

Jerusalem Delivered

(Volume IV)

by **Torquato Tasso**

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Jerusalem Delivered (Volume IV)

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I. 监… II. 王…

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SEVENTEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

Egypt's great host in battle ray forth brought, The
Caliph sends with Godfrey's power to fight; Armida, who
Rinaldo's ruin sought, To them adjoins herself and Syria's
might. To satisfy her cruel will and thought, She gives
herself to him that kills her knight: He takes his fatal arms,
and in his shield His ancestors and their great deeds
beheld.

I

Gaza the city on the frontier stands Of Juda's realm,
as men to Egypt ride, Built near the sea, beside it of dry
sands Huge wildernesses lie and deserts wide Which the
strong winds lift from the parched lands And toss like
roaring waves in roughest tide, That from those storms poor
passengers almost No refuge find, but there are drowned

and lost.

II

Within this town, won from the Turks of yore Strong
garrison the king of Egypt placed, And for it nearer was,
and fitted more That high emprise to which his thoughts he
cast, He left great Memphis, and to Gaza bore His regal
throne, and there, from countries vast Of his huge empire
all the puissant host Assembled he, and mustered on the
coast.

III

Come say, my Muse, what manner times these
were, And in those times how stood the state of
things, What power this monarch had, what arms they
bear, What nations subject, and what friends he
brings; From all lands the southern ocean near, Or morning
star, came princes, dukes and kings, And only thou of half
the world well nigh The armies, lords, and captains canst

descry.

IV

When Egypt from the Greekish emperor Rebelled first,
and Christ's true faith denied, Of Mahomet's descent a
warrior There set his throne and ruled that kingdom
wide, Caliph he hight, and Caliphs since that hour Are his
successors named all beside: So Nilus old his kings long
time had seen That Ptolemies and Pharaohs called had
been.

V

Established was that kingdom in short while, And
grew so great, that over Asia's lands And Lybia's realms it
stretched many a mile, From Syria's coasts as far as Cirene
sands, And southward passed gainst the course of
Nile, Through the hot clime where burnt Syene
stands, Hence bounded in with sandy deserts waste, And
thence with Euphrates' rich flood embraced.

VI

Maremma, myrrh and spices that doth bring, And all
the rich red sea it comprehends, And to those lands, toward
the morning spring That lie beyond that gulf, it far
extends; Great is that empire, greater by the king That rules
it now, whose worth the land amends, And makes more
famous, lord thereof by blood, By wisdom, valor, and all
virtues good.

VII

With Turks and Persians war he oft did wage, And oft
he won, and sometimes lost the field, Nor could his adverse
fortune aught assuage His valor's heat or make his proud
heart yield, But when he grew unfit for war through
age, He sheathed his sword and laid aside his shield: But
yet his warlike mind he laid not down, Nor his great thirst
of rule, praise and renown,

VIII

But by his knights still cruel wars maintained. So
wise his words, so quick his wit appears, That of the
kingdom large o'er which he reigned, The charge seemed
not too weighty for his years; His greatness Afric's lesser
kings constrained To tremble at his name, all Ind him
fears, And other realms that would his friendship
hold; Some armed soldiers sent, some gifts, some gold.

IX

This mighty prince assembled had the flower Of all
his realms, against the Frenchmen stout, To break their
rising empire and their power, Nor of sure conquest had he
fear or doubt: To him Armida came, even at the hour When
in the plains, old Gaza's walls without, The lords and
leaders all their armies bring In battle ray, mustered before
their king.

X

He on his throne was set, to which on height Who
clomb an hundred ivory stairs first told, Under a pentise
wrought of silver bright, And trod on carpets made of silk
and gold; His robes were such as best beseemen might A
king, so great, so grave, so rich, so old, And twined of sixty
ells of lawn and more A turban strange adorned his tresses
hoar.

XI

His right hand did his precious sceptre wield, His
beard was gray, his looks severe and grave, And from his
eyes, not yet made dim with eild, Sparkled his former
worth and vigor brave, His gestures all the majesty
upheild And state, as his old age and empire crave, So
Phidias carved, Apelles so, pardie, Erst painted Jove, Jove
thundering down from sky.

XII

On either side him stood a noble lord, Whereof the
first held in his upright hand Of severe justice the impartial
sword; The other bare the seal, and causes
scanned, Keeping his folk in peace and good accord, And
termed was lord chancellor of the land; But marshal was
the first, and used to lead His armies forth to war, oft with
good speed.

XIII

Of bold Circassians with their halberts long, About
his throne his guards stood in a ring, All richly armed in
gilden corslets strong, And by their sides their crooked
swords down hing: Thus set, thus seated, his grave lords
among, His hosts and armies great beheld the king, And
every band as by his throne it went, Their ensigns low
inclined, and arms down bent:

XIV

Their squadrons first the men of Egypt show, In four
troops, and each his several guide, Of the high country two,
two of the low Which Nile had won out of the salt
seaside, His fertile slime first stopped the waters'
flow, Then hardened to firm land the plough to bide, So
Egypt still increased, within far placed That part is now
where ships erst anchor cast.

XV

The foremost band the people were that dwelled In
Alexandria's rich and fertile plain, Along the western shore,
whence Nile expelled The greedy billows of the swelling
main; Araspes was their guide, who more excelled In wit
and craft than strength or warlike pain, To place an ambush
close, or to devise A treason false, was none so sly, so
wise.

XVI

The people next that gainst the morning rays Along
the coasts of Asia have their seat, Arontes led them, whom
no warlike praise Ennobled, but high birth and titles
great, His helm ne'er made him sweat in toilsome
frays, Nor was his sleep e'er broke with trumpet's
threat, But from soft ease to try the toil of fight His fond
ambition brought this carpet knight.

XVII

The third seemed not a troop or squadron small, But
an huge host; nor seemed it so much grain In Egypt grew as
to sustain them all; Yet from one town thereof came all that
train, A town in people to huge shires equal, That did a
thousand streets and more contain, Great Caire it hight,
whose commons from each side Came swarming out to war,
Campson their guide.

XVIII

Next under Gazel marched they that plough The
fertile lands above that town which lie Up to the place
where Nilus tumbling low Falls from his second cataract
from high; The Egyptians weaponed were with sword and
bow, No weight of helm or hauberk list they try, And richly
armed, in their strong foes no dread Of death but great
desire of spoil they breed.

XIX

The naked folk of Barca these succeed, Unarmed half,
Alarcon led that band, That long in deserts lived, in
extreme need, On spoils and preys purchased by strength of
hand. To battle strong unfit, their king did lead His army
next brought from Zumara land. Then he of Tripoli, for
sudden fight And skirmish short, both ready, bold, and
light.

XX

Two captains next brought forth their bands to
show Whom Stony sent and Happy Araby, Which never felt
the cold of frost and snow, Or force of burning heat, unless
fame lie, Where incense pure and all sweet odors
grow, Where the sole phoenix doth revive, not die, And
midst the perfumes rich and flowerets brave Both birth and
burial, cradle hath and grave.

XXI

Their clothes not rich, their garments were not
gay, But weapons like the Egyptian troops they had, The
Arabians next that have no certain stay, No house, no home,
no mansion good or bad, But ever, as the Scythian hordes
stray, From place to place their wandering cities gad: These
have both voice and stature feminine, Hair long and black,
black face, and fiery eyne.

XXII

Long Indian canes, with iron armed, they bear, And as
upon their nimble steeds they ride, Like a swift storm their
speedy troops appear, If winds so fast bring storms from
heavens wide: By Syphax led the first Arabians
were; Aldine the second squadron had no guide, And
Abiazar proud, brought to the fight The third, a thief, a
murderer, not a knight.

XXIII

The islanders came then their prince before Whose
lands Arabia's gulf enclosed about, Wherein they fish and
gather oysters store, Whose shells great pearls rich and
round pour out; The Red Sea sent with them from his left
shore, Of negroes grim a black and ugly rout; These
Agricalt and those Osmida brought, A man that set law,
faith and truth at naught.

XXIV

The Ethiops next which Meroe doth breed, That sweet
and gentle isle of Meroe, Twixt Nile and Astrabore that far
doth spread, Where two religions are, and kingdoms
three, These Assimiro and Canario led, Both kings, both
Pagans, and both subjects be To the great Caliph, but the
third king kept Christ's sacred faith, nor to these wars
outstepped.

XXV

After two kings, both subjects also, ride, And of two
bands of archers had the charge, The first Soldan of Ormus
placed in the wide Huge Persian Bay, a town rich, fair, and
large: The last of Boecan, which at every tide The sea cuts
off from Persia's southern marge, And makes an isle; but
when it ebbs again, The passage there is sandy, dry and
plain.

XXVI

Nor thee, great Altamore, in her chaste bed Thy loving
queen kept with her dear embrace, She tore her locks, she
smote her breast, and shed Salt tears to make thee stay in
that sweet place, "Seem the rough seas more calm, cruel,"
she said, "Than the mild looks of thy kind spouse's face? Or
is thy shield, with blood and dust defiled, A dearer armful
than thy tender child?"

XXVII

This was the mighty king of Samarcand, A captain
wise, well skilled in feats of war, In courage fierce,
matchless for strength of hand, Great was his praise, his
force was noised far; His worth right well the Frenchmen
understand, By whom his virtues feared and loved are: His
men were armed with helms and hauberks strong, And by
their sides broad swords and maces hong.

XXVIII

Then from the mansions bright of fresh
Aurore Adrastus came, the glorious king of Ind, A snake's
green skin spotted with black he wore, That was made rich
by art and hard by kind, An elephant this furious giant
bore, He fierce as fire, his mounture swift as wind; Much
people brought he from his kingdoms wide, Twixt Indus,
Ganges, and the salt seaside.

XXIX

The king's own troop come next, a chosen crew, Of
all the camp the strength, the crown, the flower, Wherein
each soldier had with honors due Rewarded been, for
service ere that hour; Their arms were strong for need, and
fair for show, Upon fierce steeds well mounted rode this
power, And heaven itself with the clear splendor shone Of
their bright armor, purple, gold and stone.

XXX

Mongst these Alarco fierce, and Odemare The muster
master was, and Hidraort, And Rimedon, whose rashness
took no care To shun death's bitter stroke, in field or
fort, Tigranes, Rapold stem, the men that fare By sea, that
robbed in each creek and port, Ormond, and Marlabust the
Arabian named, Because that land rebellious he reclaimed.

XXXI

There Pirga, Arimon, Orindo are, Brimarte the scaler,
and with him Suifant The breaker of wild horses brought
from far; Then the great wresteler strong Aridamant, And
Tisapherne, the thunderbolt of war, Whom none surpassed,
whom none to match durst vaunt At tilt, at tourney, or in
combat brave, With spear or lance, with sword, with mace
or glaive.

XXXII

A false Armenian did this squadron guide, That in his youth from Christ's true faith and light To the blind lore of Paganism did slide, That Clement late, now Emireno, hight; Yet to his king he faithful was, and tried True in all causes, his in wrong and right: A cunning leader and a soldier bold, For strength and courage, young; for wisdom, old.

XXXIII

When all these regiments were passed and gone, Appeared Armide, and came her troop to show; Set in a chariot bright with precious stone, Her gown tucked up, and in her hand a bow; In her sweet face her new displeasures shone, Mixed with the native beauties there which grow, And quickened so her looks that in sharp wise It seems she threats and yet her threats entice.

XXXIV

Her chariot like Aurora's glorious wain, With
carbuncles and jacinths glistered round: Her coachman
guided with the golden rein Four unicorns, by couples
yoked and bound; Of squires and lovely ladies hundreds
twain, Whose rattling quivers at their backs resound, On
milk white steeds, wait on the chariot bright, Their steeds to
manage, ready; swift, to flight.

XXXV

Followed her troop led forth by Aradin, Which
Hidraort from Syria's kingdom sent, As when the new born
phoenix doth begin To fly to Ethiop ward, at the fair
bent Of her rich wings strange plumes and feathers thin Her
crowns and chains with native gold besprent, The world
amazed stands; and with her fly An host of wondering birds,
that sing and cry:

XXXV

So passed Armida, looked on, gazed on, so, A
wondrous dame in habit, gesture, face; There lived no
wight to love so great a foe But wished and longed those
beauties to embrace, Scant seen, with anger sullen, sad for
woe, She conquered all the lords and knights in place, What
would she do, her sorrows passed, think you, When her fair
eyes, her looks and smiles shall woo?

XXXVII

She passed, the king commanded Emiren Of his rich
throne to mount the lofty stage, To whom his host, his army,
and his men, He would commit, now in his graver
age. With stately grace the man approached then; His looks
his coming honor did presage: The guard asunder cleft and
passage made, He to the throne up went, and there he
stayed.

XXXVIII

To earth he cast his eyes, and bent his knee: To whom
the king thus gan his will explain, "To thee this sceptre,
Emiren, to thee These armies I commit, my place
sustain Mongst them, go set the king of Judah free, And let
the Frenchmen feel my just disdain, Go meet them, conquer
them, leave none alive; Or those that scape from battle,
bring captive."

XXXIX

Thus spake the tyrant. and the sceptre laid With all his
sovereign power upon the knight: "I take this sceptre at
your hand," he said, "And with your happy fortune go to
fight, And trust, my lord, in your great virtue's aid To venge
all Asia's harms, her wrongs to right, Nor e'er but victor
will I see your face; Our overthrow shall bring death, not
disgrace.

XL

"Heavens grant if evil, yet no mishap I dread, Or
harm they threaten against this camp of thine, That all that
mischief fall upon my head, Theirs be the conquest, and the
danger mine; And let them safe bring home their captain
dead, Buried in pomp of triumph's glorious shine." He
ceased, and then a murmur loud up went, With noise of joy
and sound of instrument.

XLI

Amid the noise and shout uprose the king, Environed
with many a noble peer That to his royal tent the monarch
bring, And there he feasted them and made them cheer, To
him and him he talked, and carved each thing, The greatest
honored, meanest graced were; And while this mirth, this
joy and feast doth last, Armida found fit time her nets to
cast:

XLII

But when the feast was done, she, that espied All eyes
on her fair visage fixed and bent, And by new notes and
certain signs described, How love's empoisoned fire their
entrails brent, Arose, and where the king sate in his
pride, With stately pace and humble gestures, went; And as
she could in looks in voice she strove Fierce, stern, bold,
angry, and severe to prove.

XLIII

"Great Emperor, behold me here," she said. "For thee,
my country, and my faith to fight, A dame, a virgin, but a
royal maid; And worthy seems this war a princess
hight, For by the sword the sceptre is upstayed, This hand
can use them both with skill and might, This hand of mine
can strike, and at each blow Thy foes and ours kill, wound,
and overthrow.

XLIV

"Nor yet suppose this is the foremost day
Wherein to war I bent my noble thought,
But for the surety of thy realms, and stay
Of our religion true, ere this I wrought:
Yourself best know if this be true I say,
Or if my former deeds rejoiced you aught,
When Godfrey's hardy knights and princes strong
I captive took, and held in bondage long.

XLV

"I took them, bound them, and so sent them bound
To thee, a noble gift, with whom they had
Condemned low in dungeon under ground
Forever dwelt, in woe and torment sad:
So might thine host an easy way have found
To end this doubtful war, with conquest glad,
Had not Rinaldo fierce my knights all slain,
And set those lords, his friends, at large again.

XLVI

"Rinaldo is well known," and there a long And true
rehearsal made she of his deeds, "This is the knight that
since hath done me wrong, Wrong yet untold, that sharp
revengement needs: Displeasure therefore, mixed with
reason strong, This thirst of war in me, this courage
breeds; Nor how he injured me time serves to tell, Let this
suffice, I seek revengement fell,

XLVII

"And will procure it, for all shafts that fly Light not in
vain; some work the shooter's will, And Jove's right hand
with thunders cast from sky Takes open vengeance oft for
secret ill: But if some champion dare this knight defy To
mortal battle, and by fight him kill, And with his hateful
head will me present, That gift my soul shall please, my
heart content:

XLVIII

"So please, that for reward enjoy he shall, The
greatest gift I can or may afford, Myself, my beauty, wealth,
and kingdoms all, To marry him, and take him for my
lord, This promise will I keep whate'er befall, And thereto
bind myself by oath and word: Now he that deems this
purchase worth his pain, Let him step forth and speak, I
none disdain."

XLIX

While thus the princess said, his hungry
eyne Adrastus fed on her sweet beauty's light, "The gods
forbid," quoth he, "one shaft of thine Should be discharged
gainst that discourteous knight, His heart unworthy is,
shootress divine, Of thine artillery to feel the might; To
wreak thine ire behold me prest and fit, I will his head cut
off, and bring thee it.

L

"I will his heart with this sharp sword divide, And to the vultures cast his carcass out." Thus threatened he, but Tisapherne envied To hear his glorious vaunt and boasting stout, And said, "But who art thou, that so great pride Thou showest before the king, me, and this rout? Pardie here are some such, whose worth exceeds Thy vaunting much yet boast not of their deeds."

LI

The Indian fierce replied, "I am the man Whose acts his words and boasts have aye surpassed; But if elsewhere the words thou now began Had uttered been, that speech had been thy last." Thus quarrelled they; the monarch stayed them than, And 'twixt the angry knights his sceptre cast: Then to Armida said, "Fair Queen, I see Thy heart is stout, thy thoughts courageous be;

LII

"Thou worthy art that their disdain and ire
At thy commands these knights should both appease,
That gainst thy foe their courage hot as fire
Thou may'st employ, both when and where you please,
There all their power and force, and what desire
They have to serve thee, may they show at ease."
The monarch held his peace when this was said,
And they new proffer of their service made.

LIII

Nor they alone, but all that famous were
In feats of arms boast that he shall be dead,
All offer her their aid, all say and swear,
To take revenge on his condemned head:
So many arms moved she against her dear,
And swore her darling under foot to tread,
But he, since first the enchanted isle he left,
Safe in his barge the roaring waves still cleft.

LIV

By the same way returned the well taught boat By
which it came, and made like haste, like speed; The
friendly wind, upon her sail that smote, So turned as to
return her ship had need: The youth sometimes the Pole or
Bear did note, Or wandering stars which dearest nights
forthspread: Sometimes the floods, the hills, or mountains
steep, Whose woody fronts o'ershade the silent deep.

LV

Now of the camp the man the state inquires, Now asks
the customs strange of sundry lands; And sailed, till clad in
beams and bright attires The fourth day's sun on the eastern
threshold stands: But when the western seas had quenched
those fires, Their frigate struck against the shore and
sands; Then spoke their guide, "The land of Palestine This
is, here must your journey end and mine."

LVI

The knights she set upon the shore all three, And
vanished thence in twinkling of an eye, Uprose the night in
whose deep blackness be All colors hid of things in earth or
sky, Nor could they house, or hold, or harbor see, Or in that
desert sign of dwelling spy, Nor track of man or horse, or
ought that might Inform them of some path or passage
right.

LVII

When they had mused what way they travel
should, From the west shore their steps at last they
twined, And lo, far off at last their eyes behold Something,
they wist not what, that clearly shined With rays of silver
and with beams of gold Which the dark folds of night's
black mantle lined. Forward they went and marched against
the light, To see and find the thing that shone so bright.

LVIII

High on a tree they saw an armor new, That glistered
bright gainst Cynthia's silver ray, Therein, like stars in skies,
the diamonds show Fret in the gilden helm and hauberk
gay, The mighty shield all scored full they view Of pictures
fair, ranged in meet array; To keep them sate an aged man
beside, Who to salute them rose, when them he spied.

LIX

The twain who first were sent in this pursuit Of their
wise friend well knew the aged face: But when the wizard
sage their first salute Received and quitted had with kind
embrace, To the young prince, that silent stood and
mute, He turned his speech, "In this unused place For you
alone I wait, my lord," quoth he, "My chiefest care your
state and welfare be.

LX

"For, though you wot it not, I am your friend, And for
your profit work, as these can tell, I taught them how
Armida's charms to end, And bring you thither from love's
hateful cell, Now to my words, though sharp perchance,
attend, Nor be aggrieved although they seem too fell, But
keep them well in mind, till in the truth A wise and holier
man instruct thy youth.

LXI

"Not underneath sweet shades and fountains
shrill, Among the nymphs, the fairies, leaves and
flowers; But on the steep, the rough and craggy hill Of
virtue stands this bliss, this good of ours: By toil and travel,
not by sitting still In pleasure's lap, we come to honor's
bowers; Why will you thus in sloth's deep valley lie? The
royal eagles on high mountains fly.

LXII

"Nature lifts up thy forehead to the skies, And fills thy heart with high and noble thought, That thou to heavenward aye shouldst lift thine eyes, And purchase fame by deeds well done and wrought; She gives thee ire, by which not courage flies To conquests, not through brawls and battles fought For civil jars, nor that thereby you might Your wicked malice wreak and cursed spite.

LXIII

"But that your strength spurred forth with noble wrath, With greater fury might Christ's foes assault, And that your bridle should with lesser scath Each secret vice, and kill each inward fault; For so his godly anger ruled hath Each righteous man beneath heaven's starry vault, And at his will makes it now hot, now cold, Now lets it run, now doth it fettered hold."

LXIV

Thus parleyed he; Rinaldo, hushed and still, Great
wisdom heard in those few words compiled, He marked his
speech, a purple blush did fill His guilty checks, down went
his eyesight mild. The hermit by his bashful looks his
will Well understood, and said, "Look up, my child, And
painted in this precious shield behold The glorious deeds of
thy forefathers old.

LXV

"Thine elders' glory herein see and know, In virtue's
path how they trod all their days, Whom thou art far behind,
a runner slow In this true course of honor, fame and
praise: Up, up, thyself incite by the fair show Of knightly
worth which this bright shield bewrays, That be thy spur to
praise!" At last the knight Looked up, and on those portraits
bent his sight.

LXVI

The cunning workman had in little space Infinite
shapes of men there well expressed, For there described
was the worthy race And pedigree of all of the house of
Est: Come from a Roman spring o'er all the place Flowed
pure streams of crystals east and west, With laurel crowned
stood the princes old, Their wars the hermit and their
battles told.

LXVII

He showed them Caius first, when first in prey To
people strange the falling empire went, First Prince of Est,
that did the sceptre sway O'er such as chose him lord by
tree consent; His weaker neighbors to his rule obey, Need
made them stoop, constraint doth force content; After,
when Lord Honorius called the train Of savage Goths into
his land again,

LXVIII

And when all Italy did burn and flame With bloody
war, by this fierce people mad, When Rome a captive and a
slave became, And to be quite destroyed was most
afraid, Aurelius, to his everlasting fame, Preserved in peace
the folk that him obeyed: Next whom was Forest, who the
rage withstood Of the bold Huns, and of their tyrant proud.

LXIX

Known by his look was Attila the fell, Whose dragon
eyes shone bright with anger's spark, Worse faced than a
dog, who viewed him well Supposed they saw him grin and
heard him bark; But when in single fight he lost the
bell, How through his troops he fled there might you
mark, And how Lord Forest after fortified Aquilea's town,
and how for it he died.

LXX

For there was wrought the fatal end and fine, Both of
himself and of the town he kept: But his great son
renowned Acarine, Into his father's place and honor
stepped: To cruel fate, not to the Huns, Altine Gave place,
and when time served again forth leapt, And in the vale of
Po built for his seat Of many a village a small city great;

LXXI

Against the swelling flood he banked it strong, And
thence uprose the fair and noble town Where they of Est
should by succession long Command, and rule in bliss and
high renown: Gainst Odoacer then he fought, but wrong Oft
spoilth right, fortune treads courage down, For there he
died for his dear country's sake, And of his father's praise
did so partake.

LXXII

With him died Alforisio, Azzo was With his dear
brother into exile sent, But homeward they in arms again
repass The Herule king oppressed from banishment. His
front through pierced with a dart, alas, Next them, of Est
the Epaminondas went, That smiling seemed to cruel death
to yield, When Totila was fled, and safe his shield.

LXXIII

Of Boniface I speak; Valerian, His son, in praise and
power succeeded him, Who durst sustain, in years though
scant a man, Of the proud Goths an hundred squadrons
trim: Then he that gainst the Slaves much honor
wan, Ernesto, threatening stood with visage grim; Before
him Aldoard, the Lombard stout Who from Monselce
boldly erst shut out.

LXXIV

There Henry was and Berengare the bold That served
great Charles in his conquest high, Who in each battle give
the onset would, A hardy soldier and a captain sly; After,
Prince Lewis did he well uphold Against his nephew, King
of Italy, He won the field and took that king on live: Next
him stood Otho with his children five.

LXXV

Of Almeric the image next they view, Lord Marquis
of Ferrara first create, Founder of many churches, that
upthrew His eyes, like one that used to contemplate; Gainst
him the second Azzo stood in rew, With Berengarius that
did long debate, Till after often change of fortune
stroke, He won, and on all Italy laid the yoke.

LXXVI

Albert his son the Germans warred among, And there
his praise and fame was spread so wide, That having foiled
the Danes in battle strong, His daughter young became
great Otho's bride. Behind him Hugo stood with warfare
long, That broke the horn of all the Romans' pride, Who of
all Italy the marquis hight, And Tuscan whole possessed as
his right.

LXXVII

After Tebaldo, puissant Boniface And Beatrice his
dear possessed the stage; Nor was there left heir male of
that great race, To enjoy the sceptre, state and heritage; The
Princess Maud alone supplied the place, Supplied the want
in number, sex and age; For far above each sceptre, throne
and crown, The noble dame advanced her veil and gown.

LXXVIII

With manlike vigor shone her noble look, And more
than manlike wrath her face o'erspread, There the fell
Normans, Guichard there forsook The field, till then who
never feared nor fled; Henry the Fourth she beat, and from
him took His standard, and in Church it offered; Which
done, the Pope back to the Vatican She brought, and placed
in Peter's chair again.

LXXIX

As he that honored her and held her dear, Azzo the
Fifth stood by her lovely side; But the fourth Azzo's
offspring far and near Spread forth, and through Germania
fructified; Sprung from the branch did Guelpho bold
appear, Guelpho his son by Cunigond his bride, And in
Bavaria's field transplanted new The Roman graft
flourished, increased and grew.

LXXX

A branch of Est there in the Guelfian tree Engrafted
was, which of itself was old, Whereon you might the
Guelfoes fairer see, Renew their sceptres and their crowns
of gold, Of which Heaven's good aspects so bended be That
high and broad it spread and flourished bold, Till
underneath his glorious branches laid Half Germany, and
all under his shade.

LXXXI

This regal plant from his Italian rout Sprung up as
high, and blossomed fair above, Fornest Lord Guelpho,
Bertold issued out, With the sixth Azzo whom all virtues
love; This was the pedigree of worthies stout, Who seemed
in that bright shield to live and move. Rinaldo waked up
and cheered his face, To see these worthies of his house and
race.

LXXXII

To do like acts his courage wished and sought, And
with that wish transported him so far That all those deeds
which filled aye his thought, Towns won, forts taken,
armies killed in war, As if they were things done indeed
and wrought, Before his eyes he thinks they present are, He
hastily arms him, and with hope and haste, Sure conquest
met, prevented and embraced.

LXXXIII

But Charles, who had told the death and fall Of the
young prince of Danes, his late dear lord, Gave him the
fatal weapon, and withal, "Young knight," quoth he, "take
with good luck this sword, Your just, strong, valiant hand in
battle shall Employ it long, for Christ's true faith and
word, And of his former lord revenge the wrongs, Who
loved you so, that deed to you belongs."

LXXXIV

He answered, "God for his mercy's sake, Grant that
this hand which holds this weapon good For thy dear
master may sharp vengeance take, May cleave the Pagan's
heart, and shed his blood." To this but short reply did
Charles make, And thanked him much, nor more on terms
they stood: For lo, the wizard sage that was their guide On
their dark journey hastes them forth to ride.

LXXXV

"High time it is," quoth he, "for you to wend Where
Godfrey you awaits, and many a knight, There may we well
arrive ere night doth end, And through this darkness can I
guide you right." This said, up to his coach they all
ascend, On his swift wheels forth rolled the chariot
light, He gave his coursers fleet the rod and rein, And
galloped forth and eastward drove amain;

LXXXVI

While silent so through night's dark shade they
fly, The hermit thus bespake the young man stout: "Of thy
great house, thy race, thine offspring high, Here hast thou
seen the branch, the bole, the root, And as these worthies
born to chivalry And deeds of arms it hath tofore brought
out, So is it, so it shall be fertile still, Nor time shall end,
nor age that seed shall kill.

LXXXVII

"Would God, as drawn from the forgetful lap Of
antique time, I have thine elders shown; That so I could the
catalogue unwrap Of thy great nephews yet unborn,
unknown, That ere this light they view, their fate and hap I
might foretell, and how their chance is thrown, That like
thine elders so thou mightst behold Thy children, many,
famous, stout and bold.

LXXXVIII

"But not by art or skill, of things future Can the plain
truth revealed be and told, Although some knowledge
doubtful, dark, obscure We have of coming haps in clouds
uprolled; Nor all which in this cause I know for sure Dare I
foretell: for of that father old, The hermit Peter, learned I
much, and he Withouten veil heaven's secrets great doth
see.

LXXXIX

"But this, to him revealed by grace divine, By him to
me declared, to thee I say, Was never race Greek, barbarous,
or Latine, Great in times past, or famous at this day, Richer
in hardy knights than this of thine; Such blessings Heaven
shall on thy children lay That they in fame shall pass, in
praise o'ercome, The worthies old of Sparta, Carthage,
Rome.

XC

"But mongst the rest I chose Alphonsus bold, In virtue
first, second in place and name, He shall be born when this
frail world grows old, Corrupted, poor, and bare of men of
fame, Better than he none shall, none can, or could, The
sword or sceptre use or guide the same, To rule in peace or
to command in fight, Thine offspring's glory and thy
house's light.

XCI

"His younger age foretokens true shall yield Of future
valor, puissance, force and might, From him no rock the
savage beast shall shield; At tilt or tourney match him shall
no knight: After, he conquer shall in pitched field Great
armies and win spoils in single fight, And on his locks,
rewards for knightly praise, Shall garlands wear of grass, of
oak, of bays.

XCII

"His graver age, as well that eild it fits, Shall happy
peace preserve and quiet blest, And from his neighbors
strong mongst whom he sits Shall keep his cities safe in
wealth and rest, Shall nourish arts and cherish pregnant
wits, Make triumphs great, and feast his subjects
best, Reward the good, the evil with pains torment, Shall
dangers all foresee, and seen, prevent.

XCIII

"But if it hap against those wicked bands That sea and
earth invest with blood and war, And in these wretched
times to noble lands Give laws of peace false and unjust
that are, That he be sent, to drive their guilty hands From
Christ's pure altars and high temples far, Oh, what revenge,
what vengeance shall he bring On that false sect, and their
accursed king!

XCIV

"Too late the Moors, too late the Turkish king, Gainst
him should arm their troops and legions bold For he beyond
great Euphrates should bring, Beyond the frozen tops of
Taurus cold, Beyond the land where is perpetual
spring, The cross, the eagle white, the lily of gold, And by
baptizing of the Ethiops brown Of aged Nile reveal the
springs unknown."

XCV

Thus said the hermit, and his prophecy The prince
accepted with content and pleasure, The secret thought of
his posterity Of his concealed joys heaped up the
measure. Meanwhile the morning bright was mounted
high, And changed Heaven's silver wealth to golden
treasure, And high above the Christian tents they view How
the broad ensigns trembled, waved and blew,

XCVI

When thus again their leader sage begun, "See how
bright Phoebus clears the darksome skies, See how with
gentle beams the friendly sun The tents, the towns, the hills
and dales descries, Through my well guiding is your
voyage done, From danger safe in travel off which
lies, Hence without fear of harm or doubt of foe March to
the camp, I may no nearer go."

XCVII

Thus took he leave, and made a quick return, And
forward went the champions three on foot, And marching
right against the rising morn A ready passage to the camp
found out, Meanwhile had speedy fame the tidings
borne That to the tents approached these barons stout, And
starting from his throne and kingly seat To entertain them,
rose Godfredo great.

EIGHTEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

The charms and spirits false therein which lie Rinaldo
chaseth from the forest old; The host of Egypt comes;
Vafrin the spy Entereth their camp, stout, crafty, wise and
bold; Sharp is the fight about the bulwarks high And ports
of Zion, to assault the hold: Godfrey hath aid from Heaven,
by force the town Is won, the Pagans slain, walls beaten
down.

I

Arrived where Godfrey to embrace him stood, "My
sovereign lord," Rinaldo meekly said, "To venge my
wrongs against Gernando proud My honor's care provoked
my wrath unstayed; But that I you displeased, my chieftain
good, My thoughts yet grieve, my heart is still
dismayed, And here I come, prest all exploits to try To
make me gracious in your gracious eye."

II

To him that kneeled, folding his friendly arms About
his neck, the duke this answer gave: "Let pass such
speeches sad, of passed harms. Remembrance is the life of
grief; his grave, Forgetfulness; and for amends, in
arms Your wonted valor use and courage brave; For you
alone to happy end must bring The strong enchantments of
the charmed spring.

III

"That aged wood whence heretofore we got, To build
our scaling engines, timber fit, Is now the fearful seat, but
how none wot, Where ugly fiends and damned spirits
sit; To cut one twist thereof adventureth not The boldest
knight we have, nor without it This wall can battered be:
where others doubt There venture thou, and show thy
courage stout."

IV

Thus said he, and the knight in speeches
few Proffered his service to attempt the thing, To hard
assays his courage willing flew, To him praise was no spur,
words were no sting; Of his dear friends then he embraced
the crew To welcome him which came; for in a ring About
him Guelpho, Tancred and the rest Stood, of the camp the
greatest, chief and best.

V

When with the prince these lords had iterate Their
welcomes oft, and oft their dear embrace, Toward the rest
of lesser worth and state, He turned, and them received
with gentle grace; The merry soldiers bout him shout and
prate, With cries as joyful and as cheerful face As if in
triumph's chariot bright as sun, He had returned Afric or
Asia won.

VI

Thus marched to his tent the champion good, And
there sat down with all his friends around; Now of the war
he asked, now of the wood, And answered each demand
they list propound; But when they left him to his ease, up
stood The hermit, and, fit time to speak once found, "My
lord," he said, "your travels wondrous are, Far have you
strayed, erred, wandered far.

VII

"Much are you bound to God above, who
brought You safe from false Armida's charmed hold, And
thee a straying sheep whom once he bought Hath now
again reduced to his fold, And gainst his heathen foes these
men of naught Hath chosen thee in place next Godfrey
bold; Yet mayest thou not, polluted thus with sin, In his
high service war or fight begin.

VIII

"The world, the flesh, with their infection vile Pollute
the thoughts impure, thy spirit stain; Not Po, not Ganges,
not seven mouthed Nile, Not the wide seas, can wash thee
clean again, Only to purge all faults which thee defile His
blood hath power who for thy sins was slain: His help
therefore invoke, to him bewray Thy secret faults, mourn,
weep, complain and pray."

IX

This said, the knight first with the witch unchaste His
idle loves and follies vain lamented; Then kneeling low
with heavy looks downcast, His other sins confessed and all
repented, And meekly pardon craved for first and last. The
hermit with his zeal was well contented, And said, "On
yonder hill next morn go pray That turns his forehead
gainst the morning ray.

X

"That done, march to the wood, whence each one
brings Such news of furies, goblins, fiends, and sprites, The
giants, monsters, and all dreadful things Thou shalt subdue,
which that dark grove unites: Let no strange voice that
mourns or sweetly sings, Nor beauty, whose glad smile frail
hearts delights, Within thy breast make ruth or pity rise, But
their false looks and prayers false despise."

XI

Thus he advised him, and the hardy knight Prepared
him gladly to this enterprise, Thoughtful he passed the day,
and sad the night; And ere the silver morn began to
rise, His arms he took, and in a coat him dight Of color
strange, cut in the warlike guise; And on his way sole,
silent, forth he went Alone, and left his friends, and left his
tent.

XII

It was the time when gainst the breaking
day Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined, For in the
east appeared the morning gray And yet some lamps in
Jove's high palace shined, When to Mount Olivet he took
his way, And saw, as round about his eyes he
twined, Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's
shine, This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

XIII

Thus to himself he thought, how many bright And
splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high, Day hath
his golden sun, her moon the night, Her fixed and
wandering stars the azure sky, So framed all by their
Creator's might That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall
die Till, in a moment, with the last day's brand They burn,
and with them burn sea, air, and land.

XIV

Thus as he mused, to the top he went, And there
kneeled down with reverence and fear, His eyes upon
heaven's eastern face he bent, His thoughts above all
heavens uplifted were: "The sins and errors, which I now
repent, Of mine unbridled youth, O Father dear, Remember
not, but let thy mercy fall, And purge my faults and mine
offences all."

XV

Thus prayed he, with purple wings upflew In golden
weed the morning's lusty queen, Begilding with the radiant
beams she threw His helm, his harness, and the mountain
green; Upon his breast and forehead gently blew The air,
that balm and nardus breathed unseen, And o'er his head let
down from clearest skies A cloud of pure and precious clew
there flies.

XVI

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread, To
which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem, And
sprinkled so, that all that paleness fled And thence, of
purest white, bright rays outstream; So cheered are the
flowers late withered With the sweet comfort of the
morning beam, And so, returned to youth, a serpent
old Adorns herself in new and native gold.

XVII

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed, The
Prince perceived well, and long admired; Toward the forest
marched he on with speed, Resolved, as such adventures
great required; Thither he came whence shrinking back for
dread Of that strange desert's sight the first retired, But not
to him fearful or loathsome made That forest was, but
sweet with pleasant shade:

XVIII

Forward he passed, mid in the grove before He heard
a sound that strange, sweet, pleasing was; There rolled a
crystal brook with gentle roar, There sighed the winds as
through the leaves they pass, There did the nightingale her
wrongs deplore, There sung the swan, and singing died,
alas! There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard, And
all these sounds one sound right well declared.

XIX

A dreadful thunder clap at last he heard, The aged
trees and plants well nigh that rent; Yet heard the nymphs
and sirens afterward, Birds, winds, and waters, sing with
sweet consent: Whereat amazed he stayed, and well
prepared For his defence, heedful and slow forth went: Nor
in his way his passage aught withstood, Except a quiet, still,
transparent flood.

XX

On the green banks which that fair stream
inbound, Flowers and odors sweetly smiled and
smelled, Which reaching out his stretched arms around, All
the large desert in his bosom held, And through the grove
one channel passage found; That in the wood; in that, the
forest dwelled: Trees clad the streams; streams green those
trees aye made And so exchanged their moisture and their
shade.

XXI

The knight some way sought out the flood to
pass, And as he sought, a wondrous bridge appeared, A
bridge of gold, a huge and weighty mass, On arches great
of that rich metal reared; When through that golden way he
entered was, Down fell the bridge, swelled the stream, and
weared The work away, nor sign left where it stood, And of
a river calm became a flood.

XXII

He turned, amazed to see it troubled so, Like sudden
brooks increased with molten snow, The billows fierce that
tossed to and fro, The whirlpools sucked down to their
bosoms low; But on he went to search for wonders
mo, Through the thick trees there high and broad which
grow, And in that forest huge and desert wide, The more he
sought, more wonders still he spied.

XXIII

Whereso he stepped, it seemed the joyful
ground Renewed the verdure of her flowery weed, A
fountain here, a wellspring there he found; Here bud the
roses, there the lilies spread The aged wood o'er and about
him round Flourished with blossoms new, new leaves, new
seed, And on the boughs and branches of those treen, The
bark was softened, and renewed the green.

XXIV

The manna on each leaf did pearled lie, The honey
stilled from the tender rind; Again he heard that wondrous
harmony, Of songs and sweet complaints of lovers
kind, The human voices sung a triple high, To which
respond the birds, the streams, the wind, But yet unseen
those nymphs, those singers were, Unseen the lutes, harps,
viols which they bear.

XXV

He looked, he listened, yet his thoughts denied To
think that true which he both heard and see, A myrtle in an
ample plain he spied, And thither by a beaten path went
he: The myrtle spread her mighty branches wide, Higher
than pine or palm or cypress tree: And far above all other
plants was seen That forest's lady and that desert's queen.

XXVI

Upon the trees his eyes Rinaldo bent,. And there a
marvel great and strange began; An aged oak beside him
cleft and rent, And from his fertile hollow womb forth
ran, Clad in rare weeds and strange habiliment, A nymph,
for age able to go to man, An hundred plants beside, even
in his sight, Childed an hundred nymphs, so great, so
dight.

XXVII

Such as on stages play, such as we see The Dryads
painted whom wild Satyrs love, Whose arms half naked,
locks untrussed be, With buskins laced on their legs
above, And silken robes tucked short above their
knee; Such seemed the sylvan daughters of this grove, Save
that instead of shafts and boughs of tree, She bore a lute, a
harp, or cittern she.

XXVIII

And wantonly they cast them in a ring, And sung and danced to move his weaker sense, Rinaldo round about environing, As centres are with their circumference; The tree they compassed eke, and gan to sing, That woods and streams admired their excellence; "Welcome, dear lord, welcome to this sweet grove, Welcome our lady's hope, welcome her love.

XXIX

"Thou com'st to cure our princess, faint and sick For love, for love of thee, faint, sick, distressed; Late black, late dreadful was this forest thick, Fit dwelling for sad folk with grief oppressed, See with thy coming how the branches quick Revived are, and in new blosoms dressed:" This was their song, and after, from it went First a sweet sound, and then the myrtle rent.

XXX

If antique times admired Silenus old That oft
appeared set on his lazy ass, How would they wonder if
they had behold Such sights as from the myrtle high did
pass? Thence came a lady fair with locks of gold, That like
in shape, in face and beauty was To sweet Armide; Rinaldo
thinks he spies Her gestures, smiles, and glances of her
eyes.

XXXI

On him a sad and smiling look she cast, Which
twenty passions strange at once bewrays: "And art thou
come," quoth she, "returned at last To her from whom but
late thou ran'st thy ways? Com'st thou to comfort me for
sorrows past? To ease my widow nights and careful
days? Or comest thou to work me grief and harm? Why nilt
thou speak? why not thy face disarm?"

XXXII

"Com'st thou a friend or foe? I did not frame That golden bridge to entertain my foe, Nor opened flowers and fountains as you came, To welcome him with joy that brings me woe: Put off thy helm, rejoice me with the flame Of thy bright eyes, whence first my fires did grow. Kiss me, embrace me, if you further venture, Love keeps the gate, the fort is eath to enter."

XXXIII

Thus as she woos she rolls her rueful eyes With piteous look, and changeth oft her cheer, An hundred sighs from her false heart upflies, She sobs, she mourns, it is great ruth to hear; The hardest breast sweet pity mollifies, What stony heart resists a woman's tear? But yet the knight, wise, wary, not unkind, Drew forth his sword and from her careless twined.

XXXIV

Toward the tree he marched, she thither start, Before
him stepped, embraced the plant and cried, "Ah, never do
me such a spiteful part, To cut my tree, this forest's joy and
pride, Put up thy sword, else pierce therewith the heart Of
thy forsaken and despised Armide; For through this breast,
and through this heart unkind To this fair tree thy sword
shall passage find."

XXXV

He lift his brand, nor cared though oft she prayed, And
she her form to other shape did change; Such monsters
huge when men in dreams are laid Oft in their idle fancies
roam and range: Her body swelled, her face obscure was
made, Vanished her garments, her face and vestures
strange, A giantess before him high she stands, Like
Briareus armed with an hundred hands.

XXXVI

With fifty swords, and fifty targets bright, She
threatened death, she roared, cried and fought, Each other
nymph in armor likewise dight, A Cyclops great became: he
feared them naught, But on the myrtle smote with all his
might, That groaned like living souls to death nigh
brought, The sky seemed Pluto's court, the air seemed
hell, Therein such monsters roar, such spirits yell.

XXXVII

Lightened the heavens above, the earth below Roared
loud, that thundered, and this shook; Blustered the tempests
strong, the whirlwinds blow, The bitter storm drove
hailstones in his look; But yet his arm grew neither weak
nor slow, Nor of that fury heed or care he took, Till low to
earth the wounded tree down bended; Then fled the spirits
all, the charms all ended.

XXXVIII

The heavens grew clear, the air waxed calm and still,
The wood returned to his wonted state, Of withcrafts free,
quite void of spirits ill; Of horror full, but horror there innate;
He further proved if aught withstood his will To cut those trees
as did the charms of late, And finding naught to stop him,
smiled, and said, "O shadows vain! O fools, of shades afraid!"

XXXIX

From thence home to the campward turned the knight,
The hermit cried, upstarting from his seat, "Now of the wood
the charms have lost their might, The sprites are conquered,
ended is the feat, See where he comes!" In glistering white
all dight Appeared the man, bold, stately, high and great,
His eagle's silver wings to shine begun With wondrous splendor
gainst the golden sun.

XL

The camp received him with a joyful cry, A cry the
dales and hills about that flied; Then Godfrey welcomed
him with honors high, His glory quenched all spite, all envy
killed: "To yonder dreadful grove," quoth he, "went I, And
from the fearful wood, as me you willed, Have driven the
sprites away, thither let be Your people sent, the way is safe
and free."

XLI

Sent were the workmen thither, thence they
brought Timber enough, by good advice select, And though
by skillless builders framed and wrought Their engines rude
and rams were late elect, Yet now the forts and towers from
whence they fought Were framed by a cunning
architect, William, of all the Genoese lord and
guide, Which late ruled all the seas from side to side;

XLII

But forced to retire from him at last, The Pagan fleet
the seas moist empire won, His men with all their stuff and
store in haste Home to the camp with their commander
run, In skill, in wit, in cunning him surpassed Yet never
engineer beneath the sun, Of carpenters an hundred large he
brought, That what their lord devised made and wrought.

XLIII

This man began with wondrous art to make, Not rams,
not mighty brakes, not slings alone, Wherewith the firm
and solid walls to shake, To cast a dart, or throw a shaft or
stone; But framed of pines and firs, did undertake To build
a fortress huge, to which was none Yet ever like, whereof
he clothed the sides Against the balls of fire with raw bull's
hides.

XLIV

In mortices and sockets framed just, The beams, the studs and puncheons joined he fast; To beat the city's wall, beneath forth brust A ram with horned front, about her waist A bridge the engine from her side out thrust, Which on the wall when need she cast; And from her top a turret small up stood, Strong, surely armed, and builded of like wood.

XLV

Set on an hundred wheels the rolling mass, On the smooth lands went nimbly up and down, Though full of arms and armed men it was, Yet with small pains it ran, as it had flown: Wondered the camp so quick to see it pass, They praised the workmen and their skill unknown, And on that day two towers they builded more, Like that which sweet Clorinda burned before.

XLVI

Yet wholly were not from the Saracines Their works
concealed and their labors hid, Upon that wall which next
the camp confines They placed spies, who marked all they
did: They saw the ashes wild and squared pines, How to the
tents, trailed from the grove, they slid: And engines huge
they saw, yet could not tell How they were built, their
forms they saw not well.

XLVII

Their engines eke they reared, and with great
art Repaired each bulwark, turret, port and tower, And
fortified the plain and easy part, To bide the storm of every
warlike stoure, Till as they thought no sleight or force of
Mart To undermine or scale the same had power; And false
Ismeno gan new balls prepare Of wicked fire, wild,
wondrous, strange and rare.

XLVIII

He mingled brimstone with bitumen fell Fetched from
that lake where Sodom erst did sink, And from that flood
which nine times compassed hell Some of the liquor hot he
brought, I think, Wherewith the quenchless fire he
tempered well, To make it smoke and flame and deadly
stink: And for his wood cut down, the aged sire Would thus
revengement take with flame and fire.

XLIX

While thus the camp, and thus the town were
bent, These to assault, these to defend the wall, A speedy
dove through the clear welkin went, Straight o'er the tents,
seen by the soldiers all; With nimble fans the yielding air
she rent, Nor seemed it that she would alight or fall, Till she
arrived near that besieged town, Then from the clouds at
last she stooped down:

L

But lo, from whence I nolt, a falcon came, Armed
with crooked bill and talons long, And twixt the camp and
city crossed her game, That durst nor bide her foe's
encounter strong; But right upon the royal tent down
came, And there, the lords and princes great among, When
the sharp hawk nigh touched her tender head In Godfrey's
lap she fell, with fear half dead:

LI

The duke received her, saved her, and spied, As he
beheld the bird, a wondrous thing, About her neck a letter
close was tied, By a small thread, and thrust under her
wing, He loosed forth the writ and spread it wide, And read
the intent thereof, "To Judah's king," Thus said the schedule,
"honors high increase, The Egyptian chieftain wisheth
health and peace:

LII

"Fear not, renowned prince, resist, endure Till the third day, or till the fourth at most, I come, and your deliverance will procure, And kill your coward foes and all their host." This secret in that brief was closed up sure, Writ in strange language, to the winged post Given to transport; for in their warlike need The east such message used, oft with good speed.

LIII

The duke let go the captive dove at large, And she that had his counsel close betrayed, Traitress to her great Lord, touched not the marge Of Salem's town, but fled far thence afraid. The duke before all those which had or charge Or office high, the letter read, and said: "See how the goodness of the Lord foreshows The secret purpose of our crafty foes.

LIV

"No longer then let us protract the time, But scale the
bulwark of this fortress high, Through sweat and labor
gainst those rocks sublime Let us ascend, which to the
southward lie; Hard will it be that way in arms to
climb, But yet the place and passage both know I, And that
high wall by site strong on that part, Is least defenced by
arms, by work and art.

LV

"Thou, Raymond, on this side with all thy
might Assault the wall, and by those crags ascend, My
squadrons with mine engines huge shall fight And gainst
the northern gate my puissance bend, That so our foes,
beguiled with the sight, Our greatest force and power shall
there attend, While my great tower from thence shall
nimble slide, And batter down some worse defended side;

LVI

"Camillo, thou not far from me shalt rear Another
tower, close to the walls ybrought." This spoken, Raymond
old, that sate him near, And while he talked great things
tossed in his thought, Said, "To Godfredo's counsel, given
us here, Naught can be added, from it taken naught: Yet this
I further wish, that some were sent To spy their camp, their
secret and intent,

LVII

"That may their number and their squadrons
brave Describe, and through their tents disguised
mask." Quoth Tancred, "Lo, a subtle squire I have, A person
fit to undertake this task, A man quick, ready, bold, sly to
deceive, To answer, wise, and well advised to ask; Well
languaged, and that with time and place, Can change his
look, his voice, his gait, his grace."

LVIII

Sent for, he came, and when his lord him told What
Godfrey's pleasure was and what his own, He smiled and
said forthwith he gladly would. "I go," quoth he, "careless
what chance be thrown, And where encamped be these
Pagans bold, Will walk in every tent a spy unknown, Their
camp even at noon day I enter shall, And number all their
horse and footmen all;

LIX

"How great, how strong, how armed this army is, And
what their guide intends, I will declare, To me the secrets of
that heart of his And hidden thoughts shall open lie and
bare." Thus Vafrine spoke, nor longer stayed on this, But
for a mantle changed the coat he ware, Naked was his neck,
and bout his forehead bold, Of linen white full twenty yards
he rolled.

LX

His weapons were a Syrian bow and quiver, His
gestures barbarous, like the Turkish train, Wondered all
they that heard his tongue deliver Of every land the
language true and plain: In Tyre a born Phoenician, by the
river Of Nile a knight bred in the Egyptian main, Both
people would have thought him; forth he rides On a swift
steed, o'er hills and dales that glides.

LXI

But ere the third day came the French forth sent Their
pioneers to even the rougher ways, And ready made each
warlike instrument, Nor aught their labor interrupts or
stays; The nights in busy toll they likewise spent And with
long evenings lengthened forth short days, Till naught was
left the hosts that hinder might To use their utmost power
and strength in fight.

LXII

That day, which of the assault the day forerun, The
godly duke in prayer spent well nigh, And all the rest,
because they had misdome, The sacrament receive and
mercy cry; Then oft the duke his engines great begun To
show where least he would their strength apply; His foes
rejoiced, deluded in that sort, To see them bent against their
surest port:

LXIII

But after, aided by the friendly night, His greatest
engine to that side he brought Where plainest seemed the
wall, where with their might The flankers least could hurt
them as they fought; And to the southern mountain's
greatest height To raise his turret old Raymondo
sought; And thou Camillo on that part hadst thine, Where
from the north the walls did westward twine.

LXIV

But when amid the eastern heaven appeared The
rising morning bright as shining glass, The troubled Pagans
saw, and seeing feared, How the great tower stood not
where late it was, And here and there tofore unseen was
reared Of timber strong a huge and fearful mass, And
numberless with beams, with ropes and strings, They view
the iron rams, the barks and slings.

LXV

The Syrian people now were no whit slow, Their best
defences to that side to bear, Where Godfrey did his
greatest engine show, From thence where late in vain they
placed were: But he who at his back right well did
know The host of Egypt to be proaching near, To him
called Guelpho, and the Roberts twain, And said, "On
horseback look you still remain,

LXVI

"And have regard, while all our people strive To scale
this wall, where weak it seems and thin, Lest unawares
some sudden host arrive, And at our backs unlooked for
war begin." This said, three fierce assaults at once they
give, The hardy soldiers all would die or win, And on three
parts resistance makes the king, And rage gainst strength,
despair gainst hope doth bring.

LXVII

Himself upon his limbs with feeble eild That shook,
unwieldy with their proper weight, His armor laid and long
unused shield, And marched gainst Raymond to the
mountain's height; Great Solyman gainst Godfrey took the
field; Fornest Camillo stood Argantes straight Where
Tancred strong he found, so fortune will That this good
prince his wonted foe shall kill.

LXVIII

The archers shot their arrows sharp and keen, Dipped
in the bitter juice of poison strong, The shady face of
heaven was scanty seen, Hid with the clouds of shafts and
quarries long; Yet weapons sharp with greater fury
been Cast from the towers the Pagan troops among, For
thence flew stones and cliffs of marble rocks, Trees shod
with iron, timber, logs and blocks.

LXIX

A thunderbolt seemed every stone, it brake His limbs
and armors on whom so it light, That life and soul it did not
only take But all his shape and face disfigured quite; The
lances stayed not in the wounds they make, But through the
gored body took their flight, From side to side, through
flesh, through skin and rind They flew, and flying, left sad
death behind.

LXX

But yet not all this force and fury drove The Pagan
people to forsake the wall, But to revenge these deadly
blows they strove, With darts that fly, with stones and trees
that fall; For need so cowards oft courageous prove, For
liberty they fight, for life and all, And oft with arrows,
shafts, and stones that fly, Give bitter answer to a sharp
reply.

LXXI

This while the fierce assailants never cease, But
sternly still maintain a threefold charge, And gainst the
clouds of shafts draw nigh at ease, Under a pentise made of
many a targe, The armed towers close to the bulwarks
press, And strive to grapple with the battled marge, And
launch their bridges out, meanwhile below With iron fronts
the rams the walls down throw.

LXXII

Yet still Rinaldo unresolved went, And far unworthy
him this service thought, If mongst the common sort his
pains he spent; Renown so got the prince esteemed
naught: His angry looks on every side he bent, And where
most harm, most danger was, he fought, And where the
wall high, strong and surest was, That part would he assault,
and that way pass.

LXXIII

And turning to the worthies him behind, All hardy
knights, whom Dudon late did guide, "Oh shame," quoth he,
"this wall no war doth find, When battered is elsewhere
each part, each side; All pain is safety to a valiant
mind, Each way is eath to him that dares abide, Come let us
scale this wall, though strong and high, And with your
shields keep off the darts that fly."

LXXIV

With him united all while thus he spake, Their targets
hard above their heads they threw, Which joined in one an
iron pentise make That from the dreadful storm preserved
the crew. Defended thus their speedy course they take, And
to the wall without resistance drew, For that strong penticle
protected well The knights, from all that flew and all that
fell.

LXXV

Against the fort Rinaldo gan uprear A ladder huge, an
hundred steps of height, And in his arm the same did easily
bear And move as winds do reeds or rushes
light, Sometimes a tree, a rock, a dart or spear, Fell from
above, yet forward clomb the knight, And upward fearless
pierced, careless still, Though Mount Olympus fell, or Ossa
hill:

LXXVI

A mount of ruins, and of shafts a wood Upon his
shoulders and his shield he bore, One hand the ladder held
whereon he stood, The other bare his targe his face
before; His hardy troop, by his example good Provoked,
with him the place assaulted sore, And ladders long against
the wall they clap, Unlike in courage yet, unlike in hap:

LXXVII

One died, another fell; he forward went, And these he
comforts, and he threateneth those, Now with his hand
outstretched the battlement Well nigh he reached, when all
his armed foes Ran thither, and their force and fury bent To
throw him headlong down, yet up he goes, A wondrous
thing, one knight whole armed bands Alone, and hanging in
the air, withstands:

LXXVIII

Withstands, and forceth his great strength so far, That
like a palm whereon huge weight doth rest, His forces so
resisted stronger are, His virtues higher rise the more
oppressed, Till all that would his entrance bold debar, He
backward drove, upleaped and possessed The wall, and safe
and easy with his blade, To all that after came, the passage
made.

LXXIX

There killing such as durst and did withstand, To
noble Eustace that was like to fall He reached forth his
friendly conquering hand, And next himself helped him to
mount the wall. This while Godfredo and his people
land Their lives to greater harms and dangers thrall, For
there not man with man, nor knight with knight Contend,
but engines there with engines fight.

LXXX

For in that place the Paynims reared a post, Which late
had served some gallant ship for mast, And over it another
beam they crossed, Pointed with iron sharp, to it made
fast With ropes which as men would the dormant
tossed, Now out, now in, now back, now forward cast. In
his swift pulleys oft the men withdrew The tree, and oft the
riding balk forth threw:

LXXXI

The mighty beam redoubted oft his blows, And with
such force the engine smote and hit, That her broad side the
tower wide open throws, Her joints were broke, her rafters
cleft and split; But yet gainst every hap whence mischief
grows, Prepared the piece, gainst such extremes made
fit, Launch forth two scythes, sharp, cutting, long and
broad And cut the ropes whereon the engine rode:

LXXXII

As an old rock, which age or stormy wind
Tears from some craggy hill or mountain steep,
Doth break, doth bruise, and into dust doth grind
Woods, houses, hamlets, herds, and folds of sheep,
So fell the beam, and down with it
all kind Of arms, of weapons, and of men
did sweep, Wherewith the towers once or twice
did shake, Trembled the walls, the hills and mountains quake.

LXXXIII

Victorious Godfrey boldly forward came,
And had great hope even then the place to win;
But lo, a fire, with stench, with smoke and flame
Withstood his passage, stopped his entrance in:
Such burning Aetna yet could never frame,
When from her entrails hot her fires begin,
Nor yet in summer on the Indian plain,
Such vapors warm from scorching air down rain.

LXXXIV

There balls of wildfire, there fly burning spears, This
flame was black, that blue, this red as blood; Stench well
nigh choked them, noise deafs their ears, Smoke blinds
their eyes, fire kindleth on the wood; Nor those raw hides
which for defence it wears Could save the tower, in such
distress it stood; For now they wrinkle, now it sweats and
fries, Now burns, unless some help come down from skies.

LXXXV

The hardy duke before his folk abides, Nor changed he
color, countenance or place, But comforts those that from
the scalded hides With water strove the approaching
flames to chase: In these extremes the prince and those he
guides Half roasted stood before fierce Vulcan's face, When
lo, a sudden and unlooked for blast The flames against the
kindlers backward cast:

LXXXVI

The winds drove back the fire, where heaped lie The
Pagans' weapons, where their engines were, Which
kindling quickly in that substance dry, Burnt all their store
and all their warlike gear: O glorious captain! whom the
Lord from high Defends, whom God preserves, and holds
so dear; For thee heaven fights, to thee the winds, from
far, Called with thy trumpet's blast, obedient are!

LXXXVII

But wicked Ismen to his harm that saw How the
fierce blast drove back the fire and flame, By art would
nature change, and thence withdraw Those noisome winds,
else calm and still the same; 'Twixt two false wizards
without fear or awe Upon the walls in open sight he
came, Black, grisly, loathsome, grim and ugly faced, Like
Pluto old, betwixt two furies placed;

LXXXVIII

And now the wretch those dreadful words
begun, Which trouble make deep hell and all her
flock, Now trembled is the air, the golden sun His fearful
beams in clouds did close and lock, When from the tower,
which Ismen could not shun, Out fled a mighty stone, late
half a rock, Which light so just upon the wizards three, That
driven to dust their bones and bodies be.

LXXXIX

To less than naught their members old were torn, And
shivered were their heads to pieces small, As small as are
the bruised grains of corn When from the mill dissolved to
meal they fall; Their damned souls, to deepest hell down
borne Far from the joy and light celestial, The furies
plunged in the infernal lake: O mankind, at their ends
ensample take!

XC

This while the engine which the tempest cold Had saved from burning with his friendly blast, Approached had so near the battered hold That on the walls her bridge at ease she cast: But Solyman ran thither fierce and bold, To cut the plank whereon the Christians passed. And had performed his will, save that upreared High in the skies a turret new appeared;

XCI

Far in the air up clomb the fortress tall, Higher than house, than steeple, church or tower; The Pagans trembled to behold the wall And city subject to her shot and power; Yet kept the Turk his stand, though on him fall Of stones and darts a sharp and deadly shower, And still to cut the bridge he hopes and strives, And those that fear with cheerful speech revives.

XCII

The angel Michael, to all the rest Unseen, appeared
before Godfredo's eyes, In pure and heavenly armor richly
dressed, Brighter than Titan's rays in clearest
skies; "Godfrey," quoth he, "this is the moment blest To
free this town that long in bondage lies, See, see what
legions in thine aid I bring, For Heaven assists thee, and
Heaven's glorious King:

XCIII

"Lift up thine eyes, and in the air behold The sacred
armies, how they mustered be, That cloud of flesh in which
for times of old All mankind wrapped is, I take from
thee, And from thy senses their thick mist unfold, That face
to face thou mayest these spirits see, And for a little space
right well sustain Their glorious light and view those angels
plain.

XCIV

"Behold the souls of every lord and knight That late bore arms and died for Christ's dear sake, How on thy side against this town they fight, And of thy joy and conquest will partake: There where the dust and smoke blind all men's sight, Where stones and ruins such an heap do make, There Hugo fights, in thickest cloud imbarred, And undermines that bulwark's groundwork hard.

XCV

"See Dudon yonder, who with sword and fire Assails and helps to scale the northern port, That with bold courage doth thy folk inspire And rears their ladders gainst the assaulted fort: He that high on the mount in grave attire Is clad, and crowned stands in kingly sort, Is Bishop Ademare, a blessed spirit, Blest for his faith, crowned for his death and merit.

XCVI

"But higher lift thy happy eyes, and view Where all
the sacred hosts of Heaven appear." He looked, and saw
where winged armies flew, Innumerable, pure, divine and
clear; A battle round of squadrons three they show And all
by threes those squadrons ranged were, Which spreading
wide in rings still wider go, Moved with a stone calm water
circleth so.

XCVII

With that he winked, and vanished was and gone; That
wondrous vision when he looked again, His worthies
fighting viewed he one by one, And on each side saw signs
of conquest plain, For with Rinaldo gainst his yielding
lone, His knights were entered and the Pagans slain, This
seen, the duke no longer stay could brook, But from the
bearer bold his ensign took:

XCVIII

And on the bridge he stepped, but there was stayed By
Solyman, who entrance all denied, That narrow tree to
virtue great was made, The field as in few blows right soon
was tried, "Here will I give my life for Sion's aid, Here will
I end my days," the Soldan cried, "Behind me cut or break
this bridge, that I May kill a thousand Christians first, then
die."

XCIX

But thither fierce Rinaldo threatening went, And at his
sight fled all the Soldan's train, "What shall I do? If here
my life be spent, I spend and spill," quoth he, "my blood in
vain!" With that his steps from Godfrey back he bent, And
to him let the passage free remain, Who threatening
followed as the Soldan fled, And on the walls the purple
Cross dispread:

C

About his head he tossed, he turned, he cast, That
glorious ensign, with a thousand twines, Thereon the wind
breathes with his sweetest blast, Thereon with golden rays
glad Phoebus shines, Earth laughs for joy, the streams
forbear their haste, Floods clap their hands, on mountains
dance the pines, And Sion's towers and sacred temples
smile For their deliverance from that bondage vile.

CI

And now the armies reared the happy cry Of victory,
glad, joyful, loud, and shrill. The hills resound, the echo
showereth high, And Tancred bold, that fights and combats
still With proud Argantes, brought his tower so nigh, That
on the wall, against the boaster's will, In his despite, his
bridge he also laid, And won the place, and there the cross
displayed.

CII

But on the southern hill, where Raymond
fought Against the townsmen and their aged king, His
hardy Gascoigns gained small or naught; Their engine to
the walls they could not bring, For thither all his strength
the prince had brought, For life and safety sternly
combating, And for the wall was feeblest on that
coast, There were his soldiers best, and engines most.

CIII

Besides, the tower upon that quarter found Unsure,
uneasy, and uneven the way, Nor art could help, but that the
rougher ground The rolling mass did often stop and
stay; But now of victory the joyful sound The king and
Raymond heard amid their fray; And by the shout they and
their soldiers know, The town was entered on the plain
below.

CIV

Which heard, Raymondo thus bespake this crew, "The town is won, my friends, and doth it yet Resist? are we kept out still by these few? Shall we no share in this high conquest get?" But from that part the king at last withdrew, He strove in vain their entrance there to let, And to a stronger place his folk he brought, Where to sustain the assault awhile he thought.

CV

The conquerors at once now entered all, The walls were won, the gates were opened wide, Now bruised, broken down, destroyed fall The ports and towers that battery durst abide; Raged the sword, death murdereth great and small, And proud 'twixt woe and horror sad doth ride. Here runs the blood, in ponds there stands the gore, And drowns the knights in whom it lived before.

NINETEENTH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

Tancred in single combat kills his foe, Argantes strong:
the king and Soldan fly To David's tower, and save their
persons so; Erminia well instructs Vafrine the spy, With
him she rides away, and as they go Finds where her lord for
dead on earth doth lie; First she laments, then cures him:
Godfrey hears Ormondo's treason, and what marks he
bears.

I

Now death or fear or care to save their lives From
their forsaken walls the Pagans chase: Yet neither force nor
fear nor wisdom drives The constant knight Argantes from
his place; Alone against ten thousand foes he strives, Yet
dreadless, doubtless, careless seemed his face, Nor death,
nor danger, but disgrace he fears, And still unconquered,
though o'er-set, appears.

II

But mongst the rest upon his helmet gay With his
broad sword Tancredi came and smote: The Pagan knew
the prince by his array, By his strong blows, his armor and
his coat; For once they fought, and when night stayed that
fray, New time they chose to end their combat hot, But
Tancred failed, wherefore the Pagan knight Cried, "Tancred,
com'st thou thus, thus late to fight?"

III

"Too late thou com'st, and not alone to war, But yet
the fight I neither shun nor fear, Although from knighthood
true thou errest far, Since like an engineer thou dost
appear, That tower, that troop, thy shield and safety
are, Strange kind of arms in single fight to bear; Yet shalt
thou not escape, O conqueror strong Of ladies fair, sharp
death, to avenge that wrong."

IV

Lord Tancred smiled, with disdain and scorn, And
answerd thus, "To end our strife," quoth he, "Behold at last
I come, and my return, Though late, perchance will be too
soon for thee; For thou shalt wish, of hope and help
forlorn, Some sea or mountain placed twixt thee and
me, And well shalt know before we end this fray No fear of
cowardice hath caused my stay.

V

"But come aside, thou by whose prowess dies The
monsters, knights and giants in all lands, The killer of weak
women thee defies." This said, he turned to his fighting
bands, And bids them all retire. "Forbear," he cries, "To
strike this knight, on him let none lay hands; For mine he is,
more than a common foe, By challenge new and promise
old also."

VI

"Descend," the fierce Circassian gan reply, "Alone, or
all this troop for succor take To deserts waste, or place
frequented high, For vantage none I will the fight
forsake:" Thus given and taken was the bold defy, And
through the press, agreed so, they brake, Their hatred made
them one, and as they went, Each knight his foe did for
despite defend:

VII

Great was his thirst of praise, great the desire That
Tancred had the Pagan's blood to spill, Nor could that
quench his wrath or calm his ire If other hand his foe
should foil or kill. He saved him with his shield, and cried
"Retire!" To all he met, "and do this knight none ill:" And
thus defending gainst his friends his foe, Through thousand
angry weapons safe they go.

VII

They left the city, and they left behind Godfredo's
camp, and far beyond it passed, And came where into
creeks and bosoms blind A winding hill his corners turned
and cast, A valley small and shady dale they find Amid the
mountains steep so laid and placed As if some theatre or
closed place Had been for men to fight or beasts to chase.

IX

There stayed the champions both with rueful
eyes, Argantes gan the fortress won to view; Tancred his
foe withouten shield espies, And said, "Whereon doth thy
sad heart devise? Think'st thou this hour must end thy life
untrue? If this thou fear, and dost foresee thy fate, Thy fear
is vain, thy foresight comes too late."

X

"I think," quoth he, "on this distressed town, The aged
Queen of Judah's ancient land, Now lost, now sacked,
spoiled and trodden down, Whose fall in vain I strived to
withstand, A small revenge for Sion's fort o'erthrown, That
head can be, cut off by my strong hand." This said, together
with great heed they flew, For each his foe for bold and
hardy knew.

XI

Tancred of body active was and light, Quick, nimble,
ready both of hand and foot; But higher by the head, the
Pagan knight Of limbs far greater was, of heart as
stout: Tancred laid low and traversed in his fight, Now to
his ward retired, now struck out, Oft with his sword his
foe's fierce blows he broke, And rather chose to ward than
bear his stroke.

XII

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought, Unlike in
gesture, like in skill and art, His sword outstretched before
him far he brought, Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce
his heart, To catch his point Prince Tancred strove and
sought, But at his breast or helm's unclosed part He
threatened death, and would with stretched out brand His
entrance close, and fierce assaults withstand.

XIII

With a tall ship so doth a galley fight, When the still
winds stir not the unstable main; Where this in nimbleness
as that in might Excels; that stands, this goes and comes
again, And shifts from prow to poop with turnings
light; Meanwhile the other doth unmoved remain, And on
her nimble foe approaching nigh, Her weighty engines
tumbleth down from high.

XIV

The Christian sought to enter on his foe, Voiding his point, which at his breast was bent; Argantes at his face a thrust did throw, Which while the Prince awards and doth prevent, His ready hand the Pagan turned so, That all defence his quickness far o'erwent, And pierced his side, which done, he said and smiled, "The craftsman is in his own craft beguiled."

XV

Tancredi bit his lip for scorn and shame, Nor longer stood on points of fence and skill, But to revenge so fierce and fast he came As if his hand could not o'ertake his will, And at his visor aiming just, gan frame To his proud boast an answer sharp, but still Argantes broke the thrust; and at half sword, Swift, hardy, bold, in stepped the Christian lord.

XVI

With his left foot fast forward gan he stride, And with
his left the Pagan's right arm bent, With his right hand
meanwhile the man's right side He cut, he wounded,
mangled, tore and rent. "To his victorious teacher," Tancred
cried, "His conquered scholar hath this answer
sent;" Argantes chafed, struggled, turned and twined, Yet
could not so his captive arm unbind:

XVII

His sword at last he let hang by the chain, And griped
his hardy foe in both his hands, In his strong arms Tancred
caught him again, And thus each other held and wrapped in
bands. With greater might Alcides did not strain The giant
Antheus on the Lybian sands, On holdfast knots their
brawny arms they cast, And whom he hateth most, each
held embraced:

XVIII

Such was their wrestling, such their shocks and
throws That down at once they tumbled both to
ground, Argantes, were it hap or skill, who knows, His
better hand loose and in freedom found; But the good
Prince, his hand more fit for blows, With his huge weight
the Pagan underbound; But he, his disadvantage great that
knew, Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew:

XIX

Far slower rose the unwieldy Saracine, And caught a
rap ere he was reared upright. But as against the blustering
winds a pine Now bends his top, now lifts his head on
height, His courage so, when it 'gan most decline, The man
reinforced, and advanced his might, And with fierce change
of blows renewed the fray, Where rage for skill, horror for
art, bore sway.

XX

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down
rained, But from the Pagan ran whole streams of
blood, Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage
quailed As fires die which fuel want or food. Tancred that
saw his feeble arm now failed To strike his blows, that
scant he stirred or stood, Assuaged his anger, and his wrath
allayed, And stepping back, thus gently spoke and said:

XXI

"Yield, hardy knight, and chance of war or
me Confess to have subdued thee in this fight, I will no
trophy, triumph, spoil of thee, Nor glory wish, nor seek a
victor's right More terrible than erst;" herewith grew
he And all awaked his fury, rage and might, And said,
"Dar'st thou of vantage speak or think, Or move Argantes
once to yield or shrink?"

XXII

"Use, use thy vantage, thee and fortune both I scorn,
and punish will thy foolish pride:" As a hot brand flames
most ere it forth go'th, And dying blazeth bright on every
side; So he, when blood was lost, with anger
wroth, Revived his courage when his puissance died, And
would his latest hour which now drew nigh, Illustrate with
his end, and nobly die.

XXIII

He joined his left hand to her sister strong, And with
them both let fall his weighty blade. Tancred to ward his
blow his sword up slung, But that it smote aside, nor there
it stayed, But from his shoulder to his side along It glanced,
and many wounds at once it made: Yet Tancred feared
naught, for in his heart Found coward dread no place, fear
had no part.

XXIV

His fearful blow he doubled, but he spent His force in
waste, and all his strength in vain; For Tancred from the
blow against him bent, Leaped aside, the stroke fell on the
plain. With thine own weight o'erthrown to earth thou
went, Argantes stout, nor could'st thyself sustain, Thyself
thou threwest down, O happy man, Upon whose fall none
boast or triumph can!

XXV

His gaping wounds the fall set open wide, The
streams of blood about him made a lake, Helped with his
left hand, on one knee he tried To rear himself, and new
defence to make: The courteous prince stepped back, and
"Yield thee!" cried, No hurt he proffered him, no blow he
strake. Meanwhile by stealth the Pagan false him gave A
sudden wound, threatening with speeches brave:

XXVI

Herewith Tancredi furious grew, and said, "Villain,
dost thou my mercy so despise?" Therewith he thrust and
thrust again his blade, And through his ventril pierced his
dazzled eyes, Argantes died, yet no complaint he made, But
as he furious lived he careless dies; Bold, proud, disdainful,
fierce and void of fear His motions last, last looks, last
speeches were.

XXVII

Tancred put up his sword, and praises glad Gave to his
God that saved him in this fight; But yet this bloody
conquest feebled had So much the conqueror's force,
strength and might, That through the way he feared which
homeward led He had not strength enough to walk
upright; Yet as he could his steps from thence he bent, And
foot by foot a heavy pace forth went;

XXVIII

His legs could bear him but a little stound, And more
he hastes, more tired, less was his speed, On his right hand,
at last, laid on the ground He leaned, his hand weak like a
shaking reed, Dazzled his eyes, the world on wheels ran
round, Day wrapped her brightness up in sable weed; At
length he swooned, and the victor knight Naught differed
from his conquered foe in fight.

XXIX

But while these lords their private fight pursue, Made
fierce and cruel through their secret hate, The victor's ire
destroyed the faithless crew From street to street, and
chased from gate to gate. But of the sacked town the image
true Who can describe, or paint the woful state, Or with fit
words this spectacle express Who can? or tell the city's
great distress?

XXX

Blood, murder, death, each street, house, church
defiled, There heaps of slain appear, there mountains
high; There underneath the unburied hills up piled Of
bodies dead, the living buried lie; There the sad mother
with her tender child Doth tear her tresses loose, complain
and fly, And there the spoiler by her amber hair Draws to
his lust the virgin chaste and fair.

XXXI

But through the way that to the west hill
yood Whereon the old and stately temple stands, All soiled
with gore and wet with lukewarm blood Rinaldo ran, and
chased the Pagan bands; Above their heads he heaved his
curtlax good, Life in his grace, and death lay in his
hands, Nor helm nor target strong his blows off bears, Best
armed there seemed he no arms that wears;

XXXII

For gainst his armed foes he only bends His force,
and scorns the naked folk to wound; Them whom no
courage arms, no arms defends, He chased with his looks
and dreadful sound: Oh, who can tell how far his force
extends? How these he scorns, threats those, lays them on
ground? How with unequal harm, with equal fear Fled all,
all that well armed or naked were:

XXXIII

Fast fled the people weak, and with the same A
squadron strong is to the temple gone Which, burned and
builded oft, still keeps the name Of the first founder, wise
King Solomon; That prince this stately house did whilom
frame Of cedar trees, of gold and marble stone; Now not so
rich, yet strong and sure it was, With turrets high, thick
walls, and doors of brass.

XXXIV

The knight arrived where in warklike sort
The men that ample church had fortified.
And closed found each wicket, gate and port,
And on the top defences ready spied,
He left his frowning looks, and twice that fort
From his high top down to the groundwork eyed,
And entrance sought, and twice with his swift foot
The mighty place he measured about.

XXXV

Like as a wolf about the closed fold
Rangeth by night his hoped prey to get,
Enraged with hunger and with malice
old Which kind 'twixt him and harmless sheep hath set:
So searched he high and low about that hold,
Where he might enter without stop or let,
In the great court he stayed, his foes above
Attend the assault, and would their fortune
prove.

XXXVI

There lay by chance a posted tree thereby, Kept for
some needful use, whate'er it were, The armed galleys not
so thick nor high Their tall and lofty masts at Genes
uprear; This beam the knight against the gates made
fly From his strong hands all weights which lift and
bear, Like a light lance that tree he shook and tossed, And
bruised the gate, the threshold and the post.

XXXVII

No marble stone, no metal strong outbore The
wondrous might of that redoubled blow, The brazen hinges
from the wall it tore, It broke the locks, and laid the doors
down low, No iron ram, no engine could do more, Nor
cannons great that thunderbolts forth throw, His people like
a flowing stream inthrong, And after them entered the
victor strong;

XXXVIII

The woful slaughter black and loathsome made That
house, sometime the sacred house of God, O heavenly
justice, if thou be delayed, On wretched sinners sharper
falls thy rod! In them this place profaned which
invade Thou kindled ire, and mercy all forbode, Until with
their hearts' blood the Pagans vile This temple washed
which they did late defile.

XXXIX

But Solyman this while himself fast sped Up to the
fort which David's tower is named, And with him all the
soldiers left he led, And gainst each entrance new defences
framed: The tyrant Aladine eke thither fled, To whom the
Soldan thus, far off, exclaimed, Thyself, within this fortress
safe uplock:

XL

"For well this fortress shall thee and thy
crown Defend, awhile here may we safe remain." "Alas!"
quoth he, "alas, for this fair town, Which cruel war beats
down even with the plain, My life is done, mine empire
trodden down, I reigned, I lived, but now nor live nor
reign; For now, alas! behold the fatal hour That ends our
life, and ends our kingly power."

XLI

"Where is your virtue, where your wisdom grave, And
courage stout?" the angry Soldan said, "Let chance our
kingdoms take which erst she gave, Yet in our hearts our
kingly worth is laid; But come, and in this fort your person
save, Refresh your weary limbs and strength
decayed:" Thus counselled he, and did to safety
bring Within that fort the weak and aged king.

XLII

His iron mace in both his hands he hent, And on his
thigh his trusty sword he tied, And to the entrance fierce
and fearless went, And kept the strait, and all the French
defied: The blows were mortal which he gave or lent, For
whom he hit he slew, else by his side Laid low on earth,
that all fled from the place Where they beheld that great
and dreadful mace.

XLIII

But old Raymondo with his hardy crew By chance
came thither, to his great mishap; To that defended path the
old man flew, And scorned his blows and him that kept the
gap, He struck his foe, his blow no blood forth drew, But
on the front with that he caught a rap, Which in a swoon,
low in the dust him laid, Wide open, trembling, with his
arms displayed.

XLIV

The Pagans gathered heart at last, though fear Their
courage weak had put to flight but late, So that the
conquerors repulsed were, And beaten back, else slain
before the Gate: The Soldan, mongst the dead beside him
near That saw Lord Raymond lie in such estate, Cried to his
men, "Within these bars," quoth he, "Come draw this
knight, and let him captive be."

XLV

Forward they rushed to execute his word, But hard and
dangerous that emprise they found, For none of Raymond's
men forsook their lord, But to their guide's defence they
flocked round, Thence fury fights, hence pity draws the
sword, Nor strive they for vile cause or on light
ground, The life and freedom of that champion
brave, Those spoil, these would preserve, those kill, these
save.

XLVI

But yet at last if they had longer fought The hardy
Soldan would have won the field; For gainst his thundering
mace availed naught Or helm of temper fine or sevenfold
shield: But from each side great succor now was
brought To his weak foes, now fit to faint and yield, And
both at once to aid and help the same The sovereign Duke
and young Rinaldo came.

XLVII

As when a shepherd, raging round about That sees a
storm with wind, hail, thunder, rain, When gloomy clouds
have day's bright eye put out, His tender flocks drives from
the open plain To some thick grove or mountain's shady
foot, Where Heaven's fierce wrath they may unhurt
sustain, And with his hook, his whistle and his cries Drives
forth his fleecy charge, and with them flies:

XLVIII

So fled the Soldan, when he gan descry This tempest
come from angry war forthcast, The armor clashed and
lightened gainst the sky, And from each side swords,
weapons, fire outbrast: He sent his folk up to the fortress
high, To shun the furious storm, himself stayed last, Yet to
the danger he gave place at length, For wit, his courage;
wisdom ruled his strength.

XLIX

But scant the knight was safe the gate within, Scant
closed were the doors, when having broke The bars,
Rinaldo doth assault begin Against the port, and on the
wicket stroke His matchless might, his great desire to
win, His oath and promise, doth his wrath provoke, For he
had sworn, nor should his word be vain, To kill the man
that had Prince Sweno slain.

L

And now his armed hand that castle great Would have
assaulted, and had shortly won, Nor safe pardie the Soldan
there a seat Had found his fatal foes' sharp wrath to
shun, Had not Godfredo sounded the retreat; For now dark
shades to shroud the earth begun, Within the town the duke
would lodge that night, And with the morn renew the
assault and fight.

LI

With cheerful look thus to his folk he said, "High God
hath holpen well his children dear, This work is done, the
rest this night delayed Doth little labor bring, less doubt, no
fear, This tower, our foe's weak hope and latest aid, We
conquer will, when sun shall next appear: Meanwhile with
love and tender ruth go see And comfort those which hurt
and wounded be;

LII

"Go cure their wounds which boldly ventured Their
lives, and spilt their bloods to get this hold, That fitteth
more this host for Christ forth led, Than thirst of vengeance,
or desire of gold; Too much, ah, too much blood this day is
shed! In some we too much haste to spoil behold, But I
command no more you spoil and kill, And let a trumpet
publish forth my will."

LIII

This said, he went where Raymond panting lay, Waked
from the swoon wherein he late had been. Nor Solyman
with countenance less gay Bespake his troops, and kept his
grief unseen; "My friends, you are unconquered this day, In
spite of fortune still our hope is green, For underneath great
shows of harm and fear, Our dangers small, our losses little
were:

LIV

"Burnt are your houses, and your people slain, Yet
safe your town is, though your walls be gone, For in
yourselves and in your sovereign Consists your city, not in
lime and stone; Your king is safe, and safe is all his train In
this strong fort defended from their fone, And on this empty
conquest let them boast, Till with this town again, their
lives be lost;

LV

"And on their heads the loss at last will light, For with
good fortune proud and insolent, In spoil and murder spend
they day and night, In riot, drinking, lust and
ravishment, And may amid their preys with little fight At
ease be overthrown, killed, slain and spent, If in this
carelessness the Egyptian host Upon them fall, which now
draws near this coast.

LVI

"Meanwhile the highest buildings of this town We
may shake down with stones about their ears, And with our
darts and spears from engines thrown, Command that hill
Christ's sepulchre that bears:" Thus comforts he their hopes
and hearts cast down, Awakes their valors, and exiles their
fears. But while the things hapt thus, Vafrino
goes Unknown, amid ten thousand armed foes.

LVII

The sun nigh set had brought to end the day, When
Vafrine went the Pagan host to spy, He passed unknown a
close and secret way; A traveller, false, cunning, crafty,
sly, Past Ascalon he saw the morning gray Step o'er the
threshold of the eastern sky, And ere bright Titan half his
course had run, That camp, that mighty host to show
begun.

LVIII

Tents infinite, and standards broad he spies, This red,
that white, that blue, this purple was, And hears strange
tongues, and stranger harmonies Of trumpets, clarions, and
well sounding brass: The elephant there brays, the camel
cries. The horses neigh as to and fro they pass: Which seen
and heard, he said within his thought, Hither all Asia is, all
Afric, brought.

LIX

He viewed the camp awhile, her site and seat, What
ditch, what trench it had, what rampire strong, Nor close,
nor secret ways to work his feat He longer sought, nor hid
him from the throng; But entered through the gates, broad,
royal, great, And oft he asked, and answered oft among, In
questions wise, in answers short and sly; Bold was his look,
eyes quick, front lifted high:

LX

On every side he pried here and there, And marked
each way, each passage and each tent: The knights he notes,
their steeds, and arms they bear, Their names, their armor,
and their government; And greater secrets hopes to learn,
and hear, Their hidden purpose, and their close intent: So
long he walked and wandered, till he spied The way to
approach the great pavilions' side:

LXI

There as he looked he saw the canvas rent, Through
which the voice found eath and open way From the close
lodgings of the regal tent And inmost closet where the
captain lay; So that if Emireno spake, forth went The sound
to them that listen what they say, There Vafrine watched,
and those that saw him thought To mend the breach that
there he stood and wrought.

LXII

The captain great within bare headed stood, His body
armed and clad in purple weed, Two pages bore his shield
and helmet good, He leaning on a bending lance gave
heed To a big man whose looks were fierce and
proud, With whom he parleyed of some haughty
deed, Godfredo's name as Vafrine watched he heard, Which
made him give more heed, take more regard:

LXIII

Thus spake the chieftain to that surly sir, "Art thou so
sure that Godfrey shall be slain?" "I am," quoth he, "and
swear ne'er to retire, Except he first be killed, to court
again. I will prevent those that with me conspire: Nor other
guerdon ask I for my pain But that I may hang up his
harness brave At Gair, and under them these words
engrave:

LXIV

" `These arms Ormondo took in noble fight From
Godfrey proud, that spoiled all Asia's lands, And with them
took his life, and here on high, In memory thereof, this
trophy stands.' " The duke replied, "Ne'er shall that deed,
bold knight, Pass unrewarded at our sovereign's
hands, What thou demandest shall he gladly grant, Nor
gold nor guerdon shalt thou wish or want.

LXV

"Those counterfeited armors then prepare, Because
the day of fight approacheth fast." "They ready are," quoth
he; then both forbore From further talk, these speeches
were the last. Vafrine, these great things heard, with grief
and care Remained astound, and in his thoughts oft
cast What treason false this was, how feigned were Those
arms, but yet that doubt he could not clear.

LXVI

From thence he parted, and broad waking lay All that
long night, nor slumbered once nor slept: But when the
camp by peep of springing day Their banner spread, and
knights on horseback leapt, With them he marched forth in
meet array, And where they pitched lodged, and with them
kept, And then from tent to tent he stalked about, To hear
and see, and learn this secret out;

LXVII

Searching about, on a rich throne he fand Armida set
with dames and knights around, Sullen she sat, and sighed,
it seemed she scanned Some weighty matters in her
thoughts profounds, Her rosy cheek leaned on her lily
hand, Her eyes, love's twinkling stars, she bent to
ground, Weep she, or no, he knows not, yet appears Her
humid eyes even great with child with tears.

LXVIII

He saw before her set Adrastus grim, That seemed
scant to live, move, or respire, So was he fixed on his
mistress trim, So gazed he, and fed his fond desire; But
Tisiphern beheld now her now him, And quaked sometime
for love, sometime for ire, And in his cheeks the color went
and came, For there wrath's fire now burnt, now shone
love's flame.

LXIX

Then from the garland fair of virgins bright, Mongst
whom he lay enclosed, rose Altamore, His hot desire he hid
and kept from sight, His looks were ruled by Cupid's crafty
lore, His left eye viewed her hand, her face, his right Both
watched her beauties hid and secret store, And entrance
found where her thin veil bewrayed The milken way
between her breasts that laid.

LXX

Her eyes Armida lift from earth at last, And cleared
again her front and visage sad, Midst clouds of woe her
looks which overcast She lightened forth a smile, sweet,
pleasant, glad; "My lord," quoth she, "your oath and
promise passed, Hath freed my heart of all the griefs it
had, That now in hope of sweet revenge it lives, Such joy,
such ease, desired vengeance gives."

LXXI

"Cheer up thy looks," answered the Indian king, "And
for sweet beauty's sake, appease thy woe, Cast at your feet
ere you expect the thing, I will present the head of thy
strong foe; Else shall this hand his person captive
bring And cast in prison deep;" he boasted so. His rival
heard him well, yet answered naught, But bit his lips, and
grieved in secret thought.

LXXII

To Tisipherne the damsel turning right, "And what say you, my noble lord ?" quoth she. He taunting said, "I that am slow to fight Will follow far behind, the worth to see Of this your terrible and puissant knight," In scornful words this bitter scoff gave he. "Good reason," quoth the king, "thou come behind, Nor e'er compare thee with the Prince of Ind."

LXXIII

Lord Tisiphernes shook his head, and said, "Oh, had my power free like my courage been, Or had I liberty to use this blade, Who slow, who weakest is, soon should be seen, Nor thou, nor thy great vaunts make me afraid, But cruel love I fear, and this fair queen." This said, to challenge him the king forth leapt, But up their mistress start, and twixt them stepped:

LXXIV

"Will you thus rob me of that gift," quoth she, "Which each hath vowed to give by word and oath? You are my champions, let that title be The bond of love and peace between you both; He that displeased is, is displeased with me, For which of you is grieved, and I not wroth?" Thus warned she them, their hearts, for ire nigh broke, In forced peace and rest thus bore love's yoke."

LXXV

All this heard Vafrine as he stood beside, And having learned the truth, he left the tent, That treason was against the Christian's guide Contrived, he wist, yet wist not how it went, By words and questions far off, he tried To find the truth; more difficult, more bent Was he to know it, and resolved to die, Or of that secret close the intent to spy.

LXXVI

Of sly intelligence he proved all ways, All crafts, all wiles, that in his thoughts abide, Yet all in vain the man by wit assays, To know that false compact and practice hid: But chance, what wisdom could not tell, bewrays, Fortune of all his doubt the knots undid, So that prepared for Godfrey's last mishap At ease he found the net, and spied the trap.

LXXVII

Thither he turned again where seated was, The angry lover, 'twixt her friends and lords, For in that troop much talk he thought would pass, Each great assembly store of news affords, He sided there a lusty lovely lass, And with some courtly terms the wench he boards, He feigns acquaintance, and as bold appears As he had known that virgin twenty years.

LXXVIII

He said, "Would some sweet lady grace me so, To
chose me for her champion, friend and knight, Proud
Godfrey's or Rinaldo's head, I trow, Should feel the
sharpness of my curtlax bright; Ask me the head, fair
mistress, of some foe, For to your beauty wooed is my
might;" So he began, and meant in speeches wise Further to
wade, but thus he broke the ice.

LXXIX

Therewith he smiled, and smiling gan to frame His
looks so to their old and native grace, That towards him
another virgin came, Heard him, beheld him, and with
bashful face Said, "For thy mistress choose no other
dame But me, on me thy love and service place, I take thee
for my champion, and apart Would reason with thee, if my
knight thou art."

LXXX

Withdrawn, she thus began, "Vafrine, pardie, I know thee well, and me thou knowest of old," To his last trump this drove the subtle spy, But smiling towards her he turned him bold, "Ne'er that I wot I saw thee erst with eye, Yet for thy worth all eyes should thee behold, Thus much I know right well, for from the same Which erst you gave me different is my name.

LXXXI

"My mother bore me near Bisertus wall, Her name was Lesbine, mine is Almansore!" "I knew long since," quoth she, "what men thee call, And thine estate, dissemble it no more, From me thy friend hide not thyself at all, If I betray thee let me die therefore, I am Erminia, daughter to a prince, But Tancred's slave, thy fellow servant since;

LXXXII

"Two happy months within that prison kind, Under thy guard rejoiced I to dwell, And thee a keeper meek and good did find, The same, the same I am; behold me well." The squire her lovely beauty called to mind, And marked her visage fair: "From thee expel All fear," she says, "for me live safe and sure, I will thy safety, not thy harm procure.

LXXXIII

"But yet I pray thee, when thou dost return, To my dear prison lead me home again; For in this hateful freedom even and morn I sigh for sorrow, mourn and weep for pain: But if to spy perchance thou here sojourn, Great hap thou hast to know these secrets plain, For I their treasons false, false trains can say, Which few beside can tell, none will betray."

LXXXIV

On her he gazed, and silent stood this while, Armida's sleights he knew, and trains unjust, Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile, They will, they will not, fools that on them trust, For in their speech is death, hell in their smile; At last he said, "If hence depart you lust, I will you guide; on this conclude we here, And further speech till fitter time forbear."

LXXXV

Forthwith, ere thence the camp remove, to ride They were resolved, their flight that season fits, Vafrine departs, she to the dames beside Returns, and there on thorns awhile she sits, Of her new knight she talks, till time and tide To scape unmarked she find, then forth she gets, Thither where Vafrine her unseen abode, There took she horse, and from the camp they rode.

LXXXVI

And now in deserts waste and wild arrived, Far from
the camp, far from resort and sight, Vafrine began, "Gainst
Godfrey's life contrived The false compacts and trains
unfold aright:" Then she those treasons, from their spring
derived, Repeats, and brings their hid deceits to
light, "Eight knights," she says, "all courtiers brave, there
are, But Ormond strong the rest surpasseth far:

LXXXVII

"These, whether hate or hope of gain them
move, Conspired have, and framed their treason so, That
day when Emiren by fight shall prove To win lost Asia
from his Christian foe, These, with the cross scored on their
arms above, And armed like Frenchmen will disguised
go, Like Godfrey's guard that gold and white do wear, Such
shall their habit be, and such their gear:

LXXXVIII

"Yet each will bear a token in his crest, That so their
friends for Pagans may them know: But in close fight when
all the soldiers best Shall mingled be, to give the fatal
blow They will keep near, and pierce Godfredo's
breast, While of his faithful guard they bear false
show, And all their swords are dipped in poison
strong, Because each wound shall bring sad death ere long.

LXXXIX

"And for their chieftain wist I knew your guise, What
garments, ensigns, and what arms you carry, Those feigned
arms he forced me to devise, So that from yours but small
or naught they vary; But these unjust commands my
thoughts despise, Within their camp therefore I list not
tarry, My heart abhors I should this hand defile With spot of
treason, or with act of guile.

XC

"This is the cause, but not the cause alone:" And there she ceased, and blushed, and on the main Cast down her eyes, these last words scant outgone, She would have stopped, nor durst pronounce them plain. The squire what she concealed would know, as one That from her breast her secret thoughts could strain, "Of little faith," quoth he, "why would'st thou hide Those causes true, from me thy squire and guide?"

XCI

With that she fetched a sigh, sad, sore and deep, And from her lips her words slow trembling came, "Fruitless," she said, "untimely, hard to keep, Vain modesty farewell, and farewell shame, Why hope you restless love to bring on sleep? Why strive you fires to quench, sweet Cupid's flame? No, no, such cares, and such respects beseem Great ladies, wandering maids them naught esteem.

XCII

"That night fatal to me and Antioch town, Then made
a prey to her commanding foe, My loss was greater than
was seen or known, There ended not, but thence began my
woe: Light was the loss of friends, of realm or crown; But
with my state I lost myself also, Ne'er to be found again,
for then I lost My wit, my sense, my heart, my soul almost.

XCIII

"Through fire and sword, through blood and death,
Vafrine, Which all my friends did burn, did kill, did
chase, Thou know'st I ran to thy dear lord and mine, When
first he entered had my father's place, And kneeling with
salt ears in my swollen eyne; `Great prince,' quoth I, `grant
mercy, pity, grace, Save not my kingdom, not my life I
said, But save mine honor, let me die a maid.'

XCIV

"He lift me by the trembling hand from ground, Nor stayed
he till my humble speech was done; But said, `A friend and
keeper hast thou found, Fair virgin, nor to me in vain you
run:' A sweetness strange from that sweet voice's
sound Pierced my heart, my breast's weak fortress
won, Which creeping through my bosom soft became A
wound, a sickness, and a quenchless flame.

XCV

"He visits me, with speeches kind and grave He sought to
ease my grief, and sorrows' smart. He said, `I give thee
liberty, receive All that is thine, and at thy will depart:' Alas,
he robbed me when he thought he gave, Free was Erminia,
but captived her heart, Mine was the body, his the soul and
mind, He gave the cage but kept the bird behind.

XCVI

"But who can hide desire, or love suppress? Oft of his worth with thee in talk I strove, Thou, by my trembling fit that well could'st guess What fever held me, saidst, 'Thou art in love;' But I denied, for what can maids do less? And yet my sighs thy sayings true did prove, Instead of speech, my looks, my tears, mine eyes, Told in what flame, what fire thy mistress fries.

XCVII

"Unhappy silence, well I might have told My woes, and for my harms have sought relief, Since now my pains and plaints I utter bold, Where none that hears can help or ease my grief. From him I parted, and did close upfold My wounds within my bosom, death was chief Of all my hopes and helps, till love's sweet flame Plucked off the bridle of respect and shame,

XCVIII

"And caused me ride to seek my lord and knight, For
he that made me sick could make me sound: But on an
ambush I mischanced to light Of cruel men, in armour
clothed round, Hardly I scaped their hand by mature
flight. And fled to wilderness and desert ground, And there
I lived in groves and forests wild, With gentle grooms and
shepherds' daughters mild.

XCIX

"But when hot love which fear had late
suppressed, Revived again, there nould I longer sit, But
rode the way I came, nor e'er took rest, Till on like danger,
like mishap I hit, A troop to forage and to spoil
addressed, Encountered me, nor could I fly from it: Thus
was I ta'en, and those that had me caught, Egyptians were,
and me to Gaza brought,

C

"And for a present to their captain gave, Whom I
entreated and besought so well, That he mine honor had
great care to save, And since with fair Armida let me
dwell. Thus taken oft, escaped oft I have, Ah, see what haps
I passed, what dangers fell, So often captive, free so oft
again, Still my first bands I keep, still my first chain.

CI

"And he that did this chain so surely bind About my
heart, which none can loose but he, Let him not say, `Go,
wandering damsel, find Some other home, thou shalt not
bide with me,' But let him welcome me with speeches
kind, And in my wonted prison set me free:" Thus spake the
princess, thus she and her guide Talked day and night, and
on their journey ride.

CII

Through the highways Vafrino would not pass, A path
more secret, safe and short, he knew, And now close by the
city's wall he was, When sun was set, night in the east
upflew, With drops of blood besmeared he found the
grass, And saw where lay a warrior murdered new, That all
be bled the ground, his face to skies He turns, and seems to
threat, though dead he lies:

CIII

His harness and his habit both betrayed He was a
Pagan; forward went the squire, And saw whereas another
champion laid Dead on the land, all soiled with blood and
mire, "This was some Christian knight," Vafrino said: And
marking well his arms and rich attire, He loosed his helm,
and saw his visage plain, And cried, "Alas, here lies
Tancredi slain!"

CIV

The woful virgin tarried, and gave heed To the fierce
looks of that proud Saracine, Till that high cry, full of sad
fear and dread, Pierced through her heart with sorrow, grief
and pine, At Tancred's name thither she ran with
speed, Like one half mad, or drunk with too much
wine, And when she saw his face, pale, bloodless,
dead, She lighted, nay, she stumbled from her steed:

CV

Her springs of tears she looseth forth, and
cries, "Hither why bring'st thou me, ah, Fortune
blind? Where dead, for whom I lived, my comfort
lies, Where war for peace, travail for rest I find; Tancred, I
have thee, see thee, yet thine eyes Looked not upon thy
love and handmaid kind, Undo their doors, their lids fast
closed sever, Alas, I find thee for to lose thee ever.

CVI

"I never thought that to mine eyes, my dear, Thou
couldst have grievous or unpleasant been; But now would
blind or rather dead I were, That thy sad plight might be
unknown, unseen! Alas! where is thy mirth and smiling
cheer? Where are thine eyes' clear beams and sparkles
sheen? Of thy fair cheek where is the purple red, And
forehead's whiteness? are all gone, all dead?

CVII

"Though gone, though dead, I love thee still,
behold; Death wounds, but kills not love; yet if thou
live, Sweet soul, still in his breast, my follies bold Ah,
pardon love's desires, and stealths forgive; Grant me from
his pale mouth some kisses cold, Since death doth love of
just reward deprive; And of thy spoils sad death afford me
this, Let me his mouth, pale, cold and bloodless, kiss;

CVIII

"O gentle mouth! with speeches kind and sweet Thou
didst relieve my grief, my woe and pain, Ere my weak soul
from this frail body fleet, Ah, comfort me with one dear
kiss or twain! Perchance if we alive had happed to
meet, They had been given which now are stolen, O vain, O
feeble life, betwixt his lips out fly, Oh, let me kiss thee first,
then let me die!

CIX

"Receive my yielding spirit, and with thine Guide it to
heaven, where all true love hath place:" This said, she
sighed, and tore her tresses fine, And from her eyes two
streams poured on his face, The man revived, with those
showers divine Awaked, and opened his lips a space; His
lips were open; but fast shut his eyes, And with her sighs,
one sigh from him upflies.

CX

The dame perceived that Tancred breathed and sighed, Which calmed her grief somedeal and eased her fears: "Unclose thine eyes," she says, "my lord and knight, See my last services, my plaints and tears, See her that dies to see thy woful plight, That of thy pain her part and portion bears; Once look on me, small is the gift I crave, The last which thou canst give, or I can have."

CXI

Tancred looked up, and closed his eyes again, Heavy and dim, and she renewed her woe. Quoth Vafrine, "Cure him first, and then complain, Medicine is life's chief friend; plaint her most foe:" They plucked his armor off, and she each vein, Each joint, and sinew felt, and handled so, And searched so well each thrust, each cut and wound, That hope of life her love and skill soon found.

CXII

From weariness and loss of blood she spied His
greatest pains and anguish most proceed, Naught but her
veil amid those deserts wide She had to bind his wounds, in
so great need, But love could other bands, though strange,
provide, And pity wept for joy to see that deed, For with
her amber locks cut off, each wound She tied: O happy man,
so cured so bound!

CXIII

For why her veil was short and thin, those deep And
cruel hurts to fasten, roll and blind, Nor salve nor simple
had she, yet to keep Her knight on live, strong charms of
wondrous kind She said, and from him drove that deadly
sleep, That now his eyes he lifted, turned and twined, And
saw his squire, and saw that courteous dame In habit
strange, and wondered whence she came.

CXIV

He said, "O Vafrine, tell me, whence com'st thou? And who this gentle surgeon is, disclose;" She smiled, she sighed, she looked she wist not how, She wept, rejoiced, she blushed as red as rose. "You shall know all," she says, "your surgeon now Commands you silence, rest and soft repose, You shall be sound, prepare my guerdon meet," His head then laid she in her bosom sweet.

CXV

Vafrine devised this while how he might bear His master home, ere night obscured the land, When lo, a troop of soldiers did appear, Whom he descried to be Tancredi's band, With him when he and Argant met they were; But when they went to combat hand for hand, He bade them stay behind, and they obeyed, But came to seek him now, so long he stayed.

CXVI

Besides them, many followed that enquest, But these
alone found out the rightest way, Upon their friendly arms
the men addressed A seat whereon he sat, he leaned, he
lay: Quoth Tancred, "Shall the strong Circassian rest In this
broad field, for wolves and crows a prey? Ah no, defraud
not you that champion brave Of his just praise, of his due
tomb and grave:

CXVII

"With his dead bones no longer war have I, Boldly he
died and nobly was he slain, Then let us not that honor him
deny Which after death alonely doth remain:" The Pagan
dead they lifted up on high, And after Tancred bore him
through the plain. Close by the virgin chaste did Vafrine
ride, As he that was her squire, her guard, her guide.

CXVIII

"Not home," quoth Tancred, "to my wonted tent, But
bear me to this royal town, I pray, That if cut short by
human accident I die, there I may see my latest day, The
place where Christ upon his cross was rent To heaven
perchance may easier make the way, And ere I yield to
Death's and Fortune's rage, Performed shall be my vow and
pilgrimage."

CXIX

Thus to the city was Tancredi borne, And fell on sleep,
laid on a bed of down. Vafrino where the damsel might
sojourn A chamber got, close, secret, near his own; That
done he came the mighty duke beforne, And entrance found,
for till his news were known, Naught was concluded
mongst those knights and lords, Their counsel hung on his
report and words.

CXX

Where weak and weary wounded Raymond
laid, Godfrey was set upon his couch's side, And round
about the man a ring was made Of lords and knights that
filled the chamber wide; There while the squire his late
discovery said, To break his talk, none answered, none
replied, "My lord," he said, "at your command I went And
viewed their camp, each cabin, booth and tent;

CXXI

"But of that mighty host the number true Expect not
that I can or should descry, All covered with their armies
might you view The fields, the plains, the dales and
mountains high, I saw what way soe'er they went and
drew, They spoiled the land, drunk floods and fountains
dry, For not whole Jordan could have given them
drink, Nor all the grain in Syria, bread, I think.

CXXII

"But yet amongst them many bands are found Both
horse and foot, of little force and might, That keep no order,
know no trumpet's sound, That draw no sword, but far off
shoot and fight, But yet the Persian army doth abound With
many a footman strong and hardy knight, So doth the
King's own troop which all is framed Of soldiers old, the
Immortal Squadron named.

CXXIII

"Immortal called is that band of right, For of that
number never wanteth one, But in his empty place some
other knight Steps in, when any man is dead or gone: This
army's leader Emireno hight, Like whom in wit and
strength are few or none, Who hath in charge in plain and
pitched field, To fight with you, to make you fly or yield.

CXXIV

"And well I know their army and their host Within a day or two will here arrive: But thee Rinaldo it behoveth most To keep thy noble head, for which they strive, For all the chief in arms or courage boast They will the same to Queen Armida give, And for the same she gives herself in price, Such hire will many hands to work entice.

CXXV

"The chief of these that have thy murder sworn, Is Altamore, the king of Samarcand! Adrastus then, whose realm lies near the morn, A hardy giant, bold, and strong of hand, This king upon an elephant is borne, For under him no horse can stir or stand; The third is Tisipherne, as brave a lord As ever put on helm or girt on sword."

CXXVI

This said, from young Rinaldo's angry eyes, Flew sparks of wrath, flames in his visage shined, He longed to be amid those enemies, Nor rest nor reason in his heart could find. But to the Duke Vafrine his talk applies, "The greatest news, my lord, are yet behind, For all their thoughts, their crafts and counsels tend By treason false to bring thy life to end."

CXXVII

Then all from point to point he gan expose The false compact, how it was made and wrought, The arms and ensigns feigned, poison close, Ormondo's vaunt, what praise, what thank he sought, And what reward, and satisfied all those That would demand, inquire, or ask of aught. Silence was made awhile, when Godfrey thus, "Raymondo, say, what counsel givest thou us?"

CXXVIII

"Not as we purposed late, next morn," quoth he, "Let us not scale, but round besiege this tower, That those within may have no issue free To sally out, and hurt us with their power, Our camp well rested and refreshed see, Provided well gainst this last storm and shower, And then in pitched field, fight, if you will; If not, delay and keep this fortress still.

CXXIX

"But lest you be endangered, hurt, or slain, Of all your cares take care yourself to save, By you this camp doth live, doth win, doth reign, Who else can rule or guide these squadrons brave? And for the traitors shall be noted plain, Command your guard to change the arms they have, So shall their guile be known, in their own net So shall they fall, caught in the snare they set."

CXXX

"As it hath ever," thus the Duke begun, "Thy counsel shows thy wisdom and thy love, And what you left in doubt shall thus be done, We will their force in pitched battle prove; Closed in this wall and trench, the fight to shun, Doth ill this camp beseem, and worse behove, But we their strength and manhood will assay, And try, in open field and open day.

CXXXI

"The fame of our great conquests to sustain, Or bide our looks and threats, they are not able, And when this army is subdued and slain Then is our empire settled, firm and stable, The tower shall yield, or but resist in vain, For fear her anchor is, despair her cable." Thus he concludes, and rolling down the west Fast set the stars, and called them all to rest.

TWENTIETH BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

The Pagan host arrives, and cruel fight
Makes with the Christians and their faithful power;
The Soldan longs in field to prove his might,
With the old king quits the besieged tower;
Yet both are slain, and in eternal night
A famous hand gives each his fatal hour;
Rinald appeased Armida; first the field
The Christians win, then praise to God they yield.

I

The sun called up the world from idle sleep,
And of the day ten hours were gone and past
When the bold troop that had the tower to keep
Espied a sudden mist, that overcast
The earth with mirksome clouds and darkness deep,
And saw it was the Egyptian camp at last
Which raised the dust, for hills and valleys broad
That host did overspread and overload.

II

Therewith a merry shout and joyful cry The Pagans
reared from their besieged hold; The cranes from Thrace
with such a rumor fly, His hoary frost and snow when
Hyems old Pours down, and fast to warmer regions
hie, From the sharp winds, fierce storms and tempests
cold; And quick, and ready this new hope and aid, Their
hands to shoot, their tongues to threaten made.

III

From whence their ire, their wrath and hardy
threat Proceeds, the French well knew, and plain
espied, For from the walls and ports the army great They
saw; her strength, her number, pomp, and pride, Swelled
their breasts with valor's noble heat; Battle and fight they
wished, "Arm, arm!" they cried; The youth to give the sign
of fight all prayed Their Duke, and were displeased because
delayed

IV

Till morning next, for he refused to fight; Their haste
and heat he bridled, but not brake, Nor yet with sudden fray
or skirmish light Of these new foes would he vain trial
make. "After so many wars," he says, "good right It is, that
one day's rest at least you take," For thus in his vain foes he
cherish would The hope which in their strength they have
and hold.

V

To see Aurora's gentle beam appear, The soldiers
armed, prest and ready lay, The skies were never half so
fair and clear As in the breaking of that blessed day, The
merry morning smiled, and seemed to wear Upon her silver
crown sun's golden ray, And without cloud heaven his
redoubled light Bent down to see this field, this fray, this
fight.

VI

When first he saw the daybreak show and
shine, Godfrey his host in good array brought out, And to
besiege the tyrant Aladine Raymond he left, and all the
faithful rout That from the towns was come of Palestine To
serve and succor their deliverer stout, And with them left a
hardy troop beside Of Gascoigns strong, in arms well
proved, oft tried.

VII

Such was Godfredo's countenance, such his
cheer, That from his eye sure conquest flames and
streams, Heaven's gracious favors in his looks appear, And
great and goodly more than erst he seems; His face and
forehead full of noblesse were, And on his cheek smiled
youth's purple beams, And in his gait, his grace, his acts,
his eyes, Somewhat, far more than mortal, lives and lies.

VIII

He had not marched far ere he espied Of his proud
foes the mighty host draw nigh; A hill at first he took and
fortified At his left hand which stood his army by, Broad in
the front behind more strait uptied His army ready stood the
fight to try, And to the middle ward well armed he
brings His footmen strong, his horsemen served for wings.

IX

To the left wing, spread underneath the bent Of the
steep hill that saved their flank and side, The Roberts twain,
two leaders good, he sent; His brother had the middle ward
to guide; To the right wing himself in person went Down,
where the plain was dangerous, broad and wide, And where
his foes with their great numbers would Perchance environ
round his squadrons bold.

X

There all his Lorrainers and men of might, All his best
armed he placed, and chosen bands, And with those horse
some footmen armed light, That archers were, used to that
service, stands; The adventurers then, in battle and in
fight Well tried, a squadron famous through all lands, On
the right hand he set, somedeal aside, Rinaldo was their
leader, lord and guide.

XI

To whom the Duke, "In thee our hope is laid Of
victory, thou must the conquest gain, Behind this mighty
wing, so far displayed, Thou with thy noble squadron close
remain; And when the Pagans would our backs
invade, Assail them then, and make their onset vain; For if I
guess aright, they have in mind To compass us, and charge
our troops behind."

XII

Then through his host, that took so large a scope, He
rode, and viewed them all, both horse and foot; His face
was bare, his helm unclosed and ope, Lightened his eyes,
his looks bright fire shot out; He cheers the fearful,
comforts them that hope, And to the bold recounts his
boasting stout, And to the valiant his adventures
hard, These bids he look for praise, those for reward.

XIII

At last he stayed where of his squadrons bold And
noblest troops assembled was best part; There from a rising
bank his will he told, And all that heard his speech thereat
took heart: And as the mountain snow from mountains
cold Runs down in streams with eloquence and art, So from
his lips his words and speeches fell, Shrill, speedy, pleasant,
sweet, and placed well.

XIV

"My hardy host, you conquerors of the East, You
scourge wherewith Christ whips his heathen fone, Of
victory behold the latest feast, See the last day for which
you wished alone; Not without cause the Saracens most and
least Our gracious Lord hath gathered here in one, For all
your foes and his assembled are, That one day's fight may
end seven years of war.

XV

"This fight shall bring us many victories, The danger
none, the labor will be small, Let not the number of your
enemies Dismay your hearts, grant fear no place at all; For
strife and discord through their army flies, Their bands ill
ranked themselves entangle shall, And few of them to strike
or fight shall come, For some want strength, some heart,
some elbow room.

XVI

"This host, with whom you must encounter now, Are
men half naked, without strength or skill, From idleness, or
following the plough, Late pressed forth to war against
their will, Their swords are blunt, shields thin, soon pierced
through, Their banners shake, their bearers shrink, for
ill Their leaders heard, obeyed, or followed be, Their loss,
their flight, their death I will foresee.

XVII

"Their captain clad in purple, armed in gold, That
seems so fierce, so hardy, stout and strong, The Moors or
weak Arabians vanquish could, Yet can he not resist your
valors long. What can he do, though wise, though sage,
though bold, In that confusion, trouble, thrust and
throng? Ill known he is, and worse he knows his
host, Strange lords ill feared are, ill obeyed of most.

XVIII

"But I am captain of this chosen crew, With whom I
oft have conquered, triumphed oft, Your lands and lineages
long since I knew, Each knight obeys my rule, mild, easy,
soft, I know each sword, each dart, each shaft I
view, Although the quarrel fly in skies aloft, Whether the
same of Ireland be, or France, And from what bow it comes,
what hand perchance.

XIX

"I ask an easy and a usual thing, As you have oft, this
day, so win the field, Let zeal and honor be your virtue's
sting, Your lives, my fame, Christ's faith defend and
shield, To earth these Pagans slain and wounded
bring, Tread on their necks, make them all die or
yield, What need I more exhort you? from your eyes I see
how victory, how conquest flies."

XX

Upon the captain, when his speech was done, It
seemed a lamp and golden light down came, As from
night's azure mantle oft doth run Or fall, a sliding star, or
shining flame; But from the bosom of the burning
sun Proceeded this, and garland wise the same Godfredo's
noble head encompassed round, And, as some thought,
foreshowed he should be crowned.

XXI

Perchance, if man's proud thought or saucy
tongue Have leave to judge or guess at heavenly
things, This was the angel which had kept him long, That
now came down, and hid him with his wings. While thus
the Duke bespeaks his armies strong, And every troop and
band in order brings. Lord Emiren his host disposed
well, And with bold words whet on their courage fell;

XXII

The man brought forth his army great with speed, In
order good, his foes at hand he spied, Like the new moon
his host two horns did spread, In midst the foot, the horse
were on each side, The right wing kept he for himself to
lead, Great Altamore received the left to guide, The middle
ward led Muleasses proud, And in that battle fair Armida
stood.

XXIII

On the right quarter stood the Indian grim, With
Tisipherne and all the king's own band; But when the left
wing spread her squadrons trim O'er the large plain, did
Altamoro stand, With African and Persian kings with
him, And two that came from Meroe's hot sand, And all his
crossbows and his slings he placed, Where room best
served to shoot, to throw, to cast.

XXIV

Thus Emiren his host put in array, And rode from band
to band, from rank to rank, His truchmen now, and now
himself, doth say, What spoil his folk shall gain, what
praise, what thank. To him that feared, "Look up, ours is
the day," He says, "Vile fear to bold hearts never sank, How
dareth one against an hundred fight? Our cry, our shade,
will put them all to flight."

XXV

But to the bold, "Go, hardy knight," he says, "His prey
out of this lion's paws go tear:" To some before his thoughts
the shape he lays, And makes therein the image true
appear, How his sad country him entreats and prays, His
house, his loving wife, and children dear: "Suppose," quoth
he, "thy country doth beseech And pray thee thus, suppose
this is her speech.

XXVI

"Defend my laws, uphold my temples brave, My
blood from washing of my streets withhold, From ravishing
my virgins keep, and save Thine ancestors' dead bones and
ashes cold! To thee thy fathers dear and parents grave Show
their uncovered heads, white, hoary, old, To thee thy wife
her breasts with tears o'erspread Thy sons, their cradles,
shows, thy marriage bed."

XXVII

To all the rest, "You for her honor's sake Whom Asia
makes her champions, by your might Upon these thieves,
weak, feeble, few, must take A sharp revenge, yet just,
deserved and right." Thus many words in several tongues
he spake, And all his sundry nations to sharp
fight Encouraged, but now the dukes had done Their
speeches all, the hosts together run.

XXVIII

It was a great, a strange and wondrous sight, When
front to front those noble armies met, How every troop,
how in each troop each knight Stood prest to move, to fight,
and praise to get, Loose in the wind waved their ensigns
light, Trembled the plumes that on their crests were
set; Their arms, impresses, colors, gold and stone, Against
the sunbeams smiled, flamed, sparkled, shone.

XXIX

Of dry topped oaks they seemed two forests thick, So
did each host with spears and pikes abound, Bent were their
bows, in rests their lances stick, Their hands shook swords,
their slings held cobbles round: Each steed to run was ready,
prest and quick, At his commander's spur, his hand, his
sound, He chafes, he stamps, careers, and turns about, He
foams, snorts, neighs, and fire and smoke breathes out.

XXX

Horror itself in that fair fight seemed fair, And
pleasure flew amid sad dread and fear; The trumpets shrill,
that thundered in the air, Were music mild and sweet to
every ear: The faithful camp, though less, yet seemed more
rare In that strange noise, more warlike, shrill and clear, In
notes more sweet, the Pagan trumpets jar, These sung, their
armors shined, these glistered far.

XXXI

The Christian trumpets give the deadly call, The
Pagans answer, and the fight accept; The godly Frenchmen
on their knees down fall To pray, and kissed the earth, and
then up leapt To fight, the land between was vanished
all, In combat close each host to other stepped; For now the
wings had skirmish hot begun, And with their battles forth
the footmen run.

XXXII

But who was first of all the Christian train, That gave
the onset first, first won renown? Gildippes thou wert she,
for by thee slain The King of Orms, Hircano, tumbled
down, The man's breastbone thou clov'st and rent in
twain, So Heaven with honor would thee bless and
crown, Pierced through he fell, and falling hard withal His
foe praised for her strength and for his fall.

XXXIII

Her lance thus broke, the hardy dame forth drew With
her strong hand a fine and trenchant blade, And gainst the
Persians fierce and bold she flew, And in their troop wide
streets and lanes she made, Even in the girdling stead
divided new In pieces twain, Zopire on earth she laid; And
then Alarco's head she swept off clean, Which like a
football tumbled on the green.

XXXIV

A blow felled Artaxerxes, with a thrust Was Argeus
slain, the first lay in a trance, Ismael's left hand cut off fell
in the dust, For on his wrist her sword fell down by
chance: The hand let go the bridle where it lust, The blow
upon the courser's ears did glance, Who felt the reins at
large. and with the stroke Half mad, the ranks disordered,
troubled, broke.

XXXV

All these, and many mo, by time forgot, She slew and
wounded, when against her came The angry Persians all,
cast on a knot, For on her person would they purchase
fame: But her dear spouse and husband wanted not In so
great need, to aid the noble dame; Thus joined, the haps of
war unhurt they prove, Their strength was double, double
was their love.

XXXVI

The noble lovers use well might you see, A wondrous
guise, till then unseen, unheard, To save themselves forgot
both he and she, Each other's life did keep, defend, and
guard; The strokes that gainst her lord discharged be, The
dame had care to bear, to break, to ward, His shield kept off
the blows bent on his dear, Which, if need be, his naked
head should bear.

XXXVII

So each saved other, each for other's wrong Would
vengeance take, but not revenge their own: The valiant
Soldan Artabano strong Of Boecan Isle, by her was
overthrown, And by his hand, the bodies dead
among, Alvante, that durst his mistress wound, fell
down, And she between the eyes hit Arimont, Who hurt her
lord, and cleft in twain his front.

XXXVIII

But Altamore who had that wing to lead Far greater
slaughter on the Christians made; For where he turned his
sword, or twined his steed, He slew, or man and beast on
earth down laid, Happy was he that was at first struck
dead, That fell not down on live, for whom his blade Had
speared, the same cast in the dusty street His horse tore
with his teeth, bruised with his feet.

XXXIX

By this brave Persian's valor, killed and slain Were
strong Brunello and Ardonia great; The first his head and
helm had cleft in twain, The last in stranger wise he did
intreat, For through his heart he pierced, and his
seat, Where laughter hath his fountain and his seat, So that,
a dreadful thing, believed uneth, He laughed for pain, and
laughed himself to death.

XL

Nor these alone with that accursed knife, Of this sweet light and breath deprived lie; But with that cruel weapon lost their life Gentonio, Guascar, Rosimond, and Guy; Who knows how many in that fatal strife He slew? what knights his courser fierce made die? The names and countries of the people slain Who tells? their wounds and deaths who can explain?

XLI

With this fierce king encounter durst not one. Not one durst combat him in equal field, Gildippes undertook that task alone; No doubt could make her shrink, no danger yield, By Thermodont was never Amazone, Who managed steeled axe, or carried shield, That seemed so bold as she, so strong, so light, When forth she run to meet that dreadful knight.

XLII

She hit him, where with gold and rich anmail, His
diadem did on his helmet flame, She broke and cleft the
crown, and caused him veil His proud and lofty top, his
crest down came, Strong seemed her arm that could so well
assail: The Pagan shook for spite and blushed for
shame, Forward he rushed, and would at once
requite Shame with disgrace, and with revenge despite.

XLIII

Right on the front he gave that lady kind A blow so
huge, so strong, so great, so sore, That out of sense and
feeling, down she twined: But her dear knight his love from
ground upbore, Were it their fortune, or his noble mind, He
stayed his hand and strook the dame no more: A lion so
stalks by, and with proud eyes Beholds, but scorns to hurt a
man that lies.

XLIV

This while Ormondo false, whose cruel hand Was
armed and prest to give the trait'rous blow, With all his
fellows mongst Godfredo's band Entered unseen, disguised
that few them know: The thievish wolves, when night
o'ershades the land, That seem like faithful dogs in shape
and show, So to the closed folds in secret creep, And
entrance seek; to kill some harmless sheep.

XLV

He proached nigh, and to Godfredo's side The bloody
Pagan now was placed near: But when his colors gold and
white he spied, And saw the other signs that forged
were, "See, see, this traitor false!" the captain cried, "That
like a Frenchman would in show appear, Behold how near
his mates and he are crept!" This said, upon the villain forth
he leapt;

LXVI

Deadly he wounded him, and that false knight Nor
strikes nor wards nor striveth to be gone; But, as Medusa's
head were in his sight, Stood like a man new turned to
marble stone, All lances broke, unsheathed all weapons
bright, All quivers emptied were on them alone, In parts so
many were the traitors cleft, That those dead men had no
dead bodies left.

LXVII

When Godfrey was with Pagan blood bespread, He
entered then the fight and that was past Where the bold
Persian fought and combated, Where the close ranks he
opened, cleft and brast; Before the knight the troops and
squadrons fled, As Afric dust before the southern blast; The
Duke recalled them, in array them placed, Stayed those that
fled, and him assailed that chased.

LXVIII

The champions strong there fought a battle stout, Troy
never saw the like by Xanthus old: A conflict sharp there
was meanwhile on foot Twixt Baldwin good and Muleasses
bold: The horsemen also near the mountains rout, And in
both wings, a furious skirmish hold, And where the
barbarous duke in person stood, Twixt Tisiphernes and
Adrastus proud;

XLIX

With Emiren Robert the Norman strove, Long time
they fought, yet neither lost nor won; The other Robert's
helm the Indian clove, And broke his arms, their fight
would soon be done: From place to place did Tisiphernes
rove, And found no match, against him none dust run, But
where the press was thickest thither flew The knight, and at
each stroke felled, hurt, or slew.

L

Thus fought they long, yet neither shrink nor yield, In
equal balance hung their hope and fear: All full of broken
lances lay the field, All full of arms that cloven and
shattered were; Of swords, some to the body nail the
shield, Some cut men's throats, and some their bellies
tear; Of bodies, some upright, some grovelling lay, And for
themselves eat graves out of the clay.

LI

Beside his lord slain lay the noble steed, There friend
with friend lay killed like lovers true, There foe with foe,
the live under the dead, The victor under him whom late he
slew: A hoarse unperfect sound did eachwhere
spread, Whence neither silence, nor plain outcries
flew: There fury roars, ire threats, and woe complains, One
weeps, another cries, he sighs for pains.

LII

The arms that late so fair and glorious seem, Now
soiled and slubbered, sad and sullen grow, The steel his
brightness lost, the gold his beam; The colors had no pride
nor beauty's show; The plumes and feathers on their crests
that stream, Are strowed wide upon the earth below: The
hosts both clad in blood, in dust and mire, Had changed
their cheer, their pride, their rich attire.

LIII

But now the Moors, Arabians, Ethiops black, Of the
left wing that held the utmost marge, Spread forth their
troops, and purposed at the back And side their heedless
foes to assail and charge: Slingers and archers were not
slow nor slack To shoot and cast, when with his battle
large Rinaldo came, whose fury, haste and ire, Seemed
earthquake, thunder, tempest, storm and fire.

LIV

The first he met was Asimire, his throne That set in
Meroe's hot sunburnt land, He cut his neck in twain, flesh,
skin and bone, The sable head down tumbled on the
sand; But when by death of this black prince alone The
taste of blood and conquest once he fand, Whole squadrons
then, whole troops to earth he brought, Things wondrous,
strange, incredible he wrought.

LV

He gave more deaths than strokes, and yet his
blows Upon his feeble foes fell oft and thick, To move
three tongues as a fierce serpent shows, Which rolls the one
she hath swift, speedy, quick, So thinks each Pagan; each
Arabian trows He wields three swords, all in one hilt that
stick; His readiness their eyes so blinded hath, Their dread
that wonder bred, fear gave it faith.

LVI

The Afric tyrants and the negro kings
Fell down on heaps, drowned each in other's blood,
Upon their people ran the knights he brings,
Pricked forward by their guide's example good,
Killed were the Pagans, broke their bows
and slings: Some died, some fell; some yielded, none
withstood: A massacre was this, no fight; these put
Their foes to death, those hold their throats to cut.

LVII

Small while they stood, with heart and hardy face,
On their bold breasts deep wounds and hurts to bear,
But fled away, and troubled in the chase
Their ranks disordered be with too much fear:
Rinaldo followed them from place to place,
Till quite discomfit and dispersed they were.
That done, he stays, and all his knights recalls,
And scorns to strike his foe that flies or falls.

LVIII

Like as the wind stopped by some wood or hill, Grows
strong and fierce, tears boughs and trees in twain, But with
mild blasts, more temperate, gentle, still, Blows through the
ample field or spacious plain; Against the rocks as sea
waves murmur shrill, But silent pass amid the open
main: Rinaldo so, when none his force withstood, Assuaged
his fury, calmed his angry mood;

LIX

He scorned upon their fearful backs that fled To wreak
his ire and spend his force in vain, But gainst the footmen
strong his troops he led, Whose side the Moors had open
left and plain, The Africans that should have succored That
battle, all were run away or slain, Upon their flank with
force and courage stout His men at arms assailed the bands
on foot:

LX

He brake their pikes, and brake their close
array, Entered their battle, felled them down around, So
wind or tempest with impetuous sway The ears of ripened
corn strikes flat to ground: With blood, arms, bodies dead,
the hardened clay Plastered the earth, no grass nor green
was found; The horsemen running through and through
their bands, Kill, murder, slay, few scape, not one
withstands.

LXI

Rinaldo came where his forlorn Armide Sate on her
golden chariot mounted high, A noble guard she had on
every side Of lords, of lovers, and much chivalry: She
knew the man when first his arms she spied, Love, hate,
wrath, sweet desire strove in her eye, He changed somedeal
his look and countenance bold, She changed from frost to
fire, from heat to cold.

LXII

The prince passed by the chariot of his dear Like one
that did his thoughts elsewhere bestow, Yet suffered not her
knights and lovers near Their rival so to scape withouten
blow, One drew his sword, another couched his
spear, Herself an arrow sharp set in her bow, Disdain her ire
new sharpened and kindled hath, But love appeased her, love
assuaged her wrath.

LXIII

Love bridled fury, and revived of new His fire, not
dead, though buried in displeasure, Three times her angry
hand the bow up drew, And thrice again let slack the string
at leisure; But wrath prevailed at last, the reed out flew, For
love finds mean, but hatred knows no measure, Out flew the
shaft, but with the shaft, this charm, This wish she sent:
Heaven grant it do no harm:

LXIV

She bids the reed return the way it went, And pierce
her heart which so unkind could prove, Such force had love,
though lost and vainly spent, What strength hath happy,
kind and mutual love? But she that gentle thought did
straight repent, Wrath, fury, kindness, in her bosom
strove, She would, she would not, that it missed or hit, Her
eyes, her heart, her wishes followed it.

LXV

But yet in vain the quarrel lighted not, For on his
hauberk hard the knight it hit, Too hard for woman's shaft
or woman's shot, Instead of piercing, there it broke and
split; He turned away, she burnt with fury hot, And thought
he scorned her power, and in that fit Shot oft and oft, her
shafts no entrance found, And while she shot, love gave her
wound on wound.

LXVI

"And is he then unpierceable," quoth she, "That
neither force nor foe he needs regard? His limbs, perchance,
armed with that hardness be, Which makes his heart so
cruel and so hard, No shot that flies from eye or hand I
see Hurts him, such rigor doth his person guard, Armed, or
disarmed; his foe or mistress kind Despised alike, like hate,
like scorn I find.

LXVII

"But what new form is left, device or art, By which, to
which exchanged, I might find grace? For in my knights,
and all that take my part, I see no help; no hope, no trust I
place; To his great prowess, might, and valiant heart, All
strength is weak, all courage vile and base." This said she,
for she saw how through the field Her champions fly, faint,
tremble, fall and yield.

LXVIII

Nor left alone can she her person save, But to be slain
or taken stands in fear, Though with a bow a javelin long
she have, Yet weak was Phebe's bow, blunt Pallas'
spear. But, as the swan, that sees the eagle
brave Threatening her flesh and silver plumes to tear, Falls
down, to hide her mongst the shady brooks: Such were her
fearful motions, such her looks.

LXIX

But Altamore, this while that strove and sought From
shameful flight his Persian host to stay, That was discomfit
and destroyed to nought, Whilst he alone maintained the
fight and fray, Seeing distressed the goddess of his
thought, To aid her ran, nay flew, and laid away All care
both of his honor and his host: If she were safe, let all the
world be lost.

LXX

To the ill guarded chariot swift he flew, His weapon
made him way with bloody war: Meanwhile Lord Godfrey
and Rinaldo slew His feeble bands, his people murdered
are, He saw their loss, but aided not his crew, A better lover
than a leader far, He set Armida safe, then turned
again With tardy succor, for his folk were slain.

LXXI

And on that side the woful prince beheld The battle
lost, no help nor hope remained; But on the other wing the
Christians yield, And fly, such vantage there the Egyptians
gained, One of the Roberts was nigh slain in field; The
other by the Indian strong constrained To yield himself his
captive and his slave; Thus equal loss and equal foil they
have.

LXXII

Godfredo took the time and season fit To bring again
his squadrons in array, And either camp well ordered,
ranged and knit, Renewed the furious battle, fight and
fray, New streams of blood were shed, new swords them
hit; New combats fought, new spoils were borne away, And
unresolved and doubtful, on each side, Did praise and
conquest, Mars and Fortune ride.

LXXIII

Between the armies twain while thus the fight Waxed
sharp, hot, cruel, though renewed but late, The Soldan
clomb up to the tower's height, And saw far off their strife
and fell debate, As from some stage or theatre the
knight Saw played the tragedy of human state, Saw death,
blood, murder, woe and horror strange, And the great acts
of fortune, chance, and change.

LXXIV

At first astonished and amazed he stood Then burnt
with wrath, and self consuming ire, Swelled his bosom like
a raging flood, To be amid that battle; such desire, Such
haste he had; he donned his helmet good, His other arms he
had before entire, "Up, up!" he cried, "no more, no more,
within This fortress stay, come follow, die or win."

LXXV

Whether the same were Providence divine That made
him leave the fortress he possessed, For that the empire
proud of Palestine This day should fall, to rise again more
blessed; Or that he breaking felt the fatal line Of life, and
would meet death with constant breast, Furious and fierce
he did the gates unbar, And sudden rage brought forth, and
sudden war.

LXXVI

Nor stayed he till the folk on whom he cried Assemble
might, but out alone he flies, A thousand foes the man alone
defied, And ran among a thousand enemies: But with his
fury called from every side, The rest run out, and Aladine
forth hies, The cowards had no fear, the wise no care, This
was not hope, nor courage, but despair.

LXXVII

The dreadful Turk with sudden blows down cast The
first he met, nor gave them time to plain Or pray, in
murdering them he made such haste That dead they fell ere
one could see them slain; From mouth to mouth, from eye
to eye forth passed The fear and terror, that the faithful
train Of Syrian folk, not used to dangerous fight, Were
broken, scattered, and nigh put to flight.

LXXVIII

But with less terror, and disorder less, The Gascoigns
kept array, and kept their ground, Though most the loss and
peril them oppress, Unwares assailed they were, unready
found. No ravening tooth or talon hard I guess Of beast or
eager hawk, doth slay and wound So many sheep or fowls,
weak, feeble, small, As his sharp sword killed knights and
soldiers tall.

LXXIX

It seemed his thirst and hunger 'suage he would With
their slain bodies, and their blood poured out, With him his
troops and Aladino old Slew their besiegers, killed the
Gascoign rout: But Raymond ran to meet the Soldan
bold, Nor to encounter him had fear or doubt, Though his
right hand by proof too well he know, Which laid him late
for dead at one huge blow.

LXXX

They met, and Raymond fell amid the field, This blow
again upon his forehead light, It was the fault and weakness
of his eild, Age is not fit to bear strokes of such
might, Each one lift up his sword, advanced his
shield, Those would destroy, and these defend the
knight. On went the Soldan, for the man he thought
Was slain, or easily might be captive brought.

LXXXI

Among the rest he ran, he raged, he smote, And in
small space, small time, great wonders wrought And as his
rage him led and fury hot, To kill and murder, matter new
he sought: As from his supper poor with hungry throat A
peasant hastes, to a rich feast ybrought; So from this
skirmish to the battle great He ran, and quenched with
blood his fury's heat.

LXXXII

Where battered was the wall he sallied out, And to the
field in haste and heat he goes, With him went rage and
fury, fear and doubt Remained behind, among his scattered
foes: To win the conquest strove his squadron stout, Which
he unperfect left; yet loth to lose The day, the Christians
fight, resist and die, And ready were to yield, retire and fly.

LXXXIII

The Gascoign bands retired, but kept array, The Syrian
people ran away outright, The fight was near the place
where Tancred lay, His house was full of noise and great
affright, He rose and looked forth to see the fray, Though
every limb were weak, faint, void of might; He saw the
country lie, his men o'erthrown, Some beaten back, some
killed, some felled down.

LXXXIV

Courage in noble hearts that ne'er is spent, Yet fainted
not, though faint were every limb, But reinforced each
member cleft and rent, And want of blood and strength
supplied in him; In his left hand his heavy shield he
hent, Nor seemed the weight too great, his curtlax trim His
right hand drew, nor for more arms he stood Or stayed, he
needs no more whose heart is good:

LXXXV

But coming forth, cried, "Whither will you run, And
leave your leader to his foes in prey? What! shall these
heathen of his armor won, In their vile temples hang up
trophies gay? Go home to Gascoign then, and tell his
son That where his father died, you ran away:" This said,
against a thousand armed foes, He did his breast weak,
naked, sick, oppose.

LXXXVI

And with his heavy, strong and mighty targe, That
with seven hard bulls' hides was surely lined, And
strengthened with a cover thick and large Of stiff and well
attempered steel behind, He shielded Raymond from the
furious charge, From swords, from darts, from weapons of
each kind, And all his foes drove back with his sharp
blade, That sure and safe he lay, as in a shade.

LXXXVII

Thus saved, thus shielded, Raymond 'gan respire, He
rose and reared himself in little space, And in his bosom
burned the double fire Of vengeance; wrath his heart;
shame filled his face; He looked around to spy, such was
his ire, The man whose stroke had laid him in that
place, Whom when he sees not, for disdain he quakes, And
on his people sharp revengement takes.

LXXXVIII

The Gascoigns turn again, their lord in haste To venge
their loss his hand recorded brings, The troop that durst so
much now stood aghast, For where sad fear grew late, now
boldness springs, Now followed they that fled, fled they
that chased; So in one hour altereth the state of
things, Raymond requites his loss, shame, hurt and all, And
with an hundred deaths revenged one fall.

LXXXIX

Whilst Raymond wreaked thus his just disdain On the
proud heads of captains, lords and peers, He spies great
Sion's king amid the train, And to him leaps, and high his
sword he rears, And on his forehead strikes, and strikes
again, Till helm and head he breaks, he cleaves, he
tears; Down fell the king, the guiltless land he bit, That
now keeps him, because he kept not it.

XC

Their guides, one murdered thus, the other gone, The
troops divided were, in diverse thought, Despair made
some run headlong gainst their fone, To seek sharp death
that comes uncalled, unsought; And some, that laid their
hope on flight alone, Fled to their fort again; yet chance so
wrought, That with the flyers in the victors pass, And so the
fortress won and conquered was.

XCI

The hold was won, slain were the men that fled, In
courts, halls, chambers high; above, below, Old Raymond
fast up to the leads him sped, And there, of victory true sign
and show, His glorious standard to the wind he spread, That
so both armies his success might know. But Solyman saw
not the town was lost, For far from thence he was. and near
the host;

XCII

Into the field he came, the lukewarm blood Did smoke
and flow through all the purple field, There of sad death the
court and palace stood, There did he triumphs lead, and
trophies build; An armed steed fast by the Soldan
yood, That had no guide, nor lord the reins to wield, The
tyrant took the bridle, and bestrode The courser's empty
back, and forth he rode.

XCIII

Great, yet but short and sudden was the aid That to the
Pagans, faint and weak, he brought, A thunderbolt he was,
you would have said, Great, yet that comes and goes as
swift as thought And of his coming swift and flight
unstayed Eternal signs in hardest rocks hath wrought, For
by his hand a hundred knights were slain, But time forgot
hath all their names but twain;

XCIV

Gildippes fair, and Edward thy dear lord, Your noble
death, sad end, and woful fate, If so much power our vulgar
tongue afford, To all strange wits, strange ears let me
dilate, That ages all your love and sweet accord, Your virtue,
prowess, worth may imitate, And some kind servant of true
love that hears, May grace your death, my verses, with
some tears.

XCV

The noble lady thither boldly flew, Where first the
Soldan fought, and him defied, Two mighty blows she gave
the Turk untrue, One cleft his shield, the other pierced his
side; The prince the damsel by her habit knew, "See, see
this mankind strumpet, see," he cried, "This shameless
whore, for thee fit weapons were Thy needl and spindle,
not a sword and spear."

XCVI

This said, full of disdain, rage and despite, A strong, a
fierce, a deadly stroke he gave, And pierced her armor,
pierced her bosom white, Worthy no blows, but blows of
love to have: Her dying hand let go the bridle quite, She
faints, she falls, 'twixt life and death she strave, Her lord to
help her came, but came too late, Yet was not that his fault,
it was his fate.

XCVII

What should he do? to diverse parts him call Just ire
and pity kind, one bids him go And succor his dear lady,
like to fall, The other calls for vengeance on his foe; Love
biddeth both, love says he must do all, And with his ire
joins grief, with pity woe. What did he then? with his left
hand the knight Would hold her up, revenge her with his
right.

XCVIII

But to resist against a knight so bold Too weak his will
and power divided were; So that he could not his fair love
uphold, Nor kill the cruel man that slew his dear. His arm
that did his mistress kind enfold, The Turk cut off, pale
grew his looks and cheer, He let her fall, himself fell by her
side, And, for he could not save her, with her died.

XCIX

As the high elm, whom his dear vine hath twined Fast
in her hundred arms and holds embraced, Bears down to
earth his spouse and darling kind If storm or cruel steel the
tree down cast, And her full grapes to naught doth bruise
and grind, Spoils his own leaves, faints, withers, dies at
last, And seems to mourn and die, not for his own, But for
her death, with him that lies o'erthrown:

C

So fell he mourning, mourning for the dame Whom
life and death had made forever his; They would have
spoke, but not one word could frame, Deep sobs their
speech, sweet sighs their language is, Each gazed on other's
eyes, and while the same Is lawful, join their hands,
embrace and kiss: And thus sharp death their knot of life
untied, Together fainted they, together died.

CI

But now swift fame her nimble wings dispread, And
told eachwhere their chance, their fate, their fall, Rinaldo
heard the case, by one that fled From the fierce Turk and
brought him news of all. Disdain, good will, woe, wrath the
champion led To take revenge; shame, grief, for vengeance
call; But as he went, Adrastus with his blade Forestalled the
way, and show of combat made.

CII

The giant cried, "By sundry signs I note That whom I wish, I search, thou, thou art he, I marked each worthy's shield, his helm, his coat, And all this day have called and cried for thee, To my sweet saint I have thy head devote, Thou must my sacrifice, my offering be, Come let us here our strength and courage try, Thou art Armida's foe, her champion I."

CIII

Thus he defied him, on his front before, And on his throat he struck him, yet the blow His helmet neither bruised, cleft nor tore, But in his saddle made him bend and bow; Rinaldo hit him on the flank so sore, That neither art nor herb could help him now; Down fell the giant strong, one blow such power, Such puissance had; so falls a thundered tower.

CIV

With horror, fear, amazedness and dread, Cold were
the hearts of all that saw the fray, And Solyman, that
viewed that noble deed, Trembled, his paleness did his fear
bewray; For in that stroke he did his end areed, He wist not
what to think, to do, to say, A thing in him unused, rare and
strange, But so doth heaven men's hearts turn, alter,
change.

CV

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream In their
unquiet sleep and slumber short, And think they run some
speedy course, and seem To move their legs and feet in
hasty sort, Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream Of
their vain thoughts that bears them in this sport, And oft
would speak, would cry, would call or shout, Yet neither
sound, nor voice, nor word send out:

CVI

So run to fight the angry Soldan would, And did
enforce his strength, his might, his ire, Yet felt not in
himself his courage old, His wonted force, his rage and hot
desire, His eyes, that sparkled wrath and fury bold, Grew
dim and feeble, fear had quenched that fire, And in his
heart an hundred passions fought, Yet none on fear or base
retire he thought.

CVII

While unresolved he stood, the victor knight Arrived,
and seemed in quickness, haste and speed, In boldness,
greatness, goodliness and might, Above all princes born of
human seed: The Turk small while resists, not death nor
fight Made him forget his state or race, through dread, He
fled no strokes, he fetched no groan nor sigh, Bold were his
motions last, proud, stately, high.

CVIII

Now when the Soldan, in these battles past That
Antheus like oft fell oft rose again, Evermore fierce, more
fell, fell down at last To lie forever, when this prince was
slain, Fortune, that seld is stable, firm or fast, No longer
durst resist the Christian train, But ranged herself in row
with Godfrey's knights, With them she serves, she runs, she
rides, she fights.

CIX

The Pagan troops, the king's own squadron fled, Of all
the east, the strength, the pride, the flower, Late called
Immortal, now discomfited, It lost that title proud, and lost
all power; To him that with the royal standard fled, Thus
Emireno said, with speeches sour, "Art not thou he to
whom to bear I gave My king's great banner, and his
standard brave?

CX

"This ensign, Rimedon, I gave not thee To be the witness of thy fear and flight, Coward, dost thou thy lord and captain see In battle strong, and runn'st thyself from fight? What seek'st thou? safety? come, return with me, The way to death is path to virtue right, Here let him fight that would escape; for this The way to honor, way to safety is."

CXI

The man returned and swelled with scorn and shame, The duke with speeches grave exhorts the rest; He threatens, he strikes sometime, till back they came, And rage gainst force, despair gainst death addressed. Thus of his broken armies gan he frame A battle now, some hope dwelt in his breast, But Tisiphernes bold revived him most, Who fought and seemed to win, when all was lost;

CXII

Wonders that day wrought noble Tisipherne, The
hardy Normans all he overthrew; The Flemings fled before
the champion stern, Gernier, Rogero, Gerard bold he
slew; His glorious deeds to praise and fame etern His life's
short date prolonged, enlarged and drew, And then, as he
that set sweet life at nought, The greatest peril, danger,
most he sought.

CXIII

He spied Rinaldo, and although his field Of azure
purple now and sanguine shows, And though the silver bird
amid his shield Were armed gules; yet he the champion
knows. And says, "Here greatest peril is, heavens
yield Strength to my courage, fortune to my blows, That
fair Armida her revenge may see, Help, Macon, for his
arms I vow to thee."

CXIV

Thus prayed he, but all his vows were vain, Mahound
was deaf, or slept in heavens above, And as a lion strikes
him with his train, His native wrath to quicken and to
move, So he awaked his fury and disdain, And sharpened his
courage on the whetstone love; Himself he saved behind
his mighty targe, And forward spurred his steed and gave
the charge.

CXV

The Christian saw the hardy warrior come, And leaped
forth to undertake the fight, The people round about gave
place and room, And wondered on that fierce and cruel
sight, Some praised their strength, their skill and courage
some, Such and so desperate blows struck either
knight, That all that saw forgot both ire and strife, Their
wounds, their hurts, forgot both death and life.

CXVI

One struck, the other did both strike and wound, His
arms were surer, and his strength was more; From
Tisipheme the blood streamed down around; His shield was
deft, his helm was rent and tore. The dame, that saw his
blood besmear the ground, His armor broke, limbs weak,
wounds deep and sore, And all her guard dead, fled, and
overthrown, Thought, now her field lay waste, her hedge
lay down:

CXVII

Environed with so brave a troop but late, Now stood
she in her chariot all alone, She feared bondage, and her
life did hate, All hope of conquest and revenge was
gone, Half mad and half amazed from where she sate, She
leaped down, and fled from friends' and fone, On a swift
horse she mounts, and forth she rides Alone, save for
disdain and love, her guides.

CXVIII

In days of old, Queen Cleopatra so Alone fled from
the fight and cruel fray, Against Augustus great his happy
foe, Leaving her lord to loss and sure decay. And as that
lord for love let honor go, Followed her flying sails and lost
the day: So Tisipherne the fair and fearful dame Would
follow, but his foe forbids the same.

CXIX

But when the Pagan's joy and comfort fled, It seemed
the sun was set, the day was night, Gainst the brave prince
with whom he combated He turned, and on the forehead
struck the knight: When thunders forged are in Typhoius'
bed, Not Brontes' hammer falls so swift, so right; The
furious stroke fell on Rinaldo's crest, And made him bend
his head down to his breast.

CXX

The champion in his stirrups high upstart, And cleft
his hauberk hard and tender side, And sheathed his weapon
in the Pagan's heart, The castle where man's life and soul do
bide; The cruel sword his breast and hinder part With
double wound unclosed, and opened wide; And two large
doors made for his life and breath, Which passed, and cured
hot love with frozen death.

CXXI

This done, Rinaldo stayed and looked around, Where
he should harm his foes, or help his friends; Nor of the
Pagans saw he squadron sound: Each standard falls, ensign
to earth descends; His fury quiet then and calm he
found, There all his wrath, his rage, and rancor ends, He
called to mind how, far from help or aid, Armida fled, alone,
amazed, afraid:

CXXII

Well saw he when she fled, and with that sight The
prince had pity, courtesy and care; He promised her to be
her friend and knight When erst he left her in the island
bare: The way she fled he ran and rode aright, Her palfrey's
feet signs in the grass outware: But she this while found out
an ugly shade, Fit place for death, where naught could life
persuade.

CXXIII

Well pleased was she with those shadows brown, And
yet displeased with luck, with life, with love; There from
her steed she lighted, there laid down Her bow and shafts,
her arms that helpless prove. "There lie with shame," she
says, "disgraced, o'erthrown, Blunt are the weapons, blunt
the arms I move, Weak to revenge my harms, or harm my
foe, My shafts are blunt, ah, love, would thine were so!

CXXIV

Alas, among so many, could not one, Not one draw
blood, one wound or rend his skin? All other breasts to you
are marble stone, Dare you then pierce a woman's bosom
thin? See, see, my naked heart, on this alone Employ your
force this fort is eath to win, And love will shoot you from
his mighty bow, Weak is the shot that dripile falls in snow.

CXXV

"I pardon will your fear and weakness past, Be strong,
mine arrows, cruel, sharp, gainst me, Ah, wretch, how is
thy chance and fortune cast, If placed in these thy good and
comfort be? But since all hope is vain all help is
waste, Since hurts ease hurts, wounds must cure wounds in
thee; Then with thine arrow's stroke cure stroke of
love, Death for thy heart must salve and surgeon prove.

CXXVI

"And happy me if, being dead and slain, I bear not
with me this strange plague to hell: Love, stay behind,
come thou with me disdain, And with my wronged soul
forever dwell; Or else with it turn to the world again And
vex that knight with dreams and visions fell, And tell him,
when twixt life and death I strove My last wish, was
revenge last word, was love."

CXXVII

And with that word half mad, half dead, she seems, An
arrow, poignant, strong and sharp she took, When her dear
knight found her in these extremes, Now fit to die, and pass
the Stygian brook, Now prest to quench her own and
beauty's beams; Now death sat on her eyes, death in her
look, When to her back he stepped, and stayed her
arm Stretched forth to do that service last, last harm.

CXXVIII

She turns and, ere she knows, her lord she
spies, Whose coming was unwished, unthought,
unknown, She shrieks, and twines away her sdainful
eyes From his sweet face, she falls dead in a swoon, Falls
as a flower half cut, that bending lies: He held her up, and
lest she tumble down, Under her tender side his arm he
placed, His hand her girdle loosed, her gown unlaced;

CXXIX

And her fair face, fair bosom he bedews With tears,
tears of remorse, of ruth, of sorrow. As the pale rose her
color lost renews With the fresh drops fallen from the silver
morrow, So she revives, and cheeks empurpled
shows Moist with their own tears and with tears they
borrow; Thrice looked she up, her eyes thrice closed
she; As who say, "Let me die, ere look on thee."

CXXX

And his strong arm, with weak and feeble hand She
would have thrust away, loosed and untwined: Oft strove
she, but in vain, to break that band, For he the hold he got
not yet resigned, Herself fast bound in those dear knots she
fand, Dear, though she feigned scorn, strove and
repined: At last she speaks, she weeps, complains and
cries; Yet durst not, did not, would not see his eyes.

CXXXI

"Cruel at thy departure, at return As cruel, say, what
chance thee hither guideth, Would'st thou prevent her death
whose heart forlorn For thee, for thee death's strokes each
hour divideth? Com'st thou to save my life? alas, what
scorn, What torment for Armida poor abideth? No, no, thy
crafts and sleights I well descry, But she can little do that
cannot die.

CXXXII

"Thy triumph is not great nor well arrayed Unless in
chains thou lead a captive dame: A dame now ta'en by force,
before betrayed, This is thy greatest glory, greatest
fame: Time was that thee of love and life I prayed, Let
death now end my love. my life, my shame. Yet let not thy
false hand bereave this breath, For if it were thy gift,
hateful were death.

CXXXIII

"Cruel, myself an hundred ways can find, To rid me
from thy malice, from thy hate, If weapons sharp, if
poisons of all kind, If fire, if strangling fail, in that
estate, Yet ways enough I know to stop this wind: A
thousand entries hath the house of fate. Ah, leave these
flatteries, leave weak hope to move, Cease, cease, my hope
is dead, dead is my love."

CXXXIV

Thus mourned she, and from her watery eyes Disdain
and love dropped down, rolled up in tears; From his pure
fountains ran two streams likewise, Wherein chaste pity
and mild ruth appears: Thus with sweet words the queen he
pacifies, "Madam, appease your grief, your wrath, your
fears, For to be crowned, not scorned, your life I save; Your
foe nay, but your friend, your knight, your slave.

CXXXV

"But if you trust no speech. no oath, no word; Yet in
mine eyes, my zeal, my truth behold: For to that throne,
whereof thy sire was lord, I will restore thee, crown thee
with that gold, And if high Heaven would so much grace
afford As from thy heart this cloud this veil unfold Of
Paganism, in all the east no dame Should equalize thy
fortune, state and fame."

CXXXVI

Thus plaineth he, thus prays, and his desire Endears
with sighs that fly and tears that fall; That as against the
warmth of Titan's fire, Snowdrifts consume on tops of
mountains tall, So melts her wrath; but love remains
entire. "Behold," she says, "your handmaid and your
thrall: My life, my crown, my wealth use at your
pleasure;" Thus death her life became, loss proved her
tensure.

CXXXVII

This while the captain of the Egyptian host, That saw
his royal standard laid on ground, Saw Rimedon, that
ensign's prop and post, By Godfrey's noble hand killed with
one wound, And all his folk discomfit, slain and lost, No
coward was in this last battle found, But rode about and
sought, nor sought in vain, Some famous hand of which he
might be slain;

CXXXVIII

Against Lord Godfrey boldly out he flew, For nobler
foe he wished not, could not spy, Of desperate courage
showed he tokens true, Where'er he joined, or stayed, or
passed by, And cried to the Duke as near he drew, "Behold
of thy strong hand I come to die, Yet trust to overthrow thee
with my fall, My castle's ruins shall break down thy wall."

CXXXIX

This said, forth spurred they both, both high
advance Their swords aloft, both struck at once, both
hit, His left arm wounded had the knight of France, His
shield was pierced, his vantbrace cleft and split, The Pagan
backward fell, half in a trance, On his left ear his foe so
hugely smit, And as he sought to rise, Godfredo's
sword Pierced him through, so died that army's lord.

CXL

Of his great host, when Emiren was dead, Fled the
small remnant that alive remained; Godfrey espied as he
turned his steed, Great Altamore on foot, with blood all
stained, With half a sword, half helm upon his head, Gainst
whom a hundred fought, yet not one gained. "Cease, cease
this strife," he cried: "and thou, brave knight, Yield, I am
Godfrey, yield thee to my might!"

CXLI

He that till then his proud and haughty heart To act of
humbleness did never bend, When that great name he heard,
from the north part Of our wide world renowned to
Aethiop's end, Answered, "I yield to thee, thou worthy art, I
am thy prisoner, fortune is thy friend: On Altamoro great
thy conquest bold Of glory shall be rich, and rich of gold:

CXLII

"My loving queen, my wife and lady kind Shall ransom me with jewels, gold and treasure." "God shield," quoth Godfrey, "that my noble mind Should praise and virtue so by profit measure, All that thou hast from Persia and from Inde Enjoy it still, therein I take no pleasure; I set no rent on life, no price on blood, I fight, and sell not war for gold or good."

CXLIII

This said, he gave him to his knights to keep And after those that fled his course he bent; They to their rampiers fled and trenches deep, Yet could not so death's cruel stroke prevent: The camp was won, and all in blood doth steep The blood in rivers streamed from tent to tent, It soiled, defiled, defaced all the prey, Shields, helmets, armors, plumes and feathers gay.

CXLIV

Thus conquered Godfrey, and as yet the sun Dived not
in silver waves his golden wain, But daylight served him to
the fortress won With his victorious host to turn again, His
bloody coat he put not off, but run To the high temple with
his noble train, And there hung up his arms, and there he
bows His knees, there prayed, and there performed his
VOWS.

• End •