

Jerusalem Delivered

(Volume III)

by Torquato Tasso

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Jerusalem Delivered (Volume III)

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I. 监… II. 王…

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ELEVENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

With grave procession, songs and psalms
devout Heaven's sacred aid the Christian lords invoke; That
done, they scale the wall which kept them out: The fort is
almost won, the gates nigh broke: Godfrey is wounded by
Clorinda stout, And lost is that day's conquest by the
stroke; The angel cures him, he returns to fight, But lost his
labor, for day lost his light.

I

The Christian army's great and puissant guide, To
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 Heaven above:

II

"With public prayer, zeal and faith devout, The aid,
assistance, and the help obtain Of all the blessed of the
heavenly 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 examples
be."

III

Thus spake the hermit grave in words severe: Godfrey
allowed his counsel, sage, and wise, "Of Christ the Lord,"
quoth he, "thou servant dear, I yield to follow thy divine
advice, And while the princes I assemble here, The great
procession, songs and sacrifice, With Bishop William, thou
and Ademare, With sacred and with solemn pomp
prepare."

IV

Next morn the bishops twain, the heremite, And all
the clerks and priests of less estate, Did in the midst of
the camp unite Within a place for prayer consecrate, Each
priest adorned was in a surplice white, The bishops donned
their albes and copes of state, Above their rochets buttoned
fair before, And mitres on their heads like crowns they
wore.

V

Peter alone, before, spread to the wind The glorious
sign of our salvation great, With easy pace the choir come
all behind, And hymns and psalms in order true
repeat, With sweet response in harmonious kind Their
humble song the yielding air doth beat, "Lastly, together
went the reverend pair Of prelates sage, William and
Ademare,

VI

The mighty duke came next, as princes do, Without
companion, marching all alone, The lords and captains then
came two and two, With easy pace thus ordered, passing
through The trench and rampire, to the fields they gone, No
thundering drum, no trumpet shrill they hear, Their godly
music psalms and prayers were.

VII

To thee, O Father, Son, and sacred Sprite, One true,
eternal, everlasting King; To Christ's dear mother, Mary,
vllrgin bright, Psalms of thanksgiving and of praise they
sing; To them that angels down from heaven to fight Gainst
the blasphemous beast and dragon bring; To him also that
of our Saviour good, Washed the sacred font 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 the 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 heavenly bliss us leads; And hermits good,
and ancesses that dwell Mewed up in walls, and mumble
on their beads, And virgin nuns in close and private
cell, Where, but shrift fathers, never mankind 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'; Toward mount
Olivet went all this route, So called of olive trees the hills
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.

XI

Hither the armies went, and chanted shrill, That all the
deep and hollow dales resound; From hollow mounts and
caves in every hill, A thousand echoes also sung around, It
seemed some clever, that sung with art and skill, Dwelt in
those savage dens and shady ground, For oft resounds from
the banks they hear, The name of Christ and of his mother
dear.

XII

Upon the walls the Pagans old and young Stood
hushed 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 mountain hoar, The woods, the
waters, and the valleys roar.

XIII

But yet with sacred notes the hosts proceed, Though
blasphemies they hear and cursed things; So with Apollo's
harp Pan tunes his reed, So adders hiss 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 naught, 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 candlesticks a hallowed
light At either end of virgin wax there brent; In costly
vestments sacred William dight, With fear and trembling to
the altar went, And prayer there and service loud
begins, Both for his own and all the army's sins.

XV

Humbly they heard his words that stood him 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 dismissed returned the
way they came, Their order as before, their pomp the
same.

XVI

Within their camp arrived, this voyage ended, Toward
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 welfare 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 Raymond 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, To 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 published 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 eveningtide; 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 peeped,
not well appeared the rising morn, The plough yet tore not
up the fertile lay, Nor to their feed the sheep from folds
return, The birds sate silent on the greenwood spray Amid
the groves unheard was hound and horn, When trumpets
shrill, true signs of hardy fights, Called up to arms the
soldiers, called 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 hauberk strong he wons to combat
in, And donned a breastplate fair, of proof untried, Such
one as footmen use, light, easy, thin. Scantly the warlord
thus clothed had his gromes, When aged Raymond to his
presence comes.

XXI

And furnished to us when he the man beheld, By his
attire his secret thought he guessed, "Where is," quoth he,
"your sure and trusty shield? Your helm, your hauberk
strong? where all the rest? Why be you half disarmed? why
to the field Approach you in these weak defences dressed? I
see this day you mean a course to run, Wherein may peril
much, small praise be won.

XXII

"Alas, do you that idle prise expect, To set first foot
this conquered wall above? Of less 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, preserve it then
from death."

XXIII

To this he answered thus, "You know," he said, "In
Clarimont by mighty Urban's hand When I was girded with
this noble blade, For Christ's true faith to fight in every
land, To God even then a secret vow I made, Not as a
captain here this day to stand And give directions, but with
shield and sword To fight, to win, or die for Christ my
Lord.

XXIV

"When all this camp in battle strong shall be Ordained
and ordered, well disposed all, And all things done which to
the high degree And sacred place I hold belongen
shall; Then reason is it, nor dissuade thou me, That I
likewise assault this sacred wall, Lest from my vow to God
late made I swerve: He shall this life defend, keep and
preserve."

XXV

Thus he concludes, and every hardy knight His sample
followed, and his brethren twain, The other princes put on
harness light, As footmen use: but all the Pagan
train Toward that side bent their defensive might Which lies
exposed to view of Charles's wain And Zephyrus' sweet
blasts, for on that part The town was weakest, both by side
and art.

XXVI

On all parts else the fort was strong by site, With
mighty hills defenced from foreign rage, And to this part
the tyrant gan unite His subjects born and bands that serve
for wage, From this exploit he spared nor great nor lite, The
aged men, and boys of tender age, To fire of angry war still
brought new fuel, Stones, darts, lime, brimstone and
bitumen cruel.

XXVII

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 showed himself withal, At whose
stern looks the French to quake begun, Clorinda on the
corner tower alone, In silver arms like rising Cynthia
shone.

XXVIII

Her rattling quiver at her shoulders hung, Therein a
flash of arrows feathered weel. In her left hand her bow
was bended strong, Therein a shaft headed with mortal
steel, So fit to shoot she singled forth among Her foes who
first her quarries' strength should feel, So fit to shoot
Latona's daughter stood When Niobe she killed and all her
brood.

XXIX

The aged tyrant tottered on his feet From gate to gate,
from wall to wall he flew, He comforts all his bands with
speeches sweet, And every fort and bastion doth
review, For every need prepared in every street New
regiments he placed and weapons new. The matrons grave
within their temples high To idols false for succors call and
cry,

XXX

"O Macon, break in twain the steeled lance On
wicked Godfrey with thy righteous hands, Against thy
name he doth his arm advance, His rebel blood pour out
upon these sands;" These cries within his ears no
enterance Could find, for naught he hears, naught
understands. While thus the town for her defence
ordains, His armies Godfrey ordereth on the plains;

XXXI

His forces first on foot he forward brought, With
goodly order, providence and art, And gainst these towers
which to assail he thought, In battles twain his strength he
doth depart, Between them crossbows stood, and engines
wrought To cast a stone, a quarry, or a dart, From whence
like thunder's dint or lightnings new Against the bulwark
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 their loops durst scant outpeep, 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 pentice 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 employed 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 oft, With rubbish, fagots, stones, and
trees they bear: Adrastus first advanced 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
sustained alone, 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 Circassian cast that wondrous
weight;

XXXVI

Not mortal was the blow, yet with the fall On earth
sore bruised the man lay in a swoon. Argantes gan with
boasting 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 killed in their fold."

XXXVII

Thus boasted 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 rampiers
steep, On mighty beams his head advanced hath, 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 battered flat the
battlements and wall: So fell Taigetus hill on Sparta
town, It crushed the steeled shield in pieces small, And beat
the helmet to the wearers' crown, And on the ruins of the
walls and stones, Dispersed left their blood their brains and
bones.

XXXIX

The fierce assailants kept no longer close Under the
shelter of their target fine, 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 undermine, The walls before the
Frenchmen shrink and shake, And gaping sign of headlong
falling make:

XL

And fallen they had, so far the strength extends Of that
fierce ram and his redoubted stroke, But that the Pagan's
care the place defends And saved by warlike skill the wall
nigh broke: For to what part so'er the engine bends, Their
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 Maintained 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 scanty 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
fretting more for ire.

XLIII

Lord Stephen of Amboise on the ditch's brim, And on
a ladder high, Clotharius died, From back to breast an
arrow pierced him, The other was shot through from side to
side: Then as he managed brave his courser trim, On his
left arm he hit the Flemings' guide, He stopped, and from
the wound the reed out twined, But left the iron in his flesh
behind.

XLIV

As Ademare stood to behold the fight High on the
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 nailed
his hand unto his wounded face, He fell, and with his blood
distained the land, His holy blood shed by a virgin's hand.

XLV

While Palamede 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 oppressed, Against that
part which to his campward lay An engine huge and
wondrous he addressed, 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, moved, 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 assayed With the strong wall to grapple and to
close, The Pagans on each side the piece 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 to swarms of bees, Move the air, and there
each other crossed: And look how falling leaves drop down
from trees, When the moist sap is nipped with timely
frost, Or apples in strong winds from branches fall; The
Saracens 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 on live
betook themselves to flight, So feared they this deadly
thundering tower: But Solyman stayed 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 pushed the tower, and back it drives The
length of all his tree, a wondrous way, The hardy virgin by
his side arrives, To help Argantes in this hard assay: The
band that used the ram, this season strives 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.

LI

The tower above, the ram beneath doth thunder, What
lime and stone such puissance could abide? The wall began,
new bruised and crushed asunder, Her wounded lap to open
broad and wide, Godfrey himself and his brought safely
under The shattered wall, where greatest breach he
spied, Himself he saves behind his mighty targe, A shield
not used but in some desperate charge.

LII

From hence he sees where Solyman 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 valor swelled.

LIII

He turned about and to good Sigiere spake, Who bare
his greatest shield and mighty bow, "That sure and trusty
target let me take, Impenetrable is that shield I know, Over
these ruins will I passage 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 received the charge, When
on his leg a sudden shaft him hit, And through that part a
hole made wide and large, Where his strong sinews
fastened were and knit. Clorinda, thou this arrow didst
discharge, And let the Pagans bless thy hand for it, For by
that shot thou savedst 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 called his lords with
cheerful 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 increased the more, The bold
assault he left at length therefore:

LVI

And with his hand he beckoned 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
leaped, 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
vigor in their hands: Valor, success, strength, hardiness and
art, Failed 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 tucked up, their locks were loose and
spread, Sharp darts they cast, and without dread or
fear, Exposed their breasts to save their fortress dear.

LIX

But that which most dismayed the Christian
knights, And added courage to the Pagans most, Was
Guelpho's sudden fall in all men's sights, 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
dismayed, Beside him low in dust old Raymond laid:

LX

And Eustace eke within the ditches large, 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
targe, They deeply wound, or else of life deprive. At this
their good success Argantes proud, Waxing more fell, thus
roared and cried aloud:

LXI

"This is not Antioch, nor the evening dark Can help
your privy sleights with friendly shade, The sun yet shines,
your falsehood can we mark, In other wise this bold assault
is made; Of praise and glory quenched is the spark That
made you first these eastern lands invade, Why cease you
now? why take you not this fort? What! are you weary for a
charge so short?"

LXII

Thus raged he, and in such hellish sort Increased the
fury in the brain sick knight, That he esteemed that large
and ample fort Too strait a field, wherein to prove his
might, There where the breach had framed a new made
port, Himself he placed, with nimble skips and light, He
cleared the passage out, and thus he cried To Solyman, that
fought close by his side:

LXIII

"Come, Solyman, the time and place behold, That of
our valors well may judge the doubt, What sayest thou?
amongst these Christians bold, First leap he forth that holds
himself most stout:" While thus his will the mighty
champion told, Both Solyman and he at once leaped
out, Fury the first provoked, disdain the last, Who scorned
the challenge ere his lips it passed.

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
break, So many ladders to the earth they threw, That well
they seemed a mount thereof to make, Or else some vulture
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 honor 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 naught 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 woful 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
naught, The fury sisters come with fire in hands, Shaking
their snaky locks and sparkling brands:

LXVII

But noble Tancred, who this while applied Grave
exhortations to his bold Latines, When of these knights the
wondrous acts he spied, And saw the champions with their
burning pines, 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 changed the state and fortune of the
fray, Meanwhile the wounded duke, in grief and
teen, Within his great pavilion rich and gay, Good Sigiere
and Baldwin stood between; His other friends whom his
mishap dismay, 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 sound, And to lay ope 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 sunken under ground;" And leaning
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 had a 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 grieved
to see his friends lamenting stand; The leech prepared 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 proved, now with his hand, Now with his hand,
now with his instrument He shook and plucked it, yet not
forth it went.

LXXII

His labor vain, his art prevailed naught, His luck was
ill, although his skill were good, To such extremes the
wounded prince he brought, That with fell pain he swooned
as he stood: But the 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 Bewrayed this
herb unto the mountain goat, That when her sides a cruel
shaft hath rift, With it she shakes the reed out of her
coat; This in a moment fetched 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 than, And
panaces divine therein he threw, The cunning leech to bathe
the wound began, And of itself the steely head outflow; The
bleeding stanch'd, no vermilion drop outran, The leg again
waxed strong with vigor 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 tokens are Of grace divine which
to thy help applies, Thy weapon take and haste again to
war." In precious cloths his leg the chieftain ties, Naught
could the man from blood and fight debar; A sturdy lance in
his right hand he braced, His shield he took, and on his
helmet laced:

LXXVI

And with a thousand knights and barons bold, Toward
the town he hasted from his camp, In clouds of dust was
Titan's face enrolled, Trembled the earth whereon the
worthies stamp, His foes far off his dreadful looks
behold, Which in their hearts of courage quenched 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 cheered each fearful heart; Thereat new
strength they took and courage new, And to the fierce
assault again they start. The Pagans twain this while
themselves withdrew Within the breach to save that
battered part, And with great loss a skirmish hot they
hold Against Tancredi 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 Opposed his shield against that weapon's
might.

LXXIX

The dreadful blow quite through his target drove, And
bored through his breastplate strong and thick, The tender
skin it in his bosom rove, The purple blood out streamed
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 missed the
mark whereat the man did aim, He stepped aside the
furious blow to shun: But Sigiere in his throat received the
same, The murdering weapon at his neck out run, Nor
aught it grieved the man to lose his breath, Since in his
prince's stead he suffered death.

LXXXI

Even then the Soldan struck with monstrous main The
noble leader of the Norman band, He reeled awhile and
staggered with the pain, And wheeling round fell grovelling
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.

LXXXIII

The weak and wounded ere he left the field, The godly
duke to safety thence conveyed, Nor to his foes his engines
would he yield, In them his hope to win the fortress
laid; Then to the tower he went, and it beheeld, The tower
that late the Pagan lords dismayed But now stood bruised,
broken, cracked and shivered, From some sharp storm as it
were late delivered.

LXXXIV

From dangers great escaped, but late it was, And now
to safety brought well nigh it seems, But as a ship that
under sail doth pass The roaring billows and the raging
streams, And drawing nigh the wished port, alas, Breaks on
some hidden rocks her ribs and beams; Or as a steed rough
ways that well hath passed, Before his inn stumbleth and
falls at last:

LXXXV

Such hap befell that tower, for on that side Gainst
which the Pagans' force and battery bend, Two wheels were
broke whereon the piece should ride, The maimed engine
could no further wend, The troop that guarded it that part
provide To underprop with posts, and it defend Till
carpenters and cunning workmen came Whose skill should
help and rear again the same.

LXXXVI

Thus Godfrey bids, and that ere springing day, The
cracks and bruises all amend they should, Each open
passage, and each privy way About the piece, he kept with
soldiers bold: But the loud rumor, both of that they
say, And that they do, is heard within the hold, A thousand
lights about the tower they view, And what they wrought all
night both saw and knew.

TWELFTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

Clorinda hears her eunuch old report Her birth, her
offspring, and her native land; Disguised she fireth
Godfrey's rolling fort. The burned piece falls smoking on
the sand: With Tancred long unknown in desperate sort She
fights, and falls through pierced with his brand: Christened
she dies; with sighs, with complaints and tears. He wails her
death; Argant revengement swears.

I

Now in dark night was all the world embarred; But yet
the tired armies took no rest, The careful French kept
heedful watch and ward, While their high tower the
workmen newly dressed, The Pagan crew to reinforce
prepared The weakened bulwarks, late to earth down
kest, Their rampiers broke and bruised walls to
mend, Lastly their hurts the wounded knights attend.

II

Their wounds were dressed, 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
eyelids 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, which to herself thus said:

III

"This day Argantes strong, and Solyman, Strange
things have done, and purchased great renown, Among our
foes out of the walls they ran, Their rams they broke and
rent their engines down: I used my bow, of naught else
boast I can, My self stood safe meanwhile within this
town, And happy was my shot, and prosperous too, But that
was all a woman's hand could do.

IV

"On birds and beasts in forests wild that feed It were
more fit mine arrows to bestow, Than for a feeble maid in
warlike deed With strong and hardy knights herself to
show. Why take I not again my virgin's weed, And spend
my days in secret cell unknow?" Thus thought, thus mused,
thus devised the maid, 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
mind therewith inspire Or of his will his God mankind doth
make, Among our foes behold the light and fire, I will
among them wend, and burn or break The tower, God grant
therein I have my will And that performed, betide me good
or ill.

VI

"But if it fortune such my chance should be, That to
this town I never turn again, Mine eunuch, whom I dearly
love, with thee I leave my faithful maids, and all my
train, To Egypt then conducted safely see Those woful
damsels and that aged swain, Help them, my lord, in that
distressed case, Their feeble sex, his age, deserveth grace."

VII

Argantes wondering stood, and felt the effect Of true
renown pierce through his glorious mind, "And wilt thou
go," quoth he, "and me neglect, Disgraced, despised, leave
in this fort behind? Shall I while these strong walls my life
protect Behold thy flames and fires tossed 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 and
more," quoth she, "thy friendship prizeth, For this thy
proffered aid required uneath, 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, ! 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 wondrous tower, And I with him, only we stay till night Bury in sleep our foes at dearest hour." The king with that cast up his hands on height, 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 shaken kingdom fall, While
such unconquered 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 therewith to either end, Take half my
wealth and kingdom for your meed? You are rewarded half
even with the deed."

XII

Thus spake the prince, and gently 'gan distrain, Now
him, now her, between his friendly arms: The Soldan 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 proffered aid to scorn, Whom Aladine prevents, and
with excuse To Solyman thus gan his speeches torn: "Right
noble prince, as aye hath been your use Your self 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 deems, 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 fit the time to send whole armies
out, This pair who passed have many a dreadful
stowre, 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 besides the gate attend, That when this couple have
performed the thing, And shall again their footsteps
homeward bend, From their strong foes upon them
following Thou may'st them keep, preserve, save and
defend:" Thus said the king, "The Soldan must
consent," Silent remained the Turk, and discontent.

XVII

Then Ismen said, "You twain that undertake This hard attempt, awhile I pray you stay, Till I a wildfire of fine temper make, That this great engine burn to ashes may; Haply the guard that now doth watch and wake, Will then lie 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 hauberk shining bright, An armor black as jet or coal she hent, Wherein withouten plume herself she dight; For thus disguised amid her foes she meant To pass unseen, by help of friendly night, To whom her eunuch, old Arsetes, came, That from her cradle nursed and kept the dame.

XIX

This aged sire had followed far and near, Through
lands and seas, the strong and hardy maid, He saw her
leave her arms and wonted gear, Her danger nigh that
sudden change foresaid: By his white locks from black that
changed were In following her, the woful man her
prayed, By all his service and his taken pain, To leave that
fond attempt, but prayed in vain.

XX

"At last," quoth he, "since hardened to thine ill, Thy
cruel heart is to thy loss prepared, That my weak age, nor
tears that down distil, Not humble suit, nor plaint, thou list
regard; Attend awhile, strange things unfold I will, Hear
both thy birth and high estate declared; Follow my counsel,
or thy will that done," She sat to hear, the eunuch thus
begun:

XXI

"Senapus ruled, and yet perchance doth reign In
mighty Ethiop, and her deserts waste, The lore of Christ
both he and all his train Of people black, hath kept and long
embraced, To him a Pagan was I sold for gain, And with his
queen, as her chief eunuch, placed; 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
flowed high, The foe to love and plague to sweet
content, He mewed 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, Besides 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
plained, she mourned, she wept, she sighed, she prayed:

XXIV

"At last with child she proved, and forth she
brought, And thou art she, a daughter fair and bright, In her
thy color white new terror wrought, She wondered on thy
face with strange affright, But yet she purposed 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 show she was disposed A
negro's babe late born, in room of thee, And for the tower
wherein she lay enclosed, Was with her damsels only wond
and me, To me, on whose true faith she most reposed, She
gave thee, ere thou couldest christened be, Nor could I
since find means thee to baptize, In Pagan lands thou
knowest 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 reckoning 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 undefiled, Not for myself a sinful wretch I
pray, That in thy presence am an abject vilde, Preserve this
babe, whose mother must denay To nourish it, preserve this
harmless child, Oh let it live, and chaste like me it
make, But for good fortune elsewhere sample take.

XXVIII

"Thou heavenly soldier which delivered hast That
sacred virgin from the serpent old, If on thine altars I have
offerings placed, And sacrificed myrrh, frankincense and
gold, On this poor child thy heavenly looks down
cast, With gracious eye this silly babe behold;' This said,
her strength and living sprite was fled, She sighed, she
groaned, she swooned in her bed.

XXIX

"Weeping I took thee, in a little chest, Covered 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 addressed, Where horrid shades enclosed 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 leaped, 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 suddenly both meek and mild she was, With friendly cheer thy tender body eying: At last she licked thee, and with gesture mild About thee played, and thou upon her smiled.

XXXI

"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, proffered
thee to feed. As one that wondereth on some marvel great, I
stood this while amazed at the deed. When thee she saw
well filled and satisfied, Unto the woods again the tigress
hied.

XXXII

"She gone, down from the tree I came in haste, And
took thee up, and on my journey wend, Within a little thorp
I stayed at last, And to a nurse the charge of thee
commend, And sporting with thee there long time I
passed, Till term of sixteen months were brought to
end, And thou begun, as little children do, With half clipped
words to prattle, and to go.

XXXIII

"But having passed 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 longed to leave this wandering 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.

XXXIV

"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
leaped 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 carcass
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 armor bright That o'er my head shook a flaming
blade, He said, 'I charge thee execute aright, That charge
this infant's mother on thee laid, Baptize the child, high
Heaven 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 heavenly
warnings dost reject!' The warrior vanished having said the
same. I rose and journeyed on my way direct When
blushing morn from Tithon'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
courage 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 servant, and
your tutor been.

XXXIX

"Last morn, from skies ere stars exiled were, In deep
and deathlike sleep my senses drowned, The self same
vision did again appear, With stormy wrathful looks, and
thundering 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 care,' This
said, he fled through skies, through clouds and air.

XL

"Hear then my joy, my hope, my darling, hear, High
Heaven some dire misfortune threatened hath, Displeased
pardie, because I did thee lere 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.

XL I

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."

XL II

Approachen 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 enclosed
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 shown in their face, They
yearned 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 valiant 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 designment 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 piece, and how to skies The burning sparks and
towering smoke upflies.

XLVI

A mass of solid fire burning bright Rolled up in
smouldering fumes, there bursteth out, And there the
blustering winds add strength and might And gather close
the sparsed flames about: The Frenchmen trembled at the
dreadful light, To arms in haste and fear ran all the
rout, Down fell the piece dreaded so much in war, Thus
what long days do 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, "Your blood shall quench these
flames, and quench mine ire:" This said, the maid and he
with sober pace Drew back, and to the banks themselves
retire, Faster than brooks which falling showers
increase Their foes augment, and faster on them press.

XLVIII

The gilden port was opened, and forth stepped With all
his soldiers bold, the Turkish king, Ready to aid the 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 Solyman
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 closed 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
stowre Wist of her parting, or her fierce intent, The fight,
the press, 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
calmed, 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 marked at last she thought it good, To
save her life, some other path to tread, She feigned her one
of them, and close her drew Amid the press that none her
saw or knew:

LI

Then as a wolf guilty of some misdeed Flies to some
grove to hide himself from view, So favored with the night,
with secret speed Dissevered from the press the damsel
flew: Tancred alone of her escape took heed, He on that
quarter was arrived new, When Arimon she killed he thither
came, He saw it, marked it, and pursued the dame.

LII

He deemed she was some man of mickle might, And
on her person would he worship win, Over the hills the
nymph her journey dight Toward another port, there to get
in: With hideous noise fast after spurred the knight, She
heard and stayed, and thus her words begin, "What haste
hast thou? ride softly, take thy breath, What bringest thou?"
He answered, "War and death."

LIII

"And war and death," quoth she, "here mayest thou
get If thou for battle come," with that she stayed: 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 trenchant
blade, Together ran they, and together stroke, Like two
fierce bulls whom rage and love provoke.

LIV

Worthy of royal lists and brightest day, Worthy a
golden trump and laurel crown, The actions were and
wonders of that fray Which sable knight did in dark bosom
drown: 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 traverse not, nor skipped 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, steadfast
their feet remain, Nor blow nor loin they struck, or thrust in
vain.

LVI

Shame bred desire a sharp revenge to take, And
vengeance 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 used the hilts, and each on other rushed, And
helm to helm, and shield to shield they crushed.

LVII

Thrice his strong arms he folds about her waist, And
thrice was forced to let the virgin go, For she disdained to
be so embraced, . No lover would have strained his mistress
so: They took their swords again, and each enchased Deep
wounds in the soft flesh of his strong foe, Till weak and
weary, faint, alive uneath, They both retired at once, at once
took breath.

LVIII

Each other long beheld, and leaning stood Upon their
swords, whose points in earth were pight, When day break,
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 waxed proud with the
sight, Oh vanity of man's unstable mind, Puffed up with
every blast of friendly wind!

LIX

Why joy'st thou, wretch? Oh, what shall be thy gain? What trophy for this conquest is't thou rears? Thine eyes shall shed, in case thou be not slain, For every drop of blood a sea of tears: The bleeding warriors leaning thus remain, Each one to speak one word long time forbears, Tancred the silence broke at last, and said, For he would know with whom this fight he made:

LX

"Evil is our chance and hard our fortune is Who here in silence, and in shade debate, Where light of sun and witness all we miss That should our prowess and our praise dilate: If words in arms find place, yet grant me this, Tell me thy name, thy country, and estate; That I may know, this dangerous combat done, Whom I have conquered, or who hath me won."

LXI

"What I nill tell, you ask," quoth she, "in vain, Nor
moved by prayer, nor constrained by power, But thus much
know, I am one of those twain Which late with kindled fire
destroyed the tower." Tancred at her proud words swelled
with disdain, "That hast thou said," quoth he, "in evil
hour; Thy vaunting speeches, and thy silence both, Uncivil
wretch, hath made my heart more wroth."

LXII

Ire in their chafed breasts renewed the fray, Fierce was
the fight, though feeble were their might, Their strength
was gone, their cunning was away, And fury in their stead
maintained the fight, Their swords both points and edges
sharp embay In purple blood, whereso they hit or light, And
if weak life yet in their bosoms lie, They lived because they
both disdained to die.

LXIII

As Aegean seas when storms be calmed again That
rolled their tumbling waves with troublous blasts, Do yet of
tempests past some shows retain, And here and there their
swelling billows casts; So, though their strength were gone
and might were vain, Of their first fierceness still the fury
lasts, Wherewith sustained, 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 bathed in lukewarm blood his iron
cold, Between her breasts the cruel weapon rives Her
curious square, embossed 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 layeth, And while she fell,
with weak and woful speech, Her prayers last and last
complaints she sayeth, 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
woful speech of that sweet creature, So that his rage, his
wrath, and anger died, And on his cheeks salt tears for ruth
down slide.

LXVII

With murmur loud down from the mountain's side A
little runnel tumbled near the place, Thither he ran and
filled his helmet wide, And quick returned to do that work
of grace, With trembling hands her beaver he untied, Which
done he saw, and seeing, knew her face, And lost therewith
his speech and moving quite, Oh woful knowledge, ah
unhappy sight!

LXVIII

He died not, but all his strength unites, And to his
virtues gave his heart in guard, Bridling his grief, with
water he requites The life that he bereft with iron hard, And
while the sacred words the knight recites, The nymph to
heaven with joy herself prepared; And as her life decays her
joys increase, She smiled and said, "Farewell, I die in
peace."

LXIX

As violets blue mongst lilies pure men throw, So
paleness midst her native white begun; Her looks to heaven
she cast, their eyes I trow Downward for pity bent both
heaven and sun, Her naked hand she gave the knight, in
show Of love and peace, her speech, alas, was done, And
thus the virgin fell on endless sleep, Love, Beauty, Virtue,
for your darling weep!

LXX

But when he saw her gentle soul was went, His manly
courage to relent began, Grief, sorrow, anguish. sadness,
discontent, Free empire got and lordship on the man, His
life within his heart they close up pent, Death through his
senses and his visage ran: Like his dead lady, dead seemed
Tancred good, In paleness, stillness, wounds and streams of
blood.

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 those dear burdens to their camp they pass, Yet
would not that dead seeming knight awake, At last he
deeply groaned, 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 unclosed, with
tears suffused, He felt their hands and heard their
whispering, But how he thither came long time he
mused, His mind astonished was with everything; He gazed
about, his squires in fine he knew, Then weak and woful
thus his complaints 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
upbraideth me With that accursed deed I did this night, Ah,
coward hand, afraid why should'st thou be; Thou
instrument of death, shame and despite, Why should'st thou
fear, with sharp and trenchant knife, To cut the thread of
this blood guilty life?

LXXVI

"Pierce through this bosom, and my cruel heart In
pieces cleave, break every string and vein; But thou to
slaughters vile which used art, Think'st it were pity so to
ease my pain: Of luckless love therefore in torments'
smart A sad example must I still remain, A woful 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 this 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 licked her
blood, Ah noble prey! for savage beast unmeet, Ah sweet!
too sweet, and far too precious food, Ah, seely nymph!
whom night and darksome shade To beasts, and me, far
worse than beasts, betrayed.

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 feast, Let
that fell 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 mourned the knight, his squires him told at
last, They had her there for whom those 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 mickle pain, he drew forth of his
bed, And scant of strength to stand, to move or go, Thither
he staggered, 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 nere 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, accursed alike! You gave the wound,
you gave them light to strike.

LXXXIII

"But thither now run forth my guilty blood, Whither my complaints, my sorrows cannot wend." He said no more, but, as his passion would Inforced him, he gan to tear and rend His hair, his face, his wounds, a purple flood Did from each side in rolling streams descend, He had been slain, but that his pain and woe Bereft his senses, and preserved him so.

LXXXIV

Cast on his bed his squires recalled his sprite To execute again her hateful charge, But tattling fame the sorrows 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 true, and with sweet words the rage Of bitter grief and woe they would assuage.

LXXXV

But as a mortal wound the more doth smart The more
it searched is, handled or sought; So their sweet words to
his afflicted heart More grief, more anguish, pain and
torment brought But reverend Peter that would set
apart Care of his sheep, as a good shepherd ought, His
vanity with grave advice reprov'd And told what mourning
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 sorrow's 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 heaven the proffered And gainst it still rebel with sinful ire, Oh wretch! Oh whither doth thy rage thee chase? Refrain thy grief, bridle thy fond desire, At hell's wide gate vain sorrow doth thee place, Sorrow, misfortune's son, despair's foul fire: Oh see thine evil, thy plaint 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 complaints and sad laments oft
reared, Now to himself, now to his murdered love, He
spoke, who heard perchance from heaven above.

XC

Till Phoebus' 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, dismayed, 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
mourned, so slept the knight.

XC I

And clad in starry veil, amid his dream, For whose
sweet sake he mourned, appeared the maid, Fairer than erst,
yet with that heavenly beam. Not out of knowledge was her
lovely shade, With looks of ruth her eyes celestial seem 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.

XC II

"Thine be the thanks, my soul thou madest flit 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 heaven's joys envy, And thy
vain sorrow thee of bliss deprive, Live, know I love thee,
that I nill deny, As angels, men: as saints may wights on
live:" This said, of zeal and love forth of her eye An
hundred glorious beams bright shining drive, Amid which
rays herself she closed from sigh, And with new joy, new
comfort left her knight.

XCIV

Thus comforted he waked, 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 greet, 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 hung, The hearse, with cypress;
arms, with laurel crowned: Next day the prince, whose love
and courage strong Drew forth his limbs, weak, feeble, and
unsound, To visit went, with care and reverence meet, The
buried ashes of his mistress sweet:

XCVI

Before her new made tomb at last arrived, The woful
prison of his living sprite, Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of
sense deprived, Upon the marble gray he fixed his
sight, Two streams of tears were from his eyes
derived: Thus with a sad "Alas!" began the knight, "O
marble dear on my dear mistress placed! My flames within,
without my tears thou hast.

XCVI I

"Not of dead bones art thou the mournful grave, But
of quick love the fortress and the hold, Still in my heart thy
wonted brands I have More bitter far, alas! but not more
cold; Receive these sighs, these kisses sweet receive, In
liquid drops of melting tears enrolled, And give them to
that body pure and chaste, Which in thy bosom cold
entombed thou hast.

XCVII I

"For if her happy soul her eye doth bend On that sweet
body which it lately dressed, My love, thy pity cannot her
offend, Anger and wrath is not in angels blessed, She
pardon will the trespass of her friend, That hope relieves
me with these griefs oppressed, This hand she knows hath
only sinned, not I, Who living loved her, and for love now
die: XCIX "And loving will I die, oh happy day Whene'er it
chanceth! but oh far more blessed If as about thy polished

sides I stray, My bones within thy hollow grave might
rest, Together should in heaven our spirits stay, Together
should 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 besieged town Of this
mishap was whispered here and there, Forthwith it spread,
and for too true was known, Her woful loss was talked
everywhere, Mingled with cries and complaints to heaven
upthrown, As if the city's self new taken were With
conquering foes, or as if flame and fire, Nor house, nor
church, nor street had left entire.

CI

But all men's eyes were on Arsetes bent, His sighs
were deep, his looks full of despair, Out of his woful eyes
no tear there went, His heart was hardened with his too

much care, His silver locks with dust he foul besprent, He
knocked his breast, his face he rent and tare, And while the
press flocked to the eunuch 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 followed her to give
her timely aid, Or by her side this breath and life to
lose, What did I not, or what left I unsaid To make the king
the gates again unclosed? 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 killed was she, In her defence there nobly have
been slain: But what could I do more? the counsels be Of
God and man against my designments plain, Dead is

Clorinda fair, laid in cold grave, Let me revenge her whom
I could not save.

CIV

"Jerusalem, hear what Argantes saith, Hear Heaven,
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 murdered hath, Nor
from my side I will ungird this sword Till Tancred's heart it
cleave, and shed his blood, And leave his corpse to wolves
and crows for food."

CV

This said, the people with a joyful shout Applaud his
speeches and his words approve, And calmed their grief in
hope the boaster stout Would kill the prince, who late had
slain his love. O promise vain! it otherwise fell out: Men
purpose, but high gods dispose above, For underneath his
sword this boaster died Whom thus he scorned and

threatened in his pride.

THIRTEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

Ismeno sets to guard the forest old The wicked sprites,
whose ugly shapes affray And put to flight the men, whose
labor would To their dark shades let in heaven's golden
ray: Thither goes Tancred hardy, faithful, bold, But foolish
pity lets him not assay His strength and courage: heat the
Christian power Annoys, whom to refresh God sends a
shower.

I

But scant, dissolved into ashes cold, The smoking
tower fell on the scorched grass, When new device found
out the enchanter 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 shake, They should no turrets, rams, nor engines
make.

II

From Godfrey's camp a grove a little way Amid the
valleys deep grows 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; As
when in evening, day and darkness strive Which should his
foe from our horizon drive.

III

But when the sun his chair 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 dragons' wings some
cleave the welkin fleet, Some nimbly run o'er hills and
valleys light, A wicked troop, that with allurements
sweet Draws sinful man from that is good and right, And
there with hellish pomp their banquets brought They
solemnize, thus the vain Parians thought.

V

No twist, no twig, no bough nor branch,
therefore, The Saracens 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 whispered
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 grave to
rise, And thrice the ground with naked foot he smote, And
thus he cried loud, with thundering note:

VII

"Hear, hear, you spirits all that whilom fell, Cast
down from heaven with dint of roaring thunder; Hear, you
amid the empty air that dwell And storms and showers pour
on these kingdoms under; Hear, all you devils that lie in
deepest hell And rend with torments damned ghosts
asunder, And of those lands of death, of pain and fear, Thou
monarch great, great Dis, great Pluto, hear!

VIII

"Keep you this forest well, keep every tree, Numbered I give you them and truly told; As souls of men in bodies clothed be So every plant a sprite 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 splendent fires Quenched their lights, and shrunk away for doubt, The feeble moon her silver beams retires, And wrapt her horns with folding clouds about, Ismen his sprites to come with speed requires, "Why come you not, you ever damned rout? Why tarry you so long? pardie you 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 feat, My tongue, if still your stubborn hearts refuse, That so much dreaded name can well repeat, Which heard, great Dis cannot himself excuse, But hither run from his eternal seat, O great and fearful!" More he would have said, But that he saw the sturdy sprites obeyed.

XI

Legions of devils by thousands thither come, Such as in sparsed air their bidding make, And thousands also which by Heavenly doom Condemned lie in deep Avernus lake, But slow they came, displeased all and some Because those woods they should in keeping take, Yet they obeyed 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 declared the feat, "My lord, let fear, let
doubt and sorrow pass, Henceforth in safety stands your
regal seat, Your 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 performed 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 placed are the
planets high and low, That heat, fire, burning all the
heavens foreshow:

XIV

"So great with us will be the warmth therefore, As
with the Garamants 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? Heaven will them
vanquish first, then Egypt's crew Destroy them quite, weak,
weary, faint and few:

XV

"Thou shalt sit still and conquer; prove no more The
doubtful hazard of uncertain fight. But if Argantes bold,
that hates so sore All cause of quiet peace, though just and
right, Provoke thee forth to battle, as before, Find means to
calm the rage of that fierce knight, For shortly Heaven will
send thee ease and peace, And war and trouble mongst thy
foes increase."

XVI

The king assured by these speeches fair, Held
Godfrey's power, his might and strength in scorn, And now
the walls he gan in part repair, Which late the ram had
bruised with iron horn, With wise foresight and well
advised care He fortified each breach and bulwark
torn, And all his folk, men, women, children small, With
endless toil again repaired the wall.

XVII

But Godfrey nould this while bring forth his power To
give assault against that fort in vain, Till he had builded
new his dreadful tower, And reared high his down fallen
rams again: His workmen therefore he despatched that
hour To hew the trees out of the forest main, They went,
and scant the wood appeared in sight When wonders new
their fearful hearts affright:

XVIII

As silly children dare not bend their eye Where they
are told strange bugbears haunt the place, Or as new
monsters, while in bed they lie, Their fearful thoughts
present before their face; So feared they, and fled, yet wist
not why, Nor what pursued them in that fearful
chase. Except their fear perchance while thus they
fled, New chimeras, sphinxes, or like monsters bred:

XIX

Swift to the camp they turned back dismayed, With
words confused uncertain tales they told, That all which
heard them scorned what they said And those reports for
lies and fables hold. A chosen crew in shining arms
arrayed 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 pierced
through their entrails dear; Yet on they stalked still, and on
they went, Under bold semblance hiding coward fear, And
so far wandered forth with trembling pace, Till they
approached nigh that enchanted place:

XXI

When from the grove a fearful sound outbreaks, As if
some earthquake hill and mountain tore, Wherein the
southern wind a rumbling makes, Or like sea waves against
the scraggy 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
wot How to press 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, Excused
their flight, and thus the wonders told:

XXIII

"My lord, not one of us there is, I grant, That dares cut
down one branch in yonder spring, I think there dwells a
sprite in every plant, There keeps his court great Dis
infernall king, He hath a heart of hardened adamant That
without trembling dares attempt the thing, And sense he
wanteth who so hardy is To hear the forest thunder, roar
and hiss."

XXIV

This said, Alcasto to his words gave heed, Alcasto
leader of the Switzers grim, A man both void of wit and

void of dread, Who feared not loss of life nor loss of
limb. No savage beasts in deserts wild that feed Nor ugly
monster could dishearten him, Nor whirlwind, thunder,
earthquake, storm, or aught That in this world is strange or
fearful thought.

XXV

He shook his head, and smiling thus gan say, "The
hardiness have I that wood to fell, And those proud trees
low in the dust to lay Wherein such grisly fiends and
monsters dwell; No roaring ghost my courage can
dismay, No shriek of birds, beast's roar, or dragon's
yell; But through and through that forest will I
wend, Although to deepest hell the paths descend."

XXVI

Thus boasted he, and leave to go desired, And forward
went with joyful cheer and will, He viewed the wood and
those thick shades admired, He heard the wondrous noise

and rumbling shrill; Yet not one foot the audacious man
retired, He scorned the peril, pressing forward still, Till on
the forest's outmost marge he stepped, A flaming fire from
entrance there him kept.

XXVII

The fire increased, and built a stately wall Of burning
coals, quick sparks, and embers hot, And with bright flames
the wood environed all, That there no tree nor twist Alcasto
got; The higher stretched the flames seemed 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?

XXVIII

Oh what strange monsters on the battlement In
loathsome forms stood to defend the place? Their frowning
looks upon the knight they bent, And threatened 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.

XXIX

That he had fled long time he never wist, But when
far run he had discoverd it, Himself for wonder with his
hand he blist, A bitter sorrow by the heart him bit, Amazed,
ashamed, disgraced, 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.

XXX

Godfredo called him, but he found delays And causes
why he should his cabin keep, At length perforce he comes,
but naught he says, Or talks like those that babble in their
sleep. His shamefacedness to Godfrey plain bewrays His
flight, so does his sighs and sadness deep: Whereat amazed,
"What chance is this ?" quoth he. "These witchcrafts

strange or nature's wonders be.

XXXI

"But if his courage any champion move To try the
hazard of this dreadful spring, I give him leave the
adventure great to prove, Some news he may report us of
the thing:" This said, his lords attempt the charmed
grove, Yet nothing back but fear and flight they bring, For
them inforced with trembling to retire, The sight, the sound,
the monsters and the fire.

XXXII

This happed when woful Tancred left his bed To lay in
marble cold his mistress dear, The lively color from his
cheek was fled, His limbs were weak his helm or targe to
bear; Nathless when need to high attempts him led, No
labor would he shun, no danger fear, His valor, boldness,
heart and courage brave, To his faint body strength and
vigor gave.

XXXIII

To this exploit forth went the venturous
knight, Fearless, yet heedful; silent, well advised, The
terrors of that forest's dreadful sight, Storms, earthquakes,
thunders, cries, he all despised: He feared nothing, yet a
motion light, That quickly vanished, in his heart
arised When lo, between him and the charmed 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 monster's gaping jaws I headlong cast
myself, what boots it me? For common profit, or my
country's cause, To hazard life before me none should
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;" this said, he forward stepped, And through the fire, oh 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 dismayed conceit, If that were fire or no through which he came; For at first touch vanished 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

Amazed but not afraid the champion good Stood still,
but when the tempest passed he spied, He entered boldly
that forbidden wood, And of the forest all the secrets
eyed, In all his walk no sprite or phantasm stood That
stopped 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 his tops
aloft; In whose smooth bark upon the evenest side, Strange
characters he found, and viewed them oft, Like those which
priests of Egypt erst instead Of letters used, which none but
they could read.

XXXIX

Mongst them he picked out these words at last, Writ in
the Syriac tongue, which well he could, "Oh hardy knight,
who through these woods hast passed: Where Death his
palace and his court doth hold! Oh trouble not these souls
in quiet placed, Oh be not cruel as thy heart is bold, Pardon
these ghosts deprived of heavenly light, With spirits dead
why should men living fight?"

XL

This found he graven in the tender rind, And while he
mused on this uncouth writ, Him thought he heard the
softly whistling wind His blasts amid the leaves and
branches knit And frame a sound like speech of human
kind, But full of sorrow grief and woe was it, Whereby his
gentle thoughts all filled were With pity, sadness, grief,
compassion, fear.

XL I

He drew his sword at last, and gave the tree A mighty
blow, that made a gaping wound, Out of the rift red streams
he trickling see That all bebled the verdant plain
around, His hair start up, yet once again stroke he, He
nould give over till the end he found Of this adventure,
when with plaint and moan, As from some hollow grave, he
heard one groan.

XL I I

"Enough, enough!" the voice lamenting
said, "Tancred, thou hast me hurt, thou didst me drive Out
of the body of a noble maid Who with me lived, whom late
I kept on live, And now within this woful cypress laid, My
tender rind thy weapon sharp doth rive, Cruel, is't not
enough thy foes to kill, But in their graves wilt thou
torment them still?

XLIII

"I was Clorinda, now imprisoned 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
confined by magic's spell, So that each tree hath life, and
sense each bough, A murderer if thou cut one twist art
thou."

XLIV

As the sick man that in his sleep doth see Some ugly
dragon, or some chimera new, Though he suspect, or half
persuaded be, It is an idle dream, no monster true, Yet still
he fears, he quakes, and strives to flee, So fearful is that
wondrous form to view; So feared the knight, yet he both
knew and thought All were illusions false by witchcraft
wrought:

XLV

But cold and trembling waxed his frozen heart, Such
strange effects, 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 complaints betray; A whirling wind his sword heaved
up aloft, And through the forest bare it quite
away. O'ercome retired the prince, and as he came, His
sword he found, and repossessed the same,

XLVII

Yet nould return, he had no mind to try His courage
further in those forests green; But when to Godfrey's tent
he proached nigh, His spirits waked, his thoughts composed
been, "My Lord." quoth he, "a witness true am I Of
wonders strange, believe it scant though seen, What of the
fire, the shades, the dreadful sound You heard, all true by
proof myself have found;

XLVIII

"A burning fire, so are those deserts charmed, Built
like a battled wall to heaven was reared; Whereon with
darts and dreadful weapons armed, Of monsters foul mis
shaped whole bands appeared; But through them all I
passed, unhurt, unharmed, No flame or threatened blow I
felt or feared, Then rain and night I found, but straight
again To day, the night, to sunshine turned the rain.

XLIX

"What would you more? each tree through all that wood Hath sense, hath life, hath speech, like human kind, I heard their words as in that grove I stood, That mournful voice still, still I bear in mind: And, as they were of flesh, the purple blood At every blow streams from the wounded rind; No, no, not I, nor any else, I trow, Hath power to cut one leaf, one branch, one bough."

L

While thus he said, the Christian's noble guide Felt uncouth strife in his contentious thought, He thought, what if himself in perzon tried Those witchcrafts strange, and bring those charms to naught, For such he deemed them, or elsewhere provide For timber easier got though further sought, But from his study he at last abraid, Called by the hermit 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 slaughtered lie, and
Sion's fort shall yield."

LII

This said, his visage shone with beams divine, And
more than mortal was his voice's sound, Godfredo's thought
to other acts incline, His working brain was never idle
found. But in the Crab now did bright Titan shine, And
scorched with scalding beams the parched ground, And
made unfit for toil or warlike feat His soldiers, weak with
labor, faint with sweat:

LIII

The planets mild their lamps benign quenched
out, And cruel stars in heaven did signorize, Whose
influence cast fiery flames about And hot impressions
through the earth and skies, The growing heat still gathered
deeper rout, 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 Phoebus rose he left his golden weed, And
donned a gite in deepest purple dyed, 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 the ocean wide When
next he rose, and thus increased still Their present harms
with dread of future ill,

LV

While thus he bent gainst earth his scorching rays, He
burnt the flowers, burnt his Clytie dear, The leaves grew
wan upon the withered sprays, The grass and growing herbs
all parched were, Earth cleft in rifts, in floods their streams
decays, The barren clouds with lightning bright appear, And
mankind feared lest Climenes' child again Had driven awry
his sire's ill guided wain.

LVI

As from a furnace flew the smoke to skies, Such
smoke as that when damned Sodom brent, Within his caves
sweet Zephyr silent lies, Still was the air, the rack nor came
nor went, But o'er the lands with lukewarm breathing
flies The southern wind, from sunburnt Afric sent, Which
thick and warm his interrupted blasts Upon their bosoms,
throats, and faces casts.

LVII

Nor yet more comfort brought the gloomy night, In
her thick shades was burning heat uprolled, Her sable
mantle was embroidered bright With blazing stars and
gliding fires for gold, Nor to refresh, sad earth, thy thirsty
sprite, The niggard moon let fall her May dew cold, And
dried up the vital moisture was, In trees, in plants, in herbs,
in flowers, in grass.

LVIII

Sleep to his quiet dales exiled fled From these unquiet
nights, and oft in vain The soldiers restless sought the god
in bed, But most for thirst they mourned and most
complain; For Juda'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 banks he flows, Nor
Ganges, waterer of the Indian lands, Nor seven mouthed
Nile that yields all Egypt drink, To quench their thirst the
men sufficient think.

LX

He that the gliding rivers erst had seen A down their
verdant channels gently rolled, Or falling streams which to
the valleys green Distilled from tops of Alpine mountains
cold, Those he desired in vain, new torments
been, Augmented thus with wish of comforts old, Those
waters cool he drank in vain conceit, Which more increased
his thirst, increased his heat.

LXI

The sturdy bodies of the warriors strong, Whom
neither marching far, nor tedious way, Nor weighty arms
which on their shoulders hung, Could weary make, nor
death itself dismay; Now weak and feeble cast their limbs
along, Unwieldly burdens, on the burned clay, And in each
vein a smouldering fire there dwelt, Which dried their flesh
and solid bones did melt.

LXII

Languished the steed late fierce, and proffered
grass, His fodder erst, despised and from him cast, Each
step he stumbled, and which lofty was And high advanced
before now fell his crest, His conquests gotten all forgotten
pass, Nor with desire of glory swelled his breast, The spoils
won from his foe, his late rewards, He now neglects,
despiseth, naught regards.

LXIII

Languished the faithful dog, and wonted care Of his
dear lord and cabin both forgot, Panting he laid, and
gathered fresher air To cool the burning in his entrails
hot: But breathing, which wise nature did prepare To suage
the stomach's heat, now bootéd not, For little ease, alas,
small help, they win That breathe forth air and scalding fire
suck in.

LXIV

Thus languished the earth, in this estate Lay woful
thousands of the Christians stout, The faithful people grew
nigh desperate Of hoped conquest, shameful death they
doubt, Of their distress they talk and oft debate, These sad
complaints were heard the camp throughout: "What hope
hath Godfrey? shall we still here lie Till all his soldiers, all
our armies die?

LXV

"Alas, with what device, what strength, thinks he To
scale these walls, or this strong fort to get? Whence hath he
engines new? doth he not see, How wrathful Heaven gainst
us his sword doth whet? These tokens shown true signs and
witness be Our angry God our proud attempts doth let, And
scorching sun so hot his beams outspreads, That not more
cooling Inde nor Aethiop needs.

LXVI

"Or thinks he it an eath or little thing That us despised,
neglected, and disdained, Like abjects vile, to death he thus
should bring, That so his empire may be still maintained? Is
it so great a bliss to be a king, When he that wears the
crown with blood is stained And buys his sceptre with his
people's lives? See whither glory vain, fond mankind
drives.

LXVII

"See, see the man, called holy, just, and good, That
courteous, meek, and humble would be thought, Yet never
cared in what distress we stood If his vain honor were
diminished naught, When dried up from us his spring and
flood His water must from Jordan streams be brought, And
how he sits at feasts and banquets sweet And mingleth
waters fresh with wines of Crete."

LXVIII

The French thus murmured, but the Greekish
knight Tatine, that of this war was weary grown: "Why die
we here," quoth he, "slain without fight, Killed, not
subdued, murdered, not overthrown? 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 comet 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, Discharged 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
nould with death them chastise though he mought, But with
that faith wherewith he could renew The steadfast hills and
seas dry up to naught He prayed the Lord upon his flock to
rue, To ope the springs of grace and ease this drought, Out
of his looks shone zeal, devotion, faith, His hands and eyes
to heaven he heaves, and saith:

LXXI

"Father and Lord, if in the deserts waste Thou hadst
compassion on thy children dear, The craggy rock when
Moses cleft and brast, And drew forth flowing streams of
waters clear, Like mercy, Lord, like grace on us down
cast; And though our merits less than theirs appear, Thy
grace supply that want, for though they be Thy first born
son, thy children yet are we."

LXXII

These prayers just, from humble hearts forth
sent, Were nothing slow to climb the starry sky, But swift
as winged bird themselves present Before the Father of the
heavens high: The Lord accepted them, and gently
bent Upon the faithful host His gracious eye, And in what
pain and what distress it laid, He saw, and grieved to see,
and thus He said:

LXXIII

"Mine armies dear till now have suffered
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,
the Egyptian crew They shall encounter, conquer, and
subdue."

LXXIV

At these high words great heaven began to shake, The
fixed stars, the planets wandering still, Trembled the air, the
earth and ocean quake, Spring, fountain, river, forest, dale
and hill; From north to east, a lightning flash outbrake, And
coming drops presaged with thunders shrill: With joyful
shouts the soldiers on the plain, These tokens bless of long
desired rain.

LXXV

A sudden cloud, as when Helias prayed, Not from dry
earth exhaled by Phoebus' beams, Arose, moist heaven his
windows open laid, Whence clouds by heaps out rush, and
watery streams, The world o'erspread was with a gloomy
shade, That like a dark mirksome even it seems; The
crashing rain from molten skies down fell, And o'er their
banks the brooks and fountains swell.

LXXVI

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 promised showers
attend, And spreading broad their wings displayed lie To
keep the drops that on their plumes descend, And where the
streams swell to a gathered lake, Therein they dive, and
sweet refreshing take:

LXXVII

So they the streaming showers with shouts and
cries Salute, which heaven shed on the thirsty lands, The
falling liquor from the dropping skies He catcheth in his lap,
he barehead 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.

LXXVIII

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, Received the falling showers and gathered
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.

LXXIX

Earth, like the patient was, whose lively blood Hath
overcome at last some sickness strong, Whose feeble limbs
had been the bait and food Whereon this strange disease
depastured long, But now restored, in health and welfare
stood, As sound as erst, as fresh, as fair, as young; So that
forgetting all his grief and pain, His pleasant robes and
crowns he takes again.

LXXX

Ceased the rain, the sun began to shine, With fruitful,
sweet, benign, and gentle ray, Full of strong power and
vigor masculine, As be his beams in April or in May. O
happy zeal! who trusts in help divine The world's afflictions
thus can drive away, Can storms appease, and times and
seasons change, And conquer fortune, fate, and destiny
strange.

FOURTEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT .

The Lord to Godfrey in a dream doth show His will;
Rinaldo must return at last; They have their asking who for
pardon sue: Two knights to find the prince are sent in
haste, But Peter, who by vision all foreknew, Sendeth the
searchers to a wizard, placed Deep in a vault, who first at
large declares Armida's trains, 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
breathed Zephyr on his spreading wings, Sleep, ease,
repose, rest, peace and quiet brings.

II

The thoughts and troubles of broad waking day, They
softly dipped in mild Oblivion's lake; But he whose
Godhead heaven 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 beside Whence
Phoebus comes, a crystal port there is, And ere the sun his
broad doors open wide The beam of springing day
uncloseth this, Hence comes the dreams, by which heaven's
sacred guide Reveals to man those high degrees of
his, Hence toward Godfrey ere he left his bed A vision
strange his golden plumes bespread.

IV

Such semblances, such shapes, such portraits fair, 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 that was wondrous, uncouth, strange and
rare, All in that vision well presented were. His dream had
placed him in a crystal wide, Beset with golden fires, top,
bottom, side,

V

There while he wondereth on the circles vast, The
stars, their motions, course and harmony, A knight, with
shining rays and fire embraced, Presents himself unwares
before his eye, Who with a voice that far for sweetness
passed All human speech, thus said, approaching
nigh: "What, Godfrey, knowest thou not thy Hugo
here? Come and embrace thy friend and fellow dear!"

VI

He answered him, "Thy glorious shining light Which
in thine eyes his glistening beams doth place, Estranged
hath from my foreknowledge quite Thy countenance, thy
favor, and thy face:" This said, three times he stretched his
hands outright And would in friendly arms the knight
embrace, And thrice the spirit fled, that thrice he
twined Naught in his folded arms but air and wind.

VII

Lord Hugo smiled, "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 heaven, and here a room for thee Prepared is
among Christ's champions bold:" "Ah when," quoth he,
"these mortal bonds unknit, 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
heavenward, this blessed place behold, These shining lamps,
these globes of living fire, How they are turned, guided,
moved and rolled; The angels' singing hear, and all their
choir; 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
their reward of goodness, virtue's gain! A narrow room our
glory vain upties, A little circle doth our pride
contain, Earth like an isle amid the water lies, Which sea
sometime is called, sometime the main, Yet naught 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 smiled, He saw at once earth,
sea, flood, castle, town, Strangely divided, strangely all
compiled, And wondered folly man so far should drown, To
set his heart on things so base and vild, That servile empire
searcheth and dumb fame, And scorns heaven's bliss, yet
proffereth heaven the same.

XII

Wherefore he answered, "Since the Lord not yet Will
free my spirit from this cage of clay, Lest worldly error
vain my voyage let, Teach me to heaven the best and surest
way:" Hugo replied, "Thy happy foot is set In the true path,
nor from this passage stray, Only from exile young Rinaldo
call, This give I thee in charge, else naught at all.

XIII

"For as the Lord of hosts, the King of bliss, Hath
chosen thee to rule the faithful band; So he thy stratagems
appointed is To execute, so both shall win this land: The
first is thine, the second place is his, Thou art this army's
head, and he the hand, No other champion can his place
supply, And that thou do it doth thy state deny.

XIV

"The enchanted forest, and her charmed treen, With
cutting steel shall he to earth down hew, And thy weak

armies which too feeble been To scale again these walls
reinforced new, And fainting lie dispersed on the
green, Shall take new strength new courage at his view, The
high built towers, the eastern squadrons all, Shall
conquered be, shall fly, shall die, shall fall."

XV

He held his peace; and Godfrey answered so: "Oh,
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

"The eternal Lord," the other knight replied, "That
with so many graces hath thee blest, Will, that among the
troops thou hast to guide, Thou honored be and feared 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 art 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, enwrapped in fond desire, Far
hence in love and looseness idle sit, Year 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
Heaven his secrets opens, 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, wandered and misgone, Heaven 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 worthies shall descend, That many great exploits
shall bring to fine." This said, he vanished from his
sleeping friend, Like smoke in wind, or mist in Titan's
shine; Sleep fled likewise, and in his troubled thought, With
wonder, pleasure; joy, with marvel fought.

XX

The duke looked up, and saw the azure sky With
argent beams of silver morning spread, And started up, for
praise axed virtue lie In toil and travel, sin and shame in
bed: His arms he took, his sword girt to his thigh, To his
pavilion all his lords them sped, And there in council grave

the princes sit, For strength by wisdom, war is ruled by wit.

XXI

Lord Guelpho there, within whose gentle breast Heaven had infused that new and sudden thought, His pleasing words thus to the duke addressed: "Good prince, mild, though unasked, kind, unbesought, Oh let thy mercy grant my just request, Pardon this fault by rage not malice wrought; For great offence, I grant, so late commit, 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; Oh 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 Their wish,
their hope, their strength, their shield, their hand;

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 Wher'er thy standard broad her cross outspreads, Oh,
let his fame and praise spread far and wide, Be thou his
lord, his teacher and his guidel"

XXV

Thus he entreated, and the rest approve His words,
with friendly murmurs whispered low. Godfrey as though
their suit his mind did move To that whereon he never
thought tell now, "How can my heart," quoth he, "if you I
love, To your request and suit but bend and bow? Let rigor
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 start the Dane that bare 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 travelled over all the realms between The Arctic circle and hot Meroe's strand, And as a man whose wit his guide had been, Their customs use he could, tongues understand, Forth when spent his youthful seasons were Lord Guelpho entertained and held him dear.

XXIX

To these committed was the charge and care To find
and bring again the champion bold, Guelpho commands
them to the fort repair, Where Boemond doth his seat and
sceptre hold, For public fame said that Bertoldo's
heir There lived, there dwelt, there stayed; the hermit
old, That knew they were misled by false report, Among
them came, and parleyed 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 truthless guide That leads vain men amiss and makes
them stray; Near Ascalon go to the salt seaside, Where a
swift brook fails in with hideous sway, An aged sire, our
friend, there shall you find, All what he saith, that do, that
keep in mind.

XXXI

"Of this great voyage which you undertake, Much by
his skill, and much by mine advise 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.

XXXII

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 bet, A tumbling brook their passage stopped and
stayed, 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
stopped and stood, before them drew An aged sire, grave
and benign in show, Crowned with a beechen garland
gathered new, Clad in a linen robe that raught down low, In
his right hand a rod, and on the flood Against the stream he
marched, and dry shod yode.

XXXIV

As on the Rhene, when winter's freezing cold
Congeals the streams to thick and hardened glass, The
beauties fair of shepherds' daughters bold With wanton
windlays run, turn, play and pass; So on this river passed
the wizard old, Although unfrozen soft and swift it
was, And thither stalked where the warriors stayed, To
whom, their greetings done, he spoke and said:

XXXV

"Great pains, great travel, lords, you have begun, And
of a cunning guide great need you stand, Far off, alas! is
great Bertoldo's son, Imprisoned 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 vouchsafe to see my cell I pray, In hidden
caves and vaults though builded 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 retired, 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 headlong
down Under the flood, through vast and hollow
deeps, Such light they had as when through shadows
brown Of thickest deserts feeble Cynthia peeps, Their
spacious 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, Ister, 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 sunbeams 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 heavenly sapphire, there the jacinth shone, The
carbuncle there flamed, the diamond sheen, There glistered
bright, there smiled the emerald green.

XL

Amazed the knights amid these wonders passed, And
fixed so deep the marvels in their thought, That not one
word they uttered, 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
drowned in such amazement deep."

XL I

"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 restored.

XL II

"Nor yet by help of devil, or aid from hell, I do this
uncouth work and wondrous 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.

XLIII

"For in these caves I dwell not buried still From sight
of Heaven. 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."

XLIV

"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, The winds, from whence
they come and whence they blow, How Jove his thunder
makes and lightning new, How with the bolt he strikes the
earth below, How comate, crinite, caudate stars are
framed I knew; my skill with pride my heart inflamed.

XLV

"So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought, That I supposed my wit so high might climb To know all things that God had framed 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 washed the sin and crime, Then I perceived 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, puffed up with folly's wind, Yet still these arts, as I before had done, I practised, such was the hermit's mind: Thus hath he changed 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 home to this camp to send From prison strong,
my care, my charge shall be; So He commands, and me ere
this foretold Your coming oft, to seek the champion bold."

XLVIII

While this 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 adorned was every part With
riches grown by kind, not framed by art:

XLIX

An hundred grooms, quick, diligent and
neat, Attendance gave about these strangers bold, Against
the wall there stood a cupboard great Of massive plate, of
silver, crystal, gold. But when with precious wines and
costly meat 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

"Armida's craft, her sleight 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 turned them first to
monsters vile, And kept them since closed up in secret
mew, Lastly, to Gaza ward in bonds them sent, Whom
young Rinaldo rescued 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, Escaped and gone the witch perceived and knew, Her hands she wrung for grief, her clothes she tare, And full of woe these heavy words outthrew: `Alas! my knights are slain, my prisoners 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 the valiant knight Had overcome and slain her men in fight.

LIII

"Rinaldo there had dolt and left his own, And on his
back a Pagan's harness tied, Perchance he deemed so to
pass unknown, And in those arms less noted false to ride. A
headless corse in fight late overthrown, The witch in his
forsaken arms did hide, And by a brook exposed it on the
sand Whither she wished 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
conjured by sacred spell, All what she asks or doubts,
reveals and says, The body therefore placed she in that
part That furthered best her sleight, her craft. and art;

LV

"And near the corpse a varlet false and sly She left,
attired in shepherd's homely weed, And taught him how to
counterfeit and lie As time required, and he performed the
deed; With him your soldiers spoke, of jealousy And false
suspect mongst them he strewed the seed, That since
brought forth the fruit of strife and jar, Of civil brawls,
contention, discord, war.

LVI

"And as she wished so the soldiers thought By
Godfrey's practice that the prince was slain, Yet vanished
that suspicion false to naught 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 practised, shall you hear me tell, Against our
knight, and what thereof befell.

LVII

"Armida hunted him through wood and plain, Till on
Orontes' flowery banks he stayed, There, where the stream
did part and meet again And in the midst a gentle island
made, A pillar fair was pight 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 cogs was narrow, small and strait, Alone he rowed,
and bade his squires there wait;

LIX

"Landed he stalks about, yet naught 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 enticed down sits he and
unlocks His closed helm, and bares his visage fair, To take
sweet breath from cool and gentle air.

LX

"A rumbling sound amid the waters deep Meanwhile
he heard, and thither turned 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 does sometimes appear A nymph, a goddess, or a fairy queen, And though no siren but a sprite this were Yet by her beauty seemed it she had been One of those sisters false which haunted near The Tyrrhene shores and kept those waters sheen, Like theirs her face, her voice was, and her sound, And thus she sung, and pleased both skies and ground:

LXII

" `Ye happy youths, who April fresh and May Attire in flowering 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 fools who youth possess, yet scorn the same, A
precious, but a short abiding treasure, Virtue itself is but an
idle name, Prized by the world 'bove reason all and
measure, And honor, glory, praise, renown and fame, That
men's proud harts bewitch with tickling pleasure, An echo
is, a shade, a dream, a flower, With each wind blasted,
spoiled with every shower.

LXIV

" `But let your happy souls in joy possess The ivory
castles of your bodies fair, Your passed harms salve with
forgetfulness, Haste not your coming evils with thought
and care, Regard no blazing star with burning tress, Nor
storm, nor threatening sky, nor thundering air, This wisdom
is, good life, and worldly bliss, Kind teacheth us, nature
commands us this.'

LXV

"Thus sung the spirit false, and stealing sleep, To
which her tunes enticed his heavy eyes, By step and step
did on his senses creep, Still 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 breathed, how still he lay, How his fair eyes
though closed seemed to smile, At first she stayed, astound
with great dismay, Then sat her down, so love can art
beguile, And as she sat and looked, fled fast away Her
wrath, that on his forehead gazed the maid, As in his spring
Narcissus tooting laid;

LXVII

"And with a veil she wiped now and then From his
fair cheeks the globes of silver sweat, And cool air gathered
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
congealed the heart of that fair dame, Who late a foe, a
lover now became.

LXVIII

"Of woodbines, lilies, and of roses sweet, Which
proudly flowered through that wanton plain, All platted fast,
well knit, and joined meet, She framed 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 turned she to Damascus' kingdoms large, Nor to
the fort built in Asphalte's lake, But jealous of her dear and
precious charge, And of her love ashamed, 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 in a
mountain high alight the dame, A hill obscured 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 flowering spring, She
lives at ease, and joys her lord at will; The hardy youth
from this strange prison bring Your valors 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 mount, 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 twined, A party colored robe of silk she
wears: This shall conduct you swift as air or wind, Or that
flit bird that Jove's hot weapon bears, A faithful pilot,
cunning, trusty, sure, As Tiphys was, or skilful Palinure.

LXXIII

"At the hill's foot, whereon the witch doth dwell, The
serpents hiss, and cast their poison vilde, The ugly boars do
rear their bristles fell, There gape 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 wellet out a fair, clear, bubbling
spring, Whose waters pure 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 exposed 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
gin And net to catch frail hearts, false Cupid lays; There in
the verdure of the arbors 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 naught 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:

LXXIX

"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 left his guests, And in his wonted bed the old
man rests.

FIFTEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

The well instructed knights forsake their host, And
come where their strange bark in harbor 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 fingered 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 promised, here I have them brought, Enough to
bring Armida's charms to naught."

II

They started up, and every tender limb In sturdy steel
and stubborn plate they dight, Before the old man stalked,
they followed him Through gloomy shades of sad and sable
night, Through vaults obscure again and entries dim, The
way they came their steps remeasured right; But at the
flood arrived, "Farewell," quoth he, "Good luck your aid,
your guide good fortune be."

III

The flood received them in his bottom low And lilt
them up above his billows thin; The waters so east up a
branch or bough, By violence first plunged and dived
therein: But when upon the shore the waves them
throw, The knights for their fair guide to look begin, And
gazing round a little bark they spied, Wherein a damsel sate
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 show, So in her visage grace and virtue
strove; Her robe seemed sometimes red and sometimes
blue, And changed still as she did stir or move; That look
how oft man's eye beheld the same So oft the colors
changed, went and came.

V

The feathers so, that tender, soft, and plain, About the
dove's smooth neck close couched been, Do in one color
never long remain, But change their hue gainst glimpse of
Phoebus' sheen; 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 colors,
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 drove she gainst the
sand, And anchor cast amid the steadfast land.

VII

They entered in, her anchors she upwound, And
launched forth to sea her pinnace flit, Spread to the wind
her sails she broad unbound, And at the helm sat down to
govern it, Swelled the flood that all his banks he
drowned To bear the greatest ship of burthen fit; Yet was
her fatigue little, swift and light, That at his lowest ebb bear
it he might.

VIII

Swifter than thought the friendly wind forth bore The
sliding boat upon the rolling wave, With curded foam and
froth the billows hoar About the cable murmur roar and
rave; At last they came where all his watery store The flood
in one deep channel did engrave, And forth to greedy seas
his streams he sent, And so his waves, his name, himself he
spent.

IX

The wondrous boat scant touched the troubled
main But all the sea still, hushed and quiet was, Vanished
the clouds, ceased the wind and rain, The tempests
threatened overblow and pass, A gentle breathing air made
even and plain The azure face of heaven's smooth looking
glass, And heaven itself smiled from the skies above With a
calm clearness on the earth his love.

X

By Ascalon they sailed, and forth driven, Toward the
west their speedy course they frame, In sight of Gaza till
the bark arrived, A little port when first it took that
name; But since, by others' loss so well it thrived A city
great and rich that it became, And there the shores and
borders of the land They found as full of armed men as
sand.

XI

The passengers to landward turned 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 outrent, And in the
haven many a ship and boat, With mighty anchors fastened,
swim and float;

XII

Some spread their sails, 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
began, "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 gathered 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 Zion's conquered
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 fornenst old Raffia'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
Rhincere They passed, 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 Damiata next, where they behold How to the sea
his tribute Nilus pays By his seven mouths renowned in
stories old, And by an hundred more ignoble ways: They
pass the town built by the Grecian bold, Of him called
Alexandria till our days, And Pharaoh's tower and isle
removed of yore Far from the land, now joined to the
shore:

XVII

Both Crete and Rhodes they left by north unseen, And
sailed along the coasts of Afric 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 Hammon
stands: Next Ptolemais, and that sacred wood Whence
spring the silent streams of Lethe flood.

XVIII

The greater Syrte, that sailors often cast In peril great
of death and loss extreme, They compassed round about,
and safely passed, The Cape Judeca and flood Magra's
stream; Then Tripoli, gainst which is Malta placed, That
low and hid, to lurk in seas doth seem: The little Syrte then,
and Alzerhes isle, Where dwelt the folk that Lotos ate
erewhile.

XIX

Next Tunis on the crooked shore they spied, Whose
bay a rock on either side defends, Tunis all towns in beauty,
wealth and pride Above, as far as Libya's bounds
extends; Gainst which, from fair Sicilia's fertile side, His
rugged front great Lilybaeum bends. The dame there
pointed out where sometime stood Rome's stately rival
whilom, Carthage proud;

XX

Great Carthage low in ashes cold doth lie, Her ruins
poor the herbs in height scant pass, So cities fall, so perish
kingdoms high, Their pride and pomp lies hid in sand and
grass: Then why should mortal man repine to die, Whose
life, is air; breath, wind; and body, glass? From thence the
seas next Bisert's walls they cleft, And far Sardinia on their
right hand left.

XXI

Numidia's mighty plains they coasted then, Where
wandering shepherds used their flocks to feed, Then Bugia
and Argier, the infamous den Of pirates false, Oran they left
with speed, All Tingitan they swiftly overren, Where
elephants and angry lions breed, Where now the realms of
Fez and Maroc be, Gainst which Granada's shores and
coasts they see.

XXII

Now are they there, where first the sea brake in By
great Alcides' help, as stories feign, True may it be that
where those floods begin It whilom was a firm and solid
main Before the sea there through did passage win And
parted Afric from the land of Spain, Abila hence, thence
Calpe great upsprings, Such power hath time to change the
face of things.

XXIII

Four times the sun had spread his morning ray Since
first the dame launched forth her wondrous 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 sailed upon the ocean large; But if
the sea in midst of earth was great, Oh 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, Heaven covered sea, sea seemed
the heavens to bear. "At last, fair lady," quoth Ubaldo
good, "That in this endless main dost 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
quailed The monsters fierce in Afric and in Spain, And all
along your coasts and countries sailed, Yet durst he not
assay the ocean main, Within his pillars would he have
impaled The overdaring wit of mankind vain, Till Lord
Ulysses did those bounders pass, To see and know he so
desirous was.

XXVI

"He passed those pillars, and in open wave Of the
broad sea first his bold sails untwined, But yet the greedy
ocean was his grave, Naught 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
unreturned from thence:

XXVII

"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
wonned like your own; The land is fertile ground, but scant
well wrought, Air wholesome, temperate sun, grass proudly
grown." "But," quoth Ubaldo, "dame, I pray thee teach Of
that hid world, what be the laws and speech?"

XXVIII

"As diverse be their nations," answered 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 ta'en in
war, And all from Calpe's mountain west that dwell, In faith
profane, in life are rude and fell."

XXIX

"But will our gracious God," the knight replied, "That
with his blood all sinful men hath bought, His truth forever
and his gospel hide From all those lands, as yet unknown,
unsought?" "Oh no," quoth she, "his name both far and
wide Shall there be known, all learning thither brought, Nor
shall these long and tedious ways forever Your world and
theirs, their lands, your kingdoms sever.

XXX

"The time shall come that sailors shall disdain To talk
or argue of Alcides' streat, And lands and seas that
nameless yet remain, Shall well be known, their boundaries,
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
compass, run.

XXXI

"A knight of Genes shall have the hardiment Upon
this wondrous voyage first to wend, Nor winds nor waves,
that ships in sunder rent, Nor seas unused, strange clime, or
pool unkenned, Nor other peril nor astonishment That
makes frail hearts of men to bow and bend, Within Abilas'
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
sliced 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 flowering lay, Far off a hill
and mountain high they spied, 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 show, High, narrow, sharp, the sides yet
more outspread, Thence now and then fire, flame and
smoke outflew, As from that hill, whereunder lies in
bed Enceladus, whence with imperious sway Bright fire
breaks out by night, black smoke by day.

XXXV

About the hill lay other islands small, Where other
rocks, crags, cliffs, and mountains stood, The Isles
Fortunate these elder time did call, To which high Heaven
they reigned so kind and good, And of his blessings rich so
liberal, That without tillage earth gives corn for food, And
grapes that swell with sweet and precious wine There
without pruning yields the fertile vine.

XXXVI

The olive fat there ever buds and flowers, The honey
drops from hollow oaks distil, The falling brook her silver
streams downpours With gentle murmur from their native
hill, The western blast tempereth with dews and
showers The sunny rays, lest heat the blossoms kill, The
fields Elysian, as fond heathen sain, Were there, where
souls of men in bliss remain.

XXXVII

To these their pilot steered, "And now," quoth she, "Your voyage long to end is brought well near, The happy Isles of Fortune now you see, Of which great fame, and little truth, you hear, Sweet, wholesome, pleasant, fertile, fat they be, Yet not so rich as fame reports they were." This said, toward an island fresh she bore, The first of ten, that lies next Afric's shore;

XXXVIII

When Charles thus, "If, worthy governess, To our good speed such tarriance be no let, Upon this isle that Heaven so fair doth bless, To view the place, on land awhile us set, To know the folk and what God they confess, And all whereby man's heart may knowledge get, That I may tell the wonders therein seen Another day, and say, there have I been."

XXXIX

She answered him, "Well fits this high desire Thy
noble heart, yet cannot I consent; For Heaven's decree, firm,
stable, and entire, Thy wish repugns, and gainst thy will is
bent, Nor yet the time hath Titan's gliding fire Met forth,
prefixed 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 imbarred, And of her prey you must the witch
deprive: If further to aspire you be prepared, In vain gainst
fate and Heaven's decree you strive." While thus she said,
the first seen isle gave place, And high and rough the
second showed his face.

XL I

They saw how eastward stretched in order long, The
happy islands sweetly flowering lay; And how the seas
betwixt those isles enthrong, And how they shouldered 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, roamed on the mountains green.

XL II

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:

XLIII

The quiet seas below lie safe and still, The green
wood like a garland grows aloft, Sweet caves within, cool
shades and waters shrill, Where lie the nymphs on moss
and ivy soft; No anchor there needs hold her frigate
still, Nor cable twisted sure, though breaking oft: Into this
desert, silent, quiet, glad, Entered the dame, and there her
haven made.

XLIV

"The palace proudly built," quoth she, "behold, That
sits on top of yonder mountain's height, Of Christ's true
faith there lies the champion bold In idleness, love, fancy,
folly light; When Phoebus shall his rising beams
unfold, Prepare you gainst the hill to mount upright, Nor let
this stay in your bold hearts breed care, For, save that one,
all hours unlucky are;

XLV

"But yet this evening, if you make good speed, To
that hill's foot with daylight might you pass." Thus said the
dame their guide, and they agreed, And took their leave and
leaped forth on the grass; They found the way that to the
hill doth lead, And softly went that neither tired was, But at
the mountain's foot they both arrived, Before the sun his
team in waters dived.

XLVI

They saw how from the crags and clefts below His
proud and stately pleasant top grew out, And how his sides
were clad with frost and snow, The height was green with
herbs and flowerets sown, Like hairy locks the trees about
him grow, The rocks of ice keep watch and ward about, The
tender roses and the lilies new, Thus art can nature change,
and kind subdue.

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, Dispread of golden light the 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
forestalled their way.

XLVIII

Armed with golden scales his head and crest He lifted
high, his neck swelled great with ire, Flamed his eyes, and
hiding with his breast All the broad path, he poison
breathed and fire, Now reached he forth in folds and
forward pressed, Now would he back in rolls and heaps
retire, Thus he presents himself to guard the place, The
knights pressed forward with assured pace:

XLIX

Charles drew forth his brand to strike the
snake; Ubaldo cried, "Stay, my companion dear, Will you
with sword or weapon battle 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 roared and cried, 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 espied A trembling fear through his bold heart was
spread, His native wrath was gone, and swift he fled.

LI

The hardy couple on their way forth wend, And met a
host that on them roar and gape, Of savage beasts, tofore
unseen, unkend, Differing in voice, in semblance, and in
shape; All monsters which hot Afric doth forthsend, Twixt
Nilus, Atlas, and the southern cape, Were all there met, and
all wild beasts besides Hyrcania breeds, or Hyrcane forest
hides.

LII

But yet that fierce, that strange and savage host Could
not in presence of those worthies stand, But fled away, their
heart and courage lost, When Lord Ubaldo shook his
charming wand. No other let their passage stopped or
crossed; Till on the mountain's top themselves they
land, Save that the ice, the frost, and drifted snow, Oft
made them feeble, weary, faint and slow.

LIII

But having passed all that frozen ground, And
overgone that winter sharp and keen, A warm, mild,
pleasant, gentle sky they found, That overspread a large and
ample green, The winds breathed spikenard, myrrh, and
balm around, The blasts were firm, unchanged, stable
been, Not as elsewhere the winds now rise now fall, And
Phoebus there aye shines, sets not at all.

LIV

Not as elsewhere now sunshine bright now
showers, Now heat now cold, there interchanged were, But
everlasting spring mild heaven down pours, In which nor
rain, nor storm, nor clouds appear, Nursing to fields, their
grass; to grass, his flowers; To flowers their smell; to trees,
the leaves they bear: There by a lake a stately palace
stands, That overlooks all mountains, seas and lands:

LV

The passage hard against the mountain steep These
travellers had faint and weary made, That through those
grassy plains they scanty creep; They walked, they rested
oft, they went, they stayed, When from the rocks, that
seemed for joy to weep, Before their feet a dropping crystal
played Enticing them to drink, and on the flowers The
plenteous spring a thousand streams down pours,

LVI

All which, united in the springing grass, Ate 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 Proffered 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 ruled, our lust
bridled with wisdom's rein, Our ears be stopped while these
Sirens sing, Their notes enticing man to pleasure
vain." Thus passed 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 air could give, And in the crystal of the
laughing flood They saw two naked virgins bathe and
dive, That sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling
stood, Sometimes for speed and skill in swimming
strive, Now underneath they dived, now rose above, And
ticing baits laid forth of lust and love.

LIX

These naked wantons, tender, fair and white, Moved
so far the warriors' stubborn hearts, That on their shapes
they gazed with delight; The nymphs applied their sweet
alluring arts, And one of them above the waters quite, Lift
up her head, her breasts and higher parts, And all that might
weak eyes subdue and take, Her lower beauties veiled the
gentle lake.

LX

As when the morning star, escaped and fled From
greedy waves, with dewy beams up flies, Or as the Queen
of Love, new born and bred Of the Ocean's fruitful froth,
did first arise: So vented she her golden locks forth
shed Round pearls and crystal moist therein which lies: But
when her eyes upon the knights she cast, She start, and
feigned her of their sight aghast.

LXI

And her fair locks, that in a knot were tied High on her crown, she 'gan at large unfold; Which falling long and thick and spreading wide, The ivory soft and white mantled in gold: Thus her fair skin the dame would clothe and hide, And that which hid it no less fair was hold; Thus clad in waves and locks, her eyes divine, From them ashamed did she turn and twine.

LXII

Withal she smiled and she blushed withal, Her blush, her smilings, smiles her blushing graced: Over her face her amber tresses fall, Whereunder Love himself in ambush placed: At last she warbled forth a treble small, And with sweet looks her sweet songs interlaced; "Oh happy men I that have the grace," quoth she, "This bliss, this heaven, this paradise to see.

LXIII

"This is the place wherein you may assuage Your sorrows past, here is that joy and bliss That flourished 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, Numbered 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 lured them nigh 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 heavenly voice or angel's look, Surprise their
hearts, if eye or ear they took.

LXVI

For if that sweetness once but touched their
hearts, And proffered there to kindle Cupid's fire, Straight
armed Reason to his charge up starts, And quencheth Lust,
and killeth fond Desire; Thus scorned were the dames, their
wiles and arts And to the palace gates the knights
retire, While in their stream the damsels dived
sad, Ashamed, disgraced, for that repulse they had.

SIXTEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT .

The searchers pass through all the palace bright Where
in sweet prison lies Rinaldo pent, And do so much, that full
of rage and spite, With them he goes sad, shamed,
discontent: With complaints and prayers to retain her
knight Armida strives; he hears, but thence he went, And
she forlorn her palace great and fair Destroys for grief, and
flies thence through the air.

I

The palace great is builded rich and round, And in the
centre of the inmost hold There lies a garden sweet, on
fertile ground, Fairer than that where grew the trees of
gold: The cunning sprites had buildings reared around With
doors and entries false a thousandfold, A labyrinth they
made that fortress brave, Like Daedal's prison, or
Porsenna's grave.

II

The knights passed through the castle's largest gate, Though round about an hundred ports there shine, The door leaves framed of carved silver plate, Upon their golden hinges turn and twine. They stayed to view this work of wit and state. The workmanship excelled the substance fine, For all the shapes in that rich metal wrought, Save speech, of living bodies wanted naught.

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 heaven upheld; false Love stood by and smiled: Armed with his club fair Iole forth run, His club with blood of monsters foul defiled, 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 crushed from the surges blue, Wherein two navies
great well ranged stood Of warlike ships, fire from their
arms outflow, The waters burned about their vessels
good, Such flames the gold therein enchased threw, Caesar
his Romans hence, the Asian kings Thence Antony and
Indian princes brings.

V

The Cyclades seemed 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 wild fire flew,
there drowned or slain Of princes dead the bodies fleet and
float; Here Caesar wins, and yonder conquered been The
Eastern ships, there fled the 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 followed her, drawn on by fond desire: Well
might you see within his troubled look, Strive and contend,
love, courage, shame and ire; Oft looked he back, oft gazed
he on the fight, But oftener on his mistress and her flight.

VII

Then in the secret creeks of fruitful Nile, Cast in her
lap, he would sad death await, And in the pleasure of her
lovely smile Sweeten the bitter stroke of cursed fate: All
this did art with curious hand compile In the rich metal of
that princely gate. The knights these stories viewed first
and last, Which seen, they forward pressed, and in they
passed:

VIII

As through his channel crooked Meander glides With
turns and twines, and rolls now to, now fro, Whose streams
run forth there to the salt sea sides Here back return and to
their springward go: Such crooked paths, such ways this
palace hides; Yet all the maze their map described so, That
through the labyrinth they got in fine, As Theseus did by
Ariadne's line.

IX

When they had passed all those troubled ways, The
garden sweet spread forth her green to show, The moving
crystal from the fountains plays, Fair trees, high plants,
strange herbs and flowerets new, Sunshiny hills, dales hid
from Phoebus' rays, Groves, arbors, mossy caves, at once
they view, And that which beauty moat, most wonder
brought, Nowhere appeared the art which all this wrought.

X

So with the rude the polished mingled was That
natural seemed all and every part, Nature would craft in
counterfeiting pass, And imitate her imitator art: Mild was
the air, the skies were clear as glass, The trees no whirlwind
felt, nor tempest smart, But ere the fruit drop off, the
blossom comes, This springs, that falls, that ripeneth and
this blooms.

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 played With murmur sweet, now sung,
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
strange music bore his part.

XIII

With party colored plumes' and purple bill, A
wondrous bird among the rest there flew, That in plain
speech sung love lays loud and shrill, Her leden was like
human language true; So much she talked, and with such
wit and skill, That strange it seemed how much good she
knew, Her feathered fellows all stood hush to hear, Dumb
was the wind, the waters silent were.

XIV

"The gently budding rose," quoth she, "behold, That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams, Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth upfold 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 bower 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: Oh 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 mayest, Loving, be loved; embracing, be embraced."

XVI

He ceased, and as approving all he spoke, The choir of
birds their heavenly tunes renew, The turtles sighed, and
sighs with kisses broke, The fowls to shades unseen by
pairs withdrew; It seemed the laurel chaste, and stubborn
oak, And all the gentle trees on earth that grew, It seemed
the land, the sea, and heaven above, All breathed out fancy
sweet, and sighed out love.

XVII

Through all this music rare, and strong consent Of
strange allurements, sweet above mean and measure, Severe,
firm, constant, still the knights forthwent, Hardening their
hearts against 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, set with their
knight Besides the lake, shaded with boughs from sight:

XVIII

Her breasts were naked, for the day was hot, Her
locks unbound waved in the wanton wind; Some deal she
sweat, tired with the game you wot, Her sweat drops bright,
white, round, like pearls of Ind; Her humid eyes a fiery
smile forthshot That like sunbeams in silver fountains
shined, 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, pined himself away; And she, declining often
down her head, His lips, his cheeks, his eyes kissed, as he
lay, Wherewith he sighed, 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
fare.

XX

Down by the lovers' side there pendent was A crystal
mirror, bright, pure, smooth, and neat, He rose, and to his
mistress held the glass, A noble page, graced with that
service great; She, with glad looks, he with inflamed,
alas, Beauty and love beheld, both in one seat; Yet them in
sundry objects each espies, She, in the glass, he saw them
in her eyes:

XXI

Her, to command; to serve, it pleased the knight; He
proud of bondage; of her empire, she; "My dear," he said,
"that blessest with thy sight Even blessed angels, turn thine
eyes to me, For painted in my heart and portrayed 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
fixed and bent Thy happy eyes themselves may see and
view; So rare a shape no crystal can present, No glass
contain that heaven of beauties true; Oh let the skies thy
worthy mirror be! And in dear stars try shape and image
see."

XXIII

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless Her
love toys still she used, and pleasures bold! Her hair, that
done, she twisted up in tress, And looser locks in silken
laces rolled, Her curls garlandwise she did up
dress, Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold, The twisted
flowers smiled, and her white breast The lilies there that
spring with roses dressed.

XXIV

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair The eyed
feathers of his pompous train; Nor golden Iris so bends in
the air Her twenty colored bow, through clouds of rain; Yet
all her ornaments, strange, rich and rare, Her girdle did in
price and beauty stain, Nor that, with scorn, which Tuscan
Guilla lost, Igor Venus Ceston, could match this for cost.

XXV

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet Repulses,
war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear, Of smiles, jests, mirth,
woe, grief, and sad regreet, Sighs, sorrows, tears,
embracements, kisses dear, That mixed first by weight and
measure meet, Then at an easy fire attempered were, This
wondrous girdle did Armida frame, And, when she would
be loved, wore the same.

XXVI

But when her wooing fit was brought to end, She
congee took, kissed him, and went her way; For once she
used every day to wend Bout her affairs, her spells and
charms to say: The youth remained, yet had no power to
bend One step from thence, but used there to stray Mongst
the sweet birds, through every walk and grove Alone, save
for an hermit false called Love.

XXVII

And when the silence deep and friendly
shade Recalled the lovers to their wonted sport, In a fair
room for pleasure built, they laid, And longest nights with
joys made sweet and short. Now while the queen her
household things surveyed, And left her lord her garden and
disport, The twain that hidden in the bushes were Before
the prince in glistering arms appear:

XXVIII

As the fierce steed for age withdrawn from
war Wherein the glorious beast had always wone, That in
vile rest from fight sequestered 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 wiseth
on his back the armed knight, Longing for jousts, for
tournament and fight:

XXIX

So fared Rinaldo when the glorious light Of their
bright harness glistered 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 weakened virtue lies. Ubaldo forward
stepped, and to him hield Of diamonds clear that pure and
precious shield.

XXX

Upon the targe his looks amazed he bent, And therein
all his wanton habit spied, His civet, balm, and perfumes
redolent, How from his locks they smoked and mantle
wide, His sword that many a Pagan stout had
shent, Bewrapped with flowers, hung idly by his side, So
nicely decked that it seemed the knight Wore it for fashion's
sake but not for fight.

XXXI

As when, from sleep and idle dreams abraid, A man
awaked calls home his wits again; So in beholding his attire
he played, But yet to view himself could not sustain, His
looks he downward cast and naught he said, Grieved,
shamed, sad, he would have died fain, And oft he wished
the earth or ocean wide Would swallow him, and so his
errors hide.

XXXII

Ubaldo took the time, and thus begun, "All Europe
now and Asia be in war, And all that Christ adore and fame
have won, In battle strong, in Syria fighting are; But thee
alone, Bertoldo's noble son, This little corner keeps, exiled
far From all the world, buried in sloth and shame, A carpet
champion for a wanton dame.

XXXIII

"What letharge hath in drowsiness up penned Thy
courage thus? what sloth doth thee infect? Up, up, our
camp and Godfrey for thee send, Thee fortune, praise and
victory expect, Come, fatal champion, bring to happy
end This enterprise begun, all that sect Which oft thou
shaken hast to earth full low With thy sharp brand strike
down, kill, overthrow."

XXXIV

This said, the noble infant stood a space Confused,
speechless, senseless, ill ashamed; But when that shame to
just disdain gave place, To fierce disdain, from courage
sprung untamed, Another redness blushed through his
face, Whence worthy anger shone, displeasure flamed, His
nice attire in scorn he rent and tore, For of his bondage vile
that witness bore;

XXXV

That done, he hasted from the charmed fort, And
through the maze passed with his searchers twain. Armida
of her mount and chiefest port Wondered 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, woful sight!
how from her gates the man In haste, in fear, in wrath, in
anger ran.

XXXVI

"Whither, O cruel! leavest thou me alone?" She would
have cried, her grief her speeches stayed, So that her woful
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 conveyed, This 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
heaven'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 honor took regard, Oh where be all
her vaunts and triumphs now? Love's empire great of late
she made or marred, To her his subjects humbly bend and
bow, And with her pride mixed was a scorn so hard, That to
be loved she loved, yet whilst they woo Her lovers all she
hates; that pleased her will To conquer men, and conquered
so, to kill.

XXXIX

But now herself disdained, abandoned, Ran after him;
that from her fled in scorn, And her despised beauty
labored With humble complaints and prayers to adorn: She ran
and hasted after him that fled, Through frost and snow,
through brier, bush and thorn, And sent her cries on
message her before, That reached not him till he had
reached the shore.

XL

"Oh thou that leav'st but half behind," quoth she, "Of my poor heart, and half with thee dost carry, Oh take this part, or render that to me, Else kill them both at once, ah tarry, tarry: Hear my last words, no parting kiss of thee I crave, for some more fit with thee to marry Keep them, unkind; what fear'st thou if thou stay? Thou may'st deny, as well as run away."

XLI

At this Rinaldo stopped, stood still, and stayed, She came, sad, breathless, weary, faint and weak, So woe begone was never nymph or maid And yet her beauty's pride grief could not break, On him she looked, she gazed, but naught she said, She would not, could not, or she durst not speak, At her he looked not, glanced not, if he did, Those glances shamefaced were, close, secret, hid.

XLII

As cunning singers, ere they strain on high, In loud
melodious tunes, their gentle voice, Prepare the hearers'
ears to harmony With feignings sweet, low notes and
warbles choice: So she, not having yet forgot pardie Her
wonted shifts and sleights in Cupid's toys, A sequence first
of sighs and sobs forthcast, To breed compassion dear, then
spake at last:

XLIII

"Suppose not, cruel, that I come to vow 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 enemy listen thou: Sworn foes
sometimes will talk and chaffer words, For what I ask thee,
may'st thou grant right well, And lessen naught 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 thee ill: I
was a Pagan born, and all my might Against Godfredo bent,
mine art and skill: I followed thee, took thee, and bore thee
far, 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 allured to love, Wicked deceit, craft worthy
sharp reprief; Mine honor gave I thee all gifts above, And
of my beauties made thee lord and chief, And to my suitors
old what I denayed, That gave I thee, my lover new,
unprayed.

XLVI

"But reckon that among, my faults, and let Those
many wrongs provoke thee so to wrath, That hence thou
run, and that at naught 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

"All only let me go with thee, unkind, A small request
although I were thy foe, The spoiler seldom leaves the prey
behind, Who triumphs lets his captives with him
go; Among thy prisoners poor Armida bind, And let the
camp increase thy praises so, That thy beguiler so thou
couldst beguile, And point at me, thy thrall and bonds slave
vile.

XLVIII

"Despised bondslave, since my lord doth hate These
locks, why keep I them or hold them dear? Come cut them
off, that to my servile state My habit answer may, and all
my gear: I follow thee in spite of death and fate, Through
battles fierce where dangers most appear, Courage I have,
and strength enough perchance, To lead thy courser spare,
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 bosom soft
shall be thy bield Gainst storms of arrows, darts and
weapons thrown; Thy foes, pardie, encountering thee in
field, Will spare to strike thee, mine affection known, Lest
me they wound, nor will sharp vengeance take On thee, for
this despised beauty's sake.

L

"O wretch! dare I still vaunt, or help invoke From this poor beauty, scorned and disdained?" She said no more, her tears her speeches broke, Which from her eyes like streams from springs down rained: She would have caught him by the hand or cloak, But he stepped backward, and himself restrained, Conquered his will, his heart ruth softened not, There plaints no issue, love no entrance got.

LI

Love entered not to kindle in his breast, Which Reason late had quenched, his wonted flame; Yet entered Pity in the place at least, Love's sister, but a chaste and sober dame, And stirred him so, that hardly he suppressed The springing tears that to his eyes up came; But yet even there his plaints repressed were, And, as he could, he looked, 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 erred, and your estate forgot, Too great your hate was,
and your love too hot.

LIII

"But those are common faults, and faults of
kind, Excused 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 kenned, I wish this fact
should still 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 turned and rolled her eyes, And
staring on his face awhile, at last Thus in foul terms, her
bitter wrath forth brast:

LVI

"Of Sophia fair thou never wert the child, Nor of the
Azzain race ysprung thou art, The mad sea waves thee hare,
some tigress wild On Caucasus' cold crags nursed thee
apart; Ah, cruel man I in whom no token mild Appears, 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 counsels me; how he can
preach, Like chaste Xenocrates, gainst love divine; O
heavens, O 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 leavest me here: My angry soul
discharged from this weak breast, Shall haunt thee ever,
and attend thee near, And fury like in snakes and firebrands
dressed, Shall aye torment thee, whom it late held
dear: And if thou 'scape the seas, the rocks, and sands And
come to fight among 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 outstretched she lies, Stiff were her frozen
limbs, closed were her eyes.

LX

Thou closed thine eyes, Armida, heaven envied Ease
to thy grief, or comfort to thy woe; Ah, open then again, see
tears down slide From his kind eyes, whom thou esteem'st
thy foe, If thou hadst heard, his sighs had mollified Thine
anger, hard he sighed 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
woful 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 looked, till land unseen
he left.

LXII

Waked from her trance, foresaken, speechless,
sad, Armida wildly stared and gazed 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 unrevenged, still mourn,
still weeping stand?

LXIII

"Fie 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, Not heaven, nor hell, can shield 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?

LXIV

"O fool! thou shouldest have been cruel than, For then
this cruel well deserved thine ire, When thou in prison
hadst entrapped the man, Now dead with cold, too late thou
askest 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 these wrongs, Vengeance to
thee, to thee revenge belongs.

LXV

"Thou shalt be his reward, with murdering 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.

LXVI

"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 waved loose, face shone, eyes
sparkled fire.

LXVII

When she came home, she called with outcries
shrill, A thousand devils in Limbo deep that won, Black
clouds the skies with horrid darkness fill, And pale for
dread became the eclipsed sun, The whirlwind blustered big
on every hill, And hell to roar under her feet begun, You
might have heard how through the palace wide, Some
spirits howled, some barked, some hissed, some cried.

LXVIII

A shadow, blacker than the mirkest night, Environed
all the place with darkness sad, Wherein a firebrand gave a
dreadful light, Kindled in hell by Tisiphone the
mad; Vanished the shade, the sun appeared in sight, Pale
were his beams, the air was nothing glad, And all the palace
vanished 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 dissolved by wind or
Titan's heat, Or like vain dreams soon made, and sooner
past: The palace vanished so, nor in his seat Left aught but
rocks and crags, by kind there placed; She in her coach
which two old serpents drew, Sate down, and as she used,
away she flew.

LXX

She broke the clouds, and cleft the yielding sky, And
bout her gathered 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 passed,
which lie Twixt Spain and Afric, nor her flight inclined To
north or south, but still did forward ride O'er seas and
streams, till Syria's coasts she spied.

LXXI

Now she went forward to Damascus fair, But of her
country dear she fled the sight, And guided to Asphaltes'
lake her chair, Where stood her castle, there she ends her
flight, And from her damsels far, 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 Zion'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, Farewell, regard of honor; 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
became; His niece a wandering damsel first made he, He
spurred my youth, and I cast off my shame, His be the fault,
if aught gainst 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 showed her wealth, and well
declared 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 bands, Their kings and
princes, lay on Gaza's sands.