 As he to run, to stop, to turn, and to move
 A dart his right hand shaketh, prest to throw
 His curlew by his thick short headed Leo
 And hee is in his Turkish; say hee were
 In purple robe or rict with gold and staves:

LXXXIII

The hardy boy (while thirst of warlike praise
 Bewitched so his unadvised thought)
 'Gainst every band his childish strength assays,
 And little danger found, though much he sought;
 Till Argallan (that watch'd fit time always
 In his swift turns to strike him as he fought)
 Did unawares his snow-white courser slay,
 And under him his master tumbling lay,

LXXXIV

And 'gainst his face (where love and pity stand
 To pray him that rich throne of beauty spare)
 The cruel man stretch'd forth his murd'ring hand,
 To spoil those gifts, whereof he had no share
 It seem'd remorse and sense was in his brand,
 Which, lighting flat, to hurt the lad forbare,
 But all for nought, 'gainst him the point he bent,
 That (what the edge had spar'd) pierced and rent

LXXXV

Fierce Solman, that with Godfredo strived
 Who first should enter conquest's glorious gate,
 Left off the fray, and thither headlong driv'd,
 When first he saw the lad in such estate,
 He brake the prease, and soon enough arriv'd
 To take revenge, but to his aid too late,
 Because he saw his Lesbine slain and lost,
 Like a sweet flower nipp'd with untimely frost

LXXXVI

He saw wax dim the star-light of his eyes,
 His ivory neck upon his shoulders fell,
 In his pale looks kind pity's image lies,
 That death e'en mourn'd to hear his passing-bell,
 His marble heart such soft impression tries,
 That midst his wrath his manly tears outwell
 (Thou weepst, Solman! thou that beheld
 Thy kingdoms lost, and not one tear couldst yield)

LXXXVII.

But when the murderer's sword he happy to view
 Dropping with blood of his Lezbino doud,
 His pity vanish'd, ire and rage renew
 He had no leisure bootless tears to shed ;
 But with his blade on Argillano flew
 And cleft his shield, his helmet and his beard
 Down to his throat and worthy was that blow
 Of Saliman his strength and wrath to show

LXXXVIII.

And not content with this, down from his horse
 He light and that dead carcass rent and tore
 Like a fierce dog that takes his angry courser
 To bite the stone which had hit him before.
 O comfort vain for grief of so great force,
 To wound the senseless earth that feels no sore
 But might Godfrey gainst the Soldan's train
 Spent not this while his force and blows in vain :

LXXXIX.

A thousand hardy Turks in front he had
 In sturdy iron arm'd from head to foot,
 Round'd in all all captures good or bad
 In actions war in execution stout,
 Whom Saliman into Arabia led,
 When from his kingdom he was first cast out,
 Where lying wild with their exiled guide
 To him in all extremes they faithful bide :

XC.

All these in the chest were sure to see
 From Godfrey's valour small or nothing shrink ;
 Corruis first he on the fore did see
 Then wounded strike Rustens to the back,
 At the low neck's head he struck off quite
 Then both Hunson arms in every rack
 The hundred to his fall that were on
 He found, r.

XCI.

While thus he killed many a Saracine,
 And all their fierce assaults unhurt sustain'd,
 Ere fortune wholly from the 'Turks decline,
 While still they hoped much, though small they gam'd,
 Behold a cloud of dust, wherein doth shine
 Lightning of war in midst thereof contain'd,
 Whence unawares burst forth a storm of swords,
 Which tremble made the Pagan knights and lords

XCII

These fifty champions were, 'mongst whom there stands
 (In silver field) the ensign of Christ's death
 If I had mouths and tongues as Briareus hands,
 If voice as iron tough, if non breath,
 What harm this troop wrought to the heathen bands,
 What knights they slew, I could recount uneth
 In vain the 'Turks resist, th' Arabians fly,
 For if they fly, they're slau, if fight, they die

XCIII

Fear, cruelty, grief, horror, sorrow, pain,
 Ran through the field, disguis'd in divers shapes,
 Death might you see triumphant on the plain,
 Drowning in blood him that from blows escapes
 The King meanwhile, with parcel of his train,
 Comes hastily out, and for sure conquest gapes,
 And from a bank whereon he stood beheld
 The doubtful hazard of that bloody field

XCIV

But when he saw the Pagans shrink away,
 He sounded the retreat, and 'gan desire
 His messengers in his behalf to pray
 Argantes and Clorinda to retire
 The furious couple both at once said nay,
 Ev'n drunk with shedding blood, and mad with ire
 At last they went, and to recomfort thought
 And stay their troops from flight, but all for nought,

XCY

For who can govern cowardice or fear?
 Their best advantage we learn to fly
 They on their shins and heels the ground
 As not defended, but made low there of
 A bulwark dash the city's bulwarks on
 From west to north encircled I do see
 Thither they fled and in a mist of death
 Towards the wall they ran they throng, they throng

XCVI

Whuff down the tank disorder'd thus they ran
 The Chariot king his horse he led the way
 But when to climb the other hill they ran
 Old Alahim came there by the way
 On that steep way Lord Guichard would not there
 Hazard his folk but there his soldier lay
 And all within the city walls the king
 The reliques small of that sharp battle did bring

XCVII

Meanwhile the Soldan in this latest charge
 Had done as much as human force would do
 All sweat and blood appeared his members lay
 His breath was short, his courage was down laid
 His arms grew weak to bear his mighty target
 His hand to rule his lusty sword unstable
 Which bruised, not cut, so blunted was the blade
 It lost the use for which a sword was made.

XCVIII

Feeling his weakness he gan musing stand
 And in his troubled thought this question took
 If he himself should murder with his hand
 (Because none else should of his conquest boast)
 Or he himself save his life when on the ground
 Lay slain the pride of his valiant heart:
 At last—To fortune's power (such he) I yield
 And on my flight let her her trophies hold.

XCIX.

Let Godfrey view my flight, and smile to see
This mine unworthy second banishment,
For arm'd again soon shall he hear of me,
From his proud head the unsettled crown to rent,
For, as my wrongs, my wrath eterne shall be,
And every hour, the bow of war new bent,
I will arise again, a foe, fierce, bold,
Though dead, though slain, though burnt to ashes cold.

3

END OF VOL. 2.

GODFREY OF BULLOIGNE,
OR, THE
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM

— — — — —
ENGLISH METRICAL VERSION
FROM THE ITALIAN OF TASSO

• EDWARD FAIRFAX.

THE SEVENTH EDITION
REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1804.

WITH ADDITIONAL
A GLOSSARY

THE LIVES OF TASSO AND FAIRFAX
BY THE EDITOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES—VOL. II.

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1844.

THE
RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM

BOOK I.

THE BATTLE OF

LEMAN FROM WHICH ALDRED THE WARRIOR
HAD BEEN DRIVEN BY THE ENEMY IN THE
WHERE THE SONS OF KING ALFRED
WROTE HIS NAME IN BLOOD AND
GOLDEN LETTERS ON HIS SHIELD AND HIS
HELM AS THEY ESCAPED THROUGH THE
LINDSAY HILLS TO LIVE BY THE SEA
THEir SONS AND DAUGHTERS GAVE THEM
NAMES

I.

A GALLANT DEED (WHILE THIS THE SOLDIER SAID)
CAME TRIPPING BY HIM, WITHOUT HORSE OR GADE
QUICKLY HIS HAND UPON THE REINS HE LAID
AND HE AID WEARY HUNG UP TO RIDE
THE SNAKE (THAT ON HIS CREST WAS SURE TO BE)
WAS QUITE CUT OFF, HIS HELM HAD LOST HIS PERL
HIS REIN WAS RENT, HIS HARNESS LACK'D AND CHEST
AND OF HIS KINGLY POMP NO MORE WAS LEFT.

II.

AS WHEN A ROYAL WOLF CHASED FROM THE FIGHT
TO HIDE HIS HEAD UNDER THE FEET OF A WOLF,
WHO (THOUGH HE FILLED HATH WHILE IT WAS HOT)
HIS GREEDY JAW (YET HUNG WITH AFTER FEEL)
WITH SANGUINE TONGUE FORTH OF HIS LIPS CUT ROLL'D,
ABOUT HIS JAW THAT LUCKY GROOM AND DEED
FROM THIS BLOODY FRY THE SOLDIER HID
HIS ROYAL MOUNTAIN OF HIS WORTH UNMOUNTED.

III.

And (as his fortune would) he 'scaped free
 From thousand arrows which about him flew,
 From swords and lances, instruments that be
 Of certain death, himself he safe withdrew,
 Unknown, unseen, disguised, travell'd he
 By desert paths and ways but us'd by few,
 And rode, revolving in his troubled thought
 What course to take, and yet resolv'd on nought

IV

Thither at last he meant to take his way
 Where Egypt's king assembled all his host,
 To join with him, and once again assay
 To win by fight, by which so oft he lost
 Determin'd thus, he made no longer stay,
 But thitherward spurr'd forth his steed in post,
 Nor need he guide, the way right well he could
 That leads to sandy plains of Gaza old

V.

Nor though his smarting wounds torment him oft,
 His body weak and wounded back and side,
 Not rested he, nor once his armour doft,
 But all day long o'er hills and dales doth ride
 But when the night cast up her shade aloft,
 And all earth's colours strange in sable dy'd,
 He light, and as he could his wounds upbound,
 And shook ripe dates down from a palm he found

VI

On them he supped, and amid the field
 To rest his weary limbs awhile he sought,
 He made his pillow of his broken shield,
 To ease the griefs of his distemper'd thought,
 But little ease could so hard lodging yield,
 His wounds so smarted that he slept right nought,
 And in his breast his proud heart rent in twain
 Two inward vultures, sorrow and disdain

VII.

At length when midnight with her silence deep
 Had heav'n and earth lull'd still and quiet made,
 Some watch'd and weary began to creep
 His cares and sorrows in oblivion's lake
 And in a little slumber, unquiet sleep,
 Some small repose his flin'g spirits take;
 But (while he slept) a voice grave and severe
 At midnight thus thund'ring in his ear:—

VIII.

O Solomon! thou far-renowned king
 Till better season serve forbear thy rest;
 A stranger doth thy beds in thrall'sen bring;
 Nice is a slave by Christian yoke oppress'd;
 Sleepest thou here forgetful of this thing
 That here thy friends lie slain not laid in chest,
 Whose bones bear witness of thy crimes and scorn
 And wilt thou idly here attend the morn?—

IX.

The king awak'd and saw before his eyes
 A man whose presence seem'd grave and old
 A withen staff his steps in silent guides
 Which serv'd his feeble members to uphold.—
 And what art thou? (the prince in scorn replies)
 What spites to vex poor passengers so bold
 To break their sleep; or what to thee belongs
 My shame my loss, my vengeance or my wrongs?—

X.

I am the man of thine intent (quoth he)
 And purpose now that sure conjecture hath,
 And better than thou wene'st know I thee
 I proffer thee my services and my faith;
 My speeches therefore sharp and biting be
 Because quick words the whetstones are of wrath;
 Accept in gree, my lord the words I spoke
 As spurs thine ire and courage to provoke.

XI.

But now to visit Egypt's mighty king,
 Unless my judgment fail, you are prepar'd,
 I prophesy, about a needless thing,
 You suffer shall a voyage long and hard
 For though you stay, the monarch great will bring
 His new assembled force to Judah-ward,
 No place of service there, no cause of fight,
 Nor 'gainst our foes to use your force and might

XII

But, if you follow me, within this wall,
 (With Christian arms hemm'd in on every side,)
 Withouten battaile, fight, or stroke at all,
 Ev'n at noon day I will you safely guide,
 Where you delight, rejoyce, and glory shall,
 In perils great to see your prowess tried
 That noble town you may preserve and shield,
 'Till Egypt's host come to renew the field —

XIII

While thus he parled, of this aged guest
 The Turk the words and looks did both admire,
 And from his haughty eyes and furious breast
 He laid apart his pride, his rage, his ire,
 And humbly said—I willing am and prest
 To follow where thou ledest, reverend sire,
 And that advice best fits my angry vein,
 That tells of greatest peril, greatest pain —

XIV

The old man prais'd his words, and for the air
 His late received wounds to worse disposes,
 A quintessence therein he poured fair,
 That stops the bleeding, and incision closes
 Beholding then before Apollo's chair
 How fresh Aurora violets strew'd and roses,—
 It's time (he says) to wend, for Titan bright
 To wonted labour summons every wight —

XV

And to a chariot (that brave did send)
 Ascended he and with his hand
 He took the reins and with a master's hand
 He led his steeds, and whipt them now and then
 The wheels of horses' feet upon the land
 Had left no sign or token where they ran
 The corners just and d with lightning out
 As if from y' creation, the firmament out

XVI

The air about them round (a wood round thing)
 Itself on heaps in solid thickness grew
 The chariot halting and encircling;
 The subtle mist no mortal eye could view
 And yet so steep from above came or shined
 Could pierce the lead it was of proof no true;
 Yet seen it was to them within which rode
 And bear a and earth without all clear bounds.

XVII

His beetle brows the Turk amazed bent,
 He wrinkled up his front and wildly start'd
 Upon the cloud and harrow as it went,
 For speed to Cassius's car he well compar'd;
 The other seeing his amazement
 How he bewonder'd was, and how he start'd,
 All suddenly by name the princegan call
 By which awak'd thus he spake withal:—

XVIII

Who'er thou art, above all worldly wit,
 That hast these high and wondrous marvels wrought,
 And know'st the deep intents which hidden sit
 In secret clove of man's private thought
 If in thy skilful heart this love be writ
 To tell the event of things to end unbrought
 Then say what issue and what end the stars
 Alot to Asia's troubles, broils and war?

XIX.

But tell me first thy name, and by what art
 Thou dost these wonders strange, above our skill,
 For full of marvel is my troubled heart,
 Tell then, and leave me not amazed still —
 The wizard smil'd and answer'd — In some part
 Easy it is to satisfy thy will,
 Ismen I hight, call'd an enchanter great,
 Such skill have I in magic's secret feat

XX

But that I should the sure events unfold
 Of things to come, or destinies foretell,
 Too rash is your desire, your wish too bold,
 To mortal heart such knowledge never fell
 Our wit and strength on us bestow'd, I hold,
 To shun th' evils and harms 'mongst which we dwell,
 They make their fortune who are stout and wise,
 Wit rules the heav'ns, discretion guides the skies

XXI

That puissant arm of thine, that well can rend
 From Godfrey's brow the new usurped crown,
 And not alone protect, save and defend
 From his fierce people this besieged town,
 'Gainst fire and sword with strength and courage bend,
 Adventure, suffer, trust, tread perils down,
 And to content and to encourage thee,
 Know this, which I as in a cloud foresee

XXII

I guess (before the over-gliding sun
 Shall many years mete out by weeks and days)
 A prince (that shall in fertile Egypt won)
 Shall fill all Asia with his prosp'rous frays,
 I speak not of his acts in quiet done,
 His policy, his rule, his wisdom's praise,
 Let this suffice, by him these Christians shall
 In fight subdued fly, and conquered fall,

XXIII

And their great empire and usurped state
 Shall overthrow in dust and ashes lie
 Their woeeful remnant in an angle strait,
 Compass'd with sea, themselves shall fortify
 From thee shall spring this lord of war and fate.—
 Whereto great Salim gan thus reply —
 O happy man, to so great praise ybore !—
 Thus he rejoic'd but yet envied more

XXIV

And said—Let chance with good or bad aspect
 Upon me look as sacred heav'n's decree,
 This heart to her I never will subject,
 Nor ever conquer'd shall she look on me
 The moon her chariot shall awry direct,
 Ere from this course I will diverted be.—
 While thus he spake, it seem'd he breath'd fire,
 So fiercely his courage was, so hot his ire.

XXV

Thus talk'd they till they arriv'd been
 Nigh to the place where Godfrey's tents were rear'd
 There was a woeeful spectacle yseen,
 Death in a thousand ugly forms appear'd
 The Souldan chang'd hue for grief and teen
 On that sad book his shame and loss he lear'd
 Ah ! with what grief his men his friends, he found
 And standards proud, inglorious lie on ground !

XXVI

And saw on visage of some well-known friend
 (In foul despite) a rabal Frenchman tread
 And there another ragged peasant reed
 The arms and garment from some champion dead ;
 And there with stately pomp by heaps they wend,
 And Christians slain roll up in webs of lead
 Lastly the Turks and slau' Arabi (brought
 On heaps) he saw them burn with fire to nought.

XXVII

Deeply he sighed, and with naked sword
 Out of the coach he leaped in the mire,
 But Ismen call'd again the angry lord,
 And with grave words appeas'd his foolish ire
 The prince content remounted at his word,
 Towards a hill on drove the aged sire,
 And hasting forward up the bank they pass,
 'Till far behind the Christian leader was

XXVIII

There they alight and took their way on foot,
 The empty chariot vanish'd out of sight,
 Yet still the cloud environ'd them about,
 At their left hand down went they from the height
 Of Sion's hill, till they approach'd the rout,
 On that side where to west he looketh right,
 There Ismen stayed, and his eyesight bent
 Upon the bushy rocks, and thither went

XXIX

A hollow cave was in the craggy stone,
 Wrought out by hand a number years tofore,
 And for of long that way had walked none,
 The vault was hid with plants and bushes hoar
 The wizard stooping in thereat to gone,
 The thorns aside and scratching brambles bore,
 His right hand sought the passage through the cleft,
 And for his guide he gave the prince his left —

XXX

What! (quoth the Soldan) by what privy mine,
 What hidden vault, behoves it me to creep?
 This sword can find a better way than thine,
 Although our foes the passage guard and keep —
 Let not (quoth he) thy princely foot repine
 To tread this secret path, though dark and deep,
 For great king Herod us'd to tread the same,
 He that in arms had whilome so great fame

XXXI.

This passage made he, when he would suppress
 His subjects' pride and them in bondage hold,
 By this he could from that small *locustum*
 Antons call'd of Antons the bold,
 Convey his folk, unseen of more and less,
 Even to the midst of the temple old;
 Thence hither where these privy ways begin
 And bring unseen whole armies out and in:

XXXII.

But now saith I in all this world lives none
 That knows the secret of this darksome place;
 Come then where Ahasim sits on his throne,
 With lords and princes set about his grace;
 He searcheth more than fitteth such an one,
 Such signs of doubt show in his cheer and face
 Filly you come hear see, and keep you still,
 'Till time and season serve then speak your fill.—

XXXIII.

This said, that narrow entrance past the knight,
 (So creeps a camel through a needle's eye)
 And through the ways as black as darkest night
 He followed him that did him rule and guide:
 Strait was the way at first withouten light,
 But further in did further amplify
 So that upright walked at ease the men
 Ere they had passed half that secret den.

XXXIV.

A privy door Lamen unlock'd at last,
 And up they climb'd a little-used stair
 Thereat the day a feeble beam in cast,
 Dim was the light, and fresh & clear the air;
 Out of the hollow cave at length they pass'd,
 Into a goodly hall high, broad, and fair
 Where crown'd with gold, and all in purple clad,
 Sat the sad king among his nobles sad.

XXXV

The Turk (close in his hollow cloud imbar'd),
 Unseen, at will did all the prease behold,
 These heavy speeches of the King he heard,
 Who thus from lofty siege his pleasure told —
 My lords, last day our state was much impair'd,
 Our friends were slain, kill'd were our soldiers bold,
 Great helps and greater hopes are us bereft,
 Nor ought but aid from Egypt land is left

XXXVI

And well you see far distant is that aid,
 Upon our heels our danger treadeth still,
 For your advice was this assembly made,
 Each what he thinketh speak, and what he will —
 A whisper soft arose when this was said,
 As gentle winds the groves with murmurs fill,
 But with bold face, high looks, and merry cheer,
 Argantes rose, the rest their talk forbear —

XXXVII

O worthy sovereign, (thus began to say
 The hardy young man to the tyrant wise,)
 What words be these? what fears do you dismay?
 Who knows not this, you need not our advice?
 But on our hands your hope of conquest lay,
 And, for no loss true virtue damnifies,
 Make her our shield, pray her us succours give,
 And without her let us not wish to live

XXXVIII

Nor say I this for that I ought misdeem
 That Egypt's promis'd succours fail us might,
 Doubtful of my great master's words to seem,
 To me were neither lawful, just, nor right,
 I speak these words, for spurs I them esteem
 To waken up each dull and fearful sprite,
 And make our hearts resolv'd to all assays,
 To win with honour, or to die with praise —

Thus much Argantes said and said no more
 (As if the case were clear of which he spoke)
 Orsano rose, of princely stem ybore
 Whose presence amongst them bore a mighty stroke ,
 A man esteemed well in arms of yore
 But now was coupled new in marriage yoke
 Young babes he had, to fight which made him loth ;
 He was a husband and a father both.—

XL.

My lord (quoth he) I will not reprehend
 The earnest zeal of this audacious speech
 From courage sprung which seeld is close ypen d
 In swelling stomach without violent breach ;
 And though to you our good Clerk my friend
 In terms too bold and fervent oft both preach,
 Yet hold I that for good in warlike feat
 For his great deeds respond his speeches great

XLI.

But if it you beware (whom age
 And long experience hath made wise and sly)
 To rule the heat of youth and hardy rage,
 Which somewhat have misled this knight awry
 In equal balance ponder then and gage
 Your hopes far distant with your perils nigh ;
 This town's old walls and rampires new compare
 With Godfrey's forces, and his engines rare :

XLII.

But (if I may say what I think unblamed)
 This town is strong by nature site and art
 But engines huge and main vents are framed
 Against these defences by our adverse part
 Who thinks him most secure is earliest shamed
 I hope the best, yet fear imminent Mart
 And with this siege if we be long up-pent,
 Famine I doubt, our store will all be spent ;

XIII

For all that store of cattle and of grain

Which yesterday within these walls you brought,
While your proud foes triumphant through the plain

On nought but shedding blood and conquest thought,
Too little is this city to sustain,

To raise the siege unless some means be sought,
And it must last till the prefixed hour,
'That it be rais'd by Egypt's aid and pow'r

XIV

But what if that appointed day they miss?

Or else ere we expect what if they came?

The victory yet is not ours for this

Oh save this town from ruin, us from shame!

With that same Godfrey still our warfare is,

These armies, soldiers, captains, are the same

Who have so oft, amid the dusty plain,

Turks, Persians, Syrians, and Arabians slain

XLV

And thou, Argantes, wottest what they be,

Oft hast thou fled from that victorious host,

Thy shoulders often hast thou let them see,

And in thy feet hath been thy safeguard most,

Clorinda bright and I fled both with thee,

None than his fellows had more cause to boast,

Nor blame I any, for in every fight

We showed courage, valour, strength, and might

XLVI

And though this hardy knight the certain threat

Of near approaching death to hear disdain,

Yet to this state of loss and danger great,

From this strong foe, I see the tokens plain,

No fort, how strong so'er by art or seat,

Can hinder Godfrey why he should not reign

This makes me say (to witness heav'n I bring)

Zeal to this state, love to my lord and king

XLVII.

The king of Tripoli was well advis'd
 To purchase peace and so preserve his crown;
 But Solime (who Godfrey's love despis'd)
 Is either dead or deep in prison thrown
 Else fearful is he run away disguis'd
 And scant his life is left him for his own;
 And yet with gifts, with tribute, and with gold,
 He might in peace his empire still have hold.—

XLVIII.

Thus spake Orontes and some inkling gave
 In doubtful words of that he would have said;
 To see for peace, or yield himself a slave,
 He durst not openly his king persuade;
 But at these words the Souldan gan to rave,
 And gainst his will wrapt in the cloud he staid
 Whom I saw thus bespake —How can you bear
 These words, my lord or these reproaches hear?

XLIX.

Oh let me speak (quoth he) with ire and scorn
 I burn and gainst my will thus hid I stay —
 Thus said, the smoky cloud was cleft and torn
 Which like a veil upon them stretched lay
 And up to open heav'n forthwith was borne,
 And left the prince in view of light'ning day
 With princely look and the peace he shinn'd,
 And on a sudden thus declar'd his mind:—

L.

Of whom you speak behold the Soldan here,
 Neither afraid, nor run away for dread;
 And that these leaders, lies, and falles were
 This hand shall prove upon that coward's head
 I, who ha' o' shed a sea of blood well near
 And heap'd up mountains high of Christian dead
 I in their camp who still maintain'd the fray
 (My men all murder'd) I that run away

II.

If this, or any coward vile beside,
 False to his faith and country, dares reply,
 And speak of concord with yond men of pride,
 By your good leave, sir king, here shall he die,
 'The lambs and wolves shall in one fold abide,
 The doves and serpents in one nest shall lie,
 Before one town us and these Christians shall
 In peace and love unite within one wall —

III.

While thus he spoke, his broad and trenchant sword
 His hand held high aloft in threat'ning guise
 Dumb stood the knights, so dreadful was his word
 A storm was in his front, fire in his eyes,
 He turn'd at last to Sion's aged lord,
 And calm'd his visage stern in humbler wise —
 Behold (quoth he), good prince, what aid I bring,
 Since Soliman is join'd with Judah's king —

IV.

King Aladine from his rich throne upstart,
 And said—Oh how I joy thy face to view,
 My noble friend, it less'neth in some part
 My grief for slaughter of my subjects true,
 My weak estate to 'stablish come thou art,
 And may'st thine own again in time renew,
 If heav'ns consent — With that the Soldan bold
 In dear embracements did he long enfold

LIV.

Their greetings done, the king resign'd his throne
 'To Soliman, and set himself beside
 In a rich seat adorn'd with gold and stone,
 And Ismen sage did at his elbow bide,
 Of whom he ask'd what way they two had gone,
 And he declar'd all what had them betide
 'Clorinda bright to Soliman address'd
 Her salutations first, then all the rest

LV

Among them rose Ormus valiant knight,
 Whom late the Soldan with a convoy sent,
 And when most hot and bloody was the fight,
 By secret paths and blind bye-ways he went,
 Till, aided by the silence and the night,
 Safe in the city's walls himself he pent,
 And there refresh'd with corn and cattle store
 The pined soldiers, famish'd nigh before.

LVI.

With surly countenance and disdainful grace
 Sullen and sad, sat the Cuius stout,
 Like a fierce lion grumbling in his place,
 His fiery eyes that turns and rolls about
 Nor durst Ormus view the Soldan's face
 But still upon the floor did pore and tout.
 Thus with his lords and peers in counselling
 The Turkish monarch sat with Judah's king

LVII.

Godfrey this while gave victory the rein
 And following her the walls he opened all
 Then for his soldiers and his captains slain
 He celebrates a stately funeral,
 And told his camp within a day or twain
 He would assault the city's mighty wall,
 And all the heathen there inclos'd doth threat
 With fire and sword, with death and danger great:

LVIII.

And, for he had that noble squadron known
 In the last fight which brought him so great aid,
 To be the lords and princes of his own
 Who follow'd late the sly enticing maid,
 And with them Tancred (who had late been thrown
 In prison deep, by that false witch betray'd),
 Before the hermit and some private friends,
 For all those worthless lords and knights, he sends

LIX

And thus he said —Some one of you declare
 Your fortunes, whether good or to be blamed,
 And to assist us with your valours rare
 (In so great need) how was your coming framed?—
 They blush, and on the ground amazed stare,
 (For virtue is of little guilt ashamed),
 At last the English prince, with count'nance bold,
 The silence broke, and thus their errors told

LX

We (not elect to that exploit by lot)
 With secret flight from hence ourselves withdrew,
 Following false Cupid, I deny it not,
 Enticed forth by love and beauty's hue,
 A jealous fire burnt in our stomachs hot,
 And by close ways we passed least in view
 Her words, her looks (alas! I know too late),
 Nursed our love, our jealousy, our hate

LXI

At last we 'gan approach that woeful clime
 Where fire and brimstone down from heav'n was sent,
 To take revenge for sin and shameful crime
 'Gainst kind commit, by those who would repent
 A loathsome lake of brimstone, pitch, and slime,
 O'ergoes that land, erst sweet and redolent,
 And when it moves, thence stench and smoke up-flies
 Which dim the welkin and infect the skies

LXII

This is the lake in which yet never might
 Aught that hath weight sink to the bottom down,
 But like to cork, to leaves, or feathers light,
 Stones, iron, men, there float, and never drown
 Therein a castle stands, to which by sight
 But o'er a narrow bridge no way is known
 Hither us brought, here welcom'd us the witch,
 The house within was stately, pleasant, rich



[Dead Sea.]

LXIII

The heav'ns were clear, and wholesome was the air,
 High trees, sweet meadows, waters pure and good,
 For there in thickest shade of myrtles fair
 A crystal spring pour'd out a silver flood,
 Amid the herbs, the grass, and flowers rare,
 The falling leaves down patter'd from the wood,
 The birds sung hymns of love, yet speak I nought
 Of gold and marble rich, and richly wrought

LXIV

Under the curtain of the green-wood shade,
 Beside the brook, upon the velvet grass,
 In massy vessels of pure silver made,
 A banquet rich and costly furnish'd was,
 All beasts, all birds, beguil'd by fowler's trade,
 All fish were there in floods or seas that pass;
 All dainties made by art, and at the table
 An hundred virgins serv'd, for husbands able

LXV

She, with sweet words and false enticing smiles,
 Infused love among the dainties set,
 And with empoison'd cups our souls beguiles,
 And made each knight himself and God forget.
 She rose, and turn'd again within short whiles,
 With changed looks where wrath and anger met;
 A charming rod, a book, with her she brings,
 On which she mumbled strange and secret things

LXVI

She read, and chang'd I felt my will and thought,
 I long'd to change my life and place of biding,
 That virtue strange in me no pleasure wrought,
 I leap'd into the flood myself there hiding,
 My legs and feet both into one were brought,
 Mine arms and hands into my shoulders sliding,
 My skin was full of scales like shields of brass,
 Now made a fish, where late a knight I was

LXXXVI

Now on our way, the way to death, we ride,
 But Providence divine thus for us wrought,
 Rinaldo (whose high virtue is his guide
 To great exploits exceeding human thought)
 Met us, and all at once our guard defy'd,
 And, ere he left the fight, to earth them brought,
 And in their harness arm'd us in the place,
 Which late were ours before our late disgrace

LXXXVII

I and all these the hardy champion knew,
 We saw his valour, and his voice we heard
 Then is the rumour of his death untrue,
 His life is safe, good fortune long it guard
 Three times the golden sun has risen new
 Since us he left and rode to Antioch-ward,
 But first his armours broken, hack'd, and cleft,
 Unfit for service, there he doft and left —

LXXXVIII

Thus spake the Briton prince with humble cheer
 The hermit sage to heav'n cast up his eyne,
 His colour and his count'nance changed were,
 With heavenly grace his looks and visage shine,
 Ravish'd with zeal, his soul approached near
 The seat of angels pure and saints divine,
 And there he learn'd of things and haps to come,
 To give foreknowledge true, and certain doom

LXXXIX

At last he spoke (in more than human sound),
 And told what things his wisdom great foresaw;
 And at his thund'ring voice the folk around
 Attentive stood, with trembling and with awe —
 Rinaldo lives, he said, the tokens found
 From women's craft their false beginnings draw,
 He lives, and heav'n will long preserve his days,
 To greater glory and to greater praise

BOOK XI.

THE ARGUMENT

With grave procession, songs, and psalms devout, Heav'n's sacred aid the Christian lords invoke	4
That done, they scale the wall which kept them out, The fort is almost won, the gates nigh broke	19
Godfrey is wounded by Clorinda stout, And lost is that day's conquest by the stroke	54
The angel cures him, he returns to fight, But lost his labour, for day lost his light.	74

I

THE Christian armies' great and puissant guide,
T' assault the town that all his thoughts had bent,
Did ladders, rams, and engines huge provide,
When reverend Peter to him gravely went,
And drawing him with sober grace aside,
With words severe thus told his high intent —
Right well, my lord, these earthly strengths you move,
But let us first begin from heav'n above ,

II

With public prayer, zeal, and faith devout,
The aid, assistance, and the help obtain
Of all the blessed of the heav'nly rout,
With whose support you conquest sure may gain
First let the priests, before thine armies stout,
With sacred hymns their holy voices strain ,
And thou, and all thy lords and peers with thee,
Of godliness and faith ensamples be —

VII

To thee, O Father, Son, and sacred Spright,
 One true, eternal, everlasting King,
 To Christ's dear mother Mary, virgin bright,
 Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they sing,
 To them that angels down from heav'n to fight,
 'Gainst the blasphemous beast and dragon bring,
 To him also that of our Saviour good
 Washed the sacred front in Jordan's flood,

VIII

Him likewise they invoke, called the rock
 Whereon the Lord, they say, his church did rear,
 Whose true successors close or else unlock
 The blessed gates of grace and mercy dear,
 And all th' elected twelve, the chosen flock,
 Of his triumphant death who witness bear,
 And them by torment, slaughter, fire, and sword,
 Who martyrs died to confirm his word,

IX

And them also whose books and writings tell
 What certain path to heav'nly bliss us leads,
 And hermits good and anchoresses, that dwell
 Mew'd up in walls, and mumble on their beads,
 And vugin nuns in close and private cell,
 Where (but shrift fathers) never man'nd treads.
 On these they called, and on all the rout
 Of angels, martyrs, and of saints devout

X

Singing and saying thus the camp devout
 Spread forth her zealous squadrons broad and wide,
 Towards mount Olivet went all this rout,
 So call'd of olive trees the hill which hide,
 A mountain known by fame the world throughout,
 Which riseth on the city's eastern side,
 From it divided by the valley green
 Of Josaphat, that fills the space between

XL

Hither the armies went, and chaunted shrill,
 That all the deep and hollow dales resound
 From hollow mounts and caes in every hill
 A thousand echoes also sung around
 It seem'd some choir that sung with art and skill
 Dwelt in those savage dens and shady ground
 For oft, awaked from the banks they hear
 The name of Christ and of his mother dear

XII.

Upon the walls the pagans old and young
 Stood hush'd and still, amazed and amazed
 At their grave order and their humble song
 At their strange pomp and customs new they gazed
 But when the show they had beholden long,
 An hideous yell the wicked miscreants raised,
 That with vile blasphemies the mountains hear
 The woods, the waters, and the valleys roar

XIII.

But yet with sacred notes the hosts proceed
 Though blasphemous they hear and cursed things:
 So with Apollo's harp Pan tunes his reed
 So adorns his where Philomela sings.
 Nor flying darts nor stones the Christians dread,
 Nor arrows shot, nor quarries cast from slings;
 But with assured faith, as dreading nought,
 The holy work begun to end they brought.

XIV

A table set they on the mountain's height,
 To minister thereon the sacrament;
 In golden candelsticks a hallowed light
 At either end of silver wax there brent
 In costly vestments sacred William dight,
 With fear and trembling to the altar went
 And as yet there and service loud begins,
 Both for his own and all the armies' sins.

XV

Humbly they heard his words that stood hur nigh,
 The rest far off upon him bent their eyes,
 But when he ended had the service high,—
 You servants of the Lord depart—he cries
 His hands he lifted then up to the sky,
 And blessed all those warlike companies,
 And they dismiss'd return'd the way they came,
 Their order as before, their pomp the same

XVI

Within their camp arriv'd, this voyage ended,
 Towards his tent the Duke himself withdrew,
 Upon their guide by heaps the bands attended,
 Till his pavilion's stately door they view,
 There to the Lord his we'fare they commended,
 And with him left the worthies of the crew,
 Whom at a costly and rich feast he placed,
 And with the highest room old Raimond graced

XVII

Now when the hungry knights sufficed are
 With meat, with drink, with spices of the best,
 Quoth he—When next you see the morning star,
 T' assault the town be ready all and prest
 To-morrow is a day of pains and war,
 This of repose, of quiet, peace, and rest
 Go, take your ease this evening and this night,
 And make you strong against to-morrow's fight —

XVIII

They took their leave, and Godfrey's heralds rode
 To intimate his will on every side,
 And publish'd it through all the lodgings broad,
 That 'gainst the morn each should himself provide,
 Meanwhile they might their hearts of cares unload,
 And rest their tired limbs that evening tide
 Thus fared they till night their eyes did close,
 Night, friend to gentle rest and sweet repose

XIX.

With little sign as yet of springing day
 Out peep'd not well appear'd, the rising morn,
 The plough yet ture not up the fertile lay
 Nor to their feed the sheep from folds clum,
 The birds sat silent on the green-wood spray
 Amid the gales unheard was hound and horn;
 When trumpets shrill, true signs of hardy fights,
 Call'd up to arms the soldiers, call'd the knights.

XX.

Arm! arm! at once an hundred squadrons cried,
 And with their cry to arm them all begin
 Godfrey arose that day he laid aside
 His hawkberk strong he went to combat in
 And don'd a breast plate fair of proof untried
 Such one as footmen use, light, easy thin:
 Scantly their lord thus clothed had his grooms,
 When aged Raymond to his presence comes

XXI.

And furnish'd thus when he the man beheld,
 By his attire his secret thought he guess'd:
 Where is (quoth he) your sure and trusty shield,
 Your helm your hawkberk strong where all the rest?
 Why be you half disarm'd? why to the field
 Approach you in these weak defences drest?
 I see this day you mean a course to run,
 Wherein may peril much small prizes be won:

XXII.

Alas! do you that idle prizes expect,
 To set first foot this conquer'd wall above?
 Of loss account some knight thereto object,
 Whose loss so great and harmful cannot prove
 My lord, your life with greater care protect,
 And love yourself because all us you love
 Your happy life is spirit, soul, and breath
 Of all this camp, *perdu* it then from death —

XXII.

All full of arms and weapons was the wall
 Under whose basis that fair plain doth run
 There stood the Soldan like a giant tall
 (So stood at Rhodes the coloss of the sun)
 Waist-high Argantes shew'd himself withall
 At whose stern looks the French to quako begun
 Clorinda on the corner tower alone,
 In silver arms, like rung Cynthia shone

XXIII.

Her rattling quiver at her shoulders hung,
 Therein a flash of arrows weathered well
 In her left hand her bow was bended strung
 Therein a shaft headed with mortal steel
 So fit to shoot, she singled forth among
 Her foes who first her quarry's strength should feel
 So fit to shoot Tentons's daughter stood
 When Niobe she kill'd and all her brood.

XXIV.

The aged tyrant trotted on his feet
 From gate to gate, from wall to wall he flow
 He comforts all his hands with speeches sweet,
 And every fort and bastion doth review
 For every nook prepar'd, in every street
 New regiments he plac'd, and weapons new
 The matrons grave within their temples hue,
 To idols false for succours call, and cry —

XXV.

O Macon! break in twain the steeld lance
 Of wicked Godfrey with thy righteous hands,
 Against thy name he doth his arm ad ance
 His rebel blood pour out upon these sands. —
 These cries within his ears no entrance
 Could find for nought he hears, nought understandeth,
 While thus the town for her defence ordaineth,
 His armies Godfrey ordereth on the plain

XXXI

His forces first on foot he forward brought,
 With goodly order, providence, and art,
 And 'gainst those towers which t' assail he thought,
 In battles twain his strength he doth depart,
 Between them cross-bows stood, and engines wrought
 To cast a stone, a quarry, or a dart,
 From whence, like thunder's dint, or lightnings new,
 Against the bulwarks stones and lances flew

XXXII

His men-at-arms did back his bands on foot
 The light-horse ride far off, and serve for wings
 He gave the sign, so mighty was the rout
 Of those that shot with bows and cast with slings,
 Such storms of shafts and stones flew all about,
 That many a Pagan proud to death it brings
 Some died, some at the loops durst scarce out peep,
 Some fled and left the place they took to keep

XXXIII

The hardy Frenchmen, full of heat and haste,
 Ran boldly forward to the ditches large,
 And o'er their heads an iron penthouse vast
 They built, by joining many a shield and targe
 Some with their engines ceaseless shot and cast,
 And volleys huge of arrows sharp discharge,
 Upon the ditches some employ'd their pain,
 To fill the moat and even it with the plain

XXXIV

With slime or mud the ditches were not soft,
 But dry and sandy, void of waters clear,
 Though large and deep, the Christians fill them off
 With rubbish, fagots, stones, and trees they bear.
 Adrastus first advanc'd his crest aloft,
 And boldly 'gan a strong scalado rear,
 And through the falling storm did upward climb
 Of stones, darts, arrows, fire, pitch, and lime

XXXV

The hardy Switzer now so far was gone
 That half-way up with mickle pain he got,
 A thousand weapons he maintain'd on
 And his audacious climbing ceased not
 At last upon him fell a mighty stone,
 As from some engine great it had been shot,
 It broke his helm he tumbled from the height;
 The strong Circe cast that wood'rous weight.

XXXVI

Not mortal was the blow yet with the fall
 On earth sore bruised the man lay in a swoon.
 Argantes gan with bowing words to call,—
 Who cometh next? this first is tumbled down
 Come hardy soldiers come, assault this wall;
 I will not shrink, nor fly nor hide my crown
 If in your trench yourselves for dread you hold,
 There shall you die, like sheep kill'd in their fold.—

XXXVII

Thus be-murder'd he but in their trenches deep
 The hidden squadrons kept themselves from scath;
 The curtain made of shields did well off keep
 Both darts and shot, and scorned all their wrath.
 But now the ram, upon the rampire steep,
 On mighty beams his head advanced high
 With dreadful horns of iron tough tree-great
 The walls and bulwarks trembled at his threat.

XXXVIII

An hundred able men meanwhile let fall
 The weights behind the engine tumbled down,
 And batter'd flat the battlements and wall
 (So fell Talgetus hill on Sparta town)
 It crush'd the steely shield in pieces small,
 And beat the helmet to the wearer's crown,
 And on the ruins of the walls and stones
 Dispos'd left their blood, their brains, and bones.

XXXIV

The fierce assailants kept no longer close
 Under the shelter of their targets line,
 But their bold fronts to chance of war expose,
 And 'gainst those towers let their virtue shine
 The scaling ladders up to skies arose,
 The ground-works deep some closely undermined,
 The walls before the Frenchmen shrink and shake,
 And gaping sign of headlong falling make

XL

And fall'n they had, (so far the strength extends
 Of that fierce ram, and his redoubted stroke,)
 But that the Pagans' care the place defends,
 And sav'd by warlike skill the wall nigh broke,
 For to what part so'er the engine bends,
 There sacks of wool they place, the blow to choke,
 Whose yielding breaks the strokes thereon which light,
 So weakness oft subdues the greatest might

XLI

While thus the worthies of the western crew
 Maintain'd their brave assault and skirmish hot,
 Her mighty bow Clorinda often drew,
 And many a sharp and deadly arrow shot,
 And from her bow no steeled shaft there flew,
 But that some blood the cursed engine got,
 Blood of some valiant knight or man of fame,
 For that proud shootress scorned weaker game

XLII

The first she hit among the Christian peers
 Was the bold son of England's noble king,
 Above the trench himself he scantily rears,
 But she an arrow loosed from the string,
 The wicked steel his gauntlet breaks and tears,
 And through his right hand thrust the piercing sting:
 Disabled thus from fight, he 'gan retire,
 Groaning for pain, but fletting more for ire

XLIII.

Lord Stephen of Ambrose on the ditch's brim
 And on a ladder high Clotharnas, died
 From back to breast an arrow pierc'd him,
 The other was shot through from side to side.
 Then, as he manag'd brave his courser trim,
 On his left arm she hit the Flemings' guide,
 He stopt, and from the wound the reed out-twin'd,
 But left the iron in his flesh behind!

XLIV

As Ademare stood to behold the fight,
 High on a bank withdrawn to breathe a space,
 A fatal shaft upon his forehead light,
 His hand he lifted up to feel the place,
 Whereon a second arrow chanced right,
 And nail'd his hand unto his wounded face
 He fell and with his blood detain'd the land,
 His holy blood shed by a virgin's hand.

XLV

While P 1 made stood near the battlement,
 Despising perils all and all mishap,
 And upward still his hardy footings bent,
 On his right eye he caught a deadly clap
 Through his right eye Clorinda's seventh shaft went,
 And in his neck broke forth a bloody gap
 He underneath that bulwark dying fell,
 Which late to scale and win he trusted well.

XLVI.

Thus shot the maid. The Duke with hard assay
 And sharp assault meanwhile the town oppos'd
 Against that part which to his camp-ward lay,
 An engine huge and wondrous he address'd,
 A tower of wood, built for the town's decay
 As high as were the walls and bulwarks best
 A turret full of men and weapons pent,
 And yet on wheels it rolled, mov'd, and went.

XLVII

This rolling fort his nigh approaches made,
 And darts and arrows spit against his foes,
 As ships are wont in fight, so it assay'd
 With the strong wall to grapple and to close
 The Pagans on each side the peece invade,
 And all their force against this mass oppose,
 Sometimes the wheels, sometimes the battlement,
 With timber, logs, and stones, they broke and rent.

XLVIII

So thick flew stones and darts, that no man sees
 The azure heavens, the sun his brightness lost,
 The clouds of weapons, like two swarms of bees,
 Met in the air, and there each other cross'd
 And look how falling leaves drop down from trees,
 When the moist sap is nipp'd with timely frost,
 Or apples in strong winds from branches fall,
 The Saracines so tumbled from the wall,

XLIX

For on their part the greatest slaughter light,
 They had no shelter 'gainst so sharp a shower;
 Some left alive betook themselves to flight,
 So feared they this deadly thund'ring tower
 But Solman stay'd like a valiant knight,
 And some with him that trusted in his power;
 Argantes, with a long beech tree in hand,
 Ran thither, this huge engine to withstand

L.

With this he push'd the tower, and back it drives
 The length of all his tree, a wond'rous way
 The hardy virgin by his side arrives,
 To help Argantes in this hard assay
 The band that us'd the ram, this season, staves
 To cut the cords wherein the woolpacks lay,
 Which done, the sacks down in the trenches fall,
 And to the battery naked left the wall

LII.

The tower above, the run beneath doth thunder
 What lime and stone such puissance could abide?
 The wall began (now bruise'd and crush'd round)
 Her wounded lap to open broad and wide
 Godfrey himself and his brought safely under
 The shatter'd wall, where greatest breach he spied
 Himself he saws beheld his mighty targe,
 A shield not us'd but in some desperate charge.

LIII.

From hence he sees where Saliman descends
 Down to the threshold of the gaping breach
 And there it seems the mighty prince intends,
 Godfredo's hoped entrance to impeach
 Argantes (and with him the maid) defends
 The walls above, to which the tower doth reach
 His noble heart, when Godfrey this beheld
 With courage new with wrath and valour swell'd

LIII.

He turn'd about and to good Sigiero spake
 Who bare his greatest shield and mighty bow —
 That sure and lusty target let me take,
 Impenetrable is that shield I know
 Over these ruins will I pass and make
 And enter first, the way is eath and low
 And time requires that by some noble feat
 I should make known my strength and puissance great.

LIV

He scant had spoken scant receiv'd the targe,
 When on his leg a sudden shaft him hit,
 And through that part a hole made wide and large,
 Where his strong sinews fasten'd were and knit.
 Clorinda, thou this arrow didst discharge,
 And let the Pagans bless thy hand for it,
 For by that shot thou saved'st them that day
 From bondage vile, from death and sure decay

LV

The wounded Duke, as though he felt no pain,
 Still forward went and mounted up the breach,
 His high attempt at first he nould refrain,
 And after call'd his lords with cheertul speech
 But when his leg could not his weight sustain,
 He saw his will did far his power outreach,
 And more he strove his grief increas'd the more,
 The bold assault he left at length therefore,

LVI

And with his hand he beckon'd Guelpho near,
 And said—I must withdraw me to my tent,
 My place and person in mine absence bear,
 Supply my want, let not the fight relent,
 I go, and will ere long again be here,
 I go and straight return —This said, he went,
 On a light steed he leap'd, and o'er the green
 He rode, but rode not (as he thought) unseen

LVII

When Godfrey parted, parted eke the heart,
 The strength and fortune of the Christian bands,
 Courage increased in their adverse part,
 Wrath in their hearts, and vigour in their hands
 Valour, success, strength, hardiness, and art,
 Fail'd in the princes of the western lands,
 Their swords were blunt, faint was their trumpet's blast,
 Their sun was set, or else with clouds o'ercast

LVIII

Upon the bulwarks now appeared bold
 That fearful band that late for dread was fled,
 The women that Clorinda's strength behold,
 Their country's love to war encouraged,
 They weapons got, and fight like men they would,
 Their gowns tuck'd up, their locks were loose and spicad,
 Sharp darts they cast, and without dread or fear,
 Expos'd their breasts to save their fortress dear

LIX.

But that which most dismay'd the Christian knights,
 And added courage to the Pagans most
 Was Guelpho's sudden fall in all men's sight
 Who tumbled headlong down his footing lost
 A mighty stone upon the worthy lights,
 But whence it came none wist nor from what coast;
 And with like blow which more their hearts dismay'd
 Beside him low in dust old Ilmorod lay.

LX.

And Eustace eke: within the ditches larve
 To narrow shifts and last extremes they drive
 Upon their foes so fierce the Pagans charge
 And with good fortune so their blows they give
 That whom they hit, in spite of helm or target
 They deeply wound, or else of life deprive.
 At this their good success Argantes proud
 Waxing more fell, thus roar'd and cried aloud:—

LXI.

This is not Antioch, nor the evening dark
 Can help your privy sleights with slyly shade
 The sun yet shines, your falsehood can we mark
 In other ways this bold assault is made;
 Of raise and glory quenched is the spark
 That made you first these eastern lands invade;
 Why cease you now? why take you not this surt?
 What, are you weary for a charge so short?—

LXII.

Thus rag'd he and in such hellish sort
 Increased the fury in the brain-sick knight
 That he esteem'd that large and simple sort
 Too strait a field wherein to prove his might
 There where the breach had fram'd a new-made port
 Himself he plac'd with nimble steps and light;
 He clear'd the passage out, and thus he cried
 To Boliman that fought close by his side:—

LXIII

Come, Soliman, the time and place behold
 That of our valours well may judge the doubt,
 What stayest thou? among these Christians bold
 First leap he forth that holds himself most stout —
 While thus his will the mighty champion told,
 Both Soliman and he at once leap'd out
 Fury the first provok'd, disdain the last,
 Who scorn'd the challenge ere his lips it past

LXIV

Upon their foes unlooked for they flew,
 Each spited other for his virtue's sake,
 So many soldiers this fierce couple slew,
 So many shields they cleft and helms they brake,
 So many ladders to the earth they threw,
 That well they seem'd a mount thereof to make,
 Or else some vantage fit to save the town,
 Instead of that the Christians late beat down

LXV

The folk that strove with rage and haste before
 Who first the wall and rampire should ascend,
 Retire, and for that honour strive no more,
 Scantly they could their limbs and lives defend,
 They fled, their engines lost the Pagans tore
 In pieces small, their rams to nought they rend,
 And all unfit for further service make,
 With so great force and rage their beams they brake

LXVI

The Pagans ran, transported with their ire,
 Now here, now there, and woeful slaughters wrought,
 At last they called for devouring fire,
 Two burning pines against the tower they brought
 So from the palace of their hellish sire
 (When all this world they would consume to nought)
 The fury sisters come with fire in hands,
 Shaking their snaky locks and sparkling brands

LXVII.

But noble Tamerul, who this while supplied,
 Gave exhortation to his bold Latinus
 When of these knights the wood-rous acts he spied
 And saw the champions with their burning pikes
 He left his talk and thither forthwith hied,
 To stop the rage of those fell Saracines
 And with such force the fight he there renewed
 That now they fled and lost who late pursued

LXVIII.

Thus chang'd the state and fortune of the fry
 Meanwhile the wretched Duke, in grief and tears
 Within his great pavilion rich and gay
 Good Stryere and Baldwin stood between
 His other friends, whom his couch surround
 With grief and tears about assembled been :
 He strove in haste the weapon out to wind,
 And broke the reed but left the head behind.

LXIX.

He bade them take the speediest way they might,
 Of that unlucky hurt to make him smart
 And to lay open the depth thereof to sight
 He willed them open search and lance the wound. —
 Send me again (quoth he) to end this fight,
 Before the sun be smitten under ground. —
 And leant on a broken spear he thrust
 His leg straight out to him that cure it must.

LXX.

Erotimus born on the banks of Po,
 Was he that undertook to cure the knight ;
 All what green herbs or waters pure could do,
 He knew their power their virtue and their might ;
 A noble poet was the man also ;
 But in this science he had more delight
 He could restore to health death-wounded men,
 And make their names immortal with his pen.

LXXI

The mighty Duke yet never changed cheer,
 But griev'd to see his friends lamenting stand
 The leach prepar'd his cloths and cleansing gear,
 And with a belt his gown about him band,
 Now with his herbs the steely head to tear
 Out of the flesh he prov'd, now with his hand,
 Now with his hand, now with his instrument,
 He shak'd and pluck'd it, yet not forth it went

LXXII

His labour vain, his art prevailed nought,
 His luck was ill although his skill was good
 To such extremes the wounded Prince he brought,
 That with fell pain he swooned as he stood
 But th' angel pure (that kept him) went and sought
 Divine dictamnum out of Ida wood,
 This herb is rough and bears a purple flower,
 And in his budding leaves lies all his power

LXXIII

Kind nature first upon the craggy clift,
 Bewray'd this herb unto the mountain goat,
 That when her sides a cruel shaft hath lift,
 With it she shakes the reed out of her coat
 This in a moment fetch'd the angel swift,
 And brought from Ida hill, though far remote,
 The juice whereof in a prepared bath,
 Unseen the blessed spirit poured hath

LXXIV

Pure nectar from that spring of Lydia then,
 And panaces divine, therein he threw
 The cunning leach to bathe the wound began,
 And of itself the steely head out flew,
 The bleeding staunch'd, no vermilion drop out-ran,
 The leg again wax'd strong, with vigour new
 Erotimus cried out—This hurt and wound
 No human art or hand so soon makes sound,

LXXV

Some angel good I think, come down from skies
 Thy surgeon is, for here plain taken are
 Of grace divine, to which thy help applies
 Thy weapon take, and haste again to war —
 In precious cloths his leg the chieftain ties,
 Nought could the man from blood and fight debar
 A sturdy lance in his right hand be braced,
 His shield he took, and on his helmet laced;

LXXVI

And with a thousand knights and barons bold
 Towards the town he hasted from his camp
 In clouds of dust was Titan's face enroll'd
 Trembled the earth whereon the worthies stamp
 His foes far off his dreadful looks behold
 Which in their hearts of courage quench'd the lamp,
 A chilling fear ran cold through every vein.
 Lord Godfrey shouted thrice and all his train

LXXVII.

Their sovereign's voice his hardy people knew,
 And his loud cries that cheer'd each fearful heart
 Therest now strength they took and courage now
 And to the fierce it again they start.
 The Pagans twain this while themselves withdrew
 Within the breach to save that better'd part,
 And with great loss a skirmish hot they hold
 Against Tancred's and his squadron bold.

LXXVIII.

Thither came Godfrey armed round about
 In trusty plate, with fierce and dreadful look
 At first approach against Argantes stout,
 Headed with poignant steel a lance he shook
 No casting engine with such force throws out
 A knotty spear and as the way it took
 It whistled in the air the fearless knight
 Oppos'd his shield against that weapon's might:

LXXIX

The dreadful blow quite through his target drove,
 And bored through his breast-plate strong and thick,
 The tender skin it in his bosom rove,
 The purple blood outstreamed from the quick
 To wrest it out the wounded Pagan strove,
 And little leisure gave it there to stick,
 At Godfrey's head the lance again he cast,
 And said—Lo, there again thy dart thou hast —

LXXX

The spear flew back the way it lately came,
 And would revenge the harm itself had done,
 But miss'd the mark whereat the man did aim,
 He stepp'd aside the furious blow to shun
 But Sigiere in his throat receiv'd the same,
 The murdering weapon at his neck out-run,
 Nor aught it griev'd the man to lose his breath,
 Since in his Prince's stead he suffer'd death

LXXXI

Ev'n then the Soldan struck, with monstrous main,
 The noble leader of the Norman band,
 He reel'd awhile and stagger'd with the pain,
 And wheeling round fell grov'ling on the sand
 Godfrey no longer could the grief sustain
 Of these displeasures, but with flaming brand
 Up to the breach in heat and haste he goes,
 And hand to hand there combats with his foes

LXXXII

And there great wonders surely wrought he had,
 Mortal the fight, and fierce had been the fray.
 But that dark night, from her pavilion sad,
 Her cloudy wings did on the earth display,
 Her quiet shades she interposed, glad
 To cause the knights their arms aside to lay
 Godfrey withdrew, and to their tents they wend,
 And thus this bloody day was brought to end

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

Clorinda hears her eunuch old report	
Her birth, her offspring, and her native land	18
Disguis'd she fireth Godfrey's rolling fort,	45
The burned peece falls smoking on the sand	46
With Tancred long, unknown, in desp'rate sort	51
She fights, and falls through pierced with his brand	64
Christen'd she dies With sighs, with plaints, and tears,	
He wails her death Argant revengement swears	100

I

Now in dark night was all the world imbar'd,
 But yet the tired armies took no rest,
 The careful French kept heedful watch and ward,
 While their high tower the workmen newly dress'd
 The Pagan crew to reinforce prepar'd
 The weaken'd bulwarks, late to earth down kest,
 Their rampres broke and bruised walls to mend
 Lastly their hurts the wounded knights attend

II

'Their wounds were dress'd, part of the work was brought
 To wished end, part left to other days
 A dull desire to rest deep midnight wrought,
 His heavy rod sleep on their eye-lids lays
 Yet rested not Clorinda's working thought,
 Which thirsted still for fame and warlike praise,
 Argantes eke accompanied the maid
 From place to place, who to herself thus said —

III.

This day Arrantes strove and Soliman
 Strange things he e'er did and performed
 Among our foes out of the wall they ran
 Their rams they broke and sent their
 I used my bow of bow-tie the best
 Myself as I sat meanwhile within the tower
 And happy was my shot and my
 Let that was all a woman's hand could do.

IV.

On land and beasts in force is wild that feed
 It were not fitting mine arrows
 Then for a while I did in war be
 With strong and hardy knight
 Why take I not again my
 And spend my days in
 Thus thought this named thus devised the
 And turning to the knight at last thus said —

V.

My thoughts are full my lord of strange desire
 Some high attempt of war to undertake
 Whether high God my intent therein will
 Or of his will his good mankind death make
 Among our foes behold the light and fire
 I will among them walk and burn or break
 The tower (if I grant therein I have my will)
 And that perform'd betide no good or ill.

VI.

But if it fortune such my chance should be
 That to this town I be or turn again
 Mine couch (whom I dearly love) with them
 I leave; my faithful men, and all my train
 To Egypt then conducted safe by sea
 Those woeful I will and that aged man
 Help them my lord in that distressed case
 Their feeble sex his age deserveth grace

VII

Argantes wond'ring stood, and felt th' effect
 Of true renown pierce through his glorious mind, —
 And wilt thou go (quoth he) and me neglect,
 Disgrac'd, despis'd, leave in this fort behind?
 Shall I, while these strong walls my life protect,
 Behold thy flames and fires toss'd in the wind?
 No, no, thy fellow have I been in arms,
 And will be still, in praise, in death, in harms.

VIII

This heart of mine death's bitter stroke despiseth,
 For praise this life, for glory take this breath —
 My soul the more (quoth she) thy friendship prizeth,
 For this thy proffer'd aid requir'd uneth,
 I but a woman am, no loss ariseth
 To this besieged city by my death,
 But if (as God forbid) this night thou fall
 Ah! who shall then, who can, defend this wall?—

IX

Too late these 'scuses vain (the knight replied)
 You bring, my will is firm, my mind is set,
 I follow you whereso you list me guide,
 Or go before if you my purpose let —
 This said, they hasted to the palace wide,
 About their prince where all his lords were met,
 Clorinda spoke for both, and said—Sir King,
 Attend my words, hear, and allow the thing

X.

Argantes here, this bold and hardy knight,
 Will undertake to burn the wond'rous tow'r,
 And I with him, only we stay till night
 Bury in sleep our foes at deadeat hour —
 The King with that cast up his hands on high,
 The tears for joy upon his cheeks down pour,
 Praised (quoth he) be Macon whom we serve!
 This land I see he keeps, and will preserve

XI.

Nor shall so soon this happy kingdom fall
 While such unconquer'd hearts my state defend
 But for this act what praise or guerdon shall
 I give your virtues, which so far extend?
 Let fame your praises sound through nations all
 And fill the world their glory to either end
 Take half my wealth and kingdom for your mood
 You are rewarded half ev'n with the deed.—

XII.

Thus spake the Prince, and gently gan distraun
 Now him now her between his friendly arms.
 Tho' Souldan by no longer could refrain
 That noble envy which his bosom warms
 Nor I (quoth he) bear this broad sword in vain
 Nor yet am unexpert in night alarms
 Take me with you.—Ah (quoth Clorinda) no!
 Whom leave we here of prowess if you go?—

XIII.

This spoken ready with a proud refuse
 Argantes was his pauller'd aid to scorn,
 Whom Abdiel prevents, and with excuse
 To Soliman thus gan his speeches turn —
 Right, noble Prince, as aye hath been your use
 Yourself so still you bear and long have borne,
 Bold in all acts, no danger can affright
 Your heart, nor tired is your strength with fight:

XIV

If you went forth great things perform you would
 In my conceit, yet far unfit it seems
 That you (who most excel in courage bold)
 At once should leave this town in these extremes
 Nor would I that these twain should leave this hold
 My heart their noble lives far worthier deem
 If this attempt of less importance were
 Or weaker posts so great a weight could bear

XV

But, for well guarded is the mighty tower,
 With hardy troops and squadrons round about,
 And cannot harmed be with little power,
 Nor fits the time to send whole armies out,
 This pair, who past have many a dreadful stour,
 And proffer now to prove this venture stout,
 Alone to this attempt let them go forth,
 Alone than thousands of more price and worth

XVI

Thou (as it best beseems a mighty King)
 With ready bands beside the gate attend,
 That when this couple have perform'd the thing,
 And shall again their footsteps homeward bend,
 From their strong foes upon them following
 Thou mayst them keep, preserve, save, and defend —
 Thus said the King, the Soldan must consent,
 Silent remain'd the Turk, and discontent.

XVII

Then Isman said — You twain that undertake
 This hard attempt, awhile I pray you stay,
 Till I a wild-fire of fine temper make,
 That this great engine burn to ashes may,
 Haply the guard, that now doth watch and wake,
 Will then be tumbled sleeping on the lay —
 Thus they conclude, and in their chambers sit
 To wait the time for this adventure fit

XVIII

Clorinda there her silver arms off rent,
 Her helm, her shield, her hawberk shining bright,
 An armour black as jet or coal she hent,
 Wherein without a plume herself she dight,
 For thus disguis'd amid her foes she meant
 To pass unseen, by help of friendly night
 To whom her eunuch, old Arsetes, came,
 That from her cradle nurs'd and kept the dame.

XIX.

This aged sire had follow'd far and near
 Through lands and seas, the strong and hardy man,
 He saw her loss & her arms and wond'ring gear
 Her danger nigh that sudden change foresaw
 By his white locks, from black that chang'd were
 In following her the woeful man her pray'd
 By all his service and his taken pain
 To leave that fond attempt but pray'd in vain.

XX.

At last quoth he—Since, harden'd to thine ill,
 Thy cruel heart is to thy loss prepar'd
 That my weak age, nor tears that down distil,
 Nor humble suit, nor plaint thou list regard
 Attend awhile, strange things unfold I will
 Hear both thy birth and high estate declar'd
 Follow my counsel, or thy will, that done.—
 She fit to hear the cunuch thus begun —

XXI.

Senapus rul'd, and yet perils we doth reign
 In mighty Ethiope and her deserts waste
 The lore of Christ both he and all his train
 Of people black hath kept and long embras'd
 To him a Pagan was I sold for gain,
 And with his queen (as her chief amvth) plac'd
 Black was this queen as jet, yet on her eyes
 Sweet loveliness in black attired lies.

XXII.

The fire of love and frost of jealousy
 Her husband's troubled soul alike torment
 The tide of fond suspicion flow'd high
 The foe to love, and plague to sweet content
 He mov'd her up from sight of mortal eye,
 Nor day he would his beams on her had bent:
 She, wise and lowly by her husband's pleasure
 Her joy her peace her will, her wish did measure.

XXIII

Her prison was a chamber, painted round
 With goodly portraits and with stories old
 As white as snow there stood a virgin bound
 Beside a dragon fierce, a champion bold
 The monster did with poignant spear through wound,
 'The gored beast lay dead upon the mould
 The gentle queen before this image laid,
 She plain'd, she mourn'd, she wept, she sigh'd, she pray'd

XXIV

At last with child she prov'd, and forth she brought
 (And thou art she) a daughter fair and bright,
 In her thy colour white new terror wrought,
 She wonder'd on thy face with strange affright,
 But yet she purpos'd in her fearful thought
 'To hide thee from the king thy father's sight,
 Lest thy bright hue should his suspect approve,
 For seld a crow begets a silver dove

XXV

And to her spouse to shew she was dispos'd
 A negro's babe, late born, in room of thee,
 And for the tower wherein she lay enclos'd
 Was with her damsels only wond and me,
 To me, on whose true faith she most repos'd,
 She gave thee, ere thou couldest christen'd be,
 Nor could I since find means thee to baptize,
 In Pagan lands thou know'st it's not the guise

XXVI.

To me she gave thee, and she wept withal,
 To foster thee in some far distant place
 Who can her griefs and plaints to reck'ning call,
 How oft she swooned at the last embrace?
 Her streaming tears amid her kisses fall,
 Her sighs her dire complaints did interlace
 And looking up at last—O God! quoth she,
 Who dost my heart and inward mourning see,

XXVII

If mind and body spotless to this day
 If I have kept my bed still undefil'd
 (Not for myself a sinful wretch, I pray
 That in thy presence am an object vile)
 Pardon this babe whose mother must deny
 To nourish it, I trust to this harmless child,
 Oh let it live, and christen like me it make
 But for good fortune elsewhere surely take.

XXVIII.

Thou heav'nly soldier, which deliver'd hast
 That sacred virgin from the serpent old,
 If on thine altars I have offerings plac'd
 And sacrific'd myrrh, frankincense and gold
 On this poor child thy heav'nly looks down cast,
 With gracious eye this scely babe behold.—
 This maid, her strength and living sprite was fled
 She sigh'd, she groan'd, she swoon'd in her bed.

XXIX.

Weeping I took thee in a little chest,
 Cover'd with herbs and leaves, I brought thee out
 So secretly that none of all the rest
 Of such an act suspicion had or doubt;
 To wilderness my steps I first address'd
 Where horrid shades inclos'd me round about:
 A tigress there I met, in whose fierce eyes
 Fury and wrath, rage, death and terror lies.

XXX.

Up to a tree I leapt, and on the grass
 (Such was my sudden fear) I left thee lying:
 To thee the beast with furious course did pass,
 With curious looks upon thy visage prying
 All sweetly both meek and mild she was
 With friendly cheer thy tender body eyeing
 At last she lick'd thee, and with gesture mild
 About thee play'd, and thou upon her smil'd.

XXVI

Her fearful muzzle, full of dreadful threat,
 In thy weak hand thou took'st, withouten dread,
 The gentle beast with milk-outstretched teat
 (As nurses custom) proffer'd thee to feed
 As one that wond'reth on some marvel great,
 I stood this while amazed at the deed
 When thee she saw well fill'd and satisfied,
 Unto the woods again the tigress hied

XXVII

She gone, down from the tree I came in haste,
 And took thee up, and on my journey wend'^t
 Within a little thorpe I staid at last,
 And to a nurse the charge of thee commend,
 And sporting with thee there long time I past,
 Till term of sixteen months were brought to end,
 And thou began (as little children do)
 With half-clipt words to prattle, and to go

XXVIII

But having past the August of mine age,
 When more than half my tap of life was run,
 Rich by rewards given by your mother sage,
 For merits past and service yet undone,
 I long'd to leave this wand'ring pilgrimage,
 And in my native soil again to won,
 To get some seely home I had desire,
 Loth still to warm me at another's fire

XXIX

To Egypt-ward, where I was born, I went,
 And bore thee with me by a rolling flood,
 Till I with savage thieves well nigh was hent,
 Before the brook, the thieves behind me stood
 Thee to forsake I never could consent,
 And gladly would I 'scape those outlaws wood:
 Into the flood I leapt far from the brim,
 My left hand bore thee, with the right I swim

XXXV

Swift was the current in the middle stream
 A whirlpool gaped with devouring jaws,
 The gulf (on such mishap ere I could dream)
 Into his deep abyss my course draws:
 There I forsook thee the wild waters seem
 To pity thee a gentle wind there blows,
 Whose friendly puffs safe to the shore thee drive
 Where wet and weary I at last arrive.

XXXVI.

I took thee up, and in my dream that night
 (When buried was the world in sleep and shade)
 I saw a champion clad in armour bright
 That o'er my head shak'd a flaming blade:
 He said—I charge thee execute a right
 That charge this infant's mother on thee laid;
 Baptise the child, high Heav'n esteems her dear
 And I her keeper will attend her near.

XXXVII.

I will her keep, defend, save and protect;
 I made the waters mild the tigress tame
 O wretch, that heav'nly warnings dost reject!—
 The warrior vanish'd having said the same.
 I rose and journey'd on my way direct,
 When blushing morn from Titan's bed forth came;
 But, for my faith is true and sure I ween,
 And dreams are false, you still unchristened been.

XXXVIII.

A Pagan therefore, thee I fostered have,
 Nor of thy birth the truth did ever tell.
 Since you increased are in valour brave,
 Your sex and nature's self you both excel
 Full many a realm have you made bond and slave,
 Your fortunes last yourself remember well
 And how in peace and war in joy and teen,
 I have your squire and your tutor been

XXXIX.

Last morn, from skies ere stars exiled were,
 In deep and death-like sleep my senses drown'd,
 The self-same vision did again appear,
 With stormy wrathful looks and thund'ring sound —
 Villain, quoth he, within short while thy dear
 Must change her life and leave this sinful ground,
 Thine be the loss, the torment, and the cure—
 This said, he fled through skies, through clouds, and air

XL

Hear then, my joy, my hope, my darling, hear!
 High heav'n some dire misfortune threatened hath,
 Displeas'd, pardie, because I did thee lear
 A lore repugnant to thy parents' faith
 Ah! for my sake this bold attempt forbear,
 Put off these sable arms, appease thy wrath —
 This said, he wept she pensive stood and sad,
 Because like dream herself but lately had

XLI

With cheerful smile she answered him at last—
 I will this faith observe, it seems me true,
 Which from my cradle age thou taught me hast,
 I will not change it for religion new,
 Nor with vain shows of fear and dread aghast,
 This enterprise forbear I to pursue,
 No, not if death, in his most dreadful face
 Wherewith he scareth mankind, kept the place —

XLII

Approaching 'gan the time (while thus she spake)
 Wherein they ought that dreadful hazard try
 She to Argantes went, who should partake
 Of her renown and praise, or with her die
 Ismen, with words more hasty, still did make
 Their virtue great, which by itself did fly,
 Two balls he gave them made of hollow brass,
 Wherein inclos'd fire, pitch, and brimstone was

XLIII.

And forth they went, and over dale and hill
 They hasted forward with a speedy pace
 Unseen, unmarked, undescried, until
 Beside the engine close themselves they place:
 New courage there their swelling hearts did fill
 Rage in their breasts, fury shone in their face
 They yearn'd to blow the fire and draw the sword:
 The watch descried them both and gave the word.

XLIV

Silent they passed on the watch begun
 To rear a huge alarm with hideous cries
 Therewith the hardy couple forward run
 To execute their valliant enterprise
 So from a cannon or a roaring gun
 At once the noise, the flame and bullet flies.
 They run they give the charge, begin the fray
 And all at once their foes break, spoil, and slay

XLV

They passed first through thousand thousand blows,
 And then performed their designments bold
 A fiery ball each on the engine throws,
 The stuff was dry the fire took quickly hold
 Furious upon the timber work it grows
 How it increased cannot well be told
 How it crept up the peeco, and how to skies
 The burning pikes and tow'ring smoke upflies.

XLVI.

A mass of solid fire burning bright,
 Roll'd up in smould'ring fumes there bursteth out;
 And there the blast ring winds add strength and might,
 And gather close the sperr'd flames about
 The Frenchmen trembled at the dreadful sight,
 To arms in haste and fear ran all the rout;
 Down fell the peeco, dreaded so much in war;
 Thus, what long days doth make one hour doth mar

XXXV.

Last morn, from skies ere stars exiled were,
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XLIV.

Silent they passed on the watch begun
 To rear a huge alarm with loud and cries
 Therewith the hardy couple forward run
 To execute their valiant enterprises;
 So from a cannon or a roaring gun
 At once the noise the flame and bullet flew,
 They run they give the charge begin the fray
 And all at once their foes break spoil and slay

XLV.

They pass'd first through a storm of thousand blows
 And then performed their designment bold
 A fiery ball each on the engine throws,
 The stuff was dry the fire took quickly hold;
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 Thus, what long days doth make one hour doth mar

XLVII

Two Christian bands this while came to the place
 With speedy haste, where they beheld the fire,
 Argantes to them cried with scornful grace,— [ire
 Your blood shall quench these flames and quench mine
 This said, the maid and he with sober pace
 Drew back, and to the bank themselves retire
 Faster than brooks which falling showers increase
 Their foes augment, and faster on them prease

XLVIII

The golden port was open'd, and forth stept,
 With all his soldiers bold, the Turkish king,
 Ready to aid them two his force he kept,
 When fortune should them home with conquest bring
 Over the bars the hardy couple leapt,
 And after them a band of Christians fling,
 Whom Soliman drove back with courage stout,
 And shut the gate, but shut Clorinda out

XLIX

Alone was she shut forth, for in that hour
 Wherein they clos'd the port, the virgin went,
 And, full of heat and wrath, her strength and power
 'Gainst Arimon (that struck her erst) she bent
 She slew the knight, nor Argant, in that stower,
 Wist of her parting or her fierce intent
 The fight, the prease, the night, and darksome skies,
 Care from his heart had ta'en, sight from his eyes

L

But when appeased was her angry mood,
 Her fury calm'd, and settled was her head,
 She saw the gates were shut, and how she stood
 Amid her foes, she held herself for dead
 While none her mark'd, at last she thought it good
 To save her life some other path to tread,
 She feigned her one of them, and close she drew
 Amid the prease, that none her saw nor knew

LII.

Then as a wolf guilty of some misdeed
 Flies to some grove to hide himself from view,
 So favour'd with the night, with secret speed,
 Discover'd from the jessace the 1 mist flew
 Tancred alone of her escape took heed
 He on that quarter was arriv'd new;
 When Arimon she kill'd he thither came
 He saw it, mark'd it, and pursu'd the dame

LIII.

He deem'd she was some man of mickle might
 And on her person would he worship win
 Over the hills the nymph her journey dight
 Towards another part, there to get in.
 With hideous noise fast after spurr'd the knight.
 She heard and stay'd and thus her words begin —
 What haste hast thou? ride softly; take thy breath;
 What bringst thou? — He answer'd, War and death —

LIV.

And war and death (quoth she) here mayst thou get,
 If thou for battle come — with that she stay'd.
 Tancred to ground his foot in haste down set
 And left his steed — on foot he saw the maid.
 Their courage hot, their ire and wrath they whet,
 And either champion drew a treuchant blade:
 Together ran they and together struck
 Like two fierce bulls when born rage and love provoke.

LV.

Worthy of royal lists and brightest day
 Worthy a golden trump and laurel crown
 The actions were and wonders of that fray
 Which saido night did in dark bowen drowne
 Yet, night, consent that I their acts display
 And make their deeds to future ages known
 And in records of long-enduring story
 Enrol their praise their fame, their worth and glory

LV

They neither shrunk nor 'vantage sought of ground,
 They travers'd not, nor skipt from part to 'part,
 Their blows were neither false nor feigned found,
 The night, their rage, would let them use no art;
 Their swords together clash with dreadful sound,
 Their feet stand fast, and neither stir nor start,
 They move their hands, stedfast their feet remain,
 Nor blow nor toin they struck or thrust in vain

LVI

Shame bred desire a sharp revenge to take,
 And veng'unce taken gave new cause of shame,
 So that with haste and little heed they strake,
 Fuel enough they had to feed the flame
 At last so close their battle fierce they make,
 They could not wield their swords, so nigh they came,
 They us'd the hults, and each on other rush'd,
 And helm to helm and shield to shield they crush'd

LVII

Thrice his strong arms he folds about her waist,
 And thrice was forc'd to let the virgin go,
 For she disdain'd to be so embrac'd,
 No lover would have strain'd his mistress so
 They took their swords again, and each enchas'd
 Deep wounds in the soft flesh of his strong foe;
 Till weak and weary, faint, alive, uneth
 They both retir'd at once, at once took breath

LVIII

Each other long beheld, and leaning stood
 Upon their swords, whose points in earth were pight,
 When daybreak rising from the eastern flood,
 Put forth the thousand eyes of blindfold night
 Tancred beheld his foe's out-streaming blood
 And gaping wounds, and wax'd proud was the sight.
 O vanity of man's unstable mind,
 Puft up with every blast of friendly wind!

LXIII

As Ægean's seas, when storms be calm'd again
 That roll'd their tumbling waves with troublous blast,
 Do yet of tempests past some show retain,
 And here and there their swelling billows cast,
 So, though their strength were gone, and might were vain,
 Of their first fierceness still the fury lasts,
 Wherewith sustain'd, they to their tackling stood,
 And heaped wound on wound, and blood on blood

LXIV

But now, alas! the fatal hour arrives
 That her sweet life must leave that tender hold,
 His sword into her bosom deep he drives,
 And bath'd in lukewarm blood his iron cold,
 Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives
 Her curious square embost with swelling gold
 Her knees grow weak, the pains of death she feels,
 And, like a falling cedar, bends and reels

LXV

The Prince his hand upon her shield doth stretch,
 And low on earth the wounded damsel laith,
 And while she fell, with weak and woeful speech
 Her prayers last and last complaints she saith
 A spirit new did her those prayers teach,
 Spirit of hope, of charity, and faith,
 And though her life to Christ rebellious were,
 Yet died she his child and handmaid dear —

LXVI

Friend, thou hast won, I pardon thee, nor save
 This body, that all torments can endure,
 But save my soul, baptism I dying crave,
 Come, wash away my sins with waters pure, —
 His heart relenting nigh in sunder rave,
 With woeful speech of that sweet creature,
 So that his rage, his wrath, and anger died,
 And on his cheeks salt tears for ruth down slide.

LXXI

And his weak sprite (to be unbodied
 From fleshly prison free that ceaseless strived)
 Had followed her fair soul but lately fled,
 Had not a Christian squadron there arrived,
 To seek fresh water thither haply led,
 And found the Princess dead, and him deprived
 Of signs of life, yet did the knight remain
 On live, nigh dead, for her himself had slain

LXXII

Their guide far off the Prince knew by his shield,
 And thither hasted full of grief and fear,
 Her dead, him seeming so, he there beheld,
 And for that strange mishap shed many a tear
 He would not leave the corpses fair in field
 For food to wolves, though she a Pagan were,
 But in their arms the soldiers both uphent,
 And both lamenting brought to Tancred's tent.

LXXIII

With these dear burdens to their camp they pass,
 Yet would not that dead-seeming knight awake,
 At last he deeply groan'd, which token was
 His feeble soul had not her flight yet take
 The other lay a still and heavy mass,
 Her spirit had that earthen cage forsake
 Thus were they brought, and thus they placed were
 In sundry rooms, yet both adjoining near

LXXIV

All skill and art his careful servants used
 'To life again their dying lord to bring,
 At last his eyes unclos'd, with tears suffused,
 He felt their hands and heard their whispering,
 But how he thither came long time he mused,
 His mind astonish'd was with every thing
 He gaz'd about, his squires in fine he knew,
 Then weak and woeful thus his plants out threw —

LXXV

What! live I yet? and do I breathe and see
 Of this accursed day the hateful light,
 This spiteful ray which still upbraided me
 With that accursed deed I did this night?
 Ah, coward hand! afraid why shouldst thou be?
 (Thou instrument of death, ah man and despite!)
 Why shouldst thou fear with sharp and trusty knife
 To cut the thread of this blood-gulley life!

LXXVI.

Pierce through this bosom, and my cruel heart
 In peeces cleave break every string and vein!
 But thou, to slaughters vile which used art,
 Thinkst it were pity so to ease my pain
 Of lockless love therefore in torments smart
 A sad example must I still remain
 A woeful monster of unhappy love
 Who still must live lest death his comfort prove:

LXXVII.

Still must I live in anguish, grief and care
 Furies my guilty conscience that torment
 The ugly shades, dark night, and troubled air
 In grisly forms her slaughter still present,
 Madness and death about my bed repair
 Hell gapeth wide to swallow up his tent
 Swift from myself I run, myself I fear
 Yet still my hell within myself I bear

LXXVIII.

But where, alas! where be those relics sweet,
 Wherein dwelt late all love all joy all good?
 My fury left them cast in open street
 Some beast hath torn her flesh and lick'd her blood
 Ah! noble prey for savage beast unmeet!
 Ah! sweet, too sweet, and far too precious food
 Ah! seely nymph! whom night and darkness shade
 To beasts and me (far worse than beasts) betray'd.

LXXIX

But where you be, if still you be, I wend
 'To gather up those relics dear at leaſt
 But if ſome beaſt hath from the hills deſcend,
 And on her tender bowels made his leaſt,
 Let that ſelf-monſter me in pieces rend,
 And deep entomb me in his hollow cheſt,
 For where ſhe buried is there ſhall I have
 A ſtately tomb, a rich and coſtly grave —

LXXX

'Thus mourn'd the knight his ſquires him told at laſt
 They had her there for whom theſe tears he ſhed
 A beam of comfort his dim eyes outcaſt,
 Like lightning through thick clouds of darkneſs ſpread,
 The heavy burden of his limbs in haſte,
 With nuckle pain, he drew forth of his bed,
 And ſcant of ſtrength to ſtand, to move, or go,
 Thither he ſtagger'd, reeling to and fro

LXXXI

When he came there, and in her breaſt eſpied
 (His handiwork) that deep and cruel wound,
 And her ſweet face with leaden paleneſs dyed,
 Where beauty late ſpread forth her beams around,
 He trembled ſo, that near his ſquires beſide
 To hold him up, he had ſunk down to ground,
 And ſaid—O face! in death ſtill ſweet and fair,
 Thou canſt not ſweeten yet my grief and care

LXXXII

O fair right hand! the pledge of faith and love,
 Given me but late, too late, in ſign of peace,
 How haps it now thou canſt not ſtir nor move?
 And you, dear limbs! now laid in reſt and eaſe,
 Through which my cruel blade this flood-gate rove,
 Your pains have end, my torments never ceaſe
 O hands! O cruel eyes! accurs'd alike,
 You gave the wound, you gave them light to ſtrike

But thither now run forth my guilty blood
 Whither my plaints, my *sorrow* cannot wend.—
 He said no more, but, as his *passion* wood
 Enforced him, he gan to tear and rend
 His hair his face, his wounds a purple flood
 Dred from each side in rolling streams descend
 He had been slain, but that his pain and woe
 Bereft his *strength*, and *paralyz'd* him so.

LXXXIV

Cast on his bed, his squires recall'd his sprite
 To execute again her hateful charge:
 But titling fame the *name* of the knight,
 And hard mischance, had told this while at large.
 Godfrey and all his lords of worth and might
 Ran thither and the duty would discharge
 Of friendship trove, and with sweet words the rage
 Of bitter grief and woe they would *mitigate*.

LXXXV

But as a mortal wound the more doth smart
 The more it *scorched* is, *burned*, or *sought*,
 So their sweet words to his *afflicted* heart
 More grief more anguish, pain and torment brought:
 But re-*call'd* Peter that would set apart
 Care of his sheep, as a good shepherd ought,
 His vanity with grave advice reprov'd
 And told what *morning* Christian knights behov'd —

LXXXVI

O Tancred, Tancred! how far different
 From thy beginnings good these follies be!
 What makes thee deaf? what hath thy eyesight blent?
 What mist, what cloud thus overshadeth thee?
 This is a warning good from heaven down sent,
 Yet *His* advice thou canst not hear nor see,
 Who calleth and conducts thee to the way
 From which thou willing dost and witting stray

LXXXVII

'To worthy actions and achievements fit
 For Christian knights He would thee home recall,
 But thou hast left that course, and changed it
 To make thyself a heathen damsel's thrall
 But see, thy grief and sorrows' painful fit
 Is made the rod to scourge thy sins withal,
 Of thine own good thyself the means He makes,
 But thou His mercy, goodness, grace forsakes

LXXXVIII

'Thou dost refuse of Heav'n the proffer'd grace,
 And 'gainst it still rebel with sinful ire,
 O wretch! O whither doth thy rage thee chase?
 Restrain thy grief, bridle thy fond desire,
 At hell's wide gate vain sorrow doth thee place,
 Sorrow, misfortune's son, despair's foul sire
 O see thine ill, thy plaut and woe refrain,
 The guides to death, to hell, and endless pain --

LXXXIX

This said, his will to die the patient
 Abandoned, that second death he feared,
 These words of comfort to his heart down went,
 And that dark night of sorrow somewhat cleared,
 Yet now and then his grief deep sighs forth sent,
 His voice shrill plants and sad laments oft heard,
 Now to himself, now to his murder'd love,
 He spoke, who heard perchance from heav'n above.

XC

Till Phœbus' rising, from his evening fall,
 To her, for her, he mourns, he calls, he cries
 The nightingale so, when her children small
 Some churl takes before their parents' eyes,
 Alone, dismay'd, quite bare of comforts all,
 Tires with complaints the seas, the shores, the skies,
 Till in sweet sleep against the morning bright
 She fall at last, so mourn'd, so slept the knight

XCII.

And clad in silken veil, amid his dream
 (For whose sweet sake he mourn'd) appear'd the maid,
 Fairer than erst, yet with that heavenly beam
 Not out of knowledge was her *holy* shade;
 With looks of ruth her eyes celestial seen
 To pity his sad plight, and thus she said —
 Behold how fair how glad thy love appears,
 And for my sake, my dear forbear these tears

XCIII.

Thine be the thanks my soul thou modest fit
 At unawares out of her earthly nest;
 Thine be the thanks thou hast advanced it
 In Abraham's dear bosom long to rest,
 There still I love thee, there for Tancred fit
 A seat prepared is among the blest
 There in eternal joy eternal light,
 Thou shalt thy love enjoy and she her knight

XCIII

Unless thyself thyself heav'n's joys envy
 And thy vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive:
 Live know I love thee, that I will deny
 As angels men as saints may wights alive.—
 This said, of zeal and love forth of her eye
 A hundred glorious beams bright shining drive
 Amid which rays herself she clos'd from sight,
 And with new joy new comfort, left her knight.

XCIV

Thus comforted he wak'd and men discreet
 In surgery to cure his wounds were sought.
 Meanwhile of his dear love the relics sweet
 (As best he could) to grave with pomp he brought.
 Her tomb was not of varied Spartan grit,
 Nor yet by cunning hand of Scopas wrought,
 But built of polished stone, and thereon laid
 The lively shape and portrait of the maid.

XCV

With sacred burning lamps in order long
 And mournful pomp the corpse was brought to ground,
 Her arms upon a leafless pine were hong,
 The hearse withypress, arms with laurel crown'd
 Next day the Prince (whose love and courage strong
 Drew forth his limbs, weak, feeble, and unsound)
 To visit went, with care and rev'rence meet,
 The buried ashes of his mistress sweet

XCVI

Before her new-made tomb at last arrived,
 The woeful prison of his living spright,
 Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of sense deprived,
 Upon the marble grey he fix'd his sight,
 Two streams of tears were from his eyes derived
 Thus, with a sad alas, began the knight —
 Oh, marble dear! on my dear mistress plac'd,
 My flames within, without my tears thou hast

XCVII

Not of dead bones art thou the mournful grave,
 But of quick love the fortress and the hold,
 Still in my heart thy wonted brand I have,
 More bitter far, alas! but not more cold
 Receive these sighs, these kisses sweet receive,
 In liquid drops of melting tears enroll'd,
 And give them to that body pure and chaste
 Which in thy bosom cold entomb'd thou hast

XCVIII

Foi if her happy soul her eye doth bend
 On that sweet body which it lately dress'd,
 My love, thy pity, cannot her offend,
 Anger and wrath is not in angels bless'd,
 She pardon will the trespass of her friend,
 That hope relieves me with these griefs oppress'd
 This hand she knows hath only sinn'd, not I,
 Who living lov'd her, and foi love now die,

XCIX.

And loving will I die O happy day
 Whene'er it changeth! but O far more blest,
 If as about thy polish'd sides I stray
 My bones within thy hollow grave might rest;
 Together should in heav'n our spirits stay
 Together hould our bodies lie in chest
 So happy death should join what life doth sever:
 O death! O life! sweet both, both blessed ever —

C.

Meanwhile the news in that besieg'd town
 Of this mishap was whisper'd here and there
 Forthwith it spread and for too true was known
 Her woeful loss was talk'd on every where,
 Mingled with cries and plaints to heaven up thrown
 As if the city's self new taken were
 With conqu'ring foes, or as if flame and fire
 Nor house, nor church, nor street had left entire.

CI.

But all men's eyes were on Arctes bent,
 His sighs were deep, his looks full of despair
 Out of his woeful eyes no tears there went,
 His heart was harden'd with his too much care,
 His silver locks with dust he foul besprent,
 He knock'd his breast, his face he rent and tare;
 And while the people flock'd to the much old,
 Thus to the people spake Argantes bold:—

CII.

I would, when first I knew the hardy maid
 Excluded was among her Christian foes,
 Have follow'd her to give her timely aid
 Or by her side this breath and life to lose.
 What did I not, or what left I untried
 To make the king the gates again unlock?
 But he denied; his power did aye restrain
 My will my suit was waste, my speech was vain.

CIII

Ah! had I gone, I would from danger free
 Have brought to Sion that sweet nymph again,
 Or in the bloody fight, where kill'd was she,
 In her defence there nobly have been slain
 But what could I do more? The counsels be
 Of God and man 'gainst my designments plain
 Dead is Clorinda fair, laid in cold grave,
 Let me revenge her whom I could not save

CIV

Hierusalem! hear what Argantes saith,
 Hear heav'n! and if he break his oath and word,
 Upon this head cast thunder in thy wrath,
 I will destroy and kill that Christian lord,
 Who this fair dame by night thus murder'd hath,
 Not from my side I will ungird this sword,
 Till Tancred's heart it cleave and shed his blood,
 And leave his corse to wolves and crows for food —

CV

This said, the people with a joyful shout
 Applaud his speeches and his words approve,
 And calm'd their grief, in hope the boaster stout
 Would kill the Prince who late had slain his love
 O promise van! it otherwise fell out
 Men purpose, but high Gods dispose above,
 For underneath his sword this boaster died,
 Whom thus he scorn'd and threaten'd in his pride

BOOK XIII.

THE ABU MAN

Ismeno sets, to guard the forest old,	
The wicked sprites, whose ugly shapes affray	17
And put to flight the men, whose labour would	
To their dark shades let in heaven's golden ray	
Thither goes Tancred, hardy faithful, bold	32
But foolish pity lets him not assay	40
His strength and courage.—Heat the Christian power	52
Annoys, whom to refresh God sends a shower	4

I.

But scant dissolved into ashes cold
 The smoking tower fell on the scorched grass
 When new device found out the trench for old,
 By which the town besieged secured was,
 Of timber fit his foes deprive he would
 Such terror bred that late-consumed mass
 So that, the strength of Sion's walls to take
 They should no turrets, rams nor engines make

II.

From Godfrey's camp a grove a little way,
 Amid the valleys deep, grew out of sight,
 Thick with old trees, whose horrid arms display
 An ugly shade like everlasting night:
 There when the sun spreads forth his clearest ray
 Dim thick uncertain, gloomy seems the light
 A when, in evening day and darkness strive
 Which should his foe from our horizon drive.

III

But when the sun his char in seas doth steep,
 Night, horror, darkness thick, the place invade,
 Which veil the mortal eyes with blindness deep,
 And with sad terror make weak hearts afraid
 Thither no groom drives forth his tender sheep
 To browse, or ease their faint in cooling shade,
 Nor traveller nor pilgrim there to enter
 (So awful seems that forest old) dare venture

IV.

United there the ghosts and goblins meet
 To frolic with their mates in silent night,
 With dragon wings some cleave the welkin fleet,
 Some nimbly run o'er hills and valleys light,
 A wicked troop that with allurement sweet
 Draws sinful man from what is good and right,
 And there with hellish pomp their banquets brought,
 They solemnise thus the vain pagans thought

V

No twist, no twig, no bough, nor branch, therefore,
 The Saracines cut from that sacred spring,
 But yet the Christians spared ne'er the more
 The trees to earth with cutting steel to bring
 Thither went Ismen old with tresses hoar,
 When night on all this earth spread forth her wing;
 And there, in silence deaf and mirksome shade,
 His characters and circles vain he made

VI

He in the circle set one foot unshod,
 And whisper'd dreadful charms in ghastly wise,
 Three times (for witchcraft loveth numbers odd)
 Toward the east he gaped, westward thrice
 He struck the earth thrice with his charmed rod,
 Wherewith dead bones he makes from graves to rise:
 And thrice the ground with naked foot he smote,
 And thus he cried loud with thund'ring note —

VII

Hear! hear! ye spirits all that whilome fell
 Cast down from heav'n with dint of roaring thunder
 Hear! ye amid the empty air that dwell,
 And storms and show'r pour on these kingdoms under;
 Hear! all ye devils that lie in deepest hell
 And rend with torments damn'd ghosts sundry
 And of those lands of death, of pain, and fear
 Thou monarch great, great Dis great Pluto hear!

VIII.

Keep ye this forest well keep every tree
 Number'd I give you them, and truly told
 As souls of men in bodies clothed be,
 So every plant a sprito shall hide and hold
 With trembling fear make all the Christians flee
 When they presume to cut these cedars old.—
 This said, his charms he gan again repeat,
 Which none can say but they that use like feat.

IX.

At those strange speeches still night's splendid fires
 Quenched their lights, and shrunk away for doubt;
 The feeble moon her all'er beams retires,
 And wraps her horns with folding clouds about.
 Ismen his sprites to come with speed requires —
 Why come ye not, ye ever damned rout?
 Why tarry ye so long? perchance ye stay
 Till stronger charms and greater words I say

X.

I have not yet forgot for want of use
 What dreadful terms belong this sacred seat
 My tongue (if still your stubborn hearts refuse)
 That so much dreaded name can well repeat,
 Which heard, great Dis cannot himself restrain
 But hither run from his eternal seat:
 O great and fearful!—More he would have said,
 But that he saw the sturdy sprites obey'd.

XI

Legions of devils by thousands thither come,
 Such as in spars'd air their bidding make,
 And thousands also which by heavenly doom
 Condemned lie in deep Avernus' lake
 But slow they came, displeas'd all and some
 Because those woods they should in keeping take,
 Yet they obey'd, and took the charge in hand,
 And under every branch and leaf they stand

XII

When thus his cursed work performed was,
 The wizard to his king declar'd the feat —
 My lord, let fear, let doubt and sorrow pass,
 Henceforth in safety stands your regal seat
 You foe (as he supposed) no mean now has
 To build again his rams and engines great —
 And then he told at large from part to part
 All what he late perform'd by wondrous art —

XIII

Besides this help, another hap (quoth he)
 Will shortly chance that brings not profit small,
 Within few days Mars and the Sun I see
 Their fiery beams unite in Leo shall,
 And then extreme the scorching heat will be,
 Which neither rain can quench nor dews that fall,
 So plac'd are the planets high and low,
 That heat, fire, burning, all the heav'n's foreshow

XIV

So great with us will be the warmth therefore,
 As with the Garamantes or those of Inde,
 Yet nill it grieve us in this town so sore,
 We have sweet shade and waters cold by kind
 Our foes abroad will be tormented more,
 What shield can they or what refreshing find?
 Heav'n will them vanquish first, then Egypt's crew
 Destroy them quite, weak, weary, faint, and few

XV

Then shalt not still and quiet you be no more
 The full hazard of uncertain fate;
 But if Argives hold (that looks no more
 All cause of quiet peace through just and right)
 I resolve thro' forth to battle to be wro
 First mean to calm the rage of that fierce but
 For shortly here a wall shall rise thro' cause and just
 And war and trouble cease - I thy for certain -

XVI

The king as told by those javelins far (where
 Held Gaudrey's power his might, and seen to
 And now the walls he was in just repair
 Which late the rats had torn'd in the iron bars
 With wire fused he and in steel used care
 He fortified each breach and bulwark torn;
 And all his folk, with women children small
 With collars led against repair'd the wall.

XVII

But Gaudrey would this while longer forth his power
 To go assault against that fort in vain,
 Till he had builded new his dreadful tower,
 And reared hi to his downfall in rains again.
 His workmen therefore he dispatch'd that hour,
 To hew the trees out of the forest main.
 They went and soon the wood appear'd in sight
 When wooders saw their fearful hearts affright.

XVIII

As sooly children dare not bend their eyes
 Where they are told strange be bears haunt the place;
 Or as now monsters while in bed they lie
 Their fearful thoughts present before their face;
 So scared they and dead yet wist not why,
 Nor what pursu'd them in that fearful chase;
 Except their fear perchance while thus they fled,
 Now chimæras sphinxes or like monsters bred.

XIX

Swift to the camp they turned back dismay'd,
 With words confus'd uncertain tales they told,
 That all which heard them scorn'd what they said,
 And these reports for lies and fables hold
 A chosen crew, in shining arms array'd,
 Duke Godfrey thither sent of soldiers bold,
 To guard the men, and their faint arms provoke,
 To cut the dreadful trees with hardy stroke

XX

These drawing near the wood, where close ypent
 The wicked sprites in sylvan pinfolds were,
 Their eyes upon those shades no sooner bent,
 But frozen dread pierc'd through their entrails dear
 Yet on they stalked still, and on they went,
 Under bold semblance hiding coward fear,
 And so far wander'd forth with trembling pace
 Till they approach'd nigh that enchanted place.

XXI.

When from the grove a fearful sound out breaks,
 As if some earthquake hill and mountain tore,
 Wherein the southern wind a rumbling makes,
 Or like sea-waves against the craggy shore
 There lions grumble, there hiss scaly snakes,
 There howl the wolves, the rugged bears there roar,
 There trumpets shrill are heard and thunders fell,
 And all these sounds one sound expressed well

XXII

Upon their faces pale well might you note
 A thousand signs of heart-amating fear,
 Their reason gone, by no device they wote
 How to prease nigh or stay still where they were,
 Against that sudden dread their breasts which smote,
 Their courage weak no shield of proof could bear
 At last they fled, and one, than all more bold,
 Excus'd their flight, and thus the wonders told —

XIII.

My lord, not one of us there is, I trust,
 That darts cut down one branch in yonder part;
 I think there dwells a spirit in every joint,
 There keeps his court great Diomedes;
 He hath a heart of hundred years,
 That without trembling darts against the thing;
 And scarce he wavereth who so hardly is
 To hear the forest thump and roar and hiss.—

XIII.

Thus said, Alcisto to his words gave heed
 Alcisto leader of the Switzer train
 A man both void of wit and void of dread
 Who fear'd not loss of life nor loss of limb
 No savage beasts in deserts wild that feed,
 Nor ugly men or cruel diseases a hind;
 Nor whirlwind or shot earthquake, storm, or hail
 That in this world is strange or fearful thing.

XIV.

He shook his head and smiling thus began to say:—
 The hardness have I that would to kill
 And those proud trees low in the dust to lay,
 Wherewith such grisly fiends and men of ill
 No roaring ghost my courage can dismay
 No shriek of birds, beasts roar or dragons yell
 But through and through that forest will I wind,
 Although to deepest hell the paths descend.—

XV.

Thus boasted he, and leave to godward
 And forward went with joyful cheer and will;
 He view'd the wood and those thick shades admired;
 He heard the wood rous noise and rushing shrill;
 Yet not one foot the valiant man retired
 He scorn'd the peril pressing forward still,
 Till on the forest's utmost margin he stood;
 A flaming fire from entrance there him kept.

XVII

The fire increas'd, and built a stately wall
 Of burning coals, quick sparks, and embers hot,
 And with bright flames the wood environ'd all,
 That there no tree nor twist Aleasto got
 The higher stretched flames seem'd bulwarks tall,
 Castles and turrets full of fiery shot,
 With slings and engines strong of every sort,
 What mortal wight durst scale so strange a fort ?

XVIII

O what strange monsters on the battlement
 In loathsome forms stood to defend the place !
 Their frowning looks upon the knight they bent,
 And threaten'd death with shot, with sword, and mace
 At last he fled, and though but slow he went,
 As lions do whom jolly hunters chase,
 Yet fled the man, and with sad fear withdrew,
 Though fear till then he never felt nor knew

XIX

That he had fled long time he never wist,
 But when far run he had discover'd it,
 Himself for wonder with his hand he blist,
 A bitter sorrow by the heart him bit,
 Amaz'd, asham'd, disgrac'd, sad, silent, trist,
 Alone he would all day in darkness sit,
 Nor durst he look on man of worth or fame,
 His pride late great now greater made his shame

XX

Godfredo call'd him, but he found delays
 And causes why he should his cabin keep
 At length perforce he comes, but nought he says,
 Or talks like those that babble in their sleep
 His shamefac'dness to Godfrey plain bewrays
 His flight, so doth his sighs and sadness deep
 Whereat amaz'd—What chance is this ? (quoth he)
 These witchcrafts strange or nature's wonders be,

XXXI.

But if his courage any champion gave
 To try the hazard of this dreadful day;
 I pray you leave the aid more great to give
 None news he may report us of the day—
 This said, his hands attempt the harmful strife,
 Yet not a luck but fear and woe they bring;
 For them encircled with terrible to view
 The light, the warful, the warriors and the fire.

XXXII.

This hope when warful Tancrot left his bed,
 To lay in marble cold his mistress dear;
 The lively count from his cheek was fled
 His limbs were weak his looks of woe to bear;
 Nothing when need to high attempts him led,
 No labour would he show no due respect;
 His valour, his true heart, and courage less
 To his faint lady given the sad vapour gave.

XXXIII.

To this exploit forth went the venturous knight
 Fearless, yet heedful silent, well advised;
 The errors of that forest's dreadful night
 Storms, earthquakes, thunders, all he all despised,
 He feared nothing; yet a sudden light
 (That quickly vanished) in his heart appeared
 When lo! betwixt him and the harmful wood
 A fiery city high as heaven up stood.

XXXIV.

The knight stepped back and took a sudden pause
 And to himself—What help these arms (quoth he)
 If in this fire or monsters gaping jaws
 I bealleged cast myself what boots it me?
 For country's profit or my country's cause
 To hazard life before me none shall be;
 But this exploit of no such weight I hold
 For it to lose a prince or champion bold.

XXXV.

But if I fly, what will the pagans say ?

If I retire, who shall cut down this spring ?
Godfredo will attempt it every day,

What if some other knight perform the thing ?
These flames uprisen to forestall my way,

Perchance more terror far than danger bring
But hap what shall — Thus said, he forward stept,
And through the fire (O wondrous boldness !) leapt.

XXXVI

He bolted through, but neither warmth nor heat

He felt, nor sign of fire or scorching flame,
Yet wist he not, in his dismay'd conceit,

If that were fire or no through which he came,
For at first touch vanish'd those monsters great,

And in their stead the clouds black night did frame,
And hideous storms and showers of hail and rain,
Yet storms and tempests vanished straight again

XXXVII

Amaz'd, but not afraid, thē champion good

Stood still, but when the tempest past he spied,
He enter'd boldly that forbidden wood,

And of the forest all the secrets eyed

In all his walk no spright or fantasmē stood,

That stopt his way or passage free denied,
Save that the growing trees so thick were set,

That oft his sight and passage oft they let

XXXVIII

At length a fair and spacious green he spied,

Like calmest waters plain, like velvet soft,

Wherein a cypress, clad in summer's pride,

Pyramid-wise, lift up its tops aloft,

In whose smooth bark, upon the evenest side,

Strange characters be found, and view'd them oft,

Like those which priests of Egypt erst in stead

Of letters us'd, which none but they could read

XXIX.

Amongst them he picked out some words at last,
 Writ in the Syriac tongue which need be read —
 O hardy knight! who thou to these woe-laden
 Where death his palace and his court hath laid
 O trouble not these souls in quietude!
 O be not cruel as thy heart is bad!
 I pardon these plants despoiled of their only light;
 With spirits dead why torment men living? —

XL.

This sound he gave in the totaler trial
 And while he mused on this wondrous writ,
 Him thought he heard the softly whistling wind
 His bays amid the kegs and branches hiss,
 And frame a sound like speech of a kind
 But full of sorrow, grief, and woe was it;
 Whereby his gentle soul his all filled with
 With pity — new grief conjuring fear

XLI.

He drew his sword at last and gave the tree
 A mighty blow that made a gurgling sound;
 Out of the rift red streams he trickling saw
 That all belied the verdant plain around;
 His hair start up yet once again struck he
 (He would give over till the end he found
 Of this adventure) when with plaint and moan,
 As from some hollow grave he heard one groan. —

XLII.

Enough enough (the voice lamenting said)
 Tattered thou hast me hurt; thou shalt me drive
 Out of the body of a noble maid
 Who with me lieth whom late I kept all o;
 And now within this woe-laden eyes she laid
 My tender soul thy weapon sharp doth rise
 Cruel! is it not enough thy foes to kill
 But in their graves wilt thou torment them still?

XVIII

I was Clorinda, now imprison'd here
 (Yet not alone) within this plant I dwell,
 For every Pagan lord and Christian peer,
 Before the city's walls last day that fell,
 (In bodies new or graves, I wot not clear,)
 But here they are confin'd by magic's spell,
 So that each tree hath life, and sense each bough,
 A murd'rer if thou cut one twist art thou —

XIV

As the sick man that in his sleep doth see
 Some ugly dragon or some chimere new,
 Though he suspect or half persuaded be
 It is an idle dream, no monster new,
 Yet still he fears, he quakes, and strives to flee,
 So fearful is that wond'rous form to view
 So fear'd the knight, yet he both knew and thought
 All were illusions false by witchcraft wrought

XLV

But cold and trembling wax'd his frozen heart,
 Such strange affects, such passions it torment,
 Out of his feeble hand his weapon start,
 Himself out of his wits nigh after went
 Wounded he saw (he thought) for pain and smart
 His lady weep, complain, mourn, and lament,
 Nor could he suffer her dear blood to see,
 Or hear her sighs that deep far fetched be

XLVI

Thus his fierce heart, which death had scorned oft,
 Whom no strange shape or monster could dismay,
 With feigned shows of tender love made soft,
 A spirit false did with vain plaints betray
 A whirling wind his sword heav'd up aloft,
 And through the forest bare it quite away
 O'ercome retir'd the prince, and as he came
 His sword he found, and repossess'd the same

XLVII.

Yet could return he had no mind to try
 His courage further in those few men;
 But when to Geoffrey's tent he came to go
 His joints made, his mind his way to bed—
 My lord, you'll be a witness true to I
 Of wonders that like old stories there were
 What of the fire we make the dreadful deed
 You heard all truly told to us by a sound

XLVIII.

A burning fire (so are it so divers charged)
 Built like a loaded wall to be a war near
 Whence with carts at I should see the air around
 Of warriors' souls tumbling and whole land a part
 But thro' that there all I just and all, a heart
 O lance or threatened to be left of sword;
 Then ran and to let I found but for 't
 To day the night, to unshame turn of the world

XLIX.

What would you more? Each tree through all that we see
 Hath some hath life like of each like human kind
 I heard their words as in that grove I stood
 That mournful voices till till I hear to mind
 And (as they were of flesh) to purple blood
 At every blow streams from the wounded kind,
 No no! not I nor any less (I trust)
 Hath power to cut one leaf one branch one leafless—

L.

While thus he said the Christiana noble Guide
 Felt unsmooth strife in his content as there lit;
 He thought what if himself in person tried
 Those wondrous strange and bring those charms to
 For such be dream'd them; or elsewhere provide
 For timber easier got though further sought;
 But from his study he at last stray'd
 Call'd by the herald old that to him said:—

LI

Leave off thy hardy thought, another's hands
 Of these her plants the wood dispoilen shall
 Now, now the fatal ship of conquest lands,
 Her sails are struck, her silver anchors fall,
 Our champion broken hath his worthless bands,
 And looseth from the soil which held him thrall
 The time draws nigh when our proud foes in field
 Shall slaughter'd lie, and Sion's tort shall yield —

LII

This said, his visage shone with beams divine,
 And more than mortal was his voice's sound
 Godfredo's thoughts to other acts incline,
 His working brain was never idle found
 But in the Crab now did bright 'Titan shine,
 And scorch'd with scalding beams the parched ground,
 And, made unfit for toil or warlike feat,
 His soldiers, weak with labour, faint with sweat

LIII.

The planets mild their lamps benign quench'd out,
 And cruel stars in heav'n did signorise,
 Whose influence cast fiery flames about,
 And hot impressions through the earth and skies
 The growing heat still gather'd deeper root,
 The noisome warmth through lands and kingdoms flies,
 A harmful night a hurtful day succeeds,
 And worse than both next morn her light outspreads

LIV

When Phœbus rose, he left his golden weed,
 And don'd a gite in deepest purple dy'd,
 His sanguine beams about his forehead spread,
 A sad presage of ill that should betide,
 With vermeil drops at even his tresses bleed,
 Foreshows of future heat, from th' ocean wide
 When next he rose, and thus increased still
 Their present harms with dread of future ill

LX

While thus he beat against earth his scorching rays,
 He burnt the domes, he burnt his Clime dear;
 The leaves grew wither'd, the wither'd grass
 The grass and crumbl'd herbs all parch'd were;
 Earth cleft in rifts, in woods each stream decays
 The barren clouds with lightning appear;
 And mild and fear'd not Clime's shield again
 Had driven away his sore and ill-qual'd wind.

LXI.

As from a furnace flew the smoke to ake
 Such smoke as that when danc'd he smelt;
 Within his caves sweet Zephyr about lies
 Still was the air the rock nor cause nor vent
 But o'er the lands with lukewarm breathing lies
 The southern wind from sultry Afric sent
 Which, thick and warm, his hot rugged blasts
 Upon their bosoms throws, and faces casts.

LXII.

Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomy night
 In her thick shades was burning heat uproll'd
 Her sable mantle was embroider'd bright
 With blazing stars, and glazing fires for gold
 Nor to refresh (and earth!) thy thirsty prize
 The niggard moon let fall her May-dew's cold;
 And dried up the vital moisture was
 In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass.

LXIII.

Sleep to his quiet dale's exiled fled
 From these unquiet nights, and oft in vain
 The soldiers restless sought the goal in bed;
 But most for thirst they mourn'd and most complain;
 For Judah's tyrant had strong poison shed
 (Poison that breeds more woe and deadly pain
 Than Acheron or Stygian waters bring)
 In every fountain, cistern, well, and spring;

LIX

And little Siloe, that his store bestows
 Of purest crystal on the Christian bands,
 The pebbles naked in his channel shows,
 And scanty glides above the scorched sands
 Nor Po in May, when o'er his bank he flows,
 Nor Ganges, waterer of the Indian lands,
 Nor seven-mouth'd Nile, that yields all Egypt drink,
 'To quench their thirst the men sufficient think

LX

He that the gliding rivers erst had seen
 Adown their verdant channels gently roll'd,
 Or falling streams which to the valleys green,
 Distill'd from tops of Alpine mountains cold,
 Those he desu'd in vain, new torments been
 Augmented thus with wish of comforts old,
 Those waters cool he drank in vain conceit,
 Which more increas'd his thirst, increas'd his heat

LXI

The sturdy bodies of the warriors strong,
 Whom neither marching far, nor tedious way,
 Nor weighty arms which on their shoulders hong
 Could weary make, nor death itself dismay,
 Now weak and feeble, cast their limbs along,
 Unwieldy burthens, on the burned clay,
 And in each vein a smould'ring fire there dwelt,
 Which dried their flesh, and solid bones did melt

LXII

T anguish'd the steed late fierce, and proffer'd grass,
 His fodder erst, despis'd, and from him kest,
 Each step he stumbled, and, which lofty was
 And high advanc'd before, now fell his crest,
 His conquests gotten all forgotten pass,
 Not with desire of glory swell'd his breast,
 The spoils won from his foe, his late rewards,
 He now neglects, despises, nought regards

LXIII.

Lamish d the faithful dog and would care
 Of his own lord and also look for it
 Pardon he had, and gather d strength
 To end the business in his entrance to it
 But breathing (which was Nature and purpose
 To save the common's best) was hindered
 For little care and small help they win,
 That breathe forth air and heat! Two men in

LXIV

Thus lamish'd the earth in this estate
 Lay woful th' one of th' Christians stout
 The faithful people now in his estate
 Of loyal occurrences scarce d' with every do
 Of their distress they talk and oft de-late;
 These sad complaints were heard the camp far off
 What hope hath Goffrey? Shall we still live
 Till all his soldiers all our armies die?

LXV

Alas! with what device what strength thanks he
 To scale these walls or his strong fort to get?
 Whence hath he on more now? death he not see
 If w' wrathful hee is punish us his word doth what?
 These tokens shown true signs and witness be
 Our angry God our proud attempts doth let
 And scorching sun so hot his beams unparalel
 That not more cooling Inde nor Athos, so needs:

LXVI.

Or thi k be it an oath or little thing
 That us despis'd, neglected and disdain'd
 Like objects vile to death he thus should bring
 That so his empire may be still main tain'd?
 Is it so great a bliss to be a king
 When he that wears the crown with blood is stain'd
 And buys his sceptre with his people's lives?
 See whether glory vain soul mind driest

LXVII.

See, see the man, call'd holy, just, and good,
 That courteous, meek, and humble would be thought,
 Yet never car'd in what distress we stood,
 If his vain honour were diminish'd nought,
 When dried up from us is spring and flood,
 His water must from Jordan streams be brought,
 And now he sits at feasts and banquets sweet,
 And mingleth waters fresh with wines of Crete!—

LXVIII

The French thus murmur'd, but the Greekish knight,
 Tatine, that of this war was weary grown—
 Why die we here (quoth he), slain without fight,
 Kill'd, not subdu'd, murder'd, not overthrow'n?
 Upon the Frenchmen let the penance light
 Of Godfrey's folly, let me save mine own —
 And as he said, without farewell, the knight
 And all his cornet stole away by night

LXIX

His bad example many a troop prepares
 To imitate, when his escape they know,
 Clotharius his band, and Ademare's,
 And all whose guides in dust were buried low,
 Discharg'd of duty's chains and bondage snares,
 Free from their oath, to none they service owe,
 But now concluded all on secret flight,
 And shrunk away by thousands every night

LXX

Godfredo this both heard, and saw, and knew,
 Yet would with death them chastise, tho' he mought,
 But with that faith wherewith he could remew
 The stedfast hills, and seas dry up to nought,
 He pray'd the Lord upon his flock to rew,
 To ope the springs of grace, and ease this drought,
 Out of his looks shone zeal, devotion, faith,
 His hands and eyes to heav'n he heaves, and saith —

LXXXI.

Father and Lord! if in the desert waste
 Thou hast seen — — — as thy children drag,
 The craggy rock when Moses cleft and brake,
 And drew forth flowing streams of waters clear
 Like merry Lord like grace us we do need;
 And though our merits less than theirs; yet
 Thy grace supply that want, for though they be
 Thy first-born sons thy children yet are we —

LXXXII.

These prayers just, from his lowly heart forth sent
 Were not slow to climb the starry sky
 But swift as winged birds through ether's port
 Before the Father of the host he lit;
 The Lord accepted them and gently laid
 Upon the faithful host his gracious hand
 And in what joy and what distress it laid
 He saw and grieved to see and thus he said:—

LXXXIII.

Mine crimes dear till now have suffer'd woe
 Distress and danger hell's infernal power
 Their enemy hath been, the world their foe;
 But happy be their actions from this hour,
 What they begin to blessed end shall go;
 I will refresh them with a gentle shower;
 Rinaldo shall return; th' Egyptian crew
 They shall encounter conquer and subdue —

LXXXIV.

At these high words great heav'n began to shake
 The fixed stars, the planets woad ring still
 Trembled the air the earth and ocean quak
 Spring fountain river forest dale and hill;
 From north to east a lightning flash out brake
 And coming drops pass'd with thunder shrill.
 With joyful shouts the soldiers on the plain
 These; & we bless of long-desired rain.

I XXXV

A sudden cloud, as when Elias pray'd,
 (Not from dry earth exhal'd by Phœbus' beams,)
 Arose, moist heav'n his windows open laid,
 Whence clouds by heaps out-rush, and wat'ry streams,
 • The world o'erspread was with a gloomy shade,
 That like a dark and mirksome even it seems,
 The dashing rain from molten skies down fell,
 And o'er their banks the brooks and fountains swell

I XXXVI

In summer season, when the cloudy sky
 Upon the parched ground doth rain down send,
 As duck and mallard in the furrows dry
 With merry noise the promis'd showers attend,
 And spreading broad their wings displayed he
 'To keep the drops that on their plumes descend,
 And where the streams swell to a gather'd lake,
 Therein they dive, and sweet refreshing take,

I XXXVII

So they the streaming showers with shouts and cries
 Salute, which heav'n shed on the thirsty lands
 The falling liquor from the dropping skies
 He catcheth in his lap, he bare-head stands,
 And his bright helm to drink therein unties,
 In the fresh streams he dives his sweaty hands,
 Their faces some, and some their temples wet,
 And some to keep the drops large vessels set

I XXXVIII

Nor man alone, to ease his burning sore,
 Herein doth dive and wash, and hereof drinks,
 But earth itself, weak, feeble, faint before,
 Whose solid limbs were cleft with rifts and chinks,
 Receiv'd the falling showers, and gather'd store
 Of liquor sweet, that through her veins down sinks,
 And moisture new infused largely was
 In trees, in plants, in herbs, in flowers, in grass

LXXX.

Earth like the parent was alone li by her d
 Hath overcome at last those wicked stars
 Whose scell'd limits had been the last of the d
 Whereon his strain of woe departed her ;
 But now restored in health and welfare
 As sound as first as fresh as late as young ;
 So that, forgotten all his grief and pain
 His pleasant robes and crew as he had

LXXXI.

Craved the rain the sun let us to shine
 With fruitful wet beams and gentle ray
 Full of strong power and of our summer
 As he his beams in April or in May
 O happy soul who trusts in help divine
 The world's afflictions thus can drive away
 Can virtue press and luxury cast out
 And conquer fortune late and die by storm

BOOK XIV

THE ARGUMENT

The Lord to Godfrey in a dream doth shew	
His will Rinaldo must return at last.	12
They have their asking who for pardon sue	21
Two knights to find the prince are sent in haste,	26
But Peter, who by vision all foreknew,	29
Sendeth the searchers to a wizard, plac'd	33
Deep in a vault, who first at large declares	
Armida's trams, then how to shun those snares	

I

Now from the fresh, the soft, and tender bed
 Of her still mother, gentle night out flew,
 The fleeting balm on hills and dales she shed,
 With honey drops of pure and precious dew,
 And on the verdure of green forests spread
 The virgin primrose and the violet blue,
 And sweet-breath'd Zephyr on his spreading wings
 Sleep, ease, repose, rest, peace and quiet brings

II

The thoughts and troubles of broad-waking day
 They softly dipt in mild oblivion's lake,
 But He, whose Godhead heav'n and earth doth sway,
 In his eternal light did watch and wake,
 And bent on Godfrey down the gracious ray
 Of his bright eye, still ope for Godfrey's sake,
 To whom a silent dream the Lord down sent,
 Which told his will, his pleasure, and intent.

III.

Far in the east (the golden gate behind)
 Whence I'Malbas comes) a crystal port beyond
 And ere the sun his broad doors open wide
 The beams of springin' day locketh this
 Hence come the dreams, by which beas'n's sacred laws
 Reveals to man those high laws of his:
 Hence towards Gouffrey ere he left his bed
 A vision strange his golden slumbers beset:

IV

Such wouldst thou see such shapes such portraits see
 Did never yet in dream or sleep appear
 For all the forms in sea, in earth, or air
 The signs in heaven, the stars in every sphere
 All what was wondrous, uncounted strange and rare
 All in that vision well presented were:
 His dream had plac'd him in a crystal wide
 Locket with golden fires top, bottom and side:

V

There while he would rest on the circles vast
 The stars, their regular course, and harmony
 A knight (with him by rays and fire embrac'd)
 Presents himself unawares before his eye
 Who with a voice that far for sweetness past
 All human speech thus said approaching nigh:—
 What Gouffrey! knowst thou not thy Hugo here?
 Come and embrace thy friend and fellow dear—

VI.

He answer'd him:—That glorious shining light
 Which in thine eyes his glist'ring beams hath plac'd,
 Estranged hath from my foreknowledge quite
 Thy countenance thy favour, and thy face—
 This said three times he stretch'd his hands outright,
 And would in friendly arms the knight embrace,
 And thrice the spirit fled and thrice he twin'd
 Nought in his folded arms but air and wind.

VII.

Lord Hugo smil'd —Not as you think (quoth he)
 I clothed am in flesh and earthly mould,
 My spirit pure and naked soul you see,
 A citizen of this celestial hold,
 This place is heav'n, and here a room for thee
 Prepared is, among Christ's champions bold —
 Ah when (quoth he), these mortal bonds unknot,
 Shall I in peace, in ease, and rest there sit?—

VIII

Hugo replied—Ere many years shall run,
 Amid the saints in bliss here shalt thou reign;
 But first great wars must by thy hand be done,
 Much blood be shed, and many pagans slain,
 The holy city by assault be won,
 The land set free from servile yoke again,
 Wherein thou shalt a Christian empire frame,
 And after thee shall Baldwin rule the same

IX.

But, to increase thy love and great desire
 To heaven-ward, this blessed place behold,
 These shining lamps, these globes of living fire,
 How they are turned, guided, mov'd, and roll'd,
 The angels singing here and all their quire
 Then bend thine eyes on yonder earth and mould,
 All in that mass, that globe, and compass see,
 Land, sea, spring, fountain, man, beast, grass, and tree.

X.

How vile, how small, and of how slender price,
 Is there reward of goodness, virtue's gain,
 A narrow room our glory vain up-ties,
 A little circle doth our pride contain,
 Earth like an isle amid the water lies,
 Which sea sometime is call'd, sometime the main,
 Yet nought therein responds a name so great,
 It's but a lake, a pond, a marish strait —

XI.

Thus said the one the other bended down
 His looks to ground, and half in scorn he smil'd ;
 He saw at once earth, sea, flood, castle town
 Strangely divided, strangely all compild,
 And wonder'd folly man so far hould down
 To set his heart on things so base and vild,
 That servile empire searcheth and dumb fame,
 And scorn heav'n's bliss yet proff'reth heav'n the same.

XII.

When ask'd he answer'd—Since the Lord not yet
 Will free my spirit from this cage of clay
 Lest worldly error vain my voyage let,
 Teach me to heav'n the best and surest way —
 Hugo replied—Thy happy foot is set
 In the true path nor from this passage stray
 Only from cause young Rinakin call
 This give I thee in charge, else nought at all :

XIII.

For as the Lord of hosts, the King of bliss,
 Hath chosen thee to rule the faithful band,
 So be thy stratagems appoint'd to be
 To execute, so both shall win this land
 The first is thine, the second place is his,
 Thou art this army's head and be the hand ;
 No other champion can his place supply
 And that thou do it doth thy state deny

XIV

Th' enchanted forest, and her charmed trees
 With cutting steel shall be to earth down hew'd,
 And thy weak armies, which too feeble been
 To scale again these walls re-nforced new
 And fainting lie dispersed on the green,
 Shall take new strength, new courage at his view
 The high-built towers, the custom squadrons, all
 Shall conquer'd be, shall fly shall die, shall fall.—

XV

He held his peace, and Godfrey answer'd so —
 O how his presence would recomfort me,
 You that man's hidden thoughts perceive and know,
 (If I say truth, or if I love him) see
 But say, what messengers shall for him go?
 What shall their speeches, what their errand be?
 Shall I entreat, or else command the man?
 With credit neither well perform I can —

XVI

Th' eternal Lord (the other knight replied)
 That with so many graces hath thee blest,
 Wills, that among the troops thou hast to guide
 Thou honour'd be and fear'd of most and least
 Then speak not thou, lest blemish some betide
 Thy sacred empire if thou make request,
 But when by suit thou moved are to ruth,
 Then yield, forgive, and home recall the youth

XVII

Guelpho shall pray thee (God shall him inspire)
 To pardon this offence, this fault commit
 By hasty wrath, by rash and headstrong ire,
 To call the knight again, yield thou to it
 And though the youth (enwrapt in fond desire)
 Far hence in love and looseness idle sit,
 Yet fear it not he shall return with speed,
 When most you wish him, and when most you need

XVIII

Your hermit Peter (to whose sapient heart
 High Heav'n his secrets open, tells, and shews)
 Your messengers direct can to that part
 Where of the prince they shall hear certain news,
 And learn the way, the manner, and the art
 To bring him back to these thy warlike crews,
 That all thy soldiers, wander'd and misgone,
 Heav'n may unite again and join in one

XIX.

But this conclusion shall my speeches end,
 Know that his blood shall mixed be with thine,
 Whence barons bold and worthless shall descend
 That many great exploits shall bring to fine.—
 This said he anish'd from his sleeping friend,
 Like smoke in wind, or mist in Titan's shine
 Sleep fled likewise, and in his troubled thought,
 With wonder pleasur'd, joy with marvel fought.

XX.

The Duke look'd up, and saw the starr'd sky
 With orient beams of silver morning spread
 And started up for praise and virtue lie
 In toil and travail sin and harm in bed
 His arms he took, his sword girt to his thigh
 To his pavilion all his lords them sped,
 And there in council gave the princes sit
 For strength by wark war is ruled by wit.

XXI.

Lord Guelpho there (within whose gentle breast
 Heav'n had infus'd that now and sudden thought)
 His pleading words thus to the Duke address'd —
 Good prince, mild, though unask'd kind, unbesought
 O let thy mercy grant my just request
 Pardon this fault, by rage, not malice, wrought
 For great offence I grant, so late remitt
 My suit too hasty is, perchance unfit

XXII.

But since to Godfrey meek benign, and kind,
 For Prince Rinaldo bold I humbly sue,
 And that the suitor's self is not behind
 Thy greatest friends, in state or friendship true;
 I trust I shall thy grace and mercy find
 Acceptable to me and all this crew
 O call him home this trespass to amend
 He shall his blood in Godfrey's service spend :

XXIII

And if not he, who else dares undertake
 Of this enchanted wood to cut one tree?
 'Gainst death and danger who dares battle make
 With so bold face, so fearless heart, as he?
 Beat down these walls, these gates in pieces break,
 Leap o'er these rampires high, thou shalt him see
 Restore therefore to this desirous band [hand,
 Their wish, their hope, their strength, their shield, their

XXIV

To me my nephew, to thyself restore
 A trusty help when strength of hand thou needs,
 In idleness let him consume no more,
 Recall him to his noble acts and deeds,
 Known be his worth as was his strength of yore,
 Where'er thy standard broad her cross outspreads,
 O let his fame and praise spread far and wide,
 Be thou his lord, his teacher, and his guide —

XXV.

Thus he entreated, and the rest approve
 His words, with friendly murmurs whisper'd low
 Godfrey, as though their suit his mind did move
 To that whereon he never thought till now—
 How can my heart (quoth he), if you I love,
 To your request and suit but bend and bow?
 Let rigour go, that right and justice be
 Wherein you all consent and all agree

XXVI

Rinaldo shall return, let him restrain
 Henceforth his headstrong wrath and hasty ire,
 And with his hardy deeds let him take pain
 To correspond your hope and my desire
 Guelpho, thou must call home the knight again,
 See that with speed he to these tents retire,
 The messengers appoint as likes thy mind,
 And teach them where they should the young man find —

XXVII.

Up starts the Demo that bore Prince Sweno's brand —
 I will (quoth he) that message undertake
 I will refuse no pains by sea or land
 To give the knight this sword kept for his sake.—
 This man was bold of courage, strong of hand,
 Guelpho was glad he did the proffer make —
 Thou shalt (quoth he) Ubaldo shalt thou have
 To go with thee, a knight, stout, wise, and grave.—

XXVIII.

Ubaldo in his youth had known and seen
 The fashions strange of many an uncouth land
 And travell'd over all the realms between
 The Arctic circle and hot Meroc's strand
 And as a man whose wit his guide had been
 Their customs use he could, tongues understand
 For this, when spent his youthful summer were
 Lord Guelpho entertain'd and held him dear

XXIX.

To these committed was the charge and care
 To find and bring again the champion bold.
 Guelpho commends them to the fort repair
 Where Bosmorv doth his seat and sceptre hold,
 For public fame said that Bertoldo's heir
 There liv'd, there dwelt, there stay'd. The hermit old
 (That knew they were misled by false pret) —
 Among them came and parled in this sort —

XXX.

Sir knights (quoth he) If you intend to ride
 And follow each report fond people say
 You follow but a rash and trothless guide,
 That leads vain men smite and makes them stray
 Near Ascalon go to the salt sea side
 Where a swift brook falls in with hideous way
 An aged sire, our friend there shall you find,
 All what he saith that do that keep in mind :

XXVI

Of this great voyage which you undertake,
 Much by his skill, and much by mine advice,
 Hath he foreknown, and welcome for my sake
 You both shall be, the man is kind and wise —
 Instructed thus no further question make
 The twain elected for this enterprise,
 But humbly yielded to obey his word,
 For what the hermit said that said the Lord

XXVII

They took their leave and on their journey went,
 Their will could brook no stay, their zeal no let
 To Ascalon their voyage straight they bent,
 Whose broken shores with brackish waves are wet,
 And there they heard how 'gainst the cliffs (besprent
 With bitter foam) the roaring surges beat,
 A tumbling brook their passage stopp'd and stay'd,
 Which late-fall'n rain had proud and puissant made, .

XXXIII

So proud that over all his banks he grew,
 And through the fields ran swift as shaft from bow
 While here they stopt and stood, before them drew
 An aged sire, grave and benign in show,
 Crown'd with a beechen garland gather'd new,
 Clad in a linen robe that raught down low,
 In his right hand a rod, and on the flood,
 Against the stream, he march'd, and dry-shod yode

XXXIV

As on the Rhine (when winter's freezing cold
 Congeals the streams to thick and harden'd glass)
 The beauties fair of shepherds' daughters bold,
 With wanton windlays, run, turn, play, and pass,
 So on this river pass'd the wizard old,
 Although unfrozen, soft, and swift it was,
 And thither stalked where the warriors stood,
 To whom (their greetings done) he spoke and said —

XXXV

Great pains, great travail lords, you have begun
 And of a cunning guide great need you stand ;
 Far off alas ! is great Bertoldo's son,
 Impass'd in a waste and desert land ;
 What soil remains by which you must not run,
 What promontory rock, sea, shore, or sand ?
 Your search must stretch, before the prince be found,
 Beyond our world, beyond our half of ground

XXXVI

But yet your hearts to see my cell I pray,
 In hidden caves and vaults though bukked low
 Great wonders there, strange things I will bewray
 Things good for you to hear, and fit to know —
 This said, he bids the river make them way
 The flood retir'd, and backward gan to flow
 And here and there two crystal mountains rise
 So fled the Red Sea once, and Jordan thrice.

XXXVII

He took their hands and led them hurrying down
 Under the flood, through vast and hollow deeps
 Such light they had as when through shallows brown
 Of thickest deserts feeble Cynthia peeps.
 There sparkling caves they saw all overflown,
 There all his waters pure great Neptune keeps
 And thence, to moisten all the earth, he brings
 Seas, rivers, floods, lakes, fountains wells, and springs

XXXVIII

Whence Ganges, Indus, Volga, Isler Po
 Whence Euphrates, whence Tigris spring they view
 Whence Tanais whence Nilus comes also,
 (Although his head till then no creature knew)
 But under these a wealthy stream doth go
 That sulphur yields and ore, rich, quick, and new
 Which the sunbeam doth polish purge, and fine,
 And makes it silver pure, and gold divine

XXXIX

And all his banks the rich and wealthy stream
 Hath fair beset with pearl and precious stone,
 Like stars in sky or lamps on stage that seem,
 The darkness there was day the night was gone
 There sparkled (clothed in his azure beam)
 The heav'nly sapphire, there the hyacinth shone,
 The carbuncle there flam'd, the diamond sheen
 There glister'd bright, there smil'd the emerald green

XL

Amaz'd the knights amid these wonders pass'd,
 And fix'd so deep the marvels in their thought
 That not one word they utter'd, till at last
 Ubaldo spake, and thus his guide besought —
 O father, tell me, by what skill thou hast
 These wonders done, and to what place us brought?
 For well I know not if I wake or sleep,
 My heart is drown'd in such amazement deep —

XLI

You are within the hollow womb (quoth he)
 Of fertile earth, the nurse of all things made,
 And but you brought and guided are by me,
 Her sacred entrails could no wight invade,
 My palace shortly shall you splendent see
 With glorious light, though built in night and shade
 A pagan was I born, but yet the Lord
 To grace (by baptism) hath my soul restor'd

XLII

Nor yet by help of devil or aid from hell
 I do this uncouth work and wond'rous feat,
 The Lord forbid I use or charm or spell
 To raise foul Dis from his infernal seat,
 But of all herbs, of every spring and well,
 The hidden power I know and virtue great,
 And all that kind hath hid from mortal sight,
 And all the stars, their motions and their might,



XIII

For in these caves I dwell not buried still
 From sight of heav'n, but often I resort
 To tops of Lebanon or Carmel hill,
 And there in liquid air myself disport,
 There Mars and Venus I behold at will,
 As bare as erst when Vulcan took them short,
 And how the rest roll, glide, and move, I see,
 How their aspects benign or froward be

XIV

And underneath my feet the clouds I view,
 Now thick, now thin, now bright with Iris' bow,
 The frost and snow, the rain, the hail, the dew, [blow,
 The winds from whence they come and whence they
 How Jove his thunder makes and lightning new,
 How with the bolt he strikes the earth below,
 How comate, crinite, caudate stars are fram'd,
 I knew, my skill with pride my heart inflam'd

XLV

So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought,
 That I suppos'd my wit so high might climb
 To know all things that God had fram'd or wrought,
 Fire, air, sea, earth, man, beast, sprite, place, and time
 But when your hermit me to baptism brought,
 And from my soul had wash'd the sin and crime,
 Then I perceiv'd my sight was blindness still
 My wit was folly, ignorance my skill

XLVI

Then saw I that, like owls in shining sun,
 So 'gainst the beams of truth our souls are blind,
 And at myself to smile I then begun,
 And at my heart puff'd up with folly's wind
 Yet still these arts as I before had done
 I practis'd, such was the hermit's mind,
 Thus hath he chang'd my thoughts, my heart, my will,
 And rules mine art, my knowledge, and my skill

XLVII.

In him I rest, on him my thoughts depend
 My lord, my teacher, and my guide is he
 This noble work he strives to bring to end
 He is the architect, the workmen we.
 The hardy youth hoves to this camp to send
 From prison strong my care, my charge shall be
 So he commends and me ere this foretold
 Your coming off to seek the champion bold.—

XLVIII.

While thus he said, he brought the champions twain
 Down to a vault wherein he dwells and lies.
 It was a cave, high wide, large, ample, plain,
 With goodly rooms, halls, chambers, galleries
 All what is bred in rich and precious vein
 Of wealthy earth, and hid from mortal eyes,
 There shines and fair adorn'd was every part
 With riches grown by kind, not fram'd by art

XLIX.

A hundred grooms, quick, diligent, and neat,
 Attendance gave about these strangers bold
 Against the wall there stood a cupboard great
 Of gold, of plate, of silver crystal gold:
 But when with precious wines and costly mead
 They filled were, thus spake the wizard old —
 Now fits the time, Sir-Knights, I tell and show
 What you desire to hear and long to know

L.

Arnida's craft, her leight and hidden guile
 You partly wot, her acts and arts untrue,
 How to your camp she came, and by what wile
 The greatest lords and princes thence she drew
 You know she turn'd them first to monsters vile,
 And kept them since clos'd up in secret mew,
 Lastly to Gaza-ward in bonds them sent,
 Whom young Rinald rescu'd as they went.

LI

What chanced since I will at large declare,
 ('To you unknown) a story strange and true
 When first her prey, got with such pain and care,
 Escap'd and gone the witch perceiv'd and knew,
 Her hands she wrung for grief, her clothes she tare,
 And full of woe these heavy words out threw —
 Alas! my knights are slain, my pris'ners free,
 Yet of that conquest never boast shall he

LII

He in their place shall serve me, and sustain
 Their plagues, their torments suffer, sorrows bear,
 And they his absence shall lament in vain,
 And wail his loss and theirs with many a tear —
 Thus talking to herself she did ordain
 A false and wicked guile, as you shall hear
 Thither she hasted where that valiant knight
 Had overcome and slain her men in fight

LIII

Rinaldo there had doft and left his own,
 And on his back a pagan harness tied,
 Perchance he deemed so to pass unknown,
 And in those arms less noted safe to ride
 A headless corse, in fight late overthrown,
 The witch in his forsaken arms did hide,
 And by a brook expos'd it on the sand,
 Whither she wis'd would come a Christian band

LIV

Their coming might the dame foreknow right well,
 For secret spies she sent forth thousand ways,
 Which every day news from the camp might tell,
 Who parted thence booties to search, or preys
 Beside, the sprites, conjur'd by secret spell,
 All what she asks or doubts reveals and says
 The body therefore plac'd she in that part
 That further'd best her sleight, her craft, and art ;

LV

And near the corpse a varlet false and sly
 She left, attir'd in shepherd's homely wood,
 And taught him how to counterfeit and lie
 As time requir'd, and he perform'd the deed :
 With him your seditious spoke, of jealousy
 And false suspect amongst them he strew'd the seed
 That since brought forth the fruit of strife and jar
 Of civil brawls, contention, discord, war :

LVI.

And as she wrabed so the soldiers thought
 By Godfrey's practice that the prince was slain
 Yet smil'd that suspicion false to nought,
 When truth spread forth her silver wings again.
 Her false devices thus Armida wrought,
 This was her first deceit, her foremost train
 What next she practis'd shall you hear me tell
 Against our knight, and what thereof befell

LVII.

Armida hunted him through wood and plain
 Till on Orontes flowery bank he stay'd
 There, where the stream did part and meet again
 And in the midst a gentle island made,
 A pillar fair was plight beside the main
 Near which a little frigate floating laid
 The marble white the prince did long behold
 And this inscription read there writ in gold —

LVIII

Whoso thou art whom will or chance doth bring
 With happy steps to flood Orontes' sides
 Know that the world hath not so strange a thing
 Twixt east and west as this small island hides
 Then pass and see without more tarrying —
 The hasty youth to pass the stream provides
 And for the cog was small and strait,
 Alone he row'd and bade his squires there wait.

LIX

Landed, he stalks about, yet nought he sees
 But verdant groves, sweet shades, and mossy rocks,
 With caves and fountains, flowers, herbs, and trees,
 So that the words he read he takes for mocks
 But that green isle was sweet at all degrees,
 Wherewith entic'd, down sits he and unlocks
 His closed helm, and bares his visage fair,
 To take sweet breath from cool and gentle air

LV.

A rumbling sound amid the waters deep
 Meanwhile he heard, and thither turn'd his sight,
 And tumbling in the troubled stream took keep
 How the strong waves together rush and fight,
 Whence first he saw, with golden tresses, peep
 The rising visage of a virgin bright,
 And then her neck, her breasts, and all as low
 As he for shame could see or she could show .

LXI

So in the twilight doth sometimes appear
 A nymph, a goddess, or a fairy queen,
 And though no syren but a sprite this were,
 Yet by her beauty seem'd it she had been
 One of those sisters false which haunted near
 The Tyrrhene shores, and kept those waters shcen,
 Like theirs her face, her voice was, and her sound,
 And thus she sung and pleas'd both skies and ground —

LXII

Ye happy youths, whom April fresh and May
 Attire in flow'ring green of lusty age,
 For glory vain or virtue's idle ray
 Do not your tender limbs to toil engage,
 In calm streams fishes, birds in sunshine play,
 Who followeth pleasure he is only sage,
 So nature saith, yet 'gainst her sacred will
 Why still rebel you, and why strive you still?

LXIII.

O souls, who youth possess yet scorn the name
 A precious but a short-abiding treasure
 Virtue itself is but an idle name
 Proud by the world 'bove reason all and measure
 And honour glory, praise renown, and fame
 That men's proud hearts bewitch with telling tales
 An echo is, a shade, a dream, a flower
 With each wind blasted spoil'd with every shower :

LXIV

But let your happy souls in joy possess
 The ivory castles of your happy bliss
 Your passed harms also with forgetfulness
 Hasten not your coming ills with thought and care
 Regard no blazing star with burning trail
 Nor storm, nor threatening sky nor thundering air
 This wisdom is good life and worldly bliss
 Kind teacheth us nature's law as this.—

LXV

Thus sang the spirit false and stealing sleep
 (To which her tunes entic'd his heavy sleep)
 By step and step did on his senses creep,
 Till every limb therein unmoved lies ;
 Not thunders loud could from this slumber deep
 (Of quiet death true image) make him rise
 Then from her ambush forth Armida start
 Swearing revenge and threatening torments smart,

LXVI

But when she looked on his face awhile
 And saw how sweet he breath'd, how still he lay
 How his fair eyes though closed seem to smile
 At first she stay'd, astound with great dismay ;
 Then sat her down (so lovely can art beguile)
 And as she sat and look'd, fled fast away
 Her wrath. Thus on his forehead gaz'd the maid
 As in his spring Narcissus tooting laid :

LXVII

And with a veil she wiped now and then
 From his fair cheek the globes of silver sweat,
 And cool air gather'd with a trembling fan
 To mitigate the rage of melting heat
 Thus (who would think it ?) his hot eye-glance can
 Of that cold frost dissolve the hardness great
 Which late congeal'd the heart of that fair dame,
 Who, late a foe, a lover now became

LXVIII

Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet,
 Which proudly flower'd through that wanton plain,
 All platted fast, well knit, and joined meet,
 She fram'd a soft but surely holding chain,
 Wherewith she bound his neck, his hands, and feet
 'Thus bound, thus taken, did the prince remain,
 And in a coach, which two old dragons drew,
 She laid the sleeping knight, and thence she flew

LXIX

Nor turn'd she to Damascus' kingdom large,
 Nor to the fort built in Asphalte's lake,
 But jealous of her dear and precious charge,
 And of her love asham'd, the way did take
 To the wide ocean, whither skiff or barge
 From us doth seld or never voyage make,
 And there, to frolic with her love awhile,
 She chose a waste, a sole and desert isle ,

LXX

An isle that with her fellows bears the name
 Of Fortunate, for temperate air and mould ,
 There on a mountain high alight the dame,
 A hill obscur'd with shades of forests old,
 Upon whose sides the witch by art did frame
 Continual snow, sharp frost, and winter cold ,
 But on the top, fresh, pleasant, sweet, and green,
 Beside a lake a palace built this queen

LXXI.

There in perpetual, sweet, and flowing spring
 She lives at ease and joys her lord at will.
 The hardy youth from this strange prison bring
 Your valours must, directed by my skill
 And overcome each monster and each thing
 That guards the palace, or that keeps the hill
 Nor shall you want a guide or engines fit
 To bring you to the monster or conquer it.

LXXII.

Beside the stream yparted shall you find
 A dame, in visage young but old in years
 Her curled locks about her front are twin'd
 A party-colour'd robe of silk she wears;
 She shall conduct you swift as air or wind
 Or that fit bird that Jove's hot wing bears;
 A faithful pilot, cunning, trusty, sure
 As Typhis was or kill'd Palinuro.

LXXIII.

At the hill's foot, whereon the witch doth dwell
 The serpents hiss and cast their poison volds;
 The ugly bears do rear their bristles fell;
 There gaze the bears and roar the lions wild;
 But yet a rod I have can easily quell
 Their rage and wrath, and make them meek and mild;
 Yet on the top and height of all the hill
 The greatest danger lies and greatest ill:

LXXIV

There welleteth out a fair clear bubbling spring
 Whose waters purge the thirsty guests entice;
 But in those liquors cold the secret sting
 Of strange and deadly poison closed lies;
 One sup thereof the drinker's heart doth bring
 To sudden joy whence laughter vain doth rise;
 Nor that strange merriment once stops or stays,
 Till with his laughter's end he end his days.

LXXV

Then from those deadly wicked streams refrain
 Your thirsty lips, despise the dainty cheer
 You find expos'd upon the grassy plain,
 Nor those false damsels once vouchsafe to hear,
 That in melodious tunes their voices strain,
 Whose faces lovely, smiling, sweet, appear,
 But you their looks, their voice, their songs despise,
 And enter fair Armida's paradise

LXXVI

The house is builded like a maze within,
 With turning stairs, false doors, and winding ways,
 The shape whereof, plotted in vellum thin,
 I will you give, that all those sleights bewrays
 In 'midst a garden lies, where many a gun
 And net to catch frail hearts false Cupid lays,
 There, in the verdure of the arbours green,
 With your brave champion lies the wanton queen

LXXVII

But when she haply riseth from the knight,
 And hath withdrawn her presence from the place,
 Then take a shield I have of diamonds bright,
 And hold the same before the young man's face,
 That he may glass therein his garments light,
 And wanton soft attire, and view his case,
 That with the sight, shame and disdain may move
 His heart to leave that base and servile love

LXXVIII

Now resteth nought that needful is to tell,
 But that you go secure, safe, sure, and bold,
 Unseen the palace may you enter well,
 And pass the dangers all I have foretold,
 For neither art, nor charm, nor magic spell,
 Can stop your passage or your steps withhold,
 Nor shall Armida (so you guarded be)
 Your coming aught foreknow or once foresee

LXXIV

And eke as safe from that enchanted fort
You shall return and scape unhurt away
But now the time doth us to rest exhort,
And you must rise by peep of springing day —
This said, he led them through a narrow port
Into a lodging fair wherein they lay;
There glad and full of thoughts he kist his guests,
And in his wonted bed the old man rests.

BOOK XV

THE ARGUMENT

The well-instructed knights forsake their host,
 And come where their strange bark in harbour lay,
 And setting sail, behold on Egypt's coast
 The monarch's ships and armies in array
 Their wind and pilot good, the seas in post
 They pass, and of long journeys make short way
 The far-sought isle they find.—Armida's charms
 They scorn, they shun her sleights, despise her arms

I

THE rosy-finger'd morn with gladsome ray
 Rose to her task from old 'Tithonus' lap,
 When their grave host came where the warriors lay,
 And with him brought the shield, the rod, the map —
 Arise (quoth he), ere lately-broken day
 In his bright arms the round world fold or wrap,
 All what I promis'd here I have them brought,
 Enough to bring Armida's charms to nought —

II

They started up, and every tender limb
 In sturdy steel and stubborn plate they dight,
 Before the old man stalk'd, they follow'd him
 Through gloomy shades of sad and sable night,
 Through vaults obscure again and entries dim,
 The way they came their steps remeasur'd right,
 But at the flood arriv'd—Farewell (quoth he),
 Good luck your aid, your guide good fortune be —

III.

The flood receiv'd them in his bow'rs low
 And lift them up above his billows thin;
 The waters so cast up a branch or two,
 By violence first plung'd and di'd therein.
 But when upon the shore the waves them throw
 The knights for their fair guide to look begin;
 And gazing round, a little lark they spy'd
 Wherein a damsel sat the stern to guide

IV

Upon her front her locks were curled new
 Her eyes were courteous, full of peace and love
 In look a saint an angel bright in shew
 So in her visage grace and virtue strove
 Her robe seem'd sometimes red and sometimes blue,
 And chang'd still as she did stir or move
 That look how oft man's eyes beheld the same
 So oft the colours chang'd, went and came:

V

The feathers so that tender soft, and plain,
 About the dove's smooth neck close or wheel'd been
 Do in one colour never long remain
 But change their hue against glimpses of Phebus' shewn
 And now of rubies bright a vermeil chain
 Now make a carknet rich of emeralds green;
 Now mingle both now alter turn and change
 To thousand colours, rich pure, fair, and strange —

VI.

Enter this boat, you happy men (she says)
 Wherein through raging waves secure I ride;
 To which all tempest, storm, and wind obeys,
 All burdens light, benign is stream and tide.
 My Lord, that rules your journeys and your ways,
 Hath sent me here your servant and your guide. —
 This said her shallop dro' she gain'd the sand,
 And nether cast amid the steadfast land.

XI

The passengers to land-ward turn'd their sight,
 And there saw pitched many a stately tent,
 Soldier and footman, captain, lord, and knight,
 Between the shore and city came and went
 Huge elephants, strong camels, coursers light,
 With horned hoofs the sandy ways out rent,
 And in the haven many a ship and boat
 (With mighty anchors fasten'd) swim and float

XII

Some spread their sails, and some with strong oars sweep
 The waters smooth, and brush the buxom wave,
 Their breasts in sunder cleave the yielding deep,
 The broken seas for anger foam and rave
 When thus their guide begun—Sir knights, take keep
 How all these shores are spread with squadrons brave,
 And troops of hardy knights, yet on these sands
 The monarch scant hath gather'd half his bands

XIII

Of Egypt only these the forces are,
 And aid from other lands they here attend,
 For 'twixt the noon-day sun and morning star,
 All realms at his command do bow and bend,
 So that I trust we shall return from far,
 And bring our journey long to wished end,
 Before this king or his lieutenant shall
 These armies bring to Sion's conquer'd wall —

XIV

While thus she said, as soaring eagles fly
 'Mongst other birds securely through the air,
 And mounting up behold with wakeful eye
 The radiant beams of old Hyperion's hair,
 Her gondola so passed swiftly by
 "Twixt ship and ship, withouten fear or care
 Who should her follow, trouble, stop, or stay,
 And forth to sea made lucky speed and way



XV

Themselves forenenst old Raphia's town they fand,
 A town that first to sailors doth appear
 As they from Syria pass to Egypt land
 The sterile coasts of barren Rinoceere
 They pass'd, and seas where Casius' hill doth stand,
 That with his trees o'erspreads the waters near,
 Against whose roots breaketh the brackish wave,
 Where Jove his temple, Pompey hath his grave

XVI

Then Damietta next, where they behold
 How to the sea his tribute Nilus pays,
 By his seven mouths, renown'd in stories old,
 And by a hundred more ignoble ways
 They pass'd the town built by the Grecian bold,
 Of him call'd Alexandria till our days,
 And Pharos' tower and isle, remov'd of yore
 Far from the land, now joined to the shore

XVII

Both Crete and Rhodes they left by north unseen,
 And sail'd along the coasts of Atric lands,
 Whose sea towns fair, but realms more inward been
 All full of monsters and of desert sands
 With her five cities then they left Cyrene,
 Where that old temple of false Ammon stands.
 Next Ptolemis, and that sacred wood
 Whence spring the silent streams of Lethe flood

XVIII

The greater Sirtes (that sailors often cast
 In peril great of death and loss extreme)
 They compass'd round about and safely pass'd,
 Then Cape Judeca and flood Magras' stream,
 Then Tripoli, 'gainst which is Malta plac'd,
 That low and hid, to lurk in seas doth seem,
 The little Sirtes then, and Alzerbe's isle,
 Where dwelt the folk that lotos eat erewhile:

XXI.

Next Toss on the crowded shore they lay,
 Whom lay a rock on either side the bay
 Toss'd and toss'd in beauty was and grace
 Above as far as Leda's knees
 Gains which (from far) with a
 His ropp'd front great laurel crown
 The dance there he and out where
 Moves steadily in all the Carthage coast:

XXII.

Great Carthage low in all a road
 Her ruins pass the looks in her
 So eyes fall, no more but
 Their pride and pomp he had in
 Then why would mortal man
 Where he is at least
 From thence the sea west
 And far beyond us there in

XXIII.

Amphibia's in his plans they
 Where wandering legends and
 Then Hagar and Egypt's
 Of paraiso false (Ora
 All Tingitan they
 Where elephants and
 Where now the
 Gains which Granama's

XXIV.

Now are they there where
 By great Alcides
 True may it be that
 It whilome was a
 Before the sea there
 And parted Africa
 Ails hence, thence
 Such power hath thus to

XXIII

Four times the sun had spread his morning ray
 Since first the dame launch'd forth her wond'rous barge
 And never yet took port in creek or bay,
 But fairly forward bore the knights her charge,
 Now through the strait her jolly ship made way,
 And boldly sail'd upon the ocean large,
 But if the sea in midst of earth was great,
 O what was this wherein earth hath her seat!

XXIV

Now deep engulfed in the mighty flood,
 They saw not Gades nor the mountains near,
 Fled was the land and towns on land that stood,
 Heav'n cover'd sea, sea seem'd the heav'ns to bear
 At last—Fair lady (quoth Ubaldo good),
 That in this endless main doth guide us here,
 If ever man before here sailed tell,
 Or other lands here be wherein men dwell?—

XXV

Great Hercules (quoth she) when he had quell'd
 The monsters fierce in Afric and in Spain,
 And all along your coasts and countries sail'd,
 Yet durst he not assay the ocean main,
 Within his pillars would he have impal'd
 The over-daring wit of mankind vain,
 Till Lord Ulysses did those bounders pass,
 To see and know he so desirous was

XXVI

He pass'd those pillars, and in open wave
 Of the broad sea first his bold sails untwin'd,
 But yet the greedy ocean was his grave,
 Nought helped him his skill 'gainst tide and wind,
 With him all witness of his voyage brave
 Lies buried there, no truth thereof we find,
 And they whom storm hath forced that way since
 Are drowned all, or unreturn'd from thence.

XXII.

So that this mighty sea is yet unsought,
 Where thousand isles and kingdoms lie unknown
 Not void of men as some have vainly thought,
 But peopled well and woune'd like your own
 The land is fertile ground, but scant well wrought,
 Air wholesome, temperate sun, grass proudly green—
 But (quoth Ubaldo) dame, I pray thee teach
 Of that hid world what be the laws and speech.—

XXIII.

As she can be their nation (answer'd she)
 Their tongues, their rites, their laws so different are
 Some pray to beasts, some to a stone or tree,
 Some to the earth, the sun, or morning star
 Their meats unwholesome, vile and hateful be,
 Some eat man's flesh and captives take in war
 And all from Calpe's mountain west that dwell
 In faith profane, in life are rude and fell.—

XXIV.

But will our gracious God (the knight reply'd)
 That with his blood all sinful men hath bought,
 His truth for ever and his gospel hid
 From all those lands as yet unknown, unsought?—
 O no (quoth she) his name both far and wide
 Shall there be known, all brought thither brought
 Nor shall these long and tedious ways for ever
 Your world and theirs, their lands your kingdoms sever

XXV.

The time shall come that sailors shall desire
 To talk or argue of Alcides' strait
 And lands and seas that nameless yet remain
 Shall well be known their bounders, site, and seat.
 The ships encompass shall the solid main,
 As far as seas outstretch their waters great,
 And measure all the world and with the sun,
 About this earth, this globe, this orb to run.

XXXI

A knight of Genes shall have the hardiment
 Upon this wond'rous voyage first to wend,
 Nor winds nor waves that ships in sunder rent,
 Nor seas unus'd, strange climate, or pool unkn'd,
 Nor other peril nor astonishment,
 That makes frail hearts of men to bow and bend,
 Within Abila's strait shall keep and hold
 The noble spirit of this sailor bold

XXXII

Thy ship, Columbus, shall her canvas wing
 Spread o'er that world that yet concealed lies,
 That scant swift Fame her looks shall after bring,
 Though thousand plumes she have and thousand eyes.
 Let her of Bacchus and Alcides sing,
 Of thee to future age let this suffice,
 That of thine acts she some forewarning give,
 Which shall in verse and noble story live —

XXXIII

Thus talking, swift 'twixt south and west they run,
 And sheer'd out 'twixt froth and foam their way,
 At once they saw before the setting sun,
 Behind the rising beam of springing day,
 And when the morn her drops and dews begun
 To scatter broad upon the flowing bay,
 Far off a hill and mountain high they spy'd,
 Whose top the clouds environ, clothe, and hide

XXXIV

And drawing near, the hill at ease they view,
 When all the clouds were molten, fallen, and fled,
 Whose top, pyramid-wise, did pointed shew,
 High, narrow, sharp, the sides yet more outspread,
 Thence now and then fire, flame, and smoke out flew,
 As from that hill where under lies in bed
 Enceladus, whence with imperious sway
 Bright fire breaks out by night, black smoke by day

XXVII

She answer'd him—Well fits this high desire
 Thy noble heart, yet cannot I consent,
 For heav'n's decree, firm, stable, and entire,
 Thy wish repugns, and 'gainst thy will is bent,
 Nor yet the time hath Titan's gliding fire
 Mete forth, prefix'd for this discoverment,
 Nor is it lawful of the ocean main
 That you the secrets know, or known explain

XL

To you, withouten needle, map, or card,
 It's given to pass these seas, and there arrive
 Where in strong prison lies your knight imbar'd,
 And of her prey you must the witch deprive
 If further to aspire you be prepar'd,
 In vain 'gainst fate and heav'n's decree you strive —
 While thus she said, the first-seen isle gave place,
 And high and rough the second shew'd his face

XIII

They saw how eastward stretch'd in order long,
 The happy islands sweetly flow'ring lay,
 And how the seas betwixt those isles introng,
 And how they shoulder'd land from land away
 In seven of them the people rude among
 The shady trees their sheds had built of clay,
 The rest lay waste, unless wild beasts unseen,
 Or wanton nymphs, roam'd on the mountains green.

XIIII

A secret place they found in one of those,
 Where the cleft shore sea in his bosom takes,
 And 'twixt his stretched arms doth fold and close
 An ample bay, a rock the haven makes,
 Which to the main doth his broad back oppose,
 Whereon the roaring billow cleaves and breaks,
 And here and there two crags, like turrets high,
 Point forth a port to all that sail thereby

XLVII

Within a thick, a dark, and shady plot,
 At the hill's foot that night the warriors dwell,
 But when the sun his rays, bright shining, hot,
 Disparted, of golden light th' eternal well,
 Up, up' they cried, and fiercely up they got,
 And climbed boldly 'gainst the mountain fell,
 But forth there crept (from whence I cannot say)
 An ugly serpent which forestall'd their way,

XLVIII

Armed with golden scales, his head and crest
 He lifted high, his neck swell'd great with ire,
 Flamed his eyes, and hiding with his breast
 All the broad path, he poison breath'd and fire,
 Now reach'd he forth in folds and forward press'd,
 Now would he back in rolls and heaps retire
 Thus he presents himself to guard the place,
 The knights press'd forward with assumed pace

XLIX.

Charles drew forth his brand to strike the snake.
 Ubaldo cried—Stay, my companion dear,
 Will you with sword or weapon battaile make
 Against this monster that affronts us here?—
 This said, he 'gan his charmed rod to shake,
 So that the serpent durst not hiss for fear,
 But fled, and dead for dread fell on the grass,
 And so the passage plain, eath, open was

L

A little higher on the way they met
 A lion fierce, that hugely roar'd and cry'd;
 His crest he reared high, and open set
 Of his broad gaping jaws the furnace wide,
 His stern his back oft smote his rage to whet
 But when the sacred staff he once espy'd,
 A trembling fear through his bold heart was spread,
 His native wrath was gone, and swift he fled

LV

The passage hard against the mountain steep
 These travellers had faint and weary made,
 That through those grassy plains they scanty creep,
 They walk'd, they rested oft, they went, they stay'd,
 When from the rocks that seem'd for joy to weep,
 Before their feet a dropping crystal ply'd,
 Enticing them to drink, and on the flow'rs
 The plenteous spring a thousand streams down pours

LVI

All which united, in the springing grass
 Eat forth a channel through the tender green,
 And underneath eternal shade did pass,
 With murmur shrill, cold, pure, and scanty seen,
 Yet so transparent that perceived was
 The bottom rich, and sands that golden been,
 And on the brims the silken grass aloft
 Profier'd them seats, sweet, easy, fresh, and soft —

LVII

See here the stream of laughter, see the spring
 (Quoth they) of danger and of deadly pain,
 Here fond desire must by fair governing
 Be rul'd, our lust bridled with wisdom's rein,
 Our ears be stopped while these syrens sing,
 Their notes enticing man to pleasure vain
 Thus past they forward where the stream did make
 An ample pond, a large and spacious lake

LVIII

There on a table was all dainty food
 That sea, that earth, or liquid an could give,
 And in the crystal of the laughing flood
 They saw two naked vugins bathe and dive,
 That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,
 Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming strive,
 Now underneath they div'd, now rose above,
 And 'tinging baits laid forth of lust and love

LXIII

This is the place wherein you may assuage
 Your sorrows past, here is that joy and bliss
 That flourish'd in the antique golden age,
 Here needs no law, here none doth aught amiss,
 Put off those arms, and fear not Mars his rage,
 Your sword, your shield, your helmet needless is,
 Then consecrate them here to endless rest,
 You shall love's champions be and soldiers blest

LXIV

The fields for combat here are beds of down,
 Or heaped lilies' under shady brakes
 But come and see our queen with golden crown,
 That all her servants blest and happy makes,
 She will admit you gently for her own,
 Number'd with those that of her joy partakes
 But first within this lake your dust and sweat
 Wash off, and at that table sit and eat —

LXV

While thus she sung, her sister lur'd them high,
 With many a gesture kind and loving show,
 To music's sound as dames in court apply
 Their cunning feet, and dance now swift now slow
 But still the knights unmoved passed by,
 These vain delights for wicked charms they know,
 Nor could their heav'nly voice or angel's look
 Surprise their hearts, if eye or ear they took

LXVI

For if that sweetness once but touch'd their hearts,
 And proffer'd there to kindle Cupid's fire,
 Straight armed reason to his charge upstarts,
 And quencheth lust and killeth fond desire.
 Thus scorned were the dames, their wives and maids,
 And to the palace gates the knights retire,
 While in their streams the damsels dived sad,
 Asham'd, disgrac'd, for that repulse they had

III

Alcides there sat telling tales, and spun
 Among the feeble troops of damsels mild,
 (He that the fiery gates of hell had won,
 And heav'n upheld,) false love stood by and smil'd
 Arm'd with his club fair Iole forth run,
 His club with blood of monsters foul defil'd,
 And on her back his lion's skin had she,
 Too rough a bark for such a tender tree

IV

Beyond was made a sea, whose azure flood
 The hoary froth crush'd from the surges blue,
 Wherein two navies great well-ranged stood
 Of warlike ships, fire from their arms out flew,
 The waters burnt about their vessels good,
 Such flames the gold therein enchased threw,
 Cæsar his Romans hence, the Asian kings
 Thence Antony and Indian princes, brings

V

The Cyclades seem'd to swim amid the main,
 And hill 'gainst hill and mount 'gainst mountain smote,
 With such great fury met those armies twain,
 Here burnt a ship, there sunk a bark or boat,
 Here darts and wildfire flew, there drown'd or slain
 Of princes dead the bodies fleet and float,
 Here Cæsar wins, and yonder conquer'd been
 The eastern ships, there fled th' Egyptian queen

VI

Antonius eke himself to flight betook,
 The empire lost to which he would aspire,
 Yet fled not he, nor fight for fear forsook,
 But follow'd her, drawn on by fond desire
 Well might you see, within his troubled look,
 Strive and contend love, courage, shame, and ire,
 Oft look'd he back, oft gaz'd he on the fight,
 But oft'ner on his mistress and her flight

XI

The leaves upon the self-same bough did hide,
 Beside the young, the old and ripened fig,
 Here fruit was green, there ripe with vermeil side,
 The apples new and old grew on one twig,
 The fruitful vine her arms spread high and wide,
 That bended underneath their clusters big,
 The grapes were tender here, hard, young, and sour,
 There purple, ripe, and nectar sweet forth pour

XII

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,
 Sung merry notes on every branch and bough,
 The wind, that in the leaves and waters play'd,
 With murmur sweet now sang, and whistled now,
 Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made,
 And while they sung it rumbled soft and low
 Thus, were it hap or cunning, chance or art,
 The wind in this stange music bore his part

XIII

With party-colour'd plumes and purple bill,
 A wond'rous bird among the rest there flew,
 That in plain speech sung lovelays loud and shrill,
 Her leden was like human language true,
 So much she talk'd, and with such wit and skill,
 That strange it seemed how much good she knew,
 Her feather'd fellows all stood hush'd to hear,
 Dumb was the wind, the waters silent were —

XIV

The gently-budding rose (quoth she) behold,
 The first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
 Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth up-fold
 In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems,
 And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
 Then languisheth and dies in last extremes
 Nor seems the same that decked bed and bow'r
 Of many a lady late and paramour

XV

So in the passing of a day doth pass
 The bud and blossom of the life of man,
 Nor e'er doth flourish more, but like the grass
 Cut down, becometh withered, pale, and wan:
 O gather then the rose while time thou hast,
 Short is the day done when it scant began
 Gather the rose of love while yet thou mayst,
 Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.—

XVI.

She censur'd, and as approving all she spok
 The choir of birds their heav'nly tunes renew
 The turtles sigh'd and sighs with kisses broke,
 The fowls to shades unseen by pairs withdrew
 It seem'd the laurel chest and stubborn oak,
 And all the gentle trees on earth that grew
 It seem'd the land, the sea, and heav'n above
 All breath'd out fancy sweet and sigh'd out love.

XVII.

Through all this music rare and strong consent
 Of strange allurements, sweet 'bove morn and morn,
 Severe, firm, constant, still the knights forth went,
 Hardning their hearts gainst false enticing pleasure,
 Twixt leaf and leaf their sight before they sent,
 And after crept themselves at ease and leisure,
 Till they beheld the queen sit with their knight
 Beside the lake, shaded with boughs from sight:

XVIII.

Her breasts were naked, for the day was hot,
 Her locks unbound wav'd in the wanton wind
 Some deal she swam, (tir'd with the game you wot,)
 Her sweat-drops bright, white, round like pearls of
 Her humbl'd eyes a fiery smile forth shot, [And
 That like sun-beams in silver fountains shin'd
 O'er him her looks she hung and her soft breast
 The pillow was where he and love took rest

XIX.

His hungry eyes upon her face he fed,
 And feeding them so pin'd himself away,
 And she, declining often down her head,
 His lips, his cheeks, his eyes kiss'd as he lay,
 Wherewith he sigh'd, as if his soul had fled
 From his frail breast to hers, and there would stay
 With her beloved sprite The armed pair
 These follies all beheld and this hot fair

XX

Down by the lovers' side there pendant was
 A crystal mirror, bright, pure, smooth, and neat,
 He rose and to his mistress held the glass,
 (A noble page grac'd with that service great,)
 She with glad looks, he with inflam'd, (alas!)
 Beauty and love beheld both in one scat;
 Yet them in sundry objects each espies,
 She in the glass, he saw them in her eyes

XXI

Her to command, to serve it pleas'd the knight;
 He proud of bondage, of her empire she —
 My dear, (she said,) that blesseth with thy sight
 Even blessed angels, turn thine eyes to me,
 For painted in my heart and pourtray'd right,
 Thy worth, thy beauties, and perfections be,
 Of which the form, the shape, and fashion best,
 Not in this glass is seen, but in my breast,

XXII

And if thou me disdain, yet be content
 At least so to behold thy lovely hue,
 That while thereon thy looks are fix'd and bent,
 Thy happy eyes themselves may see and view;
 So rare a shape no crystal can present,
 No glass contain that heav'n of beauties true
 O let the skies thy worthy mirror be,
 And in clear stars thy shape and image see!—

XXVII

And when the silence deep and friendly shade
 Recall'd the lovers to their wonted sport,
 In a fair room for pleasure built they lay'd,
 And longest nights with joys made sweet and short
 Now while the queen her household things survey'd,
 And left her lord, her garden, and disport
 'The twain that hidden in the bushes were,
 Before the Prince in glist'ring arms appear

XXVIII

As the fierce steed for age withdrawn from war,
 Wherein the glorious beast had always won,
 That in vile rest, from fight sequester'd far,
 Feeds with the mares at large, his service done,
 If arms he see, or hear the trumpet's jar,
 He neigheth loud, and thither fast doth run,
 And wisheth on his back the armed knight,
 Longing for jousts, for tournament, and fight.

XXIX

So sa'd Rinaldo when the glorious light
 Of their bright harness glister'd in his eyes,
 His noble sprite awaked at that sight,
 His blood began to warm, his heart to rise,
 Though drunk with ease, devoid of wonted might,
 On sleep till then his vaken'd virtue lies
 Ubaldo forward stept, and to him held
 Of diamonds clear that pure and precious shield

XXX

Upon the targe his looks amaz'd he bent,
 And therein all his wanton habit spied,
 His civet, balm, and perfumes redolent,
 How from his locks they smok'd and mantle wide;
 His sword, that many a Pagan stout had shent,
 Bewrapt with flow'rs hung idly by his side,
 So nicely decked that it seem'd the knight
 Wore it for fashion sake, but not for fight

XXXV

That done, he hasted from the charmed fort,
 And through the maze pass'd with his searchers twain.
 Amidst of her mount and chiefest port
 Wonder'd to find the furious keeper slain,
 Awhile she feared, but she knew in short
 That her dear lord was fled, then saw she plain
 (Ah, woeful sight!) how from her gates the man
 In haste, in fear, in wrath, in anger ran

XXXVI

Whither, O cruel! leav'st thou me alone?—
 She would have cried, her grief her speeches stay'd,
 So that her woeful words are backward gone,
 And in her heart a bitter echo made
 Poor soul! of greater skill than she was one
 Whose knowledge from her thus her joy convey'd,
 Thus wist she well, yet had desire to prove
 If art could keep, if charms recall her love

XXXVII

All what the witches of Thessalia land
 With lips unpure yet ever said or spake,
 Words that could make heav'n's rolling circles stand,
 And draw the damned ghosts from Limbo lake,
 All well she knew, but yet no time she fand
 To use her knowledge or her charms to make,
 But left her arts, and forth she ran to prove
 If single beauty were best charm for love

XXXVIII.

She ran, nor of her honour took regard
 (Oh where be all her vaunts and triumphs now?
 Love's empire great of late she made or maid,
 To her his subjects humbly bend and bow,
 And with her pride mix'd was a scorn so hard,
 That to be lov'd she lov'd, yet whilst they woo,
 Her lovers all she hates, that pleas'd her will,
 To conquer men, and conquer'd, so to kill)

XXIX

But now herself disdain'd, abandoned
 Ran after him that from her bed in scorn,
 And her despis'd beauty labour'd
 With humble plaints and prayers to adorn
 She ran and hasten'd after him that fled
 Through frost and snow through briar bush and thorn
 And sent her cries on meagre her before
 That reach'd not him till he had reach'd the shore.—

XL

O thou that leav'st but half behind (quoth she)
 Of my poor heart, and half with thee dost carry
 O take this part or render that to me
 Else kill them both at once: ah! tarry tarry
 Hear my last words no juring kiss of thee
 I crave for some more fit with thee to marry
 Keep them: n' I will what fear'st thou if thou stay?
 Thou may'st deny as well as run away —

XLI

At this Hymen stopp'd stood still and stay'd.
 She came, sad, breathless weary faint, and weak
 So woo-begone was never nymph or maid
 And yet her beauty's pride grief could not break:
 On him she look'd, she gaz'd but nought she said;
 She would not, could not, or she durst not speak.
 At her he look'd not, glanc'd not; if he did,
 Those glances shamefast were, close secret hid.

XLII

As ev'ning singers, ere they strain on high
 In loud melodious tunes their gentle voice
 Prepare the hearers ears to harmony
 With sighings sweet, low notes and warbles choice;
 So she, not having yet forgot parole
 Her wailing shifts and sleights in Cupid's toys,
 A sequence first of sighs and sobs forth cast
 To breed compassion dear then spake at last —

XIII

Suppose not, cruel! that I come to woo
 Or pray, as ladies do their loves and lords,
 Such were we late, if thou disdain it now,
 Or scorn to grant such grace as love affords,
 At least yet as an en'my listen thou,
 Sworn foes sometime will talk and chaffer words,
 For what I ask thee may'st thou grant right well,
 And lessen nought thy wrath and anger fell

XLIV

If me thou hate, and in that hate delight,
 I come not to appease thee, hate me still,
 It's like for like, I bore great hate and spite
 'Gainst Christians all, chiefly I wish'd thee ill
 I was a pagan born, and all my might
 Against Godfredo bent, mine art and skill,
 I follow'd thee, took thee, and bore thee fai
 To this strange isle, and kept thee safe from war,

XLV

And more, which more thy hate may justly move
 More to thy loss, more to thy shame and grief,
 I thee enchanted and allur'd to love,
 Wicked deceit, craft worthy sharp reproof
 Mine honour gave I thee, all gifts above,
 And of my beauty made thee lord and chief,
 And to my suitors old what I deny'd,
 That gave I thee, my lover new, unpray'd

XLVI

But reckon that among my faults, and let
 Those many wrongs provoke thee so to wrath
 That hence thou run, and that at nought thou set
 This pleasant house, so many joys which hath
 Go, travel, pass the seas, fight, conquest get,
 Destroy our faith, what, shall I say our faith?
 Ah no! no longer ours, before thy shrine
 Alone I pray, thou cruel saint of mine

XLVII.

Whil only let me go with thee and all
 A small request although I were thy foe;
 The speaker widdow he is the very lord
 Who transjans lets his captives with him go;
 Among thy priesters pour vizards laid,
 And let the camp increase thy prayers so,
 That thy le-muler so thou on his le-side
 And point at me thy thrall and lord!

XLVIII.

Despised I wish's a since my lord doth late
 These locks, why keep I them or hold them dear?
 Come out then out, that to my wretched state
 My labor answer may and all my gear
 I follow thee in spite of death and fate
 Through battles fierces where dangers most appear;
 Courage I have and strength enough, yettance
 To lead thy owner pure and bear thy lance:

XLIX.

I will or bear or be myself thy shield
 And to defend thy life will lose mine own!
 This breast, this I was soft shall be thy shield
 Against storms of arrows, darts, and weapons thrown;
 Thy foes pursue encourt ring thee in field
 Will spare to strike thee (mine fortune known)
 Less me they wound, nor will sharp vengeance take
 On thee for this despised beauty's sake.

L.

O wretch I dare I still want or help invoke
 From this poor beauty scorned and di' I lord?
 She said no more her tears her speeches broke, [rained;
 Which from her eyes like streams from springs down
 She would have caught him by the hand or cloak,
 But he stopp'd backward and himself restrained;
 Conquer'd his will, his heart ruth soften'd not,
 There plaints no issue, love no entrance, got:

LI

Love enter'd not to kindle in his breast
 (Which reason late had quench'd) his wonted flame,
 Yet enter'd pity in the place at least,
 (Love's sister, but a chaste and sober dame,)
 And stirr'd him so that hardly he suppress'd
 The springing tears that to his eyes up came,
 But yet e'en there his plaints repressed were,
 And (as he could) he look'd and feigned cheer

LII.

Madam (quoth he) for your distress I grieve,
 And would amend it if I might or could,
 From your wise heart that fond affection drive,
 I cannot hate nor scorn you, though I would,
 I seek no vengeance, wrongs I all forgive,
 Nor you my servant nor my foe I hold,
 Truth is, you err'd, and your estate forgot,
 Too great your hate was, and your love too hot.

LIII

But these are common faults, and faults of kind
 Excus'd by nature, by your sex, and years
 I erred likewise, if I pardon find,
 None can condemn you that our trespass hears
 Your dear remembrance will I keep in mind,
 In joys, in woes, in comforts, hopes, and fears,
 Call me your soldier and your knight, as far
 As Christian faith permits and Asia's war

LIV

Ah! let our faults and follies here take end,
 And let our errors past you satisfy,
 And in this angle of the world ypend,
 Let both the fame and shame thereof now die
 From all the earth where I am known and kend
 I wish this fact should yet concealed lie,
 Nor yet in following me, poor knight, disgrace
 Your worth, your beauty, and your princely race

LV

Stay here in peace I go, nor wend you may
 With me, my guide your fellowship denies
 Stay here, or hence depart some better way
 And calm your thoughts you are both sage and wise.—
 While thus he spoke her passions found no stay
 But here and there she turn'd and roll'd her eyes
 And staring on his face awhile at last
 Thus in foul terms her bitter wrath forth burst:—

LVI.

Of Sophia fair thou never wert the child
 Not of the Arminæ race ysprung thou art;
 The mad sea waves thee bore, some tigris wild
 On Caucasus' cold crags nurs'd thee apart
 Ah cruel man! in whom no token mild
 Appeals of pity ruth or tender heart,
 Could not my griefs, my woes, my plaints and all,
 One sigh strain from thy breast, one tear make fall?

LVII.

What shall I say or how renew my speech?
 He scorns me leaves me, bids me call him mine
 The victor hath his foe within his reach,
 Yet pardons her that merits death and pine
 Hear how he cruci'd me how he man preach
 (Like chaste Læmætes) gainst love divine:
 Oh heav'ns! oh gods! why do these men of shame
 Thus spoil your temples and blaspheme your name?

LVIII.

Go, cruel go! go with such peace, such rest,
 Such joy such comfort as thou leav'st me here;
 My angry soul, discharg'd from this weak breast
 Shall haunt thee ever and attend thee near
 And fury-like, in snakes and fire-brands dress'd,
 Shall aye torment thee whom it late held dear:
 And if thou scape the seas, the rocks, and sand
 And come to fight amid the pagan bands,

LIX.

There lying wounded 'mongst the hurt and slain,
 Of these my wrongs thou shalt the vengeance bear,
 And oft Armida shalt thou call in vain
 At thy last gasp, this hope I soon to hear —
 Here fainted she, with sorrow, grief, and pain,
 Her latest words scant well expressed were,
 But in a swoon on earth outstretch'd she lies,
 Stiff were her frozen limbs, clos'd were her eyes.

LX

Thou clos'd thine eyes, Armida, heav'n envied
 Ease to thy grief or comfort to thy woe
 Ah open them again, see tears down slide
 From his kind eyes whom thou esteem'st thy foe,
 If thou hadst heard, his sighs had mollify'd
 Thine anger hard, he sigh'd and mourned so,
 And, as he could, with sad and rueful look
 His leave of thee and last farewell he took.

LXI

What should he do? Leave on the naked sand
 This woeful lady, half alive, half dead?
 Kindness forbade, pity did that withstand,
 But hard constraint, alas! did thence him lead
 Away he went, the west wind blew from land
 'Mongst the rich tresses of their pilot's head,
 And with that golden sail the waves she cleft
 To land he look'd till land unseen he left

LXII

Wak'd from her trance, forsaken, speechless, sad
 Armida wildly star'd and gaz'd about —
 And is he gone (quoth she), nor pity had,
 To leave me thus 'twixt life and death in doubt?
 Could he not stay? could not the traitor lad
 From this last trance help or recall me out?
 And do I love him still, and on this sand
 Still unreveng'd, still mourn, still weeping stand?

LXX

Flee! no complaints farewell with arms and art
 I will pursue to death this spiteful knight
 Not earth's low centre, nor sea's deepest part
 Nor heav'n, nor hell, can hold him from my might
 I will o'ertake him, take him, cleave his heart
 Such vengeance fits a wronged lover's spite
 In cruelty that cruel knight surpass
 I will—but what avail vain words alas!

LXXI

O fool! thou shouldst not have been cruel then,
 (For then this cruel well deserved thine ire)
 When thou in prison hadst entrapp'd the man
 Now dead with cold, too late thou akest fire
 But though my wit, my cunning nothing can,
 Some other means shall work my heart's desire
 To thee my beauty thine be all those wrongs,
 Vengeance to thee, to thee revenge belongs

LXXII

Thou shalt be his reward with murder's brand
 That dare this traitor of his head deprive,
 O you my lovers, on this rock doth stand
 The castle of her love for whom you strive;
 I, the sole heir of all Damascus' land
 For this revenge myself and kingdom give:
 If by this price my will I cannot gain
 Nature gives beauty fortune wealth in vain.

LXXIII

But thee, vain gift! vain beauty! thee I scorn
 I hate the kingdom which I have to give
 I hate myself and rue that I was born
 Only in hope of sweet revenge I live.—
 Thus raging with fell ire she gan return
 From that bare shore in haste and homeward drive,
 And as true witness of her frantic ire
 Her locks wav'd loose, face aghast, eyes sparkled fire.

LXVII.

When she came home, she call'd with outcries shrill
 A thousand devils in Limbo deep that won,
 Black clouds the skies with horrid darkness fill,
 And pale for dread became th' eclipsed sun,
 The whirlwind bluster'd big on every hill,
 And hell to roar under her feet begun,
 You might have heard how through the palace wide
 Some spirits howl'd, some bark'd, some hiss'd, some cry'd.

LXVIII.

A shadow blacker than the mirkest night
 Environ'd all the place with darkness sad,
 Wherein a firebrand gave a dreadful light,
 Kindled in hell by 'Tisiphone the mad
 Vanish'd the shade, the sun appear'd in sight,
 Pale were his beams, the air was nothing glad,
 And all the palace vanish'd was and gone,
 Nor of so great a work was left one stone

LXIX.

As oft the clouds frame shapes of castles great
 Amid the air, that little time do last,
 But are dissolv'd by wind or Titan's heat,
 Or like vain dreams soon made and sooner pass'd,
 The palace vanish'd so, nor in his seat
 Left aught but rocks and crags by kind there plac'd:
 She in her coach, which two old serpents drew,
 Sat down, and as she us'd away she flew

LXX

She broke the clouds and cleft the yielding sky,
 And 'bout her gather'd tempest, storm, and wind,
 The lands that view the south pole flew she by
 And left those unknown countries far behind
 The straits of Hercules she pass'd, which lie
 'Twixt Spain and Afric, nor her flight inclin'd
 To north or south, but still did forward ride,
 O'er seas and streams, till Syria's coasts she spy'd.

LXXI.

Nor went she far and to Damascus fair
 But of her country dear she fled the sight,
 And guided to Asphalts lake her chair
 Where stood her rest! there she ends her flight
 And from her damsel fair she made repair
 To a deep vault, far from resort and light,
 Where in sad thoughts a thousand doubts she cast,
 Till grief and shame to wrath gave place at last.—

LXXII.

I will not hence (quoth she) till Egypt's Lord
 In aid of Skon's King his host shall move,
 Then will I use all helps that charms afford,
 And change my shape or sex if so behove
 Well can I handle bow or lance or sword
 The worthies all will aid me for my love:
 I seek revenge, and to obtain the same,
 Fear well regard of honour farewell shame

LXXIII.

Nor let mine uncle and protector me
 Reprove for this, he most deserves the blame;
 My heart and sex (that weak and tender be)
 He bent to deeds that maidens ill become;
 His niece a wand'ring damsel first made he
 He spur'd my youth, and I cast off my shame
 His be the fault, if aught against mine estate
 I did for love, or shall commit for hate.—

LXXIV

This said, her knights her ladies pages, squires
 She all assembleth, and for journey fit,
 In such fair arms and vestures them attires,
 As show'd her wealth and well declar'd her wit;
 And forward marched full of strange desires;
 Nor rested she by day or night one whit,
 Till she came there where all the eastern hands
 Their kings and princes, lay on Gaza's strand

BOOK XVII

THE ARGUMENT.

Egypt's great host, in battle 'ray forth brought, The Caliph sends with Godfrey's pow'r to fight.	9
Armida, who Rinaldo's ruin sought, To them adjoins herself and Syria's might,	43
To satisfy her cruel will and thought, She gives herself to him that kills her knight.	16
He takes his fatal arms, and in his shield	57
His ancestors and their great deeds beheld	64

I

GAZA (the city) on the frontier stands
 Of Judah's realm, as men to Egypt ride,
 Built near the sea, beside it of dry sands
 Huge wildernesses lie and deserts wide,
 Which the strong winds lift from the parched lands,
 And toss like roaring waves in roughest tide,
 That from those storms poor passengers almost
 No refuge find, but there are drown'd and lost

II

Within this town, won from the Turks of yore,
 Strong garrison the king of Egypt plac'd,
 And, for it nearer was and fitted more
 That high emprise to which his thoughts he cast,
 He left great Memphis, and to Gaza bore
 His regal throne, and there, from countries vast
 Of his huge empire, all the puissant host
 Assembled he, and muster'd on the coast



[Giles.]

III

Come say, my Muse! what manner times these were,
 And in those times how stood the state of things,
 What pow'r this monarch had, what arms they bear,
 What nations subject, and what friends he brings,
 For from all lands the southern ocean near
 Or morning star, came princes, dukes, and kings,
 And only thou, of half the world well-nigh,
 The armies lords, and captains canst descry

IV

When Egypt from the Greekish emperor
 Rebelled first and Christ's true faith deny'd,
 Of Mahomet's descent a warrior
 There set his throne and rul'd that kingdom wide,
 Caliph he hight, and caliphs since that hour
 Are his successors named all beside
 So Nilus old his kings long time had seen,
 That Ptolemies and Pharaohs call'd had been

V

Establish'd was that kingdom in short while,
 And grew so great, that over Asia's lands
 And Lybia's realms it stretched many a mile,
 From Syria's coasts as far as Cyrene stands,
 And southward passed 'gainst the course of Nile,
 Through the hot clime where burnt Syene sands,
 Hence bounded in with sandy deserts waste,
 And thence with Euphrates' rich flood embrac'd

VI

Maremma, myrrh and spices that doth bring,
 And all the rich Red Sea it comprehends,
 And to those lands toward the morning spring,
 That lie beyond that gulf, it far extends
 Great is that empire, greater by the king
 That rules it now, whose worth the land amends
 And makes more famous, lord thereof by blood,
 By wisdom, valour, and all virtues good

VII.

With Turks and Persians war he oft did wage
 And oft he won, and sometimes lost the field
 Nor could his adverse fortune aught assuage
 His valour's heat, or make his proud heart yield
 But when he grew unfit for war through age
 He sheath'd his sword and laid aside his shield
 But yet his warlike mind he laid not down,
 Nor his great thirst of rule praise and renown;

VIII.

But by his knights still cruel wars maintain'd
 So wise his words, so quick his wit appears,
 That of the kingdom large or which he reign'd
 The charge seem'd not too weighty for his years
 His greatness Africk's lesser kings constrain'd
 To tremble at his name all India fears;
 And other realms that would his friendship hold
 Some armed soldiers sent, some gifts, some gold

IX.

This mighty prince assembled had the flower
 Of all his realms against the Frenchmen stout,
 To break their rising empire and their pow'r
 Nor of sure conquest had he fear or doubt.
 To him Armida came, even at the hour
 When in the plains (old Gaza's walls without)
 The lords and leaders all their armies bring
 In battalions ray muster'd before their king

X.

He on his throne was set, to which on high
 Who climb an hundred lofty stairs first told
 Under a pentiae wrought of silver bright,
 And trod on carpets made of silk and gold;
 His robes were such as best luxurians might
 A king so great, so grave so rich, so old
 And twin'd of sixty coils of lawn and more
 A turban string adorn'd his ~~luculent~~ hair

XI.

His right hand did his precious sceptre wield,
 His beard was grey, his looks severe and grave,
 And from his eyes (not yet made dim with eild)
 Sparkled his former worth and vigour brave,
 His gestures all the majesty upheld
 And state, as his old age and empire crave
 So Phidias carv'd, Apelles so, perdie,
 Erst painted Jove, Jove thund'ring down from sky

XII

On either side him stood a noble lord,
 Whereof the first held in his upright hand
 Of severe justice the impartial sword,
 The other bore the scale and causes scann'd,
 Keeping his folk in peace and good accord,
 And termed was Lord Chancellor of the land
 But Marshal was the first, and us'd to lead
 His armies forth to war oft with good speed

XIII

Of bold Circassians with their halberds long
 About his throne his guard stood in a ring,
 All richly arm'd in golden corslets strong,
 And by their sides their crooked swords down hing.
 Thus set, thus seated, his grave lords among,
 His hosts and armies great beheld the king,
 And every band, as by his throne it went,
 Their ensigns low inclin'd and arms down bent

XIV

Their squadrons first the men of Egypt show
 In four troops, and each his several guide,
 Of the high country two, two of the low,
 Which Nile had won out of the salt sea side,
 His fertile slime first stopp'd the water's flow,
 Then harden'd to firm land the plough to bide,
 So Egypt still increas'd, within far plac'd
 That part is now where ships erst ancor cast.

XV

The furthest band the people were that dwell'd
 In Alexandria's rich and fertile plain
 Along the western shore, whence Nile expell'd
 The greedy billows of the swelling main;
 Araspes was their guide, who more excell'd
 In wit and craft than strength or warlike pain;
 To place an ambush close, or to devise
 A treason false, was none so sly so wise.

XVI.

The people next that gainst the morning rays
 Along the coast of Asia have their seat
 Arontes led them, whom no warlike praise
 Ennobled, but high birth and titles great
 His helm ne'er made him sweat in toilsome frays
 Nor was his sleep e'er broke with trumpet's threat
 But from soft ease to try the toil of fight,
 His food midtime brought this carpet knight.

XVII.

The third seem'd not a troop or squadron small
 But a huge host, nor seem'd it so much grain
 In Egypt grew as to see in them all
 Yet from one town thereof came all that train,
 A town in people to huge shores equal
 That did a thousand streets and more contain;
 Great Cair it hight, whose common from each side
 Came warring out to war Campson their guide.

XVIII.

Next under Gazel marched they that plough
 The fertile lands above that town which lie,
 Up to the place where Nilus tumbling low
 Falls from his second cataract on high.
 Th' Egyptians weapon'd were with sword and bow,
 No weight of helm or hawkberk list they try,
 And richly arm'd, in their strong foes no dread
 Of death but great desire of spoil, they bred.

XIX

The naked folk of Barca these succeed,
 Unarmed half, Alarcon led that band,
 That long in deserts liv'd in extreme need,
 On spoils and preys purchas'd by strength of hand
 To battle strong unfit, their king did lead
 His army next brought from Zumara land
 Then he of Tripoli, for sudden fight
 And skirmish short, both ready, bold, and light

XX

Two captains next brought forth their bands to show,
 Whom Stony sent and Happy Arabie,
 Which never felt the cold of frost and snow,
 Or force of burning heat, unless fame lie,
 Where incense pure and all sweet odours grow,
 Where the sole phoenix doth revive, not die,
 And 'midst the perfumes rich and flow'rets brave,
 Both birth and burial, cradle hath and grave,

XXI

Their clothes not rich, their garments were not gay,
 But weapons like th' Egyptian troops they had
 Th' Arabians next that have no certain stay,
 No house, no home, no mansion good or bad,
 But ever (as the Scythian hordas stray)
 From place to place their wand'ring cities gad
 These have both voice and stature feminine,
 Hair long and black, black face, and fiery eie

XXII

Long Indian canes, with iron arm'd, they bear,
 And as upon their nimble steeds they ride,
 Like a swift storm their speedy troops appear,
 If winds so fast bring storms from heavens wide.
 By Syphax led the first Arabians were,
 Aldine the second squadron had to guide,
 And Abiazar proud brought to the fight
 The third, a thief, a murd'rer, not a knight

XXIII

The Islanders came then their princes before
 Whose lands Arabia's gulf inclos'd about,
 Wherein they fish and gather oysters store
 Whose shells great pearls rich and round pour out :
 The Red Sea sent with them from his left shore,
 Of negroes grim a black and ugly rout
 These Agricatt, and those Ozunda brought,
 A man that set law faith, and truth at nought.

XXIV

The Ethiops next which Meroe doth breed,
 (That sweet and gentle isle of Meroe)
 'Twixt Nile and Astrabore that far doth spread,
 Where two religion are, and kingdoms three
 These Amru and Canario lead,
 Both kings, both pagans, and both subject be
 To the great caliph ; but the third king kept
 Christ's sacred faith nor to those wars outstepp'd.

XXV

After two kings (both subject also) ride,
 And of two bands of archers had the charge
 The first Soldan of Orms, plac'd in the wide
 Huge Persian bay a town rich, fair and large
 The last of Boccan which at every tide
 The sea cuts off from Persia's southern way
 And makes an isle but when it ebbs again
 The place there is sandy dry and plain.

XXVI.

Nor thee great Altamore ! in her chaste bed
 Thy loving queen kept with her dear embrace
 She tore her locks, she smote her breast, and shod
 Salt tears to make thee stay in that sweet place :—
 Seem the rough seas more calm, cruel she said,
 Than the mild looks of thy kind spouse's face ?
 Or is thy shield with blood and dust defil'd,
 A dearer arm'd than thy tender child ?—

XXVII

This was the mighty king of Sarmachand,
 A captain wise, well skill'd in feats of war,
 In courage fierce, matchless for strength of hand,
 Great was his praise, his force was noised far,
 His worth right well the Frenchmen understand,
 By whom his virtues fear'd and loved are
 His men were arm'd with helms and hauberks strong,
 And by their sides broad swords and masses hong

XXVIII

Then from the mansions bright of fresh Aurore
 Adrastus came, the glorious king of Inde,
 A snake's green skin spotted with black he wore,
 That was made rich by art and hard by kind,
 An elephant this furious giant bore,
 He fierce as fire, his mounture swift as wind,
 Much people brought he from his kingdoms wide,
 'Twixt Indus, Ganges, and the salt sea side

XXIX

The king's own troops came next, a chosen crew,
 Of all the camp the strength, the crown, the flow'r,
 Wherein each soldier had with honours due
 Rewarded been for service ere that hour,
 Their arms were strong for need and fair for shew,
 Upon fierce steeds well mounted rode this pow'r,
 And heav'n itself with the clear splendour shone
 Of their bright armour, purple, gold, and stone

XXX

'Mongst these Alarco fierce, and Odemare
 The muster-master was, and Hidraort,
 And Rmedon, whose rashness took no care
 To shun death's bitter stroke in field or fort,
 Tigranes, Rapold stern, the men that fare
 By sea, that robbed in each creek and port
 Ormond, and Marlabust th' Arabian nam'd,
 Because that land rebellious he reclaim'd

XXX

There Pirga, Arimon, Orinda are,
 Bismarke the sceler and with him Swifant
 The breaker of wild horses brought from far
 Then the great wrestler strong Arul manto;
 And Tispherne, the thunderbolt of war
 Whom none surpass'd, whom none to match durst vaunt
 At tilt, at tourney or in combat brave,
 With spear or lance, with sword, with mace or glaive.

XXXI

A false Armenian did this squadron guide,
 That in his youth from Christ's true faith and light
 To the blind lore of paganism did slide,
 That Cleurent late, now Emirone hight;
 Yet to his king he faithful was and try'd
 True in all causes his in wrong and right
 A cunning leader and a soldier bold,
 For strength and courage young for wisdom old.

XXXII

When all these regiments were pass'd and gone
 Apppear'd Arilde, and came her troop to show;
 Set in a chariot bright with precious stone,
 Her gown tack'd up, and in her hand a bow
 In her sweet face her new displeasures shone
 Mix'd with the native beauties there which grow
 And quicken'd so her looks, that in sharp-wise
 It seems she threats, and yet her threats mitis:

XXXIII

Her chariot, like Aurora's glorious wain,
 With carbuncles and yarb the glisten'd round
 Her coachmen guided with the golden rein
 Four unicorns by couples yok'd and bound
 Of aquires and lovely ladies hundreds twin
 (Whose rattling quiets at their backs remain)
 On milk white steeds wait on the chariot bright,
 Their stovels to manage ready swift to flight:

XXXV.

Follow'd her troop, led forth by Aradin,
 Which Hidraort from Syria's kingdom sent
 As when the new-born phoenix doth begin
 To fly to Ethiop-ward at the fair bent
 Of her rich wings, strange plumes, and feathers thin,
 Her crowns and chains with native gold bespient,
 The world amazed stands, and with her fly
 A host of wond'ring birds, that sing and cry

XXXVI

So pass'd Armida, look'd on, gaz'd on so,
 A wond'rous dame in habit, gesture, face,
 There liv'd no wight to love so great a foe,
 But wish'd and long'd those beauties to embrace,
 Scant seen, with anger sullen, sad for woe,
 She conquer'd all the lords and knights in place
 What would she do (her sorrows past) think you,
 When her fair eyes, her looks, and smiles shall woo?

XXXVII

She past, the king commanded Emiren
 Of his rich throne to mount the lofty stage,
 To whom his host, his army, and his men,
 He would commit, now in his graver age
 With stately grace the man approached then,
 His looks his coming honour did presage
 The guard asunder cleft and passage made,
 He to the throne up went, and there he stay'd,

XXXVIII.

To earth he cast his eyes, and bent his knee
 To whom the king thus 'gan his will explain —
 To thee this sceptre, Emiren! to thee
 These armies I commit, my place sustain
 'Mongst them, go set the King of Judah free,
 And let the Frenchmen feel my just disdain,
 Go, meet them, conquer them, leave none alive,
 Or those that 'scape from battle bring captive —

Thus spake the tyrant, and the sceptre laid
 With all his soveraign power upon the knight.—
 I take this sceptre at your hand (he said)
 And with your happy fortune go to fight
 And trust, my lord, in your great virtue's aid,
 To engage all Asia's harms, her wrongs to right,
 Nor e'er but victor will I see your face,
 Our overthrow shall bring death not disgrace

XL.

Heav'n's grant, if ill (yet no mishap I dread)
 Or harm they threaten ganst this camp of thine,
 That all that mischief fall upon my head,
 Theirs be the conquest, and the danger mine,
 And let them safe bring home their captain dead
 Buried in pomp of triumph's glorious shrine.—
 He coud, and then a murmur loud up went,
 With noise of joy and sound of instrument

XLI.

Amid the noise and shout up rose the king
 Environed with many a noble peer
 That to his royal tent the monarch bring,
 And there he feasted them and made them cheer
 To him and him he talk'd, and carry'd each thing
 The greatest honour'd, meanest grac'd were
 And while this mirth, this joy and feast doth last,
 Arakia found fit time her nets to cast.

XLII.

But when the feast was done she (that espy'd
 All eyes on her fair visage fix'd and bent,
 And by true notes and certain signs descri'd
 How love's imprison'd fire their entrails brent)
 Arose, and where the king sat in his pride,
 With stately pace and humble gestures went
 And as she could, in looks, in voice, she strove
 Fierce, stern, bold, angry and sov're to prove.—

XLIII

Great emperor, behold me here (she said),
 For thee, my country, and my faith to fight
 A dame, a virgin, but a royal maid,
 And worthy seems this war a princess' height,
 For by the sword the sceptre is upstay'd,
 This hand can use them both with skill and might,
 This hand of mine can strike, and at each blow
 Thy foes and ours kill, wound, and overthrow

XLIV

Nor yet suppose this is the foremost day
 Wherein to war I bent my noble thought,
 But for the surety of thy realms, and stay
 Of our religion true, ere this I wrought.
 Yourself best know if this be true I say,
 Or if my former deeds rejoic'd you aught,
 When Godfrey's hardy knights and princes strong
 I captive took, and held in bondage long

XLV

I took them, bound them, and so sent them bound
 To thee, a noble gift, with whom they had
 Condemned low in dungeon under ground
 For ever dwelt, in woe and torment sad,
 So might thine host an easy way have found
 To end this doubtful war with conquest glad,
 Had not Rinaldo fierce my knights all slain,
 And set those lords (his friends) at large again

XLVI

Rinaldo is well known, (and there a long
 And true rehearsal made she of his deeds,)
 This is the knight that since hath done me wrong,
 Wrong yet untold, that sharp revengement needs
 Displeasure, therefore, mix'd with reason strong,
 This thirst of war in me, this courage breeds,
 Nor how he injur'd me time serves to tell,
 Let this suffice, I seek revengement fell,

XLVII.

And will procure it, for all shafts that fly
 Light not in vain, some work the shooter's will
 And Jove's right hand, with thunders cast from sky
 Takes open vengeance oft for such a ill
 But if some champion dare this knight defy
 To mortal battle, and by fight him kill,
 And with his hateful head will me present,
 That gift my soul shall please my heart content

XLVIII.

So please, that for and enjoy he shall
 (The greatest gift I can or may afford)
 Myself, my beauty wealth and kingdoms all,
 To marry him and take him for my lord.
 This promise will I keep, what'er befall
 And thereto bind myself by oath and word:
 Now he that deems this purchase worth his pain,
 Let him step forth and speak, I none did in —

XLIX.

While thus the princess said, his hungry eyes
 Adrastus fed on her sweet beauty's light —
 The gods forbid (quoth he) one shaft of thine
 Should be dash'd 'gainst that divine knight;
 His heart unworthy is, shootress divine!
 Of thine artillery to feel the might
 To wreak thine ire behold me prest and fit,
 I will his head cut off, and bring thee it

L.

I will his heart with this sharp sword divide,
 And to the vultures cast his carcass out.—
 Thus threaten'd he but Tisiphone envy'd
 To hear his glorious vaunt and boasting stout,
 And said—But who art thou, that so great pride
 Thou show'st before the king me, and thus rout?
 Pardie, here are some such whose worth exceeds
 Thy vaunting much yet boast not of their deeds —

LI

'The Indian fierce reply'd—I am the man
 Whose acts his words and boasts have aye surpass'd,
 But if elsewhere the words thou now began
 Had utter'd been, that speech had been thy last —
 Thus quarrell'd they, the monarch stay'd them then,
 And 'twixt the angry knights his sceptre cast
 Then to Armida said —Fair queen, I see
 Thy heart is stout, thy thoughts courageous be,

LII

Thou worthy art that their disdain and ire
 At thy commands these knights should both appease,
 That 'gainst thy foe their courage hot as fire
 Thou may'st employ, both when and where thou please,
 There all their pow'r and force, and what desire
 They have to serve thee, may they shew at ease —
 The monarch held his peace when this was said,
 And they new proffer of their service made.

LIII

Nor they alone, but all that famous were
 In feats of arms, boast that he shall be dead,
 All offer her their aid, all say and swear
 To take revenge on his condemned head
 So many arms mov'd she against her dear,
 And swore her darling under foot to tread.
 But he, since first th' enchanted isle he left,
 Safe in his barge the roaring waves still cleft.

LIV.

By the same way return'd the well-taught boat
 By which it came, and made like haste, like speed
 The friendly wind, upon her sail that smote,
 So turn'd as to return her ship had need
 The youth sometime the pole or bear did note,
 Or wand'ring stars which clearest nights forth spread,
 Sometimes the floods, the hills, or mountains steep,
 Whose woody fronts o'ershade the silent deep

LX

Now of the camp the man the state inquires,
 Now asks the cause of sundry kinds
 And said till clad in beams and bright attire
 The fourth day a sun on the eastern threshold stands
 But when the western sun had quenched those rays
 Their frigate struck against the shore and fell
 Then spoke their guide—The land of Ialonus
 This is here must your journey end and cease.—

LXI.

The knights she set upon the shore all three
 And vanished thence in twinkling of an eye.
 Up rose the night, in whose deep darkness
 All colours hid of things in earth or sky
 Nor could they home or hold, or harbour see,
 Or in that desert sign of dwelling spy
 Nor track of man or horse or aught that might
 Inform them of some path or passage right.

LXII.

When they had mused what way they travel should,
 From the waste shore their steps at last they twin'd;
 And, lo! far off at last their eyes behold
 Something, they wist not what, that clearly shin'd
 With rays of silver and with beams of gold,
 Which the dark folds of night's black mantle hid
 Forward they went and marched 'gainst the light
 To see and find the thing that shone so bright.

LXIII.

High on a tree they saw an armour new
 That glitter'd bright against Cynthia's silver ray,
 Therein like stars in skies, the heavens show
 Heret in the golden helms and hauberk gay;
 The mighty shield all scored full they view
 Of pictures fair ranged in meet array
 To keep them set an aged man beakle
 Who to salute them rose when them he spy'd.

LIX

The twain who first were sent in this pursuit,
 Of their wise friend well new the aged face,
 But when the wizard sage their first salute
 Receiv'd, and quitted had with kind embrace,
 To the young prince, that silent stood and mute,
 He turn'd his speech — In this unused place
 For you alone I wait, my lord (quoth he),
 My chiefest care your state and welfare be,

LX

For, though you wot it not, I am your friend,
 And for your profit work, as these can tell.
 I taught them how Armida's charms to end,
 And bring you hither from love's hateful cell
 Now to my words (though sharp perchance) attend,
 Nor be aggriev'd although they seem too fell,
 But keep them well in mind, till in the truth
 A wise and holier man instruct thy youth.

LXI

Not underneath sweet shades and fountains shrill,
 Among the nymphs, the fairies, leaves, and flow'rs,
 But on the steep, the rough, and craggy hill
 Of virtue, stand this bliss, this good of ours,
 By toil and travail, not by sitting still
 In pleasure's lap, we come to honour's bow'rs.
 Why will you thus in sloth's deep valley lie?
 The royal eagles on high mountains fly

LXII.

Nature lifts up thy forehead to the skies,
 And fills thy heart with high and noble thought,
 That thou to heav'nward aye shouldst lift thine eyes,
 And purchase fame by deeds well done and wrought,
 She gives thee ire, by which hot courage flies
 To conquest, not through brawls and battles fought
 For civil jars, nor that thereby you might
 Your wicked malice wreak and cursed spite,

LVIII

But that your strength spur'd forth with noble wrath,
 With greater fury might Christ's foes it
 And that you bridle should with lesser scath
 Each secret vice, and kill each inward fault
 For so his godly anger ruled hath
 Each righteous man beneath heav'n's starry vault
 And at his will makes it now hot, now cold
 Now lets it run, now doth it fetter'd hold.—

LXIV

Thus perled he. Rinaldo blush'd and still
 Great wisdom heard in those few words compil'd
 He mark'd his speech a purple blush did fill
 His guilty cheeks down went his eye-sight mild
 The hermit by his beauteous looks his will
 Well understood, and said — Look up, my child
 And painted in this precious shield behold
 The glorious deeds of thy forefathers old

LXV

Thus elders' glory herein see and know
 In virtue's path how they trod all their days,
 Whom thou art far behind, a runner slow
 In this true course of honour, fame, and praise.
 Up! up! thyself incite by the fair show
 Of knightly worth which this bright shield bears rays
 That be thy spur to praise.—At last the knight
 Look'd up, and on those portraits bent his sight.

LXVI

The cunning workman had in little space
 I knit shapes of men there well express'd
 For there described was the worthy race
 And pedigree of all the house of Este;
 Come from a Roman spring o'er all the place
 Flowed pure streams of crystal east and west
 With laurel crowned stood the princes old,
 Their wars the hermit and their battles told

LXVII

He show'd him Caus first, when first in prey
 To people strange the falling empire went,
 First Prince of Este, that did the sceptre sway
 O'er such as chose him lord by free consent;
 His weaker neighbours to his rule obey,
 Need made them stoop, constraint doth force content
 After, when Lord Honorius call'd the train
 Of savage Goths into his land agam,

LXVIII

And when all Italy did burn and flame
 With bloody war, by this fierce people made,
 When Rome a captive and a slave became,
 And to be quite destroy'd was most afraid,
 Aurelius, to his everlasting fame,
 Preserv'd in peace the folk that him obey'd
 Next whom was Forrest, who the rage withstood
 Of the bold Huns, and of their tyrant proud

LXIX

Known by his look was Attila the fell,
 Whose dragon eyes shone bright with anger's spark,
 Worse faced than a dog, who view'd him well
 Suppos'd they saw him grin and heard him bark,
 But when in single fight he lost the bell,
 How through his troops he fled there might you mark,
 And how Lord Forrest after fortified
 Aquilia's town, and how for it he died,

LXX

For there was wrought the fatal end and fine
 Both of himself and of the town he kept
 But his great son, renowned Acarine,
 Into his father's place and honours stepp'd.
 To cruel fate, not to the Huns, Altne
 Gave place, and when time serv'd again forth leapt,
 And in the vale of Po built for his sect,
 Of many a village small, a city great

LXXI.

Against the swelling flood he bank'd it strong;
 And thence up rose the fair and noble town
 Where they of Este should by succession long
 Command, and rule in bliss and high renown.
 Against Odoscer then he fought but wrong
 Oft spoileth right, fortune treads courage down
 For there he died for his dear country's sake,
 And of his fathers' praise did so partake.

LXXII.

With him died Alphonsus Azzo was
 With his dear brother into exile sent
 But homewards they in arms again repose
 (The Herule king oppress'd) from banishment
 His front through pierced with a dart (alas!)
 Next them of Este th' Epaminondas went,
 That smiling seem'd to cruel death to yield
 When Totila was fled, and rais'd his shield.

LXXIII.

Of Ronfara I speak. Valerian
 His son, in praise and pow'r succeeded him
 Who durst maintain in years though scant a man
 Of the proud Goths an hundred squadrons trim.
 Then he that gainst the Slavens much honour won,
 Ernesto threatning stood with visage grim
 Before him Alward, the Lombard stout
 Who from Mantua's towers boldly erst shut out.

LXXIV.

There Henry was, and Berengare the bold,
 That serv'd Great Charles in his conquests high,
 Who in each battle giv' the onset would,
 A hardy soldier and a captain sly
 After Prince Lewis did he well uphold
 Against his nephew king of Italy
 He won the field, and took that king alive.
 Next him stood Otho with his children five.

LXXV

Of Almerike the image next they view,
 Lord Marquis of Ferrara first create,
 Founder of many churches, that upthrew
 His eyes like one that used to contemplate.
 'Gainst him the second Azzo stood in rew,
 With Berengarius that did long debate,
 Till after often change of fortune's stroke,
 He won, and on all Italy laid the yoke

LXXVI

Albert, his son, the Germans warr'd among,
 And there his praise and fame was spread so wide,
 That having foil'd the Danes in battle strong,
 His daughter young became great Otho's bride
 Behind him Hugo stood, with warfare long
 That broke the horn of all the Romans' pride,
 Who of all Italy the Marquis hight,
 And 'Tuscane whole possessed as his right

LXXVII

After Tedaldo, puissant Boniface
 And Beatrice his dear possess'd the stage,
 Nor was there left heir male of that great race
 T' enjoy the sceptre, state, and heritage,
 The Princess Maude alone supplied the place,
 Supplied the want in number, sex, and age,
 For far above each sceptre, throne, and crown,
 The noble Dame advanc'd her veil and gown

LXXVIII

With manlike vigour shone her noble look,
 And more than manlike wrath her face o'erspread,
 There the fell Normans, Guichard there forsook
 The field, till then who never fear'd nor fled,
 Henry the Fourth she beat, and from him took
 His standard, and in church it offered,
 Which done, the Pope back to the Vatican
 She brought, and plac'd in Peter's chair again

LXXIX.

As he that honour'd her and held her dear
 Azzo the Fifth stood by her lovely side:
 But the Fourth Azzo's offspring far and near
 Spread forth and through Germani' fructify'd:
 Sprung from that branch old Guelfo bold appear,
 Guelfo his son by Cunigond his bride;
 And in Bavaria's field transplant' to new
 This Roman graft flourish'd, increas'd, and grow

LXXX

A branch of Esto there in the Guelfian tree
 Ingrafted was, which of itself was old
 Whereon you might the Guelfos fairer see
 Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold;
 On which heav'n's good aspects so bended be,
 That high and broad it spread and flourish'd bold,
 Till underneath his glorious branches laid
 Half Germany and all under his shade

LXXXI

This regal plant from his Italian root
 Sprung up as high and blossom'd fair above,
 For next Lord Guelfo Bertold issued out,
 With the Sixth Azzo whom all virtues love.
 This was the pedigree of worthies stout,
 Who seem'd in that bright shield to live and move.
 Rinaldo waked up and cheer'd his face,
 To see these worthies of his house and race.

LXXXII

To do like acts his courage wish'd and sought,
 And with that wish transported him so far
 That all those deeds which fill'd eye his thought,
 (Towns won, forts taken, armies kill'd in war)
 As if they were things done indeed and wrought,
 Before his eyes he th' they present are
 He hastily arms him, and with hope and haste
 Sure conquest met, prevented and embrac'd.

LXXXIII

But Charles, who had told the death and fall
 Of the young Prince of Danes, his late dear lord,
 Gave him the fatal weapon, and withal— [sword,
 Young knight, (quoth he,) take with good luck this
 Your just, strong, valiant hand, in battle shall
 Employ it long, for Christ's true faith and word;
 And of its former lord revenge the wrongs,
 Who lov'd you so, that deed to you belongs —

LXXXIV

He answered — God for his mercy sake
 Grant that this hand which holds this weapon good,
 For thy dear master may sharp vengeance take,
 May cleave the Pagan's heart and shed his blood —
 To this but short reply did Charles make,
 And thank'd him much, nor more on terms they stood,
 For, lo! the wizard sage that was their guide,
 On their dark journey hastes them forth to ride —

LXXXV

High time it is (quoth he) for you to wend
 Where Godfrey you awaits and many a knight,
 There may we well arrive ere night doth end,
 And through this darkness can I guide you right —
 This said, up to his coach they ill ascend,
 On its swift wheels forth roll'd the chariot light,
 He gave his coursers fleet the rod and rein,
 And gallop'd forth and eastward drove amain

LXXXVI

While silent so through night's dark shade they fly,
 The hermit thus bespake the young man stout —
 Of thy great house, thy race, thine offspring high,
 Here hast thou scen the branch, the bole, the root,
 And as these worthies born to chivalry
 And deeds of arms it hath tofore brought out,
 So is it, so it shall be fertile still,
 Nor time shall end, nor age that seed shall kill

LXXXVII.

Would God as drawn from the scepter'd lap
 Of antique time I had a thousand elders show
 That so I could the catalogue unroll
 Of thy great nephews yet unborn, unknown
 That ere this light they view their late and hap
 I might foretell and how their chance is thrown;
 That like thine elders so thou mightst behold
 Thy children many I now staid, and bold

LXXXVIII.

But not by art or skill of things future
 Can the plain truth revealed be and told,
 Although some knowledge be in all dark, obscure,
 We have of coming days in christ's up-ris'd
 Nor all which in this cause I know for sure
 Dare I foretell for of that father old,
 The hermit Peter learn'd I much, and he
 Withouten veil bear us secrets great with thee

LXXXIX.

But this (to him reveal'd by grace divine)
 By him to me declar'd, to thee I say
 Was never race, Greek, Barbarous, or Latine,
 Great in times past, or famous at this day
 Richer in hardy knights than this of thine
 Such blessings heav'n shall on thy children lay
 That they in fame shall pass, in praise or crown
 The worthies old of Sparta, Carthago, Rome

XC.

But amongst the rest I choose Alphonsus bold
 In virtue first, second in place and name
 He shall be born when this frail world grows old
 Corrupted, poor and bare of men of name,
 Better than he none shall none can or could
 The sword or sceptre use, or guide the same
 To rule in peace, or to command in fight,
 Thine offspring's glory and thy house's light

XCI

His younger age foretokens true shall yield
 Of future valour, püssance, foice, and might,
 From him no rock the savage beast shall shield,
 At tilt or tourney match him shall no knight,
 After he conquer shall in pitched field
 Great armies, and win spoils in single fight,
 And on his locks (rewards for knightly praise)
 Shall gailands wear of grass, of oak, of bays

XCII

His graver age, as well that eild it fits,
 Shall happy peace preserve and quiet blest,
 And from his neighbours strong 'mongst whom he sits,
 Shall keep his cities safe in wealth and rest,
 Shall nourish arts, and cherish pregnant wits,
 Make triumphs great, and feast his subjects best,
 Reward the good, the ill with pains torment,
 Shall dangers all foresee, and seen prevent

XCIII

But if it hap, against those wicked bands
 That sea and earth infest with blood and war,
 And in these wretched times to noble lands
 Give laws of peace false and unjust that are,
 That he be sent to drive their guilty hands
 From Christ's pure altars and high temples far,
 O what revenge, what vengeance shall he bring
 On that false sect and their accursed king!

XCIV.

Too late the Moors, too late the Turkish king,
 'Gainst him should arm their troops and legions bold,
 For he beyond great Euphrates should bring,
 Beyond the frozen tops of Taurus cold,
 Beyond the land where is perpetual spring,
 The cross, the eagle white, the lily of gold,
 And, by baptizing of the Ethiops brown,
 Of aged Nile reveal the springs unknown —

XCV

Thus said the hermit, and his prophecy
 The Prince accepted with content and pleasure
 The secret thought of his posterity
 Of his concealed joys heap'd up the measure
 Meanwhile the morning bright was mounted high,
 And chang'd heav'n's silver wealth to golden treasure,
 And high above the Christian tents they view
 How the broad ensign trembled wav'd, and blow'd;

XCVI.

When thus again their leader sage began —
 See how bright Phoebus clears the darksome skies
 See how with gentle beams the friendly sun
 The tents, the towns, the hills, and dales describes,
 Through my well guiding is your voyage done
 From danger safe in travel oft which lies;
 Hence, without fear of harm or doubt of foe
 March to the camp I may no nearer go.—

XCVII.

Thus took he leave, and made a quick return
 And forward went the champions three on foot
 And marching right against the rising morn
 A roady way to the camp found out.
 Meanwhile had speedy fame the tidings borne
 That to the tents approach'd those barons stout,
 And starting from his throne and kingly seat,
 To entertain them rose Godfredo great.

BOOK XVIII

THE ARGUMENT

The charms and spirits false therein which lie	
Rinaldo chase'd from the forest old	18
The host of Egypt comes Vifrine the spy	37
Ent'reth their camp, stout, crafty, wise, and bold	
Sharp is the fight about the bulwarks high	
And ports of Zion, to assault the hold.	64
Godfrey hath aid from heav'n by force the town	92
Is won, the Pagans slain, walls beaten down.	

I

ARRIV'D where Godfrey to embrace him stood —
 My sovereign lord, Rinaldo meekly said,
 To 'venge my wrongs against Geruando proud,
 My honour's care provok'd my wrath unstay'd
 But that I you displeas'd, my chieftain good,
 My thoughts yet grieve, my heart is still dismay'd,
 And here I come, prest all exploits to try,
 To make me gracious in your gracious eye —

II

To him that kneel'd (folding his friendly arms
 About his neck) the Duke this answer gave —
 Let pass such speeches sad of passed harms,
 Remembrance is the life of grief, his grave
 Forgetfulness, and for amends, in arms
 Your wonted valour use and courage brave,
 For you alone to happy end must bring
 The strong enchantments of the charmed spring

III.

That aged wood whence heretofore we got
 To build our sailing engines timber fit,
 Is now the fearful seat, but how none wot,
 Where ugly fiends and damned spirits sit
 To cut one twist thereof adventureth not
 The boldest knight we have nor without it
 This wall can batter'd be: where others doubt
 There venture thou, and shew thy courage stout.—

IV

This said he and the knight in speeches few
 Proffer'd his service to attempt the thing
 To hard assays his courage willing flew
 To him praise was no spar words were no sting
 Of his dear friends then he embrac'd the crew
 To welcome him which came for in a ring
 About him Goelpho, Tancred and the rest
 Stood, of the camp the greatest chief, and best.

V

When with the Prince these lords had iterate
 Their welcomes oft, and oft their dear embrace
 Towards the rest of lesser worth and state
 He turn'd and them receiv'd with gentle grace:
 The merry soldiers 'bout him shout and prate
 With cries as joyful and as cheerful face
 As if in triumph's chariot bright as sun
 He had return'd, Afric or Asia won.

VI.

Thus march'd to his tent the champion good
 And there sat down with all his friends around
 Now of the war he asks, now of the wood,
 And answer'd each demand they list propound.
 But when they left him to his ease upstood
 The hermit and fit time to speak once found —
 My lord, he said, your travels wand'ring are,
 Far have you stray'd erre'd, wander'd far

VII

Much are you bound to God above, who brought
 You safe from false Armida's charmed hold,
 And thee a straying sheep whom once he bought,
 Hath now again reduced to his fold,
 And 'gainst his heathen foes, those men of nought,
 Hath chosen thee in place next Godfrey bold
 Yet may'st thou not, polluted thus with sin,
 In his high service war or fight begin

VIII

The world, the flesh, with their infections vile
 Pollute thy thoughts impure, thy spirit stain,
 Not Po, not Ganges, not sev'n-mouthed Nile,
 Not the wide seas can wash thee clean again,
 Only to purge all faults which thee defile
 His blood hath power who for thy sins was slain
 His help therefore invoke, to him bewray
 Thy secret faults, mourn, weep, complain, and pray —

IX

'This said, the knight first with the witch unchaste
 His idle loves and follies vain lamented,
 Then kneeling low, with heavy looks down cast,
 His other sins confess'd, and all repented,
 And meekly pardon crav'd for first and last
 The hermit with his zeal was well contented,
 And said—On yonder hill next morn go pray,
 That turns his forehead 'gainst the morning ray,

X

'That done, march to the wood, whence each one brings
 Such news of furies, goblins, fiends, and sprites,
 The giants, monsters, and all dreadful things
 Thou shalt subdue, which that dark grove unites,
 Let no strange voice that mourns or sweetly sings,
 Nor beauty whose glad smile frail hearts delights,
 Within thy breast make ruth or pity rise,
 But their false looks and prayers false despise —

XI.

Thus he advis'd him, and the hardy knight
 Prepar'd him gladly to this enterprise
 Thoughtful he pass'd the day, and sad the night
 And ere the silver morn began to rise,
 His arms he took, and in a coat him dight
 Of colour strange, cut in the warlike guise
 And on his way sole, silent, forth he went
 Alon' and left his friends and left his tent.

XII.

It was the time when gainst the break'g day
 Rebellious night yet stru't, and still reposed
 For in the east appear'd the morning grey
 And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined
 When to mount Olivet he took his way
 And saw (as round about his eyes he twined)
 Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shame;
 This bright, that dark that earthly this divine.

XIII.

Thus to himself he thought how many bright
 And splendid lamps shine in heav'n's temple high
 Day hath his golden sun her moon the night
 Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky
 So fram'd all by their Creator's might,
 That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall die,
 Till (in a moment) with the last day's brand
 They burn and with them burn sea, air and land.

XIV

Thus as he mused to the top he went,
 And there kneel'd down with awe and fear,
 His eyes upon heav'n's eastern face he bent,
 His thoughts above all heav'ns uplifted were:—
 The suns and moons (which I now repent)
 Of mine unbridled youth O Father dear!
 Remember not, but let thy mercy fall,
 And purge my faults, and mine offences all.

XV

Thus prayed he With purple wings up flew,
 In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
 Begliding, with the radiant beams she threw,
 His helm, his harness, and the mountain green
 Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
 The air, that balm and nardus breath'd unseen,
 And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
 A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies

XVI

The heav'nly dew was on his garments spread,
 To which compar'd his clothes pale ashes seem,
 And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
 And thence of purest white bright rays out-stream
 So cheered are the flow'rs, late withered,
 With the sweet comfort of the morning beam,
 And so, return'd to youth, a serpent old
 Adorns herself in new and native gold

XVII

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
 The Prince perceived well and long admir'd
 Toward the forest march'd he on with speed,
 Resolv'd as such adventures great requir'd
 Thither he came whence shrinking back for dread
 Of that strange desert's sight the first retir'd,
 But not to him fearful or loathsome made
 That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade

XVIII

Forward he pass'd, and in the grove before
 He heard a sound that strange, sweet, pleasing was,
 There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,
 There sigh'd the winds as through the leaves they pass,
 There did the nightingale her wrongs deplore,
 There sung the swan, and singing died, alas!
 There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
 And all these sounds one sound right well declar'd.

XIX

A dreadful thunderclap at last he heard,
 The aged trees and plants well-oi'd that root
 Yet heard be nymphs and syrens afterward
 Birds, winds and waters, sing with sweet consent :
 Whereat amaz'd he stay'd, and well prepar'd
 For his defence heedful and slow forth went
 Nor in his way his passage sought withstood,
 Except a quiet, still transparent flood :

XX.

On the green banks which that fair stream in-bound
 Flowers and odours sweetly smu'd and smell'd
 Which reaching out its stretched arms around
 All the large desert in its bosom held ;
 And through the grove one channel passage found
 That in the wood in that the forest dwell'd
 Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees eye made,
 And so exchang'd their moisture and their trade

XXI.

The knight some way sought out the flood to pass
 And, as he sought, a wond'rous bridge appear'd
 A bridge of gold, a huge and weighty mass,
 On arches great of that rich metal rear'd ;
 When through that golden way he enter'd was,
 Down fell the bridge, swallow'd the stream, and wear'd
 The work away nor sign left where it stood,
 And of a river calm became a flood.

XXII.

He turn'd amaz'd to see it troubled so,
 Like sudden brooks increas'd with molten snow
 The billows fierce that toss'd to and fro
 The whirlpools suck'd down to their bottoms low :
 But on he went to search for wonders more [grow
 Through the thick trees, there high and broad which
 And in that forest huge and desert wide
 The more he sought, more wonders still he spy'd :

XXIII

Whereso he stepp'd, it seem'd the joyful ground
 Renew'd the verdure of her flowery weed,
 A fountain here, a well-spring there he found,
 Here bud the roses, there the lilies spread,
 The aged wood o'er and about him round
 Flourish'd with blossoms new, new leaves, new seed,
 And on the boughs and branches of those trees
 The bark was soften'd, and renew'd the green

XXIV

The manna on each leaf did pearled be,
 The honey stilled from the tender rind
 Again he heard that wond'rous harmony,
 Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers kind,
 The human voices sung a treble high,
 To which respond the birds, the streams, the wind,
 But yet unseen those nymphs, those singers were,
 Unseen the lutes, harps, viols, which they bear

XXV

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his thoughts deny'd
 To think that true which he both heard and see
 A myrtle in an ample plain he spy'd,
 And thither by a beaten path went he
 The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide,
 Higher than pine, or palm, or cypress tree,
 And far above all other plants was seen
 That forest's lady, and that desert's queen

XXVI

Upon the tree his eyes Rinaldo bent,
 And there a marvel great and strange began,
 An aged oak beside him cleft and rent,
 And from his fertile hollow womb forth ran
 (Clad in rare weeds and strange habiliment)
 A nymph for age able to go to man,
 An hundred plants beside, even in his sight,
 Childed an hundred nymphs, so great, so dight,

XXVII

Such as on stages play such as we see
 The Dryads painted whom wild Satyrs love;
 Whose arms half naked, locks untrussed be
 With hennins laced on their legs above
 And silken robes tucked about about their knee;
 Such seem'd the Sylvan daughters of this grove
 Save that, instead of shafts and bows of true
 She bore a lute a harp or cittern she

XXVIII

And wantonly they cast them in a ring
 And sung and danced to move his weaker sense
 Rinaldo round about environing
 As centres are with their circumferences:
 The tree they compass'd eke, and join to sing
 That woods and streams admir'd their excellence:
 Welcome dear lord! welcome to this sweet grove
 Welcome our lady's hope! welcome her love!

XXIX.

Thou com'st to cure our princess, faint and sick
 For love; for love of thee faint, sick distressed;
 Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick
 Fit dwelling for sad folk with grief oppressed;
 See, with thy coming how the branches quick
 Revived are, and in new life are dressed —
 This was their song and after from it went
 First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent.

XXX.

If antique times admir'd Silenus old
 That oft appear'd not on his lazy sod,
 How would they wonder if they did behold
 Such sights as from the myrtle high did pass!
 Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold
 That like in shap, in face, and beauty was
 To sweet Arilda: Rinaldo thinks he spies
 Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her eyes.

XXVI

On him a sad and smiling look she cast,
 Which twenty passions strange at once bewrays —
 And art thou come, (quoth she,) return'd at last
 To her from whom but late thou ran'st thy ways ?
 Com'st thou to comfort me for sorrows past,
 To ease my widow'd nights and careful days ?
 Or comest thou to work me grief and harm ?
 Why wilt thou speak ? why not thy face disarm ?

XXVII

Com'st thou a friend or foe ? I did not frame
 That golden bridge to entertain my foe,
 Nor open'd flow'rs and fountains as you came,
 To welcome him with joy that brings me woe
 Put off thy helm, rejoice me with the flame
 Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did grow ;
 Kiss me, embrace me, if you further venture,
 Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter —

XXVIII

Thus as she woos, she rolls her rueful eyes
 With piteous look, and changeth oft her cheer,
 An hundred sighs from her false heart up flies,
 She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear,
 The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies,
 What stony heart resists a woman's tear ?
 But yet the knight, wise, waiy, not unkind,
 Drew forth his sword, and from her careless twin'd

XXIX

Towards the tree he march'd, she thither start,
 Before him stepp'd, embrac'd the plant, and cry'd—
 Ah! never do me such a spiteful part,
 To cut my tree, this forest's joy and pride,
 Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart
 Of thy forsaken and despis'd Armide,
 For through this breast, and through this heart, unkind!
 To this fair tree thy sword shall passage find —

XXXV

He lift his brand, nor car'd, though oft she cry'd
 And she her form to other she so did chide;
 Such warriors huge, when men in drums are led
 Oft in their idle tactics march and range
 Her body swell'd, her face was more was made,
 Vain'd her garments rich and vestures strange
 A giant's before him li'd he said
 Like Briareus arm'd with an hundred hand!

XXXVI.

With fifty swords and fifty targets bright
 She threaten'd death she rous'd cry'd and fought:
 Each other nymph in armour like we did
 A cyclops great became. He fear'd them no fight
 But on the myrtle shade with all his might
 That groan'd like his big soles to death he said
 The sky seem'd Pluto's court the air seem'd hell
 Therein such monsters run such pains yell:

XXXVII

Lighten'd the heav'n above the earth below
 Hoar'd aloud; that thunder'd and this shook:
 Bluster'd the tempests strong, the whirlwinds blow
 The latter storm drov' hailstones in his look:
 But yet his arm grew neither weak nor slow
 Nor of that fury heed or care he took,
 Till low to earth the wounded tree down bended;
 Then fled the spirits all, the charms all ended:

XXXVIII.

The heav'n grew clear the air wax'd calm and still,
 The wood returned to its wonted state
 Of witchcrafts free quite void of spirits ill
 Of horror full, but horror there remain'd:
 He further prov'd if aught withstood his will
 To cut those trees as did the charms of late
 And finding nought to stop him, wail'd and said—
 O shadows vain! O fools of shades afraid!—

XXXIX

From thence home to the camp-ward turn'd the knight,
 'The hermit cry'd, up starting from his seat—
 Now of the wood the charms have lost their might,
 'The sprites are conquer'd, ended is the feat
 See where he comes —In glist'ring white all dight
 Appear'd the man, bold, stately, high, and great,
 His eagle's silver wings to shine begun
 With wond'rous splendour 'gainst the golden sun

XL

The camp receiv'd him with a joyful cry,
 A cry the dales and hills about that fill'd,
 Then Godfrey welcom'd him with honours high,
 His glory quench'd all spite, all envy kill'd —
 'To yonder dreadful grove, (quoth he,) went I,
 And from the fearful wood, as me you will'd,
 Have driven the sprites away, thither let be
 Your people sent, the way is safe and free —

XLI

Sent were the workmen thither, thence they brought
 Timber enough, by good advice select,
 And though by skilless builders fram'd and wrought,
 Their engines rude and rams were late erect,
 Yet now the forts and tow'rs from whence they fought
 Were framed by a cunning architect,
 William, of all the Genoas lord and guide,
 Which late rul'd all the seas from side to side,

XLII

But forced to retire from it at last,
 The Pagan fleet the sea's moist empire won,
 His men with all their stuff and store in haste
 Home to the camp with their commander run
 In skill, in wit, in cunning, him surpass'd
 Yet never engineer beneath the sun,
 Of carpenters an hundred large he brought,
 That what their lord devised made and wrought

XLIII

This man began with wondrous art to make
 Not rams not mighty brakes, not slings alone
 Whose like the firm and solid walls to shake,
 To cast a dart or throw a shaft or stone
 But fram'd of pines and fir, did undertake
 To build a fortress huge to which was none
 Yet ever like whereof he cloth'd the sides,
 Against the balls of fire with raw balls hides

XLIV

In mortises and sockets fram'd just,
 The beams, the studs, and punchous join'd he fast,
 To beat the city's wall, beneath forth burst
 A ram with horned front about her waist
 A bridge the engine from her side out-thrust,
 Which on the wall when need required she cast
 And from her top a turret small up stood
 Strong surely arm'd and bulwark'd of like wood:

XLV

Set on an hundred wheels the rolling mass
 On the smooth lands went nimbly up and down
 Though full of arms and armed men it was,
 Yet with small pains it ran as it had flown.
 Wonder'd the camp so quick to see it pass,
 They prais'd the workmen and their skill unknown;
 And on that day two tow'rs they build'd more,
 Like that which sweet Clorinda burnt before.

XLVI

Yet wholly were not from the Sennubos
 Their works conceal'd and their labours hid,
 Upon that wall which next the camp confines,
 They plac'd spies who mark'd all they did
 They saw the sables wild and squared pines,
 How to the tents, trail'd from the grove, they slid
 And engines huge they saw yet could not tell
 How they were built, their forms they saw not well.

XLVII

Their engines eke they rear'd, and with great art
 Repair'd each bulwark, turret, port, and tow'r,
 And fortify'd the plain and easy part,
 To bide the storm of every warlike stour,
 Till as they thought, no sleight or force of mart
 To undermine or scale the same had pow'r,
 And false Ismeno 'gan new balls prepare
 Of wicked fire, wild, wond'rous, strange, and rare

XLVIII

He mingled brimstone with bitumen fell,
 Fetch'd from that lake where Sodom erst did sink,
 And from that flood which nine times compass'd hell,
 Some of the liquor hot he brought, I think,
 Wherewith the quenchless fire he temper'd well,
 To make it smoke and flame and deadly stink,
 And for his wood cut down the aged sire
 Would thus revengement take with flame and fire

XLIX

While thus the camp, and thus the town were bent,
 These to assault, these to defend the wall,
 A speedy dove through the clear welkin went,
 Straight o'er the tents, seen by the soldiers all,
 With nimble fans the yielding air she rent,
 Nor seem'd it that she would alight or fall,
 Till she arriv'd near that besieged town,
 Then from the clouds at last she stooped down

L

But, lo! from whence I nolt, a falcon came,
 Armed with crooked bill and talons long,
 And 'twixt the camp and city cross'd her game,
 That durst not bide her foe's encounter strong,
 But right upon the royal tent down came,
 And there the lords and princes great among,
 When the sharp hawk migh touch'd her tender head,
 In Godfrey's lap she fell, with fear halt dead

LX.

The Duke receiv'd her saved her and spy'd
 As he beheld the bird, a wondrous thing;
 About her neck a letter close was tied
 By a small thread, and thrust under her wing,
 He laid forth the writ and spread it wide,
 And read the intent thereof — To Judah's King
 (Thus said the schedule) honours high increase,
 Th' Egyptian chieftain's health and peace:

LXI.

Fear not, renowned Prince, resist, endure
 Till the third day, or till the fourth at most;
 I come, and your deliverance will procure,
 And kill your coward foes and all their host. —
 This secret in that brief was clos'd up sure,
 Writ in strange language, to the winged post
 Given to transport for in their warlike need
 The East such messengers'd oft with good speed.

LXII.

The Duke let go the captive dove at large,
 And she that had his counsel close bewray'd
 Traitorous to her great lord, touch'd not the marge
 Of Salem's town, but fled far thence afraid.
 The Duke, before all those which had or charge
 Or office high, the letter read and said —
 See how the goodness of the Lord foreshows
 The secret purpose of our crafty foes

LXIV

No longer then let us protract the time
 But scale the bulwarks of this fortress high
 Through sweat and labour gainst those rocks sublime
 Let us ascend, which to the southward lie
 Hard will it be that way in arms to climb
 But yet the place and passage both know I
 And that high wall, by site strong on that part,
 Is least defend'd by arms, by work and art.

LV.

Thou, Raymond, on this side with all thy might
 Assault the wall, and by those crags ascend,
 My squadrons with mine engines huge shall fight,
 And 'gainst the northern gate my puissance bend,
 That so our foes, beguiled with the sight,
 Our greatest force and pow'r shall there attend,
 While my great tow'r from thence shall nimbly slide,
 And batter down some worse-defended side

LVI

Camillo, thou not far from me shalt rear
 Another tow'r, close to the walls ybrought —
 This spoken, Raymond old that sat him near,
 (And while he talk'd great things tost in his thought,)
 Said—To Godfredo's counsel given us here
 Nought can be added, from it taken nought,
 Yet this I further wish, that some were sent
 To spy their camp, their secret, and intent,

LVII

That may their number and their squadrons brave
 Describe, and through their tents disguised mask —
 Quoth Tancred—Lo! a subtle squire I have,
 A person fit to undertake this task,
 A man, quick, ready, bold, sly to deceive,
 To answer wise, and well advis'd to ask,
 Well languaged, and that with time and place
 Can change his look, his voice, his gait, his grace —

LVIII

Sent for, he came, and when his lord him told
 What Godfrey's pleasure was, and what his own,
 He smiled and said, forthwith he gladly would
 I go, (quoth he,) careless what chance be thrown,
 And where encamped be these Pagans bold,
 Will walk in every tent, a spy unknown,
 Their camp even at noon day I enter shall,
 And number all their horse and footmen all,

LIX.

How great, how strong, how arm'd this army is,
 And what their guide intends, I will declare
 To me the secrets of that heart of his
 And hidden thoughts shall open he and bare.—
 Thus Vafino spoke, nor longer stay'd on this,
 But for a mantle chang'd the coat he wore
 Nak'd was his neck, and 'bout his forehead bold
 Of linen white full twenty yards he roll'd

LX.

His weapons were a Syrian bow and quiver
 His gaiters barb'rous like the Turkish train
 Wonder'd all they that heard his tongue deliver
 Of every land the language true and plain
 In Tyre, a born Phœnician by the river
 Of Nile, a knight bred in the Egyptian main
 Both people would have thought him forth he rides
 On a swift steed o'er hills and dales that glides.

LXI.

But ere the third day came the French forth sent
 Their pioneers to even the rougher ways,
 And ready made each warlike instrument,
 Nor aught their labour interrupts or stays
 The nights in busy toil they likewise spent,
 And with long evenings lengthen'd forth short days
 Till nought was left the hosts that hinder might
 To use their utmost power and strength in fight.

LXII.

That day which of the assault the day fore-run,
 The godly Duke in prayer spent well nigh,
 And all the rest, because they had misdone,
 The sacrament receive, and mercy cry
 Then off the Duke his engines great began
 To show, where least he would their strength apply
 His foes rejoic'd, deluded in that sort,
 To see him bent against their surest port

LXIII

But after, aided by the friendly night,
 His greatest engine to that side he brought
 Where plainest seem'd the wall, where with their might
 The flankers least could hurt them as they fought,
 And to the southern mountain's greatest height,
 To raise his turret old Ramondo sought
 And thou, Camillo, on that part had'st thine,
 Where from the north the walls did westward twine

LXIV

But when amid the eastern heav'n appear'd
 The rising morning bright as shining glass,
 The troubled Pagans saw, and seeing fear'd,
 How the great tow'r stood not where late it was,
 And here and there tofore unseen was rear'd,
 Of timber strong, a huge and fearful mass,
 And numberless with beams, with ropes, and strings,
 They view the iron rams, the brakes, and slings

LXV

The Syrian people now were no whit slow
 Their best defences to that side to bear
 Where Godfrey did his greatest engine show,
 From thence where late in vain they placed were,
 But he who at his back right well did know
 The host of Egypt to be 'proaching near,
 To him call'd Guelpho and the Roberts twain,
 And said—On horseback look you still remain,

LXVI

And have regard, while all our people stave
 To scale this wall where weak it seems and thin,
 Lest unawares some sudden host arrive,
 And at our backs unlook'd-for war begin —
 Thus said, three fierce assaults at once they give,
 The hardy soldiers all would die or win,
 And on three parts resistance makes the King,
 And rage 'gainst strength, despair 'gainst hope doth bring,

LXVII.

Himself upon his limbs, with feeble eild
 That shook unwieldy with their proper weight,
 His armour laid and long unused shield
 And march'd against Raymond to the main team's height.
 Great Salime against Godfrey took the field
 Foremost Camillo stood Argantes straight
 Where Tancred strong he found so fortune will
 That this good Prince his wanted foe shall kill.

LXVIII.

The archers shot their arrows sharp and keen,
 Dipp'd in the bitter juice of poison strong
 The shady face of heav'n was scantily seen,
 Hid with the clouds of shafts and quarries long
 Yet weapons sharp with greater fury been
 Cast from the towers the Pagan troops among
 For thence flew stones and cliffs of marble rocks,
 Trees shed with iron, timber logs, and blocks

LXIX.

A thunderbolt seem'd every stone it brake
 His limbs and armours so on whom it light,
 That life and soul it did not only take
 But all his shape and face disfigured quite:
 The lances stay'd not in the wounds they mak'd
 But through the gored body took their flight,
 From side to side, through flesh through skin and rind
 They flew and flying left and death behind

LXX.

But yet not all this force and fury drove
 The Pagan people to forsake the wall,
 But to revenge these deadly blows they strove
 With darts that fly with stones and trees that fall
 For need so cowardly oft courageous prove,
 For liberty they fight, for life and all
 And oft with words, shafts, and stones that fly
 Give bitter answer to a sharp reply

LXXI

This while the fierce assalants never cease,
 But sternly still maintain a threefold charge,
 And 'gainst the clouds of shafts draw nigh at ease,
 Under a pentise made of many a targe,
 The armed towers close to the bulwarks prease,
 And strive to grapple with the battled marge,
 And launch then bridges out, meanwhile below
 With iron fronts the rams the walls down throw

LXXII

Yet still Rinaldo unresolved went,
 And far unworthy him *this service thought*,
 If 'mongst the common sort his pains he spent,
 Renown so got the Prince esteemed nought,
 His angry looks on every side he bent,
 And where most harm, most danger was, he sought,
 And where the wall high, strong, and surest was,
 That part would he assault, and that way pass

LXXIII

And turning to the worthies him behind,
 All hardy knights, whom Dudon late did guide
 O shame! (quoth he,) this wall no war doth find,
 When batter'd is elsewhere each part, each side,
 All pain is safety to a valiant mind,
 Each way is eath to him that dares abide,
 Come, let us scale *this wall*, though strong and high,
 And with your shields keep off the darts that fly —

LXXIV

With him united all while thus he spake,
 Then targets hard above their heads they threw,
 Which join'd in one an iron pentise make,
 That from the dreadful storm preserv'd the crew,
 Defended thus their speedy course they take,
 And to the wall without resistance drew,
 For that strong penticle protected well
 The knights from all that flew and all that fell

LXXV

Against the fort Ilm the pan up-rear
 A ladder here an hundred steps of height
 And on his arm the same did easily bear
 And move as winds do reeds or rushes light
 Sometimes a tree, a rock a dart or spear
 Fell from above, yet forward climb'd the knight,
 And upward fearless press'd, car'd as still
 Thro' the mount Olympus fell or Ossa hill;

LXXVI.

A mount of ruins, and of shafts a wood,
 Upon his shoulders and his shield he bore
 One hand the ladder held whereon he stood
 The other bare his target his face before:
 His hardy troop, by his example good
 Prook it, with him the place assaulted sore
 And ladders long against the walls they clapt,
 Unlike in courage yet, milk in hap

LXXVII.

One died another fell, he forward went
 And thro' the comforts and the threat both these
 Now with his hand outstretch'd the instrument
 Well nigh he reach'd when all his armed foes
 Ran thither and their force and fury bent
 To throw him howling down, yet up he goes
 A wondrous thing one knight whole armed bands
 Alone and hanging in the air with us'd!

LXXVIII.

Withstands, and forceth his great strength so far
 That like a palm whereon huge weight doth rest
 His forces so resisted stronger are
 His virtues higher rise the more oppress'd
 Till all that would his entrance bold debate
 He backward drove, unpleas'd and possess'd
 The wall and safe and easy with his blade
 To all that after came the passage mad

I XXXIX

There killing such as durst and did withstand,
 To noble Eustace, that was like to fall,
 He reached forth his friendly conqu'ring hand,
 And next himself help'd him to mount the wall
 This while Godfredo and his people fand
 Their lives to greater harms and dangers thrall,
 For there not man with man, nor knight with knight
 Contend, but engines there with engines fight

I XXXX

For in that place the Paynims rear'd a post,
 Which late had serv'd some gallant ship for mast,
 And over it another beam they cross'd,
 Pointed with iron sharp, to it made fast
 With ropes, which, as men would, the dormant tost
 Now out, now in, now back, now forward cast,
 In its swift pullies oft the men withdrew
 The tree, and oft the riding balk forth threw

I XXXXI

The mighty beam redoubled oft its blows,
 And with such force the engine smote and hit,
 That her broad side the tow'r wide open throws,
 Her joints were broke, her rafters cleft and split
 But yet, 'gainst every hap whence mischief grows
 Prepar'd, the peece ('gainst such extremes made fit)
 Launch'd forth two scythes, sharp, cutting, long, and
 And cut the ropes v'hereon the engine rode [broad,

I XXXXII

As an old rock, which age or stormy wind
 Tears from some craggy hill or mountain steep,
 Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind
 Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and folds of sheep;
 So fell the beam, and down with it all kind
 Of arms, of weapons, and of men did sweep,
 Wherewith the towers once or twice did shake,
 Trembled the walls, the hills and mountains quake

LXXXIII

Victorious Godfrey boldly forward came,
 And had great hope o' er then the place to win:
 But, lo! a fire, with stench with smoke, and flame
 Withstood his progress, stopp'd his entrance in
 Such burnings of time yet could never frame,
 When from her entrails hot her fires begin
 Nor yet in summer on the Indian plain
 Such vapours warm from scorching air down rain.

V

Here balls of wildfire thro' burning spears,
 This flame was black that blue, this red as blood;
 Stench well-nigh choaketh them noise deafs their ears
 Smoke blinds their eyes, fire kinleth on the wood;
 Nor those raw hides, which for defence it was,
 Could save the tow'r in such distress it stood
 For now they wrinkle now it sweats and cries,
 Now burns, unless some help come down from skies.

LXXXIV

The hardy Duke before his folk bides,
 Nor chang'd be colour con'tenance, or place
 But comforts those that from the scalded hides
 With water strove th' approach'g flames to chase:
 In these extremes, the Prince and those he guides
 Half roasted stood before fierco Vulcan's face
 When, lo! a smother and unlook'd-for blast
 The flames against the kindlers backward cast

LXXXV

The winds drove back the fire where heaped lie
 The Pagans' weapons, where their engines were
 Which kindling quickly in that substance dry
 Burnt all their store and all their warlike gear
 O glorious captain! whom the Lord from high
 Defends, whom God protects and holds so dear;
 For thee less'n fights, to thee the winds from far
 Call'd with thy trumpet's blast, obedient are.

LXXXVII.

But wicked Ismen to his harm that saw
 How the fierce blast drove back the fire and flame,
 By art would nature change, and thence withdraw
 Those noisome winds, else calm and still the same
 'Twixt two false wizards, without fear or awe,
 Upon the walls in open sight he came,
 Black, grisly, loathsome, grim, and ugly faced,
 Like Pluto old betwixt two furies placed

LXXXVIII

And now the wretch those dreadful words begun,
 Which tremble make deep hell and all her flock,
 Now troubled is the air, the golden sun
 His fearful beams in clouds did close and lock
 When from the tow'r, which Ismen could not shun,
 Out flew a mighty stone, late half a rock,
 Which light so just upon the wizards three,
 That driv'n to dust their bones and bodies be,

LXXXIX

To less than nought their members old were torn,
 And shiver'd were their heads to pieces small,
 As small as are the bruised grains of corn,
 When from the mill resolv'd to meal they fall,
 Their damned souls to deepest hell down borne,
 Far from the joy and light celestial,
 The furies plunged in th' infernal lake
 O mankind! at their ends ensample take.

XC.

This while the engine, which the tempest cold
 Had sav'd from burning with his friendly blast,
 Approached had so near the batter'd hold,
 That on the walls her bridge at ease she cast,
 But Solman ran thither fierce and bold,
 To cut the plank whereon the Christians pass'd,
 And had perform'd his will, save that up-rear'd
 High in the skies a turret new appear'd,

XCI.

Far in the air up-climb'd the fortress tall
 Higher than house than steeple church, or tower,
 The Pagans trembled to behold the wall
 And city subject to its shot and power:
 Yet kept the Turk his stand, though on him fall
 Of stones and darts a sharp and deadly shower
 And still to cut the bridge he hopes and strives,
 And those that fear with cheerful speech revive.

XCII.

The angel Michael, to all the rest
 Unseen appear'd before Godfredo's eyes
 In pure and heav'nly armour richly dress'd
 Brighter than Titan's rays in clearest skies
 Godfrey (quoth he) this is the moment blest
 To free this town that long in lord go lies
 See I see what legions in thine aid I bring
 For heav'n's name's sake and heav'n's glorious King:

XCIII.

Loft up thine eyes and in the air behold
 The sacred armies how they muster'd be
 That cloud of flesh in which from times of old
 All mankind wrapped is I take from thee,
 And from thy senses their thick mist unfold
 That face to face thou mayst these spirits see
 And for a little space right well sustain
 Their glorious light, and view those angels plain:

XCIV.

Behold the souls of every lord and knight
 That late bore arms and diel for Christ's dear sake
 How on thy side against this town they fight,
 And of thy joy and conquest will partake:
 There where the dust and smoke blind all men's sight
 Where stones and ruins such a heap do make
 There Hugo fights, in thickest cloud embarr'd,
 And undermines that bulwark's groundwork hard:

XCV

See Dudon yonder, who with sword and fire
 Assails and helps to scale the northern port,
 That with bold courage doth thy folk inspire,
 And rears their ladders 'gainst th' assaulted fort
 He that high on the mount in grave attire
 Is clad, and crowned stands in kingly sort,
 Is Bishop Ademare, a blessed spirit,
 Bless'd for his faith, crown'd for his death and merit.

XCVI

But higher lift thy happy eyes, and view
 Where all the sacred hosts of heav'n appear —
 He look'd, and saw where winged armies flew,
 Innumerable, pure, divine, and clear,
 A battaile round of squadrons three they shew,
 And all by threes those squadrons ranged were,
 Which spreading wide in rings still wider go,
 Mov'd with a stone, calm water circlet so

XCVII

With that he wink'd, and vanish'd was and gone
 That wond'rous vision when he look'd again,
 His worthies fighting view'd he one by one,
 And on each side saw signs of conquest plain,
 For with Rinaldo 'gainst his yielding fone
 His knights were enter'd and the Pagans slain.
 This seen, the Duke no longer stay could brook,
 But from the bearer bold his ensign took,

XCVIII.

And on the bridge he stepp'd, but there was stay'd
 By Soliman, who entrance all denied
 That narrow tree to virtue great was made
 The field, as in few blows right soon was try'd —
 Here will I give my life for Sion's aid,
 Here will I end my days (the Soldan cry'd),
 Behind me cut or break this bridge, that I
 May kill a thousand Christians first, then die —

XXII.

But thither fierce Rinaldo there came first
 And at his side stood and for some time
 What shall I say? If here say I of you
 I shall not say (quoth he) try to say
 With that he says from his fiery back he
 And to him he the passage first
 Who threatening follow'd at the tower end
 And on the walls he put the cross on, and

C.

And his hand he used he took the exit
 That glorious courage with a thousand
 Through the wall he broke with his fiery lance,
 Through with golden rays glad the
 Earth leaps he for joy the streams set at
 Heads clap their hands in exultation
 And so in the end were the
 For their deliverance from that hands to the

CI.

And now the armies rear'd the joyful cry
 Of victory glad joyful loud and shrill
 The hill reared the robe to north hill
 And Taurin told that B. his and vaults till
 With joyful Argantes brought his tower
 That on the wall against the banner's will
 In his despite his bridge he also laid
 And was the place and there the cross display'd.

CII.

But on the northern hill where Raimond saw
 Against the town and their great king
 His hardy Gascolgoes gained small or now
 Their engine to the walls they could not bring
 For thither all his strength the prince had
 For life and safety sternly combing
 And for the wall was set blast on that coast
 There were his soldiers best and engines most.

CIII.

Besides, the tow'r upon that quarter found
 Unsure, uneasy, and uneven the way,
 Nor art could help, but that the rougher ground
 The rolling mass did often stop and stay
 But now of victory the joyful sound
 The King and Raymond heard amid their fray,
 And by the shout they and their soldiers know
 The town was enter'd on the plain below

CIV

Which heard, Ramondo thus bespake this crew —
 The town is won, my friends, and doth it yet
 Resist? Are we kept out still by these few?
 Shall we no share in this high conquest get?
 But from that part the King at last withdrew,
 He strove in vain their entrance there to let,
 And to a stronger place his folk he brought,
 Where to sustain th' assault awhile he thought

CV

The conquerors at once now enter'd all,
 The walls were won, the gates were open'd wide,
 Now bruised, broken down, destroyed fall
 The ports and towers that battery durst abide
 Rargeth the sword, death murd'reth great and small,
 And proud 'twixt woe and horror sad doth ride,
 Here runs the blood, in ponds there stands the gore,
 And drowns the knights in whom it liv'd before

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT

Tancred in single combat kills his foe	
Argantes strong The king and soldiers fly	
To David's tow'r and save their persons so.	
Erminia well instructs Valrine the spy;	9
With him she rides away and as they go	85
Finds where her lord for dead on earth doth lie:	102
First she lament then curses him. Godfrey hears	
O let's know and what marks he bears.	106

I.

Now death, or fear or care to save their lives,
 From their broken walls the Pagans chase
 Yet neither force, nor fear nor wisdom drives
 The mighty knight Argantes from his place,
 Alone agai'nt ten thousand foes he strives,
 Yet dreadless, doubtless, careless seem'd his face;
 Not death not danger but disgrace he fears,
 And still unconquer'd (though beset) appears.

II.

But amongst the rest upon his helmet gay
 With his broad sword Tancred came and smote:
 The Pagan knew the Prince by his array
 By his strong blows, his armour, and his coat;
 For once they fought, and when night stay'd that fray,
 New time they chose to end their combat hot,
 But Tancred fall'd wherefore the Pagan knight
 Cry'd—Tancred, com'st thou thus, thus late to fight?

III

Too late thou com'st, and not alone, to war,
 But yet the fight I neither shun nor fear,
 Although from knighthood true thou errest far,
 Since like an engineer thou dost appear,
 That tower, that troop, thy shield and safety are,
 Strange kind of arms in single fight to bear!
 Yet shalt thou not escape (O conqueror strong
 Of ladies fair!) sharp death to 'venge that wrong —

IV

Lord Tancred smiled with disdain and scorn,
 And answer'd thus — To end our strife (quoth he)
 Behold at last I come, and my return
 (Though late) perchance will be too soon for thee,
 For thou shalt wish, of hope and help forlorn,
 Some sea or mountain plac'd 'twixt thee and me,
 And well shalt know, before we end this fray,
 No fear or cowardice hath caus'd my stay,

V

But come aside, thou by whose prowess dies
 The monsters, knights, and giants in all lands,
 The killer of weak women thee defies —
 This said, he turned to his fighting bands
 And bids them all retire — Forbear (he cries)
 To strike this knight, on him let none lay hands,
 For mine he is, more than a common foe,
 By challenge new and promise old also —

VI

Descend (the fierce Circassian 'gan reply)
 Alone, or all this troop for succour take,
 To deserts waste, or place frequented high,
 For 'vantage none I will the fight forsake —
 Thus given and taken was the bold defy,
 And through the prease (agreed so) they brake,
 Their hatred made them one, and as they wend,
 Each knight his foe did for despite defend

VII.

Great was his thirst of praise great the desire
 That Tancred had the Pagan's blood to spill
 Nor could that quench his wrath or calm his ire,
 If other hand his foe might foil or kill;
 He sav'd him with his shield and cry'd—Retire,
 (To all be met,) and do this knight none ill.—
 And thus defending gainst his friends his foe
 Through thousand angry weapons safe they go.

VIII.

They left the city and they left behind
 Godfredo's camp and far beyond it pass'd;
 And came, where into creeks and bosoms blind
 A winding hill his corners turn'd and cast;
 A valley small and shady dale they find
 Amid the mountain steep, so laid and plac'd
 As if some theatre or closed place
 Had been, for men to fight or horse to chase.

IX.

There stay'd the champions both. With rueful eyes
 Argantes gan the fortunes won to view
 Tancred his foe withouten shield espies,
 And far away his target therefore threw
 And said—Whereon doth thy sad heart devise?
 Think at thou this hour must end thy life untrue?
 If this thou fear and dost forsake thy fate
 Thy fear is vain, thy foresight comes too late.—

X.

I think (quoth he) on this distressed town
 The aged queen of Judah's ancient land
 Now lost, now sacked, spoil'd and trodden down
 Whose fall in vain I strived to withstand
 A small revenge, for Slon's fort o'erthrown,
 That head can be cut off by my strong hand—
 This said, together with great heed they flew
 For each his foe for bold and hardy knew

XI

Tancred of body active was and light,
 Quick, nimble, ready both of hand and foot
 But higher by the head the Pagan knight
 Of limbs far greater was, of heart as stout
 Tancred laid low and travers'd in his fight,
 Now to his ward retir'd, now struck out,
 Oft with his sword his foe's fierce blows he broke,
 And rather chose to ward than bear his stroke

XII

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought,
 Unlike in gesture, like in skill and art,
 His sword outstretch'd before him far he brought,
 Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce his heart
 To catch his point Prince Tancred strove and sought,
 But at his breast or helm's unclosed part
 He threaten'd death, and would with stretch'd-out brand
 His entrance close and fierce assaults withstand.

XIII

With a tall ship so doth a galley fight,
 When the still winds stir not th' unstable main,
 Where this in nimbleness as that in might
 Excels, that stands, this goes and comes again,
 And shifts from prow to poop with turnings light
 Meanwhile the other doth unmov'd remain,
 And on her nimble foe approacheth nigh,
 Her weighty engines tumbleth down from high

XIV

The Christian sought to enter on his foe,
 Voiding his point, which at his breast was bent,
 Argantes at his face a thrust did throw,
 Which while the Prince awards and doth prevent,
 His ready hand the Pagan turned so,
 That all defence his quickness far o'erwent,
 And pierc'd his side, which done, he said, and smil'd—
 The craftsman is in his own craft begul'd —

XV

Tancredie let his eyes for scorn and shame
 Nor longer stood on points of fence and shield,
 But to revenge so fierce and fast he came
 As if his hand could not o' take his will;
 And at his vice almost just ran frons
 To his proud breast an answer sharp, but till
 Arrantes broke the thrust, and at half a ord,
 Swift, hardy bold in step the Christian lord

XVI.

With his left foot fast forward ran he stride
 And with his left the left an's right arm bent;
 With his right hand on an' hilt the man's right side
 He cut he wounded, man's foot, ure and root:—
 To his victorious teacher (Tancred cry'd),
 His conquer'd scholar hath this answer sent.—
 Arrantes chafed, tru'ple'd mind, and main'd,
 Yet could not so his captive arm unbind

XVII.

His sword at last he let hang by the chain,
 And cry'd his hardy son in both his hands;
 In his strong arms Tancred saw his life's main
 And thus each other held and wropt in hands.
 With greater might Nudes did not strain
 The giant Anteus on the Lybian sands;
 On hold fast knots their brawny arms they cast
 And whom he hatcheth most each held embras'd

XVIII.

Such was their wrestling such their hooks and thumps,
 That down at once they tumbled both to ground;
 Arrantes (were it hap or kill who knows)
 His better hand loose and in freedom found
 But the good prince his hand more fit for blows
 With his huge weight the prince again underbound
 But he his disadvantage great that knew
 Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew

XIX

Far slower rose th' unwieldy Saracine,
 And caught a rap ere he was rear'd upright
 But as against the blust'ring winds a pine
 Now bends his top, now lifts his head on height,
 His courage so, when it 'gan most decline,
 The man reinforced and advanc'd his might,
 And with fierce change of blows renew'd the fray,
 Where rage for skill, horror for art bore sway

XX

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down railed,
 But from the Pagan ran whole streams of blood,
 Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage quailed,
 As fires decay which fuel want or food
 Tancred, that saw his feeble arm now failed
 To strike his blows, that scant he stirr'd or stood,
 Assuag'd his anger and his wrath allay'd,
 And stepping back, thus gently spoke and said —

XXI

Yield, hardy knight, and chance of war, or me,
 Confess to have subdued thee in this fight,
 I will no trophy, triumph, spoil of thee,
 Nor glory wish, nor seek a victor's right —
 More terrible than erst herewith grew he,
 And all awak'd his fury, rage, and might,
 And said—Dar'st thou of 'vantage speak or think,
 Or move Argantes once to yield or shrink ?

XXII.

Use, use thy vantage, thee and fortune both
 I scorn, and punish will thy foolish pride —
 As a hot brand flames most ere it forth go'th,
 And dying blazeth bright on every side,
 So he (when blood was lost) with anger wroth
 Reviv'd his courage, when his püssance died,
 And would his latest hour, which now drew nigh,
 Illustrate with his end, and nobly die

XXIII.

He join'd his left hand to her sister strong
 And with them both let fall his weighty blade.
 Tancréd to ward his blow his sword up slung
 But that it smote aside, nor there it stay'd,
 But from his shoulder to his side along,
 It glanc'd, and many wounds at once it made:
 Yet Tancréd fear'd nought, for in his heart
 Found coward dread no place—fear had no part.

XXIV.

His fearful blow he doubled, but he spent
 His force in waste, and all his strength in vain
 For Tancréd from the blow against him bent
 Leaped aside—the stroke fell on the plain:
 With thine own weight o'erthrown to earth thou went,
 Argantes stout nor couldst thyself sustain
 Thyself thou throwest down, O happy man!
 Upon whose fall none boast or triumph can.

XXV.

His gaping wound the fall set open wide
 The streams of blood about him made a lake;
 Help'd with his left hand, on one knee he tried
 To rear himself, and new defence to make. [cried;
 The courteous Prince stepp'd back and—Yield thee
 No hurt he proffer'd him, no blow he strake
 Meanwhile by stealth the Pagan false him gaug'd
 A sudden wound, threat'ning with speeches brave.

XXVI.

Herewith Tancréd furious grew and said—
 Villain! dost thou my mercy so despise?—
 Therewith he thrust and thrust again his blade
 And through his ventral pierc'd his dazzled eyes.
 Argantes died yet no complaint he made
 But as he furious liv'd he careless dies;
 Bold, proud, stiff, full of fire, and void of fear,
 His motions last, last looks, last speeches were.

XXVII

Tancred put up his sword and praises glad
 Gave to his God, that sav'd him in this fight,
 But yet this bloody conquest feebled had
 So much the conqueror's force, his strength, and might,
 That through the way he fear'd, which homeward lad,
 He had not strength enough to walk upright,
 Yet, as he could, his steps from thence he bent,
 And foot by foot a heavy pace forth went

XXVIII

His legs could bear him but a little stound,
 And more he hastes (more tir'd) less was his speed,
 On his right hand at last, laid on the ground,
 He lean'd, his hand weak like a shaking reed,
 Dazzled his eyes, the world on wheels ran round,
 Day wrapt her brightness up in sable weed,
 At length he swooned, and the victor knight
 Nought differ'd from his conquer'd foe in sight.

XXIX

But while these lords their private fight pursue,
 Made fierce and cruel through their secret hate,
 The victors' ire destroy'd the faithless crew
 From street to street, and chas'd from gate to gate.
 But of the sacked town the image true
 Who can describe, or paint the woeful state;
 Or with fit words this spectacle express
 Who can, or tell the city's great distress?

XXX

Blood, murder, death, each street, house, church defil'd,
 There heaps of slain appear, there mountains high,
 There, underneath th' unburied hills up-pil'd
 Of bodies dead, the living buried he,
 There the sad mother with her tender child
 Doth tear her tresses loose, complain, and fly,
 And there the spoiler, by her amber hair,
 Draws to his lust the virgin chaste and fair.

XXXI.

But through the way he led to the west hill, and
 Whence the wind and early trumpet sound
 All hail'd with praise and wept with hallow'd tears,
 He led the way and closed the golden doors
 Above their heads he led, and his sweetest goal,
 Life to his grace and death by us he had;
 Yet being our way, it strove his love of love
 Not should have so seem'd to be the same that was

XXXII.

For gain'd his sword for his only battle
 His force and name the same I had to wield
 Then when we were with arms, to arms we came
 He drew with his hands and wonderful words:
 O! who art thou for his force and words,
 How thou hast seen them there, thou sayest
 How with ungodly hands, with godly fear
 He had all that we had and we had not

XXXIII.

I had had the people weak and with the same
 A hundred times to the temple gone
 Which burnt and bled off till he was the same
 Of the first founder we had seen
 That proved this city by his own did witness
 Of cedar tree of gold and marble were;
 Now not so rich, yet strong and well it was,
 With turrets high, thick walls and doors of brass.

XXXIV.

The knight arrived where in warlike met
 The men that temple church had fortified
 And closed found each wicket, gate and post,
 And on the top defences ready stood;
 He lift his frowning looks and saw that fort
 From its high top down to the groundwork of it,
 And entrance sought, and threw with his swift hand
 The mighty place he had seen about.

XXXV

Like as a wolf about the closed fold
 Rangeth by night his hoped prey to get,
 Enrag'd with hunger and with malice old,
 Which kind 'twixt him and harmless sheep hath set
 So search'd he high and low about that hold,
 Where he might enter without stop or let,
 In the great court he stay'd his foes above
 Attend th' assault, and would their fortune prove

XXXVI

There lay by chance a posted tree thereby,
 Kept for some needful use whate'er it were,
 The armed galleys not so thick nor high
 Their tall and lofty masts at Genes up-rear
 This beam the knight against the gates made fly
 From his strong hands, all weights which lift and bear,
 Like a light lance the tree he shook and toss'd,
 And brus'd the gate, the threshold, and the post

XXXVII

No marble stone, no metal strong out-bore
 The wond'rous might of that redoubled blow,
 The brazen hinges from the walls it tore,
 It broke the locks, and laid the doors down low,
 No iron ram, no engine could do more,
 Nor cannons great that thunderbolts forth throw
 His people like a flowing stream in throng,
 And after them enter'd the victor strong

XXXVIII

The woeful slaughter black and loathsome made
 That house, sometime the sacred house of God
 O Heav'nly Justice! if thou be delay'd,
 On wretched sinners sharper falls thy rod,
 In them, this place profaned which invade,
 Thou kindled ire, and mercy all forbade,
 Until with their hearts' blood the pagans vile
 This temple wash'd, which they did late defile.

But Sel men this while himself fast sped
 Up to the fort, which David's Tower is named
 And with him all the soldiers left he led,
 And gainst each entrance now defences framed:
 The tyrant Aladdin eke thither fled,
 To whom the Soldan thus (far off) exclam'd—
 Come come renowned king! up to this rock,
 Thyself within this fortress safe up-lock;

XL.

For well this fortress shall thee and thy crew
 Defend awhile here may we safe remain—
 Alas! (quoth he) alas! for this fair town,
 Which cruel war beats down even with the plain
 My life is done, mine empire trodden down,
 I reign'd, I liv'd but now nor live nor reign;
 For now, alas! behold the fatal hour
 That ends our lives and ends our kingly power—

XLI.

Where is your virtue, where your wisdom grave,
 And courage stout? (the angry Soldan said)
 Let chance our kingdoms take which erst she gave,
 Yet in our hearts our kingly worth is laid
 But come and in this fort your person save.
 Refresh your weary limbs and strength decay'd.—
 Thus counsell'd he, and did to safety bring
 Within that fort the weak and aged king

XLII.

His iron mace in both his hands he bent,
 And on his thigh his trusty sword he tied,
 And to the entrance fierce and fearless went,
 And kept the strait, and all the French defy'd:
 The blows were mortal which he gave or lent,
 For whom he hit he slew, else by his side
 Laid low on earth that all fled from the place
 Where they beheld that great and dreadful mace.

XVIII

But old Ramondo with his hardy crew
 By chance came thither, to his great mishap,
 To that defended path the old man flew,
 And scorn'd his blows and him that kept the gap,
 He struck his foe, his blow no blood forth drew,
 But on the front with that he caught a rap,
 Which in a swoon low in the dust him laid,
 Wide open, trembling, with his arms display'd

XIV

The Pagans gather'd heart at last, though fear
 Their courage weak had put to flight but late,
 So that the conquerors repulsed were
 And beaten back, else slain before the gate
 The Soldan ('mongst the dead beside him near
 That saw Lord Ramond lie in such estate)
 Cry'd to his men—Within these bars (quoth he)
 Come draw this knight, and let him captive be—

XLV.

Forward they rush'd to execute his word,
 But hard and dang'rous that emprise they found,
 For none of Ramond's men forsook their lord,
 But to their guide's defence they flocked round;
 Thence fury fights, hence pity draws the sword,
 Nor strive they for vile cause or on light ground,
 The life and freedom of that champion brave,
 Those spoil, these would preserve, those kill, these save.

XLVI.

But yet at last, if they had longer fought,
 The hardy Soldan would have won the field,
 For 'gainst his thund'ring mace availed nought,
 Or helm of temper fine, or seven-fold shield,
 But from each side great succour now was brought
 To his weak foes, now fit to faint and yield,
 And both at once, to aid and help the same,
 The brave Duke and young Rinaldo came

XLVII

As when a sheep-herd ranging round about
 That sees a storm with wind and thunder run
 (When gloomy clouds have day's bright eye put out)
 His tender flock drives from the open plain
 To some thick grove or mountain's shady foot
 Where heaven's fierce wrath they may undurt sustain;
 And with his hook, his whistle, and his cry
 Drives forth his fleecy charge, and with them flies

XLVIII

So fled the Soldan when he saw deceiv'd
 This tempest come from angry war forth cast
 The armour clash'd and lightning gabat the sky
 And from each side swords weapons fire out burst:
 He sent his folk up to the towers high
 To shun the furious storm, himself stay'd last;
 Yet to the danger he gave place at length
 For wit his courage, wisdom rul'd his strength.

XLIX.

But scant the knight was safe the gate within,
 Scant closed were the doors, when having broke
 The bars Rinaldo doth assault begin
 Against the port, and on the wicket stroke
 His matchless might, his great desire to win
 His oath and promise doth his wrath provoke;
 For he had sworn nor should his word be vain
 To kill the man that had Prince Sweno slain.

L

And now his armed hand that castle great
 Would have assaulted and had shortly won
 Nor safe parley the Soldan there a sent
 Had found his fatal foe's sharp wrath to shun,
 Had not Godfredo sounded the retreat,
 For now dark shadows to shroud the earth began
 Within the town the Duke would lodge that night,
 And with the morn renew the assault and fight.

LI

With cheerful look thus to his folk he said—
 High God hath holpen well his children dear,
 This work is done, the rest this night delay'd
 Doth little labour bring, less doubt, no fear,
 This tower, our foes' weak hope and latest aid,
 We conquer will when sun shall next appear,
 Meanwhile, with love and tender ruth, go see
 And comfort those which hurt and wounded be,

LII

Go cure their wounds who boldly ventured
 Their lives, and spilt their blood to get this hold,
 That fitteth more this host for Christ forth led,
 Than thirst of vengeance or desire of gold
 Too much, ah! too much blood this day is shed,
 In some we too much haste to spoil behold,
 But I command no more you spoil and kill,
 And let a trumpet publish forth my will —

LIII

This said, he went where Raimond panting lay,
 Wak'd from the swoon wherein he late had been
 Nor Soliman, with countenance less gay
 Bespake his troops, and kept his grief unseen
 My friends, you are unconquered this day,
 In spite of fortune still our hope is green,
 For underneath great shows of harm and fear,
 Our dangers small, our losses little were

LIV

Burnt are your houses and your people slain,
 Yet safe your town is though your walls be gone,
 For in yourselves and in your sovereign
 Consists your city, not in hme and stone
 Your king is safe, and safe is all his train,
 In this strong fort defended from their fone,
 And on this empty conquest let them boast,
 T'ill with this town again their lives be lost,

LXV

And on their backs the best at last shall sit
 For with great fortune found and wealth,
 In, and with wonder, found every day and night
 In rest, and in the best and best of all;
 And on their backs, with all of it
 It may be on their backs and all of it
 If it be on their backs and all of it
 Upon their backs and all of it

LXVI

Miraculous the light of the sun
 We may make do with the sun and the stars
 And with our stars and the sun and the stars
 Can we find that light of the sun and the stars
 This miracle be their light and the stars
 Makes their light and the sun and the stars
 But while there they have the sun and the stars
 Unknown and the stars and the sun and the stars

LXVII

The sun at last had been to end the day
 When Valerius of the sun and the stars
 He said to the sun and the stars and the stars
 A traveller false cunning crafty;
 But Valerius he saw the morning grey
 Step on the the side of the eastern sky
 And ere bright Titan half his course had run
 That camp, that mighty host, to show begun:

LXVIII

Tents infinite and of all kinds of styles
 This red that white that blue this purple was
 And bears strange tongues and stranger harnesses
 Of trumpets lions and well-sounding brass
 The elephant there lays the camel cries
 The horses fight us to and fro they pass
 Which seen and heard he said with his thought—
 Hither all Asia to all Africa brought.—

LIX

He view'd the camp awhile, her site and seat,
 What ditch, what trench it had, what rampire strong,
 Not close nor secret ways to work his feat
 He longer sought, nor hid him from the throng,
 But enter'd through the gates, broad, royal, great,
 And oft he ask'd, and answer'd oft among,
 In questions wise, in answers short and sly,
 Bold was his look, eyes quick, front lifted high

LX

On every side he pried here and there,
 And mark'd each way, each passage, and each tent
 The knights he notes, their steeds, and arms they bear,
 Their names, their armours, and their government,
 And greater secrets hopes to learn, and hear
 Their hidden purpose and their close intent
 So long he walk'd and wander'd, till he spy'd
 The way t' approach the great pavilion's side

LXI

There, as he look'd, he saw the canvas rent,
 Through which the voice found eath and open way
 From the close lodgings of the regal tent,
 And inmost closet where the captain lay,
 So that if Emireno spake, forth went
 The sound to them that listen what they say,
 There Vafrine watch'd, and those that saw him thought
 To mend the breach that there he stood and wrought

LXII

The captain great within bare-headed stood,
 His body arm'd, and clad in purple weed,
 Two pages bore his shield and helmet good,
 He, leaning on a bending lance, gave heed
 To a big man, whose looks were fierce and proud,
 With whom he parled of some haughty deed,
 Godfredo's name, as Vafrine watch'd, he heard,
 Which made him give more heed, take more regard

LXIII.

Thus spake the chieftain to that sturdy sire:—
 Art thou so sure that Godefrey shall be slain?
 I am (quoth he) and swear he'er to return
 Except he first be kill'd, to court again:
 I will prevent those that with me are,
 Nor other question ask I for my pain,
 But that I may lan up his harness here
 At Caire and under these three words er: ta e

LXIV.

These arms Ormen he took in haste to hit
 From Godefrey's prison, that possid all these lands
 And with them took his life; and here on he lit,
 In memory thereof the trophy set—
 The Duke reply'd—No'er shall that deed be hid,
 I am unrewarded at our sov'reign's hands
 What thou dost wish shall be gladly grant,
 Nor gold nor guerdon shall thou wish or want:

LXV.

These counterfeit armour th'is perjure
 Because the day of his approacheth fast—
 They ready are (quoth he)—Then both forbear
 From further talk these speeches were the last.
 Valrine (these great things heard) with grief and care
 Remain'd a while, and in his thoughts set out
 What treason false this was how feigned were
 These arms, but yet that doubt he could not clear

LXVI.

From thence he parted and broad waking lay
 All that long night nor lumber'd once nor slept
 But when the camp by peep of springing day
 Their banners spread and knights on horseback leapt
 With them he march'd forth to meet array
 And where they pitched lodg'd and with them kept
 And then from tent to tent he stalk'd about
 To hear and see and learn this secret out.

LXVII

Searching about, on a rich throne he found
 Armida set, with dames and knights around,
 Sullen she sat and sigh'd, it seem'd she scand
 Some weighty matters in her thoughts profound,
 Her rosy cheek lean'd on her hly hand,
 Her eyes (love's twinkling stars) she bent to ground,
 Weep she or no he knows not, yet appears
 Her humid eyes e'en great with child with tears

LXVIII

He saw before her set Adrastus grim,
 That seemed scant to live, move, or respire,
 So was he fix'd on his mistress trim,
 So gazed he, and fed his fond desire
 But Tisiphorne beheld now her, now him,
 And quak'd sometime for love, sometime for ire,
 And in his cheeks the colour went and came,
 For there wrath's fire now burnt, now shone love's flame.

LXIX

Then from the garland fair of virgins bright,
 'Mongst whom he lay enclos'd, rose Altamore,
 His hot desire he hid and kept from sight,
 His looks were rul'd by Cupid's crafty lore,
 His left eye view'd her hand, her face, his right
 Both watch'd her beauty's hid and secret store,
 And entrance found where her thin veil bewray'd
 The milken way between her breasts that laid

LXX

Her eyes Armida lift from earth at last,
 And clear'd again her front and visage sad,
 'Midst clouds of woe, her looks which overcast,
 She lighten'd forth a smile, sweet, pleasant, glad —
 My lord (quoth she), your oath and promise past,
 Hath freed my heart of all the griefs it had
 That now in hope of sweet revenge it lives,
 Such joy, such ease, desired vengeance gives

LXXI.

Cheer up thy looks (answer'd the Indian king)
 And for sweet beauty's sake as peace thy mood
 Cast at your feet, ere you expect the thing
 I will present the head of thy strook foe
 Else shall this hand his person captiv'ly bring
 And cast in prison deep.—He heard not so:
 His rival heard him well yet answer'd naught,
 But bit his lips and griev'd in secret thought.

LXXII.

To Tisphernes the damsel turning r'ht—
 And what say you, my noble lord?—(quoth she.)
 He taunting said—I, that am slow to fight
 Will follow far behind, the worth to see
 Of this your terrible and puissant knight.—
 In scornful words this bitter sweet grace he—
 Good reason (quoth the king) thus came behind
 Nor ever compare thee with the Prince of Inde.—

LXXIII.

Lord Tisphernes shook his head and said—
 Oh had my power free like my courage been
 Or had I liberty to use this blade
 Who slow who weakest is, soon he'd be seen;
 Nor thou nor thy great vaunts make me afraid
 But cruel love I fear and this fair queen.—
 This said to challenge him the king forth leapt
 But up their mistress start and twist them stepp'd.—

LXXIV.

Will you thus rob me of that gift (quoth she)
 Which each hath vow'd to give by word and oath?
 You are my champions, let that title be
 The bond of love and peace between you both;
 He that displeas'd is, is displeas'd with me
 For which of you is griev'd and I not wroth?—
 Thus warn'd she them, their hearts (for ironigh broke)
 In forced peace and rest thus bore love's yoke.

LXXXV.

All this heard Vafrine as he stood beside,
 And having learn'd the truth, he left the tent.
 That treason was against the Christians' guide
 Contriv'd, he wist, yet wist not how it went,
 By words and questions far off he try'd
 To find the truth, more difficult, more bent
 Was he to know it, and resolv'd to die,
 Or of that secret close th' intent to spy

LXXXVI

Of sly intelligence he prov'd all ways,
 All crafts, all wiles that in his thoughts abide,
 Yet all in vain the man by wit assays
 To know that false compact and practice hid
 But chance (what wisdom could not tell) bewrays,
 Fortune of all his doubt the knots undid,
 So that prepar'd for Godfrey's last mishap,
 At ease he found the net, and spy'd the trap

LXXXVII

Thither he turn'd again where seated was
 The angry lover 'twixt her friends and lords,
 For in that troop much talk he thought would pass,
 Each great assembly store of news affords
 He sided there a lusty lovely lass,
 And with some courtly terms the wench he boards,
 He feigns acquaintance, and as bold appears
 As he had known that virgin twenty years.

LXXXVIII

He said—Would some sweet lady grace me so,
 To choose me for her champion, friend, and knight,
 Proud Godfrey's or Rinaldo's head, I trow,
 Should feel the sharpness of my curtlax bright
 Ask me the head, fair mistress, of some foe,
 For to your beauty vowed is my might —
 So he began, and meant in speeches wise
 Further to wade, but thus he brake the ice.

LXXX.

Therewith he said and smiling glad to freeze
 His hands so to their end and call'd a trave
 That towards him a fervent voice
 Heard him, beheld him and with beautiful face
 Said—For thy mistress chance to chide was
 But me use me thy love and merry grace
 I take love for my chain and just
 Would rather with love if my life be lost were

LXXXI.

Withdrawn was thus he said—A voice of pain
 I know thee well and see thee here I of old—
 To his last trumpet the thro' of the white py
 But smiling to words her he said and his hand
 so of that I wot I saw love ever with
 Yet for thy worth all eyes would there behold;
 Thus much I know right well for since the name
 Which erst you gave is now different to my name:

LXXXII.

My mother love me near Ilbert's wall
 Her name was Leoline mine is Almaric—
 I knew long ago (quoth she) what words thee call
 And thine estate, dimble it no more
 From me thy friend bids not thyself at all
 If I betray thee let me die therefore
 I am firm as steel to a prisoner
 But Tamer's slave thy fellow-servant were:

LXXXIII.

Two happy men I within that prison find
 Under thy guard, rejected I to die
 And there a keeper weak and good did find
 The same the same I am behold me well.—
 Tho' justice her lovely beauty call'd to mind
 And mark'd her visage fair—From thence expect
 All fear (she says) for me live safe and well
 I will thy safety not thy harm procure

I XXXIII

But yet I pray thee, when thou dost return,
 To my dear prison lead me home again,
 For in this hateful freedom even and morn
 I sigh for sorrow, mourn and weep for pain
 But if to spy perchance thou here sojourn,
 Great hap thou hast to know their secrets plain,
 For I their treasons false, false trains can say,
 Which few beside can tell, none will bewray —

I XXXIV

On her he gaz'd, and silent stood this while,
 Armida's sleights he knew, and trains unjust,
 Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
 They will, they will not, fools that on them trust,
 For in their speech is death, hell in their smile,
 At last he said—If hence depart you lust,
 I will you guide, on this conclude we here,
 And further speech till fitter time forbear —

I XXXV

Forthwith (ere thence the camp remove) to ride
 They were resolv'd, their flight that season fits
 Vafrine departs, she to the dames beside
 Returns, and there on thorns awhile she sits,
 Of her new knight she talks, till time and tide
 To 'scape unmark'd she finds, then forth she gets,
 Thither where Vafrine her unseen abode,
 There took she horse, and from the camp they rode

I XXXVI.

And now in deserts waste and wild arrived,
 Far from the camp, far from resort and sight,
 Vafrine began—'Gainst Godfrey's life contrived,
 The false compacts and trains unfold aright —
 Then she, those treasons, from their spring derived,
 Repeats, and brings their hid deceits to light —
 Eight knights (she says), all courtiers brave, there are,
 But Ormond strong the rest surpasseth far,

LXXXVII.

These whether hate or hope of gain them move,
 Conspired have and fram'd their treason so,
 That day when Emuren by fight shall prove
 To win lost Asia from his Christian foe
 These, with the cross scar'd on their arms above
 And arm'd like Frenchmen will disguised go
 Like Godfrey's guard that gold and white do wear,
 Such shall their habit be and such their gear

LXXXVIII

Yet each will bear a token in his crest,
 That so their friends for Pagans may them know;
 But in close fight when all the soldiers best
 Shall mingled be, to give the fatal blow
 They will creep near and pierce Godfredo's breast,
 While of his faithful guard they bear false show,
 And all their swords are dipt in poison strong
 Because each wound shall bring sad death ere long:

LXXXIX

And for their chieftain wist I knew your guise,
 What garments, ensigus, and what arms you carry
 Those feign'd arms lie forc'd me to devise
 So that from yours but small or nought they vary:
 But these unjust command my thoughts despise
 Within their camp therefore I list not tarry
 My heart abhors I should this hand defile
 With spot of treason or with act of guile.

XC.

This is the cause, but not the cause alone.—
 And there she ceas'd and blush'd, and on the main
 Cast down her eyes these last words scint out-gone,
 She would have stopt, nor durst pronounce them plain.
 The squire what else conceal'd would know as one
 That from her breast her secret thoughts could strain.—
 Of little faith (quoth he) why wouldst thou hide
 These causes true from me thy squire and guide?—

XCI

With that she fetch'd a sigh, sad, sore, and deep,
 And from her lips her words slow, trembling came —
 Fruitless (she said), untimely, hard to keep,
 Vain modesty farewell, and farewell shame
 Why hope you, restless love, to bring on sleep?
 Why strive your fires to quench sweet Cupid's flame?
 No, no, such cares and such respects besecm
 Great ladies, wand'ring maids them nought esteem

XCII

That night, fatal to me and Antioch town,
 Then made a prey to her commanding foe,
 My loss was greater than was seen or known,
 There ended not, but thence began my woe
 Light was the loss of friends, of realm or crown,
 But with my state I lost myself also,
 Ne'er to be found again, for then I lost
 My wit, my sense, my heart, my soul almost

XCIII

Through fire and sword, through blood and death, Vafrine,
 (Which all my friends did burn, did kill, did chase,)
 Thou know'st I run to thy dear lord and mine,
 When first he enter'd had my father's place,
 And kneeling with salt tears in my swollen eyne
 Great prince (quoth I) grant mercy, pity, grace,
 Save not my kingdom, not my life, I said,
 But save mine honour, let me die a maid —

XCIV

He lift me by the trembling hand from ground,
 Nor stay'd he till my humble speech was done,
 But said—A friend and keeper hast thou found,
 Fair virgin, nor to me in vain you run
 A sweetness strange from that sweet voice's sound
 Pierced my heart, my breast's weak fortress won,
 Which creeping through my bosom soft, became
 A wound, a sickness, and a quenchless flame

XCIX

But when hot love, which fear had late suppress'd,
 Reviv'd again, there nould I longer sit,
 But rode the way I came, nor ere took rest
 Till on like danger, like mishap I hit
 A troop, to forage and to spoil address'd,
 Encounter'd me, nor could I fly from it
 Thus was I ta'en, and those that had me caught
 Egyptians were, and me to Gaza brought,

C

And for a present to their captain gave,
 Whom I entreated and besought so well,
 That he mine honour had great care to save,
 And since with fair Arunda let me dwell
 Thus taken oft, escaped oft I have,
 Ah! see what haps I pass'd, what dangers fell'
 So often captive, free so oft again,
 Still my first bands I keep, still my first chain,

CI

And he that did this chain so surely bind
 About my heart, which none can loose but he,
 Let him not say, Go, wand'ring dam-el! find
 Some other home, thou shalt not bide with me,
 But let him welcome me with speeches kind,
 And in my wonted prison set me free —
 Thus spake the princess, thus she and her guide
 Talk'd day and night, and on their journey ride

CII

Through the highways Vafirno would not pass,
 A path more secret, safe, and short he knew,
 And now close by the city's wall he was
 When sun was set, night in the east up-flew,
 With drops of blood besmear'd he found the grass,
 And saw where lay a warrior murder'd new,
 That all be-bled the ground, his face to skies
 He turns, and seems to threat though dead he lies

CIII.

His harness and his habit both betray'd
 He was a Pagan forward went the squir
 And saw whereas another champion laid
 Dead on the land, all soil'd with blood and mire :
 This was some Christian knight, Vafino said
 And marking well his arms and rich attire
 He loos'd his helm and saw his visage plain,
 And cry'd—Alas ! here lies Tancredus slain !—

CIV.

The woeful virgin tarried and gave heed
 To the fierce looks of that proud Saracine
 Till that high cry full of sad fear and dread
 Pierc'd through her heart with sorrow grief and pain
 At Tancred's name thither she ran with speed
 Like one half mad or drunk with too much wine ;
 And when she saw his face, pale like a dead
 She lighted nigh she ! blind from her sted :

CV.

Her springs of tears she loo-eth forth and cries—
 Hither why bringst thou me ah fortune blind !
 Where dead for whom I li'd, my comfort lies,
 Where war for peace travail for rest I find :
 Tancred I have thee see thee yet thine eyes
 Look not upon thy love and hand in hand
 Undo their doors, their lids fast closed sever ;
 Alas ! I find thee for to lose thee over

CVI.

I never thought that to mine eyes (my dear)
 Thou couldst have grievous or unpleasant been,
 But now would blind or rather dead I were,
 That thy sad plight might be n known, unseen :
 Alas ! where is thy wirth and smiling cheer ?
 Where are thine eyes' clear beams and sparkles shoen ?
 Of thy fair cheek where is the purple red,
 And forehead's w/it nass ? are all gone, all dead ?

CVII.

Tho' gone, tho' dead, I love thee still, behold
 Death wounds but kills not love, yet if thou live,
 Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold
 Ah pardon, love's desires and stealth forgive,
 Grant me from his pale mouth some kisses cold,
 Since death doth love of just reward deprive,
 And of thy spoils, sad death, afford me this,
 Let me his mouth, pale, cold, and bloodless, kiss

CVIII

O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet
 Thou didst relieve my grief, my woe, and pain,
 Ere my weak soul from this frail body fleet,
 Ah comfort me with one dear kiss or twain,
 Perchance, if we alive had hap'd to meet,
 They had been giv'n which now are stol'n O vain,
 O feeble life, betwixt his lips out fly!
 O let me kiss thee first, then let me die!

CIX.

Receive my yielded spirit, and with thine
 Guide it to heav'n, where all true love hath place —
 This said, she sigh'd and tore her tresses fine,
 And from her eyes two streams pour'd on his face
 The man, revived with those show'rs divine,
 Awak'd, and opened his lips a space,
 His lips were open, but fast shut his eyes,
 And with her sighs one sigh from him up-flies,

CX

The dame perceiv'd that Tancred breath'd and sight,
 Which calm'd her griefs some deal and eas'd her fears
 Unclose thine eyes (she says), my lord and knight,
 See my last services, my plants, and tears,
 See her that dies to see thy woeful plight,
 That of thy pain her part and portion bears,
 Once look on me, small is the gift I crave,
 'The last which thou canst give, or I can have —

CII.

Tactful look'd up, and he'd his eyes again
 His y and dia, and he review'd her woe
 Quoth Valrine—Cure him first and then ourselves,
 Med'cine is life's chief friend, patient her worst foe—
 Thy pluck'd his armour off and she each y and
 Each yant, and anew felt and fill'd so
 And search'd so well each thrust, each cut, and wound
 That he so of life her to o and shall now find L

CIII.

From weariness and loss of blood she spy'd
 His greatest pains and anguish most perceiv'd
 Nought but her veil and those deserts wide
 She had to bind his wound in so great need;
 But to e round other hands (tho' h strange) provide
 And just wept for y y to see that deed
 For with her amber locks cut off each wound
 She tied; (O happy man so cur'd, so fill'd)

CIV.

For why? her veil was short and thin thro' deep
 And cruel hurts to fasten roll and bind;
 Nor ad e nor simple had she; yet to keep
 Her knight all e strong; charms of wondrous kind
 She add, and from him drove that deadly sleep
 That now his eyes be lifted turn'd, and twin'd
 And saw his squire and saw that courteous dame
 In habits strange and wonder'd whence she came

CV.

He said—O Valrine tell me whence com'st thou,
 And who this gentle surgeon is thy foe—
 She smil'd, she sigh'd she look'd she wist not how
 She wept, rejoic'd, she blush'd as red as rose:—
 You shall know all (she says); your surgeon now
 Commands your silence rest and salt repose
 You shall be sound prepare my guerdon meet.—
 His head then laid she in her bosom sweet.

CXV

Vafrine devis'd this while how he might bear
 His master home ere night obscur'd the land,
 When, lo! a troop of soldiers did appear,
 Whom he descry'd to be Tancredie's band
 With him, when he and Argant met, they were,
 But when they went to combat hand for hand,
 He bade them stay behind, and they obey'd,
 But came to seek him now, so long he stay'd

CXVI

Besides them, many follow'd that inquest,
 But these alone found out the rightest way.
 Upon their friendly arms the men address
 A seat, whereon he sat, he lean'd, he lay
 Quoth Tancred—Shall the strong Cuçassian rest
 In this broad field, for wolves and crows a prey?
 Ah! no, defraud not you that champion brave
 Of his just praise, of his due tomb and grave

CXVII

With his dead bones no longer will I have,
 Boldly he died, and nobly was he slain,
 Then let us not that honour him deny,
 Which after death alonely doth remain —
 The Pagan dead they lifted up on high,
 And after Tancred bore him through the plain.
 Close by the virgin chaste did Vafrine ride,
 As he that was her squire, her guard, her guide —

CXVIII

Not home (quoth Tancred) to my wonted tent,
 But bear me to this royal town, I pray,
 That if, cut short by human accident,
 I die, there I may see my latest day,
 The place where Christ upon his cross was rent,
 To heav'n perchance may easier make the way,
 And ere I yield to death's and fortune's rage,
 Perform'd shall be my vow and pilgrimage —

CXL

Thus to the city was Tancred's borne
 And fell on sleep, laid on a bed of down.
 Valrico, where the damsel might sojourn
 A chamber got close secret near his own.
 That done he came the mighty Duke before
 And entrance found for till his news were known
 Nought was concluded amongst these knights and lords,
 Their counsel hung on his request and words.

CXL

Where weak and weary wounded Raimond laid
 Godfrey was set upon his couch's side
 And round about the man a ring was made
 Of lords and knights that fill'd the chamber wide:
 There, while the square his late discovery said
 To break his talk none answer'd him reply'd:—
 My lord (he said) at your command I went
 And view'd their camp, each cabin booth and tent;

CXXI

But of that mighty host the number true
 Expect not that I can or should describe
 All cover'd with their armies might you view
 The fields, the plains, the dales and mountains high;
 I saw what way so'er they went and drew
 They spoil'd the land, drank floods and fountains dry
 For not whole Jordan could have giv'n them drink
 Nor all the grain in Syria bread I think;

CXXII

But yet amongst them many bands are found
 Both horse and foot of little force and might
 That keep no order know no trumpet's sound
 That draw no sword, but far off shoot and fight;
 But yet the Persian army doth abound
 With many a footman strong and hardy knight
 So doth the king's own troop, which all is framed
 Of soldiers old, the Immortal Squadron named;

CXXIII

Immortal called is that band of right,
 For of that number never wanteth one,
 But in his empty place some other knight
 Steps in, when any man is dead or gone
 This army's leader Emireno light,
 Like whom in wit and strength are few or none,
 Who hath in charge, in plain and pitched field,
 To fight with you, to make you fly or yield

CXXIV

And well I know their army and their host
 Within a day or two will here arrive
 But thee, Rinaldo, it behoveth most
 To keep thy noble head for which they strive,
 For all the chief in arms or courage boast
 They will the same to Queen Armida give,
 And for the same she gives herself in price,
 Such hire will many hands to work entice

CXXV

The chief of these that have thy murder sworn
 Is Altamore, the king of Sarmachand
 Adrastus then, whose realm lies near the morn,
 A hardy giant, bold, and strong of hand,
 This king upon an elephant is borne,
 For under him no horse can stir or stand
 The third is Tispherne, as brave a lord
 As ever put on helm or girt on sword —

CXXVI

This said, from young Rinaldo's angry eyes
 Flew sparks of wrath, flames in his visage shin'd,
 He long'd to be amid those enemies,
 Nor rest nor reason in his heart could find
 But to the Duke Vafrine his talk applies —
 The greatest news, my lord, are yet behind,
 For all their thoughts, their crafts, and counsels tend,
 By treason false to bring thy life to end —

CXXVII.

Then all from point to point to point he gan expose
 The false compact how it was made and wrought
 The arms and ensignes fringed yowen close
 Ormond's name, what praise what thank he sought,
 And what reward and satisfy'd all those
 That would demand inquire or ask of sooth.
 Silence was made awhile when Godfrey thus :—
 It imports me what ere we'll giv'at thou us?—

CXXVIII.

Not, as we purpos'd late next morn (quoth he)
 Let us not scale but round besiege this tow'r
 That those within may have no issue free
 To sally out and hurt us with their pow'r
 Our camp well rested and refreshed we
 Provided well gainst this last storm and show'r
 And then in pitched field fight if you will ;
 If not, delay and keep this fortress still :

CXXIX.

But lest you be endanger'd hurt, or slain,
 Of all your cares take care yourself to save
 By you this camp doth live doth win, doth reign
 Who else can rule or guide these squadrons brave?
 And for the traitors shall be noted plain
 Command your guard to change the arms they have ;
 So shall their guile be known in their own net
 So shall they fall, caught in the snare they set.—

CXXX.

As it hath ever (thus the Duke begun),
 Thy counsel shows thy wisdom and thy love
 And what you left in doubt shall thus be done
 We will their force in pitched battle prove
 Clos'd in this wall and trench the fight to shun,
 Doth ill this camp beseein and worse behove ;
 But we their strength and manhood will assay
 And try, in open field and open day :

CXXXI.

The fame of our great conquests to sustain,
Or bide our looks and threats, they are not able,
And when this army is subdued and slain,
Then is our empire settled, firm and stable,
The tow'rs shall yield, or but resist in vain,
For fear her anchor is, despair her cable —
Thus he concludes, and rolling down the west
Fast set the stars, and call'd them all to rest

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT

The pagan host arrives, and cruel fight
 At sea with the Christians and their faithful pow'r 31
 The Soldan longs in field to prove his might
 With the old king quits the besieged tow'r
 Yet both are slain, and in eternal night
 A famous hand gives each his fatal hour
 Rinaldo appear'd Armida. First the field 121
 The Christians win, then praise to God they yield.

L

THE sun call'd up the world from idle sleep,
 And of the day ten hours were gone and past,
 When the bold troop that had the tower to keep
 Espy'd a sudden mist, that overcast
 The earth with mirk'rous clouds and darkness deep,
 And saw it was th' Egyptian camp at last
 Which rais'd the dust for hills and valleys broad
 That host did overspread and overload.

II.

THE with a merry shout and joyful cry
 The pagans rear'd from their besieged hold,
 The cranes from Thrace with such a rumour fly
 His hoary frost and snow when Hyacinth old
 Pours down, and first to warmer regions high,
 From the sharp winds, fierce storms, and tempests cold;
 And quick and ready this new hope and aid,
 Their hands to shoot, their tongues to threaten mad

III

From whence their ire, their wrath, and hardy threat
 Proceeds, the French well knew and plain espy'd,
 For from the walls and ports the army great
 They saw, her strength, her number, pomp, and pride,
 Swelled their breasts with valour's noble heat,
 Battle and fight they wish'd, Arm! arm! they cry'd
 The youth to give the sign of fight all pray'd
 Their duke, and were displeas'd because delay'd

IV

Till morning next, for he refus'd to fight
 Their haste and heat he bridled, but not brake,
 Nor yet, with sudden fray or skirmish light,
 Of these new foes would he vain trial make —
 After so many wars (he says), good right
 It is that one day's rest at least you take —
 For thus in his vain foes he cherish would
 The hope which in their strength they have and hold

V.

To see Aurora's gentle beam appear,
 The soldiers armed, prest, and ready lay,
 The skies were never half so fair and clear
 As in the breaking of that blessed day,
 The merry morning smil'd, and seem'd to wear,
 Upon her silver crown, sun's golden ray,
 And, without cloud, heav'n his redoubled light
 Bent down to see this field, this fray, this fight

VI.

When first he saw the day break, show, and shine,
 Godfrey his host in good array brought out,
 And to besiege the tyrant Aladine,
 Raimond he left, and all the faithful rout
 That from the towns was come of Palestine
 To serve and succour their deliv'rer stout,
 And with them left a hardy troop beside
 Of Gascoignes strong, in arms well prov'd, oft try'd

VII.

Such was Goffredo's countenance such his cheer
 That from his eye sure conquest flames and streams
 Heaven's gracious favours in his looks appear
 And great and goodly more than erst he seems
 His face and forehead full of noblesse were,
 And on his cheek smil'd youth's purple beams;
 And in his gait his grace his acts his eyes,
 Somewhat far more than mortal lives and lies.

VIII.

He had not marched far ere he espied
 Of his proud foes the mighty host draw nigh
 A hill at first he took and fortified
 At his left hand, which stood his army by
 Broad in the front, behind more strait up tied
 His army ready stood the fight to try
 And to the middle-ward well arm'd he brings
 His footmen strong his horsemen serv'd for wings.

IX.

To the left wing, spread underneath the bent
 Of the steep hill that sav'd their flank and side
 The Roberts twain two leaders good he sent
 His brother had the middle-ward to guide
 To the right wing himself in person went
 Down where the plain was dang'rous broad and wide,
 And where his foes with their great numbers would
 Perch'nc environ round his squadrons bold.

X.

There all his Lorrainers and men of might,
 All his best arm'd he plac'd and chosen had
 And with those horse some footmen arm'd light,
 That archers were (us'd to that service) staid
 The advent'ers then in battle and in fight
 Well try'd a squadron famous through all lands,
 On the right hand he set, somewhat aside,
 Rinaklo was their leader lord, and guide.

XI

To whom the duke In thee our hope is laid
 Of victory, thou must the conquest gain,
 Behind this mighty wing so far display'd,
 Thou with thy noble squadron close remain,
 And when the pagans would our backs invade,
 Assail them then, and make their onset vain,
 For, if I guess aright, they have in mind
 To compass us, and charge our troops behind —

XII

'Then through his host, that took so large a scope,
 He rode and view'd them all, both horse and foot,
 His face was bare, his helm unclos'd and ope,
 Lighten'd his eyes, his looks bright fire shot out,
 He cheers the fearful, comforts them that hope,
 And to the bold recounts his boasting stout,
 And to the valiant his adventures hard,
 These bids he look for praise, those for reward

XIII

At last he stay'd, whereof his squadrons bold
 And noblest troops assembled was best part,
 There from a rising bank his will he told,
 And all that heard his speech thereat took heart,
 And as the molten snow from mountains cold
 Runs down in streams, with eloquence and art,
 So from his lips his words and speeches fell,
 Shrill, speedy, pleasant, sweet, and placed well —

XIV

My hardy host, you conquerors of the east,
 You scourge wherewith Christ whips his heathen fone,
 Of victory behold the latest feast,
 See the last day for which you wish'd alone,
 Not without cause the Saracens, most and least,
 Our gracious Lord hath gather'd here in one,
 For all your foes and His assembled are,
 That one day's fight may end seven years of war

XV

This fight shall bring us many victories ;
 The danger none ; the labour will be small ;
 Let not the number of your enemies
 Dismay your hearts, grant fear no place at all ;
 For strife and discord through their army flies,
 Their bands ill rank'd themselves entangle shall
 And few of them to strike or fight shall come
 For some want strength some heart some elbow room :

XVI.

This host, with whom you must encounter now,
 Are men half-naked, without strength or skill ;
 From idleness or following the plough
 Late pressed forth to war against their will
 Their swords are blunt shields thin soon pierc'd thro'
 Their banners shake their bearers shrink ; for ill
 Their leaders heard, obey'd or follow'd be ;
 Their loss, their flight, their death I well foresee :

XVII.

Their captain, clad in purple arm'd in gold
 That seems so fierce so hardy stout, and strong
 The Moors or weak Arabians vanquish could
 Yet can he not resist your valours long
 What can he do, tho' wise tho' sage, tho' bold,
 In that confusion, trouble, thrust, and throng ?
 Ill known is he, and worse he knows his host ;
 Strange lords ill fear'd are, ill obey'd of most :

XVIII

But I am captain of this chosen crew
 With whom I oft have conquer'd, triumph'd oft ;
 Your lands and lineages long since I know,
 Each knight obeys my rule mild easy soft ;
 I know each sword each dart, each shaft I view
 Although the quarry fly in skies aloft ;
 Whether the name of Ireland be or Franco,
 And from what bow it comes what hand perchance :

XIX.

I ask an easy and an usual thing,
 As you have oft, this day so win the field,
 Let zeal and honour be your virtue's sting;
 Your lives, my fame, Christ's faith, defend and shield,
 To earth these pagans slain and wounded bring,
 Tread on their necks, make them all die or yield.
 What need I more exhort you? from your eyes
 I see how victory, how conquest flies?—

XX.

Upon the captain, when his speech was done,
 It seem'd a lamp and golden light down came,
 As from night's azure mantle oft doth run,
 Or fall, a sliding star or shining flame,
 But from the bosom of the burning sun
 Proceeded this, and garland-wise the same
 Godfredo's noble head encompass'd round,
 And (as some thought) foreshew'd he should be crown'd

XXI.

Perchance (if man's proud thought or saucy tongue
 Have leave to judge or guess at heav'nly things)
 This was the angel which had kept him long,
 That now came down and hid him with his wings
 While thus the duke bespeaks his armies strong,
 And every troop and band in order brings,
 Lord Emiren his host disposed well,
 And with bold words whet on their courage fell

XXII.

The man brought forth his army great with speed,
 In order good his foes at hand he spy'd,
 Like the new moon his host two horns did spread,
 In midst the foot, the horse were on each side,
 The right wing kept he for himself to lead,
 Great Altamore receiv'd the left to guide,
 The middle-ward led Muleasses proud,
 And in that battaile fair Armida stood

XXIII

On the right quarter stood the Indian grim,
 With Tisiphone and all the king's own band,
 But where the left wing spread her squadrons trim,
 O'er the large plain did Alcamero stand
 With African and Persian kings with him,
 And two that came from Meroc's hot sand,
 And all his cross-bows and his slings he plac'd
 Where room best serv'd to shoot, to throw, to cast.

XXIV

Thus Embren his host put in array
 And rode from band to band, from rank to rank
 His *truchmen* now and now himself doth say,
 What spoil his folk shall gain what praise, what thank.
 To him that fear'd—Look up, ours is the day
 (He says) vile fear to bold hearts never sank
 How dareth one against an hundred fight?
 Our cry our shades will put them all to flight.—

XXV

But to the bold—Go, hardy knight (he says)
 His prey out of this lion's paws go tear—
 To some before his thoughts the shape he lays,
 And makes therein the image true appear
 How his sad country him entreats and prays,
 His house, his loving wife, and children dear
 Suppose (quoth he) thy country doth beseech
 And pray thee thus suppose this is her speech

XXVI.

Defend my laws, uphold my temples brave,
 My blood from washing of my streets withhold;
 From ravishing my virgins keep and save
 Thine an' *val* *er*'s dead bones and ashes cold
 To thee thy fathers' dear and parents' grave
 Show their uncover'd heads, white, hoary old
 To thee thy wife, her breasts with tears o'er *er* *er* *er*
 Thy sons their cradles show thy marriage bed.—

XXVII

To all the rest—You, for her honour's sake,
 Whom Asia makes her champions, by your might
 Upon these thieves, weak, feeble, few, must take
 A sharp revenge, yet just, deserv'd, and right —
 Thus many words in several tongues he spake,
 And all his sundry nations to sharp fight
 Encouraged But now the dukes had done
 Their speeches all, the hosts together run

XXVIII

It was a great, a strange, and wond'rous sight,
 When front to front those noble armies met,
 How every troop, how in each troop each knight
 Stood prest to move, to fight, and praise to get
 Loose in the wind waved their ensigns light,
 Trembled the plumes that on their crests were set,
 Their arms, impresses, colours, gold, and stone,
 'Gainst the sun-beams smil'd, flamed, sparkled, shone

XXIX.

Of dry-top'd oaks they seem'd two forests thick,
 So did each host with spears and pikes abound
 Bent were their bows, in rests their lances stick,
 Their hands shook swords, their slings held cobbles round
 Each steed to run was ready, prest, and quick
 At his commander's spur, his hand, his sound,
 He chafes, he stamps, careers, and turns about,
 He foams, snorts, neighs, and fire and smoke breathes out

XXX

Horror itself in that fair sight seem'd fair,
 And pleasure flew amid sad dread and fear,
 The trumpets shrill that thunder'd in the air
 Were music mild and sweet to every ear,
 The faithful camp, though less, yet seem'd more rare
 In that strange noise, more warlike, shrill, and clear,
 In notes more sweet, the pagan trumpets jar
 These sung, their armours shin'd, those glister'd far

X

The Christian trumpets give the deadly call
 The pagans answer and the fight accept.
 The gally trenchmen on their knees down fall
 To pray and kiss the earth and then up-leapt
 To fight: the land between was vanish'd all
 In combat close each host to other stepp'd
 For now the wings had finish'd hot begun
 And with their battles forth the f' women run.

XXXII

But who was first of all the Christian train
 That gave the onset first first man renown?
 Gildippes, thou wert she; for by thee slun,
 The king of Orms, Hircano tumbled down;
 The man's breast-bone thou clost and rent in twain,
 So heav'n with honour would thee bless and crown
 Pierc'd through he fell and falling beard withall
 His foe prais'd for her strength, and for his fall.

XXXIII.

Her lance thus broke the harly dame forth drew
 With her strong hand a fine and trenchant blade;
 And gainst the Persians fierce and bold she flew
 And in their troop wide streets and lanes she made:
 Even in the girdling steed divided now
 In pieces twain, Zopire on earth she laid;
 And then Alarco's head she swept off clean
 Which like a foot-ball tumbled on the green.

XXXIV

A blow fell d Artaxerxes with a thrust
 Was Argeus slain: the first lay in a trance.
 Israel's left hand cut off fell in the dust,
 For on his wrist her sword fell down by chance:
 The hand let go the bridle where it lust;
 The blow upon the courser's ears did glance
 Who felt the reins at large, and with the stroke
 Half-gad, the ranks disorder'd, troubled broke.

XXXV

All these, and many more, by time forgot,
 She slew and wounded, when against her came
 The angry Persians all, cast on a knot,
 For on her person would they purchase fame,
 But her dear spouse and husband wanted not,
 In so great need, to aid the noble dame
 Thus join'd, the haps of war unhurt they prove,
 Their strength was double, double was their love

XXXVI

The noble lovers use, well might you see,
 A wond'rous guise, till then unseen, unheard,
 To save themselves forgot both he and she,
 Each other's life did keep, defend, and guard,
 The strokes that 'gainst her lord discharged be,
 The dame had care to bear, to break, to ward,
 His shield kept off the blows bent on his dear,
 Which, if need be, his naked head should bear

XXXVII

So each sav'd other, each for other's wrong
 Would vengeance take, but not revenge their own
 The valiant Soldan, Artabano strong,
 Of Boecan isle, by her was overthrown,
 And by his hand (the bodies dead among)
 Alvante, that durst his mistress wound, fell down,
 And she between the eyes hit Arimonte,
 (Who hurt her lord) and cleft in twain his front

XXXVIII

But Altamore, who had that wing to lead,
 Far greater slaughter on the Christians made,
 For where he turn'd his sword or twin'd his steed,
 He slew, or man and beast on earth down laid,
 Happy was he that was at first struck dead,
 That fell not down alive, for whom his blade
 Had spar'd, the same cast in the dusty street
 His horse tore with his teeth, bruised with his feet

XIX

By this brave hero's slaughter slain
 Were strong Brunello and Arduo great;
 The first his head and helm had cleft in twain;
 The last in strain 'er was he did retreat,
 For through his heart he pierc'd and thro' his ribs
 Where laughter had his fountain and his seat,
 So that (a dreadful thing believ'd worth!)
 He laugh'd for pain, and laugh'd himself to weath.

XX

Nor these alone with that sword keuse
 Of this sweet light and breath depriv'd be
 But with that cruel weapon lost their life
 Great ones, Countess Ilwina and Cucco.
 Who knows how many in that fatal strife
 He slew? What knights his courser ferre made die?
 The names and countries of the people slain
 Who tells? Their wounds and death who can explain?

XXI

With this fierce king encounter durst not one
 Not one durst combat him in equal field;
 Gilleppes undertook that task alone;
 No doubt could make her shrink no danger yield;
 By Thermonto was never Armour,
 That in gold steeld ax or carried shield
 That seem'd so hard as she so strong so light
 When forth she run to meet that dreadful knight.

XXII

She hit him where with gold and rich ornaments
 His diadem dail on his helmet flame
 She broke and cleft the crown and caus'd him fall
 His proud and lofty top his crest down came;
 Strong seem'd her arm that could so well assail;
 The Pagan shook for spite and blush'd for shame;
 Forward he rush'd and would at once requite
 Shew me with disgrace and with revenge, despite.

XVIII

Right on the front he gave that lady kind
 A blow, so huge, so strong, so great, so sore,
 That out of sense and feeling down she twin'd,
 But her dear knight his love from ground upbore
 Were it their fortune, or his noble mind,
 He staid his hand, and struck the dame no more
 A lion so stalks by, and with proud eyes
 Beholds, but scorns to hurt, a man that lies

XIV

This while Ormondo false, whose cruel hand
 Was arm'd and prest to give the trait'rous blow,
 With all his fellows 'mongst Godfredo's band
 Enter'd unseen, disguis'd that few them know
 The thievish wolves, when night o'ershades the land,
 That seem like faithful dogs in shape and show,
 So to the closed folds in secret creep,
 And entrance seek, to kill some harmless sheep

XLV

He 'proached nigh, and to Godfredo's side
 The bloody Pagan now was placed near,
 But when his colours gold and white he spy'd,
 And saw the other signs that forged were—
 See! see! this traitor false (the captain cry'd),
 That like a Frenchman would in show appear,
 Behold how near his mates and he are crept —
 'This said, upon the villain forth he leap'd

XLVI

Deadly he wounded him, and that false knight
 Nor strikes, nor wards, nor striveth to be gone,
 But (as Medusa's head were in his sight)
 Stood like a man new turn'd to marble stone
 All lances broke, unsheath'd all weapons bright,
 All quivers emptied were, on them alone,
 In parts so many were the traitors cleft,
 That those dead men had no dead bodies left.

XLVII.

When Godfrey was with Pagan blood bespurr'd
 He enter'd then the field and that was just
 Where the bold Christian fought and combatant
 Where the close ranks he open'd cleft and burst;
 Before the knight the troops and squires fled
 As Africa's dust before the southern blast
 The Duke recall'd them, in array them plac'd,
 Staid those that fled, and him assail'd that chas'd.

XLVIII.

The champions strong there fought a battle stout
 Troy never saw the like by Vanthus old.
 A conflict sharp there was meanwhile on foot
 'Twixt Baldwin good and Mulraam's bold.
 The bannermen also (near the mountain's root
 And in both wings) a furious skirmish held
 And where the hart runs Duke in person staid
 'Twixt Turphernes and Adrastus good.

XLIX.

With Emiren, Robert the Norman strove
 Long time they fought, yet neither lost nor won.
 The other Robert's helm the Indian clove
 And broke his arms, their fight would soon be done
 From place to place did Turphernes rove
 And found no more to gale 't him none durst run
 But where the passage was thickest thither drew
 The knight, and at each stroke fell'd hart or shew

L.

Thus fought they long yet neither shrink nor yield
 In equal toil nor hung their hope and fear;
 All full of broken lances lay the field
 All full of arms that clo'n and shatter'd were;
 Of swords, some to the body nail the shield
 Some cut men's throats and some their bellies tear
 Of bodies, some upright, some grovelling lay
 And for themselves cut graves out of the clay

LI

Beside his lord slain lay the noble steed ,
 'There friend with friend lay kill'd, like lovers true ,
 There foe with foe, the live under the dead,
 The victor under him whom late he slew
 A hoarse unperfect sound did each where spread,
 Whence neither silence, nor plain outcries flew ,
 There fury roars, ire threats, and woe complains,
 One weeps, another cries, he sighs for pains

LII

The arms that late so fair and glorious seem,
 Now soil'd and slubber'd, sad and sullen grow ,
 The steel his brightness lost, the gold his beam,
 The colours had no pride nor beauty's show ,
 The plumes and feathers on their crests that stream,
 Are strewed wide upon the earth below
 The hosts both clad in blood, in dust and mire,
 Had chang'd their cheer, their pride, their rich attire

LIII.

But now the Moors, Arabians, Æthiops black,
 (Of the left wing that held the utmost marge)
 Spread forth their troops, and purpos'd at the back
 And side their heedless foes t' assail and charge
 Slingers and archers were not slow nor slack
 To shoot and cast, when with his battle large
 Rinaldo came, whose fury, haste, and ire
 Seem'd earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire.

LIV.

The first he met was Asimire, his throne
 That set in Meroe's hot sun-burnt land ,
 He cut his neck in twain, flesh, skin and bone,
 The sable head down tumbled on the sand ,
 But when by death of this black Prince alone
 The taste of blood and conquest once he fand,
 Whole squadrons then, whole troops to earth he brought,
 Things wond'rous, strange, incredible, he wrought ,

LX

He ga o more deaths than strokes and yet his blows
 Upon his feeble foes fell swift and thick
 To move three tongues as a heron serpent shows,
 Which rolls the one she hails with, speedily quick
 So thins each I again each Arabian trows,
 He wields three swords all in one list that stuns;
 His re-frows their eyes as blinded hath
 Their dread that wonder bred, fear ga o it faith.

LXI

The Afric tyrants and the Ne-ro kings
 Fell down on heaps drown'd each in other's blood
 Upon their people ran the knife his bo brings
 Prick'd forward by their guide's example good
 Kill'd were the I agans broke their bows and slings;
 Some died some fell some yielded none withstood;
 A mo-wo was this, no fight, these put
 Their foes to death these hold their throats to cut.

LXII

Small while they stood with heart and hardy face
 On their bold breasts deep wounds and hurts to bear
 But fled away and troubled in the chase,
 Their ranks disorder'd be with too much fear:
 None to follow'd them from place to place
 Till quite discomfit and dispers'd they were;
 That done, he stays and all his knights recalls,
 And scorns to strike his foe that flies or falls.

LXIII

Like as the wind stopp'd by some wood or hill,
 Grows strong and fierce tears boughs and trees in twain;
 But with mild l'd it more temperate gentle, still
 Blows through the ample field, or spacious plain;
 Against the rocks as sea-waves murmur shrill,
 But silent pass amid the open main:
 Rinsle so, when none his force with tool
 Among'd his fury calm'd his angry mood

LIX

He scorn'd upon their fearful backs that fled
 To wreak his ire, and spend his force in vain,
 But 'gainst the footmen strong his troops he led,
 Whose side the Moors had open left and plain,
 The Africanes, that should have succoured
 That battaile, all were run away or slain,
 Upon their flank with force and courage stout
 His men at arms assaul'd the bands on foot

LX

He brake their pikes, and brake their close array,
 Enter'd their battaile, fell'd them down around
 So wind or tempest with impetuous sway
 The ears of ripen'd corn strikes flat to ground
 With blood, arins, bodies dead, the harden'd clay
 Plaster'd the earth, no grass nor green was found,
 The horsemen running thro' and thro' their bands,
 Kill, murder, slay, few 'scape, not one withstands

LXI

Rinaldo came where his forlorn Armide
 Sat in her golden chariot mounted high,
 A noble guard she had on every side
 Of lords, of lovers, and much chivalry
 She knew the man when first his arms she spy'd,
 Love, hate, wrath, sweet desire, strove in her eye
 He chang'd some deal his look and count'nance bold,
 She chang'd from frost to fire, from heat to cold

LXII

The Prince past by the chariot of his dear,
 Like one that did his thoughts elsewhere bestov,
 Yet suffer'd not her knights and lovers near
 Their rival so to 'scape withouten blow
 One drew his sword, another couch'd his speau,
 Herself an arrow shap set in her bow,
 Disdain her ire new sharp'd and kindled hath,
 But love appeas'd her, love assuag'd her wrath

LXL.

Love bridled fury and reviv'd of now

His fire, not dead, though buried in displeasure;
Three times her angry hand the bow up drew

And thrice again let slack the string at leisure;
But wrath prevail'd at last, the reed out flew

For love finds mean, but hatred knows no measure;
Out flew the shaft, but with the shaft this charm,
This wish she sent—Heav'n grant it do no harm—

LXIV

She bids the reed return the way it went,

And pierce her heart which so unkind could prove
Such force had love, though lost and vainly spent;

What strength hath happy kind, and n^o d love!
But she that gentle thought did straight reject,

Wrath fury kindness, in her bosom strive
She would, she would not that it miss'd or hit,
Her eyes, her heart her wishes follow'd it.

LXV

But yet in vain the quarry lighted not

For on his hawk-bark hard the knight it lit,
Too hard for woman's shaft or woman's shot,

I steed of piercing there it broke and split.
He turn'd away also burnt with fury hot,

And thought he scorn'd her power and in that fit
Shot oft and oft, her shafts no entrance found
And while she shot, love gave her wound on wound.—

LXVI

And is he then unpiercible (quoth she)

That neither force nor foe he needs regard?
His limbs (perchance) arm'd with that hardness be

Which make his heart so cruel and so hard;
No shot that flies from eye or hand I see

Hurts him, such rigour doth his person guard
Arm'd or disarm'd his foe or mistress kind

Despisd alike, like hate, like scorn I find.

LXVII

But what new form is left, device, or art,
 By which, to which exchang'd, I might find grace?
 For in my knights and all that take my part
 I see no help, no hope, no trust I place
 To his great prowess, might, and valiant heart,
 All strength is weak, all courage vile and base —
 Thus said she, for she saw how, through the field,
 Her champions fly, faint, tremble, fall and yield

LXVIII

Nor left alone can she her person save,
 But to be slain or taken stands in fear,
 Though with her bow a javelin long she have,
 Yet weak was Phœbe's bow, blunt Pallas' spear,
 But as the swan, that sees the eagle brave
 Threat'ning her flesh and silver plumes to tear,
 Falls down to hide her 'mongst the shady brooks,
 Such were her fearful motions, such her looks

LXIX.

But Altamore, this while that strove and sought
 From shameful flight his Persian host to stay,
 That was discomfit and destroy'd to nought,
 Whilst he alone maintain'd the fight and fray,
 Seeing distress'd the goddess of his thought,
 To aid her ran, nay flew, and laid away
 All care both of his honour and his host,
 If she were safe, let all the world be lost

LXX

To the ill-guarded chariot swift he flew,
 His weapon made him way with bloody war.
 Meanwhile Lord Godfrey and Rinaldo slew
 His feeble bands, his people murder'd are
 He saw their loss, but aided not his crew,
 A better lover than a leader far
 He set Armida safe, then turn'd again
 With tardy succour, for his folk were slain

LXXX.

And on that side the woe'ful Prince beheld
 The battle lost, no help nor hope remain'd.
 But on the other wing the Christians yield
 And fly such vantage thro' the Egyptians gain'd:
 One of the Roberts was nigh slain in field;
 The other by the Indian strong constrain'd
 To yield himself his captive and his slave,
 Thus equal loss and equal foil they have.

LXXXI.

Godfredo took the time and fit
 To bring again his squadrons in array
 And either camp well order'd, rang'd and knit,
 Renew'd the furious battl', fight and fray
 New streams of blood were shed, new swords them hit;
 New combats fought, new spoils were borne away;
 And unresolv'd and driv'n betwixt on each side,
 Did praise and conquest, Mars and Fortune ride.

LXXXII.

Between the armies twain while thus the fight
 Wax'd sharp, hot, cruel, though renew'd but late
 The Soldan climb'd up to the tower's height,
 And saw far off their strife and fell debate
 As from some stage or theatre the knight
 Saw play'd the tragedy of human state
 Saw death, blood, murder, woe and horror strange
 And the great acts of fortune, chance and change.

LXXXIII.

At first astonish'd and amaz'd he stood,
 Then burnt with wrath, and self-consuming fire
 Swelled his bosom like a raging flood;
 To be amid that battle, such desire,
 Such haste he had, he don'd his helmet good,
 His other arms he had before entiro—
 Up, up (he cried) no more, no more within
 This kilted stay come follow die or win.—

LXXV

Whether the same were Providence Divine
 That made him leave the fortress he possess'd,
 For that the empire proud of Palestine
 This day should fall, to rise again more bless'd,
 Or that he breaking felt the fatal line
 Of life, and would meet death with constant breast,
 Furious and fierce he did the gates unbar,
 And sudden rage brought forth, and sudden war,

LXXVI

Nor staid he till the folk on whom he cry'd
 Assemble might, but out alone he flies,
 A thousand foes the man alone defy'd,
 And ran among a thousand enemies,
 But with his fury call'd from every side
 The rest ran out, and Aladine forth hies,
 The cowards had no fear, the wise no care,
 This was not hope nor courage, but despair

LXXVII

The dreadful Turk with sudden blows down cast
 The first he met, nor gave them time to plain
 Or pray, in murd'ring them he made such haste,
 That dead they fell ere one could see them slain
 From mouth to mouth, from eye to eye, forth past -
 The fear and terror, that the faithful train
 Of Syrian folk, not us'd to dang'rous fight,
 Were broken, scatter'd, and nigh put to flight.

LXXVIII

But with less terror and disorder less,
 The Gascoignes kept array, and kept their ground,
 Though most the loss and peril them oppress,
 Unwares assail'd they were, unready found.
 No rav'ning tooth or talon hard I guess
 Of beast, or eager hawk, doth slay and wound
 So many sheep, or fowls weak, feeble, small,
 As his sharp sword kill'd knights and soldiers tall,

XXIX

It seem'd his thirst and hunger sauge he would
 With their slain bodies and their blood pour'd out,
 With him his troops and Abulinn old
 Slew the besiegers kill'd the Christian rout.
 But B toward ran to meet the Soldan bold,
 Nor to encounter him had fear or doubt,
 Though his right hand by proof too well he know,
 Which laid him late for dead at one huge blow:

XXX

They met, and B toward fell amid the field,
 This blow again upon his forehead light
 It was the fault and weakness of his child,
 Age is not fit to bear strokes of such might.
 Each one lift up his sword, advanc'd his shield
 Those would destroy and these defend the knight.
 On went the Soldan for the man he thought
 Was slain or eas'ly might be captive brought.

XXXI

Among the rest he ran, he rag'd he smote,
 And in small space, small time, great wonders wrought,
 And as his rage him led and fury hot
 To kill and murder matter new he sought.
 As from his supper poor with hungry throat,
 A peasant hastes to a rich feast ybrought,
 So from this skirmish to the battle great
 He ran, and quench'd with blood his fury's heat.

Where batter'd was the wall he sallied out,
 And to the field in haste and heat he goes,
 With him went rage and fury fear and doubt
 Remain'd behind among his scatter'd foes:
 To win the conquest strove his squadron stout,
 Which he imperfect left, yet loth to lose
 The day, the Christians fight, resist and die
 And ready were to yield, retire and fly

LXXXIII.

The Gascoigne bands retir'd, but kept array,
 The Syrian people ran away outright
 The fight was near the place where Tancred lay,
 His house was full of noise and great affright,
 He rose and looked forth to see the fray,
 Though every limb was weak, faint, void of might,
 He saw the County lie, his men o'erthrown,
 Some beaten back, some kill'd, some felled down.

LXXXIV.

Courage in noble hearts that ne'er is spent,
 Yet fainted not, though faint were every limb,
 But re-enforc'd each member cleft and rent,
 And want of blood and strength supplied in him
 In his left hand his heavy shield he hent,
 Nor seem'd the weight too great, his curl'dax trim
 His right hand drew, nor for more arms he stood
 Or staid, he needs no more whose heart is good,

LXXXV.

But coming forth, cried—Whither will you run,
 And leave your leader to his foes in prey?
 What! shall these heathen of his armour won,
 In their vile temples hang up trophies gay?
 Go home to Gascoigne then, and tell his son
 That where his father died you ran away.—
 This said, against a thousand armed foes
 He did his breast, weak, naked, sick, oppose,

LXXXVI.

And with his heavy, strong, and mighty targe
 (That with sev'n hard bulls' hides was surely lin'd,
 And strengthen'd with a cover thick and large
 Of stiff and well-attemper'd steel behind)
 He shielded Raumont from the furious charge,
 From swords, from darts, from weapons of each kind.
 And all his foes drove back with his sharp blade,
 That sure and safe he lay as in a shade

LXXXVII

Thus said, thus shielded Raimond gan revere
 He rose and rear'd himself in little space
 And in his bowen burnt the double fire
 Of vengeance, wrath his heart, shame fill'd his face
 He look'd around to spy (such was his ire)
 The man whose stroke had laid him in that place
 Whom when he sees not, fur disdain he takes,
 And on his people sharp revenge he takes.

LXXXVIII.

The Gascoignes turn again; their lord in haste
 To venge their loss his band re-order'd brings;
 The troop that durst so much now stood aghast,
 Fur where sad fear grew late now looks as springs
 Now follow'd they that fled—fled they that chas'd;
 So in one hour all with the state of things;
 Raimond requites his loss—he's hurt, and all
 And with an hundred drö! reveng'd one fall.

LXXXIX.

Whilst Raimond wreaked thus his just disdain
 On the proud heads of captains, lords, and peers,
 He spies great Sion's King amid the train
 And to him leaps, and high his sword he rears,
 And on his forehead strikes and strikes again,
 Till helm and head he breaks—he cleaves, he tears;
 Down fell the King—the guiltless land he hit,
 That now keeps him because he kept not it.

XC.

Their guides—one murder'd thus, the other gone
 The troops di'blod were in divers thought
 Despair made some run headlong gainst their sone,
 To seek sharp death that comes n' call'd unwought;
 And some (that laid their hope on flight alone)
 Fled to their fort again—yet chance so wrought,
 That with the fliers in the victors pass,
 And so the fortress won and conquer'd was.

XCI

The hold was won, slain were the men that fled,
 In courts, halls, chambers high, above, below.
 Old Raimond fast up to the leads him sped,
 And there, of victory true sign and show,
 His glorious standard to the wind he spread,
 That so both armies his success might know
 But Soliman saw not the town was lost,
 For far from thence he was, and near the host

XCII

Into the field he came the lukewarm blood
 Did smoke and flow through all the purple field ;
 There of sad death the court and palace stood,
 There did he triumphs lead and trophies bield
 An armed steed fast by the Soldan yood,
 That had no guide nor lord the reins to wield ,
 The tyrant took the bridle, and bestrode
 The courser's empty back, and forth he rode

XCIII

Great, yet but short and sudden, was the aid
 That to the Pagans, faint and weak, he brought ,
 A thunderbolt he was, you would have said ,
 Great, yet that comes and goes as swift as thought,
 And of his coming swift, and flight unstead,
 Eternal signs in hardest rocks hath wrought ,
 For by his hand an hundred knights were slain,
 But time forgot hath all their names but twain

XCIV

Gildippes fair, and Edward thy dear lord,
 Your noble death, sad end, and woeful fate,
 (If so much pow'r our vulgar tongue afford,)
 To all strange wits, strange ears, let me dilate,
 That ages all your love and sweet accord,
 Your virtue, prowess, worth, may imitate .
 And some kind servant of true love that hears,
 May grace your death, my verses, with some tears

XCY

The noble lady thither boldly flew
 Where the fierce Soldan fought, and him defy'd ;
 Two mighty blows she gave the Turk untrue,
 One cleft his shield, the other pierc'd his side.
 The Prince the damsel by her hand knew :—
 See see this murther'd strumpet ! see (he cry'd)
 This shameless whore ! for these fit weapons were
 Thy need and spindle not a sword and spear —

XCVI.

This said, full of disdain, rage and despite
 A strong, a fierce a deadly stroke he gave
 And pierc'd her armour pierc'd her bosom white,
 Worthy no blows but blows of love to have :
 Her dying hand let go the bridle quite
 She faints, she falls 'twixt life and death she strave
 Her lord to help her came but came too late,
 Yet was not that his fault, it was his fate.

XCVII.

What should he do ? to divers parts him call
 Just ire and pity kind ; one bids him go
 And mourn his dear lady like to fall ;
 The other calls for vengeance on his foe
 Love biddeth both love says he must do all
 And with his ire joins grief, with pity woe.
 What did he then ? with his left hand the knight
 Would hold her up, revenge her with his right

XCVIII

But to resist against a knight so bold,
 Too weak his will and power divid'd were ;
 So that he could not his fair love uphold
 Nor kill the cruel man that slew his dear
 His arms, that did his mistress kind enfold
 The Turk cut off. Pale grew his looks and cheer ;
 He let her fall, himself fell by her side ;
 And for he could not save her with her died.

XCIX

As the high elm, (whom his dear vine hath twin'd
 Fast in her hundred arms and holds embrac'd,)
 Bears down to earth his spouse and darling kind,
 If storm or cruel steel the tree down cast,
 And her full grapes to nought doth bruise and grind,
 Spoils his own leaves, fants, withers, dies at last,
 And seems to mourn and die, not for his own
 But for her death, with him that lies o'erthrown

C.

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame
 Whom life and death had made for ever his,
 They would have spoke, but not one word could frame,
 Deep sobs their speech, sweet sighs their language is,
 Each gaz'd on other's eyes, and, while the same
 Is lawful, join their hands, embrace, and kiss
 And thus sharp death their knot of life untied,
 Together fainted they, together died

CI

But now swift fame her nimble wings dispread,
 And told each where their chance, their fate, their fall,
 Rinaldo heard the case by one that fled
 From the fierce Turk, and brought him news of all
 Disdam, good-will, woe, wrath, the champion led
 To take revenge, shame, grief, for vengeance call
 But, as he went, Adrastus with his blade
 Forestall'd the way, and show of combat made

CII

The giant cry'd—By sundry signs I note,
 That whom I wish, I search, thou, thou art he,
 I mark'd each worthy's shield, his helm, his coat,
 And all this day have call'd and cry'd for thee,
 To my sweet saint I have thy head devote,
 Thou must my sacrifice, my offering be
 Come, let us here our strength and courage try,
 Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I —

CIII.

Thus he defy'd him : on his front before
 And on his throat he struck him, yet the blow
 His helmet neither bruised, cleft nor tore
 But in his scutts made him bend and bow
 Rinaldo hit him on the flank so sore
 That neither art nor herb could help him now :
 Down fell the giant strong ; one blow such power,
 Such prize he had : so falls a thunder'd tower

CIV.

With horror fear, amazement, and dread,
 Cold were the hearts of all that saw the fray ;
 And Soldiers (that view'd that noble deed)
 Trembled his paleness did his fear betray
 For in that stroke he did his end attain,
 He wist not what to bid to do, to say ;
 A thing in him unused rare and strange ;
 But so doth heav'n's men's hearts turn, alter change

CV.

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream
 In their unquiet sleep and slumber abort,
 And think they run some speedy course and soon
 To move their legs and feet in hasty sort
 Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream
 Of their vain thoughts, that bears them in this sport,
 And oft would speak, would cry would call or shout
 Yet neither sound nor voice, nor word send out ;

CVI.

So run to fight the angry Soldan would,
 And diden force his strength his might, his ire
 Yet felt not in himself his courage old
 His wonted force his rage and hot desire ;
 His eyes, that sparkled wrath and fury bold
 Grew dim and feeble, fear had quench'd that fire ;
 And in his heart an hundred times he fought,
 Yet not on fear or base retire he thought.

CVII

While unresolv'd he stood, the victor knight
 Arriv'd, and seem'd in quickness, haste, and speed,
 In boldness, greatness, goodliness, and might,
 Above all princes born of human seed
 The Turk small while resists, not death, nor fight,
 Made him forget his state or race, through dread,
 He fled no strokes, he fetch'd no groan nor sigh,
 Bold were his motions last, proud, stately, high

CVIII

Now when the Soldan (in those battles past,
 That Antæus-like, oft fell, oft rose again,
 Ever more fierce, more fell) fell down at last
 To lie for ever, when this Prince was slain,
 Fortune, that seld is stable, firm or fast,
 No longer durst resist the Christian train,
 But rang'd herself in row with Godfrey's knights,
 With them she serves, she runs, she rides, she fights

CIX

The Pagan troops, the King's own squadron, fled,
 Of all the East the strength, the pride, the flow'r,
 Late call'd Immortal, now discomfited,
 It lost that title proud, and lost all pow'r,
 To him that with the royal standard fled,
 Thus Emireno said, with speeches sour—
 Art not thou he to whom to bear I gave
 My King's great banner and his standard brave?

CX

This ensign, Ramedon, I gave not thee
 To be the witness of thy fear and flight,
 Coward! dost thou thy lord and captain see
 In battle strong, and run'st thyself from fight?
 What seek'st thou? safety? come, return with me,
 The way to death is path to virtue right
 Here let him fight that would escape, for thus
 The way to honour, way to safety is —

CXI.

The man return'd, and swell'd with scorn and shame;
 The Duke with speeches full of exhortations came;
 He threats, he strikes, he strives till both they cease
 And rage against force, despair against death appears.
 Thus of his broken armies gain he frame
 A battle new some hopes dwell in his breast;
 But Tullybarnes bold reviv'd his name,
 Who fought and seem'd to win when all was lost.

CXII.

Wonders that day wrought noble Tullybarnes,
 The hardy Normans all he overthrew;
 The Flemings fled before the champion stern
 Gernier Hogero, Gerard bold he slew;
 His glorious deeds to praise and fame return
 His life's short date prolong'd, enlarg'd and dress'd,
 And then as he that set sweet life at nought,
 The greatest peril, danger must be sought.

CXIII.

He spy'd Rimelto and although his field
 Of azure purple now and sanguine shew'd
 And though the silver bird amid his shield
 Were armed gules, yet he the champion know'd
 And says—Here greatest peril is, here as you hold
 Strength to my courage fortune to my blows,
 That fair Armida her revenge may see;
 Help, Marcon! for his arms I vow to thee.—

CXIV.

Thus prayed he, but all his vows were vain,
 Marcon was deaf or slept in heav'n above;
 And as a lion strikes him with his train
 His native wrath to quench and to move
 So he awak'd his fury and his love
 And sharp'd his courage on the whetstone loose;
 Himself he sav'd behind his mighty target
 And forward spurr'd his steed, and gave the charge.

CXV

The Christian saw the hardy warrior come,
 And leaped forth to undertake the fight,
 The people round about gave place and room,
 And wonder'd on that fierce and cruel sight
 Some prais'd their strength, their skill and courage some,
 Such and so desp'rate blows struck either knight,
 That all that saw forgot both ire and strife,
 Their wounds, their hurts, forgot both death and life

CXVI

One struck, the other did both strike and wound,
 His arms were surer, and his strength was more,
 From Tisipherne the blood stream'd down around,
 His shield was cleft, his helm was rent and tore
 The dame (that saw his blood besmear the ground,
 His armour broke, limbs weak, wounds deep and scree,
 And all her guard dead, fled, and overthrown)
 Thought now her field lay waste, her hedge lay down.

CXVII

Environ'd with so brave a troop but late,
 Now stood she in her chariot all alone,
 She feared bondage, and her life did hate,
 All hope of conquest and revenge was gone,
 Half-mad and half-amaz'd, from where she sat
 She leaped down, and fled from friends and foes
 On a swift horse she mounts, and forth she rides
 Alone, save for disdain and love her guides.

CXVIII

In days of old, Queen Cleopatra so
 Alone fled from the fight and cruel fray,
 Against Augustus great, his happy foe,
 Leaving her lord to loss and sure decay
 And as that lord for love let honour go,
 Follow'd her flying sails, and lost the day;
 So Tisipherne the fair and fearful dame
 Would follow, but his foe forbids the same

CXX.

But when the Pagan's joy and comfort fled
 It seem'd the sun was set, the day was night
 Gaiat the brave Prince with whom he combat
 He turn'd and on the forehead struck the knight
 When thimblers forged are in Typhon's bed,
 Not Bronto's hammer falls so swift so right
 The furious stroke fell on His Lord's crest,
 And made him bend his head down to his breast.

CXXI.

The champion in his stirrups high up-start,
 And cleft his haberk hard and under side
 And sheath'd his weapon in the Pagan's heart
 The castle where man's life and soul do bide;
 The cruel sword his breast and hinder part
 With double wound murther'd and oject'd while;
 And two large doors made for his life and breath,
 Which pass'd, and cur'd hot love with frozen death.

CXXII.

This done, Rivald staid and look'd around,
 Where he should harm his foes, or help his friends
 Nor of the Pagans saw he squadron sound,
 Each standard falls, ensign to earth descends;
 His fury quiet then and calm he found,
 There all his wrath his rage and rancour ends.
 He call'd to mind how far from help or aid
 Arukla fled, alone amaz'd afraid:

CXXIII.

Well saw he when she fled, and with that sight
 The Prince had pity, courtesy and care;
 He promis'd her to be her friend and knight,
 When erst he left her in the island bare:
 The way she fled he run and rode a-right
 Her palfrey's feet signs in the grass out wore:
 But she this while found out an ugly shade
 Fit place for death, where nought could life persure

CXVIII

Well pleased was she with those shadows brown,
 And yet displeas'd with luck, with life, with love,
 There from her steed she lighted, there laid down
 Her bow and shafts, her arms that helpless prove,—
 There lie with shame, (she says,) disgrac'd, o'erthrown,
 Blunt are the weapons, blunt the arms I move,
 Weak to revenge my harms, or harm my foe,
 My shafts are blunt, ah, love! would thine were so!

CXLIIV

Alas! among so many, could not one,
 Not one draw blood, one wound or rend his skin?
 All other breasts to you are marble stone,
 Dare you then pierce a woman's bosom thin?
 See, see my naked heart! on this alone
 Employ your force, this fort is eath to win,
 And love will shoot you from his mighty bow,
 Weak is the shot that dripile falls in snow

CXLV

I pardon will your fear and weakness past,
 Be strong, mine arrows, cruel, sharp 'gainst me
 Ah wretch! how is thy chance and fortune cast,
 If plac'd in these thy good and comfort be!
 But since all hope is vain, all help is waste,
 Since hurts ease hurts, wounds must cure wounds in thee,
 Then with thine arrow's stroke cure strokes of love,
 Death for thy heart must salve and surgeon prove

CXCVI

And happy me, if being dead and slain,
 I bear not with me this strange plague to hell
 Love, stay behind! come thou with me, disdain,
 And with my wronged soul for ever dwell,
 Or else with it turn to the world again,
 And vex that knight with dreams and visions fell,
 And tell him, when 'twixt life and death I strove,
 My last wish was revenge, last word was love—

CLXVII.

And with that word half-mad half dead, she sees
 An arrow poignant, strong, and sharp she took:
 When her dear knight found her in those extreme
 Now fit to die and pass the Stygian brook,
 Now prest to quench her own and beauty's brack
 Now death sat on her eyes death in her look;
 When to her back he steep'd and staid her arms,
 Stretch'd forth to do that service last, last harm.

CLXVIII.

She turns, and ere she knows, her lord she spies
 Whose coming was unwish'd, & thy'ght, unknown
 She shrieks and twines away her wretched eyes
 From his sweet face; she falls dead in a swoon
 Falls as a flower half cut that bending lies:
 He held her up, and lest she should down,
 Under her tender side his arm he plac'd,
 His hand her girdle loos'd, her gown unlac'd;

CLXIX.

And her fair face fair bosom he bedews
 With tears, tears of unwe of ruth of sorrow
 As the pale rose her colour lost renews
 With the fresh drops fall'n from the silver morrow
 So she revives, and cheeks emperpled shows
 Moist with their own tears, and with tears they borrow
 Thrice look'd she up, her eyes thrice closed she
 As who say let me die ere look on thee.

CLXX.

And his strong arms, with weak and feeble hand
 She would have thrust away loos'd and untwind
 Oft strove she, but in vain to break that band
 For he the hold he got not yet resign'd;
 Himself fast bound in those dear knots she fand
 Dear though she feigned scorn, strove and repin'd
 At last she speaks, she weeps, complains, and cries,
 Yet durst not, did not, would not see his eyes:—

CXXXVI

Cruel at thy departure, at return

As cruel! say, what chance thee hither guideth?
 Wouldst thou prevent her death, whose heart forlorn
 For thee, for thee death's strokes each hour divideth?
 Com'st thou to save my life? alas! what scorn,
 What torment for Armida poor abideth!
 No, no, thy crafts and sleights I will descry,
 But she can little do that cannot die

CXXXVII

Thy triumph is not great, nor well array'd,
 Unless in chains thou lead a captive dame,
 A dame now ta'en by force, before betray'd,
 This is thy greatest glory, greatest fame
 Time was that thee of love and life I pray'd,
 Let death now end my love, my life, my shame,
 Yet let not thy false hand bereave this breath,
 For if it were thy gift, hateful were death

CXXXVIII

Cruel! myself an hundred ways can find
 To rid me from thy malice, from thy hate,
 If weapons sharp, if poisons of all kind,
 If fire, if strangling fail in that estate,
 Yet ways enough I know to stop this wind,
 A thousand entries hath the house of fate
 Ah, leave these flatt'ries! leave weak hope to move,
 Cease, cease! my hope is dead, dead is my love —

CXXXIV

Thus mourned she, and from her watery eyes
 Disdain and love dropt down, roll'd up in tears
 From his pure fountains ran two streams likewise,
 Wherein chaste pity and mild ruth appears
 Thus with sweet words the Queen he pacifies —
 Madam, appease your grief, your wrath, your fears,
 For to be crown'd, not scorn'd, your life I save
 Your foe nay, but your friend, your knight, your slave

CXXXV

But if you trust no speech, no oath, no word
 Yet in mine eyes my soul my truth behold;
 For to that throne, whereof thy sire was lord,
 I will restore thee crown thee with that gold;
 And if high heav'n would so much grace afford
 As from thy heart this cloud, this veil unfold
 Of Page 100 in all the East no dame
 Should equalize thy fortune state and fame —

CXXXVI.

Thus plaineth he thus prays, and his desire
 Frowns with sighs that fly and tears that fall
 That, as against the warmth of Titan's fire
 Snow drifts consume on tops of mountains tall
 So melts her wrath but love remains entire:—
 Behold (she says) your handmaid and your thrall
 My life my crown, my wealth use at your pleasure —
 Thus death her life became, loss prov'd her treasure.

CXXXVII.

This while the captain of the Egyptian host
 That saw his royal tent laid on ground
 Saw Rimelton, that enligns prop and post
 By Godfrey's noble hand kill'd with one wound
 And all his folk harvest-fit, slain, and lost,
 No coward was in this last battle found
 But rode about and sought, nor sought in vain
 Some famous hand of which he might be slain

CXXXVIII.

Against Lord Godfrey boldly out he flew
 For nobler foe he wish'd not, could not spy;
 Of deep rate courage shew'd he tokens true,
 Where'er he join'd or staid or pass'd by;
 And cried to the Duke as near he drew—
 Behold of thy strong hand I come to die,
 Yet trust to overthrow thee with my fall
 My castle's ruin shall break down thy wall.—

CXVIII.

This said, forth spurr'd they both, both high advance
 Their swords aloft, both struck at once, both hit,
 His left arm wounded had the knight of France,
 His shield was pierc'd, his vauntbrace cleft and spl't,
 The Pagan backward fell, half in a trance,
 On his left ear his foe so hugely smit,
 And as he sought to rise, Godfredo's sword
 Pierced him through so died that army's lord

CXL

Of his great host, when Emiren was dead,
 Fled the small remnant that alive remained
 Godfrey espied, as he turn'd his steed,
 Great Altamore on foot, with blood all stamed,
 With half a sword, half helm upon his head,
 'Gainst whom a hundred fought, yet not one gained —
 Cease, cease this strife, he cry'd, and thou, brave knight,
 Yield, I am Godfrey, yield thee to my might —

CXVI

He that till then his proud and haughty heart
 To act of humbleness did never bend,
 When that great name he heard, from the north part
 Of our wide world renown'd to Æthiop's end,
 Answer'd—I yield to thee, thou worthy art,
 I am thy prisoner, fortune is thy friend
 On Altamoro great thy conquest bold
 Of glory shall be rich, and rich of gold

CXVII.

My loving queen, my wife and lady kind,
 Shall ransom me with jewels, gold, and treasure —
 God shield (quoth Godfrey) that my noble mind
 Should praise and virtue so by profit measure,
 All that thou hast from Persia and from Inde
 Enjoy it still, therein I take no pleasure,
 I set no rent on life, no price on blood,
 I fight, and sell not war for gold or good —

CXLIII

This said, he gave him to his knights to keep,
 And after those that fled his course he bent
 They to their rampires fled and trenches deep,
 Yet could not so death a cruel stroke prevent
 The camp was won and all in blood dash steep,
 The blood in rivers stream'd from tent to tent
 It soil'd, defil'd defaced all the prey
 Shield helmets, armour, plumes and feathers gay

CXLIV

Thus conquer'd Godfrey; and as yet the sun
 Did not in silver waves his golden wain
 But day light serv'd him to the fortress won
 With his victorious host to turn again:
 His bloody coat he put not off but run
 To the high temple with his noble train
 And there hung up his arms and there he bow'd
 His knees there pray'd, and there perform'd his vows.

THE END.

