ORLANDO FURIOSO,
BY
LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.
IN
ITALIAN and ENGLISH.

Ille per extentum funem mibi posse videtur
Ire Poeta, meum qui peæus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus, & modo me Tbebis, modo ponit Athenis.

VOL. I.

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TO

His Most Sacred MAJESTY

GEORGE the SECOND,

By the GRACE of GOD,
Of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, KING,
Defender of the FAITH, &c.

This Edition and Translation

OF

Ariosto's ORLANDO FURIOSO,

ARE,

With all Submission, most humbly Inscribed,

BY

His MAJESTY's

most devoted,

most dutiful

subject and servant,

Temple Henry Croker.
TO

His Most Sacred Majesty

GEORGE

by the Grace of God

Of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King,

Defender of the Faith &

This Edition and Translation

OF

Pope's ORLANDO FURIOLO

AND

With an Introd. and Notes by

His Majesty's

Second

with Gilt Edge

Temple, Heath, & Co.
THE

PREFACE.

WHEN first I undertook the reading of this most delightful author, an inexpressible satisfaction, produced from the surprising variety of incidents, descriptions, inventions, still rising upon each other, in amusement, delicacy, grandeur; forcibly commanded me not to quit him, without the most attentive perseverance to the end.

Whether it be totally owing to honesty of heart, and not to some grains of envy, which nature has cast, by way of alloy, even in the brightest minds, that makes them so sedulous in the discovery of theft in general, and more particularly of that which is cognizable by no law, save that in the court of fame, I take not on me to decide; but must acknowledge my own foibleffe, in conception of a sensible pleasure, when passing through, sometimes, the parterres, finish'd with the nicest art; sometimes, along the walks, left wild, though beautiful, from nature's hand, of this fair garden, so long kept seemingly recluse from human eye, to there detect, from forth which flock, from off what branch, have been, for ages, pluck'd the garlands, chaplets, which numbers with such dignity have worn, as rais'd by their own skill, and juftly due to their own merit: But whatever innocent malignity may appear in this reflection, it is to be hop'd, in atonement, it may be counterbalanced by the much more intense concern which I felt, that the rest of this Hesperian fruit should be untafted, this delicious Paradise not be enjoyed by all the intelligent world, and more especially by my own country.
Mov'd by this thought, I would have wish'd to undertake a translation, but imagined the doing it, in the stanza way, too tedious an enterprize, if not impracticable: and, as to doing it in pentametrical couplets, by which is meant the usual heroick verse, the various subject-matter, being sometimes merely narrative, at others descending to downright drollery, as at some others the highest-finit'd images, and sublimest ideas and morals are exhibited; the style, I say, and method of the original, to me seem'd to abhor it.

Under these sentiments the book was laid by, and that for many years; how it came to be refum'd is not material: Suffice that, in my attempting a stanza or two, I began to conceive, supposing an indulgence to be granted suitable to the difficulty of the task, the English stanzas were not so insupportable, as to quite lacerate the nicest ear; and, by repeatedly reading, and making an addition of a stanza now and then, I began to like the measure, as I am confident every reader, fæ pæpes fæt, will do also; and grew firmly persuaded, that, as no other could so well satisfy the main drift of the original, so none could be so deleterious, in such a mix'd and voluminous work, as, instead of clogging the ear, it insensibly amuses it by the interspersion of such variety of termination.

This observation, and many more reasons, embolden'd me to try the first stanza of the book; and, when plung'd in, I made the best strokes I could: How great alacrity I had in sinking, is a weighty concern, left to the scales of the judicious reader; but I beg he will borrow those of justice. On the generosity of real judges I repose myself; and such are naturally possess'd of that virtue. As to the snarling caviller, who is not capable of forming a judgment of a labour'd, exact translation, not properly indeed of any work of genius, such as this author's, I despise and pity him.

Had I happened to have seen some observations of a late ingenious Gentleman, touching translation into stanzas, which are printed before his very elegant one of an epistle of Jerusalem freed, before my undertaking Aristotle, I had certainly never risk'd the experiment; but being therein pretty far advanced, before that book came to my sight or knowledge, rather than throw away all my labour, I fate down to consider the weight of such observations first; and, on so doing, as by familiarization we reduce the force of formidable objects, found my purpose not affected by his scheme of forbiddance. For first—He is pleas'd to lay his prohibition under a close limitation, viz. to the grande opus, which calls not on me here to reply to, as to the rectitude of his remark on that head; as it must be admitted it is not relative to this case: For though there is, throughout this original, grandeur sufficient thrown in, yet the work is of such a mix'd nature, that the translating it into heroick rhime would be as ridiculous in the sense, as the versification would be disagreeable to the ear, in cloying by found. Not to be tedious or critical in minute points, upon that ingenious Gentleman's intimidating hints; as his calling it,—"eyeing with the Italians in rhime," and much more.—He seems to me to discourage an undertaking, which he, I have reason to think, attempted, and found too laborious; just as in the holy war, which he treats on, the Chrisrians, in some sort to apologize for the defeat of such an immense army, the flower of all Europe, described Saracins bigger than life, as the several pourtraits on many a lofty sign-post in this
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This kingdom can testify: And it may be pretty evident, the ingenious gentleman had not time to pursue such enterprise, and did not also think too rigid exactness in translation so necessary, as well by many hints he drops, as by the instances he gives, in his beautiful verses, and those of Mr. Dryden, part of which will suffice for my purpose to recite.

\[\textit{At fin col nuovo di rinchbiude alquanto}\\ \textit{I lumi; el sonno in cor ferpe fra'l pianto.}\]

At length, weigh'd weary down, at op'n'ing day, Plaintiff the slumbers, on the thorny spray.

This seems not a very extraordinary example given of a translation, especially, in so critical a point, and for such purpose, as there produc'd, in emulation of such very grand company, &c. For, to pass over, as he has done, \textit{rinchbiude alquanto i lumi}; the word \textit{ferpe} conveys too delicate an image to be neglected by a just translator; and, one would think, he had mistaken, or rather let me say, overlooked the language, and taken \textit{pianto}, grief or tears, for \textit{pianta}, a plant; or else I know not how the thorny spray comes there.—The following couplet is submitted, in exchange, as nearer the original, and, for deference fake, as near as possible could be to the copy:

\[\textit{At length her eyes the shuts, at op'n'ing day,}\\ \textit{And, 'midst her moanings, slumber steals its way.}\]

The other is,

\[\textit{Flet noctem, ramoque sedens, miserabile carmen}\\ \textit{Integrat, et mæfis latè loca quefibus implet.}\]

With one continu'd tenor still complains,
Which fills the forest and the neighb'ring plains.

Humbly offer'd,

\[\textit{Perch'd on some branch, renews her plaintive strains}\\ \textit{All night, and fills with woe the neighb'ring plains.}\]

Mr. Dryden has not only fallen into the errors remark'd by Mr. Layng, but, what seems more inexcusable, has totally left out, \textit{Flet noctem, ramoque sedens}, which are too pathetick and descriptive of the fine picture to be slighted off; and I think also very oddly pass'd over by the critic: The renewal, all night, being the poetical diagnoftick of the nightingale, and very source of its English name, and the other description might as well suit a screech-owl, wolf, or jack-als:—But, it is fit I submit to the stop, which prudence puts to my pen, in this ungrateful business, and forbear to observe on the flight lapes of others, as I hope to have my own more grievous deficiencies pardon'd: And herein it is but too reasonable to be apprehensive, when I am well persuaded in my own breast, that those parts, which cost most pains to the translator, will give least pleasure to the reader: What tempted me to hope the translation might be supportable, was the great
great care taken, not to leave unimitated, where possible, even a turn of diction, much less any thought, or even material epithet of the original; so that Ariosto is not only himself set before you, but even his dress: And though the attitude and pencilling should be in the cold Dutch style, instead of the Italian fire; yet have I known a bad picture pardon'd, because it carried a great, though perhaps not a good likeness. Should any think, so exactly pursuing an author's steps not necessary, they will deem it surely excusable; and if thereby strain'd or uncouth rhymes casually occur, a reader, that reflects in a right way, will know, what trouble has employ'd, before such were admitted; and will then judge, pity seems to be call'd for rather than blame.—Farther, it is to be remark'd, that the original was not intended to be pompous, fine, nice, throughout; as is sufficiently instanc'd in the sometimes familiar diction, and jokes of levity, &c. why then should, or indeed can, the translation, with any propriety, vary therefrom? The alternate Italian rhymes are also frequently all three the same word; a circumstance, not to be tolerated in the English language, were the sense of them ever so different from one another: The disadvantage our tongue lays under for want of forming the diminutive and augmentative by only varying the termination; our redundancy of particles, of be, be, &c. which in the original are all consolidated into one word, and many other such like inconveniencies, cannot be unobserv'd by all, that are conversant with the Italian: But, should I set to enumerate all the difficulties this work has laboured under, it might be justly ask'd, Why did you then pursue such an enterprize? Truly, to naturalize a person, that has embellished our scenes for the lovers of music; that has furnish'd so numerous subjects for the Virtuosi in the picturesque way; and—who has afforded our poets of every age such frequent opportunities of giving us delight, without the fountain's head being yet discover'd: An author that seems to show an universal science, a genius turn'd for such variety—But let him speak for himself.

It may not be improper to observe, after this work was pretty far advanc'd, I was inform'd, that there had been a translation publish'd in the reign of Elizabeth, and dedicated to that Queen; whereupon I requested a friend to obtain a sight of that book, (for it is, it seems, very scarce, and the glorious original much more so, in this country) and transcribe several stanzas from different places therein, and send me; which was done accordingly: On comparing which stanzas with the original, I found the translator, towards the beginning, had us'd the circumflexion, at least to observe some little sort of imitation; but whether, as he further proceeded, he grew tir'd of this task, or whether the son could not keep up to what his father had began (for, on my after obtaining the book, I found the father had commenc'd, and the son finish'd the work) I discover'd, all regard was dropp'd, not only to the diction and sentiments, but even the stories, how beautiful forever in themselves, miserably mangled; nay, sometimes left out, as to the most interesting parts; his own dull attempts to be witty foil'd in, with low familiar Anglicism, quite inconsistent with the dignity of the divine original; the stanzas confusedly fritter'd together; tales, conceiv'd perhaps with a little freedom by Ariosto, but decent, render'd to fulsome and shocking, that it is difficult to judge, whether the translator, to call him such, shew'd more folly or insolence in dedicating such a work to a Queen, in whose service he styles himself. And surely never was so unfaithful an interpreter, for he not only renders mean and tasteless, by his absurd jokes, numbers of the richest images, that were ever yet exhibited in the poetical world, but makes nothing of leaving out ten, twenty; or more stanzas in a canto, or jumbles the matter so, as to reduce
reduce the work to be absolutely, in numerous instances, undiscoverable to be a copy, even when it stands by the original: One canto in particular, not to produce infinite more instances, containing 192 stanzas, is, in his work, epitomiz’d into 95. Upon the whole, this celebrated curiosity, which run thro’ three editions, and still maintains its price (selling from fifteen shillings to a guinea), is the worst production I ever saw; is no translation at all, but a faint and distant imitation of the stories, licentiously and evilly conducted; for the truth of which assertions I refer every curious reader to his researches therein, and he will there see, that what I have said, is not through any pique to Sir John Harrington, as being engag’d before me in the same task, but that, from my being so great an admirer of Ariosto, I could not endure the seeing him travesty’d in such a manner: As to my own translation, I shall say nothing more, than that I have to my utmost endeavour’d it should be as near the original as possible, for I thought it almost a sin to leave out any one word, which Ariosto thought proper to admit into his divine work. It is set forth as in a mirror, and if the glass of our country has hurt the tinct of the picture, it has not happen’d through want of diligently searching for the blemish. It is indisputable that an imitation might be made in the sweet lullaby of heroick, with flowing diction, beauty, fancy; but is as clear that would not be Ariosto; and it certainly arises from want of due consideration, that any one would propose having the whole in such verse; for the method us’d by Ariosto to throw in strokes of wit and humour, must, in that title, render it a most odd tragi-comical farce. To the before-mentioned authority of Mr. Layng against the stanza, let us see what Mr. Prior says for it, and oppose his name in our defence. “Heroick, as Davenant and Waller corrected, and as Dryden perfected it, is too confin’d;” — “it cuts off the sense at the end of every couplet, and their constant and frequent jingling is too like the turn of an epigram.” — “The octave (that is, stanza) is more proper for the grande opus.” — “He that writes in rhyme dances in foetters, and the longer the chain, the larger and freer frides may be made.” — “The repetition of tone in the heroick verse, as so call’d, cloys the ears of the writer as well as reader by identity of sound.” This, I think, is sufficient answer to Mr. Layng, and those of his way of thinking, who decry the stanza as insipid and inharmonious. But there is one thing must be observ’d, that in the course of this work many Italian names, when introduced in the translation, partly through a necessity of making them correspond to our manner of rhyming, and partly through an endeavour to soften them (such are Zerbin, Medor) are to be pronounced Zerbeën, Medör, in the reading, or it gives the verse a harshness, and takes off the ìssus or accent of voice, whereby the inattentive reader may mar the work to the hearer, or misguide his own judgment, so as to deem, what is really correct and smooth, harsh and hobbling. Such propriety of speech is there, and it is humbly conceiv’d the reader would find it out, rather than condemn hastily a performance, which was chiefly meant to do honour to our language, by naturalizing the richest poetical book ever exhibited in the whole world. A liberty I have taken in the course of this work, in regard to such words as — action, has been cenfur’d by some, who declare the i and on should be but one syllable, when I have ever, where they occur at the end of verses, made them two (i-on); and I think I have reason on my side, they, only custom on theirs; for why, in our language accus’d of harshness from too many consonants, we should in verse still add to that harshness, because we do in familiar prose, I profess I know not. ’Tis needless to say it is so in no language but our own. I have been also embarrass’d, as to my conduct in regard to the numerous proverbial sentences and metaphorical familiar phrases in the original.—At the first sight, and in-
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Deed at the first sight only, the literal translation seem'd sudden, crude, &c. It was then consider'd, whether substituting equivalent proverbs or phrases, of a similar stamp or intent, known in our own language, as being more habitual to the ear, might not be more eligible. Objections, too numerous to need reciting, arose, but principally may be mentioned—This was a liberty highly unbecoming a translator; and it occurred, that one great fault, imputed by the judicious part of the world to Mr. Motteux, in his translation of Don Quixote, was his naturalizing several places, mention'd in the original, with the names of places of common resort in our kingdom, as, perhaps, Mary-le-bon, Hampstead, and Bartholomew Fair;—a crime more venial than the above appear'd to be. Again, such equivalent proverbs or phrases frequently were not to be found at all; and coining, though in this case not capital, was illegal in the poetical policy. Upon the whole, it was consider'd, on one hand, that it was nothing but novelty and too hasty a decision thereon, made such literal translation startle us; and, on the other, the introduction of the same was at once doing justice to the beauty of the Italian language and enriching our own; for all metaphorical sentences must have a beginning, and it is hoped, such beginning is now as warrantable, as it was any century past; and that the reader, on deliberate consideration, will not find such proceeding dissatisfactionary. There is one more point I cannot pass over. Ariosto, in the description of some few intrigues, has been too circumstantial. I must join with his judicious commentator Ruscelli, in thinking such matters should not be enlarg'd upon; at the same time, as a faithful translator, know not how to take the freedom of leaving out any thing. Ruscelli observes, Ariosto intended to expunge all the most exceptionable stanzas; why then did not he, as editor, discreetly exclude them? As they appear, may we not be censor'd for affection and prudeness in declining to translate them; and more especially as Harrington has given all such passages a force not to be justify'd by the original, and yet dedicates to his Queen? Must we presume to assert our age is more delicate? Let us do so for once. Where I could, I have thrown a veil over these parts of the poem; and in no place, that I am conscious of, gone so far, as to shock my fair countrywomen. Should any thing of this sort have flipp'd me, or should any thing of any other sort appear harsh and unsatisfactory to the reader, I mean not here to make my own defence, but chuse Ariosto for my advocate; to whom, throughout, I refer my judges, as I have plac'd him there close to me, in as correct and well prepar'd a manner, as the comparing all the best editions of Italy could furnish me with; nor in any necessary point have I been sparing of trouble or expense.

Should the world smile at my endeavours, and encourage this small edition of Ariosto, I may possibly print one with a full account of, and remarks on, that divine Author, with his life, and many more things that would not come within the narrow limits I have prescrib'd to myself in this. Into your hands then, courteous reader, I commit myself, sensible some excuses may be requisite for me; but, as to the book I translate, there are few wanting for that, not to say none: That has stood the test, and receiv'd the approbation of the greatest critics the time, since it was wrote, has produc'd; and it has long been the astonishment of many English readers, and consequently admirers, of the Italian poets, by what arts or accidents this nation has of late years held those works in so low degree. To give an account what dignity such productions stood in at the time of Queen Elizabeth—The regard our great Spenfor bore thereto—The approbation, not to say imitation, of the greater Milton, &c. would carry me too great lengths for
for this place. Whether it has arisen from the antipathy of the French writers to that country, and their vicinity to ours, which has enabled them, by such interposition, to eclipse the lustré of the remoter body; and some of our own greatest genius's too implicitly adopting their criticisms, as we may, perhaps injudiciously, their fashions, admits not here a disquisition. This our author is confessedly on the summit of the Italian poetick glory. The English may now with their own eyes observe whether he deserves that applause for invention, fire, variety, imagery, and all qualifications for the composer of an Heroick Poem, which his countrymen for these centuries have given to, and persist in bestowing on, him. He will, it is conceiv'd, entertain and improve even the middling sort of judges; but—his art, his fmeer, his nicely-touch'd sarcams on characters and subjects, which he thought ill introduce'd, or evilly conducted, by the greatest poets, and improperly approv'd of from generation to generation, will call for the steadfast intuition of the most curious. His subject is, the wars of Charlemain, emperor of Rome, against the almost victorious Saracins, till by the bravery of the Orfihians, in defence of their religion, Charles remains superior. As this was what would give the greatest scope to his fancy, and allow him to introduce all imaginable scenes of nature, the poet, conscious of his learning and penetration, chose it without being terrify'd at the length it must naturally be of; and I can say of it, that to the end it not only preserves it's spirit, but increases it so as to make a true climax of sublimity. To write a full dissertaion on him, and call forth all his beauties into light, would fill more volumes than the work itself: Let the reader search those golden Mines himself: I shall content myself with a few remarks, that may tend towards the illustration of him, and be the clue to find his greater merits. Ariofto often takes delight, intending his reader should sympathize with him, to shift his scene into merriment; and, as he elegantly says, like a skilful musician, frequently changes his air. This puts me under the utmost surprize to find some of the critics upon him, either from their reading him ignorantly, or with inattention, cenfure him: the former is scarce worth notice; the latter, viz. the inattentive, may merit remark. The renown'd Virgil scarce ever gives us a ludicrous image; but our author, who sets out with no design of being under the restraint, which the recipe, for making an Epick Poem, would lay him, takes frequent occasions to make his readers smile, perhaps to the no small disatisfaction of the fnauling critic; but 'tis hop'd the generality will not be averfe, in no long a journey, to his following a less rigid rule of Horace; "Comes jucundus pro vehiculo." At least let us do him the justice to acknowledge that other parts of his work demonstrate it is not done thro' ignorance, but a constitutional vein of cheerfulness. Those critics fit down expecting a regular Heroick Poem. The author intended a mock one; even a mock one upon what he conceiv'd often admir'd absurdly in Heroick Poems. Thus if a glass of the most excellent Old Hock was tender'd to ye, mistakenly, for one of Canary, who would not spit out the vapid, acid stuff? tho' it would be no difficulty, on recollection of such mistake, to Soon fet a palate to a right judgment; supposing the palate posses'd of such judgment: and so would it be on a revival of Ariofto's intent, who chose such method for more freedom's sake, not without throwing in, as occasion offers, all those beautiful strokes and images, which would add a lustré to the brightest Epick Poem that ever was wrote: as his genius suggested: when bis is said, What is not?

The more immediate cause for this remark arose from Mr. Prior's saying, obiter, in one of his Prefaces:——" Poets are allow'd the same liberty in their descriptions, &c. as Painters in their drapery, &c. This liberty has been abus'd by eminent masters in either science. Raphael and Tasso have show'd their discretion, where Paul Veronese and Ariofto..."
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"...are to answer for their extravagances." — With all due reverence to this great author, as he could not want judgment, he may be suspected of inattention, as to what relates to Ariosto: Let the vertuosi in the other science defend their great Paulo — Would any spectator of Maddox's performance cenfure him for ignorance or raffiness, in venturing on his wire, when he shews how well he knows to entertain and surprize his gazing assembly, hardly, as may be said, so much as risking his own safety? Does any condemn the ingenious Gulliver for his monstrous inventions? Some sort of people certainly have done so, and gravely wonder he is not ashamed to tell such a parcel of untruths! But, — that Ariosto is laughing at his proper times, appears from a circumstance wherein Gulliver seems to have had him in his eye, or as wits join in ideas; namely, when he is setting forth some of his most exorbitantly incredible narratives, he with great gravity gives you to know, Turpin, a name he calls in ad libitum for his Pacelet, affures you of the veracity, &c. and particularly in his account of Hippogryph, a manifet banter on the Pegasus, and other nags of the poets, he tells you in his own name, some parts of his stories may not be kept to strict verity, but this is seen and known to be no fiction. In fine, as his countryman the learned and ingenious Ruscelli, who publish'd an elegant edition of Ariosto, with his admirable comments thereon, and a book, entituled, the Beauties of that Poem, will not allow his divine author to have committed so much as one single lapse, I believe, with proper attention to his whole plan, every judicious reader will very near subscribe thereto; and if I am too great an enthusiast in this poetical faith, I shall have a reciprocal pity for the diffenters herefrom, and shall laugh, as Ariosto would, when satirical strokes of the sharpest poignancy, or poetical images of the sublimest invention, go under the denomination of extravagancies. I hope this obviates the general blast of incredulity. There is another excellence in Ariosto which some injudiciously have decry'd; I mean his wonderful masterly method of breaking off his stories, as well not to cloy the reader, as to keep him in an agreeable suspense, not without entertaining him full with the charms of variety. This must require a surprisingly particular genius, an extensive view, which none can find fault with, none can even forbear commending, but they whose intellects are confin'd within too narrow a compass to distinguish poetical merit, and remember the last page they were reading. I have therefore pursued the author's intention, and left out those ridiculous marginal references, and arguments at the heads of Cantos; which, if they can be call'd assiduities, are what a man of sense ought to be ashamed of; and he, who has none, can never taste any other part of the Poem; so had better leave the whole untouch'd, than lose his labour. Ariosto intended his book should be read thro' regularly; and he, who does that, with attention, and judgment, will be far from repenting his taking up a book, which, like Shakespeare, every moment bursts into blazes of an unutterable brilliancy which only can be felt, but not describ'd. Ariosto's barely interweaving, abstracted from the richness of his subjects, shows a peculiarity of talents not to be found in any other author, and gives him opportunities of displaying his greatness in another point, equally glorious, equally applicable to no one but himself. This is the recalling to your mind, the awakening you to, a recollection of his foregoing grandeur. Thus in the justly celebrated Steele Gardens, seat of the Most Noble Temple Family, as you walk on, you meet with points of view, from which, at one glance, with superior advantage, you defy what you have before inspected minutely; and from these assiduities are able to form an idea of the magnificence of the whole, which were else too great for conception. So by one little touch, by the slightest word of Ariosto, you shall observe your heart, which is his province, without your head seeming to interfere, leap with joy at reviewing what you so greatly admir'd and approv'd of before. In other poets the short-liv'd beauties die and vanish with the page;
in other gardens you pass the flowers, and forget them; Stowe only, and Ariofto, can delight with the charms of novelty, at the same time that they ravish the imagination with the glowing landskips it has already feasted on. He, the great master of your affections, can, like the ancient musicians, vary them as he pleases, and instantly fill you with admiration at your being so captivated by him. The Italians perhaps mean this, when they say, "Ariofto has not only the faculty of making his Hero mad, but even his Readers too." Thus far I will agree with them; that any one who has read him, and felt his beauties, must be almost in that condition to hear him so flighted, as ignorance and envy have endeavour'd to render him. For him are the greatest criticks since his time, who in speaking of him rather torture themselves to find new phrases of encomium, than enter into any particular excellence, where they are bewilderd in the choice of so many. In confirmation of this, I could produce many authorities, but have purposely avoided them, as thinking himself the truest, and that of the greatest dignity. Among all our poets, none, who understood him, forbore their praises, except Pope; who, tho' he condescended to borrow the greatest part of what is call'd his only original piece (The Rape of the Lock) from him, yet was cold in his applaude; perhaps, not being able to forgive the liberties Ariofto had taken in cenfuring the heads and priests of his church. His fatyrick strokes on the convents are, to be sure, somewhat stronger, than can be reasonably allow'd by any enthusiast of that religion; yet in him even this can be forgiven, and he still remains the delight, the glory of Italy, and the uncontested monarch of Italian poetry. Taffo, tho' he had many advantages, where-with to combat his fame, and endeavour to raile himself above Ariofto; never could effect it. This he was fenfible of, and would frequently, in an emulous poetick rage, tear out the leaves of Ariofto with his teeth, as if he had a mind to destroy that poet, whom, he was certain, he could not outdo. After his death, some of his countrymen set up the fame glorious strife, and the Taffifts became a faction: The Arioftists still overpower'd them. The most renown'd academies took up the cause, and were not afham'd to think such an enquiry of dignity sufficient to engage, perhaps half, the learning of the then learned world: They unanimously declare'd in favour of our author, and thought Taffo's fame receiv'd sufficient increment by his being permitted to enter the lifts, tho' so unfit to support himself, against the strength and fire of Ariofto. Here were confirm'd the titles of, THE DIVINE ARIXSTO, THE HOMER OF FERRARA; and as a reward to Taffo, they made him THE VIRGIL. Thus ended the strife, since which these quondam rivals have been sung, (a glory no poet, but Homer, ever had) by all their countrymen. Ruscelli, the abovemention'd learned editor of Ariofto, says, "That, happy in Ariofto, the Italians neither envy Greece her Homer, or Latium her Virgil." Be those names sacred! nor shall I enter on so invidious a task, as compari-nion; nor do I think but that one author may very well stand, without the fall of others. Ariofto in many places has shewn the honour he has for them, and gather'd their sweets to enrich his poem, tho' rarely without adding to their fragrance and beauty, by his disposition. He seems particularly obsequent of all the Ancients, but to the judgment of Horace he pays a peculiar deference; having form'd the whole plan of his poem upon the four lines, which I have chosen for my Motto. His moving descriptions of things, his beautiful lamentations of those who labour under present, or dread ensuing, calamity, cannot but make the breast sympathize with the woe, which he so finely paints, (angit pelus) tho' you know it to be only fictitious, (inanimate) and to no purpose. His most extraordinary caft, to quit his stories, when brought up to the most interesting points, as it were purposely, (irritat) vexes his readers, and so unexpectedly, at such great distance to reintroduce them, as if it were (mulet) puts them into good humour again. Throughout
his whole poem occur frequent instances of his filling his readers with false apprehensions of danger; (falsis terrivibus implet) his battles show this, where the conqueror has frequently but an hair-breadth escape for his life, and till the close of the combat seems often to be the one destin'd to fall. Ruggier, (his true Hero, as Orlando is his fabulous one) the origin of the illustrious house of Esle, in honour of which the author wrote, is an example of this in his conflict with the Pierre Mandricard; and in another place the poet leaves him shipwreck'd, in the sea, endeavouring to save himself by swimming, for some space of time, till he thinks proper to relieve him, not without his usual pleasantry and genius. His magick is apparently with an eye to Horace, (Ut magus) and nothing could be more proper to succeed the machinery of the Heathen Gods, who were lugg'd in, upon all occasions, to reconcile inconsistencies, and defend improprieties. This magick, as Ariofo uses it, gives sufficient scope to him, as a poet, so as not to cramp his genius, while, on the other hand, it leaves him at liberty, as a Christian, to mention religion with a becoming regard, and upon suitably grand occasions. In this he has a particular excellence; and when he has carry'd his subjects as high as the Icarus' wings of poetry will permit him, soars out of sight with those he borrows from Holy Writ: an advantage he ever uses with caution, and in which he is unapproachable, tho' new. But, before I quit the subject of his magick, I cannot help observing his justness of thought to make Ariofo, the Hero, who was to be concern'd in the far greatest part of his magical machinery, be himself found transform'd into a myrtle-tree. As soon as he sets him free, he gives him an enchanted horn, lance, &c. But--t'were endless, only to glance at each particular grace in this poem: the reader may have the happiness of finding those delicacies himself. The change of situation from place to place, so justly an essential of the great poet, in the opinion of Horace, is more wonderful and fine in Ariofo, than in any other poet I ever met with. Shall he, who deferves praise for this, be cenfur'd; as some nibblers at him unjustly have done? Shall diversity of pleasures, the great essential in making them agreeable, be said to be destructive of them? If my journey is easy, let him be free to convey me: I shall not be angry if (modo me Thelis, modo ponis Athenis) he carries me from Ind to Atlas, when I am certain, be where I will, I shall ever meet with good entertainment.—Hic Ille est. This then is the poet, who (per extentum funem mibi posse videtur tre) seems to me to have reach'd the zenith of poetical perfection; if Horace be allow'd to be a perfect judge, never man kept up so strictly to his rules: Ariofo, proud of such a function, indisputably held it ever in his view, and, like his instructor, was equally great in theory and practice.

But, besides his beauties, there is one thing which ought to affect us Englishmen with a love and honour for him: that is, the esteem he every-where to apparently shows for us. He characterizes our chiefs and troops for honour and bravery: He has as great a knowledge of England, as if he had been in it: The Thames flows sweetly in his verses, and London looks magnificent. In his review of troops going to aid the emperor Charlemain against Agreamant the Pagan monarch, he plainly designates the place to be near, the then unnam'd, Greenwich-bill: He there enumerates many of the English noblemen's titles, praises their courage, and, by a kind partiality, throws their creation at a greater distance of time, than in strict history would be warrantable: The fame may be said, as to the Scottish Nobles, with this addition, that one of the finest stanzas in his book is that, wherein he describes their King's Son; nor does he forget their heads of Claus: Alcbrun, the Highland Chief, is represented invested with power superior to any but that of Zerdin, the King's Son; Ireland is not left without it's compliments
PREFACE.

pliments from him; and his exactness of pitching on the earls Kildare and Desmond, the two most ancient and Noble Families of it, is somewhat remarkable: In short, in this and many other places, he has shewn his observance and knowledge of our islands; has signify'd his desire of being read, consequently applauded, here: This, join'd to my fondness for him, wrought on my mind, long before I had compleated my Translation, so, as to produce

A D R E A M.

IN sleep profound involv'd, at dead of night,
Methought—what cannot fancy see?—a sprite
Drew ope my curtains; but with look so mild,
No dread alarm'd me, and no horror chill'd:
From fears, that flesh is heir to, quite serene,
As if on double-head Parnass I'd been.
The awful shade, contemplating more near,
Did, above all I e'er conceiv'd, appear:
A garland round his temples fair did shine,
Wherein each Muse did different rays entwine;
Majestick, sate when he would deign to smile,
And glances give, which must the heart beguile.
Mecenides did to my mind arise;
But that, forbid the lustr of his eyes:
The Mantuan then his well-turn'd features show'd;
But here I found superior graces glow:
Then of the Lyrick I some features spy'd,
But such resemblance his vast height deny'd.
The dagger, mark, and lyre, which round him shone:
And ornaments, talk'd of at Helicon,
On multitudes bestow'd, He bore alone.
My mind in pain to guess, methought the ghost,
Nodding benign, said, Know thy Arisot:
Thy painful pencil, Copy'd, still pursue,
My portrait shall immortal render you;
Nor be alarm'd, your Britishe dress I wear;
My subject, as I meant, shall please the Fair:
Content you with my Nation's thanks alone;
I only wish, by Yours I may be known.
Notwithstanding the immense care and attention exerted in this Voluminous Performance, it is too late discover'd, many errors are slipp'd, not only in the pointing, but some literal, and even verbal, which the judicious and courteous Reader is humbly requested to correct with his pen, where-ever they occur; as the season is, by some unforeseen incidents, so advanced on the work, that it will be improper to delay the Publication. One of the most remarkable errors is corrected here.

_Canto I._ Stanza 15. Line 6. read,

Altho' with pallid look, with dread o'ercast:
OF LADIES, CAVALLIERS, OF ARMS AND LOVE.

CANTO I.

OF LADIES, CAVALLIERS, OF ARMS AND LOVE.

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CANTO I.
Voi sentirete fra i più degni Eroi:
Che nominar con laude un'apparecchio;
Ricordar quel Ruggier, che fu di voi
E d'essi Aui illustrì il ceppo vecchio:
L'alto valore, e chiari getti suoi
Vi farò udir, se voi mi date orecchio;
E vastri alti penfier cedino un poco
Si, che tra lor miei verfi babbiano loco.

Orlando, che gran tempo innamorato
Fu de la bella Angelica; e per lei
In India, in Media, in Tartaria lasciato
Avea infiniti, ed immortal trofei,
In Ponente con esìa era tornato,
Dove sotto i gran Monte Pirenei
Con la gente di Francia e di Lamagna
Re Carlo era tendato à la campagna.

Per far al Re Marsilio e al Re Agramante
Batteria ancor del folle ardir la guancia,
D'aver condotto l'un d'Africa quante
Genti erano atte a portar spada, e lancia.
L'altro d'aver spinta la Spagna inante
A destruzion del bel Regno di Francia.
E così Orlando avviò quivi appunto;
Ma tosto finali e'fervi giunto.

Che gli fu talta la tua donna poi;
Ecco il giudizio humano, come spesso erra;
Quella, che da gli Ebrei à i siti Eoi
Avea disfà con si lunga guerra;
Or talta gli è fra tanti amici suoi
Senza spada adoprar, ne la sua terra.
Il savio Imperator, ch'effinguer volse
Un grave incendio; fu che gli la tolse.

Nata pocchi di inanzì era una gara
Tra il Conte Orlando, e'lu suo cugin Rinaldo,
Che ambi avean per la bellezza rara
D'amoroso diso l'animo caldo.
Carlo, che non avea tal lirè cara,
Che gli rendea l'arito lor men fado;
Quella donzella, che la cagia n'era,
Tolse; e dìe in mano al Duca di Baviera.

In premio promettendola à quel d'essi,
Ch'in quel conflitto, in quella gran giornata
De gli infedeli più copia uccidessi,
E di sua man predaffe opra più grata.
Contrari à i voci poi siro i juccei,
Ch'in fuga andò la gente battessata,
E con molti altri fu'l Duca prigion,
E refiò abbandonato il padiglione.

Mongfì the renowned heroes, you shall hear,
On whole encomiums I prepare discoure,
Ruggier recorded, of your stock so rare,
And of your Ancestors the ancient source:
I will relate, if you vouchsafe an ear,
His lofty valor, acts of splendid force;
Would your great thoughts a little condescend,
And to my humble verse admittance lend.

Orland, who, long time, of Angelica
Had been enamour'd with the beauty rare,
And had in Tart'ry, Media, India,
Many immortal trophies left for her,
Into the weft with her retook his way
Under the Pyrenean mountains, where,
With France's force, and that of Allemain,
King Charles had pitch'd his tents for his campaign.

To make Marsilius and King Agramant,
For their rash folly even bent their cheek;
That one from Afric had each combatant
Brought, who a sword or spear had strength to take:
T'other, that he had spurr'd up Spain, in vaunt,
That France's rich dominions he would shake:
So, feanobly, there Orlando join'd;
But, for that junctión, after, he repin'd.

For that his mistrels there was ta'en away;
Behold how human judgment oft will fail!
Her, from th' Heptperian to Eoan sea,
In whose defence such foes he did affail,
Amidst his friends, in his own country, he
Now lost, nor could his ufeless sword avail.
The Emp'ror from him bore away the dame,
Wisely thereby to quench a fatal flame.

Some days before arose a private war,
Betwixt Orlando and Rinald, tho' kin:
With am'rous passion for this beauty rare,
Each of their hearts inflam'd long time had been:
The King conceiv'd of such dispute great fear,
As his whole force would weaken'd be therein:
Therefore the maid, the lovely cage, commands.
Be giv'n into the Duke Bavarian's hands.

He, her, reward by promise did propose
To him, who in the dreadful battle's day,
The greatest number of his Pagan foes
With his own pow'rlul hand should bravely slay:
But fate his hope fucessles did oppo.se,
The Christian army fadly fled away:
With many more the Duke was pris'ner ta'en,
The royal tent abandon'd on the plain.
Dove poi che rimase la donnella
Ch’esser dovea del vincitor mercede,
Inanzi al caso era salita in sella,
E quando bisogni, le spalle diede;
Presaga, che quel giorno esser rubella
Dovea Fortuna a la Cristiana fece:
Entrò in un bosco, e ne la foresta via
Rincontrò un cavalier, ch’è più venia.

Indossa la corazza, l’elmo in testa,
La spada al fianco, e in braccio avea lo scudo;
E più leggier correva per la foresta,
Ch’al palio roso il villan mezzo ignudo.
Timida pastorella mai si presta
Non volse piede inanzi a serpe crude;
Come Angelica roso il feno torse.
Che del guerrier, ch’è più venia, s’acorse.

Era costui quel Paladin gagliardo
Figliuol d’Amon, Signor di Mont’albano,
A cui pur dianzi il suo destrier Baiardo
Per tirano cagio uscito era di mano.
Come a la donna egli drizzò lo sguardo,
Riconobbe, quantunque di lontano,
L’angelico sembiante, e quel bel volto,
Ch’è l’amorose reti il tenero involto.

La donna il palafreno a dietro volta,
E per la sieva a tutta briglia il caccia;
Ne per la rara più, che per la solta,
La più sicura, e miglior via procaccia,
Ma pallida, tremando, e di fe tolta
Lascia cura al destrier, che la via faccia:
Di più, di giù ne l’alta fiera fiera
Tanto girè, che venne à una riveria.

Sù la rivera Ferrara trovasse
Di soder pieno, e tutto paluero.
Da la battaglia dianzi lo rimorse
Un gran diso di bere, e di riposo;
E poi mai grado suo quivi fermosse,
Perché de l’acqua ingordo, e frenfelojo
L’elmo nel fiume si lasciò cadere,
Ne l’avea potuto anco ribuovere.

Quanto potea più forte, ne veniva
Gridando, la donnella spaventata,
A quella voce fatta in su la riva
Il Saracino, e nel vissu la guata;
E la conosce subito, ch’arriva,
Benchè di timor pallida, e turbata,
E fien più di, che non n’udi novella,
Che senza dubbio ell’è Angelica bella.

Where, for some time, as did the damsel wait,
Who defin’d was to be the victor’s right,
Before that chance, she did on horseback get,
And, when she found it needful, took her flight:
Prefaging, on that day, that adverse fate
With dreadful wrath would break the Christian might.
A wood she entered, in a passage strait,
Alone on foot a cavalier she met.

In armour clad, his helmet on his head,
Girt with his sword, and shield upon his arm,
Along the forest he more swiftly fled,
Than does the hind, pres’d by the prize’s charm:
The frighted shepherds with greater dread
Ne’er started from the noisome snake’s alarm,
Than Angelic her palfrey turn’d aside,
Coming on foot when the warrior spy’d.

This was the Paladin, of Amon son,
So stout, who had o’er Montalban command,
Whose horse, Baiardo, was just from him gone,
By a strange accident, escap’d his hand.
Soon as the dame he cast his eyes upon,
He knew, alotho she did at distance stand,
The form divine, and that enchanting look,
Which once his heart into the am’rous bondage took.

Her palfrey she did swiftly turn around,
And thro’ the wood pres’d on, with utmost force;
O’er lawn, thro’ thicket, equally does bound,
Nor minds, which was the best and safest course:
But a pale tremor does her senfe confound,
Bridle and guidance, she truffs to her horse,
Who thro’ the forest up and down does steer,
Till she arriv’d, where was a river near.

Upon this river’s bank was Ferrau lain,
Fatigu’d, and cover’d o’er with dust and sweat;
Not long remov’d from the embattled plain,
Eager to rest, and quench his thirsty heat.
After, against his will, did here remain:
To the wave bending at too greedy rate,
He let his helmet tumble in the flood;
In vain, to get it, us’d all art he could.

Thither, with utmost expedition, came
The damsel, crying loud, with fear amaz’d:
Upon the banks leapt up, at such a scream,
The Saracin, and on her vifage gaz’d:
And, soon as she arriv’d, he knew the dame,
Altho’ with dread surpriz’d, and pale her face;
And tho’ he, many days, no news did hear
Of her, yet doubtfuls knew ’twas Angelic the fair.

B 2
16.  
E perché er' cortese, e n'aveva forse  
Non men de i due cuoghi il petto caldo;  
L'aiuto, che poste, tutto lo forse,  
Per come avesse l'elmo, arditò e baldò;  
Traffe la spada, e minacciando corse  
Dove poco di lui temea Rinaldo,  
Più volte s'eran già non pur veduti.  
Ma al paragone del'arme conoscevì.

17.  
Cominçai quivi una crudel battaglia,  
Come a piè si trovar co i brandi nudi:  
Non che le piastré, e la minuta maglia,  
Ma à i colpi lor non reggerian gl' incudi.  
Or mentre l'un con l'altro si trovaglia,  
Bisogna al palafren, che'l passo fidi.  
Che quanto più menar de le calcagna  
C'è lo caaccì al bosco, e à la campagna.

18.  
Poi che s'affaticar gran pezzo in vano  
I due guerrier per lor un altro fatto  
Quando non meno era con l'arme in mano  
Questo di quel, né quel di questo dato.  
Fu primiero il Signor di Montalbano,  
Che'l cavalier di Spagna fece motto;  
Siccome quel, c'è na cor tanto foco  
Che tutto n'arde, e non ritrova loco.

19.  
Difse al Pagan, Me folcreduto avrai,  
E pur avre i te meco ancora offeso;  
Se questo avvien, perché i fulgenti rai  
Del nuovo Sol s'abbino il petto acceso;  
Di farmi qui tardar, che guadagno hai?  
Che quando ancor tu m'abbi, morto, o preso  
Non però tua la bella donna fia,  
Che, mentre noi tardiamo, se ne va via.

20.  
Quanto sia meglio, amandola tu ancora,  
Che tu le venga à traverfar la fiuma,  
A ritenerla, e farle far dimora  
Prima, che più lontana fe ne vada.  
Come l'avevo in pote'ste, allora  
Di ch effor de si provi con la spada,  
Non fo altamente dopo un lungo affanno,  
Che possa riuscire altro, che danno.

21.  
Al Pagan la proposta non dispiacque;  
Così fu differita la tenzone;  
E tal trégua tra lor subito nacque,  
Si l'odio, e l'ira va in oblivione,  
Che'l Pagan al partire de le fresche acque  
Non lasciò à piedi il buon figliuol d'Amone,  
Con priego invita, ed alfin teglie in groppa,  
E per l'arme d'Angelica galoppa.
O gran bontà de cavalieri antiqui! 
Eran rivali, eran di fè diversi, 
E fi sentian de gli aspiri colpi inqui 
Per tutta la persona ano dolenti, 
E pur fe sevo ofure, e caldi obliqui
Infieme van senza soffetto averfi, 
Da quatro spremi il d'iftero punto arriva, 
Dove una sirada in due fi dipartiva.

Oh! the great bounty of each ancient knight! 
Rivals they were, and of a faith diverse, 
As yet they felt of the sharp strokes the might, 
Sore in their bodies from their strife perferve; 
Thro' paths oblique, dark woods they take their flight, 
Nor of each other least fulpicion nurrse, 
And, with four spurs as they the courier ply'd, 
Come, where the road does in two tracks divide.

And as they neither of them here could know, 
By which of thefe the haftly damsel flew, 
Since each path did without distinction show, 
As if it with fresh steps was beaten new; 
Themselves resign'd to fortune's will they throw; 
Rinald does this, the Pagan that perfive: 
The Pagan long the forest wander'd round, 
Whence he set out, at length, himself he found.

And now he came upon the river's brink, 
Where was his helmet in the water loft; 
As he to find the damsel could not think, 
He hop'd to get his helmet, where 'twas loft. 
At that place, where he thought he faw it fink, 
Alighting, does the water's edge accoft; 
But in the sand this did fo fix'd remain, 
He much muft toil ere he could it regain.

An arm of poplar-tree from leaves he stript, 
Of which he form'd himfelf a fuiting pole; 
He try'd the river, to the bottom dipt, 
Nor left off, till he beat and pok'd the whole; 
While, with delay, impatient he was kept, 
And thus was fretted to his very foul, 
Midft of the river's stream a knight appears, 
Up to the breaft with afspect fierce he rears.

Except his head, he was in armour dreft, 
And forth, in his right hand, a helmet held; 
The very helmet, which fo long diftrefs'd 
Ferrau had fought in vain, he now beheld: 
He to Ferrau in wrathful words exprefs'd: 
Thou rashal vile, thy perfidy's reveal'd; 
Why thus to lose thy helmet doft thou grieve, 
Which, long time fince, you ought with me to leave.

Remember, Pagan, when thou kill'dft me; 
Me for Angelica's dead brother know: 
You promis'd, 'bove all arms, this mine should be, 
And in few days it in the stream to throw; 
Now, if just fortune has done that, you see, 
Which to my with you bafely would not do, 
Vex not yourfelf; but if be vex't you muft, 
Be vex'd at your own wicked breach of truft.
Ma, if you wear a helmet faire;
Trove another, & abil with more honours;
Un tal ne porto Orlando Paladino,
Un tal Rinaldo, & forse anco migliore:
L'un fu d'Almonte, & l'altro di Mambrino;
Acquista un di quei due col tuo valore,
E questo, c'hai già di lasciarmi detto,
Farai bene a lasciarlo in effetto.

A l'apparir, che face à l'improvviso
De l'acqua l'ombra, ogni pelo arricciato;
E colorossi al Saracini il viso,
La voce, ch'era per uscire, fermossi,
Udendo poi da l'Argalia, ch'uccise,
Qui non avea più (che l'Argalia nomossi)
La retta fede che si imprevarasse,
Di scorno, e d'ira, dentro, e in fuor arse.

Ne tempo avveno à penfar altra scusa,
E conoscendo ben che l'aver gli disse,
Restò senza riposta a bocca chiusa:
Ma la vergogna il cor gli trasse,
Che giurò per la vita di Lanfua
Non voler mai, ch'altro elmo la coprisse
Se non quel buono, che già in Asparamonte
Trasse del capo Orlando al fiero Almont.

E servò meglio questo giuramento,
Che non avea quell altro fatto prima.
Quindi si parte tanto mal contento,
Che molti giorni poi si rode, e lina.
Sel di cercare il Paladino è intento,
Di quì, di là, dove trovarlo fìsma,
Altra ventura al buon Rinaldo accade,
Che da l'offtui tenea diverse fìrade.

Non molto via Rinaldo, che si vede
Saltar inauzi il suo defìrere ferove,
Firma Baiardo nio, deb firma il pede,
Che l'esser senza troppo mi nuoce.
Per questo il defìrere fordo à lui non riede,
Avvi più se ne va sempre veloce.
Segue Rinaldo, e d'ira si distrugge,
Ma seguitiamo Angelica, che fugge.

Fugge tra selve frequentate, e secre
Per locchi nubliti, crani, e selvaggi,
Il mover de le froadi, e di verzure,
Che di ceri fennia, d'olìni e di faggi,
Fatto le avea con subite paure
Trovare di quì di là strani viaggi,
Ch'ard ogni ombra veduta à in monte, à in valle
Temea Rinaldo aver sempre à le spalle.

But if a splendid helmet you would wear,
Some other with more honour strive to have:
Such does the Paladin Orlando bear,
Such does Rinaldo, one perhaps more brave:
One was Almont's, t'other Mambrino's share;
One or the other with your valour crave:
This, which to me was by your vow decreed,
You would do well to leave it mine indeed.

The ghost's appearance, which so sudden stood
Upon the stream, made ev'ry hair erect;
The Pagan's countenance discoulour'd shew'd;
He would have spoke, but utterance was checkt,
Hearing Argalia, in whose blood embra'd
His hands had been (fo was he call'd) detect,
And him upbraid for breach of vow, with thame
And rage made both his mind and body flame.

Nor having time to think of an excuse,
Well knowing that the truth had been rehearsed,
Stood without anwer, with his mouth rechuf;
And with remorse his very heart was pierc'd:
Then solemn swore, by th' life of his Lanfure,
That to no helmet should his head be vers'd,
If not that one, so fam'd in Asparamont,
Orland had ta'en from head of fierce Almont.

And he observ'd more faithfully his vow,
That he had made, which he had made before.
From thence departing with dejected brow,
Vexation many days his spirits tore:
His wish to find the Paladin was now,
And here and there, where he might find him, bore:
A diff'rent hap to brave Rinald fell out,
As he had ta'en, from t'other, diff' rent route.

Not far from thence did then Rinaldo go,
Ere his fierce heart flied he faw before him leap:
Stop, stop, I prithee stop, Baiardo, wh'oh!
Me, thus deprev'd, in too much toil you keep:
The nag will not come back, and, deafen'd so,
Rather more swiftly from him seeks to skip:
Rinald perfuses, and does with passion burn:
But to Angelic's flight let's now return.

Thro' forest dreadful and obscure she flies,
By gloomy, wild, and savage places takes:
The rustling, that from boughs and leaves does rise,
When by the wind beach, elm, and lime-tree shakes,
Rais'd in her mind so sudden a surprize,
That here and there for strangest ways she makes;
For if on hill, in dale, she saw a shade,
Rinald she still does at her shoulders dread.
Canto 1.

ORLANDO FURioso.

34. Jut fo the pretty little fawn, or goat,
That 'midst the verdure of its native wood
Sees, of its dam, jut taken by the throat,
The flank and breast, by leopard torn, all blood,
To shun the monster, flies thro' glades about;
Trembling with apprehensions full renew'd:
If in her way she touches any root,
She thinks, she's in the clutches of the brute.

35. That day and night she wander'd all around,
And to th' enuing noon, unknowing where;
At length a lovely, little grove she found,
Which lightly mov'd, fann'd by the cooling air:
Two murm'ring limpid brooks the spot surround,
Which kept the verdure ever fresh and fair;
And charming muffick to the ear supply'd,
Amidst the pebbles, broken by their glide.

36. Here she, imagining herself secure,
And from Rinaldo many miles disjoin'd,
Weary the road and scorching heat endure,
To get a little slumber was inclin'd:
Alights amidst the flow'rs; to th' meadow pure
Leaving her horfe, with bridle not confin'd,
Wand'ring with freedom round the chryflal fhort,
Which herbage fresh and full, for paffure, bore.

37. Near to the place a pretty tuft there was,
Of flow'ring shrubs, and the vermilion rofe,
Which the clear fream reftected like a glafs,
And from the fun the leafy oaks inclofe:
The middle fo, that a refreshing place
The fhalt'ring fhadows all around compose;
The boughs fo interwove, that the fun's light
There could not enter, much lefs human fight.

38. The tender herbage form'd therein a bed,
Inviting all that came to soft repofe.
Hither the lovely nymph herfelf convey'd,
Here she laid down, and here her eyes did clofe;
Ere in this situation long the flay'd,
The noise of footfeps, that way bending, rofe:
Soft she gets up, and to the river near
Perceives, jut come, an armed cavalier.

39. Or friend or foe, she could not comprehend,
Her heart, in doubt, with hope and fear was shook.
Of this adventure she expects the end,
Nor with one fingle figh the air she struck:
The cavalier does to the fream defend,
His cheek upon his arm to reft betook,
And into fuch deep thought his mind is gone,
He seems transform'd into a fenelefs stone.
40. Pensiero più d'un ora a capo basso
Stette, Signore, il cavalier dolente.
Poi cominciò con furore agridoce, e lasso,
A lamentarsi sì sovente,
C'aveva di pieta spazzato un sasso,
Una tigre rude fatta clemente,
Sospirando piangea tal, ch'un ruscello
Parean le guance, e l'petto un mongibello.

41. Pensier (diceva) che 'l cor m'aggibacci ed ardi,
E causi'l duolo, che sempre il rodo e lima;
Che debbo far, poi ch'io son giunto tardi,
E ch'altri à corre il frutto e andato prima?
Appena avuto io n'ho parole, e figliardi,
Ed altrì n'ha tutta la /spoglia opima:
Se non ne tocca a me frutto nò foire
Perch' affligger per lei mi vô più il core

42. La verginella è simile à la rosa ;
Ch'in bel giardin si la nativa spina,
Mentre sola, e fecura si riposa,
Ne gregge nè pajor fe le avvicina,
L'aura soave, e l'alba rugiada,
L'aqua, la terra al suo favor s'inchina,
Giovani vaghi, e donne innamorate
Amano averne e feni, e tempie ornate.

43. Ma non si teso dal materno fielo
Rimossa viene, e dal suo ceppo verde,
Che quanto avvea da gli uomini, e dal cielo
Favor, grazia, e bellezza, tutto perde.
La vergine, che l'fior, di che piu zelo
Che de'begli occhi, e de la vita baver di,
Lascia altrui corre, il pregio, c'avea inanni,
Perde nel cor di tutti gli altrì amanti.

44. Sia vile à gli altrì, e da quel solo amata,
A cui di se fece fis larga copia.
Ab fortuna crudel, fortuna ingrata;
Triumfai gl' altri, e ne morì d'inopia!
Dunque efer puo, che non mi sia piu grata?
Dunque io posso tofciar mia vita propia?
Ab più teso oggi mancino di miei,
Chi io viva piu, s amar non debbo lei.

45. Se mi domanda alcun chi cosfui sia,
Che veera sopra il rio lagnime tante,
Io dirò, che egli e il Re di Circesia,
Quel d'amor trovavuito Sacrificante.
Io dirò ancor, che di sua pena ria
Sta prima, e solo causi efer omante,
E pur un de gli Amanti di cofci,
E ben riconosciuto fu da lei.

46. Thoughtful an hour and more, his head down bent,
The knight remains o'erwhelm'd with grief and moan:
Then he begins to plaintive to lament,
With words so soft, and in so sweet a tone;
That e'en a rock with pity might have rent,
And clemency a tygrefs would have showen:
He wept: his cheeks appear'd a river's stream:
He sigh'd: his breast a burning mount did feem.

41. Thought, says he, that my heart doth forch and freeze,
And caufed grief to torture thus and flay,
What shall I do? since, by my fad delays,
Another cropt the fruit, and stole away?
Scarce had I heard her words, and feen her face,
Another made of the rich spoils his prey:
Since neither fruit nor fow'r can be my fhare,
For her my heart why should affliction tear?

42. A virgin's like the newly-blowing rose,
In a faire garden, on its native thorn,
While 'tis alone, secure in its repose,
By flocks or fhepherd's never rudely torn,
The earth, the water, to it favour shows,
The fragrant air and dew-befprinkled morn:
Gay youths and am'rous nymphs would fain bedeck
With it their temples, and adorn their neck.

43. But, soon as e'er from its maternall place
'Tis pluck'd, and from its verdant stem it goes,
All that it had from men and heav'n, the grace,
The favour, beauty, totally does lofe.
The virgin, who that fow'r the ne'er should cafe
Tend' rer than her fair eyes, or life, to fce,
Yields but to one, has all, the once could boaf
Of worth, with all her former lovers, loft.

44. Vile let her be to all, by him alone
Felov'd, to whom she did her perfon grant.
Fortune ingrante! thou cruelty haft showen,
That others triumph, while I die for want!
Can I then ever her dear charms dilown?
Can I myselff of my own life fupplant?
Ah! sooner far may end this life of mine,
Than living I should e'er her love decline.

45. If 'tis demanded, who this perfon was,
Who, near the brook, thus gave his tears to flow,
Know, that it is the Monarch of Circes,
Sacriptant, overwhelm'd with love and woe:
Of his fharp pain the firft and only caufe
Is, that he was in love: this alfo know,
Of this faire lady's Lovers he was one;
And he to her, by this time, was well known.
Near where the Sun declines, by love led on,
He from the bound'ries travel'd of the East:
For that he had with grief in India known,
That the Orlando followed to the West:
Then knew, in France the Emperor had thrown
Her, from all others, under close arrest:
And promis'd, that she should his prize be made,
Who the gold lilies beft that day should aid.

He in the camp had been, was wifnefs there
O' th' rout King Charles did juft before fuftain:
The steps perfued of Angelic the fair,
Of which he knowledge could not yet attain:
This was the difmal news, which his defpair
Increas'd, the source of all his am'rous pain,
Made him lament and moan in fuch discourse,
The Sun in pitty might have floop his courfe.

While he afflicted griefs, in this sad way,
And of his eyes a tepid fountain made,
And fuch and more affecting words did say,
Which in this place are needless to be faid:
Fortune was kindly willing, on that day,
They to Angelic's ears fhould be convey'd:
So at a lucky point of time came out,
What mift not by a thousand years be brought about.

With much attention, here the lovely dame
The fighs, the words, the plaintive manner heard,
Of him, whose reft was broke by th' am'rous dream:
Before this day his love he had declar'd;
But she, hard, cold as column, ne'er became
So mild, to yield to him fome soft regard;
As one who has the world in high difdain,
And thinks none worthy, her to obtain.

But, in the forest wild, as she's alone,
She thought it fit to take him for her guide:
Who stands neck-deep in water, muft be one
Quite obfinate, if for no help he cry'd:
If this occafion once away be flown,
Convoy fo safe will never be fupply'd:
For, by long trial heretofore, she knew
This King to be, above all lovers, true.

Howe'er, the no intention did conceive,
That grief, which kills her fuitor, to appeafe,
And all fott pains with fuch delight relieve,
As can alone the wishful lover pleafe;
But fraud and fiction he begins to weave,
To hold his hope up with fallacious eafe,
That fo she may her prefent purpole serve,
Then, as before, become severe, proterve.
E fuor di quel cespuglio offuro, e cieco
Fa di se bella, e improvvisa morbra;
Come di selva, a fuor d'ombra fteco
Diana in chena, e Citerca fi morbra;
E dice a l'apparir, Pace sia tecco,
Teco defenda Dio la fama morbra;
E non comporti contra ogni ragione,
C'abbì di me fi fala opinione.

Non mai con tanto gaudio, a stupor tanto
Levò gli ochi al fighiolo alcuna madre;
C'avea per morto sopirato, e pianto.
Poi che fenza effo udi tornar le squadre,
Con quanto gaudio il Saracì, con quanto
Stupor l'alta prefenza, e le leggiadre
Maniere, e vero angelico feimbante
Improvvi fo apparirfi vide inante.

Pieno di dolce, e d'amorofa affetto
A la sua donna, a la sua diva corfe,
Che con le braccia al collo il tenne frettò;
Quel ch'alti Catai non avria fatta forfe;
Al patri regno, al suo natio ricetto.
Seco havendo cofui, l'animò terfe,
Subito in lei s'avvivà la fperanza
Di tosto riveder sua ricca fianza.

Ella gli rende conto pienamente
Dal giorno, che mandato fu da lei
A domandar fuccorfo in Oriente
Al Re de Sericani Nabatei,
E come Orlando la guardo jvente
Da morte, da difinor, da cofi rei,
E che'l fior virginal cofui avea falvo,
Come fe lo portò del matern' alvo.

Forfe era vero, ma non però credibile
A chi del fenfo fuo fappe gignere;
Ma parve facilmente a lui possibile,
Che era perduto in via più grave errore.
Quel, che l uom vede, amor gli fa invisibile;
E l invisibile fa veder amore.
Questo creduto fu, ch'el mifier fuole
Dar facile credenza a quel, che vuole.

Se mai fi fette il cavalier d Anglante
Pigliar per sua sciocezza il tempo buono,
Il danno fe ne avrà, che da qui inante
Nol chiamerà fortuna à fi gran dono
Tra fe tacito parla Sacripante:
Ma io per imitarlo gia non fono,
Che lafi tanto ben, che m'è concefso,
Et ch'è doler poi m'abbia di me fello.

Now from the cope's dark and gloomy shade
The radiant, the surprising beauty goes:
As from the cave, or thro' the woody glade,
Amongst our scenes, Dian, or Venus shows:
She coming forward, Peace be with you, said;
You and my fame may heav'n defend from foes!
And so conduct your mind with reason's rein,
That no false thought of me you entertain.

Never with such surprise to overjoy'd,
Did mother lift her eyes to her first-born,
Whom she lamented, as in war destroy'd,
When, without him, she heard the troops return,
As, with amaze and rapture unalloy'd,
His fight the Pagan to her charms did turn,
To her angelic semblance, beauteous air,
As sudden she before him does appear.

Replete with passion sweet and amourous
Does to his nymph, to his dear goddess run;
Him with her arms she round the neck holds close,
Which in Catai perhaps she ne'er had done,
She, having him, does now her mind dispose
'T her native place, native dominion,
Sudden a hope revives in her again,
Of soon reviving her rich domain.

She does to him the story full relate,
From that fame day, when by her was sent
Into the East, assistance to intreat
Fro' th' Serican's Nabathean government;
And how from death, dishonours, dangers great
Orlando oft to guard her was intent,
And that the fale had kept her virgin flow'r,
As it fhe from her mother's womb had bore.

Perhaps 'twas true; but was not credible
To perion, who was in his judgment free,
But easily to him seems possible,
As loft in error greater far was he:
What a man fcees, love makes invisible,
And what's invisible, love makes him fee;
This was thought true, as still th' unhappy give
Credence to what they'd willingly believe.

If th' Anglant knight, thro' his stupidity,
The lucky feason knew not how to take,
The forrow he will feel, that formerly
Fortune's rich prefent he did not partake,
To himself Sacripant speaks tacitly;
But him I will not my example make,
That I should quit fuch blesfing to me fent,
And after for my conduct must repent.
Canto 1.  

58. I'll crop this fresh, this early budding rose;  
For, by delay, the season off may flee:  
I know, we sought to woman can propone,  
That can more sweet, or more delightful be,  
Tho' he hereat her self disdainful shows,  
And is while in sad anxiety:  
Thro' feign'd disdain, repulse, I'll not decline  
To colour o'er and finish my design.

59. Thus says he, and mean time he does prepare  
For th' sweet assault, a mighty noise does rise  
From the wood nigh, which does inflame his ear,  
So, 'gainst his will, he quits the enterprise:  
Puts on his helm, for he did ever wear  
His other arms to guard him from surprize,  
Comes to his fleet, on him the rein refits,  
Mounts on the seat, his lance he ready gets.

60. Now comes along the wood a cavalier,  
Who of stout, furious man the air express'd;  
As white as snow the habit he does wear,  
And a white plume he carries for his crest:  
King Sacripante, who now cannot bear,  
That he, by route unfeasable pres't,  
Had interrupted his immense delight,  
Gives him a look of anger and despite.

61. When he's more nigh, to battle him defy'd,  
Thinking to make him from his saddle fly;  
'Tother, who deems himself not less supply'd  
With prowes, and is ready now to try,  
Him interrupts amidst his threat'ning pride,  
Claps spurs, at once to th' reft docs lance apply;  
Sacripant turns, as if by tempest led,  
And, rushing, each strikes at the other's head.

62. Nor bulls, nor lions, forward bound and vault  
So fierce, who rush each other to oppoife,  
As these two warriors to the dread assault;  
For thro' their shields each of their pufhes goes:  
Their meeting caus'd to flake from low to alt  
The graily vale and cliff, which naked fhow,  
And them well-aided corslets fine and good,  
Which, to protect their breafet, such force withflood.

63. The fleeds did not th' attack, by winding, guide,  
Rather, as fights the ram, full-butt they run;  
That of the Pagan warrior inftant dy'd,  
Which living was deem'd valuable one:  
'Tother fell too, but, soon as at his fide  
He felt the pur, he up again was flown:  
That of the Saracin lay fretch'd out fruit  
Upon his master with his heavy weight.
L'incognito campion, che resto ritto,
E vide l'altro col cavallo in terra;
Stimando avere affai di quel confitto
Non si curò di rinunzlar la guerra;
Ma, dove per la felsa e il cammin dritto,
Correndo a tutta briglia si differa;
E prima che di briga eca il Paganà,
Un miglio, o poco meno, è gia lontano.

Qual istorie, e stupid aratore
Poi ch'è passato il fulmine, si leva
Di là, dove l'altissima fragore
Presso à li morti suoi fece l'avveva,
Che mira senza fronde, e senza onore
Il pet, che di lontan veder foleva;
Tal si levò il Paganà, a pie' rimaso,
Angelica presto al duro cafo.

Sospira, e geme, non perché l'annoi,
Che pide, o braccia s'abbia rotto, o mossa;
Ma per vergagna sola, onde ò di fuoi
Ne pria, nè dopo il vijo bebe farro;
E più ch'oltra il cader sua donna poi,
Fu, che gli tolse il gran pejo d'addosso.
Muto reflava, mi cred' io, se quella
Non gli rendea la voce, e la favella.

Deh, dissera, Signor, non vi rincresca,
Che del cader non è la colpa vostra,
Ma del cavallo, à cui riposo, ed esca
Meglio si convenia, che nuova gioftra.
Nè per ciò quel guerrier sua gloria accresca;
Che d'esser flato il perdito dimostra.
Cosi, per quel ch'io me ne sappia, fiamo,
Quando à l'afcer il campo è flato il prino.

Mentre coesi conforta il Saracino;
Ecco col corne, e con la tasca al fianco
Galoppando venir sopra un ronzino
Un messagger, che parea afflitto e fianco;
Che, come à Sacripante fu vicino,
Gli donando, se con lo scudo bianco,
E con un bianco pennoncello in testa
Vide un guerrier passar per la foresta.

Rispose Sacripante, Come vedi
Ma ba qui abbatutto, e se ne parte or' ora
E perché sappia chi mi ha messo à piedi,
Fa che per nome io lo conosca ancora,
Ed egli à lui, Di quel che tu mi chiedi
Io ti satisfarà senza dimora,
Tu dei faper, chi ti levò di sella
L'alta valor d'una gentil donzella.

The unknown champion, who remain'd upright,
And on the ground fees t'other with his feed,
Thinking, enough he had prevail'd in fight,
Thought, to renew the combat was no need;
But thro' the forest on his road foreright
He hastens away, and pushes on full speed,
And, ere the Pagan's freed from his diffrels,
At distance is a mile, or little lefs.

Like as the ploughman stupid in a round,
After the flash of lightning's pas'd away,
Rifes up, whence the thunder's clattering sound
Near his dead oxen stretch'd out did lay;
Who fees, of leafy honours all uncrown'd,
The pine, which he far off us'd to survey,
So rofe the Pagan, and on foot does gaze;
Angelic prefect at his haplefs cafe.

He sighs, he groans: not that he suffered
From foot or arm, that h'ad put out or broke;
But thro' his shame, which caus'd, that now more red,
Than ever in his life-time, was his look;
And more, for that besides his fall, the maid
It was, who off him the vaft burden took.
I think, he never would have spoken more,
Did not she to him voice and speech restore.

Ah! Sir, said she, let it not you torment;
For sure the fault cannot be laid on you;
But on the horse, as eafe, and nutriment
Suited him better far, than tilting new:
Nor hence this warrior's fame has increment,
As he to be the lofer plain does shew;
So I, by what I herein know, conceive,
Since he has been the firft the field to leave.

While she to th' Pagan comfort does apply,
Behold, with horn and wallet at his side,
A messenger on horfeback there does hie,
Who, vex'd and tired seeming, poft did ride,
And, when he came to Sacripante nigh,
Ask'd him, if he a warrior had defcry'd,
Who, bearing a white shield, and on his head
Had a white creft, thorough the forest sped.

Sacripant answer'd, As you see, but now
He has me beaten down, and went away;
And, as I'd learn, who me on foot did throw,
Do you the name of him to me displa;
And he reply'd, In what of me you'd know,
I you will satisfy without delay:
You then must learn, who caft you from your feat,
A gentee damfel was, of valour great.
Canto I.

ORLANDO FURioso.

70. Ella è gagliarda, ed è più bella molto,
Ne il suo famofo nome anco s’a’fondo.
Fu Bradamante quella, che t’ha tolto
Quanto onor mai tu guadagnai al mondo.
Poi c’èbbe cosi detto, a freno fielto
Il Saracino l’affò poco giocando;
Che non sa che si dica, o che si faccia
Tutto avvampato di vergogna in faccia.

71. Poi che gran pezzo al cafo intervenuto
Ebbe penfato in vano, è finalmente
Si trova da una femina abbattuto;
Che pensandovi più, più dolor fente;
Montò l’altrò defrier tacito, e mutò
E fece far pavola, chiamatamente
Tolfe Angelica in groppa, e differilla
A più lieto ufo, a stanza più tranquilla.

72. Non furo iti due miglia, che fonare
Odon la felce, che il cine intorno
Con tal rumore, e frepito, che pare
Che tremi la fuga d’ogn’intorno;
E poco dopo un gran defrier v’appare
D’oro guernito, e riccamente adornato,
Che fafla macchie, e rivi, ed a fracafso
Arbori meno, e ciò che vefta il paffo.

73. Se gia’ intricati rami, e l’ar fefo,
Diffa la donna, à gli occhi non contende,
Baiardo è quel defrier, ch’è in mezzo il bosco
Con tal rumore la chiufa via si sende.
Questo è certo Baiardo, io’l riconofco;
Debo come ben no’fro bisogno intende;
Ch’un fol ronzin per dui faria mal atto;
E ne vien egli à satisfarci ratto.

74. Smonta il Circafso, ed al defrier s’accosta,
E fi pensava dar di mano al freno;
Con le groppe il defrier gli fa riposta,
Che fi prefo à girar, come un baleno;
Ma non arriva, dove i calci apposta.
Miferò il cavaliere, fa giunta à pieno;
Che ne’calci tal po& va il cavallo,
C’aura fpeuzzato un monte di metàllo.

75. Indi va manifeto à la donnella
Con umile fembiante, e gesto umano;
Come intorno al padrone il can faltella;
Che fia da giorni, o tre flato lontano.
Baiardo ancor avea memoria d’ella,
Che’l in Albraccia il fervia già di sua mano;
Nel tempo, che da lei tanto era amato
Rinaldo, allor crudele, allora ingrato.

70. Stout is she, but in beauty does exceed,
Nor will I her fam’d name from you secrete;
Bradamant ’twas, who thus has tarnished
What honour e’er you in the world did get:
So soon as this he’d utter’d, in full speed
He leaves the Pagan in no little fret,
Who knows not what either to say or do;
His vilage in such way with shame does glow.

71. After long while upon this accident
He ponder’d had in vain, and finally
Finds by a woman he to earth was sent,
Of which the more he thought, more pain felt he,
Mounting the other steed, dumb, discontent,
Without a word once speaking, quietly
Angelic takes behind, so does defer
His purpos, till more quiet place occur.

72. Two mile they had not gone, before they hear
The wood re-echo, which does them surrond;
With such great noise and craft, it did appear,
As if the forest trembled all around:
And soon they saw a horfe did forward bear,
With gold and trappings rich caparison’d,
Leapt o’er the rivers, plun’d along the cope,
Tears down the trees, and nought his passage stops.

73. If the entwining boughs, and air obscure,
The Lady said, my right do not oppose,
Baiard’s the horfe, that makes his bol’rous tour,
And with such rumour thro’ the thicket goes.
Full well I know him; this is Baiard, fure:
Ah! in good time how well our wants he knows!
One horfe of two the use can ill supply,
And he, both to content, does hither fly.

74. The King dismounts, comes to the courfer’s side,
And on the bridles thought to lay his hand;
To him the horfe, with his hind feet reply’d,
His turns he swift as lightning could command,
Reach’d not the place, wereto his heels apply’d;
Ill-fated knight! he had quite reach’d his stand;
For in the horfe’s heels such power was,
He could in pieces split a rock of bras.

75. From thence he courteous to the damfed goes,
In humble fsemblance, attitude humane;
As the dog leaping round his master throws,
Who absent from him did some days remain:
Baiard, ev’n yet, her by remembrance knows,
She in Albraccia, him did entertain
With her own hand, when the Rinald fo lovd,
And he so cruel, and ungrateful prov’d.
Con la sinistra man prende la briglia,
Con l'altra tocca, e palpa il colla e il petto.
Quel d'aprire, c'avea ingegno a maraviglia,
A lei, come un agnel, si fa soggetto;
Intanto Sacripante il tempo vigila,
Monta Baiardo, e l'urta, e lo sien frettato.
Del renzino diravvato la donnella
Lascia la groppa, e si ripone in sella.

Poi rivolgendola a caso gli occhi, mira
Venir sonando d'arme un gran pedone.
Tutta s'avvampa di dispetto, e d'ira,
Che conoscendo gli stigmi del Duca Amone.
Più, che sua vita l'ama egli, e dira;
L'oidea, e fugge ella più, che grù falcon.
Già fu, ch'è fatto odio le più che la morte;
Ella amò lui, o'nan cangiato forte.

E questo hanno coufato due fontane;
Che di diverso effetto banno liquore;
Ambe in Ardenna; e non sono lontane:
D'amorosa diffè l'una empie il core,
Chi bea de l'altra, senza amor rimane,
E volge tutto in ghiaccio il primo ardore:
Rinaldo guffò d'una, e amor le strugge,
Angelica de l'altra, e l'oida, e fugge.

Quel liquor di secreto venir misfitto,
Che muta in odio l'amorosa cura;
Fa che la donna, che Rinaldo ha visito;
Ne i fereno occhi subito s'offusca;
E con voce tremante, e vasa triffo
Supplica Sacripante, e lo sfoglia,
Che quel guerrier più apprezzo non attenda,
Ma ch'insieme con lei la fuga prenda.

Son dunque, diffè il Saracino, fono
Dunque in fì poco credito con vui,
Che mi stimiate inutile, e non buno
Da potervi difender da coftui?
Le battaglie d'Abbraccia gia vi fono
Di mente uscite? e la notte, ch'io fui,
Per la salute vostra, fole, e nudo
Contra Agricane, e tutti il campo scudo?

Non risponde ella, e non fa che si faccia;
Perche Rinaldo ormai l'è troppo apprezzo;
Che da lontano il Saracino minacca,
Com' vede il cavallo, e conserva effo;
E riconobbe l'angelica faccia,
Che l'amore incendiò in cor gli ha messo.
Quel che segui tra questi due fuperbi,
Vo, che per l'altro canto si riserbì.

Her left hand on the bridle then she plac'd,
With t'other pats his breast and strokes his neck:
The horfe, that wond'rously in fene furpafs'd,
Is like a lamb submiffive to her beek:
Mean time th' occasion Sacripant embrac'd,
Mounts Baiard, i'purs him now, and now does check:
Of t'other horfe, now eas'd of half his weight,
The damsel quits the hips, and jumps into the feat.

Then, as by chance her eyes around the bore,
She fees one come on foot, whose arms refound,
With anger and compel he blow'd all o'er,
When him the fon of Duke Amone found:
He than his life low'd and defir'd her more;
As crane the faulcon, the him scorn'd and fhun'd:
Time was, that more than death she was his hate;
Then the low'd him: now each had chang'd their fate.

This by two fountains had performed been,
Whose waters different effects infpire;
Tho' to each other near, both in Ardenn:
One fills the heart with amorous defire,
Who t'other drinks, does free from love remain,
And changes all to ice the former fire:
Rinaldo tafted one: by love he dies:
T'other Angelica: with hate she flies.

That liquor with a secret bane enued,
Which into hatred changes am'rous care,
Caufed the maid, who had Rinaldo view'd,
O'er her bright eyes a fudden darknes wear.
With trembling voice, and viilage fad, fhe fued
To Sacripant, and him conjur'd with pray'r,
That, 'till this warrior came, he would not fly;
But, that together, they might fly away.

Am I then, faid the Saracino, am I
So very little then in your efteem!
That me you judge not of ability
Sufficient, to defend you againft him?
Albracca's fights efcape your memory!
Me and that night to have forgot you feem!
What time you found me naked with this arm,
'Gainft Agrican's whole camp your shield from harm.

She anfwers not, and knows not what to do,
For that Rinald approach'd too near her flight;
Who does the Saracino with threats perfue,
When he perceives the speed and fees the knight:
And that angelic face he alfo knew,
Which in his heart the am'rous flame did light:
That, which fell out, betrivit these warriors bold,
I here referve, to be next canto told.
CANTO II.

1. LOVE most unjust, why dost thou choose to make,
   So seldom correspondent our desire?
   Perfidious! whence dost thou such pleasure take,
   To see two hearts discord of amorous fire?
The sate and easy ford I must forfake,
   And to the dark, and dang'rous depths retire;
   From her that loves me, you would me remove,
   And her, that hates, have me adore and love.

2. You made Angelic to Rinald seem bright,
   When he to her disfarteful did appear:
   He hated her, could not endure her sight,
   When he to her seem'd amiable and rare:
   Now he afflicts himself with scourge of spite,
   So like to like each has vexation's share:
   She shuns him now, with so intence a hate,
   Rather than yield to him, she'd yield to fate.

3. Rinaldo to the Pagan, with much pride,
   Call'd loudly out, Villain, my horse dismount:
   To lofe what's mine I am not us'd t'abide,
   He that attempts it, dearly must account:
   And from you I'll the damsel take beside,
   To leave her with you would to fault amount:
   A horse so perfect, a so worthy dame,
   Would ill be suited with a thief's vile name.

4. To say that I'm a thief, you yourself lye,
   Reply'd the Saracin, no leis elate;
   Who call'd you thief, would speak the truth thereby,
   As fame itself most truly does relate.
   Now shall the proof be, whether you or I,
   More worthy are the nymph and horse to get:
   Thou' as to her, with you I well agree,
   Nothing on earth so worthy is, as she.

5. As two fierce dogs war with each other wage,
   Whether by envy or some malice led,
   Grinding their teeth come nearer to engage,
   With fquinting eye, than coals of fire more red,
   Then to their biting fall, and burn with rage,
   With snarling rough and backs up bristled;
   So to their swords, from scolding and from shame,
   He of Claremont, and the Circassian, came.
6. Canto horfe or Credete, che 'hia il Saracín vantaggio? Non ve n'ha però alcun; che cofi vole
Forfe anchor men, ch'un inefterto paggio;
Che'l deftrier per il vento naturale
Non vele far al suo signor oltraggio;
Ne con man ne con feròn potea il Circaffo
Parlo à volontà fua mover mai paffo.

7. Quando crede cacciarlo, egli s'arresa,
E fe tenterò volere, è corrè, è trota;
Poi sotto il petto fi caccia la testa;
Giuoca di schiende, e mena calci in frota.
Vedendo il Saracín, eh'do dar quella
Belfia fuperba era mal tempo allatta,
Ferma la man sì'l primo arcione, e s'alza,
E dal finifto feiano in piedi balza.

8. Scioltò che fu il Pagan con leggier falto
Da l'offinita furia di Baiardo;
Si vide cominciarc ben degno affatto
Un pari di cavalier tanto gagliardo:
Suona l'un brando, e l'altro, or baffo, or alto;
Il martel di Vulcano era più tardo
Ne la flelona affumicata, dove
Batte a l'incude i folgori di Giove.

9. Fanno or con lunghi, ora con finti e scarfi
Colpe veder, che maftri fon dei giuoco.
Or li vedi ire altieri; or rannicchiarsi;
Ora coprirfi, ora moftrarfi un poco,
Ora crescevì inanzi, ora ritirarsi;
Ribatter colpi, & feppio lor dar loco;
Girarsi intorno, e donde l'uno cede,
L'altro ha posto immannentemente il piede.

10. Ecco Rinaldo con la fpaดา addofso
A Saaripante tutto s'abbandona.
E quel perge lo fuodo, che era d'offo,
Con la piaiftra d'acciar temprata, è buona.
Taggial Fuftera, ancor che molto groffo;
Ne gome la ferfita, e ne rifuono.
L'offo, e l'acciar ne va, che par di ghiaccio;
E lascia al Saracín fiordito il braccio.

11. Come vide la timida donzella
Dal fiero colpa uleaf tanta ruina,
Per gran timor cangio la faccia bella,
Qual' il reò ch'ài supplico s'avvicina:
Ne le par, che vi fia da tardar, s'ella
Non vual di quel Rinaldo offer rapina,
Di quel Rinaldo, ch'ella tanto odiava,
Quanto efo lei miferamente amava.

12. On horfe, 'gainft him on foot, perhaps you guefs,
The Saracín great 'vantage did enjoy?
However none he had, for he was lefs
In prows, than an unexperienc'd boy:
Since th' horfe did infinit natural poftics,
Nor would he to his master give annoy,
Nor could the Pagan, with his Spurs or hand,
Force him to move, obedient to command.

7. He'd stand flockstill, when to move onward preft,
And, when pull'd in, would trot and forward go:
Then sudden caft his head down to his breast,
Sport with his flank, furious his heels would throw:
The Saracín, who faw, to tame this beast
So obstinate, the time would not allow,
Fixing his hand upon the saddle, rofe,
From the near fide himfelf on foot he throws.

8. Freed, as the Pagan was, with nimble vault,
From furious Baiard's temper obstinate;
Now there began a terrible affault
Betwixt a pair of knights, in war fo great:
Each fword refounds by turns, now low, now alt,
Not Vulcan's hammer moves fo fwin a rate,
Within the foaky cavern's dark retreat,
Where, on his avil, he Jove's thunder beat.

9. Now with a long, now feign'd, now sparing blow
Themselves demonftrate matters of the art:
Now they fand proudly up, and now ftoop low,
Themselves they cover now, now fhew in part:
Now they rufh forward, now they backward go,
Beat back the blows, oft from their spot they ftart;
They wheel around, and where the one gives place,
T'other does infantly his footfeps trace.

10. Rinald, his fword over his shoulders thrown,
Now at the Pagan gives a total loofe;
And he extends his shield, compos'd of bone,
Cover'd with fteel, temper'd fo well for fce;
Fuberta cuts it, tho' fo thick: a groan
The forest gives, and echoes does produce;
Brttle, as ice, the bone and fteel were cleft,
And fore the Pagan's arm benumb'd was left.

11. Soon as the damfel faw, with fad despair,
The ruin, which the deadly stroke had made,
By fright fo great, was chang'd her vilage fair,
Like criminal, to execution led:
Nor was it time, for her to tarry there;
She did to be Rinald's pris'ner dread;
Of this Rinald, whom she in hatred bore,
No lefs, than hapfefs he did her adore.
Volta il cavallo, e ne la selva folta
Lo caccia per un aforo, e stretto calle,
E seppio il viso smorto addietro volta,
Che le par che Rinaldo abbia alle spalle:
Fuggendol non avea fatto via molta,
Che s'entrò un Eremita in una valle,
C'aveva lunga la barba a mezzo il petto
Devoto, e venerabile d'aspetto.

Da gli anni, e dal digiuno attenuato
Sopra un leuto afnel se ne veniva,
E parea più, ch'alun fosse mai stato,
Di coftienza scrupulosa, e schiava.
Com'egli vide il viso delicato
De la donzella, che sopra gli arrivava;
Debil quantunque, e mal gagliarda fosse,
Tutta per calità fe gli commoaffe.

La donna al fraticel chiede la via,
Che la conduca ad un porto di mare;
Perchè levar di Francia si vorria
Per non udire Rinaldo nominare.
Il frate, che sapèa negromanzia,
Non cessa la damnella confortare,
Che presò la trarrà d'ogni periglio;
Et ad una sua tasca di di piango.

Trattene un libro, e mostrò grande effetto
Che legger non fini la prima faccia;
Ch'uscir fa un spirito in forma di valetto,
E gli commanda quanto vuol, che faccia.
Quel se ne va da la fruitora affretto
Dove i due cavalieri à faccia à faccia
Eran nel bosco, e non flavano al rezzo;
Fra quali entrò non grande audacia in mezzo.

Per cortesia, disse, un di voi mi mostrè,
Quando anco uscida l’altro, che gli voglia:
Che merto avette à le fatiche vofpre,
Finita che tra voi sia la battaglia:
Se'l Conte Orlando senza liti, o giortre,
O senza pur aver rotta una maglia,
Versa Parigi mena la donzella,
Che o’ha condotti à quella pugna fella?

V’è un miglio ha ritrovato Orlando,
Che ne va con Angelica à Parigi,
Di voi ridendo infieme, e mettiggiano,
Che senza frutto alcun flate in litigi.
Il miglio forse vi farà be o, quando
Non son più lungi, a seguir loro vezgi,
Che s’in Parigi Orlando la pus avvε,
Non ve la lufcia mai più rivedere.

Her horse she turns, to the thick forest took,
And drives him thro' a narrow rugged path,
And often flares behind, with pallid look:
And thinks, Rinald tis at her shoulders hath.
Ere she by flight that place had long forlook,
She met a hermit, in a vale beneath,
With a long beard, which hung down to his breast,
Whose awful aspect she devoutly exprest.

By length of years and constant fafting lean,
He slowly came, riding upon an ass,
And seem'd, as if such other ever had been,
So strict, of conscience scrupulous he was:
Soon as he had the lovely vilage seen
Of the sweet lady, who did tow'rs him pas,
How'er reduce'd and feebles he might be,
He felt concern for her, in charity.

The damsel now does of her road inquire,
That to some haven led upon that shore;
As to leave France she now did much desire,
And thereby hear Rinaldo's name no more:
Well skill'd in negromancy was the fry'r,
And, to the damsel, comfort ne'er gives o'er,
That he from danger her would soon convey,
Then on his wallet he his hand did lay.

From thence a book he drew, and shew'd its worth;
For ere he finish'd reading the first page,
A spright, in form of valet, came on earth,
And he, with his commands, did him engage:
Bound by the sacred writing, he goes forth;
Where the two knights each other face'd in rage,
And were well warm'd with action in the wood,
There he betwixt them with great boldness stood.

Oblige me, one of ye, said he, and shew,
What t'would avail, were either of you slain?
And what reward your labours have, or you,
When from the combat ye remove again?
Since Count Orlando, without strike or blow,
Nor does his coat of mail one bruise sustain,
To Paris now the damsel leads away,
That has conducted you to bloody fray.

I met Orland, from hence about a mile,
With Angelic, for Paris on the way;
Prattling of you, they did together smile,
That ye so fruitless, in contention lay:
Now, sure it would be better worth your while
To trace their footsteps, ere they farther stray:
For if with her Orland in Paris be,
He'll never more permit you, her to see.
You might have seen the knights confus'd with shame,
Dumb-founded, at this messenger, forlorn,
Eyelefs and senselefs each to bear his name,
And that their rival had them fo in scorn:
But brave Rinaldo to his courier came,
With sighs, which seem'd from fire to have been born,
And with great fury and disclaim did swear,
If he could find Orland, his heart he'd tear.

Directly moves tow'rds where Baiardo stay'd,
Leaps on him, and full speed away does fly;
Nor does he once the knight, left in the glade,
Invite behind him, or bid him, Good-b'w'ye:
The horfe courageous tears, in ruin laid
All in his way, by's lord spurr'd eagerly;
Nor could the fos, the river, stone or ipine
Make the proud palfrey from his course decline.

Permit me, Sir, what seems fo strange, explain,
Rinaldo should fo soon his horfe approach,
Whom many days he had perfu'd in vain,
Of whom he never could the bridle touch:
The horfe, endued with intellect humane,
Not viciously, made him perfu'e fo much,
Would guide his lord, whither the damfel went,
As he had heard, what would his with content.

When she away from the pavilion flew,
He saw her, and took notice of her trace,
For that the faddle empty was, he knew,
As then the cavalier difmounted was
To meet a baron, bold in combat, who
With him, in arms, fo fierce bore equal place:
After from far, he on her footsteps went,
In his lord's hands to place her, eager bent.

Defirous him to lead, where she was gone,
'Thro' the great wood before him went about,
Nor suffer'd him the faddle get upon,
For fear, that he should take another route:
By him Rinald the damfel's path was shewn
More times than one, but no successe turn'd out:
For first Ferrau had with him interfer'd,
Next the Circassian, as you just have heard.

Now the falsc spirit, who Rinald had shew'd
Of the nymph's footsteps a fallacious beat,
Baiardo believ'd, and steadilily he flood,
As he was wont to serve, with temper sweet:
Him Rinald drives, by rage and love subdu'd,
Direct for Paris with the utmost heat:
And flies with such intenfe desire, that flow
The wind would seem, much more the horfe does flow.
Canto 2.

24. La notte a pena di seguir rimane
Per affrontarsi col Signor d'Anglane,
Tanta ha creduto a le parole vane.
Del messaggi del cauto negromante:
Non essa cavalar fera, e dimane,
Che vi vede apparir la terra avante,
Dove Re Carlo roto, e mal condotto
Con le reliquie sue s'era ridotto.

25. E perché dal Re d'Africa battaglia,
Ed affèdio v'aspetta, ufo gran cura
A raccor buona gente, e vettuaglia,
Far cavamenti, e riparar le mura.
Ciò ch'a dista spera, che gli voglia,
Senza gran differir tutto procura:
Penfa mandare in Inghilterra, e trarne
Gente, onde possa un nuovo campo farne.

26. Che vuol uscir di nuovo à la campagna,
E ritentar la forte de la guerra.
Spaccia Rinaldo subito in Bretagna
Bretagna che fu poi detta Inghilterra:
Ben de l'andata il Paladìn si lagna;
Non, c'abbia cosi in odio quella terra;
Ma perché Carlo il manda allora allora,
Ne pur la lascia un giorno far dimora.

27. Rinaldo mai di ciò non fece meno
Volentier cosa, poi che fu disfòlo
Di gir cercando il bel viso sereno,
Che gli avea il cor di mezzo il petto sotto.
Ma per ubbidir Carlo nondimeno
A quella via si fu subito vola;
Ed à Calèffe in poche ore trovò;
E giunto, il di medefimo imbarcò.

28. Contra la volontà d'ogni nocchiero
Pel gran desir, che di tornare avea,
Entro nel mar, ch'era turbato e fiero,
E gran procella minacciar parea.
Il vento si segno; che da l'altiero
Sprenzar si vide; e con tempesta rea
Sollevò il mar intorno, e con tal rabbia,
Che lo mandò à bagnar fino à la gabbia.

29. Calano tosto i marinari accorti
Le maggior vele; e pensano dar volta;
E ritornar ne gli incelenmen porti,
Donde in mal punto avean la nave sciolta.
Non convien, dice il vento, ch'io comproli
Tanta licenzia, che vi aspetta tolta;
E soffia, e grida, e naufragia minaccia,
S'altrove van, che doves egli li caccia.

30. Till night, in toil to follow her he went,
Against the Lord Anglant himself t'oppose;
To the vain words such credence he had lent,
The Negromancer's vassal did propose:
To gallop on by day and night intent,
Till to his fight that land before him rose,
Where good King Charles, by fortune sad ly us'd,
Was, with his poor remains of force, reduc'd.

25. And as, from Afric's King, he battle new,
And fiege expects, he us'd his utmost care
To get up pow'ful troops, and vi'itals too:
To dig intrenchments, and the walls repair:
All, that he hopes for his defence might do,
Without the least delay, he does prepare:
He thinks to send to England, and obtain
Forces, whereby to form a new campaign.

26. Again he is to take the field intent,
Again to try the chance of war he aim'd,
Rinaldo sudden he to Britain sent,
Britain, which afterward was England nam'd:
The embassy Rinaldo did lament,
Not that dislike he of the country fram'd,
But that by Charles he is so pref'd away,
And not allow'd to tarry there a day.

27. Rinaldo never did with more distress
Perform a thing, for now he must remove
From searching after that celestial face,
Which had his very heart inflam'd with love:
But, to obey the King, nevertheless
To take his journey suddently he strove:
To get to Calais but few hours he spent,
On the same day into a vessel went.

28. Against each mariner's persuasion,
From earnest wish he had of getting back,
A sea he enters, fierce in motion,
Which did with tempest threaten them to wreck:
The wind disdaining by this haughty one
To see itself despis'd, with fury black
Hoisted the waves around, and them did cast
With so much rage, they wash'd the topmofl mast.

29. Hafty the sailors, well vers'd in the main,
The main fail lower, think to vere about;
And to return into the port again,
From whence they had unhappily set out:
It suits not, said the wind, that I suffain
The infolence of your intended route:
He puffs, he roars, threats shipwreck if they move
To any course, but that to which he drove.

D 2
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Cantò z.

30.

Cruel he now the poop, now cordage plies
Without cessation, but still gaining force;
With lower'd sail, here, there, the crew now tries
To tack about, and o'er the ocean course:
But as from various threads I want supplies,
That I may finish my command'd discourse,
I leave Rinaldo's agitated prow,
And of his Bradamant to talk, I go.

31.

I speak of that renown'd and valiant Lafs,
By whom King Sacripient to earth was flung,
Who of this Lord the worthy sister was;
From Amon's Duke and Beatrice they sprung:
Not left the Emp'ror, than all France did please
Of her the courage vast, and power strong,
As she by many an empire was known
To equal brave Rinaldo in renown.

32.

With her enamour'd was a cavalier,
Who came from Afric with King Agramant;
Whom did bring forth from seed of good Ruggier
The daughter desperate of Agolant:
And she, not born of lion fierce or bear,
Disdain'd not to fuch lover favour grant,
Tho' it by fate but once allow'd had been,
They to each other spake, but once had seen.

33.

From thence now Bradamante travel'd on,
Seeking her love, who bore his father's name:
As well secure, tho' she was quite alone,
As if a thousand troops to guard her came:
And, as she had Circassia's King beat down,
The face of mother earth to kings with shame,
Travers'd a wood, then to a mount she goes,
At length came where a lovely fountain rofe.

34.

This fountain gently thro' a mead did glide,
With venerable trees, and shade so fair,
To thofe, who pafs'd, a murmur sweet supply'd,
To drink inviting, and to fojourn there:
A cultivated hill, on the left side
Defended from meridian heat the air:
Soon as she hither turn'd her lovely sight,
The blooming maid near her perceiv'd a knight.

35.

This Knight, beneath the shadow of a thorn,
Upon the bank ting'd yellow, red, green, white,
Was seated pensive, silent, and forlorn,
Near to the limpid stream, as crystal bright:
Not far his shield and helm were pendent, borne
Upon a beech, to which a horse was ty'd:
By his moist eyes and visage so cast down,
The broken and afflicted mind was shown.
Canto 2.

That fond desire, which is in ev’ry heart,
Ever to seek the news of other’s state,
Made, of the cavalier’s apparent aim,
The damsel ask, he would the cause relate:
He openly the story did impart,
So mov’d by her, and with her courteous chat,
And by her semblance lofty, at first look,
Her, for one skill’d in arms, a warrior, took.

And thus began: My Lord, I did command
Some horse and foot, which I to th’ field did take:
Where our King Charles Marsiliius did withstand,
In his march o’er the hills, his force to break;
A beautiful young nymph I there retain’d:
Who in my breast the fire of love did make;
And an arm’d man I near Rodonna beheld,
Who a wing’d courfer in a bridle held.

Soon as the thief, whether he mortal was,
Or else a horrid and infernal sprite,
Caft his eyes on my dear and lovely luvs,
As when to pounce the falcon swift does light,
He drops, soars in a moment, and does pais
His hands across the way, takes her in flight;
Not yet of the assault appriz’d was I,
Till of the maid aloft I heard the cry.

So the rapacious kite is us’d to thieve
The miserable chick from near its hen,
Who, of her overflight, does after grieve;
In vain the squalls, clucks after her in vain:
Of one that flew, could I the track retrieve,
’Twixt mountains and a barren rock shut in?
My tired horse could scarce a step get on,
Midst rugged ways, and o’er fatigueful stone.

But now like one, who would have felt less pain
To have beheld my heart torn from my breast,
I let my soldiers on their road remain;
So went without a guide or friend, distrest:
O’er rocky, lonely hills my track was ta’en,
And, love conducing me, I forward preft
Towards that place this rav’rous wretch might seem,
My peace and comfort to convey with him.

Six days I travel’d on, by morn, by night,$
O’er rocks, o’er promontories dreary, dread;
Of road, of beaten path, obtain’d no sight,
Not leaft appearance of a human tread:
Then on a wild and gloomy vale I light,
With cliffs surrounded, with dark caverns spread,
Which in the middle had a castle there,
Upon a mountain high, of texture fair.
Da lungi par, che come fiamma luoti,
Ne sia di terra cota, ne di marvi.
Come piu m'avvicina a i nudi luoti,
L'opra piu bella, e piu mirabil parmi:
E seppi poi, come i demoni industri
Da fufunghi tratti, e sacri carmi
Tutto d'acciaio eave un tale bel leo,
Temprato ad onda, ed a lo fligio foco.

Di sì forbito acciar luce ogni torre,
Che non vi puo nè rugine, nè macchia.
Tutto il pace giorno, e notte giorno,
E poi là dentro il riva ladrone immaccia.
Cosa non ha ripar, che veglia torre,
Sol dietro in van se gli be hiện mia, e grachia;
Quivi la donna, anzi il mio cuor mi tiene,
Che di mai ricovrar lafcio ogni fpena.

Ah! lasso, che posfo piu, che mirare
La rocca lungi, on'el mio ben m'è chiuso?
Come la volpe, che'l figlio gridare
Nel nido oda de' l'aquila di giufo,
S'aggira intorno, e non fa che sì fare,
Poi che l'ali non ha da gir la fuo:
Ero se quel sasso fé, tale è il castello;
Che non vi puo salir chi non è augello.

Mentre io tardava quivi, eco venire
Duo cavalier, e'aveu per guida un nano;
Che la speranza aggiungeva al desir,
Ma ben fu la speranza, e il desir vano:
Ambi erano guerrier di jommo ardire;
Era Gradasso fun, Re Sericano;
Era l'altro Ruggier, giovine forte,
Pregiato affai ne l'Africa corte.

Vengo, mi diffe il nano, per far prova
Di lor virtù col Sir di quel castello?
Che per via frana inuistata, e nova
Cavalca armato il quadrupede augello.
Deh Signor, dis'io loro, pieta vi nova
Del duro capo mio, fpetiato, e fello:
Quando, come ho speranza, vesi uinclate,
Vi prego la mia donna mi rendiate.

E come mi fu tolta, lor narrai,
Con lagnirme affermando il dolor mio;
Quei (lor merce) mi preferiro affai,
E giu calora il poggio alpefbre, e rio.
Di lontan la battaglia io riguardai,
Pregando per Ia lor vittoria affai:
Era fatto il castel tanto di piano,
Quanto in due volte si puo tirar con mano.

Which at a distance seem'd to shine like flame,
Of neither brick, nor marble 'twas prepar'd;
The walls magnificent, as near I came,
Of wonderful and richest make appear'd;
By active demons, as I learnt by fame,
With sacred verse and fumigation rear'd,
Who this fine place with steel encompass'd have,
Temper'd amidst the Stygian fire and wave.

With steel so polish'd ev'ry tower shone,
Not susceptible of a spot or rust;
Along the country night and day he run,
At length himself therein the villain thrust:
There's no defence, all things he seized on,
In vain by people he is scolded, curst;
There he my nymph, heart rather, does detain;
And I've no hope of getting her again.

Alas! what can I more do, than epy
The rock, wherein my love's in bondage prest?
But as the fox, who hears her young one cry,
Which is just carry'd to the eagle's nest,
Because she has no wings to mount on high,
Around she tramples, how to act diff'rent:
So fleep the ground, the cattle of such fort,
No creature, but a bird, can there refort.

While here I tarried, came two cavaliers,
Who had a dwarf, to serve them for a guide:
They eager hope adjoint'd with their desires;
But their desires and hopes all vain subsist:
Both warriors were, whom lofty courage fires;
Gradafs, who did o'er Serican preside;
Ruggier the other; youth so powerful deem'd,
And in the court of Afric much esteem'd.

They, as the dwarf inform'd me, came to prove
Their bravery against this castle's lord;
Who, with unual means and strange, did rove,
Mounted in arms, on a four-footed bird:
My lords, to them said I, let pity move
Of the hard cafe so piteous I've endure'd!
When you shall conquer, as I hope ye may,
My darling lafs restore to me, I pray.

Then, how from me she taken was, relate,
Confirming, with my tears, my real wea;
They, thank 'em for it, made me promise great;
Then up the difmal, craggy cliff they go:
At distance I the battle, watchful, wait;
Pray'd God on them the victory bestow:
Near to the castle was a plain below,
Which was at distance about two flones throw.
Canto 2.  

**ORLANDO FURIOSO.**  

48.  
Poi che fur giunti à pie de l’alta roca,  
L’una, e l’altro volea combatter prima;  
**Pur à Gradasso, o fofo forte, tocca,**  
O pur, che non ne fe Ruggier più fàma.  
**Quel Sericano fe pone il corno à boca ;**  
Rimbombà il fgetto, e la fortèzza in cima:  
**Ecco apparire il cavalier armato**  
Fuor de la porta, s’èl cavallo alato.  

49.  
Cominciò a poco à poco indì à tevarse,  
Come fuol far la peregrina graue;  
**Che corre prima, e poi vegghjato alzarfa**  
A la terra vicina un braccio, à dixe;  
E quando tutte fino à l’aria fparse,  
**Velocissime mugrava l’ale fue.**  
**Si ad alto il Negromante batte l’ale,**  
Ch’à tanta altezza à pena aquila fale.  

50.  
Quando gli parve poi, volse il deftriero;  
**Che chiufé i vanni, e venne à terra à piumbo,**  
**Come cafa dal ciel falton mantiero,**  
**Che levar veghia l’anitra, à colombo,**  
Con la lancia arrefiata il cavalier  
**L’aria fendendo vien d’orribil rombo:**  
**Gradasso à pena del calor s’avvede,**  
Ché fe la fente addaffo, ché le fiede.  

51.  
**Sopra Gradasso il majo l’afta roppé ;**  
Ferì Gradasso il vento, e l’aria vana,  
**Per questo il volator non interroppè**  
Il batter l’ale, e quindi s’allontana.  
**Il grave fcontento fei che fparì le grappe**  
Sul verde prato à la gagliarda Alfiana,  
**Gradasso avea una Alfiana la pis bella,**  
E la miglior, che mai portaffa fella.  

52.  
Sin’ à le felle il volator trascorfe,  
Indi girofì, e tornò in fretto al baffe,  
E pecoffe Ruggier, che non f’accorfe,  
Ruggier, che tutto intento era à Gradasso :  
**Ruggier del grave colpo si disforsì,**  
**E l’fuo deftriero piu rinculo d’un passo ;**  
E quando fi voltò per lui ferire,  
Da fe lontano il vide al ciel falire.  

53.  
Or sì Gradasso, or sì Ruggier percote  
Ne la fronte, nel petto, e ne la febiena,  
E le botte di quel l’ajfa ogni vate,  
**Perché à fi preffe, che fi vede à pena.**  
Girando va con spaziafo rote,  
E quando à l’un accenna, à l’altro mena ;  
**A l’un, e à l’altro gli occhi abbarbaglia,**  
Che non po’ma veder, donde gli affoglia.  

54.  
Soon as they came up to the castle’s base,  
The combat’s lead each was inclin’d to take:  
**It prov’d Gradasso, or as his lot it was,**  
**Or else Ruggiero light of it did make :**  
**His horn the Sericano t’ his mouth did place,**  
The rock, the fortrefs, to the top did make:  
At once the armed cavalier appears,  
Out of his gate on his wing’d horse he rears.  

48.  
Who by degrees begins to mount on high,  
Juft as the wand’ring crane is us’d to do,  
**First runs along, then rises up to fly,**  
Near to the earth, about a yard or two,  
Then her full wings expanding in the sky,  
**An infinite velocity does shew :**  
The Negromant aloft so beats his wings,  
**To fuch a height fiercely the eagle springs.**  

50.  
When he thought fit, he turns his horse around,  
**Who shuts his wings, and plumb to earth drops down,**  
As froots the manag’d falcon to the ground,  
**When he efpies the duck or dove juft flown:**  
Cleaving the air, the knight, with rumbling found,  
**With lance prepar’d to give the stroke, comes on :**  
**Gradasso was scarce appriz’d, he dropt fo low,**  
Before he heard him near, and felt the blow.  

51.  
Upon him the Magician broke his fpear,  
Gradasso beat the wind and air in vain,  
**For this the flier don’t his course forbear,**  
**But beat his wings and thence retir’d again :**  
**This fierce encounter made the gallant mare**  
Sink on her hips upon the verdant plain :  
**Gradasso’s mare was an Alfiana stout,**  
**Largest and beft, e’er under faddle fought.**  

52.  
This flier to the very stars does bear,  
Thence wheels about, and turns to swift decent:  
He fmores Ruggiero, not of him aware,  
**Ruggiero on Gradasso all intent ;**  
The heavy blow made him distorted stale,  
**And many paces his horse backward went ;**  
**When to return the blow, he leapt around,**  
Far from him, in the sky, his foe was found.  

53.  
Now on Gradasso, now Ruggier, he fmores,  
**Upon their forehead, or their back or breeft ;**  
**But all the while their strokes he render’d nought,**  
He fearce was feen, fo quick around he pref’t :  
Rowling along with fuch a circling route,  
**To one he points, at t’other strokes in haste,**  
And one, and t’other’s eyes he dazzles fo,  
**They cannot see from whence still comes the foe.**
54.
Fra due guerrieri in terra, ed uno in cielo
La battaglia durò fin a quell' ora;
Che spieghando pel mondo ogn' uno vole
Tutte le belle cose disfiora.
Fu quel ch'io dice, e non voggiungo un pelo,
Io'l vidi, io'l do; ne m'Affiero ancora
Di dirlo altrui; che queste maraviglia
Al sasso, più ch'al ver si rassimiglia.

55.
D'un bel drappo di seta avea coperto
Lo scudo in braccio il cavalier celeste.
Come avesse, non so, tanto sofferto
Di tenerlo nascondo in quella voce;
Ch'immantinente, che lo mojtrà aperto,
Forza è; ch'il mira abbarbagliato resti,
E cada, come corpo morte cade,
E venga al negromante in potestade.

56.
Splende lo scudo a guifa di pirope,
E luce altra non è tanto lucente:
Cadere in terra a lo splendor fu d'uspo
Con gli occhi abbacinati, e senza mente.
Perde da lungi anch'io li sen/ì, e dopo
Gran spazio mi riebbi finalmente:
Né più i guerrier, né più vidi quel nano;
Ma voto il campo, e scuro il monte, e il piano.

57.
Pensai per questo, che l'incantatore
Avesse amendui colti a un tratto insieme;
E tolto per virtù de lo splendore
La libertade à loro, ed à me la freme.
Così à quel loco, che chiuide il mio core,
Diffi partendo le parole eftreme;
Or giudicate s'altra pena via,
Che caufi amor, può pareggiar la mia.

58.
Ritornò il cavalier nel primo duolo
Fatta che ne'bbè la cagion palesi:
Questo era il Conte Pinabel figliuolo
D'Anfelm d'Altaripa Maganze\f
Che tra sua gente scele\erata solo
Leale effer non volse, né corte\e,
Ma ne li vitti abominandi, e brutti
Non pur gli altri adeguò, ma passò tutti.

59.
La bella donna con diverso aspetto
Stette afo\endo il Maganze\f cheta:
Che come prima di Ruggier fu detto,
Nel viso si mostrò più che mai lieta:
Ma quando senti poi, ch'era in disfretto,
Turbofi tanta d'amorosa pieta,
Ne per una, o due volte contento\e,
Che ritornato à replicar le fose.

54.
'Twixt the two knights on earth, and him i' th' air,
The battle lasted, even to that hour,
Which of their hue divests all objects fair,
Over the world spreading its veil obscure:
'Twas as I tell, I do not add a hair,
I saw it, know it, yet am not secure,
Should I this wonder to another shew,
Percance he'd judge it more like false than true.

55.
Rich drapery of silk cover'd the shield,
Which, on his arm, this heavy warrior bore:
I cannot guess, why he so long conceal'd,
Kept it beneath the cov'ring which it wore:
For in the instant, which it is reveal'd,
The looker on is dazzled by its pow'r;
And falls at once, falls like a body dead,
And is the negromancer's pris'ner made.

56.
The shield with luster of a ruby shone,
E'en light itself not so intensely bright:
Before such splendor, all must tumble down,
As well of fenne depriv'd, as of their fign:
I, tho' at so great distance, loft my own;
At length I found myself recover'd quite:
But neither dwarf nor warrior faw again,
Void was the field, obscure the mount and plain.

57.
On this account, the forcer, I thought,
Had, at one effort, both of them caught up;
And, by the virtue of that splendor, got
From them their liberty, from me my hope:
So, to this place, wherein my heart was shut,
I bid a last adieu, and thence elope:
Now judge, if ever torment, caus'd by love,
E'er fo severe, equal to mine can prove.

58.
The knight return'd into his former moan,
Soon as the caufe of it he did express:
This lover was Count Pinabel, the son
Of Altarive's Anfelm, a Maganzan:
Who 'mongst his wicked family, alone,
Cour'd or honesty would ne'er profefs,
But in their vice abominable, bafe,
Not only equal'd, but did all surpafs.

59.
The lovely maid, with often-alter'd look,
The tale of the Maganzan quiet heard;
But, loon as e'er he of Ruggiero spoke,
More cheerful than before, her face appear'd:
But am'rous pity all her bosom shook,
Soon as the found him in diftres declar'd:
Nor would she, once or twice, contented be,
With repetition of this history.
Canto 2.

60.
E poi ch' al fin le parve efferne chiaro,
Gli disse: Cavalier datti riposo;
Che ben può la mia giunta efferi cara,
Parerti questo giorno avventuroso.
Andiam pur tasso a quella stanza avara,
Che fi ricco teftor ci tiene afofo;
Ne fpefa fara in van quella fatica,
Se fortuna non m' e troppo nemica.

61.
Rispose il cavaller, Tu vuoi ch' io paffi
Di nuovo i monti, e meftriti la via?
A me molto non e perder i paffi
Perduta avendo ogni altra cofa mia.
Ma tu per balze, e ruinofi fassi
Cerci entrar in prigione; e cofi fia,
Non bai di che dolierti di me poi;
Ch' io tel predico, e tu pur gir vi vuoi.

62.
Cosi dice egli, e torna al fuo deftriero,
E di quella animofa fi fa guida;
Che fi mette a periglio per Ruggiero,
Che la pigli del quale, e d' che l'ancida.
In quello ecco a le spalle il messaggero,
Che, Aspetta, aspetta, a tutta voce grida;
Il messaggero, da chi il Circafo intese,
Che difce fu, ch' a l'erba lo diffe.

63.
A Bradamante il messaggero novella
Di Mompolieri, e di Narbona porto,
Ch' alzato gli flendardi di castella
Avean con tutto il loro d' Aquamorta;
E che Marsilia, non v' essendo quella,
Che la dova guardar, mal fi conforta,
E configno, e foccorfo le domanda
Per questo messo, e fe le raccomanda.

64.
Questa cittade, e intorno a molte miglia
Ciò che fra Varo, e Rodano al mar fede;
Avea l' Imperator dato a la figlia
Del Duca Aman, in c' avea fpenne, e fede;
Perch' el suo valor con maraviglia
Riguardar fuol, quando armeggiar la vede:
Or, com' io dico, a dimandar aiuto
Quel messo da Marsilia era venuto.

65.
Tra fi, e nol la giouane foprefa
Di voler ritornar dubita un poco.
Quindi fonore, e il debitto le fefo,
Quindi l' inculca l'amorofo fco.
Fermati al fin di seguitar l'imprefa,
E trar Ruggier di l' inamata loco;
E quando fua virtu non poffa tanto,
Amon refiargli prigionera a canto.

66.
And when, at length, it clear to her did seem,
Sir Knight, said she, you now may be at rest:
This interview you happy may efeem,
And judge this day by fortune has been blef:
This rich and hidden treafure to redeem,
Let's to this greedy spot, that holds it, hafe;
Nor flall we bootlefs fuch our pain beflow
If fortune should not prove too much my foe.

61.
The knight reply'd, 'To have me go you choose,
To show the way, again thofe hills be croft:
To me it matters not my journey lofe,
I, who already ev'ry thing have loft;
But you, o'er rocks and horrid cliffs, difpo
defelf Yourself, to feek a prifon; if you muft,
Lay not on me, henceforth, your caufe of we, 
As I foretel, yet you're refolv'd to go.

62.
Thus having faid, he turns his horse about,
Of this brave damelf to become the guide,
Who for Ruggier to hazard now lets out
That from the forc'rer death or chains betide;
But now a messenger, behind, her fought,
Who, Stay! ho, flay! with loudeft holla, cry'd:
That messenger, whence the Circas had known,
That this was she, who him had overthrown.

63.
To Bradamant this messenger had news,
From Montpellier and Narbon, to report:
The standards of Castella raise'd, he fways,
With thofe upon the coafs of Aquamort:
And that Marsilia, to her presence lofe
Who us'd to guard it, was in evil fort,
For her advice and succour now does fend,
And thus themfelves they to her recommend.

64.
This city, and a many miles beftide,
'Twixt Rodano and Varo near the sea;
The Emperor did to the care confide
Of Amon's daughter, in whom hope had he,
As with alfonfhment he had defcry'd,
When she was arm'd, her valour frequently:
Now, as I told you, to requell her aid,
This Message from Marsilia was convey'd.

65.
'Twixt yes and no, the maid a while fufpends,
There to return, she stands some time in doubt:
Thither her honour and her duty bends,
Elsewhere her amourous torment prompts her out:
At length her emprise to perfue intends,
And get Ruggier from the enchanted spot:
Or, if her valour cannot this obtain,
At leat a pris'ner by his fide remain.
And such excuse she to the message found,
As made him be contented and at rest:
Then for her journey threw her bridle round
With Pinabel, who no delight express'd
As he well knew, that she such lineage own'd,
Which secret he and open did detest:
And now reflected on his future woe,
If him for a Maganze's she should know.

Betwixt Maganza's house and Claramont,
Was ancient hate and enmity intense:
And many times had broke each other's front,
And shed of blood a quantity immense:
And in his heart, for this, the wicked count
Was, to betray th' incautious maid, prepen'd:
Or when it first commodiously fell out,
Leave her alone, and take another route.

And his imagination so inspir'd
His fear and doubt, his native ranc'rous mood,
That unaware he from the way retir'd,
And found himself within a dusky wood:
I' th' midst a mount with naked summit spier'd,
Where at the end a solid rock there stood:
But still the daughter of Dordona's Duke
Behind him was, and never him forsook.

When in the forest got this treach'rous spark,
To rid him of the maid, came to his mind:
He said, Before the sky become more dark,
'Twere best towards some inn the way we find:
Beyond that mountain, if I well remark,
A castle rich there stands, the vale behind:
Do you wait here, while from the naked cliff,
By a look-out, I certify relief.

Thus having spoke, he to the summit high
Of this so lonely mount his horse did chase:
Looking if any road he could defery,
Whereby to rid him of her from his trace:
Of more than thirty ells profoundity,
He, in the rock, finds a cavernous place,
With chisels and pick-axes cut, the stone:
Sink to the right, below a gate was shown.

Down in the bottom was that portal wide,
Which into greater room an entrance gave:
And, as of torch, light came from ev'ry side,
That now was burning 'midst this hilly cave:
Whil're here the villain silent did abide,
Because the fear to lose his path might have,
The lady follow'd him some space behind:
Now, at the cavern, unexpected join'd.
Canto 2.

72. Poi che si vide il traditore uscire
Quel, c'avea prima dissignato, in vano;
O da fiora, o di farla morire
Novo argomento imaginesso, e frario.
Le fe fe incontrò, e su la fe salire
Là, dove il monte era farato, e vano,
E le dife, c'avea visto nel fondo
Una donzella de vita giocando;

73. Ch'abbe sembianti, ed à la ricca vesta
Esser parea di non ignobil grado:
Ma, quanto più potea, turbato e mesla;
Mostrava efferui ch'uffa suo mal grado.
E per faper la condizion di questa
C'avea cominciato à entrar nel guado;
E che era uscito de' l'interno gratta
Un, che dentro à furor l'avea ridotta.

74. Bradamante, che, come era animosa,
Cosi mal cauta, à Pinabel di fede:
E, d'aiutar la donna, diffosa,
Si penfa, come por colà giù il piede.
Ecco d'un almo à la cima frondosa
Volgendo gli occhi, un lungo ramo vede,
E con la fpada quel fubito tranca,
E lo declina giù ne la fpelonca.

75. Dove è tagliato, in man lo raccomanda
A Pinabello, e poftia à quel s'apprende:
Prima giù i pedi di la tana manda,
E sù le braccia tutta fì foprende.
Sorride Pinabello, e le demanda
Come ella falti; e le mani apri, e flende,
Dicendole, Qui foffe teco insieme
Tutti li tuoi, ch'io ne fpegnaifi il feme.

76. Non come volesse Pinabello, avvenne
De l'innocente giovane la forte,
Perchè giù diracca à ferir venne.
Prima nel fono il ramo faldò, e forte.
Ben si prezzo; ma tanto la foffenne,
Che'l suo favor la liberò da morte,
Giaque flordita la donzella alquanto; 
Come io vi seguiro ne l'altro canto.

72. Soon as the traitor had perceiv'd, turn out,
That, which he had at first design'd, quite vain,
From her to get, or bring her death about,
A new and stranger scheme came in his brain:
He met her now, and to ascend besought,
There, where the hill was hollow'd out in twain;
And told her, he had in the bottom seen
A damsel, who was of a jocund mien.

73. Who, by her semblance fine, and splendid vest,
Appear'd to be of no ignoble race:
But much as possible, fad and diftreft,
Seem'd, 'gainft her will, to be fhut in that place:
And that her fate to him might be express'd,
He had began inquiry of her cafe:
And that there came, forth from the grot within,
One, that with fury had compell'd her in.

74. Now Bradamante, ever undifmay'd,
Incautious, does to Pinabel attend:
Eager, the damfel, to afford her aid,
Confiders, how the thither might descend:
Turning her fight towards the leafy glade,
Obferv'd an elm, whose stretch'd-out bough did bend,
Which with her fword immediately the cut,
And down declining to the cavern put.

75. Now the cut part into the hand the gave
Of Pinabel, then took the other end;
Then downward put her feet into the cave,
And by her arms her body does fp fend:
Now smiles the dog in scoff, What leap you have!
He fays, and does his open arms extend,
With, O that you and yours together was!
That thus I might extinguish your whole race!

76. But not, as cruel Pinabel bespoke,
Fell out the fortune of the harmlefs maid:
Because the bough, now tumbling to the rock,
Came to the bottom firft, both ftrong and fliad:
And tho' in pieces wrench'd, her fall fo broke,
It her from death protefted with it's aid;
Altho' a little flunn'd the maid might be,
As, in the follow' wing canto, you fhall fee.
CANTO III.

1. Chi mi dara' la voce, e le parole
   Conveniente a ft nutil soggetto?
Chi l'ale al verso prefiera che voce,
Tanto, ch'arrivi a l alto mio concert?
Molt maggior di quel furor, che fuole,
Ben o convien, che mi riscaldi il petto,
Che questa parte al mio Signor fi debbe,
Cbe canta gli Avi, onde l'origine ebbe:

Di cui fra tutti li Signori illufrri
Dal ciel fortiti à governar la terra,
Non vedii, à Febo, ch'el gran mondo lufrri,
Più gloriosa folpe, à in pace, à in guerra;
Ne che sua nobiltade abbia più lufrri
Servata, e servarà, s'me non erra
Quel profetico lume, ch' ci infpri,
Fin che d'intorno al polo il ciel s'aggiri.

2. E volendone appien dicer gli onori,
Bisognia non la mia, ma quella cetra,
Con che tu, dopo i Giganti furori,
Rendesti grazia al regnator de l'Era.
Se strumenti avrai mai da te migliori
Attì à scolare in cosi degna pietra,
In queste belle imaginì disegno
Porre ogni mia fatirca, ogni mio ingegno.

3. Levando intanto queste prime rudi
Scaglie n'andò con lo scalpello ineto:
Forse, ch'ancor con più folerti studi
Poi ridurro questo lavor perfetto.
Ma ritorniamo à quelle, à cui ne scudi
Potran, ne uferghi affigurar il petto:
Parlo di Pinabello di Maganza,
Che d'uccider la donna ebbe feranza.

4. Il traditor pensò che la donnella
Foss' in atro precipizio morta,
E con pallida faccia laciò quella
Trista, e per lui contaminata, porta;
E tornò presto à rimontare in fella,
E come quel, s'avea l'anima torta,
Per giunger colpa à colpa, e fallo à fallo,
Di Bradamante ne menò el cavallo.

WHO me with voice and diction will supply,
That to my noble subject may prove meet?
Who to my verse lend wings, that it may fly
So swift, to mount up to my grand conceit?
Much greater fire, than hitherto have I,
Is requisite my bosom now to heat,
For to my Lord itself this portion owes,
[flows.
That sings his grand sire, and the fountain, whence he

2. Than whose, amidst all lords adorn'd with praise,
Who have from heav'n of this earth's rule the share,
Thou, Phoebus, feest not in this world's surveys,
A race more glorious, both in peace and war;
Nor, who more ages did their grandeur raiue,
And raiue it yet they will, if does not err
This light prophetick, which inspires me now,
Long as around the poles the heavens go.

3. Studious their honour fully to display,
Not mine so weak, but your bold harp I want,
With which you, when the giants vanquish'd lay,
Did to th' Aetherial King due praises chant:
If ever instruments in better way,
Fit to engrave on such rich stone you grant,
In these rare images, I deem it fit
To use my utmost labour, utmost wit.

4. While from my sculpture each rude fragment flies,
With chisel, tho' unapt, I will proceed;
Perhaps I may with study yet more wise
This labour make more perfectly succeed:
To him let's turn, whose breath by no disguise
Of shield or corslet, is from horror freed:
I speak of Pinabel, the Maganzec
Whom hope the maid to murder so did please.

5. The traitor thought, the damsel was bereft
Of life, within this precipice so great,
And now with vifage pale thro' guilt, he left
This fad, by him contaminated, gate:
And to remount his saddle turns him swift,
And, as he had a soul so vile innate,
To join a crime to crime, and vice to vice,
With Bradamante's horse away he hies.
La stanza quadra, è spaziosa pare
Una devota, e venerabil Chiesa,
Che su colonne alabafrine, e rare
Con bella architettura era fossefa.
Surgera nel mezzo un ben locato altare,
C'avea dinanzi una lampada accesa;
E quella di splendente, e chiaro foco
Rendea gran lume a uno, e a l'altro loco.

Di devota umiltà la donna tocca,
Come si vide in loco sacro, e pio;
Incominciò col core, e con la bocca
Inginocchiata è mandar prieghi a Dio.
Un piccold ufficio intanto erude, e crocchia,
Ch'era all'incontro, onde una donna ufficio
Dignita, e fialaa, e sfole avea le chiome;
Che la donzella faluto per nome.

E diffè, O generosa Bradamante
Non giunta qui senza voler divino;
Di te piu giorni m'ha predetto inante
Il Profeta spirto di Merlino;
Che vifitar le sue reliquie fante
Dovevi per infolito cammino;
E qui fun fiata, accio ch'io ti riveli
Quel ch'han di te gia statuito i celi.

Quella è l'antica, e memorabil grotta,
Ch'edifico Merlino il favio mago;
Che forse ricordare òd talolta,
Dove ingannallo la donna del lago.
Il fepolcro è qui giù, dove corrotta
Giace la carna sua; dov'egli vago
Di foddissfare a lei, che gliel fuasse;
Vivo corcofi, e morto ci rimase.

Col corpo morito il vivo spirto albergo
Sin ch'oda il fuan de l'angelica tromba,
Che del cielo la bandifica, o che ve l'erga
Secondo che farà corvo, o colomba.
Vive la voce, e come chiara emerga,
Udir potrai da la marmorea tomba;
Che le passate, e le future cose,
A chi gli domandi, sempre rispofe,

Let's leave this wretch, who while for other's life
He lays a snare, does his own death procure,
And turn to her, who injur'd by this thief,
At once had sort of death and lepulture:
Soon as she from the flun got some relief,
For 'gainst the rock a stroke she did endure,
She went into the gate, which entrance gave
Into the second and much larger cave.

The grand apartment spacious was and square,
And seem'd a venerable church devout,
Where, upon alabaster columns rare,
The splendid architraves hung richly out:
I' th' midst a lofty altar was fix'd there,
In front a lamp, which cast its light about,
And that with flame so splendid and so clear,
That with its luftre ev'ry part did gare.

Devotion humble did to her impart
The sight of this so holy, sacred place:
And she began, with ardent lips, and heart,
To, on her knees, her pray'rs to God address:
Mean time a little door shriek'd, op'ning hard,
Just facing her, whence did a woman press;
Difhevel'd were her locks, undre&'d, barefoot,
Who did the damsel, by her name, salute.

And said, O Bradamante! great and bold,
You are come hither by the heav'nly will;
Of you to me 't has some time been foretold,
Of Merlin fage, by the prophetick skill,
That you his sacred relics vifit should,
By journey o'er the solitary hill;
And here am I, for your fake, to explain,
That which for you just heaven does ordain.

This is the famous grot, long since rever'd,
That Merlin, the fage forceer, did make:
And you perhaps may heretofore have heard,
How him deceiv'd the damfel of the lake:
His sepulchre here underneath is rear'd,
Where lays his body; as he for her fake
Confent'd, that she shoul her will obtain,
That 'live he'd lay, and dead did there remain.

With his dead corpse his living spirit stays,
Until he hears th'angelic trumpet found,
That him from heav'n will drive, or to it raise,
As he shall be or dove or raven found.
His voice yet lives, and clear itself conveys,
Which from the marble tomb, you'll hear rebound;
For that it past and future does relate
Ever to those, who it interrogate.
12. Pietro Giorni non, ch'è in questo cimiterio
Venni di rimembrarme pace;
Perche cerca il mio studio alto misterio
Mi facefle Merlin meglio pausa;
E perche' ebbi vederti desiderio,
Poi ci son stata oltre il disegno, un mezo;
Che Merlin, che 'l ver sempre mi predisse,
Tornai al venir tua questo di fisce.

Staffa d'Amon la sbogittita figlia
Tacita, e fisfa al ragionar di questa;
Ed ha fi pieno il cor di maraviglia,
Che non fa s'ella dorme, o s'ella è della,
E con rimessa, e vergognose ciglia,
Come quella, che tutta era modesta,
Ripofe, Di che merito son io,
Ch'antidigegnii profeti il venir mio?

13. E lieta de l'infolita avventura
Dietro à la maga subito fu mossa,
Che la conduse à quella fepondita,
Che chiudea di Merlin l'anima, e l'offa,
Era quell'area d'una pietra dura
Lucida, e tersa, e come fiamma rossa,
Tal ch'à la stanza, benchi di fal priva,
Dava splendore il lume, che n'usciva.

14. O che natura fa d'alcuni marmi,
Che muovan l'ombre à guisa di facelle?
O forza pur di sussunghi, e carmi,
E segni impressi à l'offervate stelle,
Come più quell'arca verifinni parmi;
Difopri la splendor piu cofe belle
E di furtura, e di color, ch'intorno
Il venerabil luogo aveano adorno.

15. Appena ba Bradamante da la foglia
Levato il pie à la secreta cella;
Che'l vivo spirito da la morta foglia
Con chiariffima voce la favella:
Favorifca fortuna ogni tua voglia,
O casta, e nobilifima donzella;
Dei cui ventre ufirà il feme fecondo
Che onorar deve Italia, e tutto il mondo.

16. L'antico sangue, che venne da Troia,
Per li duo miglior rivi in te commisto,
Produurrà l'ornamento, il fior, la gioia.
D'ogni lignaggio, c'abbia il Sol mai visito;
Tra l'Indo, e'l Tago, e'l Nil, e la Danao,
Tra quanto è in mezzo Antartico, e Califo,
Ne la progenie tua con fommi onori,
Saran Marchefi, Duc, e Imperadori.

12. Some days I've in this vault of death remain'd,
Hither arriv'd from countries most remote,
That lofty myl't'ries, to my studies join'd,
Merlin, to me, the better might make out:
And, as to see you I was much inclin'd,
Have since been here a month beyond my thought,
As Merlin, who the truth has ever told,
That on this day you'd come here, did unfold.

13. Now Amon's daughter with amazement stood,
Fix'd, mute, at what the woman here did tell:
And, her full heart with wonder do submit'd,
Whether she slept or wak'd, she knew not well:
With bashful countenance she downward view'd,
For she in modesty did all excel:
She anwer'd, Whence shou'd my great merit be,
That prophets thus my coming shou'd foresee!

14. With this adventure unexpected glad,
Sudden the forcerefs she went behind,
Who to the tepulchre the damfle led,
In which were Merlin's soul and bones confin'd:
A coffer this of one hard stone was made,
Polish'd and bright, and red as fire thin'd,
That to the room, altho' the fun's shut out, (about.
This light a splendid gave, which, dazzling mov'd

15. Whether it be the nature of some stone,
That, like a flambeau, thus the shadow firs,
Or else by signs and stars obfervance done,
Perhaps by fumigation and by verfe,
As probable might seem to thought thereon;
Each splendid object by this light appears,
The sculpture and the colours all around,
Which to adorn this sacred place abound.

16. Scarcely did Bradamant the threshold pas,
And to the secret cell her footsteps took,
But the 'live spirit' from its mortal cafe,
With cleareft voice and uttr'ance to her spoke:
May fortune grant to all your wishes grace,
O thou chaffe damfel, of such noble flock,
Whose fruitful body such a race shall bear,
As Italy, nay the world, muft revere.

17. The ancient blood, which did descend from Troy,
By its two richeft streams in you does join,
Shall produce ornament, and bloom, and joy,
More than the Sun yet faw, thro' all your line:
'Twixt th' Ind, the Tagus, Nile, and the Danoy,
From the Antartic to Califo's sign,
With greatest honours, in your progeny,
Marquesses, Dukes, and Emperors, shall be.
CANTO 3.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

18.

Great generals, and cavaliers, so brave,
From thence shall come, with sword and wisdom too,
Who all the ancient honours shall retrieve,
Of arms unconquer'd, to Italy due:
From thence shall Lords so just their sceptre have,
And like wife Numia and Augustus do:
Under their upright and benign domain,
The golden age shall then return again.

19.

That there the will of heaven may be put,
Touching Ruggiero, in full effect by you,
As it from first you for his wife chose out,
Courageously your deñin'd path persuade;
For nothing, able to obstruct your thought,
Itself shall offer, to impede your view;
But at your first assault, to earth be sent
The villain, who detains your whole content.

20.

Merlin was silent, when he thus had spoke,
And let the fore'rs as her own work prepare,
Who, to be shewn for Bradamante's look,
Was getting ready each her ferv'rel heir:
Numbers of spirits in choice had took,
Whether from hell, I know not, or elsewhere:
And all of them collected in this place,
In habit various, and of various face.

21.

Then call'd the damsel to her in the fane;
Where just before she had drawn out a ring,
Which her, fretch'd out to utmost, could contain,
And to a span's width larger it did bring:
Then from the spirits quiet to remain,
Like an umbrella, form'd a covering:
Bids her be silent and attentive look,
Then with the demons parly'd, op'ning first her book.

22.

Behold, now from without the foremoss den,
The crowd the sacred circle's verge engros;
But entrance is cut off, where they'd get in,
As if surrounded with a wall or fos:
Into that room, where the rich couch was seen,
Which did the wand'rous prophet's bones inclose,
After they had their turns appointed made,
Three times around, then enter'd ev'ry shade.

23.

Should I the names and acts of each relate,
To Bradamante said the forceres,
Of these enchanted spirits, that personate
People as yet unborn, before your face,
A night would not suffice for things so great,
Nor can I guess when I should you release:
So that for you a few of them I'll choofe,
As time and season now convenient shews.
Behold this first, who your resemblance bears,
In form so beauteous, aspect full of mirth,
He of your line in Italy appears
The head, from Ruggiero's feed you give him birth:
From this youth's hand, we may hope, of Pontier's
Vile blood, to see with crimson dyed the earth;
The wrongs and treachery reveng'd as due,
Against those ruffians, who his father flew.

By this man's prowess shall deserted be
King Defider, of Lombardy Supreme;
Of Este and Caloon the sov'reignty
The Emp'ror for reward shall give to him;
Your nephew Hubert there behind him see,
Potent commander in th' Heesperian clime:
He, 'gainst the force of the Barbarian arms,
Shall oft defend the holy Church from harms.

See Albert here, unconquer'd in the field,
Whose trophies shall so many fanes adorn:
Hugo his son with him, to whom shall yield
Milan, and by him be her ensigns borne:
Azzo the other, from whose brother held,
Shall be th' Infubrian crown and sceptre worn:
Albertaz view, whose counsel wise shall free
From Berengario and son, Italy.

And Cæsar Otho, to his worth shall join
His daughter Alda, in connubial way.
The other Hugo see: O glorious line!
Who ne'er from their paternal honour stray!
He shall, by gen'rous causes mov'd, incline
The lofty Roman's pride to wipe away:
So that third Otho and the Pope he'll take
Out of their hands, and off the heavy siege shall shake.

Folco behold, who to his brother gave
In Italy, the whole of his domain:
Then travel'd into distant parts to have
A splendid dukedom 'midst of Allemain:
And tow'rds Sanfognat's house did so behave,
One side was totally in ruin lain,
And by the mother's line became the heir,
Then his own progeny establisht there.

The second Azzo to us now comes on,
More, than of war, a friend of the polite:
Bertoldo and Albertaz, each his son;
Henry the second one shall rout in fight,
And German blood in dreadful streams shall run,
'Thro' all the funny fields, in Parma's fight;
'Tother shall gain the Countes glorious,
The sage, the chaste Matilda for his spouse.
Canto 3.

**Orlando Furioso.**

30.

Virtù il farà di tal conunbio degno;
Ch'a quella ètà non poco laude siino;
Quasi di mezza Italia in dote il regno,
E la nipote aver d'Enrico primo.

Ecco di quel Bertoldo il caro pegno
Rinaldo tuo, c'avra il noro opino
Daver la chiesa de le man risoia
De l'empio Federico Barbarośa.

31.

Ecco un altro Azzo; ed è quel che Verona
Aurà in poter col suo bel territorio;
E farà detto Marchese d'Ancona
Dal quarto Ottone, e dal secondo Onorio.

Lungo farà s'io majo ogni persona
Del sangue tuo, c'avra del consistorio
Il gonfalone: s'io narro ogni impresa
Vinta da loro per la Romana Chiesa.

32.

Obizzo vedi, e Folco, altri Azzi, altri Ughi;
Ambi gli Enrichi, il figlio al padre accanto,
Duo Guelfi, di quai l'uno Umbria seggiughi
E festa di Spoleto il Ducal monto.

Ecco ch'il sangue, e le gran piaghe ascugghi
D'Italia affittia, e volga in rito il pianto;
Di coftui parlo, e mostrerò Azzo quinto,
Onde Ezellin fia rotte, preste, efinto.

33.

Ezellino immanisimo Tiranno,
Che fa creduto filog del demonio,
Farà, troncando i judditi, tal danno,
E distruggendo il bel paesfj Auzionio,
Che pietôfo appo lui fatti faranno
Mario, Silla, Nero, Caio, ed Antonio:
E Federico Imperador fecondo
Fia per quefto Azzo rotte, e meflo al fondo.

34.

Terrà coftui con più felice fettro
La bella terra, che fiende il fiume,
Dove chiamò con lagrimo plettro
Febo il ffigliuol, e aveva mai retto il lume,
Quando fi pianto il fabullo elettrro,
E cigno fi velfi di bianche piume;
E questa di mille obblighi mercede
Gli donerà l'Apostolica Sede.

35.

Deve lafcio il fratel Aldrobandino,
Che per dar al Pontefce fuccorso
Contra Otton quarto, e il campo Gibellino,
Che farà prefo al Campidiglio corfo,
Ed avrà prefo ogni luogo vicino,
E posta a gli Umbri, e à le Piceni il morfo:
Ne potendo preflargli aiuto fenza
Molto tefor, ne chiedera à Firenzena.

36.

Valour shall of thofe Spoufals make him be
Worthy: for at that age what merit, praiſe!
To have the kingdom of half Italy
In portion, with the fift Henrico's niece;
Of this Bertoldo mark the progeny,
Your own Rinald, who shall his glory raife,
The church, which to his care he shall receive,
From wicked Fred'rick Barbarośs retrieve.

31.

Behold another Azzo, he Verone
Shall in his power have, with all its land,
And shall be fpaim'd the Marquis of Anconé
By Otho fourth, second Honorio's hand.

Tediouſ twould be, should ev'ry one be shown,
Who of your blood the standard did command
In the high college, or should I each feat
Of conquest for the Roman church relate.

32.

Obizo, Folco, Azzi's, Hugo's, fee,
The Henry's two, fon by his father's fide:
Two Guelphs, one gain'd o'er Umbria victory,
And then Spoleto's ducal vent enjoy'd:

See him, who did the wounds and blood make dry
Of Italy, and smiles for tears fupply'd:
I speak of him, then Azzo fifth does shew,
Who Ezellin defeated, took and flew.

33.

That tyrant Ezellin, molt inhumane,
Who muft reputed be the devil's fon,
Shall, cutting off his subjefts, caufe much pain,
And Auzio's high places tearing down,

That Marius, Sylla, tender fhall remain,
Antony, Nero, Caius with him shwon:
And th' Emp'ror Fred'rick fecond shall bring low
This Azzo, and fhall totaally o'erthrow.

34.

With more succes, he fhall the fcep'rre wear
Over that land, which fits upon the fream,
Where Phoebus call'd, with harp bedew'd with tear,
His fon, who drove fo ill his car of flame:

When turn'd the drops to fabled amber were,
And he in feathers white a fwan became:
This for reward of obligations great
Shall to him give the Apoftolic feat.

35.

His brother Aldroband where do I leave,
As he the Pope to succour undertook,
Otho the fourth and Ghibellines to drive,
When near the Capitol their course they took,
And all the neighb'ring parts to take contrive,
O'er Humbri and Piceni call the yoke;
Nor able them his aid, without, to lend,
He shall to Florence for much treafure lends.
Nor having gems or better pledge to lay,
For surety shall his brother leave in hand:
Then his victorious ensigns shall display,
And rout the army of the German band:
Then in its seat the church shall reconvey,
And vengeance just to Celano's Lords shall send:
In the high Pastor's service shall engage,
There end his years in flower of his age.

Azzo his brother he shall leave his heir
Over Ancona's and Pisaur's domain:
Of ev'ry town, that from the Tronto clear
To th' Isaur stand 'twixt sea and Appenin;
Of his soul's grandeur too and acts so rare,
His valour, which does gold and gems outshine:
Fortune, her good, who gives and takes each hour,
Over true valour has no sort of pow'r.

Rinaldo fee, in whom no less a ray
Shall shine of valour, tho' he mayn't appear
Such dignify'd alliance to display,
Or death, by fortune envious and severe:
There he a hostage for his fire shall lay,
The sorrow 'en from Naples you shall hear.
The youth Obizzo fee, who forward goes,
After his grandure shall a Prince be chose.

To his domain by him shall added be
Reggio the pleasant, Modena feroce:
Such shall his valour be, to soverignty
He shall be taken with united voice.
See Azzo sixth, one of his family,
A standard-bearer of the Christian cross;
Him Andria's kingdom shall the daughter bring
Of Charles the Second, the Sicilian King.

Of Princes noble, and enroll'd by fame,
An amiable and lovely groupe you see:
Obizzo, Aldroband, and Nicholas lame,
Alberto full of love and clemency:
Not to detain you, I'll no more declaim,
How to his kingdom Faente join'd shall be,
And with more firmness Adria, which gave
Its own name to the salt and boisterous wave.

And that land too, which from the growing roe,
In the Greek tongue, a pleasant title bears;
That city too, which 'midst the marshes roe,
And of the Po the double torrent fears;
Whole fishermen does avarice dispose
To wish for troubled seas and tempefts fierce:
I pass Argent, and Lugo of renown,
And many 'nother castle, many pop'rous town.
There's Nicolo, who tho' a tender boy,
The people Lord create him of their land:
And Tideo's enterprizes they destroy,
Who against him in civil arms does stand;
But he shall make him, as in youthful play,
In warlike labour sweat, with sword in hand,
And by such study in his early days,
Turn out the flow'r of warriors, full of praise.

He all his rebels' projects shall make vain,
And they the milchfie, meant to him, receive;
And of each scheme such knowledge shall obtain,
That they shall find it hard, him to deceive:
By Otho third too late this shall be seen,
The tyrant, that does Reggio, Parma, grieve,
That he his foe shall at one stroke deprive
Of his dominion and his wicked life.

After his kingdom he shall still augment,
And from the rightful path shall never turn:
Nor shall he do, to any, detriment,
Unless from them first injury be borne:
For this cause Providence will be content,
That to this kingdom shall be fix'd no Bourne,
But with success increasing still be found,
Long as the heav'nly motions keep their round.

See Leonel; there the first Duke behold,
Borfo, of all his age the most renown'd,
Who sits in peace, yet trophies shall unfold
More than all those, who ravage countries round:
He Mars shut up in darkness dire shall hold,
Bellona check, her hands behind her bound,
Of this illustrious Lord the sole intent
Shall be, to make his people live content.

Here's now comes, and does him near reprove
With feeble pace and foot almost scorched up,
As he 'gainst Budrio breast and face did move,
When the whole army flew, but he did flop:
Not that in war he did successful prove,
Nor him to rout, with him at Barco cope;
Of this great Lord I scarcely can relate,
Whether in peace or war he was most great.

Lucans, Pugliese, Calabrians shall keep
In mem'ry long, each wife and valorous feat:
And of the early honours he did reap,
There where the King of Catalaun he beat:
He shall acquire of victories a heap,
And name amongst the chiefs in conquest great:
And shall obtain that signory in fight,
Which, more than thirty years, had been his right.
48.

E quanto più aver obbligo si posa
A principé, sua terra avrà a coftui;
Non perche sia de le paludi moja
Tra campi fertili sì da lui,
Non perche la farà con muro, e fossa
Meglio capace anzi cittadini suoi,
E' Pornerà di tempi, e di palagi
Di piazzze, e di teatri, e di mille agi.

49.

Non perche da gli artiglie de l'audace
Aligero Leon, terrà disfia
Non perche, quando la Gallica face
Per tuttò avra la bella Italia accefa,
Si farà sola col suo flato in pace,
E dal timore, e da' tributi ilsea,
Non si per questi, ed altri benefici
Saran fue genti ad Ercole debitrici.

50.

Quanto che darà lor l'inclita prole
Il giusto Alfonzo, ed Ippolito benigno;
Che faran, quai l'antiqua fama suole
Narrar de figli del Tindaro signo,
Ch'alternammente si privan del Sole
Per trar un l'altro de l'er maligno;
Sarà ciascuno d'elli, e pronto, e forte
L'altro salvar con sua perpetua morte.

51.

Il grande amor di questa bella coppia,
Renderà il popol suo via più sicuro;
Che se per opra di Vulcà di doppia
Ginta di fero avesse intorno il muro.
Alfonso e quel, che col sapere accoppià
Si la bonta, ch'al secolo futuro
La gente crederà, che sia dal cielo
Tornata Affrea, dove può il caldo, e il gelo.

52.

A grand'oppor gis fa l'esser prudente,
E di valore assimigliarsi al padre;
Che si ritroverà con poca gente
Da un lato aver le Veneziane squadre,
Colèi da l'altro, che più giustamente
Non se dèverà dir matrigna, o madre,
Ma, se pur madre, a lui poco più pia,
Che Medea à i figli, è Progne fatta sia.

53.

E quanto volte ufarà giorno, o notte
Col suo popol fedel fuor de la terra
Tante sontifite, e memorabili rette
Dará a nimici à per acqua, à per terra:
Le genti di Romagna mal condotte
Contra i vicini, e lor già amici in guerra
Se n'anderanno, infanguando il suolo,
Che ferra il Po, Santerno, e Zanniolo.

49.

As much as happy subjects can be bound,
This land to him its gratitude shall owe:
Not that he chang'd to rich and fertile ground,
Their settlements in bogs and marshes low;
And that, as if a fons or wall around,
Capacious site he did on them bestow,
Adorn'd with temples and with palaces,
Piazzas, theatres, and ev'ry cafe:

49.

Not that his country he did well defend,
'Gainst the audacious winged lion's claws;
Nor that, when Gallia her dread torch did fend,
All over lovely Italy to blaze,
His spot alone in peaceful state remain'd,
Unhurt by tribute, free from foreign awes;
No, not for these, or other benefit,
So much to Hercol' shall his people be in debt,

50.

As from what shall bestow his glorious race,
The just Alfonso, and Hippolite benign,
Who shall be like what ancient story says
Of the fond brothers of Tindarean line:
As they by turns forego the Sun's bright rays,
To draw each other from the air malign,
So shall these two, with fortitude be prone,
His life for t'other's safety to lay down.

51.

The great affection of this lovely pair
Shall make their people so much more secure,
As does by Vulcà's art a double bar,
A wall surrouning, cause it to endure;
Such is Alfonso; the age shall declare
Mercy and judgment being join'd do fure,
Where'er the elements their pow'r retain,
Affrea is return'd from heav'n again.

52.

For need enough he of a prudent mind,
And to his father's valor be ally'd,
For if his forces are not large, he'll find
The Venice squadrons at him on one side;
On t'other she, who step-dame is ordain'd,
To whom the name of mother is deny'd;
But, if a mother, little better will'd
Than Progne or Medea, who their children kill'd.

53.

How oft shall he by day and night go out,
With his liege people, from his own domain?
What overthrow, and memorable rout,
His foe receive, on land or in the main?
The Roman people in ill order put
'Gainst neighbours, once their friends, in battle slain,
Shall feel his strength, the country ting'd with blood,
Which does the Po, Santerno, and Zanniolo include.
Canto 3.

**O R L A N D O F U R I O S O.**

54. 
Ne i medesmi confini anc' o' saprallo
Del gran Pastore il mercenario Ispano.
Che gli avrà dopo con poco intervallo
La Baftia tolta, e morto il castellano;
Quando'l' avrà già prefo, e per tal fallo
Non sia dal minor fante al capitan;
Che del racquisto, e del presidio ucciso
A Roma ripetto fossa' avviso.

55. 
Costui farà col fermo, e con la lancia,
C' avrà l'onor ne' campi di Romagna
D' aver dato à l' efficito di Francia
La gran vittoria contra Julio, e Spagna:
Nuotaranno i defterri fin à la pancia
Nel fangue uman per tutta la campagna,
Ch' a sfrappelir il popol verrà manco
Tedesco, Ispano, Greco, Itaio, e Franco.

56. 
Quel, ch' in Pontificale abito imprime
Del purpureo cappell la sacra chioma,
E il liberal, magnanimo, sublime,
Gran Cardinal de la Chiefa di Roma
Ippolito; ch' a profe, à verfe, à rime
Darà materia eterna in ogni idioma;
La cui forità età vuol il ciel giusto,
C' abbia un Maron, come un altro ebbe Augusto.

57. 
Adorrerà la tua progenie bella,
Come ornà il Sol la machina del mondo
Molto più de la Luna, e d'ogni fteila,
Ch' ogni altro lume à lui fempre è fecondo.
Costui con pochi à piedi, e meno in fella
Veggio ufar meflo, e poi tornar giocondo;
Che quindici galee mena captivo
Oltre mill' altri legni à le fui rive.

58. 
Vedi poi l' uno, e l' altro Sigismondo.
Vedi d' Alfonso i cinque figli cari,
A la cui fana ofar, ché di fe il mondo
Non empia, i monti non potran, nè i mari.
Gener del Re di Francia Ercol fecondo
E l' uno; queft' altro, accio tutti gli impari,
Ippolito, che non con minor raggio,
Ch' il zio, ripflederà nel suo lignaggio.

59. 
Francesco il terzo, Alfonfi gli altri due
Ambi fon detti. Or, come io diffi prima,
S' ho da mostrarti ogni tuo ramo, il cui
Valor la flirta fua tanto sublime:
Bisognara, che s' rifchiari, e abbiu
Più volte prima il ciel, ch' io te gli efpriua;
E fara tempo ormai, quando ti piaccia,
Ch' io dia licenza à l'ombre, e ch' io mi taccia.

In the fame confines too, his strength shal prove
The Pontiff's mercenary troops of Spain:
For that he, in a little time's remove,
Baftia shall take, and the Prefect be slain,
Who had it left'd, and for his crime's reproof
There shall not officer or man remain,
Of the reception and the guard, that fell,
Who back to Rome should go, the news to tell.

55. 
He, with his wisdom, and his pow'rfull lance,
Shall have the honour, in the Roman field,
To bring about, that to the arms of France,
Julius and Spain the victory shal yield:
The horfe shal swim, up to their very paunch,
In human gore, with which the plain is fill'd:
The dead t'inter feare shall sufficient be
Germany, Spain, France, Greece, and Italy.

56. 
He, who in habit dreft pontifical,
With purple hat his sacred locks does pref,
Is of the church of Rome great Cardinal,
Sublime, and liberal, and full of grace,
Ippolite; profe and verfe for ever shall
Have matter, in each language, for his praise,
And in his blooming age heav'n be inclined,
He, an Auguftus, shall a Maro find.

57. 
Thus shall adorn his progeny fo fair,
As the fun decorates this world's machine,
More than the moon and every other star,
As ev'ry light to him is fecond seen:
He with few foot, fewer in faddle there
Sad I perceive go out, return ferene,
For fifteen gallies he does captive boaft,
Besides a thoufand veftifs on his coaf.

58. 
There one and t'other Sigismund behold,
See of Alfonfo the five children dear;
Whole fame nor feas nor mountains can with-hold,
But thro' the world they fully shal appear:
One's Herco! fecond, does in wedlock hold
Of France the daughter: and, the whole to clear,
T'other's Ippolito, whose ray shall shine,
No lefs than does his uncle, thro' the line.

59. 
Francis, the third: Alfonfi t'other two
Are nam'd: Now, as I did firft relate,
If I to you each fev'ral branch should fhew,
Which elevates your flock with valour great,
The heav'n's muft light and darknefs oft renew,
Before such matters I could fully flate:
But now it seems fit time, if fo you pleafe, (peace.
To give the gofts their freedom, and to hold my

60.
Cosi con volontà de la donzella
La dotta incantatrice il libro chiuse.
Tutti li spiriti allora nella cella
Spariro in fretta, ove eran l'ossa chiuse.
Quin Bradamante, poi che la favella
Le fu concessa ffar, la bocca chiuse:
E domando: Chi son gli due triesti
Che tra Ippolito, e Alfonfo abbian viufti?

Veniano spirando, e gli occhi bafi.
Parten tener, d'ogni balanza privi:
E gir lontan da loro i sem veude i passi.
Di e frati i, che ne pareano sbocciati.
Parve, ch'a tal domanda si rangiosi.
La maga in vifo, e fe de gli occhi rivii:
E gridò, Ah sfortunati, a quanta pena
Lungo infiggar d'uomini rei vi mena!

O buona prole, O degni d'Ercol buono,
Non vinca il lor fallir voftra bontade:
Di vostro sangue i miseri pur fon:
Quin reda la giustizia a la pietae.
Indi soggiunse con più basso fono:
Di ciò dirsi più inanii non accade:
Statti col dolce in bocca, e non ti dagli,
Ch'amareggiar al fin non te la voglia.

Tosto, che spunti in ciel la prima luce,
Piglierai meco la più dritta via,
Ch'al lucente castel d'acciar conduce,
Due Ruggier vive in altrui balia:
Io tanto ti faro compagna, e duce,
Che tu fia fuor de l'afpra fveva ria:
T'infignerò, poi che farem su'l mare,
Sì ben la via, che non potrefi errare.

Quivi l'audace giovane, rimafe,
Tutta la notte, e gran pezza ne spese.
A parlare con Merlin, che la fuaue,
Renderti tosto al tuo Ruggier cortese.
La fio di poi la fattezze cafe,
Che di nuovo splendor l'aria s'accese,
Per un cammin gran spazio o/juro, e cieco,
Avendo la spirital femmina feco.

E riuscire in un burrone afofo,
Tra monti inaccessible a le genti:
E tuttel di senza pigliar vifo
Saliron balze, e traversar torrenti.
E perché men l'andar feffo noife,
Di piacevoli, e bei ragionamenti,
Di quel che fu più a conferir foave,
L'afpro cammin facean parer men grave.

So, when she had the damsel's leave obtain'd,
The learn'd enchantress up her schedule row'd:
The spirits all, which in the cell remain'd,
Vanish'd to that place, which the bones did hold:
Here Bradamante, who now leave had gain'd
To converse with her, did her lips unfold:
And ask'd, who those two gloomy figures mean,
Which 'twixt Alons and Hippolite were seen.

Sighing they go, and with their eyes cast down,
Their look dejected, in humility,
I see their brothers them afar off shun,
And seeming to disdain their company:
Another look the forcerefs put on
At this demand, and floods of tears let flee,
And cry'd, Ah hapless youths, what cruel fate?
Does you, from plots of wicked men, await.

O noble race, worthy of Herc'les good,
Let not their faults your clemency exceed,
Th' unhappy wretches are of your own blood;
Herein let justice to commotion cede:
Then she subjoin'd, but with a tone less loud,
To tell you more of this there is no need;
Grieve not, with sweetness in your mouth to stay,
For bitter at the end I'd not convey.

Soon, as in heav'n starts forth the earliest light,
We will together take the nearest road,
Which to this cattle leads, of steel so bright,
In others hands, where Ruggiero makes abode:
I'll your companion be, and leader right;
You soon shall quit this horrid thorny wood,
And you I'll shew, as we're embark'd so far,
Your way so well, that you can never err.

Here did remain the damsel undismay'd
All the whole night, and great part of it pass'd
In talk with Merlin, who did her persuade,
Soon with her hand to make Ruggiero blest:
Then from the cavern deep her way she made,
Soon as new splendor in the heavens blaze'd:
Thro' way obscure and dark great length she hied,
Still having the enchantress at her side.

They came into a savage, hollow clowfe,
'Midst hills impassable for human feet,
And all the day ne'er tasting of rest,
Torrents they traverse, and o'er rocks they beat:
Their journey now left tedious to difpofe,
On subject sweet and elegant they treat:
On which the pleasing converse made appear,
The dismal road they travel'd, lefts severe.
Canto 3.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

66. De' quali era però la maggior parte,
Che Bradamente vien la dotta maga,
Mostrando con che astuzia, e con qual arte
Proceder di, se di Ruggiero è vaga:
Se tu soli, dicea, Pallade, à Marte;
E conducefs gente à la tua paga.
Più, che non ha il Re Carlo, e il Re Agramante,
Non darereli contra le negromante.

67. Che oltre, che d'accioc murata sia
La rocca impregnable, e tant' alta:
Oltre, che'l suo destrier si faccia via
Per mezzo l'aria, ove galoppa, e salta;
Ha lo scudo mortale, che come prisa
Si fenopre, il suo splendor si gli occhi affala,
La vista tolle, e tanto oppressa i sensi,
Che come morto rimaner convieni.

68. E se forse ti pensi, che ti voglia
Combattendo tener serrati gli occhi;
Come potrai saper ne la battaglia
Quando ti schivi, à l'avversario tocchi?
Ma per fuggire il lume, ch'abborbaglia,
E gli altri incanti di colui far fecochi;
Ti mostrerà uno rimedio, una via presta;
Ne altra in tutto'l mondo è, se non questa.

69. Il Re Agramante d' Africa uno anello,
Che fu rubato in India à una Regina,
Ha dato à un suo Baron, detto Brunello,
Che poche miglia inanzi ne cammina,
Di tal virtù, che chi nel dito ha quello,
Contra il male de' suoi incanti ba medicina.
Sa de furti, e d'inganni Brunel, quanto
Colui, che tien Ruggiero, sappia d'incante.

70. Questo Brunel fì pratica, e s'afatto,
Come io ti dico, è dal suo Remandato,
Accio che col suo ingenio, e con l'aiuto
Di questo anello, in tal cofe provato,
Di quella rocca, dove è ritenuto,
Tragga Ruggiero, che cos'è vantato;
Ed ha cosi promeffa al suo Signore,
A cui Ruggiero è più d'ogn' altro a core.

71. Ma, perché il tuo Ruggiero à te sol abbia,
E non al Re Agramante ad obbligarsi,
Che tratto sia de l'incantata gabbia,
T'insegnerà il rimedio, che d'uforfi:
Tu te' n'andrai tre di lungo la fabbia
Del mar, che'ormai prefo à dimostrarfi:
Il terzo giorno in un albergo tuo
Arriverà così, c'èba l'anel locco.

Of which, however, the far greater part
Was, what the learned forcerels his taught;
Shewing, with how much cunning, how much art,
She should proceed, if she Ruggiero fought:
Were you, said she, or Pallas self, or Mart,
And in your pay a pow'rfull army brought,
More than have join'd King Charles and Agramant,
You could not stand against this negromant.

67. Who has, besides his wall compos'd of steel,
His rock impregnable, immensely high,
Befides his horse, that round about does wheel
Thro' the mid air, and gallop, rather fly,
A deadly shield, which when he does reveal,
The splendor so affairs all human eye,
All fight destroys, and so affects the brain,
That, like a body dead, you must remain.

68. Perhaps you think, 'twould be of use to you,
In fighting to keep fast shut up your eyes:
How in the battle will you ever know,
Whether your adversary fights, or flies?
But to avoid the light, which dazzles so,
And all his strange enchantment to despise,
A remedy I'll show: one ready is,
Nor is there other in the world than this.

69. King Agramant of Afric had a ring,
Which once was stolen from an Indian Queen:
This to the Lord Brunel has giv'n the King,
Who has, few miles before, his journey ta'en;
Who on his finger wears this pow'rfull thing,
Has 'gainst enchantments ill a medicine:
As much with fraud Brunello can impose,
As he, who holds Ruggier, enchantment knows.

70. This fame Brunel, for cheat and cunning made,
As I have told you, by his King is sent,
That by his stratagems, and by the aid
Of this strange ring, known by experiament,
He from this rock, as he has boast'd saied,
May draw Ruggier, where he has long been pent,
And did his promise to his Lord impart,
Who has Ruggier, 'bove all things else, at heart.

71. But that Ruggier you only may engage,
And not to Agramant the favour due,
That he be freed from the enchanted cage,
You use the remedy, I'll shew to you:
You, o'er the sands, must go a three day's stage,
Near to the sea, which soon itself will shew:
The third day at an inn, while you are there,
Shall come the person, who the ring does wear.
Canto quando 72.

La sua faturá, acciò tu lo conosca,
Non e' sei palmi, ed ha il capo ricciuto:
Le chiome i per, ed ha la pelle fosca:
Pallido il vijolo, oltre il dorver barbuto:
Gli occhi giosfati, e guardatura loca,
Scibiaccnato il nafo, e ne le ciglia irsute:
L'abito, acciò chò lo dipinga intero,
E stretto, e corto, e sembra di corriero.

73.
Con esso lui t'accenderà foggetto
Di ragionar di quelli incanti sfreni:
Mostra d'aver, come tu avrai in effetto,
Diso, ch'èl mago sia teco a le mani:
Ma non mostrar, che ti sia stato detto
Di quel suo anel, che fa gli incanti vani:
Egli t'offerirà mostrar la via
Fin à la rocca, e farà compagnia.

74.
Tu gli va dietro e, come t'avviciini
A quella rocca, sì, ch'ella si fopra;
Dagli la morte, né pote' t'inchinii,
Che tu non metta il mio consiglio in opra,
Ne far, che'gli il penfier tuo'sindovini;
E' abbia tempo, che l'anel lo copra;
Perché ti pjararia da gli occhi tosto,
Ch'in bocca il facro anel 'avresse posto.

75.
Così parlando ginnfero su l' mare;
Dove presso à Bordea mette Carronna;
Quivi non senza alquanto lagrimare
Si dipartì l'uno da l'altra donna.
La fìgliuola d'Amon, che per fegare
Di prigione 'Amante non aflonna,
Cammini tanto, che venne una sera
Ad una albergo, ove Brunel prim' era.

76.
Conosce ella Brunel, come lo vede;
Di cui la forma avea scolpita in mente,
Onde ne vien, ove ne va, gli chiede:
Quello risponde, e d'ogni cofa mente;
La donna già prevista non gli cede
In dir menzogne, è sinuìa ugualemente
E patria, e fìlpepe, e detta, e nome, e sasso;
E gli volta à le man pur gli occhi fpesso.

77.
Gli va gli occhi à le man fpesso voltando
In dubbio sempre esser da lui rubata;
Ne la lascia venir troppo accostando,
Di sua condizion bene informata.
Stavano insieme in quella guifa; quando
L'orrecchia da un romor lor fu intronata;
Poi vi diro Signor, che ne fu causa,
C'auò fatto al cantar debita pausa.
CANTO IV.

ALTHO' dissembling, most time, meets with blame,
And is a token of an evil mind,
It has, in many cases I could name,
Done services important to mankind;
Sometimes prevented mischief, death, and shame:
For we with friends ourselves don't always find,
In this our mortal life, so dark and dull,
Far from serene, which is of envy full.

If, not without long proof and tedious care,
W'are able to find out a friend that's true,
To whom, without suspicion to declare,
And openly our inmost thoughts to shew,
What did behove Ruggiero's friend so fair
With this Brunel so vile and treach'rous do?
Who all dissembler, fraught with fiction base,
As he by the enchantress painted was.

She too dissembled, and the wifely might
With him, of simulation's self the fire;
And, as I told you, often turn'd her sight
Unto those hands, where fraud and theft confpire:
A dreadful noise does now their ears affright;
Cry'd she, O virgin, blest'd with heav'nly fire!
O King of heav'n! what can this matter be!
And, whence the rumour came, did haftly flee.

And sees her hof't, and all his family,
Some at the windows, some in the highways,
To heaven lifting ev'ry one his eye,
As an eclipse to see, or comet blaze:
When she a lofty wonder did ey' her,
Which would not easily your credence raise:
She saw a great wing'd horse push thro' the air,
Which, on his back, an armed knight did bear.

Vagt were his wings, and of a various hue,
The knight betwixt them seated on his back,
In armour, which did bright and polish'd shew,
And tow'rd's the west directly made his track:
Then midst the mountains sunk, immerg'd from view,
And as the hoist inform'd, who truth did speak,
This was a conjurer, who oft did fly
This passage, sometimes distant, sometimes nigh.
Volando talor s'altera ne le stelle,
E poi quasi talor la terra rade;
E ne porta con lui tutte le belle
Donne, che trova per quelle contrade;
Talmente, che le misere donnelle,
C'abbiano, o aver si credano beltade,
Come affatto COSÌ tutte le invoke,
Non escon fuor, si che le vegglia il Sole.

6.

Sometimes he flying mounts up to the stars,
At others, as it were, the earth does raze,
And with him ev'ry lovely woman bears,
That he can feize on, round about this space:
So that the damsel miserably fares,
Who has, or thinks she has, fair beauty's grace;
As he, in fact, thus steals them all away,
They dare not issue forth, or see the day.

7.

He o'er the Pyrenees a fort does hold,
The hoft continu'd, by enchantment laid,
All form'd of steel, which such light does unfold
Such wonder thro' the world is not display'd
Many to it have gone of knights so bold,
But none of his return a boalt has made;
So that I think, my Lord, and greatly fear,
He locks them up, or them to death does bear.

8.

A guide you shall not want, to her reply'd
Brunello then, and I will with you go;
The way I have wrote down, and things beside,
Which pleasing shall my coming make to you:
He meant the ring, but that he still would hide,
Nor farther clear'd, not to pay for his show:
Grateful, said the, your coming is to me;
Meaning from thence, that hers the ring should be.

9.

What serv'd her turn, she said, but held her peace,
In what might hurt her in her guide's conceit:
The hoft a palfrey had, her much did please,
As well for battle as for journey fit:
She purchas'd this, and goes, 'soon as the fees
The follow'ng day appear, with morning sweet:
Thro' the fairest vale her journey she inclin'd,
Brunello now before her, now behind.

10.

From hill to hill, from wood to wood, they hie,
To where the lofty Pyrenean land
Can set to view, if not obscure the sky,
Both France and Spain, and each its different strand;
As th' Appenin does from its summit high
The two seas on Camaldol's road command;
Thence thro' a rugged and laborious path,
They travel down to th' vale profound beneath.

11.

Sometimes he flying mounts up to the stars,
At others, as it were, the earth does raze,
And with him ev'ry lovely woman bears,
That he can feize on, round about this space:
So that the damsel miserably fares,
Who has, or thinks she has, fair beauty's grace;
As he, in fact, thus steals them all away,
They dare not issue forth, or see the day.

7.

He o'er the Pyrenees a fort does hold,
The hoft continu'd, by enchantment laid,
All form'd of steel, which such light does unfold
Such wonder thro' the world is not display'd
Many to it have gone of knights so bold,
But none of his return a boalt has made;
So that I think, my Lord, and greatly fear,
He locks them up, or them to death does bear.

8.

A guide you shall not want, to her reply'd
Brunello then, and I will with you go;
The way I have wrote down, and things beside,
Which pleasing shall my coming make to you:
He meant the ring, but that he still would hide,
Nor farther clear'd, not to pay for his show:
Grateful, said the, your coming is to me;
Meaning from thence, that hers the ring should be.

9.

What serv'd her turn, she said, but held her peace,
In what might hurt her in her guide's conceit:
The hoft a palfrey had, her much did please,
As well for battle as for journey fit:
She purchas'd this, and goes, 'soon as the fees
The follow'ng day appear, with morning sweet:
Thro' the fairest vale her journey she inclin'd,
Brunello now before her, now behind.

10.

From hill to hill, from wood to wood, they hie,
To where the lofty Pyrenean land
Can set to view, if not obscure the sky,
Both France and Spain, and each its different strand;
As th' Appenin does from its summit high
The two seas on Camaldol's road command;
Thence thro' a rugged and laborious path,
They travel down to th' vale profound beneath.

12.
12. Vi forge in mezzo un [silo, che la cima] D'un bel muro d'acciar tutta fi fascia; E quella tanto verfa il ciel sublime, Che quanto ha intorno inferior fi fascia. Non faccia, che non vola, andarvi fima, Che s'indir o vi faria ogni ambascia. Brunel d'ille: Ecco dove prigionier Il mago tien le donne, e i cavalieri.

13. Da quattro cantì era tagliato: e tale, Che parea dritto a fil de la finopía. Da neffin lato ne fentier, ne scale Veran, che fi salì facer fi copia: E ben appar, che d'animà, s'abbia ale, Sia quella flancia nido, e tana propria. Quivi la donna effer confece l'ora Di tor l'anello, e far che Brunel mora.

14. Ma le par atto vile a insanguinarfi D'un uom senza arme, e di fi ignobil forte, Che ben potrà poffedrirsi farfi Del ricco anello, e lui non porre a morte. Brunel non avea mente a riguardarfi: Si ch'ella il prefe, e le legò ben forte Ad uno abete, ch'alta avea la cima, Ma di dito l'anel gli trafi prima.

15. Nò per lagrime, gentî, à lamenti, Che faceffe Brunel, lo volfe fi corre. Smontà de la montagna a passi lenti Tanto, che fu nel pian fatto la torre. E perché à la battaglia s'apprefenti Il negromante, al corso suo ricorre: E dopo il fuon con minacciose gridà Lo chiama al campo, ed à la pugna sfida.

16. Non fi fette molto à fecir fuor de la porta L'incantator, ch'udi l'fuona, e la voce: L'ulato corridor per l'aria il porta Contra cofei, che fembra un uom feroce. La donna da principio fi conforta, Che vede, che colui poco le nuoce: Non porta lancia, ni fprada, né mazza, Ch'd farar l'abbia, à romper la corazza.

17. Da la finistra fùo lo fendo avea Tutto coperto di fieta vernigia, Ne la man deftra un libro, onde facea Nascer leggendo l'alta maraviglia; Che la lancia talor correr parea, E fatto avea à piu'd un batter le ciglia; Talor parea ferir con mazza, à fioco; E lontano era, e non avea alcun tocco.

18. There in the middle stands a rock, whose top A noble wall of steel does quite surround: And this so high does tow'rs the heav'ns go up, That far below it seem the mountains round: Let none, who flies not, to get thither hope, Thither to mount all toil would vain be found. Brunello said, Behold the prison, where The forcerer keeps dame and cavalier.

19. On the four sides, as if from plumb-line cut, It to the eye appears exactly square; On neither side or path, or ladder's put, That might assistance give to mount up there: It seem'd of animal, that wings had got, This place the nest and very cavern were: Here knew the lady, that the time was come, To take the ring, and give Brunel his doom.

20. But a vile act it seem'd to deal in blood Of one unarm'd, in so ignoble sphere: As herself make the mis'frefs well the cou'd Of the rich ring, and yet his death forbear: Upon his guard Brunel by no means flood; So him she feiz'd, and strongly bound him there To a fir-tree, whose lofty top did shake; But from his finger first the ring did take.

21. Nor for the tears, the fighing, or the woe, Brunello utter'd, would she him unchain, She from the mount descends, with foote'steps slow, Till underneath the caffle on the plain, And to the combat, that himself might show The negromant, she founds her horn amain: After the found, with a most threatening cry, Him to the field she calls, to battle does defy.

22. Not long time stays, but from the gate does spring Th' enchanter, who the found and voice had heard: The winged courfer him thro' air does bring 'Gainst her, who now a furious man appear'd: At first, herself the damsel comforting, Observ'd, that she from him small milchief fear'd, Who neither lance, nor mace, nor fword, did wield, To pierce her coat of mail, or break her shield.

23. On his left arm only his shield he wore, With a filk purple veil quite covered, And in his other hand a book he bore, Which wonders would produce, when'er he read; As sometimes with a lance he'd seem to gore, And with feign'd blows caus'd many floop their head, Or he'd to strike with mace or fword appear, When nothing he had touch'd, and was not near.
18.
Non è finto il destrier, ma naturale,
Ch'una giumenta genero d'un Grifo:
Simile al padre avea la piuma, e l'ale,
Li piedi anteriori, il capo, e il grifo:
In tutte l'altre membra parea, quale
Era la madre, e chiamasi Ippogrifo;
Che ne i monti Rifei vengon, ma rari,
Molto di là de gli agghiaiati mari.

19.
Quivi per forza lo tirò d'incanto,
E poi che l'ebbe, ad altro non attese;
E con studiosa, e fatica operò tanto,
Ch'à fella, e briglia il cavallo in un mese;
Co't, ch'è in terra, e in aria, e in ogni canto
La facea volteggiar senza conteste:
Non finz'io d'incanto, come il reflo, 
Ma vero, e natural si vedea quello.

20.
Del mago ogni'altra cosa era figmento,
Che comparir facca pel rozzo il giallo,
Ma con la donna non fu di momento,
Che per l'anel non può vedere in fallo.
Più colpi tuttavia disserra al vento,
E quivi, e quindi spinge il suo cavallo,
E si dibatte, e si travaglia tutta,
Come era, inanzi che venisse, infrutta.

21.
E poi che esercitata fu alquant'o
Sopra il destrier, smontar volse anco à piede,
Per poter meglio al fin venir di quanto
La caut'a maga infronzion le diede.
Il mago vien per far l'effemo incanto,
Che del fatto ripar né fa, né crede:
Scopre lo scudo, e certo si prefume
Fara' cadere l'incantato lume.

22.
Potea cos' scoprirlo al primo tratto
Senza tener i cavalieri à bada;
Ma gli piacer veder qualche bel tratto
Di correr l'afla, o di girar la spada;
Come si vede, ch'à l'aututo gatto
Scherzar col topo alc'a volta agradda:
E poi, che quel piacer gli viene à noia,
Dargli di morfo, e al fin voler che muoia.

23.
Dico, ch'el mago al gatto, e gli altri al topo
S'affinigiar ne le battaglie dianzi;
Ma non s'affinigiar già cosi, dopo
Che con l'anel si fe la donna inanzi.
Attenta, e fisà slava à quel ch'era uno,
Accio, che nulla fece il mago avanzo,
E come vide, che lo scudo aperfe,
Chiuse gli occhi, e lasciò quivi caderfe.

18.
Not feign'd the horfe is, but a natural thing,
Begotten by a griffin on a mare,
Like to his fire he has his plume and wing,
In head, beak, forefeet, does the griffin wear:
His other members from the mother spring,
And he the name of Hippogryph does bear:
On the Riphean hills, tho' few, they're found,
Which lie beyond the frozen ocean's bound.

19.
From thence he this did by enchantment take,
And then on nothing else his time bestow'd;
But him, with toil and study, so did break,
Him bridled, saddled, in a month he rode:
So him he with great ease to vault did make,
On earth, in air, thro' ev'ry sort of road:
What else he shew'd, was magic fiction all,
But this his horfe was true and natural.

20.
Of the magician all things else were feign'd,
Who yellow made appear that which was red;
But o'er the maid thereby no 'vantage gain'd,
Her ring wont suffer her to be milled:
Many a blow she still loos'd to the wind,
From side to side her spurs her palfrey led;
She fights and works about, the very fame,
As sh'ad infructed been, before she came.

21.
After some time she did in action spend
Upon her horse, on foot she does dismount,
That furious she may bring all to her end,
The forcer's instructive did recount;
Th' enchanter comes his utmost spell to fend,
From which there's no defence, he does account:
The shield he now uncovers, and thinks sure,
That the mufet fall, and can't that magic light endure.

22.
At the first outlet he his shield could shew,
And not the cavaliers hold in suspense;
But he was pleas'd some matter-strokes to view,
Wheeling with sword, or running with the lance:
As we the cunning cat see oft-times do,
Who with the mouse to play has joy intense,
And soon as e'er this play begins to tire,
Gives it a bite, and wills it to expire.

23.
To call the forcerer, to mice the reef
Might liken'd be, in battles erst effay'd:
But now no likenes was thereof express'd,
When with the ring before him was the maid:
Attentive, fix'd he stood, to what seem'd best,
That no advantage o'er her might be had;
And when to her the open shield was shown,
She shut her eyes, and let herself fall down.
Canto 4.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Non che il fulgor del lucido metallo,
Come fe'va a gli altri, à lei nocefa.
Ma così feco, accio, che dal cavallo
Contra fe il vano incantator scendeasse.
Ne parte andò del suo disegno in fallo,
Che tosto, ch' ella il capo in terra meffe,
Accelerando il volator le penne,
Con larghe ruote in terra à por fi venne.

Lascia à l' arcion lo scudo, che gia possa
Avea ne la coperta; à piu disende
Verso la donna, che, come reposa
Lupo à la macchia, il capriolo, attende.
Senza piu indugio ella si leva tosto,
Che l' ha vicino, e ben stretto lo prende.
Avea lasciato quel misero in terra
Il libro, che facea tutta la guerra.

E con una catena ne corre,
Che feola portar cinta à similuso,
Perche non men legar colei credea,
Che per additro altri legar'era ufo:
La donna in terra possa gia l'avea;
Se quel non si disexe, io ben l' efeuo,
Che troppo era la cosa differente
Tra un devol vecchio, e lei tanto possente.

Disegnando levargli ella la testa
Alza la man vittoriosa in fretta;
Ma poi che'l vifo mira, il colpo arresta,
Quasi slegnando si baffia vendetta.
Un venerabil vecchio in faccia mesta
Vede esser quel, ch' ella ha giunto à la fretta;
Che mostrer al vifo crespo, e al pelo bianco
Età di settanta anni, o poco manco.

Tommi la vita, Giovane, per Dio,
Dica il vecchio pien d'ira, e di dispetto;
Ma quella à torla avea fi il cor refio,
Come quel di lasciarla hauria diletto.
La donna di sper ne ebbe disio
Che fosse il negromante, ed à che effetto
Edificasse in quel luogo selvaggio
La racca, e faccia à tutto il mondo oltraggio.

Ne per maligna intensione, Abi lasso,
Disse piangendo il vecchio incantatore,
Feci la bella racca in cima al lasso,
Ne à avidità fon rubatore:
Ma per ritrar sol da l'estremo passo
Un cavalier gentil, mi moss' amore,
Che com' il ciel mi mostrà, in tempo breve
Morir Cristiano à tradimento deve.

Not that the fulgor of the metal bright
At all had hurt her, as it others us'd;
But thus she did, that from his horse should light,
And gainst her come th' enchanter, thus abus'd:
And ev'ry part of her design prov'd right,
For when she down her body stretch'd reduc'd,
In circles vast the robber wheeling round,
With wings accelerated drops to ground.

His shield he left upon his saddle-bow,
Which he had cover'd o'er, on foot descends
Towards the damsel, who was poffed now,
As in the bath the wolf the goat attends;
Then up he leaps, with utmost speed does go,
Soon as he's near, and strait him apprehends:
The poor old wretch upon the ground had lay'd
The book, whose virtue all his battles made.

And with a chain, he hastily had run,
Which for that purpose he around him bore:
For he no less to bind her thought upon,
Than he had others us'd to bind before:
The damfel on the earth had forc'd him down,
Him I'd excufe, he made defence no more:
For now too much the difference of the cafe,
'Twixt an old man, and one so pow'rful, was.

To strike his head off the designing now,
In haste exalted her victorious hand;
But when his face she saw, she stopt her blow,
As if to mean a vengeance she disdain'd:
An old man reverend, with looks of wo,
She saw he was, whom she had thus enchant'd,
Whose visage wrinkled and white locks express
The age of fev'nty years, or little less.

For heav'n's fake, youth, take me my life away,
Said the old man, full of disdain and spite;
But she no less averse was him to stay,
Than he to part with life would have delight:
The dame to know a great desire did sway,
Who was the negromant; wherefore he might
Have built this castle in such favage place,
And gainst mankind committed such disgrace.

Alas! ah me! not from an ill design,
The aged forcerer with weeping, said,
Upon this rock I built this castle fine,
Nor to perfuse the robbers greedy trade;
But to protect from influence malign
A cavalier genteel, love did perfuade:
For heaven tells me, in a little space,
He must a Christian die, by treason base.
Non vede il Sol tra questo, e il polo Austrino
Un giovine si bello, e si prejliante:
Ruggiero ha nome; il qual da picciolino
Da me nutrito fu, ch'io sono Atlante.
Difo d'onore, e suo fiero definio
L'hán tratto in Francia dietro al Re Agramante;
Ed io, che l'amai sempre più che figlio,
Lo cerco trar di Francia, e di periglio.

La bella rocca solo edificai
Per tenerui Ruggierio sinceramente;
Che preso fù da me, come sperai,
Che fossi oggi tu preso finitamente;
E donne, e cavalier, che tu vedrai,
Poi ci ho ridotti, ed altro noble gente;
Accio, che quando a voglia sua non efsca,
Avendo compagnia, men gli incresca.

Pur, ch'uscir di là tu non fi dimande,
D'ogn' altro gaudio lor cura mi tocca,
Che quanto averne da tutte le bande
Si può del mondo, è tutto in quella rocca;
Suoni, canti, vegliar, giochii, vivande,
Quanto può cor penfar, può chieder bocca:
Ben seminato avea, ben cugia la frutta;
Ma tu sei giunto a disturbarmi il tutto.

Deh, se non hai del vizjo il cor men bello,
Non impedir il mio consiglio onesto:
Piglia lo feudo, ch'io tel dono, e quello
Defrier, che va per l'aria così frelo;
E non t'impacciar oltre nel castello,
O tranne uno, o due amici, e la scia'1 refo;
O tranne tutti gli altri, e più non chero,
Se non, che tu mi lasci il mio Ruggiero.

E se disposto sei volerci torre;
Deh prima almen, che tu'l rimeni in Francia,
Piaciati questa afflitta anima ficcar
De la sua sforza, ormai putrida e rancia.
Rif. Se la donnella; Lui vo porre
In libertà, tu se fai, gracia, e ciancia.
Ne mi offrir di dar lo feudo in dono,
O quel defrier, che miei, non più tuoi fono.

Ne s'anco stessa à te di torre, e darli;
Mi parebbe, ch'el cambio convenisse:
Tu di', che Ruggier tiensi, per vietarti
Il male infiullo di sue stelle fiße:
O che non puoi sapera, ò non sciuvarti,
Sappiend io, che'1 ciel di lui presfiße;
Ma fe'1 mal tuo ch'ai se vicin non uedi;
Peggio l'altrui, e'ha da venir prevedi.

'Twixt the two poles the Sun did never see
A youth more fair, more sir'd with glory's flame;
Ruggier he's call'd, and nourish'd was by me,
Quite from an infant, Atlant is my name:
By honour's thirft, and his fierce deflity,
With the King Agramant to France he came;
And I, who him like my own infant love,
From France to draw him and from danger strove.

I this fine castle only did set up,
Ruggiero there securely to detain,
Who had by me been feiz'd, as I did hope
You in like manner would by me be ta'en:
After the knights and dames I here did flop,
Whom you shall fee, of them a noble train,
That as at will he could not get away,
He might with company more eafy stay.

And that they might not ask thence to depart,
Of ev'ry pleasure for them was my care,
That whatsoever could the world impart
In ev'ry clime, they in this fort should share:
Sports, cloaths, provisdons, dancing, musick's art,
All that the heart could think, or mouth declare,
The finest feeds, the richest fruits did grow;
But you are come, the whole to overthrow.

Ah! if your heart be, as your vifage, fair,
My honest undertaking don't impede;
Take it, I give it you, my shield fo rare,
My horfe, that thro' the clouds can make fuch speed,
And farther trouble not my caffle here;
But take a friend or two, the others cede;
Or all the others take; no more I crave,
But that to me you my Ruggiero leave.

But if him you're revolv'd to take from me,
Alas! before him into France you lead,
Be pleas'd this my afflicted foul fet free,
From forth its rotten bark, long since decay'd;
The damfel anwer'd, Him I liberty
Will give: know, trifler, coaxing can't perfuade;
Nor offer me, as if a gift, to yield
What is not yours but mine; your horfe and shield.

Were they in your dispole, I'd not confent;
The change to me unuitable appears:
You say, Ruggiero you hold, to keep, intent,
From evil influence of his deflin'd fars:
Either you cannot know, or can't prevent,
Tho' knowing, what fate for him heav'n declares,
If your own ill, to near, you could not fpy,
Much worfe another's future ill you could defcry.
ORLANDO FURIOSO

36. Non pregar, ch'io t'uccida; ch'è tuo prieghi
Saranno indarno; e se pur voi la morte,
Ancor che tutto il mondo darla veghin,
Da se lo può aver sempre animo forte;
Ma pria, che l'ama da la carne sleghi,
At tutti i tuoi prigioni apri le porte.
Così dice la donna, e tuttavia
Il mago preso incontra al falso invia.

37. Legato de la sua propria catena
Andava Atlante, e la donzella appresso;
Che così ancor se ne fidava appena,
Benché in vitta pareva tutto rimesso.
Non molti passò dietro se lo mena,
Ch'è più del monte bar ritrovato il fesso;
E li scaglioni, onde si monta in giro,
Fin ch'è la porta del castel saliro.

38. Di si la figlia Atlante un falso tolle
Di caratteri, e strani segni sculto:
Sotto vafi vi ven, che chiamano Olle,
Che fuma sempre, e dentro han foco occulto.
L'incantator le frena, e a un tratto il colle
Riman deferto, insepolto ed incutulo;
Ne muro appar, ne torre in alcun lato,
Come se mai castel non vi sia stato.

39. Sbrigossi da la donna il mago allora,
Come fa seppo il tordo da la ragno,
E con lui sparve il suo castello a un ora,
E lasciò in libertà quella compagna.
Le donne, e i cavalier si trovar furon,
De le superbe fiamme a la compagna;
E furon di lor molti a chi ne dolse;
Che tal franchezza un gran piacer lor tolse.

40. Quivi è Gradasso, quivi è Sacripante,
Quivi è Prasildo il nobil cavaliero;
Che con Rinaldo venne di Levante,
E fesso Irola, il par d'amici vero:
Al fin trovò la bella Bradamante
Quivi il desiderato suo Ruggiero;
Che pot che ne 'vebb' certa consenza,
Le fe' buona, e grandifima accoglienza.

41. Come a colei, che più che gli occhi suoi
Più che l'uo cor, più che la propria vita
Ruggiero amò, dal di ch'èssa per lui
Si trasse l'elmo, onde ne fu ferita.
Lungo farebbe a dir come, e da cui,
E quanto ne la fuma aspra, e ramita
Si cercar poi la notte e il giorno chiaro:
Ne, se non qui, mai più si ritrovaro.

36. Intreat me not to kill you; vain would be
All your requests; but if you death desire,
Tho' the whole world to give it you deny,
For ever noble minds the means inspire:
But ere you from your flesh your soul let fly,
Open the gates, your pris'ners let retire:
The damsel resolute, while thus she says,
Th' enchanter captive tow'rs the rock conveys.

37. By his own proper chain in bondage tied,
March'd on the forcerer, the damsel nigh:
Who in this state could scarce in him confide,
Altho' submission languish'd in his eye:
But few steps him did the behind her guide,
Ere at the mountain's foot a cleft they spy,
And the stone-steps by which they mount around,
Till at the castle's gate themselves they found.

38. From forth the fill a stone Atlante hall'd,
On which strange characters and marks were seen:
Beneath were vales, earthen pots they're call'd,
Which ever smoke from hidden fire within:
Th' enchanter broke them, on a sudden bald,
Defer and Savage did the hill remain:
On either side nor wall nor fort appear,
As if no castle ever had been there.

39. Th' enchanter from the damsel now gets clear,
As frequently the thrush 'capes from the net,
And with him does his fort soon disappear,
And all the company in freedom set:
Abroad was ev'ry nymph and cavalier,
On open plain 'stead of their rooms of state:
And many of them forrow did display,
That freedom had their pleasure taken away.

40. There was Gradasso; there was Sacripant:
Prasildo too, that noble cavalier,
Who with Rinaldo came from the Levant;
With him Irola, a pair of friends sincere:
And here at last the lovely Bradamant
Met with her so much longed-for Ruggier,
Who, soon as her for certainty he knew,
Did her the gratefullest reception shew.

41. As it was her, whom more than his own eyes,
More than his heart, more than his proper life,
Ruggiero from that very day did prize,
When she, her helm off, hurt was in the strife:
Long 'twere to tell, from whom, and in what guise,
Thro' th' lonely Savage wood they did contrive,
After to search by day-time and by night,
But ne'er, till now, could on each other light.
Or, che quivi la vede, e sa ben ch'ella
E stata sola suad redentrice;
Di tanto gaudio ha pieno il cor, che appella
Se fortunato, ed unico felice.
Sceso il monte, e dismontar in quella
Valle, ove fu la donna vinitrice.
E dove l'Ippogrifo trovavano anco,
C'avea lo scudo, ma coperto al fianco.

La donna va per prenderlo nel freno,
E quel l'aspetta fin, che fegli accosta;
Poi sfega l'ale per l'aer sereno,
E si ripon non lungi a mezza cofa:
Ella lo segue, e quel ne più nen meno
Si leva in aria, e non troppo si sosta,
Come fa cornacchia in secca arena,
Che dietro il cane or qua, or là si mena.

Ruggier, Gradafo, Sacrante, e tutti
Quei cavalieri, che fessi erano infieme,
Chi di sé, chi di gli, sì son ridutti,
Dove che torni il volator han fprime.
Quel po', che gli altri in vano ebbe condutti
Piu volte, o sopra le cime supreme,
E ne gli umidi fondi tra quei tali,
Presso à Ruggiero al fin ritenne i passi.

E questa opera fu del vecchio Atlante,
Di cui non cessa la pietosa voglia
Di tirar Ruggier del gran periglio insieme;
Di ciò fal pensa, e di ciò solo ha doglia:
Però gli manda bor l'Ippogrifo avante,
Perché d'Europa con questa arte il toglia;
Ruggier lo piglia, e fego pensa trarla:
Ma quel s'arretra, e non vuol seguirlarla.

Or di Frontin quel animoso monta,
Frontin era nominato il suo defensori,
E sopra quel, che va per l'aria, monta,
E con li sopra gli attizza il cor altiero:
Quei cor alquanto, ed indi i piedi ponta,
E sale in verso il ciel, via più leggero,
Che'l girifalco, a cui lieva il cappello
Il maestro à tempo, e fa veder l'angelo.

La bella donna; che fì in alto vede,
E con tanto periglio il suo Ruggiero,
Risola attinata in modo, che non riede
Per lungo spazio al sentimente vero.
Ciò che già inteso avea di Ganimeede
Ch'al ciel fu affunto dal paterno impero,
Dubittr affai, che non accada à quello
Non men gentil di Ganimeede, e bello.

Now she is with him there, and well he knows,
She had been solely his redemption kind;
His heart with joy so great now overflows,
That he most fortunate himself does find:
The mount they leave, each from their palfrey goes
In the same valley where her conquests shin'd;
Upon which spot they Hippogryph say'd,
Who bore the shield, but cover'd, at his side.

The dame goes of his bridle to take hold,
And he, till she came up, attends her there;
Thro' the bright air then does his wings unfold,
Then fets him down from them at distance near;
She him perfues; he, as before is told,
Leaps to the clouds, but goes not from them far;
As o'er the sandy plain the crow will do,
Baffle the dog, yet make him still perfue.

Ruggier, Gradafo, Sacrante, and the rest
O' th' knights, who were below together got,
Some up, some down, themselves about had plac'd,
Whither, this winged beast would turn, they thought:
He, when long time in vain them had chac'd,
Oft to the utmost summits by him brought;
And 'mongst the stones upon the humid plains,
Near to Ruggier at length his flight restrains.

This was perform'd by old Atlante's care,
Whose tender wishes toward's him did not cease;
Ruggier from instant danger off to bear,
Of this alone he thought, this hurt his eafe;
Wherefore he now had Hippogryph sent there,
From Europe him to get, by this finesse;
Thinking to lead him on, him Ruggier takes;
He would not follow, but a full stop makes.

Now from Frontin this doughty knight descends,
Frontin his own great charging horse was light,
And mounts on that, which thro' the other tends;
Then with his spur's does his proud heart excite;
He runs a while, then swift his footsteps bends,
And toward's the heavens bounds away more light
Than the gyrfalcon; at the time her lord
Takes off the hood, and points her out the bird.

The lovely maid, when she so high discern'd
Her dear Ruggiero, in such dang'rous plight,
Remain'd astonish'd so, that she return'd
Not a long while unto her judgment right;
That, which of Ganimeede she once had learn'd,
From his sire's empire ta'en to heaven's height,
She doubted much would happen to her dear,
Not less genteel than Ganimeede, or fair.
**Canto 4.**

**O R L A N D O F U R I O S O.**

48. With her eyes fix'd she him to heav'n perfu'd,  
As much as fight could do; but when he went 
So far, that he could be no longer view'd,  
She ceas'd; tho' to perfu'd her mind was bent: 
All while her plaints, her sighs, her tears renew'd, 
Nor peace has she, nor would she have content; 
Since from her view so far Ruggiero flies, 
To his good horse Frontn the turns her eyes. 

49. And then resolv'd, that him she would not leave 
A prey; for the first man might catch him up;  
But take him with her; after, him would give 
To his own Lord, whom she to fee had hope. 
His bird to check in vain does Ruggiero strive; 
He soars; below is seen each mountain's top 
So far beneath him, that he can't descry 
Where the ground even is, or where 'tis high. 

50. When so aloft he comes, an atom small, [ground; 
One judge them would, who saw them from the 
He took his way where does exactly fall 
The Sun, when with the Crab he goes around: 
And thro' the air he flies, as with brisk gale 
Does a clean ship over the surges bound: 
Let them go on; good voyage may they make; 
With Paladin Rinald a turn let's take. 

51. Rinaldo, day by day, went up and down 
Over the ocean's width, by temperate cell; 
Now to the west, tow'rs the two Bears now thrown, 
Which day and night never forborne their blafis: 
At length the Scottish coast was to him shown, 
Where lant the Calidonian forests vail: 
Where often, thro' the aged beeches' arms, 
Is heard the echoing sound of wars alarms. 

52. Hither went many an errant cavalier, 
Throughout all Britany in arms renown'd, 
As well from places diftant, as from near; 
From France, from Norway, and from German ground: 
Let none except the valorous come here; 
For where they search for honour, death is found: 
Grand enterprizes here did Trifian do, 
Lanc'Ilot, Galaffo, Arthur, Galvano. 

53. And many cavaliers, by fame renown'd, 
As well of the old table, as the new; 
Their various feats remain stil on this ground, 
Their monuments and pompous trophies too: 
His arms Rinaldo and his Baiard found, 
And on this woody shore himself'd did shew; 
Then gives the pilot orders fail to set, 
To Berwick voyage, and there for him wait.
Canto 54

Without a squire, or other company,
The cavalier thro' this vast forest went;
Now taking one, and now another way,
Where to find some adventure strange, intent:
He to a convent travel'd the first day,
Where of their treasure a good part had spent,
With honour great this monastery to grace,
The dames and knights, who came about this place.

A kind reception monks and abbots gave
Upto Rinaldo, who of them inquir'd;
(But first was care he should provisions have
Him to refresh, as appetite requir'd);
If had been found out by knights-errant brave
Frequent adventures, in this place retir'd,
Where, in some lofty act, a man might shew,
Whether reward or censure was his due.

They answer'd him; Wand'ring these forests thro',
Many and strange adventures may be found;
But as the place obscure, are actions too,
That mosty they are in oblivion drown'd:
Search then to go, said they, where you may know,
That your great deeds may not lay under-ground;
That after pain and danger undertook
May follow fame, and what is due be spoke.

If of your valour you a proof would shew,
For you the worth'efl enterprize is laid,
That, in the ancient age or in the new,
Has ever by a cavalier been made:
The daughter of our King you now may view
In utmost want of a defence and aid
Against a Lord, Lucarnio is his name,
That strives to rob her of her life and fame.

Her to the King Lucarnio does indict,
Perhaps thro' malice more than any cause,
That he has found her, at the dead of night,
Where she her lover up a gall'ry draws:
No champion found, she to be burnt outright
Now stands condemned by our kingdom's laws;
Who, in a month, which now will soon expire,
May this accuser wicked make a liar.

The law of Scotland, cruel, dire, severe,
Wills ev'ry woman, of whatever state,
That joins with man before they marry'd are,
If she's accus'd, shall undergo her fate:
Her from destruction no defence can spare,
Unles for her appears some warrior great,
Who will in arms maintain courageously,
She's innocent, and don't deserve to die.
Canto 4.

60.  
Il Re dolente per Ginevra bella,
Che co'di nominata è la sua figlia,
Ha publicato per città, e caffella,
Che s'alcan la disfesa di lei piglia,
E che l'ingiuria la calunnia fella,
Pur che sia nato di nobil famiglia,
L'avrà per moglie, ed uno liato, quale
Fia convenevole d'è donna tale.

61.  
Ma se fra un mefe, alcun per lei non viene,
O venendo non viene, sarà ucifta.
Simile impresa meglio ti conviene,
Ch'andar pei boschi errando a questa guifa.
Oltre, c'onor, e fama te n'avviene,
Ch'in eterna da te non sia divisa,
Guadagni il for di quante belle donne
Da l'Indo fono a l'Atlante colonne.

62.  
E una ricchezza appresso, ed uno liato,
Che sempre far ti può viver contento;
E la grazia del Re, se fiesstito
Per te gli fia il suo onor, ch'è quasi scontento;
Poi per cavalleria tu sei obbligato
A vendicar di tanto tradimento.
Così, che per comune opinione
Di veri pudicia è un paragone.

63.  
Pensi Rinaldo alquanto; e poi rispose,
Una donzella dunque di morire,
Perché lascio fagar ne l'amorosse
Sue braccia al suo amator tanto desir? 
Sia maladetto chi tal legge pofe?
Sia maladetto chi la può patire!
Debitamente muore una crudele,
Non chi dà vita al suo amator fedele.

64.  
Sia vero, o falso, che Ginevra tolto
S'abbia il suo amante, io non riguardo a questo
D'avero fatto la lodare molto,
Quando non fosse liato manifesto:
Ho in sua disfesa ogni pensier rivolto;
Datemi pur un, che mi guidi preste,
E dove sia l'accusatore mi mene:
Io spero in Dio Ginevra trar di pena.

65.  
Non vuò dir, ch'ella non l'abbia fatte,
Che noi saprinsendo, il falso dir patrei.
Dirò ben, che non dice per sim'il atto
Punizioni cadere alcuna in lei;
E dirò, che fu ingiusto, o che fu matto
Chi feco prima gli flatuti rei,
Che come iniqui rivocar si deno,
E nuova legge far con miglior senso.

66.  
Th' afflicted King for his Ginevra fair,
This is the name, which does his daughter take,
Publick thro' court and city does declare,
That whoso'er takes arms up for her sake,
And her from this base calumny shall clear,
A noble pedigree if he can make,
This lovely nymph in wedlock shall receive,
And he a fortune suitable will give.

61.  
But if within a month none for her come,
Or, coming, conquers not, she surely dies:
Such enterprise would better you become,
Than thro' the woods to wander in this guise:
Honour and fame besides; if 'tis your doom
Ne'er to divided be from this bright prize,
You gain the flow'r of all the ladies fair,
That betwixt Indus and mount Atlas are.

62.  
And so much riches then, and such a flate,
That can for ever make you live content:
And the King's favour, if you elevate
His dignity, which now so low is bent:
And you by chivalry seem obligate
To vindicate from treacherous intent
Her, who, in judgment universally,
Is paragon of strictest chaity.

63.  
Rinald a while reflected, then reply'd,
Must then a lovely damsel die by fire,
Because to her fond lover she comply'd,
And in her am'rous arms quench'd his desire?
Curs'd be the man, that can fuch laws abide!
Curs'd be the man, that could fuch laws confpire!
Justly let her die, who does cruel prove,
Not her, who life gives to her faithful love.

64.  
If false or true, Ginevra did receive
Her lover, this is what I sha'n't regard:
For doing so much praise I would give,
So that the fact ne'er manifest appear'd:
Then prefently for me a guide contrive;
For her defence I fully am prepar'd:
Where her accuser is, me let him lead;
I hope in God, Ginevra shall be freed.

65.  
I will not say, that she did not the fact;
For, knowing not, I may what's false aver;
But this I say, that, for such sort of act,
A punishment ought not to fall on her:
And I will say, he was unjust, disturb'd,
Who first ordain'd the statute so severe,
Which should, as wicked, be revok'd from hence,
And better laws be made with better sense.

H 2
66.

S'un medesimo ardor, s'un diffir pare
Inchina, e isforza l'uno, e l'altro l'esso
A quel soave fin d'amor, che pare
A l'ignorante vulgo un grave eccesso;
Perché fi d'punir donna, o bialmare,
Che con uno, o più d'un abbelli commesso
Quel, che l'um faire con quant'a m'ha appetito,
E lodato ne vo, non che impunito?

67.

Son fatti in questa legge disuguale,
Veramente a le donne esposti torti,
E pé in Dio mostrar, che gli è gran male,
Che tanto lungamente si comporti.
Rinaldo ebbe il conscio universale,
Che fur gli antichi ingiusti, e male accorti,
Che confessò a cofi iniqua legge:
E mal fa il Re, che pur, ni la corregge.

68.

Poi che la luce candida, e vermiglia
De l'altro giorno, aperse l'Emisfero;
Rinaldo l'arme, e il suo Baiardo piglia,
E di quella badia tolle un fendiero;
Che con lui viene a molte leghe, e miglia
Sempre nel bosco orribilmente fiero
Verso la terra, ove la lite nuovo
De la donzella di venire in pruova.

69.

Avvea cercando abbreviar cammino
Lasciato pel sentir la maggior via,
Quando un gran pianto udir sonar vicino,
Che la foresta d'ogni interno empia.
Baiardo spinse l'un, Altro il ronzino
Verso una valle, onde quel grido ufigia;
E fra due malefici una donzella
Vide, che di lontan parea affai bella.

70.

Ma lagrimesa, ed addolorata quanto
Donna, o donzella, o mai perfona fesse:
Le sono due col ferro nudo a canto
Per farle far l'erbe di sangue rosse;
Ella con pierghi differendo qualun
Giva il morir; fin che pieta si fosse
Venne Rinaldo, e come fe n'accorse.
Con altri gridi, e con minaccie accorse.

71.

Volto i malandrin tosto le spalle,
Ch'el foccorfo lontan vider venire,
E s'appiattar-ne la profonda valle;
Il Paladin non li curò seguire;
Venne a la donna, e qual gran colpa dalle
Tanta punizioni cerca d'udire,
E per tempo avravvar, fa a lo studiero
Levarla in groppa, e torna al suo sentiero.

66.

If like desire, and if an equal flame,
Inclines, and so does both the sexes prefs
To that sweet end of love, which still may seem
To the unkindly vulgar great excess;
Why should the fair be punish'd, or have blame,
If they to one or two should have acceds,
When man to all his appetite does raise,
And, 'stead of punishment, he meets with praise?

67.

The laws unequal in this case are made,
Indeed expressly in the damsel's wrong:
I hope in God to have this open laid,
This evil great, which has been borne so long.
The general assent Rinaldo had,
That our fires were a weak and wicked throng,
Who such sad laws contented to enact: [rect.
The King does ill, who could, yet did not them cor-

68.

Soon as the dawn, with mingled red and white,
Open'd the hemisphere with coming day,
Rinaldo Baiard took, his armour bright,
And from the convent got a page away;
Who thro' this horrid wood, of dreary site,
Many a mile and league did with him stray
Towards that town, where this contention now,
About the damsel, proof must undergo.

69.

As they, their way to shorten, had regard,
They quitted in their course the greater road:
They found of moaning great they near them heard,
Which echo'd thro' the forests all abroad:
The one Baiard, 't other his palfrey spur'd
Towards a valley, whence such wailing low'd:
And, 'twixt two rascals, faw a lady there,
Who, at a distance, seemed pretty fair.

70.

But with affliction so o'erwhelm'd, the cry'd;
As much as tend'rest nymph or female cou'd;
The men, with daggers drawn, were at her side,
Intent to tinge the herbage with her blood:
She to put off, with her intreaties, try'd,
A while her death, and them for pity fu'd:
Rinaldo came, and when he this perceiv'd,
With thund'ring cries and threat'nings dread arriv'd.

71.

The murderers immediately turn'd tail,
Soon as they saw affliction come from far:
And hid themselves in the deep duky vale;
The Paladin to follow did not care,
Came to the nymph, and wherein she might fail
For such a punishment, desir'd to hear,
And, not to waste his time, his 'quire he bid
Take her behind him; and so on they rid.
O R L A N D O F U R I O S O .

Canto V.

1.
ALL sort of animals, that are on earth,
Whether they quiet live and dwell in peace,
Whether they quarrel, and to war go forth,
The male ne'er hurt does to the female race:
She-bear with He in forest goes with mirth,
Lionefs near the lion lays with eafe,
Safely the she-wolf to her he lives near,
And from the bull the heifer has no fear.

2.
What pefl abominable, furious strife,
Is come the human bafoms to invade?
That betwixt husband there is heard and wife
Injurious prating, without ceasing, said?
The face is tore, made black, devoid of life,
Bath'd is with tears the matrimonial bed;
And not with tears alone; but sometimes blood
Has them from wicked madnefs overflow'd.

3.
Not crime alone it seems, but that men do
'Gainst nature, and to God they rebels are,
Who can be brought to give the face a blow
Of a fair maid, or pluck a fingle hair;
But who his hands doves in their blood imbrue,
And their fairs fous from their fair bodies tear,
That he's a man, none ever me shall tell,
But, under human form, a fpright from hell.

4.
Of fuch a fort muft these two rafcals be,
Whom, from the damfelf, had Rinaldo fear'd,
Who led her to this vale's obfcurity,
That nought of her might ever more be heard.
Here I left off, as he, the caufe to fay
Of her adventure fad, herfeif prepar'd,
To th' Paladin, who was her friend fo true:
Now, going on, my story I perfue.
La donna incomincia: Tu internderai
La maggior crudeltade, e la più espressa;
Ch' in Tebe, e in Argo, e in Micene mai
O in luogo più crudel s'offe commossa;
E se rotando il Sole e chiareri rai
Qui men, ch' a l'alter region s'apressa:
Credo, ch' a noi mal volenteri arrivi,
Perché veder si crudel gente schivi,

Ciò che nemici gli uomini sien crudi
In ogni città nè veduto esempio;
Ma dar la morte a chi procuri, e studi
Il tuo ben sempre, e troppo ingiusto, ed empio.
E acciò, che meglio il vero ti si dinudi,
Perché costor volessero far esempio.
Dei tempi verdi miei contra ragione,
Ti dirò da principio ogni cagione.

Voglio, che sappi, Signor mio, ch'essendo
Tenera ancora, a l' servigi venni;
De la figlia del Re; con cui cresciendo,
Buon luogo in Corte, ed onorato tenni:
Crudel amore al mio stato invindendo,
Fe che segua, abbi la felice gli divenni:
Fe d'ogni cavalier, d'ogni donzello,
Parermi il Duca d'Albania più bello.

Perché egli mostrò amarini più che molte,
Ad amar lui con tutto il cor mi messi:
Ben s'ode il ragionar, si vede il volto;
Ma dentro il petto mai giudicar potesti.
Credendo, amando, non cefasti, che tolo,
L'ebbi nel letto; e non guardai, ch'io fossi;
Di tutte le real camere, in quella,
Che più segreta aveva Ginevra bella.

Dove tenea le sue cose più care,
E dove le più volte ella dormia,
Si può di quella in s'un verone entrare,
Che fuor del muro al disoprauto uscia.
Io facea il mio amator qui voi montare,
E la scala di corda, onde salita,
Io stessi dal vero giù gli mandai
Quel volto meco averlo defrai.

Che tante volte ve lo fei venire,
Quante Ginevra me ne diede l'agio?
Che solola mutar letto, o per fuggire
Il tempo ardente, o il brumal malavagio.
Non fu veduto d'alun mai salire,
Perché quella parte del palagio
Risponde verso alcune case poste,
Dove neffun mai passa, o giorno, o notte.

The lady then began: You now shall know
The greatest cruelties, and the most clear,
That in Micene, Thebes, or in Argo,
Or in most cruel place committed were:
And if the sun's bright rays, as round they go, Here, than to other places, shine less near, I think it is, that he comes here with pain,
Because such cruel folks to see he does disdain.

That to their foes men cruelty do shew,
In ev'ry age too often is the case;
But to kill one, who ever good for you Strives to procure, is too unjust and base:
And that I better may reveal what's true, Why they inclin'd to act with such disgrace To my so youthful age, 'gainst reason's laws, From the beginning I'll relate each cause.

You first must know, my Lord, that when I was Tender as yet, I was to service put
Of the king's daughter, where, with years increas, At court a good and worthy post I got:
But cruel love envy'd my happy cafe,
And I, alas! his follower was caught;
He made, of ev'ry youth or cavalier,
Albany's Duke to me seem the most fair.

For that he shew'd the greatest love to me, I to love him my simple heart address:
Eazy we hear the talk, the visage see, But at what's in the breast can hardly guess:
I lov'd, believ'd, and ne'er gave o'er, till he Came to my bed, regardles that I was, Of all the royal chambers, in that, where Herself retired kept Ginevra fair.

Where she refer'd her curiosities, And where herself oft-times took repos;
Whence to a gallery a way there lies, Which op'ning, from the wall projecting goes:
Here I contriv'd to make my lover rise, And the rope-ladder did myself dispose, By which he got up to the gallery, As oft as I desired his company.

Whom I invited still to come to me, When from Ginevra I could freedom get,
Who us'd to change her bed, sometimes to face The winter's coldnefs, or the summer's heat:
His climbing thither no one us'd to see; For this side of the court was situate To certain ruin'd houses over-right, Where no one ever passes day or night.
For many days, nay rather months, did last
'Twixt us in secret this our am'rous game;
My love still warm'd me, and it so increas'd,
That all within I found myself in flame;
And I so blinded was, I never guess'd,
He lov'd but little, tho' he much did sham;
Altho' his fraud might have discover'd been,
And by a thousand tokens plainly feen.

After some days his newer love was shown
For fair Gineura: I don't strictly know
Whether before my love this was begun,
That he from her receiv'd the am'rous blow:
See if to me he arrogant was grown,
If empire o'er my heart he boasted now;
For he, without a blush, to me did play'd
This his new love, and ask'd therein my aid.

Oft he would say, equal to mine was not
This love of his, but only for her feign'd:
And, by dissembling of his flame, he thought
To celebrate the hymeneal band:
And of the King she'd easil'y be got,
Soon as her inclination he obtain'd;
For, in the realm, of blood and of estate,
None, but the King was, than himself, more great.

Me he persuad'd, that if, by my aid,
Thus his Lord's son to be he could obtain;
For I perceive he would have honours had,
As much as near the King a man could gain:
That such my merit should be well repay'd,
And he the benefit in mind retain:
And, 'bove his wife and ev'ry object, he
Would fix himself my lover still to be.

I, to oblige him being all intent,
Nor could, nor would I ever him oppose,
And at those times alone enjoy'd content,
When, that I him had gratify'd, he shows,
The first occasion took, that did present,
To speak of him, and his great worth disclose;
And all my industry and labour prov'd
To make my lover Gineura lov'd.

I did, with all my judgment, all th' address,
Whatever I was able, heaven knows;
But with Gineura ne'er could have successe,
Nor her my Duke to favour could dispute.
And this, for that the all her thoughts did press,
To love she had; all her affection flows
Towards a gentle, fine, courteous cavalier,
Who into Scotland came, from country far.
And with his brother, then a very lad,
From Italy, came in this court to stay:
And soon in arms himself so perfect made,
That Britain could not one more bold display:
Him the King lov'd, and shew'd th' effect it had,
For him he gave, not of a middling way,
Castles and towns, and powerful estate,
And him did 'bove his nobles elevate.

In the King's favour, in his daughter's more,
This cavalier was; Ariodante nam'd:
As he the fame of wondrous valour bore,
But more when him she knew her lover deem'd;
Vefuvius, Ætna, on Sicilian shore,
Nor Troy, e'er burnt with fuch vast heat inflam'd,
As she had been inform'd, that, for her love,
Ariodante's heart scorch'd up did prove.

Therefore the love, which she towards him bore
With faith fo perfect, fo sincere a heart,
Made me, unheed'd, for the Duke implore,
No hopeful anfwer would the e'er impart:
Rather, as I intreated for him more,
And, to prevail for him, us'd all my art,
She him desiring, casting on him blame,
Still more and more his enemy became.

I to my lover frequent counsel gave,
That the vain enterprize he would forbear,
As he, the mind to turn, no hope could have
Of her, whose love was too intense elsewhere;
And him I made moft clearly to perceive,
As she for Ariodant fuch flame did bear,
That, by the waves of the unbounded sea,
Part of her flame immense could not extinguish'd be.

This Polinesio many times from me,
For fo the Duke is nam'd, when he had heard,
And of himself well knew, did often see
His proffer'd love return'd with ill regard;
Yet from his passion turn'd he not away;
But to fee any one to him prefer'd,
As he was proud, fo this fo ill was borne,
That all to wrath and hatred he did turn.

And, 'twixt Gineura and her lover, thought
Such discord and contention to difpofe;
Such enmity intense should so be wrought,
That they should ne'er be able to compofe:
And on Gineur fuch scandal should be brought,
As her should both alive and dead expofe,
And his intention wicked ne'er reveal'd
To me or others, kept his mind conceal'd.
When thus resolv'd, Dalinda dear, said he,
For so I'm nam'd, I now would have you know,
As from the root it happens of the tree,
Which has been lop'd by many a frequent blow,
So my still-perverging misery,
Tho' often wounded with successive woe,
Forbears not yet to bud, and would aspire
Up to its end, and vainly-fought desire.

Nor wish I this, so much for pleasure's sake,
As that I earnest am my point to gain;
And since unable this complete to make,
To act in fancy might relieve my pain:
My will is then, that me one time you take,
When you shall find Gineura does remain
At rest in bed, away her cloaths to bear,
Which she has laid aside, and all of them to wear.

Just like her dres, dispoze your locks as she;
Study to look like her, try all you know
To seem herself: then in the gallery
Come, and the scaling ladder downwards throw;
I'll come to you, and with this fantasy,
That you are her, whole vestments then you show;
I hope, this fraud whilft on myself I play,
My strange desire will quickly wear away.

Thus said he: I distracted and confus'd,
And absent from myself, had never thought,
That this, which he intreating had propos'd,
Was in itself so evidently naught,
From the balcony, Gineur's cloaths thus us'd,
The ladder dropt, up which he oft had got,
And ne'er reflected on this base deceit,
Till all the mischief now was made complete.

About this time, betwixt the Duke did pass,
And Ariodant, these words, or of such kind:
For a great friendship there between them was,
Before they did each other rivals find:
My Lover thus began: Strange is the cafe,
That, 'mongst my equals I to you inclin'd,
Having you in respect and constant love,
That I by you fo ill rewarded prove.

Sure am I, that you apprehend and know
Betwixt Gineura and me the ancient flame,
And for my issue legitimate, but now,
I from my Lord am purpos'd her to claim:
Why do you me disturb? why do you go
Her of your heart to make the fruitlesse aim?
By heav'n, to you I more respect should bear,
If you in mine, and I in your cash were.
Canto 5.

Ed io, rispose Ariodante a lui,
Di te mi maraviglia maggiormente,
Che di lei prima innamorato fui,
Che tu l'avessi vista solamente:
E fo, che hai quanto l'amor tra noi,
Che esser non pù, di quel che fia più ardente:
E fo d'essermi moglie intendere, e brama,
E fio, che certo fai, ch'ella non t'ama.
Perché non hai tu dunque a me il rispetto
Per l'amicizia nostra, che domande,
Che a te aver debba, e ch'io t'avei in effetto
Se tu fossi con lei di me più grande?
Ne men di te per moglie averla aspetto,
Se ben tu fui più rice in quelle bande;
Io non fono meno al Re, che tu fia grato,
Ma più di te da la tua figlia amato.

O, disse il Duca a lui, grande è cettoto
Errone, a che t'ha il folle amor condotto.
Tu credi esser più amato; io credo queste
Medesime, ma fì può vedere al frutto.
Tu fanni ciò, ch'hai feco, manifesto,
Ed io il secreto mio l'apriro tutto,
E quel di noi, che manco aver fì veggia
Ceda a chi vince; allorve fì provveda.

E fia pronto, fe tu vuoi, ch'io giuri,
Di non dir cofa mai, che mi riveli.
Così voglio, ch'ancor tu m'afficuri,
Che quel, ch'io ti dirò, fempre tu cel.'
Vener dunque d'accordo a fe fchiori,
E pofero le man fì gli Evangelì:
E poi, che di tacer fede fì diero;
Ariodante incominciò primiera.

E disse per lo giusto, e per lo dritto
Come tra fe, e Gineurra era la cofa,
Che ella avea giurato, e a bucca, e in scritto,
Che mai non faria ad altri, ch'ad lui fpoja:
E fe dal Re le venia contraditto,
Gli promettea di sempre ffar ritrofo,
Da tutti gli altri maritaggi poi,
E viver fola tutti i giorni suoi.

E ch'effo era in fperanza pel valore,
Che avea mostrato in arme a più d'un segno,
Ed era per mostrare a laude, a l'onore,
A beneficio del Re, e del suo regno;
Di crefer tanto in grazia al suo Signore,
Che farebbe da lui fлимato degno;
Che la figliola fia per moglie aveffe,
Poi che piacer a lei con intendere.

O, said the Duke to him, your error's great!
To what extremes does your weak passion press?
You think you're more belov'd; and I repeat
The self-lame thing; but by the fruit we'll guess:
To me, whatever you know, clearly relate,
And my secret will to you confess;
And he of us, who weakest is decry'd,
To the superior yield, elsewhere himself provide.

I'm ready, if you will, my oath to take,
That what you tell me, I will ne'er reveal:
So will I alfo, me secure you make,
That which I fay to you, you ne'er fhall tell:
Then with confent their fared vows they make,
Which on the holy testament they fcel:
After their faith for secrecy they give,
Ariodante commenced his narrative.

And telling what was strictly just and right,
How 'twixt him and Gineurra the cafe was, shows;
That she did swear by word of mouth, and write,
That of none else but him she'd be the fpoife:
And, if the King proceeded to deny't,
She promis'd him, for ever she'd refuse
In 've'r' other match to be a wife,
And fingle pafs her whole remaining life.

And that he was in hope, by valour brave,
Which he had shown in arms by signals great,
And by the praise and honour he might have
In fervice of the King, and of his fteate,
In his Lord's favour fo to grow and thrive,
That he fo worthy him should eflimate,
That he might gain his daughter for his fpoife,
As he to her fo pleafing was, he knows.
Then said he: To this height I now aspire,
Nor to me, think I, any can come near;
Nor seek I more than this, nor do desire
From her of love tokens to have more clear!
That heav'n may grant, is all that I require,
That I with her conubial joys may share;
Vain would it be, should I aught else propose
To her, in honour who the sex outdoes.

When Ariodante had the truth expos'd
Of the reward, his services might wait;
Polines, who already had propos'd
To make the lover his Gineura hate,
Began; 'To me you seem most strangely loft;
I'll make yourself confess your own hard fate;
And when the root of all my joys is shown,
Me only for the happy man you'll own.

She feigns to you; you does not love, or prize,
And only does with words and hope abuse;
Befides, your love as folly does delfipe,
And calls it so, when we ourselves amuse:
That I'm belov'd, I other certainties
Than promisfs or trifles can produce:
This to you, on our secret faith, I'll show,
Tho' 'twould become me to be silent now.

Not a month paffes, but in many 'a night,
Sometimes 'tis ten, that me she does receive,
In privacy with her in such delight,
As to my am'rous ardour she can give:
Now you may see whether my pleasure's height
Equal the trifles you'd have me believe:
Yield therefore, and provide yourself elsewhere;
To me inferior, as you fee, you are.

You I will not believe, said Ariodant,
In anfwer; and for certain know, you lye,
And all these things did in yourself invent,
From my attempt with fear to put me by;
But since to her such injury is meant,
Your story to maintain, I you defy;
That you're a liar, I'll not only show
This instant, but that you're a traitor too.

To him rejoin'd the Duke; 'Twould not be fair,
That we should any combat undertake;
For what I offer, when you willing are,
To your own fight so manifest to make:
Bewilder'd thus, flood Ariodant, to hear,
And thro' his bones a chillsnes made him shake:
And had he credence to him had entire,
Fainting had made him instantly expire.
Canto

41.

Con cor trafitto, e con pallida faccia,
E con voce tremante, e bocca amara.
Rispose; Quando sia, che tu mi faccia
Veder questa avventura tua si rara;
Prometto di cofei lascer la traccia
A te si liberale, à me si avara;
Ma, ch'io tel voglia creder non far fima
S'io non lo veglio con quegli occhi prima.

42.

Quando ne sarà il tempo, avviserotti,
Soggiunse Polinesso, e dipartiffi.
Non credo, che passar più di due notti,
Ch'ordine fu, be'l Duca à me veniffe.
Per fucceur dunque i lacci, che condotti
Avea fi cheti, ando al rivale, e diffe,
Che s'afcondesse la notte seguente
Tra quelle cafe, ove non fia mai gente.

43.

E dinoffogli un luogo a dirimpetto
Di quel verone, ove folea faiare.
Ariodante avea prefo fipetto,
Che lo cercasse far quàri venirne,
Come in un luogo, dove aveffe eletto
Di por gli auatì, e furvelo morire
Sotto quella finzione, che vuol modificargli
Quel di Gineura, ch'impossibile pargli.

44.

Di voleri venìr prefe partito,
Ma in guifa, che di lui non fia men forte,
Perché accadendo, che fofse affalito,
Si truovi fi, che non tena di morte,
Un sua fratello avea faggio, ed ardito,
Il più famoso in arme de la corte,
Datto Lurciano, e avea più cor con effo,
Che fe dieci altri avesse avuto appresso.

45.

Seco chiamollo, e volve, che prendeffe
L'arme; e la notte lo meno con lui.
Non, ch'ei fecreto fua già gli diceffe,
Ne l'avria detto ad effo, ò ad altri
Da fe lontano un trar di pietra il mefe:
Se mi fenti chiamar, vien, diffe, à nui;
Ma fe non fenti, prima ch'io ti chiami,
Non ti partì di qui, frate, fe m'amì.

46.

Va pur, non dubitar, diffe il fratello,
E così venne Ariodante cheta,
E fi celò nel folidario offido,
Ch'era d'incontro al mio velon secreto:
Vien d'altra parte il fraudolente, e fello;
Che d'infamia Gineura era fi lieto;
E fà il fegno tra noi feplo inante,
A me, che de l'inganno era ignorante.

41.

With a pierc'd heart, and with a pallid face,
A trembling voice, and with imbitter'd mouth,
Whence may it be, that you will make, he says,
Me this adventure fee, so beyond truth?
I promise you, that I will leave her trace
To you so free, and to me fo uncouth;
But that I will believe you, don't suppose,
Ere my own sight the demonstration shows.

42.

I'll give you notice, when the time comes on;
Here Polinefs subjou'd, and difappear'd.
Not more than two nights, as I think, were gone,
Ere to come to me was the Duke prepar'd:
To fpread the toils then, which he had begun
So hufft, he fought his rival, and declar'd,
That he himfelf the foll'wing night should hide
'Mongt thofe old houses, where none did abide.

43.

And fhou'd to him a place, facing exact
That gallery, to which he oft had got:
Ariodant began then to fufpect,
That he to bring him to that place had fought,
Being a fation purpofoily felect,
Where he by ambush might to death be brought,
Under the fiction, that he'd thow to him,
What of Gineur impossible did feem.

44.

To meet him at that place he did engage,
But in fuch guise, he might his equal be,
That fhould he be affail'd by fecret rage,
He need not fear his death by treachery:
He had a brother, who was stout and fage,
Moft famous of the court in arms was he,
Lurcanio call'd: with him, his heart was free,
As if ten others were his company.

45.

He call'd him to him, and defir'd he'd take
His arms, and in the night him with him led;
Not that the fecret to him he did break;
To him, or other, not a word he faid:
A fhone's throw distance put him, and thus fpake:
If you perceiue me call, come to my aid;
But if you hear me not, don't hence remove,
Unles I call; me, brother, if you love.

46.

Go on, and doubt me not, his brother faid;
And fo came Ariodante silently;
And himself in the lonely hovel hid,
That flood againft my fecret gallery:
From t'other fide the fraudul'nt villain fped,
Who to defame Gineura had fuch joy,
And made the fign, which betwixt us was us'd,
To me, who was myself by fraud abus'd.
Canto 5.

**ORLANDO FURIOSO.**

47.

Ed al non veste candida, e fregiata
Per mezza a liefe d'oro, e d'ogn' intorno;
E con rete pur d'or tutta adombrata
De bei fiorbii vermigli al capo intorno,
Foggia, che fol fu da Ginevra uffata,
Non d'alcun'altra: udito il signo torno
Sopra il veron; ch' in modo era locato,
Che mi scopriva dinanzi, e d'ogni lato.

48.

Lurcanio in questo mezzo dubitando,
Che'l fratello a pericolo non vada,
O come è pur comin disfà, cercando
Di spiàr, sempre ciò, che ad altri accada;
L'era pian pian venuto seguìtando
Tenendo l'ombra, e la più oscura strada.
E a men di dieci passi a lui disfàsto
Nel medesimo ojìel s'era riposta.

49.

Non sapendo io di questo cosa alcuna,
Venni al veron ne l'abitò, che bo detto,
Si come già venuta era più d'una
E più di due fiate a buono effetto.
Le vesti si vedean chiare a la Luna.
Ne disimilte essendo anch'io d'aspetto,
Ne di persona da Ginevra mòto;
Fece parere un per un' altro il volto.

50.

E tanto più; che'era gran spazio in mezzo
Fra dove io venni, e quelle incute case.
A l i due fratelli, che fluvano al rezzo,
Il Duca agevolmente si passe.
Quel che'era false; or pensava che ribrezzo
Ariodante, in che dolor rimase:
Vien Polinefso, e a la scala s'appoggia;
Che già mandai gli, e monta in su la loggia.

51.

A prima giunta io gli getto le braccia
Al collo; che'io non penso o! o! vedeva:
Lo bacio in bocca, e per tutta la faccia;
Come far seglio al di sopra sua venuta.
Egli più de l'usato si procaccia
D'accarezzarmi, e la sua fraude aiuta;
Quell' altro al rio spettacolo condotto,
Misero fla lontano, e vede il tutto.

52.

Cade in tanto dolor, che si dispone
Allora allora di voler morire;
E il pomo de la spada in terra pone,
Che in su la punta si sola ferire;
Lurcanio, che con grande ammirazione
Avea veduto il Duca a me falire;
Ma non giò congiunto chi si fosse,
Scorgendo l'atto del fratell'majore.

47.

I a white gown, with a rich border, wore,
Thro' all the feams, of gold, and all around:
And with a net of gold was cover'd o'er
My head, with crimson puffs most richly bound;
Fashion Gineur alone had us'd before,
No other lady. When the sign I found,
I mount the gall'ry, which in manner flood,
I might in front and on each side be view'd.

48.

Lurcanio, during this time, stood in doubt,
Whether his brother might to danger go,
Or, as we are addicted to search out,
And, what to others happens, fain would know,
Had, softly feeling on, perf'd his route,
The shade and ways obscure still passing thro';
And distant from him, less than ten yards space,
In the fame hovel he himself did place.

49.

I, knowing nothing of this whole affair,
Came to the gall'ry in th' aforesaid dres';
As heretofore I more than once came there,
Nay, many more times, and with good success;
My vestments shew'd themselves by moonlight clear,
And not unlike to her in my address,
Nor to the perfon of Gineura much,
Made me appear in countenance as such.

50.

So much the more, as there was distance great,
'Twixt where I was and that old ruin'd house;
On the two brothers, who at distance wait,
The Duke might with facility impose.
Now you may judge, in what a horrid slate
Was Ariodante, in temper dolorous;
Polinesio comes; to th' ladder does apply,
Which I let down, and mounts the gallery.

51.

At his approach I instant him embrace
About the neck, not thinking I was seen:
I kifs'd his mouth, and over all his face,
Still at his coming as I us'd had been:
He, more than usual, seem'd himself to pres;
His fondness, treach'ry better to maintain:
T'oother, to this dread flight brought by his call,
At distance wretched flood, and saw it all.

52.

In so much grief he funk, he does dispose,
That he would kill himself this very now;
And his sword's pommeel to the earth he throws,
Intending with its point to strike the blow:
Lurcanio, in whom vait amazement rofe,
Had seen the Duke up the rope-ladder go;
But who it was, to him was yet unknown;
Seeing his brother's act, mov'd hastily on.
53.
E gli viesi, che con la propria mano
Non si passasse in quel furor il petto:
S'era più tardo o poco più lontano,
Non giungesse a tempo, e non faceva effetto.
Ah misero fratel, fratello infano,
Grido, per'che hai perduto l'interetto?
C'una femmina a morte trar ti debba,
Ch'ir passar tutte, come al vento nebbia.

54.
Cerca far morir lei; che morir merta,
E serva a più tuo onor tu la tua morte.
Fu d'amor lei, quando non t'era aperta
La fraude sua: or, 'e da odiar ben forte.
Poi che con gli occhi tuoi tu vedi certa.
Quanto sia meretrici, e di che forte?
Serba quel'arme, che volti in te flessa,
A far dinanzi al Re tal fallo espreso.

55.
Quando si vede Ariodante giunto
Sopra il fratel, la dura impresa lascia;
Ma la sua intenzion da quel ch'asfintu
Aveva di morir, poco s'accascia.
Quindi si liev fu, e porta non che punto
Ma trappafjò il cor d'extrema ambascia;
Pur finge col fratel, che quel furore
Non abbia più, che dianzi avea nel core.

56.
Il seguente mattin senza far motto
Al suo fratello, d'ad altri; in via si messe
Da la mortal disperazion condotto;
Ne di lui per più di fu chi soffesse.
Furor ch'el Duca, e il fratello ogn'altra indotto
Era che moffò al dipartir l'avesso:
Ne la caita del Re di lui diverfi
Raggionamenti, e in tutta Scozia ferì.

57.
In capo d'otto, è di più giorni in corte
Venne innanzi a Ginevra un viandante;
E novelle arrecò di mala forte.
Che s'era in mar sommerfo Ariodante,
Di voluttaria sua libera morte.
Non per colpa di Borea, ò di Levante;
D'un fasso, che s'il mar sporgea molt'alto
Avve col capo in giu prego un gran falso.

58.
Colui dicea: Pria che venisse a questo,
A me, che a caso risentro perversa,
Difse, vien meco, acciò che manifesfo
Per te a Ginevra il mio successo fia:
E dille poi, che la cagion del reflo,
Che tu vedrai di me c'or ora fia,
E stato fol pecé ho troppo veduto;
Felice se senza occhi lo fessi futo.

59.
And him prevented, that with his own hand
He should not in such fury pierce his breast.
Had he been later, or on farther land,
Too late h'ad come, and had not this redress'd:
Ah, brother! wretch, who passion can't command,
He cry'd, why is thy judgment thus oppress'd?
Have you for woman then your death design'd?
Let them all go, like clouds before the wind.

54.
Perfue her death, who well deserves to die,
And for more honour your own life preferre:
You lov'd her once, when open did not lie
Her treach'ry; now more hate she does deserve,
Since with your eyes you now for certain spy
A trumpet she, and of what fort, observe:
Keep then your arms, which 'gainst yourself you bring,
to make this crime appear before the King.

55.
When Ariodante saw his brother join'd
Him thus, his dreadful enterprise he quits;
But his intention, wherein he design'd
To kill himself, but little he forgets:
Thence he departs; and not a flab'd retain'd,
But a heart dead with grief's extreme weights;
But to his brother feign'd, h'ad now no more
That fury, which was in his heart before.

56.
The morning foll'wing, not a word he said
To brother, friend, but strait away did go,
By this his mortal desperation led;
Nor of him, many days, did any know:
Save the Duke and his brother, no one had
Knowledge, what mov'd to his departing so:
In the King's palace various sentiment,
And throughout Scotland, touching him, there went.

57.
When about eight days were expir'd, to court
Unto Gineura came a traveller;
And news reported of an evil fort;
Ariodant's drown'd i'th' sea, he did aver:
A death his will determin'd did extort,
Not by a stroke of any wind sever,
But from a rock, which o'er the sea hung steep,
He has, head foremost, ta'en a desperate leap.

58.
Before he came to this unhappy fate,
To me, by chance meeting me going on,
He said, Come with me, that you may relate;
By you my lot may to Gineur be known:
Then tell her, that the cause of that strange state,
Which of me to your sight shall soon be shown,
Is only, for that I too much have seen;
Happy, if I for ever blind had been.
Canto 5.

59. Erano a caso sopra Capo-abas'd,
Che vegg' Irlanda alquanto sorge in mare:
Cosi dicendo rimaneva d'un fesso
Lo vidi a capo in giu' fatti' acqua andare:
Io lo lasciati nel mare, ed a gran passo
Ti son venuto la nuova a portare.
Gineura, figiettita, e in vifo morta
Rimase a quel annunzio mezza morta.

60. Oh Dio che dissi, e fece! poi che sola
Si ritrovò nel suo fido letto,
Perceffo il feno, e si fraccio la fiola,
E fece a l'aurore crin danno e dispetto,
Ripetendo sovente la parola,
Ch' Airoidante avea in estremo detto,
Che la cagion del suo caso empio, e triffo
Tutta venia per aver troppo vifo.

61. Il rumore scorse di coftui per tutto,
Che per dolor s'avera dato la morte:
Di questo il Re non tenne il vifo affatto,
Ne cavalier, ne donna de la corte,
Di tutti il suo fratel morì più lutto,
E si sommerse nel dolor fi forte,
Ch' ad esempio di lui contra fe stesse,
Volo quasi la man per ingi appresso.

62. E molte volte ripetendo fece,
Che fu Gineura, che l' fratel gli infrinse;
E che non fu, fe non quell' atto biceo,
Che di lei vide, ch'a morir lo fpinse;
Di volar vendicarsene fi cieco
Venne, e si l'ira, e fi il dolor lo vinse,
Che di perder la grazia vitife,
Ed aver l'odio del Re, e del paese.

63. E innanzi al Re, quando era più di gente
La sala piena, fe ne vene, e disse,
Sappi, Signor, che di levar la mente
Al mio fratel fi ch' a morir ne gifse,
Stata è la figlia tua sì cara nascita,
Ch' a lui tanto dolor l' alma trafisse
D' aver veduta lei poco padica,
Che pia, che viva, ebbe la morte amica.

64. Erano amante, e perche le sue voglie
Disfonsle non fur; nel vo coprire:
Per virtu meritaria aver per moglie
Da te sperava, e per fedel servire:
Ma mentre il lasso ad odar le foglie
Stava lontano, altrui vide salire,
Salir fu l'arbor riferbato, e tutto
Essergi tutto il disfato frutto.

We then by chance were come to Cape-abas'd,
Which o'er the sea does towards Ireland bow;
This said, himself on the rock's summit plac'd,
Head foremost under water he did throw;
I left him in the sea, and, in great haste,
Am hither come to bring the news to you:
Gineura dumb remain'd, her colour fled,
Struck with this dreadful errand almost dead.

60. O heav'n's! what said she, did she, when alone
She was retired to her faithful bed?
She smote her breast, she tore to bits her gown,
And with her golden locks sad ravage made:
And to repeat those words she still kept on,
Which Airoidant had, in extreme, said,
That of his fate the wicked cause had been
From hence deriv'd, That he too much had seen.

61. The rumour run, about him, ev'ry-where,
That he thro' grief had made himself away:
For this the King could not from tears forbear,
The knights and courtly dames their grief display:
Of all most sad his brother did appear,
And so o'erwhelm'd with sorrow great was he,
By his example, he had almost bent
His arm against himself, to follow him intent.

62. And many times did with himself reflect,
That by Gineura was his brother gone;
And nothing else, but that unseemly act
Of hers, he saw, had him to death spur'd on:
The wish'd-for vengeance so did him draw,
And so with rage and grief he was o'ergone,
That to lose favour he did nothing rate,
And held in scorn the King and country's hate.

63. When he the presence-chamber full did find
Of company, before the King he spoke;
Know, Sir, who discompose'd my brother's mind,
So that his hafty death he undertook,
Alone has been your daughter so unkind;
For that his soul so great a sorrow strook,
By having seen her so devoid of shame,
That fonder he of death than life became.

64. He was in love with her; and since his vows
Dishonest were not, them I'll not conceal:
By valour her to merit for his spouse
From you, he hop'd, and by his serving well.
But while the leaves he adoration shows
With distant awe, he sees another scale,
Scale up the sacred tree, and from him ta'en
All the rich fruit, which he defir'd in vain.
And so perf'd, what he himself had seen,
And how Gineura to the gall'ry came,
Threw down the ladder; whence to her climb'd in
Her lover, of whom he knew not the name:
For he had, that his person he might screen,
His hair conceal'd, his cloaths no more the fame:
Then he subjoin'd, with arms he would effay
The proof, that all was truth, which he did lay.

You may imagine, how the fire aggrieve'd
Remain'd, his daughter when accus'd he heard:
As well of her to learn that, which conceiv'd
He never had, now with amazement fear'd,
As that compelld he would be, he perceiv'd,
If warrior none for her defence appear'd,
Who could upon Lurcanio prove the lye,
Immediately to sentence her to die.

Sir, I suppone not, that to you is new
This law of ours, which thus condemns to die
Each wife or damsel, if it should prove true,
With other, than her spouse, she has been free;
She dies, if in a month there does not shew,
In her defence, some knight of bravery,
Who gainst the false accuser will assert
Her innocence, and death not her defert.

The King has made an edict her to free,
As she to him seems wrongfully accus'd,
That her he'll give for wife, with rich dowry,
To who'er proves by scandal she's absu'd;
But none, who speaks for her, as yet we fee,
Of warriors; rather one and all refus'd:
For this Lurcanio is so fierce in arms,
It seems, he ev'ry warrior's heart alarms.

Unlucky fortune so has brought about,
Zerbin, her brother, is not in this land;
Who now for many months has made his route,
Demonstrating in arms his actions grand:
For were but found this cavalier to stout,
Or were he in some place so near at hand,
That time allow'd this news to be convey'd,
He would not fail to bring his sister aid.

The King, mean time, who does the search perfue,
Than thofe of arms, of other proofs more strong:
If fallse these accusations are, or true,
Whether his daughter's death be right or wrong;
Has feiz'd some of her chamber-retinue,
Who could not be without such knowledge long:
Whence, if I taken was, I did foresee
The Duke and I should in great danger be.
Canto 5.

**ORLANDO FURIOSO.**

71.

And that same night I did myself remove
From out the court, and to the Duke I got;
And show’d, of what importance it might prove
To both our lives, if I perchance were caught:
He praiz’d me; said, it did not me behave
To doubt his comfort; then, to come, befought
Me to a fortrefs, which he had hard by
With two, he gave to me for company.

72.

You now have heard, my Lord, with what effect
I Polinefs made fure of my regard;
And, whether he was bound, in this respect,
To hold me dear or not, to you is clear’d:
Now the return I had, I will detect,
See of my great defert the great reward!
See, if a woman, for her greatest love,
Should ever hope a kind return to prove.

73.

For this perfidious, cruel, and ingrate,
At length had of my faith conceiv’d a doubt;
Into fulpicion came; I would relate
His frauds, at falt his arts might be found out:
He feign’d, me at a difance to fecret,
Till the King’s rage to calmses should be brought;
To one of his strong places me he’d send,
But meant of me direct to make an end.

74.

Which secret he committed to the guide,
As foon as me into this wood he brought;
So, for my faith’s reward I should have dy’d,
So he had gain’d the purpose which he fought,
If you had not been near me, when I cry’d;
See how Love fets his followers at nought!
Thus to the Paladinf Dalinda show’d
Her story, while they travel’d on their road.

75.

To him moft grateful this adventure was,
That he this damf el had difcover’d there,
Who told him all the story that did pafs,
Of the wrong’d innocence of Gineur fair;
And if he hop’d, altho’ he had with caufe
Accufed been, to her his aid to bear,
He, with more boldnes now, comes to the proof,
As he the calumny faw clear enough.

76.

And to w’ds the city, from St. Andrew nam’d,
Where was the King and all his family,
And where this combat singularly fam’d,
Touching his daughter thus accus’d, fo should be,
Rinald prefs’d on, with utmost zeal enfam’d,
Till near within few miles arriv’d was he;
Near to the city he arrived, where
He met a ’quire, who fresher news did bear.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Canto 5.

That a strange cavalier was there come on,
Who in Gineura's defence had ta'en the field,
And with unusual ensigns and unknown,
As, ever as he went, he kept conceal'd;
And since he came, his visage was not shown,
Which he to none had hitherto reveal'd;
And that his 'quire, who him attended there,
Did with an oath, he knew him not, declare.

They had not travel'd much, before they were
To the wall's ramparts come, and at the gate;
Dalinda to go further on had fear,
But goes, as Rinaldo gave her comfort great,
The gate was shut; of him who had that care
Rinaldo ask'd, to what this might relate;
Who told him, all the folk were gone away
To see a combat to be fought that day,

Which 'twixt Lurcanio and a knight unknown
Was made, at the town's other end from hence;
Where was a spacious and a level down;
And that, by this, they did their fight commence:
The gates were open to Rinaldo thrown,
And soon behind the porter clos'd the fence;
Thro' the void city does Rinaldo pass,
But, at the nearest inn, he leaves the lads.

And told her, there she might securely play,
Till he return'd to her, which should be soon;
And tow'rd's the field he hasty bears away,
Where the two warriors, Give and Take, had shown
In various guile, and still the same did play;
Lurcanio, with revengeful heart kept on
Against Gineura; 't'other her defence
His fav'rite enterprize, sustains intense.

Six cavaliers within the barrier flood,
On foot with them, each arm'd in his curials;
The Duke of Albany, amidst them, rode
A powerful courser, of a noble race;
As the great constable, to him allow'd
Was the command of this appointed place:
He, to see fair Gineura in danger great,
Had his heart glad, his brow with pride elate.

Rinaldo thro' the crowd push'd up and down,
For him his palfrey good, Baiard, made way;
Who hears the tempest of his coming on,
To him gives place, not lame or with delay:
Rinaldo, on the saddle, stoutly phone,
And seem'd the very flow'r of bravery:
Then 'gainst the place, where the King fate, he stands;
All flock about to hear, what he demands.
Rinaldo said, May’t please your majesty
Not to permit them more the fight prolong;
For of these warriors whichfoever shall die,
Know, that you let him die in his own wrong;
One says what’s false, and yet he does not lie;
He thinks he’s right, tho he’s in error strong;
But the same error, which his brother wrought
To his sad end, has him in arms now brought.

The other knows not, if he’s wrong or right,
In goodness only, and in gallantry,
He does his life in danger put by fight,
Because he would not let such beauty die:
I safety bring to innocence so bright,
Bring the reverse to cursed falsity:
But first, for heaven’s sake, this combat quell;
Then give me audience: I the whole will tell.

By the authority of one so brave,
As by Rinaldo’s semblance had been shown,
The King was mov’d: he spoke; the signal gave,
The combat should proceed no farther on:
To whom assembled, to the senate grave,
The cavaliers, the crowd met thereupon:
Rinaldo all the fraud let forth express,
That ‘gainst Gineur was laid by Polinefia.

And then himself he offer’d, that he’d prove
With arms, that this was true, which he had said:
The Duke is call’d, who forth to view did move,
But with an aspect totally dismay’d:
Yet to deny audaciously he strove:
Rinaldo said, The proof be now effay’d:
Both of them were in arms, the field mark’d out;
So that without delay their work they set about.

O how much joy did King and people share,
To find Gineur thus prov’d innocent!
All had their hope in God, they should see clear,
She was immodest call’d with base intent:
Gripping, superb reputed, and severe,
Was Polinefia, wicked, fraudulent;
So that it might a sort of wonder seem,
If this vile cheat was not contriv’d by him.

With aspect Polinefia stands distrest’d,
With trembling heart, and with a pallid check;
At the third found his lance puts in the reft,
So does Rinaldo, and ‘gainst him forward break:
And, as defirous to conclude the feast,
Looks, where a paflage thro’ his heart to make:
Nor to his with prov’d the effect reverse;
For half his spear into his breast did pierce.
CANTO VI.

1. **M I S E R** chi mal oprando si confida,
Ch'ogn' or star debba il maleficio occulto,
Che quando ogn' altro tacca, intorno grida
L'aria, e la terra istessa, in ch'è sepulco:
E Dio fa spegno, che l'peccato guida
Il peccator, poi ch'alcuni di gli ha indulto,
Che se medefmo, fenza altrui richiefa,
Inavvedutamente manifesta.

89. **Fiss'd** nel trono lo trasporta in terra
Lontan dal suo destrier più di sei braccia;
Rinaldo smonta lubito; e gli afferra
L'elmo pria, che lui levi, e gli co fiacca;
Ma quel, che non può far più troppa guerra;
Gli demanda merce con umil faccia,
E gli confessa udendo il Re, e la corte
La fraude sua, che l'ha condotto à morte.

90. Non fini il tutto, e in mezzo la parola,
E la voce, e la vita l'abbandona.
Il Re, che liberata la figliuola
Vede da morte, e da fama non buona,
Più s'allegra, gioisce, e racconsola,
Che s'avendo perduta la corona,
Ripor fe la vedesse allora allora,
Si che Rinaldo unicamente onora.

91. E poi, ch'al trar de l'elmo conosciuto
L'ebbe perch' altre volte l'avea vifto,
Levò le mani a Dio, ch'è bell aiuto
Come era quel, gli avea fi ben provvisato.
Quell' altro cavalier, che conosciuto
Soccorso avea Ginerva al cajo frívolo,
Ed armato per lei s'era condotto,
Stato da parte era à vedere il tutto.

92. Dal Re pregato fu di dire il nome,
O di lafigiarsi amien veder scoperto,
Acciò da lui fosse premiato, come
Di sua buona intenzion chiedeva il merto.
Quel dopo lunghi prieghi da le chiome
Si levò l'elmo, e fe' palese, e certo
Quel, che ne l'altro canto ho da seguire,
Se grato vi farà l'istoria udire.

89. Fix'd in his trunk, him on the earth he lays,
From off his horse, more than six yards he bound;
Rinald dismounts, and suddenly does sete
His helm; before he's up, does it unbind:
But he, to combat who no longer tries,
His pardon supplicates with face reclin'd;
And to the King and all the court confesse
The fraud, which him thus to his death had pres'd.

90. He could no more; for, 'midst his narrative,
His voice and life together from him flew:
The King, who now his daughter did perceive
Escap'd from death, and from dishonour too,
Rejoic'd, exulted, and did more revive,
Than if his crown, once loft, he did anew
That infant see upon his head replac'd;
For which Rinaldo he with honour grac'd.

91. Soon as, his helmet off, he known was made,
The King, who him before had often seen,
His hands to heav'n exalted, that an aid
So great had graciously provided been:
The other knight, who in her case so sad,
Gineur's defence, disguis'd, had underta'en,
And, arm'd for her, had travel'd to this place,
Stood on one side, observing all did pass.

92. The King intreated him his name declare,
At least his face no longer to conceal,
That he might him present some premium rare,
As a reward was due to his good will:
He, after long intreaty, from his hair
Lifts off his helm, and clearly did reveal
Him, who in the next canto will appear,
If you the story it will please to hear.

W R E T C H E D, who'er does in ill arts confide;
For should a while his malice lay conceal'd,
By th'air around, tho' all be hush beside,
By earth itself, where hid, 'twould be reveal'd;
And heav'n oft makes the very fin to guide
The sinner, tho' some interval it yield,
That he, without a search by others made,
Is by himself, with oversight, betray'd.
Canto 6.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

2.
The wretched Polinesio had believe'd,  
That he his crime should totally secrete,  
If he Dalinda, who his fraud conceiv'd,  
Could but destroy, who sole could it relate:  
To his first fault a second he achiev'd,  
So, which he might defer, push'd on his fate:  
He might defer, perchance might have escap'd;  
But he 'pur'd on, and to his death he leap'd.  

3.
He left at once his friends, life, and estate,  
His honour too, which was much greater los'd.  
I told before, how all did much intreat  
The cavalier, as yet whom no one knows:  
At length he doffs his helm, and that face sweet  
Uncover'd, which they oft had seen, he shows:  
And that it Ariodante was, reveal'd,  
Who throughout Scotland was before bewail'd.  

4.
That Ariodant, whom Gineur did bemoan  
As lost and dead; his brother too had mourn'd,  
The King, the court, the people ev'ry one,  
With goodnecfs such, with valour fo adorn'd:  
At length the false and strange reports were shown,  
As groundles heretofore and overturn'd;  
Tho' it was true, that from the craggy fone  
Himself into the sea h'ad headlong thrown.  

5.
But, as to one, it happens, in despair,  
Who wishes and desires, at distance, death,  
Yet hates it, soon as he perceives it near,  
So harsh and dreadful appears to him the path;  
Ariodante, soon as plunged there,  
To die repents; and as great strength he hath,  
And, as, than others bold and dext'rous more,  
Betook to swim, and turn'd again to shore.  

6.
And now he folly call'd, and did despife,  
That strange defire he had, his life to quit;  
Wet and fatigu'd, content his way he hies,  
And finds the hovel of an Eremite:  
There loit'ring secretly a while he lies,  
Till he the news, how things did pass, could get;  
Whether Gineur had pleasure in his fate,  
Or else did him bemoan, compassionate.  

7.
That by great grief, at first, he understand'd,  
She had much hazard run, but that she dy'd;  
The fame of this was so much spread abroad,  
That converse it to ev'ry one supply'd:  
Effect reverse his error did forebode,  
And thought, with utmost pain, to have defcry'd;  
After, he was inform'd, Lurcanio had  
Gineura to her father guilty made.
8.

Contra il fratel d'ira minor non arse,
Che per Ginevra già d'amore ardette,
Che troppo empio, e crudele atto gli parfe,
Ancor che per lui fatto l'avess'.
Sentendo poi, che per lei non comparse
Cavalier, che defendersi voleffe;
Che Lurcanio si forte era, e zagliardo,
Ch'ogn' un d'andargli contra avea riguardo;

E chi n'avea natizia il rupitava,
Tanto discreto, e sì faggio, ed accorto,
Che se non fosse ver, quel che narrava,
Non si porrebbe a rischio d'esser morto.
Per quello la più parte dubitava
Di non pigliar quella disfesa a torto.
Ariodante dozo gran discorsi
Pensò à l'accusa del fratello opporsi.

10.

Ab laffo! io non petrei, feco dicea,
Sentir per mia cagion perir cofei!
Troppo mia morte fora acerba, e rea,
Se inanzi à me morir vedessi lei!
Ella à pur la mia donna, è la mia Dea;
Questa è la luce pur de gli occhi miei:
Convien ch'as védio, è a torto per suo campo
Pigli l'impresa, e refi morto in campo.

11.

So ch'io m'appiglio al torto, e al torto fia,
E ne morro, ne questo mi conforta,
Se non, ch'io fo, che per la morte mia
Si bella donna ha da rifer poi morta.
Un sol conforto nel morir mi fia,
Che, se'l suo Polinèfio amore porta,
Chiaramente veder avrà potuto,
Che non sì moufo ancor per darle aiuto.

E me, che tanto espreffamente ba offerto
Vedra per lei salvare, à morir giunto;
Di mio fratello infieme, il quale acceso
Tanto fuoco ba, vendicheroomi à un punto;
Ch'io lo farò doler, poi che comprefo
Il fine avrà del suo crudele affronto.
Creduto vendicar avrà il germano,
E gli avrà dato morte di suo mano.

13.

Conchiuso c'ebbe questo nel pensiero,
Nuove armi ritrovo, nuovo cavalo,
E sopravveglie nere, e fucio nero
Porto fregiato à color verde, e giallo.
Per avventura si trovò un feudiore
Ignoto in quel paese, e menato hallo,
È conosciuto, come ho già narrato,
S'appreffo contra il fratello armato.

8.

Against his brother with like wrath he flam'd,
As he was scorched before with Gineur's love;
As too fierce and bad the action seen;
Tho' for him only he therein did move:
After perceiving, that for her was nam'd
No cavalier, to her defence approve,
Because Lurcanio was so stout and brave,
That all to oppose him cautious regard would have;

And he was deem'd by all who him did know,
So circumspect, so prudent, and difcreet,
That if what was reported, were not true,
He ne'er had put himself to risk his fate;
Wherefore most people difficulty did feel
For taking this defence, which seem'd not meet.
When Ariodant in mind had much revolv'd,
T'oppose his brother's accusation he resolv'd.

10.

Alas! I cannot, to himself he said,
Suffer, that she on my account should die;
Too harsh, too cruel, would my death be made,
If I, before my own, her death should spy:
She is my Deity, this lovely maid,
She is the light, that cherishe my eye;
'Tis fit, that, right or wrong, the talk be ta'en
For her escape, I die upon the plain.

11.

I know, wrong cause I take, wrong let it be:
That I shall die, nor herein feel I woe,
Did I not know, that, by the death of me,
Such lovely fair to death must after go:
One only comfort in my death I see,
That if her Polinnenlo loves her too,
It may to him most clearly be display'd,
He has not yet advanc'd to give her aid.

And me, to whom she palpably did wrong,
Shall see, to death press forward for her sake;
And of my brother too, who has been stung
With so much rage, as once I'll vengeance take:
How shall I grieve him, when he fees, ere long,
The end his cruel enterprise will make;
Thinking a brother's vengeance he has ta'en,
When he shall him with his own hand have slain.

Thus, having settled matters in his thought,
New armour, and new horse, he did obtain;
A black fartout, and shield of black, he bought,
Embroider'd with the colours, yellow, green:
And, by good fortune, he a 'quire had got,
A stranger here, and took him to the plain;
And, as before I told you, thus unknown,
In arms against his brother, he march'd on.
Canto 6.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

I've told you, what success the matter had,
And how, at length, was Ariodante known;
The King, on this account, was no less glad
Than he was, for his daughter's freedom won:
There never can be, to himself he said,
A lover more sincere and faithful shown,
Who, after so great injury, for her sake, [take.
Gainst his own brother, the defence would under-

And to her will, as her he dearly lov'd,
And by the joint request of all the court,
And of Rinald, who more than others mov'd,
To his fair daughter he did him confort:
Albany's duchy, which now his right prov'd,
As Polinefio dy'd in fuch a fort,
In better feafon could not fallen have,
Since it, in dow'r, he to his daughter gave.

Rinaldo for Dalinda did grace intreat,
Who, for her fault so great, did pardon find;
And he, by vow, as she was fatiate
Much of the world, to heaven turn'd her mind:
A nun to be, the went to Denmark's state,
And Scotia left immediately behind.
But now 'tis time Ruggiero to attend,
Who thro' the heav'ns on his fleet beaft does bend.

Altho' Ruggiero was of steady mind,
Nor did his usual colour e'er depart,
I won't believe, but trembling he did find
Within, more than a fhaken leaf, his heart:
He now had left, at distance vast behind,
All Europe, and was got beyond that part,
Where once by Hercules prescribed was
The boundary, no mariner should pass.

That Hippogryph, a monftrous bird and great,
With fuch wing'd swiftnefs lifts him thro' the air,
That he would foon by mighty distance beat
The minifter, that does the thunder bear:
No animal goes thro' the sky so fleet,
To, in velocity, with this compare;
I think an arrow, scarce the thunder caft
Would come from heav'n to earth with greater haste.

Soon as this bird great space had travel'd on
By line direct, and ne'er himself did bend,
In circles wide, of this air now weary grown,
He gan upon an island to descend:
That it fee'n'd, where, after much torment shown
Her lover, from him far concea'd'd to tend,
The virgin Arethufe, in vain declin'd
Beneath the fea, thro' passage dark and blind.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O .

Canto 6.

20.
Non vide nel più bel, nel più giocondo
Da tutta l'aria, ove le penne fesce;
Ne fe tutto cercato avesse il mondo
Vedria di questo il più gentil poese;
Ove dopo un girar di gran tondo
Con Ruggiero fco il grande angeli difcefe:
Culte piane, e delicati colli,
Chiaro acque, embrobo rive, e prati molli,

21.
Paghi bochetti di sauci allori;
Di palme, e d'amenifime martelle,
Cedri, ed aranci, s'avean frutti, e fiori
Contesti in varie forme, e tutte belle;
Facean riparo a i servidi calori
De' giorni eflivi con for fefte ombrelle,
E tra quei rami con feneri voli
Cantando fe ne giano i rosignuoli.

22.
Tra le purpura rose, e i bianchi gigli,
Che tepida aura freschi ogn' ora ferba,
Securi fi vedean lepri, e cugini,
E cervi con la fronte alta, e superba,
Senza temer ch'alcun gli uccida, o pigli,
Pascano, o fittan fumimando l'erba:
Saltano i daini, i capri fnelati, e deftri,
Che fono in copia in quei luoghi campestri.

23.
Come fi preffò a l'Ippogrifo a terra,
Ch'effe ne puo men periglioso il falto,
Ruggier con ferre de l'arcion fi sfera,
E fi ritrova in fu l'erboa fi nanalo.
Tuttavia in man de line fi fer ૐ
Che non vuol ch'el defrier più vada in alto:
Poi lo lega nel margine marino
A un verde Mirto, in mezzo un lauro, e un pino.

24.
E quivi appresso, ove furgia una fonte
Cinta di cedri, e di secondi palme
Pofe lo fcelto, e l'elmo da la fronte
Si traffe, e difarmofi ambe le palme;
Ed ora a la marina, ed ora al monte
Volgea la faccia a l'auve fresche, ed alme;
Che l'alter cime con mormori lieti
Fan tremolar de i faggi, e de gli abeti.

25.
Bagna talor ne la chiara onda, e frefca
L'asciutte labbra, e con le man d'uguazza
Acuto che de le vene il calore efa,
Che gli ba acce fo il portar de la corazza;
Ne maraviglia e gio, c'el ia gl'increfa,
Che non e fato un far vedersi in piazza;
Ma senza mai pofar, d'arme guernito,
Tre mila miglia ogn' or corroendo era ito.

20.
More plesant and more fine he had not found,
Thro' all the air, where he his pinions found;
Nor, if he searched had the world around,
More lovely clime than this had he survey'd:
Where, after wheeling him a spacious round,
To earth Ruggiero the great bird convey'd:
Plains cultivated, and delightful hills,
Soft meadows, shady banks, and purling rills,

21.
The pretty little groves with laurels sweet,
And myrtles, cedars, palms, which give delight,
The orange-trees, with fruit and flowers replete,
Woven in various forms, all fair and bright,
A shelter made against the fervent heat
Of summer's days, with their umbrellos light,
And 'midst the boughs, with un molested wing,
The nightingales fly up and down, and sing.

22.
'Midst the white lily and the purple rose,
Which the soft air for ever keeps in bloom,
Secure the hare and rabbit sporting shows,
And flags with lofty front superbly come;
Nor fear of death or capture they disclose,
But stand to chew their cud, or feeding roam;
The deer and goats scamper with nimble pace,
Which in abundance fill this rural place.

23.
When Hippogryph so near came to the ground,
That a leap might be with no danger t'en,
Ruggier, in halie, did from the saddle bound,
And found himself on the enamell'd plain;
Still in his hand the bridle twilling round,
That he should not mount to the air again:
Then ties him fast upon the banks marine,
To a green myrtle, 'twixt a bay and pine.

24.
And near that place, where rofe a bubbling font,
Where round the fertile palm and cedars stand,
His shield he laid, his helmet from his front
Deposited, disarming either hand:
And now to the sea-shore, now to the mount,
He turn'd his face, to the breeze cool and bland,
Which gayly mewing did gently flir,
The lofty piumage of the beech and fir.

25.
He bathes; now cools in the transparent wave
His parch'd-up lips, and it around does throw,
That from the heat his veins he may relieve,
Which with his armour's ponderous load did glow;
Nor is it strange, such pain it to him gave,
He's not like one, that does an auring go;
But of his arms did ne'er himself unload,
Tho' he full speed three thousand miles had rode.
26. Remaining here, his courser left hard by,
Amidst the thickest boughs and breezy shade,
Affrighted, turn'd him'self about, to fly
From something, he had fancy'd in the glade;
He tore the myrtle down, where was his eye,
That round his feet the tatter'd twigs were laid:
He shakes the myrtle, throws the leaves around,
But could not manage so, to get unbound.

27. Like as the log, whose sap is almost dry'd,
And hollow, which you put upon the fire,
Soon as the air within is rarefy'd,
And by th' excessive heat it does perspire,
It boils within, with noise on ev'ry side,
Until its fury can some vent acquire;
So did th' offended myrtle crackle, fret,
Murmur, at length open its bark it set.

28. From whence with mournful, wailing accent flow'd
Discourse intelligible, found most clear,
Which utter'd, If you courteous are and good,
As by your handsome prefence you appear,
Remove this animal from off my wood;
Suffice the scourge of my own ill I bear,
Without another pain or other woe,
Which, from without, comes to torment me now.

29. On hearing of this voice, Ruggier turn'd round
His head, and sudden up him'self did raise;
And soon, as it came from the tree, he found,
More shock'd he found, than ever yet he was:
His horse to take away, he swift did bound,
With crimson blushes cover'd o'er his face:
Whate'er thou art, O pardon me, he said,
Or human spright, or Goddes of this glade.

30. Under this rugged bark as I ne'er guess'd
A human sprit should concealed be,
Your lovely foliage has made me molest,
And forc'd me wrong your animated tree:
By speedy answer let it be express'd,
Who in rough horrid bark haft entity,
With voice and reasonable soul doth live;
So never you may hail tempestuous rive.

31. And for this wrong, if I shall ever know
Amends, by my good office, to impart,
By that sweet lady, to you here I vow,
She, that is mistress of my better part,
That I by words and actions so will do,
Just cause you'll have for prai'se of my defect.
To his discourse an end Ruggiero put;
The myrtle trembled quite from top to root.
32. ORLANDO FURIOUS.
Canto 6.

32. Then was it seen to sweat thorough the bark,
Just as a log, new from the forest taken;
That of the fire perceives the potent flame,
Which has a while resilience made in vain;
And thus began, Your courtesy I mark,
Which me compels to you at once to explain,
Who once I was, who me converted has
Into this myrtle, on this pleasant place.

33. My name Aftolfo was, a Paladin
Of France was I, greatly rever’d in war,
And of Orlando and Rinaldo kin,
Whose fame divulged is in climates far;
To me belong’d of England the domain
After my father Otho, monarch there:
Handsome I was, so, many a lady’s heart
I scorched, for which at length myself did smart.

34. Returning from those distant islands, where,
From the Levant, the Indian sea does lave,
Wherein Rinald and others with me were
Closely confin’d in a dark, dismal cave;
Whence we got free by the exalted care,
And courage, of that gallant Count de Brave,
Towards the west I came, along that strand,
Which does the powerful northern blast command.

35. And as our road, and our hard cruel fate
Conducted us, we ifu’d forth one day
On the fine plain, where a high castle fate
Of dire Alcine, on margin of the sea:
Her just come out from thence we haples met,
Who on the ocean’s bank alone did stray;
Without a net or hooks, by art, the bore
All sort of fish she pleas’d, towards the shore.

36. The dolphins there with utmost swiftness flee,
The heavy thunny comes with open mouth,
The grampus, and the monsters of the sea,
Move on, disturb’d from their accustom’d loth,
In troops swim forth, in all the haste they may,
The salmon, mullet, raven-fish, salpouth,
The porpuses, the sharks, the oars, and whales,
Come out the waves with monstrous backs and tails.

37. We saw a whale, ’twas sure the greatest far,
That ever in the ocean had been seen;
More than eleven paces did appear
It’s hugeous shoulders ‘bove the briny main:
All of us fallen in one error were,
As it ne’er mov’d, but steadly did remain,
To us a little island it did seem,
So great the distance from its parts extreme.

Poi si vide sudar sì per la forza,
Come legna dal bosco allora tratto;
Che del fuoco venir senta la forza,
Počia, chi in vano ogni ripar gli ha fatto.
E comincia, tua cortesia mi sforza.
A discoprirli in un medesimo tratto,
Chi fussi prima, e chi converti m’aggiun
In questo mirto, in su l’ama fpiaggia.

Il nome mio fu Astolfo, e Paladino
Era di Francia assai temuto in guerra.
D’Orlando, e di Rinaldo era cugino,
La cui fama alcun termine non ferra;
E si sottavia a me tutto il domino.
Dopo il mio padre Ottan de l’Inghilterra;
Leggiadro, e bel fu sì, e chi di me accetti
Più d’una donna; e al fin me solo offesi.

Ritornando io da quelle isole estreme,
Che da Levante il mar Indico lava;
Dove Rinaldo ed alcun’altri insieme
Meco fur chiufi in parte scura, e cova;
E d’onde liberati le supremi
Forze d’acce di cavalier di Bravæ.
Ver Pontone io venia lungo la fabbia,
Che del Settentrion sente la rabbia.

E come la via nostra, e il duro e fello
Destin ci taffa, uscimmo una matrina
Sopra la bella spiaggia; ove un castello
Siede fa’l mar de la poscente Alcina.
Trovammo lei, ch’efcita era di quello,
E stava sola in ripa à la marina;
E senza rete, e senza amo traea
Tutti fi peci al lito, che voele.

Veloci vi correvano i defini;
Vi venia à bocca aperta il grosso tonno;
I capidogli co è vecchi marini
Vengon turbati dal lor pigro sonno.
Mule, saltpe, salmoni, e coracini
Nuotano à febrie in più fretta, che ponno;
Piftrici, fitterci, orche, e balene
Escon del mar con mostruose sebene.

Veggiamo una balena, la maggiore,
Che mai per tutto il mar veduta fosse;
Undici patti e più dimostra fuore
De l’onde falsa le spallaccie graffe.
Cafibiamo tutti insieme in uno errore,
Perch’era ferma, e che mai non fi sfogge;
Ch’ella sia una istolletta ci credeno,
Così distante ha l’un da l’altro esfero.
38.

Alcina from the waves drew fishes forth
With only words, and her enchanting pow'r;
With Fil Morgana was Alcina's birth,
If twin, or since, I can't say, or before:
She cast a look, and sudden set a worth,
On me, as show'd the semblance which she bore.
And with her artifice she thought, and wit,
To get To take me from my friends; and she her ends did

39.

She us accosted with a cheerful face,
In courteous manner and a modest air;
Sir Knight, said she, if you it so should please,
With me to-day to take your lodgment here,
I'll show to you in this my sportive chase,
Of all the fish what various sorts there are;
Thofe which have scales, the soft, and thofe with hairs,
More numerous they'll be than th' heav'ly flars.

40.

And if to see a Siren you would please,
Who with her song 't o'wet the sea can tame;
You from this shore unto the other pafs,
Where at her usal hour the ever came:
The whale she show'd us of the bigger clas,
Which, as I said, to us an isle did feem;
I, as I ever was, too late repent,
Too venturesome, upon the fish now went.

41.

Rinaldo, as well as Dudon, beckon'd me,
But little it avail'd, there not to go;
The Fil Alcina, with face of gaiety,
Quitting them, did her self behind me throw;
The whale, in office diligent to be,
Moving away, the briny waves cut thro':
I for my folly presently bemoan,
But found I from the shore too far was gone.

42.

Rinaldo, swimming o'er the waters, flew
To give me aid, and himself almost drown'd;
For a south wind with fury rifting blew,
Which heav'n and sea with darkness cover'd round:
What happen'd to him after, I ne'er knew;
Alcina mov'd to comfort me, I found,
And all this day, and following night, kept me
Upon the monster's back, amidst the sea.

43.

Until we came unto this island fair,
Of which great part Alcina does possess;
Which from a sister she usurp'd, whom heir
Of all the father made at his decease,
Having legitimate none else but her;
For, as one notice gave me of the cafe,
Who well-instructed did this matter know,
From an incestuous birth were t'other two.

L. 2
E come sono inique, e felerate
E piene d'ogni vizio infame, e brutte;
Cosi quella vivendo in caffitate
Poffa ne le virtuti il suo cor tutto,
Contra lei queste due fon congiurate;
E gia piu d'un ejercito banno il tratto
Per cacciarlà de' fiafa; e in piu volte,
Più di cento cofella l'hanno tolte.

Ne ci terrebbe ormai fpanna di terra
Cale, che Logifilla e nominata;
Se non, che quinci un golfo il passo serra,
E quindi una montagna inabitata;
Si come tien la Scozia, e l'Inghilterra
Il monte, e la riviera separata:
Ne per Aicina, ne Morgana resta,
Che non le voglia tor ciò, che le roifa.

Perchè di vizi è quella coppia rea,
Odio cole, perchè è pudica, e fanta.
Ma per tornare a quel, ch'io ti dicea,
E seguir poi com'io divenni pianta,
Aicina in gran delizie mi tenea,
E del mio amor ardeva tutta quanta;
Ne minor fiamma nel mio core accefe
Il veder lei fi bella, e fi cortese.

Io mi godea le delicate membra,
Pareva aver qui tutto il ben raccolto,
Che fra mortali in piu parti fi fmembra,
A chi piu, à chi meno, à neffun molto:
Ne di Francia, ne d'altro mi rimembra;
Stavami sempre à contemplar quel volto;
Ogni penfiero, ogni mio bel difegno
In lei finia, ne passava oltre il fegno.

Ia da lei altrettanto era, o piu, amato.
Aicina piu non fi curava d'altri.
Ella a'fa altra fua amante avea lasciato,
Gh'innanzi à me ben ce ne fur de gli altri,
Me configlier, me avea di, e notte à lato.
E me fe quel che comandava à gli altri?
A me credeva, à me fi riportava;
Ne notte, o di con altri mai parlava.

Ohe pero che vo le mie piaghe toccanda
Senza speranza poi di medicina?
Perche l'avuto ben vo rimembrando,
Quando io patifico fferma disciplina?
Quando credova d'effe felice, e quando
Credea, ch'amare piu mi dovesse Aicina,
Il cor, che m'avea dato, fi ritorse;
Ed ad altro nuovo amor tutta fi volse.

But as abominable, wicked they,
And full of ev'ry vicious, filthy part,
So the fill living in strict chastity,
In virtue had establisht her whole heart:
These two 'gainst her are in conspiracy,
And oft have frove with military art
To drive her from the fde, and oft in fray
More than a hundred cftales from her ta'en away.

Nor had she there one span of ground maintain'd
Long fince, the name of Logifill she bears,
But that, this side, a gulph the pafs restrain'd,
On that a mount unhabitable rears:
Just as divide the Scotch and English land,
A mount and river into different fhares:
Nor yet do Morgan and Aicina refrain
From with, to take from her, what does remain.

For that this pair, in ev'ry vice complete,
Her hated, who was goodnes, purity;
But to return, to what I should relate,
And so perfume, how I became a tree:
Aicina held me in her pleasure great,
And all enfam'd was with her love for me;
Nor a lefs flame my heart fcorch'd up did bear,
To perceive her fo courteous and fo fair.

Her make of form delicious I enjoy'd;
To me feem'd ev'ry good afeembled there,
Which among mortals fortune does divide
To one or other, still in various fhares;
France I remember'd not, or place beside;
I ever ftood contemplating that fair:
My ev'ry thought, and ev'ry my defire,
Ended in her, nor could beyond aspire.

I was as much or more by her below'd,
Aicina now regarded none but me;
Her ev'ry other lover she remov'd;
Before I came, many a one had she:
Me her advifer night and day approv'd,
Me she would serve, while others her obey;
Trufled to me, to me herfelf betook,
Nor night nor day to any other spoke.

But why do I retouch my wounds fo fad,
Since I therefrom can hope to find no cure?
Why in remembrance keep the good once had,
Since I thereby fuch punishment endure?
Just when myself most happy I furvey'd,
And of her love thought myself most secure:
The heart, she me had given, she withdrew,
And to a lover, gave herfelf, more new.
Canto 6.

50. Her fickle temper now too late I knew,
To love and hate us'd in a moment's space;
I in my kingdom had been months but two,
When a new lover had afflamm'd my place:
The forcerifs did me with rage perficte,
As she disjoin'd me from her former grace:
I after learnt, the same way the seduc'd
A thousand lovers, whom the thus abus'd.

51. And that the world they may not travel round,
And the lascivious life of her relate,
Some here, some there, upon this fertile ground,
To firs and olive-trees she does translate;
Others to palms, or cedars, on the mound
Of this green lawn, or, as you fee my fate:
One to a fountain, one to a wild baft,
In manner, as this haughty forc'refs pleas'd.

52. Now as you are, by an unufed way,
Into this fatal island, Sir, convey'd,
In cafe that for your fake some lover may
Be turn'd to stone, or wave, or fuch-like made,
You shall Alcina's pow'r and sceptre fway,
And you shall be above all mortals glad;
But be affur'd, your fate comes quickly on
To be turn'd into baft, font, wood, or stone.

53. Of this I you have willingly advis'd,
Not that I think you thence can hope for good;
But better 'tis, you go not unappriz'd,
Some part of her strange practice to you fhew'd;
That it may chance, as you're fo diff'rent guis'd,
As well with diff'rent art and wit endu'd,
You may have skill her mischiefs to o'errhrow,
Which thoufand others never yet could know.

54. Ruggiero, who before by fame had known,
That to his fair Aftolfo was of kin,
His real femblance now did much bemoan,
That to a plant forlorn transform'd had been:
And for the love, to her h'ad ever thown,
As he the matter had fo fully feen,
Would service do to him; but to relieve,
Nothing he could do, only comfort give.

55. The beft he could he gave; then did demand,
If any way did to the kingdom guide
Of Logifil, o'er hills or champaine land,
That fo Alcina's he might pas afide:
There fure another was, but much refrain'd
With craggy rocks, to him the tree reply'd;
If be a little on to th'right kept up,
Climb'd up the cliff towards the Savage top.
56. But that he must not to himself propose,
Too easily that way his road pursue;
For he'd encounter people bold and great,
And a fierce tribe would interruption throw:
Alcina holds it with a wall and fos.

57. 'Gainst those, who would from out her ambush go:
Ruggier the myrtle thank'd for all did pass,
Then from him went, learn'd and instructed as he
Came to his horse, loos'd him, and by the rein
He took him on, still leading him behind;
Nor, as he had done, would he mount again,
Left he should carry him, where disènd'd:
Now with himself reflecting, how the plain
Of Logifilla he might with safety find;
Dispos'd and fix'd to use his utmost skill,
Alcina should not have him at her will;

58. He thought sometimes his courser to remount,
And spur him thro' the air another course;
But to commit a greater fault did count,
As ill obedient to the bit this horse:
I think, for force my passage I'll surmount,
T' himself he said; but vain was his discourse:
He travel'd not two mile along the shore,
Ere he Alcine's fair city did explore.

59. At distance a long wall he did esp'y,
Which winding round vast country did enfold;
Whose altitude appear'd to touch the sky,
And from the utmost top to ground was gold:
Some may perhaps this thought of mine deny,
And say 'tis alchemy, in error bold:
To him, than me, perhaps 'tis better known;
To me it gold appears, as fo it shone.

60. Soon as he to this wall so rich came near,
Another the world has not of such fort,
He did the road along the plain forbear,
Which spacious led direct to the grand port:
And to the right, which more from danger clear
Led to the mount, the warrior did return:
But suddenly he meets the wicked crowd,
Whose fury breaks and interrupts his road.

61. Never before so odd a troop was seen,
More monstrous visages, more monstrous shape:
From their necks downwards some in form of men,
Some with the face of cats, some of the ape:
Some with goats feet their feet print on the plain,
And some are centaurs with their nimble leap:
Youths impudent there are, and foolish old;
Some naked are, and some strange skins enfold.
Canto 6.

62.

Ma Ch' a fteno in s'un deftrier galoppa,
Chi menano, con l'afino, o col bue;
Altri falleco, un centauro in groppa;
Struzzoli molti han fatto, agili, e grue;
Ponfi altri a bocca il corso, altri la cappa;
Chi femmina, e chi maschio, e chi ambedue;
Chi porta uncino, e chi scala di corda,
Chi pal di ferro, e chi una lima forda.

63.

Di questi il capitano si vedea
Aver gonfiato il ventre, e'l viso grasso,
Il qual in una testuggine sedea,
Che con gran tardanza mutava il passo.
Avea di qua, e di là chi lo reggea;
Perch' egli era ebbro, e tenea il ciglio basso.
Altri la fronte gli asciugavano, e il mento,
Altri i panni scuotea per fargli vento.

64.

Un, e avea umana forma i piedi, e' l'ventre.
E sollo avea di cane, orecchie, e testa;
Contra Ruggiero abbaia, accio ch'egli entro.
Ne la bella città, ch'addistro restia.
Rifpose il cavalier; Nol farò, mentre
Aorà forza la man di regger questa.
E gli mostrà la spada, di cui volta
Avea l'aguza punta a la sua volta.

65.

Quel mostro lui ferir vuol d' una lancia;
Ma Ruggiero prefo fe gli avventò addosso.
Una fiscata gli trafce a la pancia,
E la fe' un palmo rinficr pel dorso;
Lo scudo imbraccia; e qua, e la si lancia.
Ma l'inimico fuolo e troppo grofo.
L'un quinci il punge, e l'altro quindi afferra;
Egli s'arresta, e fia lor altra guerra.

66.

L'un fin a i denti, e l'altro fin al petto.
Partendo va di quella iniqua razza;
Ch'a la sua spada non s'oppose elmoet;
Né feudo, né panzeria, né corazza;
Ma da tutte le parti e cofo astrefte.
Che bisogno faria per trovar piazza,
E tener da fe largo il popolo,
D'aver più bravac, e man, che Briareo.

67.

Se discepir aveffe avuto avviso
Lo scudo, che gia fu del Negromante,
Io dico quel, ch'abbarbagliava il viso;
Quel, ch' a l'orione avea lafciato Atlante,
Subito avria quel brutto fiume conquisto;
E farfalo cader cieco davante.
E forse ben, che disprezzò quel modo;
Perch'virtute ufar volse, e non frudo.

Orlando Furioso.

62.

Some without bridles gallop horsef round,
Some go on als, or ox, with pace more slack;
Others are on the centaur's cruppers bound,
Oftriches some, on cranes and eagles' back:
Some at their mouths a cup, a horn some found;
Some male, some female, some both sexes make;
Some grapple-hooks, and some rope-ladders bear;
Some smoothing files, some flakes of iron wear.

63.

Of these the chief commander did appear,
Who a swoln belly had and bloated face:
Whom a gros tortoise on his back did bear,
That with vast flowneys went his heavy pace:
To hold him up h'ad people here and there;
For he quite drunk, his look still downward was;
His sweaty chin some, some his forehead dry,
And some with fanning cloaths fresh air supple.

64.

With feet and belly of a human form
One, but a dog in neck and ears and head,
To make Ruggier go in, did bark and frown,
To the fine city, as behind he stay'd:
The knight reply'd, That I will ne'er perform,
While my hand's able to direft this blade;
And shew'd to him his sword, which he did place
The point exactly level to his face.

65.

This monster thought to strike him with a lance;
But Ruggier instantly did him attack;
Then sudden push'd his rapier at his paunch,
And made it pass a span thorougly his back:
His shield embrac'd, does here and there advance;
But of the foe too great the wicked pack,
Some prefs on this side, some on that surround,
A bloody war he makes, about does nimbly bound.

66.

One to the breast he chops, one to the nofe,
Still harraffing about this wicked race;
Who 'gainst his sword with helmet don't oppose,
Nor shield, nor breast-plate, nor with a cuirass;
But him on ev'ry side they so enclose,
There needs for him, to find a moving place,
And keep himself enlarg'd from this vile hoff,
More hands and arms than could Briareus boast.

67.

Had he, but to uncover, call'd to mind,
That shield, poftesf'd once by the negromant;
I speak of that, which the sight dazzling, shin'd,
Upon the saddle-bow left by Atlant,
Soon it would make them fall before him blind,
And o'er this horrid crew a conquest grant;
Perhaps he did this way with scorn refuse,
As he, than art, would rather valour ufe.
68.
Sia quel che può: più tosto vuol morire,
Che render si prigione a sì vil gente.
Eccoti intanto da la porta uscire
Del muro, ch'io dicea, d'oro lucente,
Due giovani, ch' io fegli, ed al vegliere
Non eran da fumar nate ultimamente,
Ne da pastor nutrite con disagi;
Ma fra delizie di real palazzi.

69.
L'una, e l'altra seduta su' li corni
Candido più, che candido armellino;
L'una, e l'altra era bella, e di sì adorno
Abito, e modo tanto pellegrino,
Che a l'um guardando, e contemplando intorno
Bisognerebbe aver occhio divino
Per far di lor giudizio; e tal faria
Bella s'avessero corpo, e leggiadria.

70.
L'una, e l'altra n'andò; dove nel prato
Ruggiero è oppresso da la stual villana.
Tutta la turba si levò da lato;
E quelle al cavalier porser la man;
Che tinto in vifo di color rosato
Le donne ringrazia de l'atto umano:
E fu contento, compiacendo loro;
Di ritornarfi a quella porta d'oro.

71.
L'adornamento, che s'aggira sopra
La bella porta, e sporge un poco inante;
Parte non ha, che tutta non si cuopra
De le più rare gemme di Levante.
Da quattro parti, si riposa sopra
Grande colonne d'integro diamante.
O vero, o falsa, ch'à l'occhio risponda;
Non c'è cosa più bella, che più gioconda.

72.
Sù per la folgia, e fuor per le colonne
Corron scherzando lascive donzelle;
Che se i rispetti debiti a le donne
Servisser più, farian forse più belle.
Tutte vestite eran di verdi gonne,
E coronate di frondi novelle.
Queste con molte offerte, e con buon vifo
Ruggier fecero entrar nel paradiso.

73.
Che si può ben coi nomar quel loco,
Ove mi credo che nascessi amore:
Non vi si sta, se non in danza, e in gioco,
E tutte in festa vi si spendon l'ore.
Pensier canuto ne molto, ne poco
Si può vivi albergare in alcun core.
Non entra quivi disage, né insopia;
Ma vi sta ogni col corno pien la copia.

68.
Be't as it will, he'd rather meet his fate,
Than render pris'ner to this people base;
Behold, mean time, come forward from the gate
Of the fine wall, I said, with gold did blaze,
Two ladies young, whose vestments, and whose plate,
Made them esteem'd of no ignoble race,
Not nourish'd among shepherds, in distrest,
But 'midst delights of royal palaces.

69.
Upon an unicorn they each did ride,
More white than is the whitest ermine's skin;
Both one and t'other grac'd with beauty's pride,
Adorn'd in habit, of unusual mien;
A man contemplative, who them esp'y'd,
Would need to be posses's'd of fight divine,
To form of them a judgment: such would be
Beauty, if 'twere embody'd with gentility.

70.
Both one and t'other to the meadow goes,
Where was Ruggier oppress'd by th' filthy band;
Now the whole tumult from that quarter rose,
The ladies to Ruggier held forth their hand:
His vifique'd with rofy colour glowes,
The nymphs he thanks for the kind act they deign'd,
And, them to gratify, he was content;
So to the golden portal back again he went.

71.
The ornaments, which rich in sculls went round
Upon this gate, superb and forward bore;
Of which no part there was uncover'd found
With gems most rare, brought from the eastern shore;
On columns gros, compos'd of diamond,
Refled, in front making compartments four;
Or true or false, it answer'd so to fight, [delight.
Nothing more grand could be, or could give more

72.
Upon the hill, without the colonade,
Frisky young damfels ran about in play;
Who, to their sex if more respect they paid,
Perhaps would more of beauty's grace display:
All of them dress'd, they verdant garments had,
And crown'd they were with flowers fresh and gay;
With many others they, in charming gofe,
Made Ruggier enter into paradise.

73.
For sure this place justly so call I may,
Where I believe was born of love the pow'r;
None there remain, but in the dance and play,
And in festivity, they pas each hour:
There not the leaf of cogitation grey
Can dwelling have, that does the heart devour;
Distrest there comes not, poverty forlorn,
But plenty ever stands with her redundant horn.
Canto 6.

There, where, with a serene and cheerful front,
The lovely April constant seem'd to smile,
Damsels and youths are, some beside a font,
Singing in sweet and amiable stile:
Some under shades of tree, and some of mount,
Or play or dance, still sporting without guile;
One more retir'd, goes to her faithful swain,
To tell her cares, and am'rously complain.

Amidst the laurels and the pine-trees height,
The rugged fir, and the smooth beech wide-spread,
The little Cupids sported in their flight;
Some with the triumph of their vic't'ries glad;
Some with their arrows at hearts taking light
To shoot; there others holding nets were laid;
Some temp'ring darts, were near the stream fat down,
And others pointing them upon the wheeling-stone.

These damsels both so fair and amorous,
Who for Ruggier did the vile croud withstand;
That impious croud, which did him oppose
Upon his road; who then took his right hand,
Said to him, Sir, those actions valorous
Of yours, which we long since did understand,
Embolden us your helping hand to ask,
To do for us a beneficial task.

We soon shall find upon our road a stream,
Which does this plain in two parts separate;
A cruel one, Eriphila her name,
Defends the bridge, does force, and rob, and cheat,
Whoe'er to go to 'other shore would aim;
A giantess she is, of stature great;
Long teeth the hath, her bitings poins'ous are;
Talons acute, and grapplings like a bear.

Besides disturbing of us in our road,
Which but for her would pleasante be and free;
Thro' all our gardens oft she makes inroad,
One thing or other doing injury:
Know, of those people, who delight in blood,
Who at the portal fine assaulted ye,
Most are her children, each her follower,
Impious, inhuman, ravenous, like her.

VOL. I.
80. Ruggiero reply'd, Far from one fight alone;
But for ye I'll a hundred undertake;
And of my person, where worth may be known,
According to your wishes ufe, pray, make;
For that I sword and coat of mail put on,
Not for the gain of lands, or riches fake,
But only others benefits to do;
And so much more to ladies fair, like you.

81. The ladies thanks to him in number give,
Worthy a cavalier, so brave as he:
And, thus difcourfing, thither they arrive,
Where they the talk'd-of bridge and river fee;
With em'ralds, fapphires deckt, which luftre give,
Her arms of gold, they fp'y'd this haughty fle:
But to another canto I poffipone
To tell, what rife with her Ruggiero run. M.

CANTO VII.

CHI va lontan de la sua patria, vede
Cose da quel, che gia credea, lontane,
Che narrando poi non fe gli credea,
E fimato bugiardo ne rimane;
Che'l fiocco volo non gli vuol dar fede
Se non la vede, e toccà ch'io, e piama;
Per questo io fe, che l'inesperienza
Farà al mio canto dar poca credenza:

2. Poca, e molta ch'io n'abba, non bifogna
Che'na nga mente al volgo fiocco, e ignaro:
A voi fi ben, che non parra menzogna,
Che l'umè del discorfo avete ch'io;
Ed a voi soli ogni mio intento agogna,
Che'l frutto sia di mie fatiche caro;
Io vi lascia, che'l ponte, e la riviera
Vider, che'n guardia avea Eriphila alitera.

3. Quella era armata del più fin metallo,
C'avean di più color gemme di finte;
Rubin vermiglie, cristallo giallo,
Verde fneraldó con fiaco giacinto,
Era montata, ma non à cavallo.
In vece avea di quello un lupo spinto:
Spinto avea un lupo, ove fi passa il fiume
Con ricca fella fuor d'ogni costume.
Canto 7.

No beati Apulia shews fure of such growth,
Of make most gros, and taller than a bull:
No bridle was there in its foaming mouth,
Yet the with ease surprizing did it rule:
A caftale of a sandy-colourd cloth
Over her mail this peft of rancour full
Did wear, except the colour, of such fort,
As Bishops and the Prelates use at court.

She, in her shield and on her creft, did bear,
With its enflated sides, a pois’rous toad;
The ladies now point to the cavalier,
Where, on the bridge, to combat him, she stood:
To scoff at him, and hinder his career,
With such like usage, as she others shew’d:
She, to turn back again, to Ruggier cry’d;
He takes his spear, with threats to battle her defy’d.

Not less, the giantesf, ready and bold,
Spur’d her tall wolf, firm on her saddle-bow,
Midst of the course her lance ’threft did hold,
Makes the ground tremble as she meets her foe;
But, at the meeting fierce, to earth’s she roll’d;
Beneath her helm flout Ruggier gave a blow,
And from her feet her with fuch fury bore,
She was forc’d backward full six yards or more.

And now he from his side his Faulchion drew,
Intent her haughty head to cut away;
Which he might find an easy task to do,
Since she, as dead, ’midst grans and flowers lay;
But the nymphs cry’d, Suffice, you her o’erthrow,
And from perfuit of farther vengeance stay:
Put up, O courteous cavalier, your blade;
Let’s pass the bridge, and on our road proceed.

A little troublesome, and hard to pass,
Thorough a foef, was the way they made;
Besides that sfony and confin’d it was,
As it were steep, up to the hill it led:
But, mounted to the summit of the place,
They issu’d forth into a spacious mead,
Where they the finest palace of delight
Perceiv’d, the world could e’er produce to light.

The fair Alcina a little forward came
Towards Ruggier, from forth the foremost gate,
And him receiv’d, suiting his princely fame,
Amidst her rich and honourable state:
By all the rest such worship and esteem
So high was render’d to this warrior great, [shown,
That, ’mongst them, more could never have been
Had Jove himself descended from his throne.
Non tanto il bel palazzo era eccellente
Perché vincesse ogni altro di ricchezza;
Quanto, 'avea la più piacevol gente,
Che fosse al mondo, e di più gentilezza:
Poco era l'ui da l'altro differente
E di fioreta etade, e di bellezza:
Solo di tutti Alcina era più bella,
Si come è bello il Sol più d'ogni stella.

II.
Di persona era tanto ben formata,
Quanto me' finger fan pittori indufrì,
Con bionda chioma lunga ed annodata:
Oro non è, che più ristelenda, e luftri.
Spargeasi per la guancia delicata
Misto color di rose, e bugniftri:
Di terfo avorio era la fronte lieta,
Che lo spazio finia con giusta meta.

Sotto due negri, e sottiliflimi archi
Son due negri occhi, anzi due chiari Soli,
Pietosi a riguardare, a mover parchi,
Intorno à cui par ch'amor fherzi, e voli,
E ch'indì tutta la faretra sarchi,
E che visibilmente i cori involi:
Quindi il naso per mezzo il vifo scende,
Che non trova l'invidia, ove l'emende.

Sotto quel sta, quafi fra due vallette,
La bocca fparfa di natio cinabro:
Quivi due fìlze fon di perle elette,
Che chiude, ed apre un bello, e dolce labro:
Quindi eflon le cortesi parolette
Da render molie ogni cor rozza, e scabro;
Quivi sì forma quel soave rifo,
Che apre a sua poffa in terra il paradiso.

Bianca neve è il bel collo, e'ì petto latte
Il colo è tondo; il petto colmo, e largo:
Due pane acerbe, e par d'avorio fatte
Vengono, e van, come oonda al primo marge,
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte;
Non potria l'altre parti vedcr Argo;
Ben sì puo giudicar; che corrisponde
A quel, ch'appar di fuor, quel che s'afconde.

Mostran le braccia sua misura giusta,
E la candida man 'ßesso si vede,
Lungbetta alquanto, e di larghezza angufia,
Dove ne nodo appar, ne rena eccede;
Si vede al fin de la persona angufia
Il breve ascrito, e risonnetto pide:
Gli angelici sembianti nati in cielo
Non si penso celar sotto alcun velo.

Nor so much was this palace excellent,
Because in riches it did all surpafs,
As for each amiable inhabitant,
Most delicate that in the world e'er was!
Little was one from t'other different,
Of blooming youth and loveliness of face;
Only of all Alcina was most fair,
As the sun brighter is than ev'ry star.

In person she was as completely made,
As the most skilful painter could design;
With bright long hair, which various knots did braid,
Not gold itfelf with brighter blaze could thine:
All over her delicious cheeks to spread,
The rose and lily did their colours join;
Her cheerful front of polishingd ivory,
Which ended in exactest symmetry.

Under two arches delicate and black,
Were two black eyes, rather two suns, so bright,
Of aspect tender, and in motion slack,
Round which Love feem'd to play and take his flight;
And from his quiver thence to make attack,
Or to steep hearts, there posted out of fght;
Thence 'midft her visage does that rofe descend,
Which envy's self could not contrive to mend.

Beneath, as 'twere, two vallies smooth does show
The mouth, with its vermilion native spread,
Where cho'en pearls are seen in double row,
By lips so sweet and fair, disclos'd and hid;
Whence does fuch pretty, courteous dictiôn flow,
That rudeft, hardeft hearts are tender made:
Here do tho'fois fome so sweet receive their birth,
Which give admiffion free to paradise on earth.

White as the snow her neck, as milk her breast;
Neck so well turn'd, protub'rant breath so fair!
Two apples rich, in ivory expref,
Still went and came, as when the gentle air
Sports with the sea, the waves to shore are prest:
Not Argus could efpy the parts more rare;
Well might one judge that correspondent were
Tho' that were hid, with tho'fe which did appear.

Her arms proportion niceft did difpofe,
And her white hand, which often she display'd,
That longiñh to the fittite plumpnes role,
No lump, or even vein, was feen exceed:
At length the of her flately perfon shows
The little footing foot so neatly made:
Angelie forms, the natives of the sky,
Beneath no fort of veil conceal'd can lie.
Canto 7.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

16.

Avea in ogni sua parte un luccio liso,
O partì, orida, o canti, o passo nuova;
No maravignia, fe Ruggiero ne è preso,
Poi che tanto benigna se la trova.

Quel, che di lei già avea dal mirto inteso,
Com' era fidia, e ria, poca gli giova;
Gi' inganno, o tradimento non gli è avviso,
Che possa far con fin sauv' in no.

17.

Anzi pur creder vuol, che da cofei
Posse corurfo Aftolfo in su l'arena
Per li suoi portamenti ingrati e rei,
E sia degna di questa, e di più pena;
E tutto quel, ch'udito avea di lei,
Stima efer falfo; e che vendetta mena
E mena afio, ed invidio quel dolente
A lei biasmare, e che del tutto mente.

18.

La bella donna, che cotanto amava,
Novellamente gli è dal cor partita;
Che per incanto Alcina gli lo lava
D'ogni antica amorosa sua ferita;
E di fe sola, e del suo amor lo grava;
E in quello effa riman sola colpita;
Si, che scurar il buon Ruggiero si deve,
Se si mostrò quivi inconstant, e liue.

19.

A quella mensa citare, arpe, e livre,
E diversi altri dilettueli suoni,
Faceano intorno l'aria tintinnire
D'armonia dolce, e di concerti buoni.
Non vi mancava chi cantando dire
D'amor fapfesi gaudi, e passioni;
O con invenzioni, e poesie,
Rappresenta' grate fantasia.

20.

Qual mensa triunfante, e fontuosa
Di qual si voglia succesor di Nino,
O qual nai tanto celebre, e famosa
Di Cleopatra al vincitor Latino
Potrìa a questo effer par, che l'amorosa
Fata avea pofta innanziate al Paladino?
Tal non credo, che s'apparecchi, dove
Ministra Ganime de aljomo Giove.

21.

Tolte che fur le mense, e le vivande,
Facean sedendo in cerchio un gioso lieto;
Che ne l'erechiu l'un l'altro domande,
Come piu piace lor, qualche secreto;
Il che a gli amanti fu commodo grande,
Di scoprir l'amor lor senza divieto;
E furon lor conclusioni estreme
Di ritrovarsi quella notte in feme.

16.

Each part about her did a snare contain,
Did she but talk, or smile, or sing, or move;
No wonder 'twas, Ruggiero then was ta'en,
As she of such benignity did prove:
That, which the myrtle to him did explain,
Help'd not, how base she was, how apt to rove;
For cheat and treachery, he'd not suppose,
Could dwell with fuch celestial smiles as those.

17.

Rather he was inclin'd to think, by her
Aftolfo, thus transform'd upon the plain,
By his deportment fraudulent might err,
And worthy was of that and greater pain:
And all he heard of her he did infer
To be reported from revenge, and vain;
And that aggriev'd (spite, envy did him guide)
To blame the fair, and that in all he lied.

18.

The beauteous nymph, who so did him enslave,
Was newly now differ'd from his heart:
For, by her charms, Alcina hence did lave
The am'rous wound of evry former dart;
And did herself alone and love engrave;
Her image only now impress'd that part:
So that good Ruggier may desverse excuse,
If he herein inconstant feem and loose.

19.

At the repast the harp, the lyre, the lute,
And other sounds delectable combine,
Making the air to vibrate all about,
With sweetest harmony in concert join;
While num'rous choristers their voices suit
To sing love's passion, and his joys divine;
Others inventing some poetic tale,
The charms of fancy pleasingly reveal.

20.

What board triumphant, or what sumptuous treat
Of the Assyrian Ninnus succeflor,
Or what more famous yet, and celebrate,
Of Egypt's Queen to th' Roman Conqueror,
Could equal this, which, in her am'rous state,
The forc'refs plac'd the gallant knight before?
Such, I believe, is not prepar'd above,
Where Ganymede administers to mighty Jove.

21.

The table now and victuals ta'en away,
All in a circle fate, to gayly sport;
Each to the other in the ear did say,
What gave them pleasure most, of secret fort;
Which to the lovers was commodious play;
Not hind'ring them their passion to report:
To this conclusion they arriv'd at last,
That with each other this night should be past.
22. Their game they finish'd soon, and earlier for
Than was amongst them usually the case.
The pages enter'd with their torches there,
With their vast lights the darkness thence to chase;
'Midst the fine company, which round him were,
Ruggiero went to find his resting-place;
To an apartment cool and nice he goes,
Which, 'bove the rest, for elegance was chose.

23. And when of comfits, and delicious wine,
Again to taste he duly was desir'd;
To take their leave, they rev'rently incline,
And to their chamber ev'ry one retir'd:
Ruggiero doth on his perfumes' sheets recline,
Whole threads seem'd by Aracne's hand confir'd;
But all the while attentive kept his ear,
If he his lovely nymph's approach could hear.

24. To ev'ry little motion he perceiv'd,
Hoping it might be her, he rais'd his head;
And often that he heard a noise believe'd;
Then sigh'd, appriz'd of the mistake he made:
To ope the door he left his bed, aggrieve'd;
Then watch'd without, but full no better sped;
And curs'd, many a thousand times, the hour,
Which with delay did thus his heart devour.

25. Oft to himself he said, Now she does come:
And then began the steps to calculate,
Which might be from her chamber to the room,
Where he did for Alcine's arrival wait:
And such-like thoughts did in his mind presume,
Ere her approach his cares did dissipate;
Often he dreaded some impediment
Of the rich fruit his hand might circumvent.

26. After Alcine, 'midst her perfumes rare,
Long time did to her mind herself dispose,
The hour was come, she did delay forbear,
As all things now were quiet thro' the house:
From forth her room alone she did repair,
And silent thro' a secret passage goes,
Where round Ruggiero's heart did fear and hope
Long time in doubtful powses with each other cope.

27. Now when Astolfo's succesor perceiv'd
Before him those bright, smiling stars appear,
Thorough his veins a sulphur he receiv'd,
A heat almost to violent to bear:
By too much light he is of fight depriv'd,
Enraptur'd to excess with charms so rare.
O! how he ta'niff'd, with these thoughts alone,
The glories, which he formerly had won!
Did he this way unspotted keep his heart,
As to his Bradamante he had vow'd?
Would he have act'd such ungen'rous part,
Mindless of her and gratitude he ow'd?
Quench, quench, Ruggiero, this thy ignoble smart,
And stop this ferment of licentious blood:
And call to mind this thy unstable state,
Or you this passion will repent too late.

Think, for slight pleasure you'll have solid pain;
For fleeting joys in lafting grief repent:
Your comfort will your crime and you disdain;
Then hold in time, and such disdain prevent;
How hard 'tis, honour forfeit to regain!
Then ere you forfeit it, in time relent:
But reason now was scourch'd by am'rous fire;
The bravest of are vanquish'd by desire.

Secret were kept these matters in this place,
And if not secret, silence was observ'd:
Tho' seldom 'tis, that people hold their peace,
If blame is due; but oft, if praise deserv'd:
All shou'd respect, and, with a cheerfull face,
Thefe artful people all Ruggiero serv'd:
Him to revere submissive all incline;
Such orders gave the amorous Alcina.

Delight of no one kind was here left out,
For all sorts in this lovely station were;
Oft-times a day of cloaths a different fuit
For pleasure, still diversify'd they wear:
In banquets oft; ever in festive rout
Of tilts, or wrestling, bath, dance, theatre,
Or near a spring beneath the hilly shade,
The ancients' sentences of love they read.

Now o'er the cheerfull hill, or shady vale,
The chace they follow of the tim'rous hare;
Now with fagacious dogs the pheasant trail,
And them with noise from thorns and stubble scare.
Now, 'midst the fragrant junipers, for quail
Or thrushes, lay the bird-like soft, or snare:
Now with the baited hook, now with the net,
Distinguish the fishes in their calm retreat.

Ruggiero here remains in joy and feast,
While Charles and Agramant their talks attain;
But yet their flory shall no longer rest
Forgot; nor will I Bradamante leave;
Who with her toilsome care and pain disruest,
Did many days her lover's abfence grieve;
Whom she, by ways so wonderful and new,
Had seen thro' air transported from her view.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Canto 6.

34.
Di cesti prima, che de gli altri dico;
Che molti giorni andò cercando in vano
Poi boschi ombrosi, e per lo campo aprico,
Per ville, per città, per monte, e piano;
Ne mai pote' sapere del caro amico,
Che di tanto intervallo era lontano,
Ne l'isve Saracini plesso venia,
Ne mai del suo Ruggero ritrovò siena.

35.
Ogni di ne domanda a più di cento,
Ne alcun ne fa mai render ragioni.
D'allaggiamento va in allaggiamento,
Cercandone trabocche, e padiglioni:
E l' può far, che senza impedimento
Passa tra cavalieri, e tra pedoni,
Mercé l'anel; che fuor d'ogni uman uso
La fa sparir, quando gl'i in bocca chiufo.

36.
Ne può, ne creder vuoi, che morto sia;
Perché di si grand um l'altra ruina
Da l'onde Iadapf udita s farià,
Fin dove il Sole a riposar declina.
Non sa di dir, né imaginar, che via
Far possa, o in cielo, o in terra: e pur meschina
La va cercando; e per compagni mena
Sospiri, e pianti, ed ogni acerba pena.

37.
Penso al fin di tornare a la felonca,
Dove eran l'offa di Merlin Profeta;
E gridar tanto intorno a quella conca,
Ché'l freddo marmo si move as a pieta.
Che se vivea Ruggero, o gli avea tronca
L'alba necessita la vita letta,
Si sapria quindi, e poi s'appigliarebbe
A quel miglior confugio, che n'avrebbe.

38.
Con questa intentzion prese il cammino
Versò le sieve pressime a Pontiero;
Dove la volea tomba di Merlin.
Era nasposa in loro alpeggio, e fiero.
Ma quella maga, che sempre vicino
Tenuto a Bradamante avea il penfiero;
Quella dico io, che ne la bella grotta
L'avea della sua sferpe istrutta, e dotta.

39.
Quella benigna e saggio incantatrice,
La quale ha sempre cura di cesti,
Sappiando che'fer de' progenitrice
D'umini invitti, anzi di Semidei;
Giascun di vuol sapere, che fa, che dice;
E getta giascun di forte per lei:
Di Ruggero liberato, e poi perduto,
E dove in India andò, tutta ha saputo.

34.
Of her the first to speak, to me seems good,
Who many days went searching out in vain;
O'er funny fields, and thro' the shady wood,
By towns, by cities, o'er the bound and plain;
Nor news of her dear friend obtain she could,
Who at such distance from her did remain.
Oft she the Pagan army would get nigh,
But nought of her Ruggerio there could spy.

35.
From day to day of hundreds she'd enquire,
But answer gain'd of none to her content:
From camp to camp press on, with fond desire,
Searching at each pavilion, every tent,
Thro' horse and foot, without a guide or 'quire:
This she could do without impediment,
Thanks to her ring, which could man's pow'r exceed,
That, when shut in her mouth, she strait was hid.

36.
Nor could she, would she, think that he was dead:
News of the ruin of a man so great,
From the Hydapian sea must have been spread
To where the Sun, his toil declining, set:
What way he's gone, cannot be guess'd or said,
In heaven or earth; but she, unfortunate,
 Goes searching, and companions does retain,
Her sighs, her tears, and ev'ry bitter pain.

37.
She thought at last to th' cavern to return,
Where lay the prophet Merlin's sacred bones,
And so lament around his pompos urn,
To move to pity the cold marble stones;
Whether her Ruggerio liv'd, or else was shorn
His thread of life by the three fatal ones:
If aught she learn'd, herself she would apply
To the best counsel she could get thereby.

38.
With this intention the her footsteps bent
Towards the forrest to Pontiero nigh;
Where the sage Merlin's vocal monument,
In a fierce, savage place, conceal'd does lie:
But that fame forceres, who still intent
Her thoughts for Bradamante did apply;
That fame I say, who, in the lovely grot,
Her of her race instructred had and taught.

39.
Th' enchantress, so indulgent and so wise,
Who o'er her watch'd with such continual care,
Knowing that she should be progenitrice
Of heroes, who divinity might share,
Daily whate'er the fays or does, defcries,
And daily casts the various lots for her;
How Ruggerio freed, did, after, freedom lost,
And how he into India went, the whole she knows.

40.
CANTO VII.

**ORLANDO FURIOSO.**

89

40. She him had seen, when he that horse was on,
He could not govern, that the bit refus'd,
When he was fuch prodigious distance gone
By tracht so perilous, and fo unus'd;
And now in sport and dance to her was known,
In idlenefs and luxury amus'd;
And of his Lord all memory was flown,
And of his mistrefs dear, and his renown.

41. And thus the flower of each blooming year,
In long inaction, might have been confum'd
By a genteel and valiant cavalier;
Body and fould, both to deſtructiôn doom'd,
And that sweet favour, which survives us here,
After our rest of frailty is entomb'd,
Which from the grave gives us in life a place,
'Steal of remaining faplesf trunk, or wither'd gras.

42. But this kind forceres, who more regard,
Than for himfelf he had, bore to him fill,
To draw him thought, thro' craggy ways and hard,
To the true virtue, tho' against his will:
As steel or fire, nay poifon oft, prepar'd,
Cure by the excellent physiitian's fkill;
Who, tho' at firft perhaps he much offend,
Gives help, much thanks receiving in the end.

43. Herfelf fo facil she did not difpofe,
Blinded fo much by her excefs of love,
That, as Atlante did to act propofe,
Only to give him life, her heart did move;
He, without fame or honour, rather chofe
Ruggier should length of life in fafety prove,
Than that he, with all praise the world could give,
Should lofe one pleafant year, he elfe might live.

44. So him h'ad fent into Alcina's ifle,
That he might arms forget in their loft court;
And, as a forcr'er of exalted fkill,
Who knew enchantment's ufe, of ev'ry fort,
He of this Queen had fo refrain'd the will
In love of him, with ligaments fo tort,
From them herfelf the ne'er could difengage,
Tho' Ruggier had furmounted Neftor's age.

45. To her that could prefage, let's now return,
Of ev'ry thing fould hap; I fay, the beat
The way direft, where, wand'ring and forlorn,
Amon's heroic daughter now she met:
Now the affliction the before had borne,
Sight of her kind enchantres did tranflate
All into hope; and the to her displa'y'd
What had Ruggiero to Alcina led.

VOL. I.
La giovane riman prese, che morta;
Quando ode, ch’è suo amante è così lunga;
E più, che nel suo amor persoglia porta,
Se gran rimedio, e subito non giunga:
Ma la benigna non la conforta,
E presta poi l’impiastro, onde il duolo sprofonda;
E le promette, e giura in pochi giorni
Far, che Ruggiero a riscuotere lei torni.

Da che, donna, dicea, l’anello hai teco;
Che val contra ogni magica fatica,
Io non ho dubbio alcun, che sì l’arcco
La, dove Alcina ogni tuo ben ti forra,
Che’l non le rompa il tuo disegno, e meco
Non ti rimeni la tua dolce cura,
Me ’nandò questa fera a la prima ora,
E furì in India al nafier de’l aurora.

E seguìa del modo narrore,
Che disgiugno avea d’adoperarlo
Per trar del regno effimato, e molle
Il caro amante, e in Francia rimenarlo.
Bradamante l’anel del dito tolle,
Ne solamente avria voluto darlo;
Ma dato il core, e dato avria la vita,
Per, che n’avisse il suo Ruggiero aita.

Le dà l’anello, e se le raccomanda,
E più le raccomanda il suo Ruggiero;
A cui per lei male salutì manda;
Poi prese ver Provenza altro sentiero.
Andò l’incantatrice a un’altra bandìa,
E per porre in effetto il suo pensiero,
Un paflaren fece apparir la fera,
C’avea un pio volo, e ogni altra parte nera.

Credo fosse un Alcino, è un Farfarello,
Che da l’inferno in quella forma trasse,
E scinta, e salza montì sopra quello,
A chiono sciolle, e orribilmente passe;
Ma ben di dito si levò l’anello,
Perché gli’incantò suoi non le viette,
Poi con tal fretta andò, che la mattina
Si ritrova ne l’isola d’Alcina.

Quivi mirabilmente tranmutoe,
S accrebbe più d’un palmo di flatura;
E fe le membra a proporzione più grasse;
E restó a punto di quella misura,
Che si pensò, che ’l negromante fosse,
Quel che nutri Ruggier con si gran cura;
Vestì di lunga barba le mascelle,
E fe crespa la fronte, e l’altra pelle.

The damsel now remain’d quite alamort,
Hearing her lover to such distance gone;
And more, her love was in such dange’rous fort,
If some grand method was not found out soon;
But the kind sorceress reliev’d her hurt,
And the fore wound the plaister frail laid on,
And, in few days, did promise her, and swear,
Her to revisit; back Ruggier to bear.

As, Lady, said she, you have got the ring,
That magick stratagem can so control;
I doubt not, when I carry that rare thing,
Whither Alcine your only good has stole;
But I shall break thro’ her designs, and bring
Back from her pow’r the idol of your soul:
Early this ev’n’ing I’ll depart away,
And will in India be by break of day.

And so to her the method did relate,
She did, to bring her work about, contrive,
To draw from out the life effminate.
Her lover dear, and he to France arrive:
Bradamant from her hand the ring took strait;
Nor that alone was she content to give,
But would her heart, her very life afford,
Could she thereby assistance give her Lord.

The ring she gives, and herself recommends,
More recommends to her Ruggiero dear,
To whom she num’rous fulmations sends;
Then tow’rds Provence another course does steer:
Th’ enchantress to another quarter tends,
And, to effectual make her projects rare,
That night a palfrey to her summoned,
All over black, save one foot, which was red.

Some demon this, or goblin spreight I count,
Which she from hell did in this figure raife;
Loofe-cloath’d, bare-footed she on this did mount,
Her hair difhevel’d, horrible her pace;
But left it should her magick’s pow’r furmount,
She from her finger does the ring displace:
Then with such haste she went, by the next morn
She was into Alcina’s island borne.

Here she transforms herself, in wond’rous guise;
In height her stature a whole cubit gains,
And makes her limbs proportionate in size;
Exactly of that measure now remains,
That each would think the negromant he spies,
Who to breed up Ruggiero took such pains:
With a long beard she cloath’d her cheeks and chin,
Her forehead wrinkled o’er, and all her skin.
In face and words, and in her mein and air,
She, him to imitate exact, had skill;
She could Atlant the forcerer appear,
Then hid herself, and there continu’d still,
Till the Ruggier at distance from his fair
Could catch: at length one day she gain’d her will,
And by great luck; Alcine one single hour
To stay or go from him could ill endure.

Alone she found him, fitting to her will,
Where he enjoy’d the morning fresh and fair,
Near a bright stream, that trickled from a hill
To wet the delightful lake, as chrysalid clear:
Of idlenefs and luxury she’d the fill,
The drefs soft, delicate, which he did wear,
Which in rich silk and gold her art to prove,
With labour exquisite Alcina wove.

Of richest gems a collar fine he wore,
Which from his neck descended to his breast;
And both his arms, so manly heretofore,
A circlet bright of diamonds embrac’d;
In both his ears, which she for rings did bore,
Entwinted links of purest gold were plac’d,
From whence two pearls of magnitude hung down;
Such Araby or India ne’er has shown.

Moïlen’d he wore in curls his flowing hair
With fragrant odours of the highest price,
And all his gestures soft and am’rous were,
As us’d in service of some lady nice:
Nought found, except his name, was with him there;
The rest was all corrupted into vice:
In such a manner was Ruggiero found, [bound.
From his own being chang’d; so by enchantment

In Atlant’s form now the herself does place
Before him, as his semblance she did wear,
With that so grave and venerable face,
Which Ruggier was accustom’d to revere; [nace,
Thou’se eyes, that fraught with wrath would him me-
Which once he in his youth so much did fear,
Saying, Is this the fruit then, which you bear,
So long expected by my toilsome care.

Did I then give you your first aliment
From marrow of the lion and the bear!
With you thro’ horrid cliffs and caverns went!
An infant, us’d to strange serpents there!
Have you their claws from panthers, tygers rent?
Did you their tuft’s from the boars savage tear?
That, after so much rigid discipline,
You should Adonis be, or Atys to Alcine.
58. Was it for this that I observe'd each star, 
The sacred fibres, various points combin'd; 
Reipones, angurs, dreams, and lots more rare, 
To which too much my thoughts, now vain, inclin'd? 
Which from the text, in promis'd, did declare 
To me, that, when you to this age was join'd; 
In feats of arms you should such wonders do, 
The world no hero had, should equal you.

59. A gallant fort of outfit sure you have, 
Whence, that yourself you'd make, one might conceive; 
An Alexander, Julius, Scipio brave: 
Of you, alas! who e'er could this believe? 
That you should make yourself Alcina's slave; 
And, so that all may plainly this perceive, 
Around your neck and arms you wear the chains, 
With which she you at her vile pleasure trains.

60. If your own honour with you has no weight, 
And the high works, for which by heav'n you're chose, 
Your own succesion why do you thus cheat 
Of good, which I to you did oft disclose? 
For ever why do you that womb defeat, 
From whence does heaven, thro' your loins, propose 
The glorious and the more than human line, 
Defin'd throughout the world the Sun t'outshine?

61. To the most noble souls forbid no more, 
That have been form'd in the eternal mind, 
That their corporeal crow's may be wore; 
The fcock ordain'd in you its root to find: 
Of conquests, triumphs, forbid not the store, 
With which when danger, bloody wounds suffin'd 
Your sons, your grandsons, and your gen'rous race, 
Shall in her former glories Italy replace.

62. Nor only ought these souls to have their weight, 
So fair, so numberless, to move your mind; 
Which bright, unconquer'd, glorious, holy, great, 
Are, from your fertile item to grow, delign'd; 
But you one couple might sufficient rate, 
Hippolite and his brother: few you'll find 
Of such, the world has had up to this time, [climb- 
That, thro' the paths of virtue, to such height did

63. To you I of this pair us'd more to speak, 
Than I of all the others did incline; 
As well that they the greatest pains would take, 
Than all your race, in virtue's paths to shine; 
As that my speech on these I found awake 
Your mind, more than to others of your line: 
I saw your rapture, that such heroes grand 
From your own loins were defin'd to descend.
Canto 7.

64.
Che hai costei, che t'hai fatto Regina,
Che non abbian mill' altre meretrici?
Costei, che di tanti altri è concubina,
Ch' al fin sia ben s'ella fuol far felici?
Ma perché tu con sacra sia Alcina
Levatene le fraudi, e gli artifici;
Tien quello anello in dito, e torna ad ella,
Ch' a veder ti potrai, come sia bella.

65.
Ruggiero, si stava vergognoso, e mutò
Mirando in terra, e mal sapesa che dire,
A cui la maga nel dito minuto
Pose l'anello, e lo fe rifentire;
Come Ruggiero in sé fu rivenuto,
Di tanto scorno si vide afflire,
Ch' effe or vorria fotterra mille braccia,
Ch' abbl' alcun veder non la potesse in faccia.

66.
Ne la sua prima forma in uno instante
Cosi parlando la maga rivenne,
Ne bisognava più quella d' Atlante
Seguitone l'effetto per che venne.
Per dirvi quel, ch' a non vi diffi inante;
Costei Melisso nominata venne,
Cor dit' a Ruggiero di fe notizia vera,
E dissegli a che effetto venuta era.

67.
Mandata da colei, che d'amor piena
Sempre il desia, nè più può starne senza,
Per liberarlo da quella catena,
Di che lo cinse magica violenza;
E prelo avea d' Atlante di Carena
La forma, per trovar meglio credenza:
Ma poi ch' a sanità l' ha omai ridotto
Gli vuole aprire, e far, che veggia il tutto.

68.
Quella donna gentil, che t' ama tante,
Quella, che del tuo amor degna sarebbe,
A cui, se non ti scorda, tu sai quanto
Tua liberia da lei servuta debbe,
Questo anello, che ripara ad ogni incanto
Ti manda, e co' il cor mandato avrebbe,
S' avesse avuto il cor co' virtute,
Come l' anello, attò a la tua salute.

69.
E seguitò, narrandogli l'amore,
Che Bradamante gli ha portato, e portà.
Di quella infieme commeno il valore
In quanto il vero, e l'affezion comporta;
Ed usò modi, e termine migliore,
Che si convenga a messaggiiera accorta,
Ed in quell' edo Alcina a Ruggier pose
In che foglionfi aver l' arribil cose.

64.
What has this woman done, this fav'rite Queen,
Which has not been perform'd by ev'ry whore?
She, who of numbers prostitute has been,
How happy them hi'as made, you knew before:
But, to be well acquainted with Alcine,
Take off her frauds, her artifice get o'er;
This ring put on your hand, to her repair,
That you may soon perceive she's wondrous fair.

65.
Silent Ruggiero stood, with shame abas'd,
Unknowning what to say, his head deject;
The forceres upon his finger plac'd
The ring, and made him quickly feel th' effect:
Soon as Ruggier his former senfe embrac'd,
With so much scorn he found himself disfract;
He with'd, miles under ground conceal'd h'ad been,
That so his vifage no one might have seen.

66.
Now in an instant, in her pristine size,
Conversing thus, the forceres remain'd;
Nor longer wanted the Atlant's disguise,
As she, for which the came, her point had gain'd:
To tell, what to you I did not premife,
She was Melisso call'd, who thus had feign'd:
Who of her self now gave description clear [there.
To Ruggier, and explain'd the caufe why she came.

67.
That she was sent by her in am'rous pain,
Who with'd for him, without him could not live,
To give him freedom from that horrid chain,
Which magick force to keep him did contrive:
And took the form of Atlant of Carene;
That shape, to which he most would credence give;
But as to health she now had him reduc'd,
For his perception the with'd all disclos'd.

68.
That genteel lady, who adores you so,
She, who would of your passion worthy be;
To whom, if you forget not, well you know,
You stand indebted for your liberty:
This ring, which all enchantment can undo,
She sends; and would have sent her heart by me,
Like virtue had her heart poBfess'd in it,
As does this ring, for your protection fit.

69.
And so perfu'd, recounting him the love,
That Bradamant bore him, and still doth bear;
At the same time her valour did approve,
As far as truth with her esteem could square;
And uses means, in the best terms does move,
As well became a prudent messenger;
And to him put Alcine in odious light,
As horrid things, which use t'offend the sight.
In odious light she puts her, tho' before
So much he lov'd her; let it not seem strange,
For that his love was by enchantment's pow'r;
But the ring with him did its force divrange:
The ring discover'd too the beauty's flow'r;
Alcina had, was by this artful change;
Extrinsic were her charms from head to foot,
The dregs remain'd, the luftre all went out.

As the youth cautious flows his fruit mature,
And then forgets the place where it does lie,
After a many days his hidden store
By chance does, where so long it lay, epsy;
With wonder he surveys it o'er and o'er
Putrid and spoilt, not as he put it by;
And what he lov'd before, and so much priz'd,
Now throws away defeted and despis'd:

Juft fo Ruggier, soon as Melisfas had
His judgment to a sober turn reduc'd
By the ring's pow'r, which, on his finger, made
Enchantment's operation vainly us'd;
The witch, reverse of what he thought, surveys'd,
From lovely, as before he 'ad been amus'd,
Fihly she was, on earth he could not fee
An older, or an uglier, hag than she.

So young and lovely was she made by art,
On many like Ruggier she had impos'd;
But the ring now interpreted the chart,
That had the truth in secret long enclos'd;
No wonder then, if sudden did depart
From Ruggier's mind, what he before suppos'd,
Which made him love Alcine; as her he found
In guise, that all her fraud would to no ufe redound.

But, as Melisfa him advis'd, he flaid
Steady, nor did his former looks tranfume,
Till with his arms, fo long neglected laid,
Himself he had accoutred, head to foot;
And tow'rs her all fufpicion to evade,
He feign'd to try, if he in them was ftrue,
He feign'd to try, if he was fatter grown,
After some days he had not had them on.
76.

E Balifarda poi si mise al fianco,
Che coi nome la sua spada avea,
E lo scudo mirabile tofse anco; 
Che non pur gli occhi abbarbagliar solea,
Ma l'anima facea si venir manco,
Che dal corpo esalata effer parea:
Lo tofse; e col zandado, in che trovillo,
Che tutto lo copria, se'l mise al collo.

77.

Venne a la fialla, e fece briglia, e sella
Porre a un destrier, più che la peca nero,
Così Meliffa l'avea istruito, ch'ella
Sapea, quanto nel corpo era leggiero.
Chi la conosce, Rabican l'appella,
Ed è quel proprio, che col cavaliero,
Del quale i venti or prefla al mar fan giocó,
Portò già la balena in questo loco.

78.

Potea aver l'Ippogrifo similmente,
Che presso a Rabican era legato;
Ma gli avea detto la maga, Abbi mente,
Ch'egli è, come tu sai, troppo sfrenato;
E gli diede intenzion, ch'è l'istruente,
Gli lo trarrrebbe fuor di quello stato;
La, dove ad agio poi sarebbe istruito;
Come frenarlo, e farlo gir per tutto.

79.

Nis sospetto darà, se non lo tolle,
De la tacita fuga, che apparecchia;
Fece Ruggier, come Meliffa volle,
Ch'invizjile ogni or gli era a l'occbia.
Cosi fingendo del lazzaro, e molle
Palazzo ufi de la putana vecchia,
E si venne accostando ad una porta,
Donde è la via, ch'à Logifilla il porta.

80.

Affallò li guardiani à l'improvviso,
E si cacciò tra lor col ferro in mano;
E qual lascio ferito, e qual ucciso,
E corse fuor del ponte à mano à mano,
E prima che n'avesse Alcina avvulo,
Di molto spazio fu Ruggier lontano:
Dirò ne l'altro canto, che via tenne,
Poi, come à Logifilla fe ne venne.

76.

Then Balifard upon his flank he plac'd;
This was the name which his good sword did bear;
His buckler marvellous he next embrac'd,
Which dim'd not only eye-sight with its glare,
But made the soul in faintness so abas'd,
It from the body seem'd exhal'd by fear:
He took it; in a silken veil it hung,
Which cover'd it all o'er, and o'er his shoulders flung.

77.

Now to the stable comes; faddle and bit
He orders on a horse more black than foot;
In her advice Melissa so thought fit,
Knowing he for the course was swift and stout;
The name of Rabican is given it;
And 'tis the same, with which that knight fet out,
Whom, to a tree transform'd, winds fet at nought;
Whom to this place the whale immense had brought.

78.

His Hippogryph he might as well have had,
Who the next stall to Rabican was ty'd;
But, Have a care, to him Melissa said,
Too well you know how hard he is to guide;
And told him, for next day the scheme sh'ad laid,
That from this place to bring him she'd provide
There, where inform'd at leisure he should be
The way to curb, and make him at his pleasure flee.

79.

Nor, leaving him, would he suspicion give
Of this his tacit flight, he did prepare:
Ruggier Melissa's counsel did receive,
She still invisible was at his ear;
Thus feigning from this court he did contrive,
So lewd, and the old strumpet, to get clear;
And travell'd on, till he came near a gate,
Which way he might to Logifilla retreat.

80.

Having the guards assaulted by surprize,
Himself he thro' them forc'd, his sword in hand;
And here one wounded, dead another lies,
So o'er the bridge his passage soon he gain'd:
Before Alcina had receiv'd advice,
Ruggier had pass'd a great distance o'er her land:
Next canto I'll relate the way he fought,
And how to Logifilla he after got.
CANTO VIII.

WHAT numberless enchantresses have been!
O what enchanters! tho' they are not known,
Who with their arts, women as well as men,
Have made in love, by change of aspect shown!
But these enchantments not by sprites in chain,
Nor by observance of the stars are done,
But by dissembling, lying, cheating art,
Shackles invincible, enslave the heart.

Who has of Angelic the ring, or he,
Who that of Reason rather does polish,
Would ev'ry vifage quite detected see,
Tho' under artifice and fiction's drees:
[by, That fair and good seems, which, the paint thrown
Ugly appears, and full of wickedness.
Great was the fortune, which Ruggiero had,
With this rare ring, which truth to him display'd.

Ruggier, I said, dissembling still his mind,
Arm'd to the gate on Rabican did ride; [join'd,
The guards found on their watch; when them he
He kept not long his weapon by his side:
Some in sad plight, some dead he left behind,
Pass'd o'er the bridge, the barrier broke aside,
To the wood hasting, far he did not press,
Ere he a fervant met o' th' forceres.

This fervant on his biff did falcon bear,
Which ev'ry day for sport would make its flight,
Now o'er the plain, now o'er the waters near,
Where-ever on some capture he could light:
His dog ran at his side, companion dear;
He on a nag but ord'nary did ride:
That Ruggier was in flight, he fully gueft,
Soon as he saw him coming in such haste.

He press'd up to him, and in haughty tone
Demanded, why he in such hurry went;
As brave Ruggiero would give him answer none,
He was more sure that flight was his intent;
And thinking to prevent his going on,
Said, holding his left arm to full extent,
What would you say, if you I sudden stop,
If with this bird you have not strength to cope?
CANTO X.

6. Spinge l'augello, che quel batte si pale,
Che non l'avanzza Rabican di cors;
Del palafreno il cacciator più sale,
E tutto a un tempo gli ha levato il morso;
Quel par da l'arco uno avventato sire,
Di salto formidabile, e di morso;
E il servo dietro il veloce viene,
Che par, che'l vento, anzi che il fuoco il mente.

7. Non vol parere il can d'esser più tardo,
Ma segue Rabican con quella fretta,
Con che le lepri fuori seguire il paro:
Vergogna a Ruggier par, se non affetta.
Volto a quel, che vien in pié gogliardo,
Ni gli vede arme, furor ch'una bacchetta,
Quella con che ubbidisce al cane insegna;
Ruggier di trar la spada si disdegna.

8. Qual se gli appressa, e forte lo percuete,
Lo morde a un tempo il can nel piede manco:
Lo svenato defrìer la groppa fente:
Tre volte, e più, ne falla il destro fianco.
Gira l'augello, e gli fa mille ruote,
E con l'ugna sventura il ferisce anco:
Si il defrìe collo sfrido impaurisce,
Che la mano, e a lo spro pocò ubbidisce.

9. Ruggiero al fin confretto il ferro caccia;
E perciò ta molestia se ne vada,
Or gli animali, or quel villan minaccia.
Col taglio, e con la punta de la spada:
Quella importuna turba più l'impaccia;
Prefa ba, chi qua, chi la tutta la frada:
Vede Ruggiero il disfare, e il danno
Che gli avvorrà, se più tardar lo fanno.

10. Sa ch'ogni poco più, ch'ivi rimane,
Alcina a voto col popola a la spalle.
Di trombe, e di tamburi, e di campane
Gia s'è alto rumore in ogni valle.
Contra un servo senza arme, e contra un cane
Gli par, ch'è ufar la spada troppo fale;
Meglio, e più breve è dunque, che lo scudro
La scuda, che d'Atlante era stato opra.

11. L'ev: il drapò vermeigl'io, in che coperto
Gia molti giorni lo feco fi tenne;
Foce l'effetto mille volte efpero,
Il lume, ove a ferrir negli occhi venne.
Regla da i feni il cacciatore deferto,
Cade il cano, e il ronzin, cadon le penne,
Ch'in aria sfolter l'angeli non ponno:
Lieto Ruggiero li lascia in preda a l'ommo.

6. Lets fly the bird, and that so beat its wings,
That Rabican not swifter on could get;
Himself the huntsman from his palfrey flings,
And in an instant from him took the bit;
Fleet, as an arrow from a bow, he springs,
With bite most fierce, and formidable feet;
The man behind with so much swiftness came,
He seem'd push'd on by air, rather by flame.

7. The dog resolv'd, he'd not less swift appear,
But follow'd Rabican with utmost haste,
Juft as the tyger fierce perfues the hare:
Ruggiero to fly would deem himself disgrac'd;
Turn'd to him, who on foot fo stout came near;
But as he fees no weapon 'gainst him plac'd,
But a small rod, with which his dog he trains,
To draw his sword Ruggiero now disdains.

8. The man with sturdy blows against him rush'd,
The dog at the same time his left foot bit,
The unbridled furious horfe his crupper crush'd,
Three times or more on his right flank he hit;
The bird a thousand turns about him push'd,
And often with its talons was he strict;
The noise so shrill his courier fo dismays,
That hand or spur but little he obeys.

9. At length Ruggiero constrain'd, his weapon draws;
And that this strange attack he may evade,
Sawes, Now man, now bird, now beasts, with threat'ning
With edge and point of his well-temper'd blade;
Still more the crowd perplex him without paufe;
They ev'ry path, that he could go, way-lay'd:
Ruggiero the flame and injury forefaw,
Which by delay he on himself might draw.

10. But little should he stay, he knew full well,
Alcine, and tribe, he should have at his tail:
Of trumpets, kettle-drums, and fumming bell,
He heard the rumour loud in ev'ry vale.
A flame devoid of arms, a dog to quell,
To use his sword, in honour seem'd to fail;
Better and quicker then that he display'd
The shield so pow'rful, which Atlante made,

11. The crimson silk takes off, wherein had stay'd
All cover'd o'er the shield for many days;
The light, th'effect, a thousand times effay'd,
Perform'd against the eyes, where it did blaze;
The huntsman now devoid of fense was laid;
The dog, the horfe, the bird, fall in a maze;
Her feathers now no more their flight can keep;
Joyful Ruggiero leaves them all a prey to Fleep.

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12. Meantime Alcina, who did news obtain,
How Ruggier had forc'd thro' her city-gate,
And a great number of the guards had slain,
To grief gave way, almost requind to fate:
She imote her face, she tore her vest in twain,
Call'd herself fenilees, inconsiderate;
Then instantly to arms she gave the sound,
And had her people hummon'd all around.

13. Divides them in two parties; one she sent
To the fame road, where did Ruggiero flee;
'Tother she join'd, and to the haven went,
Made them embark, and sudden put to sea:
The main was darken'd with their fails unbent;
With these Alcina dextrate hied away:
Defire of Ruggier so her breath did tear,
She left her city without safe-guard there.

14. Nor did she centries at her palace leave,
Which to Meliffa, who on purpose flaid
From this curt kingdom to set free each slave,
Who here in miferia o'er pofta;
Great opportunity and leisure gave,
That at her ease all things might be survey'd,
To bume the images, the seals to take,
The nodes, the signs, and the alemicks break.

15. At length throughout the country haft'ning on,
The former lovers, which in numbers were
Chang'd into fountains, wild bearts, wood and stone,
She made into their prifine shape repair:
And thefe, soon as their liberty was known,
The footsteps all perfud'd of brave Ruggier;
To Logiftil they fled, and from her court
To Scythia, Persia, Greece, and India, they refort.

16. Meliffa them into their country sent
In debt, which ne'er their mem'ry could escape:
Before the rest, she was the moft intent
To give the Englifh Duke his former shape;
As well by kindred and intretaty bent
Of good Ruggier, who help'd in his mifhap;
Besides his prayers, Ruggier the ring convey'd,
To her, that she might lend him farther aid.

17. Thus, at Ruggier's requisit, she did reduce
The Paladin into his human face;
But what she did, appear'd of little ufe
To her, if she did not his arms replace;
And that rich lance of gold, which at fift loofe
Who'er it touch'd, would from the faddle chace;
Argalia's, then Apollos, was this lance,
Which had to both great honours got in France.
18. Trovò Melisso quella lancia d'oro,
Che Alcina aveva riposta nel palagio,
E tutte l'armi che del Duca s'era,
E gli fur tolte ne l'offel malagio.

Montò il deftrier del negromante More,
E se' montar Aftolo in groppa ad agio,
E quindi à Logistilla si conduce
D'un' ora prima, che Ruggier vi fusse.

19. Tra duri sassi, e folte spine gia
Ruggier intanto in ver la Fatia saggia,
Di balzo in balzo, e d'un in altra via
Apra, folinga, inospita, e selvaggia;
Tanto ch'a gran fatica riuscia
Sì la servida nona in una spiaggia,
Tra'l mare, e'l monte, al mezzo di scoperta,
Arsicia, nuda, ferile, e deserta.

20. Percute il Sole ardente il vicin colle;
E del calor, che si riflette addietro,
In modo l'aria, e l'arena ne belle,
Che faria troppo a far liquido il vetro.
Staffi cheto ogni angello à l'ombra molle;
Sol la cicale col nofio metro
Fra i densi rami del fronzato fiole
Le valli, e i monti afforda, e il mare, e'l cielo.

21. Qui'vì il caldo, la sete, e la fatica,
Che'ra di gir per quella via arenosa,
Facea lungo la spiaggia orma, ed aprica
A Ruggier compagnia grave, e noiosa;
Ma perché non convien, che sempre io dica,
Ne ch'io vi occupi sempre in una cosa,
Io lascerò Ruggiero in questo caldo,
E giro in Scozia a ritrovare Rinaldo.

22. Era Rinaldo molto ben veduto
Dal Re, da la figliuola, e dal parle;
Poi la cagion, che qui'vì era venuto,
Più ad agio il Paladin sece palese;
Ch'è in nome del suo Re chiedeva aiuto
E dal regno di Scozia, e da l'Inghelse;
Ed à i prieghi faggiunse anco di Carlo
Giustissime cagion di dover farlo.

23. Dal Re senza indugiari gli fu risposto,
Che di quanto fu forza s'èiendea,
Per utile, ed onor sempre disposto
Di Carlo, e de l'imperio effer viole;
E che fra pochi di gii norebbe posso,
Più cavalieri in punto che potea;
E, se non, ch'effo era oggimai pur vecchio,
Capitano varria del suo apparecchio.

This famous lance of gold Melisso found,
Which in her palace had Alcina lain,
And all the armour, which the Duke had own'd,
Of which they stripp'd him in this house profane;
On the black fore'er's palfrey then did bound;
Aftolo gently then behind her ta'en;
From thence to Logistilla they did repair,
An hour before Ruggiero could get there.

Meanwhile thro' craggy cliffs, with thorns o'ercast,
Ruggiero hast'ned towards the Fai so mild;
From rock to rock thro' different ways he pas'd, All lonely, rough, inhospitable, wild:
So that upon a plain he came at last
By scorching noon, when he had greatly toil'd;
'Midst seas and mountains was this stretch of land,
A naked, barren, defert, burnt up sand.

The burning fun strikes on the mountain near,
From whence the heat so strong reflected was,
It seem'd to boil the very sand and air,
More than enough to liquify a glass:
The birds, in the soft shade, their long forbear;
Only the f.auterelle, amidst the grafs,
And leafy branches, from its jarring throat,
Deafen'd hill, dale, sea, heaven, with its note.

Here the excessive heat, his thirst and toil,
He suffers, trav'ling o'er this tract of sand;
Were thro' this defert, and so funny foil,
Ruggier's companions far, too near at hand;
But as this story fults not so long while,
Nor on one subject should I be detain'd,
I leave Ruggiero in this place to burn,
And into Scotland to Rinald return.

Rinaldo here was wonderous well receiv'd
By th' King, his daughter, and by all the fiate;
After, the reafon, why he there arriv'd,
The Paladin did by degrees relate:
In his King's name, that aid might be contriv'd,
On Scotch and English kingdoms he did wait;
To his request, from th' Emperor he join'd
Just caufe, why they to this should be inclin'd.

The King, without delay, to him reply'd,
That far as could his utmost pow'r extend,
To Charles and to his empire as ally'd,
He'd do what'er might to their welfare tend;
And, in few days, he for him would provide,
In readines, fuch knights as he could fend;
And, but that he was now advance'd in age,
He would himself in the command engage.
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24. Ne tal rispetto ancor gli parlia degno Di farlo rimaner, fe non avesse Il figlio, che di forza, e più d'ingegno Dignissimo era, a chi il governo delle; Benché non si trovasse allor nel regno; Ma che s'era una che venir dovefle, Mentre ch'insieme adunaria la fiondo, E ch'adunato il troveria il figliolo:

25. Cofi mandò per tutta la sua terra Suoi tesori a far cavalli, e gente; Navi apparecchia, e munizioni da guerra, Vettovaglia, e daran naturalmente: Venne intanto Rinaldo in Inghilterra, El Re nel suo partir cortejmente In fin a Berriache accompagnarolo, E vijlo pianger fu, quando lasciolo.

26. Spirando il vento prospero à la poppa Monta Rinaldo, e à Dio, dice à tutti: La siena indi al viaggio il nocciier gioppa, Tanto che giunge, ove ne i falsi fotti Il bel Tamigi amareggianto intoppa: Con gran flusso del mar quindi conduiti I naviganti per camin fico A vela, e reme insino à Londra furo.

27. Rinaldo avea da Carlo, e dal Re Ottone Che con Carlo in Parigi era affediato, Al Principe di Valia commissione Per contr'affegni, e lettere portato; Che ciò, che potea far la regione, Di fanti, e di cavalli in ogni lato, Tutto debba à Calefo traghettarlo, Sì, che aiutar fi possa Francia, e Carlo.

28. Il Principe ch'io dico, ch'era in vece D'Otton rimafo nel seggio Reale, A Rinaldo d'Aman tanto onor fece, Che non l'ovrebbe al Sio Re fatto uguale; Indì à le sue domande satisface, Perché à tutta la gente Martiale, E di Bretagna, e de l'isole intorno Di vitrevarsi al mar preffe il giorno.

29. Signor, far mi convien, come fa il buono Sonator sopra il suo strumento arguto, Che siafo mata corda, e varia fuono, Ricercando ora il grave, ora l'acuto: Mentre à dir di Rinaldo attento fono, D'Angelica gentil m'è fovenuuto: Io, la lasciati, ch'era da lui fuggita, E c'avea rifcontrato uno Eremita.

30. Nor even this would he think reason fit, To stay at home, but that he had a son Of strength in arms, and more in warlike wit, Most worthy the command to lay upon: And that he hop'd, he'd soon return to it, Tho' from the kingdom he's at present gone: Meantime his troops should be together join'd, That so his son might tempt united find.

25. Wherefore throughout his land expref he sent His treaurers, to horfe and men prepare, Get ready ships, and warlike armament, And, in good feafon, money, provender: Meanwhile Rinaldo into England went; The King his love, at parting, to declare, To Berwick in his company would keep; And, when he left him, he was keen to weep.

26. A kindly gale now for their veffel blew; Rinald embark'd, and of them all took leave: They rip their Cable, and their course perfue, Till thither they arrive, where the salt wave The lovely Thames embitters in its flow: The tide of flood from thence a guidance gave; The sailors, thro' the safe and gentle stream, With fail and oars, quite up to London came.

27. Rinald, from th' Emperor and Otho King, Who both in Paris were by feige oppreft, Commifion to the Prince of Wales did bring, By letters and in cyphers dark addreft, That all the country's force he fummoning, From ev'ry fide fhou'd horfe and foot be pref, To Calais fhou'd in tranports be convey'd, To give the Emperor and France their aid.

28. The Prince I speak of, who was, in the head Of the King Otho, on the regal throne, Great honour to Rinald of Amon paid; He would not to his King have equal shown; Then he comply'd with his demand of aid; For, of the warlike people ev'ry one, As well in Britain, as the ifles around, He fix'd a day, they near the fea-coaft fhou'd be found.

29. I feem, Sir, here, like good musician, bound; Who, on his instrumen, does oft tranfmit His chords, and give variety of found; Now flriking out the grave, now the acute: While on Rinald I too intent am found, The fair Angelic does my mind falute, Whom I left off, making from him her flight, And after, meeting of an Eremite.
Quella rara bellezza il cuor gli accese,
E gli scaldò le frigid' medaglie,
Ma poi che vide, che poco gli attese,
E ch' altra soggiornar face non volle;
Di cento punte l'affilino offese,
Ne di sua tardità però la tole;
E poco va di peso, e men di tratto,
Ne fonder gli su vuol la beffa fatto.

E perché molto dilungata s'era,
Poco più n' avria perduto l' orma,
Ricorre il frate a la spensierata
E di demoni uj' in fede una torna;
E ne segglo uno di tutta la schiera,
E del bigiogno suo prima l' informa;
Poi lo fu entrar addosso al corridore,
Che via gli portà con la donna il cuore.

Che sia il disegno suo, ben lo comprendo,
E dirò anco a voi, ma in altro loco.
Angelica di ciò nulla temendo
Cavalcore a giornate, or molte, or poco.
Nel cavallo il Demon si gia coprendo,
Come si cuopre alcuna volta il fuoco,
Che con si grande incendio po' pietà avvolta,
Che non si f'inghiure, e appena se ne scampa.

Poi, che la donna prete ebbe il sentiero
Dietro il gran mar, che li Guasconi lava,
Tenendo appresso a l' onda il suo defieria,
Dove l' umor la via più ferma dava;
Quel le fu tratto dal Diavolo fiero
Ne l' acqua, si che dentro vi nuotava;
Non sa che far la timida donzella,
Se non tener si ferma in su la sella.

Her story now a little I'll persue,
I said, that the enquir'd with utmost care,
By which way she could to the sea-coast go,
As of Rinaldo she conceiv'd such fear;
All Europe o'er she could not safety know,
Unles the sea she pafs'd, her death was near:
But her the hermit still kept in suspense,
As with her he had pleasure most intense.

His heart was scorched up by this beauty rare,
And his frigid marrow had enflam'd;
But as he found toward's him but little care,
And she to leave this place determin'd seem'd;
He with a hundred spurs his asfo did tear;
But from his sluggishness him ne'er reclaim'd:
He scarce would walk, and much less would he trot,
Nor would himself stretch out this feebly fot.

And as the from him was great distance gone,
And soon her footsteps would by him be lost,
The infernal den to move he thought upon,
And made of demons issue forth a howl:
Then from the multitude he chose out one;
And, first, what need of him he had, disclosed;
Into the horse then swiftly made him pass,
That carried thus his heart off with the lads.

What his design was, well I comprehend,
And will tell you, but in another place:
Angelica hence no danger did attend,
But daily travel'd on with various pace;
The demon in the horse conceal'd his end,
As fire, when cover'd, oft forbears to blaze,
Which after bursts in flame with greater rage,
We scarce escape, nor can its force suffice.

After the damsel had perfum'd her course
Behind the sea, that laves the Gascon land,
Near to the stream still guiding on her horse,
Which moiture made firm road upon the strand;
The nag was guided by the demon's force
Into the sea, and swam by his command:
The frightened damsel knew not what to do,
But kept well-fix'd upon her saddle-bow.
36. Per tirar briglia, non gli puo dar volta; 36. The bit she pull'd, to make him turn around:
Piu, e piu sempre quel si caccia in alto; He more and more into the waves would fly;
Ella tenea la veja in su raccolta; Her garments she about her clofeby bound;
Ella volgea i bagli occhi a terra in vano,
The wet t'escape, her feet she held up high;
Che bagnavan di pianto il viso, e' l'feno, Her locks dishevell'd o'er her fhoilders bound;
E vedeva il lito andar sempre lontano, The am'rous air play'd with them pafling by;
E decrefer piu sempre, e venìr mefo. The greater winds were quiet as she went,
Il deflier, che notava a deftra mano, Perhaps, as was the sea, on fuch bright form intent.
Dopo un gran giorno, la porto al terreno; 37. Her lovely eyes she turn'd in vain to land,
Tra fcuri faji, e fcovento fe grotte, Which bath'd in tears her vifage and her breast;
Già cominciaendo ad oscurar la notte. And faw, retiring from her ftil, the ftrand,
Quando fo vede sola in quel deserto, Which from her view still more and more decreaf'd:
Che a riguardarfo sol mette a paura, The horfe, that swimming bore to the right hand,
Ne l'ora, che nel mar Pebo coperto, First wheel'd about, and came to fhole at laft
L'aria, e la terra aveva lafciata oscura; 'Midit the dark cliffs: the cavern's dreadful fight
Fermoffi in atto, e' avria fatto incerto Began to be obfcur'd by darker night.
Si'ella era donna feftiva, e vera, 38. On this wild place finding herfelf alone,
O faffo colorito in tal maniera. The very fight of which inspired fear,
39. Stupida, e fitta ne la incerta fabbia The hour, when Phoebus to the fea was gone,
Co' i capelli difoifiti, e rabuffati, And left in utter darknes earth and air,
Con le man giunte, e con immute labbia She stop'd, in pofture, one could fcarce have known;
I linguadi occhi al ciel tenea levati, Whoever had defcry'd her figure there,
Come accennando il Gran Motor, che l'habbia If she were woman fensitive and true,
Tutti inclinati nel fuo danno i fatti. Or ftone, which had been colour'd of that hue.
Immota, e come attenta, fe' alquanto, 39. Stupid, and fix'd upon the rowling fand,
Poi fiolfe in alqud la lingua, e gli occhi al pianto. With hair difhevell'd, briftled with purprize,
Dicea, Fortuna, che piu a far ti refa, With lips unmov'd, and joining either hand,
Accio de' mi fazi, e ti disfami? To heav'n she lifted up her languid eyes;
Che dar ti poffo omi piu, fe non questa As the Great Mover the would reprehend,
Miferia vita? ma tu non la brami; Who made the fates fo fixt her enemies:
C'era a trarla del mar fei flata prefa, Unmov'd, and as amaz'd, a while the flood;
Quando poteva firar miei giorni grani, Her tongue pour'd forth her grief, her eyes a flood.
Perchi ti parve di voler piu ancora 40. Fortune, faid she, what have you more to do
Vedermi tormentar prima, ch'io mora. With me, your greedy wish to fatisfy?
Ma, che mi fassi nuocere non veggio What can I more than wretched life beftow?
Più di quel, che fia qui nociuto m'hai; But that, alas! you fceem perverfe to flee,
Per te cacciata fon del real fegge, To draw me from the waves fo ready now,
Dove piu ritornar non fpero mai: When you might end my days of misery.
Ho perduto l'amor, che fta peggio; Why do you fceem to with my pain's increafe
Che fa ben con effetto io non pecai, E'en yet to fee, 'ere death affords me peace?
Io do pera materia, ch'ognun dica, 41. But how you more can hurt me, I don't fee,
Che eflendo vagabonda io fia impudica. Than what from you already I have borne;
You from my regal feat have driven me,
To which I never can expect return: My honour loft, which is more cruelty;
My honour loft, which is more cruelty;
For tho' a real crime to act I fcorn,
I thoro' the world give caufe to be disgrac'd,
That, as a vagabond, I am unchafe.
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42.
C'aver può donna al mondo più di buono
A cu la capigliata fia?
Mi nuoce, oimè, ch'io fon giovane, e sono
Tenuta bella, o fea vero, o bugia.
Già non ringrazio il ciel di questo dono,
Che di qui nolfe ogni ruina mia;
Morto per questo fu Argalia mio fraté,
Che poco gli giovar l'arme incantate.

43.
Per questo il Re di Tartaria, Agricane
Disfece il genitor mio Gelafione,
Ch'in India del Cataio era Gran Cane,
Onde i' fon giunta a tal condizione,
Che muto albergo da sera, a dimane.
Se l'aver, se l'onor, se le persone
M'hai tolto, e fatto il male, che far mi puoi;
A che più dagli ancor ferbar mi vuoi?

44.
Se l'affogarmi in mar morte non era
A tuo senno crudel, pur ch'io ti fazi,
Non reciuto, che mandai alcuna ferza,
Che mi divori, e non mi tenga in tirazi:
D'ogni martir, che sia, pur ch'io ne pera,
Esser non può, ch'assai non ti ringrazi.
Cofi dicea la donna con gran pianto,
Quando le apparve l'Eremita à canto.

45.
Avea mirato da l'estrema cima
D'un rilevato fosso l'Eremita,
Angelica, che giunta à la parte ima,
E de lo sfoglio affittita, e sbigottita:
Era sei giorni egli venuto prima,
Ch'un demonio il porto per via non trita;
E venne à lei fingendo divozione,
Quanta aveva mai Paulo, à Iarione.

46.
Come la donna il cominciò à vedere
Prese non conoscedendo conforto,
E cessò à poco à poco il suo temere,
Bench' ella aveva ancora il viso smorto;
Come fu presso, disse; Miserere,
Padré, di me, che son giunta à mal porto;
E con voce interrotta dal singulto
Gli disse quel, ch'à lui non era occulto.

47.
Comincia l'Eremita à confortarla
Con alquante ragion belle, e dovete,
E pon l'audace man, mentre che parla,
Or per lo feno, or per l'umide gete;
Poi più fevero va per abbracciarla,
Ed ella fdegnotto la percuote
Con una man nel petto, e in ripinge,
E d'oneso rosser tutta fi tingè.

48.
What good on earth can woman hope to share,
Who has that jewel lost, her chastity?
It gives me pain, alas! that young and fair
I am reported, whether truth or lie:
I can't thank heaven for these gifts, thou' rare,
Since to me all my ruin springs thereby:
Argalia was for this, my brother, slain;
His arms and his enchantments all were vain.

49.
For this King Agricane of Tartary
Routed my fire, unhappy Gelafione,
Who was in India Great Cham of Catai;
Whence I'm reduc'd to such condition:
My settlement I change both night and day:
If honour, substance, all my friends are gone,
These you have ta'en, and hurt me all you can,
To what more mis'ry do you me ordain?

50.
If your inveterate will would not content
My death, by suffocation in the deep,
I wish some savage brute were sudden sent,
Me to devour, and not in torment keep:
So I but die, no suff'ring'll I relent;
Nor can I fail on you my thanks to heap.
Thus spoke the maid, with many a swelling sigh,
When she perceiv'd the hermit was come nigh.

51.
The hermit, from the most exalted brow
Of a high cliff, Angelica had seen,
Soon as the came upon the shore below,
Under the rock with sad dejected mien:
Six days before, he this place came to,
Him thro' the air a demon did sustain;
And her approaching, made devotion's show,
As much as could St. Paul, or good Hilarius, do.

52.
Soon as the nymph began him to perceive,
Not knowing then his mind, she comfort took,
And by degrees her terror did relieve,
Altho' she yet retain'd her mournful look:
When he came near, she said, Your pity give,
Father, to me, in this sad state forlook:
Then, with a voice confus'd with fighs of wo,
She told the tale, which he too well did know.

53.
To comfort her, the hermit undertook,
With arguments refin'd and most devout;
And put his busy fingers, while he spoke,
Now to her breast, now o'er her humid throat;
Then to embrace her went, with bolder look:
She struck him then, with indignation stout;
With her fist in his breast she push'd him by,
While modest blushes all her cheeks did dye.
Canto 8.

48.
A pouch he had, he open'd, at his side,
And thence a pot of liquor did remove;
In her bright eyes, whence are with flame supply'd
The darts most burning of the god of love,
There he a drop did, gently sprinkling, guide,
Which her to cast in sleep would certain prove;
Now she supine lay down upon the sand,
At this rapacious wretch's whole command.

49.
Her he embrac'd, and touch'd her with delight;
She still slept on, unable to oppose;
Her lips he now salutes, now breaths to white:
In this wild place none sees what'er he does;
And just it is, such acts should shun the light:
His age to his desires reluctance shew's;
He feeble was, borne down by age, dire weight,
And worse he was, as he with grief did fret.

50.
All ways and means he to assistance calls;
Of age in love incurable the fault:
By time worn out, the stoutest war-horse crawls,
Nor, tho' well fed, will in the manage vault:
At length asleep he near the lady falls,
And now vexation now does him assault:
When fortune once begins, she does enough,
When the poor mortals mocks, and lets at scoff.

51.
'Tis needful, first, thy occasion be express,
And I a little wander from my way:
Amidst the northern sea, toward the west,
Not far from Ireland, does an island lay,
Hebuda call'd; and there are much decreas'd
The people, whom the horrid Orc does slay,
And the sea-monsters sad destruction make,
Which Proteus there conducts for vengeance' sake.

52.
Old stories tell, be they or false or true,
A pow'rful King, that govern'd o'er that place,
A daughter had, who was of beauteous hue,
And charming mien, that she with wondrous eafe,
On the sea-shore when she herself did shew,
Did, 'midst the waters, Proteus' heart make blaze;
And he, her found alone, did once perfume, grew,
And her comprest, from whence with child she

53.
This to her fire most hard and grievous prov'd,
Who was, 'bove all, fierce and wicked too;
Nor, by excuse or pity, would be mov'd
Her life to spare: what won't fierce vengeance do?
Nor tho' the pregnant was, as him behav'd,
His sudden dreadful orders would forego;
And so his grandchild, which had done no ill,
Before that it was born, resolved to kill.
54. Proteo marine, who feeds the hungry flock
Of Neptune, who the waters keeps in awe,
Was for his nymph with pungent torment struck,
And, in great wrath, th' order broke, and law;
So that in halfe he did to land invoke
Orcs, feals, sea-monsters, with voracious maw;
Who not alone the sheep and oxen flew,
But cities, towns, destroy'd, and people too.

55. Oft to the city-walls they take their way,
And them betet in dreadful siege around;
The people under arms stand night and day,
In dismal fear to tedious watchings bound;
The country does by all deserted lay;
And that relief of some kind may be found,
They go, in this affair to counsel have,
Unto the oracle; who them this anfwer gave:

That it behoved them a damfel seek,
That with the other equal beauty bore,
And to offended Proteus off ring make,
Instead of her, who dy'd upon that shore:
If fair enough, this for amends he'd take,
And he'd the lands and them disturb no more;
But if he floop not here, they must prefent
One and another, till he was content.

From thence began this fo unhappy lot
To ev'ry female with a handfom face,
As one for Proteus ev'ry day is sought,
Until they find a damfel him to pleafe:
So one and all have to their death been brought;
For all of them into his paunch conveys
An Ore immeffe, attending at the port,
When the whole herd does to the fea refort.

Whether be true or falf this history
Of Proteus, I know not, by whom 'twas told;
Upon this ifle is us'd much cruelty
'Gainst women, by this impious law fo old;
For this huge Ore to fhore does daily hie,
And with the female's fheft they her uphold:
Altho' 'tis, to be woman, ev'ry-where
Misfortune great, it is much greater there.

59. O miserable girls! whom cruel fate
Injuriously upon this coaft does bring,
Where on the watch the people confant wait,
Strangers to make their impious offering;
For till the more they from without can get,
More of their own they fave from suffering;
But as the wind don't bring fufficient prey,
Each neigh'ring strand they ravage ev'ry day.

Vol. I.
Van disorrendo tutta la marina
Con feste e gridi, ed altri legni loro,
E da fontana parte, e da vicina
Portan fèlevamento al lor martore:
Molte donne ben per forza, e per rapina,
Alcune per lusinghe, altre per oro;
E sempre da diverse regioni
N'han viene le torri, e le prigioni.

Passando una lor fusa à terra à terra,
Innanzi à quella solitaria riva;
Dove fra sterpi in su l'erbosa terra
La sfortunata Angélica dormiva;
Smontar quasi galeotti in terra,
Per riperturne legna, ed acqua viva;
E di quante mai fur belle, e leggiadre,
Trovare il fiore in braccio al santo Padre.

O troppo cara! O troppo eccelsa preda
Per fi barbarie genti, e fi villane!
O Fortuna crude! chi ha ch'è creda,
Che tanta forza hai ne le cose umane?
Che per cibo d'un mosfo tu conceda
La gran beltà, ch'in India il Re Agricane
Fece venir da le Cauquefe porte,
Con mezza Scittia à guadagnar la morte?

La gran beltà, che fu da Sacripante
Posta innanzi al suo onore, e al suo bel regno;
La gran beltà ch'al gran signor d'Anglante
Macchiò la chiara fama, e l'alto ingegno;
La gran beltà, che fe tutto Levante
Sottosopra voltarsi, e stare al segno,
Ora non ha, cófi è rimaf sola,
Che le dia aiuto pur d'una parola.

La bella donna di gran fanno oppressa
Incatenata fu prima, che delà:
Portarò il frate incarnatos con essa
Nel legno pien di turba afflitta, e mofta.
La vela in cima à l'arbore rimafà
Rende la nave à l'isola funefà;
Dove chiufor la donna in rocca forte
Fin à quel de, ch'à lei toccò la sorte.

Ma poi si per erer tanto bella;
La serra gente muserà à pieta;
Che molti di le differiron quella
Morte, e feriarla à gran necessitate;
E fin ebeber di fuor altra donzella,
Perdonaro à l'angélica beltà;
Al nostro fu condotta finalmente,
Piangendo dietro à lei tutta la gente.

Still looking out, to ev'ry coast they steer
With galleys, boats, vessels, of various size,
And from the distant parts, and those more near,
They bring relief to their own miseries;
Some nymphs by open violence they bear,
And some by money, or by fallacies:
So from a many countries, by such skill,
Their tow'rs and prisons they completely fill.

One of their galleys passing near the strand,
Against that solitary river's bay,
Where, 'midst the shrubs upon the grassy land,
The hapless Angelic in slumber lay;
There went on shore some of this horrid band,
To cut some wood, and water fresh convey;
The very sweetest flow'r, that man could gather,
They found within the arms o' th' holy father.

O! the too dear! O! the too lofty prey!
For wretches barbarous and inhumane!
O cruel fortune! now, believe who may,
That you o'er human things such pow'r maintain;
Since, for a monster's food, you throw away
The beauty rare, who did King Africane
To India bring from Caucasus' fam'd feast,
With half his Scythia, such strange death to meet.

The beauty rare, who was by Sacripant
Preferr'd before his honour and his throne:
The beauty rare, who of the Lord Anglante
Blemish'd the reason, and the high renown:
The beauty rare, who made the whole Levant
Be overturn'd, and her great prowess own;
Now has not one, in such low stature she's laid,
E'en with a single word to give her aid.

The lovely nymph, with sleep profound oppress'd,
Was bound in chains, ere ever she awoke:
'Th' enchanting fri'rt with her on board they prest,
Where was a crowd with sad dejected look:
The falls to the main-topmať then address,
The ship soon to the gloomy island took;
The nymph in a strong tow'r they then detain'd,
Until the day her fate should be ordain'd.

Perhaps it was her being wond'rous fair
This furious people did to pity move;
For many days they did her death forbear,
Her to preferv, till they compel'd should prove:
While from abroad there other damfels were,
They pardon her; for they her beauty love:
But to the monster she is brought at laft,
The folks behind her weeping, as she pafs'd.
Canto 8.

66. Chi narrerà l'angoscie, i pianti, ed i gridi,
L'alba querela, che nel ciel penetra?
Maraviglia, oh, che non s'apriro i lidi,
Quando fu posta in sulla fredda pietra;
Dove in catena, privo di fudi,
Morte affrettava abomino, e tetra.
Io no'l dirò, che si il dolor mi muove,
Che mi sforzai voltar le rime altrove;

67. E trovar versi non tanto ingubri
Fin, ch'el mio spinto fianco si riabbia,
Che non potravi li squalidi colubri,
Nel'orda tigre accesi in maggior rabbia,
Ne ciò che da l'Atlante à titti rubri
Veneno era per la calda fabbia,
Ne veder, nei penar senza cordoglio
Angelica legata al duro flogiolo.

68. Oh se l'aveste il suo Orlando saputo,
Ch'era per ritrovarla ito à Parigi,
O li dui, ch'inganno quel vecchio oluto
Col mezzo, che venia da i luoghi stigi;
Fra mila merti, per donarle aiuto
Cercato avrían gli angelici vestigi.
Ma che fariano avendone anc'elpia
Poi, che disfiasi fon di tanta via?

69. Parigi intanto avea l'affetto interno
Dal famoso figliuol del Re Troiano,
E venne à tanta estrema una giornata
Che n'andò quasi al suo nemico in mano;
E fe non che li vitti il ciel placorno,
Che dilagò di pioggia oscura il piano;
Cadea quel di per l'African'a lancia
Il santo Imperio, e il gran nome di Francia.

70. Il sommo Creatore gli occhi rivolse
Al giusto lamentar del vecchio Carlo;
E con sublime pioggia il fuoco tolse,
Ne forse unan pater potea sporrarlo.
Savius chiunque à Dio sempre si volse;
Ch'alt' si non puote mai negli aiutarlo.
Ben dal devento Re fu conoscendo,
Che si salvo per lo divino aiuto.

71. La notte Orlando à le noiose piante
Del velo e pensier fu parte affai;
Or quinci, or quindi il volta, or lo raffinse,
Tutto in un loco, e non l'affermo mai.
Qual d'acqua chiara il tremolante lume
Dal Sol percorso, o da notturni rai
Per gli ampi tetti via con lungo salto,
A dostra, ed à sinistra, e basso, ed alto.

66. Who can relate the sighs, the tears, the pain,
Th' exalted woe, which was to heav'n convey'd!
I wonder much, the rock wa'n't split in twain,
When she upon the frigid stone was laid:
Where she most horrid death, bound in a chain,
Expected, now depriv'd of ev'ry aid.
I can't describe it: my grief's too severe;
It forces me to turn my rhymes elsewhere;

67. And find out verses of less gloomy make,
Until my weary'd spirits are regain'd;
For neither could the deadly pois'nous snake,
Nor tygress mad with rage, her young detain'd,
Nor, all, from Atlas to the ruby lake,
With venom wander o'er the burning sand,
Unmov'd with tender passion, have descry'd
Angelic naked to the rock thus ty'd.

68. O, if her fond Orlando this had known,
Who in per fault of her to Paris went,
Or thofe the fly old man impos'd upon
With meffage from th' infernal regions sent,
Tho' thouand deaths they to her aid had flown,
On search of her celestial steps intent:
But what, if they had known it, could be done,
As they such distance vail from her were gone?

69. Meantime all Paris was besieged round
By warlike for of Trojan, famous King;
And one day in diftress a lad was found,
It in his pow'r the foe did almo't bring:
And had not heav'n their vows with favour crown'd,
The darken'd plains with tempefts deluging,
That day had fallen under Afric's lance
The holy empire, glorious name of France.

70. The great Creator deign'd to turn his eye
Toward's the sad tears of Charles, devout old King,
And by a sudden rain the flames put by,
Which human pow'r about could never bring,
Wife those! who always upon God rely;
'Tis he alone can shelter with his wing:
By the religious Monarch 'twas well known,
Their safety was by aid divine alone.

71. All night Orlando to his anxious plumes
His wand'ring thoughts for counsel did convey:
Now this way, that way turns them, now refumes
All to one point; but to no point does stay:
As light from the clear water trembling comes,
Struck from the sun, or the nocturnal ray,
On lofty roofs goes with extensive leap,
To right, to left, now high, now low, does skip.
La donna sua, che gli ritorna a mente,  
Anzi che mai non era indi partita;  
Gli raccomandò nel cuore, e fa più ardente  
La fiamma, che nel di parea fopita.  
Cantav' ella teco era in Penente  
Fin dal Canto, e qui l'aveva samnirita;  
Ne ritrovato poi vegliò d'ella,  
Che Carlo roto fu presso à Bordella.

Di queste, Orlando aveva gran voglia; e seco  
Indarno a sua sciocchezza ripresi tua.  
C'era mio, dicea, come vilmente teco  
Mi son portato! Oimè quanto mi grava,  
Che potenditi aver notte, e di meco,  
Quando la tua bontà non nel negava;  
T'abbia lasciato in man di Nano porre,  
Per non spermiri à tanto ingiuria opporre.

Non aveva ragione io di scuarmi?  
E Carlo non m'avria forse disfetto?  
Sì pur disfetto, e chi potea sforzarme!  
Che ti mi volea torre al mio dispetto!  
Non poteva io venir più tosto à l'arme?  
Lasciar più tosto trarmi il cuor del petto?  
Ma ne Carlo, ne tutta la tua gente  
Di tormenti per forza era possente.

Almen l'avesse posata in guardia buona  
Dentro à Parigi, à in qualche rocca forte!  
Che l'abba data à Nano mi confiona,  
Sol perché à perdere, l'abba à queste forze:  
Che la doeva guardar meglio persona  
Di me? Ch'io doeva farlo fino à morte,  
Guardarla più che l'hor, che gli occhi miei;  
E doeva, e potea farlo, e pur non fei.

Deb, dove senz'a me, della mia vita,  
Rin. se festiva giovane, e si bella?  
Come poi che la luce è dipartita,  
Riman tra boschi la smarrita agnella,  
Che dal pastor sperando effer udita  
Si va lagnando à questa parte, e in quella,  
Tanto, che'l lupo l'ode di lontano;  
E'l mio pastor ne piange in vano.

Dove, speranza mia, dove era sei?  
Vai tu folletta forse ancora errando?  
O pur l'han trovata i lupi rei  
Senza la guardia del tuo fido Orlando?  
E'l fior, ch'in ciel potea formà fra i Dei,  
Il fior, ch'intatto io mi vennia serbando  
Per non turbarti, oimè, l'Animo custo,  
Oimè per forza avranno colto, e gufla!  

His lovely nymph, who to his mind return'd,  
Rather, who thence had never gone astray,  
His heart rekindled, and the flame more burn'd,  
The more it seem'd to be extinct by day.  
In company with him the westward turn'd  
Quite from Catoi, then from him fled away:  
Nor could he, after, her retreat find out,  
Till near Bourdeaux King Charles fultain'd a rout.

For this Orlando vast affliction felt,  
And did in vain his indolence reprove:  
My love, said he, how ill by you I've dealt!  
How my sad conduct does my sorrow move?  
When you with me would night and day have dwelt;  
Nor did your goodness then reject my love;  
To Namo's hand I let you taken be,  
Senfeles! did not oppose such injury.

Had I not reason then to make excuse?  
And Charles, our King, had scarcely me deny'd:  
Had he deny'd, to me who force would use!  
To take you off, who durst have me deny'd?  
Should I not, arm'd, this their demand refuse,  
Sooner let them from me my heart divide?  
But neither Charles, nor all his potent band,  
Could dare by force to take you from my hand.

Why her in safety did I not retard  
At Paris, or in some strong castle stay?  
To Namo giving her, I've my reward,  
As by this means alone she's gone away:  
Her person who, like me, had right to guard?  
And this I should have done to my last day;  
Guarded her as my heart, more than my eye:  
This should I, could I do, yet did not, wretched I!

Ah! in what region does my soul's delight,  
From me forlorn, so young and lovely, stay?  
Like as the lambkin, at approaching night,  
That, wand'ring in the woods, has lost its way,  
Hoping, her voice the shepherd may invite,  
In plaintive bleating, up and down does stray,  
Till to the distant wolf the found is sent;  
In vain the shepherd does his loss lament.

My only hope! where do you now remain!  
Do you so wander, frighted, and alone?  
Or have the wicked wolves your perfon ta'en,  
Your faithful guardian, your Orlando gone;  
And that rich flow'r, with which I heav'n should gain;  
That flow'r, which I still kept my thought upon  
Not to disturb, alas! your mind so chaste,  
Alas! by force have gather'd, and laid wafte?
Canto 8.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

78.

O infelice, O misero, che voglio,
Se non morir, se'l mio bel for colto hanno?
O fermo Dio, fammi sentir cordoglio
Prima d'ogn' altro, che di questo danno.
Se questo è ver, con me mio mi toglio
La vita, e l'alma disperata danno:
Cosi piangendo forte, e sospirando
Sico dice l'addolorato Orlando.

79.

Già in ogni parte gli animanti laifi
Davan ripieno à travagliati spiriti,
Chi sù le piume, e chi sù i duri saffi,
E chi sù l'erbe, e chi sù faggetti, o mirti;
Tu li palestre, Orlando, à pena abbastr
Punto da tui, penfieri acuti, ed irri;
Né quel si breve, e fuggitivo fomno
Goder in pace anco lafciar ti vonno.

80.

Parea ad Orlando, t'una verde riva
D'odoriferi fior tutta dipinta,
Mirare il bello auorio, e la nativa
Purpurea, c'aveva amor di sua man tinta;
E le dure chiare stelle, onde nutrita
Ne le reti d'amor l'anima avvinta;
Io parlo de' begli occhi, e del bel viso
Che gli hanno il cuor di mezzo il petto tolto.

81.

Sentia il maggior piacer, la maggior festa,
Che sentir posse alcuni felice amante:
Ma ecco intanto udirne una tempesta,
Che struggea i fiori, ed abbattea le pianto.
Non le fu suoi veder simile a questa,
Quando giostra Aquilone, Aylro, e Levanente:
Parea, che per trovar qualche coperto,
Andafse errando in van per un deserto.

82.

Intanto l'infelice, e non fa comen
Perde la donna sua per l'aur fofo:
Onde di quà, e di là del suo bel nome
Fa rismar ogni campagna, e bofo;
E mentre dice indarno, Miferome,
Chi ha cangiata mia dolcezza in teso,
Onde la donna sua che gli domanda
Piangendo aiuto, e fe gli raccomanda.

83.

Onde par, ch'efca il grido, va veloce,
E quinci, e quindi s'affatica affai;
O quanto e il suo dolore, affo, ed atroce,
Che non può rivedere i dolor rai.
Ecco, ch'atronde odo da un'altra voce
Non sperar più giorno in terra mai:
A questo orribil grido rivegliati;
E tutto pien di lagrime trovasi.

78.

Unhappy wretch! what can I wish for now,
But death, if they have crop'd my flow'r so fair!
O Power Supreme! make me all sorts of woe
Sustain, but this, which is beyond compare:
If this be true, these hands an overthrow
Shall give to life and soul, in sad despair,
Thus with sad sighs, Orlando woe-begone,
Did to himself his cruel fate bemoan.

79.

The weary'd animals now ev'ry one
Repair to give their languid spirits ease;
Some on soft beds, some on the flinty stone,
Some on the grais, or beech and myrtle trees:
Orland, thou scare thy eyelids can't shut down,
Stung by corroding thought and miseries;
Which this thy slumber, fugitive and brief,
Suffer'd not long to give thee some relief.

80.

Orlando dreams, upon a chrysal stream,
With fragrant flow'rs enamell'd round its side,
The lovely ivory appear'd to him,
And native purple, which love's hand had dy'd,
The two bright stars, that nourish'd with their flame,
His captive foul, which in love's net was ty'd;
I speak of those forf eyes, that face so fair,
Which did his heart from midst his bosom tear.

81.

He felt the utmost pleasure, richest feast,
That ever happy lover could enjoy:
Meantime, behold, a horrid storm increas'd,
Which did the trees beat down, the flow'rs destroy:
Not one, like this, is us'd to be express'd,
[ploy:
When North and South 'gainst East their force em-
It seem'd, as if some shelter to obtain,
She, wand'ring o'er a desert, fled in vain...

82.

But now distress'd, nor could he, how make out,
Thro' the dark air his nymph no more was found;
Wherefore her lovely name all round about
He thro' each plain and forest made confound;
And whilst he faid, in misery and doubt,
Who does my sweets with poison thus confound?
He heard his nymph, who,fighing loud, complain'd,
And to his help herself did recommend.

83.

Tow'rs where he heard the noife, does swiftly fly,
And here and there himself does greatly tire;
How vast his grief! how sharp his misery!
Unable to find out his heart's desire:
Another voice he elsewhere does decrie,
Depair on earth her ever to acquire:
He sudden waken'd at this horrid sound,
And all bedew'd with tears himself he found.
84. Without reflecting how the phantoms rude,
In fear or in desire, invade our dream,
For the nymph's false these did on him intrude,
Whom he conceiv'd in danger or in shame,
That, thund'ring, up his couch he swift echew'd;
With sword and armour, what might needful seem,
Accoutred well, he takes his Brigliador,
But an attendant's service he forbore.

85. And that he freely might all parts explore,
And on his dignity no blemish light,
Not the high ensigns which he quarter'd bore,
Distingu'fly'd by their colours red and white;
But all his ornaments of black he wore;
Perhaps that this his woes resemble might:
This from a great commander he had ta'en,
Whom he had some time past in battle slain.

86. At dead of night silent away he flew,
Nor did salute, nor to his uncle spoke;
Nor of his Brandimart, companion true,
Whom he so much efeem'd, a farewell took;
But when the sun his golden locks did strew,
And the rich court of Tithon had forsook,
The dark and humid vapours driving on,
The King perceiv'd the Paladin was gone.

87. The King with great displeasure did perceive,
That in the night-time was his nephew gone,
When moft he wanted him, him to relieve,
And could not hold his indignation;
But so refent'd, and so much did grieve,
That he expreft, what blame was due thereon;
And that, if he return'd not, threaten'd him,
He should severely anfwer for his crime.

88. Brandimart, who did fo Orlando love,
As his own felt, would not long time remain;
Whether he hop'd, him back again to move,
Or did, to hear him flighted thus, did gain;
So that his laying, there did painful prove,
And he departed, soon as day shut in;
To his dear Floridilege he nothing spoke,
Left she should hinder, what he undertook.

89. This was a lady by him much belov'd,
So that from her he fearce would abfent be;
Of lovely viilage, manners, grace approv'd,
Endow'd with prudence and fagacity;
And if, without adien, he now remov'd,
'Twas that he hop'd, he her again should fee:
That very day, but by some accident.
He was detain'd, much more than his intent.

90.
And after the almost a month did wake
In vain for him, and found him not return;
The wish for him warm'd her at such a rate,
That the without a guide set out forlorn:
And, search'd, wander'd thro' many a state,
As from the hill'y, in its place, you'll learn:
Of these two now I go no further on,
As Anglant's knight my mind is more upon.

Who, soon as he of th' Almont family
The glorious ensigns chang'd, to th' gate repair'd,
And whisper'd in the ear---The Count am I---
To a commander, who there kept the guard;
Who made the bridge be let down instantly.
By that road, which most near to him appear'd,
Directly he the hostile army sought:
What follow'd, is in the next canto wrote.
Di tanto cuore è il generoso Orlando,
Che non desina farir gente, che dorma;
Or questo, ed ora quel luogo cercando
Va per trovar de la tua donna l'orna.
Se trova alcun, che vegghi, sospirando
Gli ne dipinge l'abito, e la forma;
E poi lo prega, che per cortesia,
Gl'insegni andar in parte, ove ella sia.

E poi che venne il di chiaro, e lucente
Tutto cercò l'esercito Morescò;
E ben lo potea far sicuramente,
Avendo indosso l'abito Arabesco;
E aiutato in questo parimente,
Che sapeva altro idioma che Francesco;
E l'Africanò tanto avea e'fedel,
Che parea nato à Tripoli, e nutrito.

Quivi il tutto cercò, dove dimora
Fece tre giorni, e non per altro effetto.
Poi dentro à le città, e à borghi fuora
Non fù solo per Francia, e suo disfretto;
Ma per Uvernia, e per Guafigna ancora
Rivide, fin à l'ultimo borgetto;
E cercò da Provenza à la Bretagna,
E da i Picardi à i termini di Spagna.

Tra il fin d'Ottobre, e il capo di Novembre
Ne la stagion, che la frondosa vèsta
Vede levarse, e discoprire le membre
Trepidà pianto, fin che nuda resta,
E van gli augelli à jrette febile insembre;
Orlando entrò ne l'amarosa inciebìa
Ne tutti il verno appressò lascio quella,
Ne la lascìò ne la stagion nuova.

Passando un giorno come avea costume
D'un passe in uno altro; arrivo dove
Parte i Normanni da i Brittoni un fiume,
E verso il vicin mar cheto si muove,
Ch'allora gonfo, e bianco gia di fiume
Per neve f雪花, e per montane prove;
E l'impe'to de l'acqua avea disfeso,
E tratto seco il ponte, e il passo tolto.

Con gli occhi cerca or quello laeto, or quello
Lungo le rive il Paladin, se vede
Poi che né pese gli non è, né augello,
Come abbia à por ner l'altra ripa il piede:
Ed ecco à se venir vede un battello,
Ne la cui poppa une donzella siede,
Che di volere à lui venir fa segno,
Ne lasciò poi, ch'arrivi in terra il legno.

Orlando was of such a gen'rous mind,
That he to slay them sleeping did disdain:
Now he the place endeavouring to find,
Went on, his lady's footsteps to obtain:
Whome'er he met or saw, he fighting join'd,
And to them did her dres and form explain;
And, after, begg'd they would, in courtefy,
Direct him to the place where she might be.

And soon as bright and clear the morn did show,
The Moorish army, he search'd o'er and o'er;
And this was what he might securely do,
As an Arabian garment now he wore;
And what, in this, gave him aflilance too,
He knew, than French, at least one language more;
And th'African had with such fluency,
As h'ad been born and bred in Tripoly.

Here he search'd ev'ry part, and did delay
For three whole days, on this account alone;
Each city then, and borough, did survey;
Not only France's districts up and down,
But search'd thro' Auvergna and thro' Gascony,
Enquiring at the outmost little town,
And wander'd from Provence to Britany,
And from Spain's confines back to Picardy.

Betwixt October and November's moon,
In that black leafo, when the leasy train
Quite tripp'd away, the trembling limbs are shown,
Of trees and plants, which naked do remain,
And in close squadrons all the birds were flown,
His am'rous search Orlando had began:
Which he the winter after did perfuse;
Nor left he off, when came the leafo new.

Marching one day, as he was us'd to do,
From place to place, he to a river came,
Which does twixt Normandy and Britain flow.
Towards the neigh'ring sea with gentle stream,
Which now was swollen with the melted snow,
And mountain rains, it white with froth did seem;
So that the water's force the bridge broke down,
And carry'd with it, leaving passage none.

One side and t'other with attentive eye,
Along the banks, the Paladin survey'd,
Not being fain to swim, or bird to fly,
How crofs to shore his feet might be convey'd;
When now, behold, a boat to him drew nigh,
And in the stern there seat'd was a maid,
Who, that she would come to him, made a sign,
And straight her vessel did to shore incline.
To land she puts not, with suspicious thought,
Perhaps the bark he'd take without her leave:
To pass the stream Orlando her befought,
That she into her boat would him receive:
She answer'd him, No knight shall here be brought,
But who in promise me his faith will give,
At my request to undertake a fight,
Than which the world ne'er saw more just or right.

So that, Sir Knight, if you have such desire
To get by my means to the other coast,
Promis't me first, you will not let expire
The month next following, and no time be lost,
Ere with Hibernia's King your force confpire,
With whom is raising now a well-arm'd hoff,
For the destruction of Hebuda's life,
Which is, of all the seas surrounds, most vile.

Know then, beyond where th' Irish isle does end,
'Mongst many others does this island lay,
Hebuda call'd; which, by her law, does send
Plund'ring all round her people for their prey:
And all the damfels they can apprehend,
Do for a greedy monster's food convey;
Who daily comes a-shore, and still does find
Some damflel new for his repaft design'd.

Merchants and pirates, who go round this way,
Great numbers get, and moth of the most fair;
You well may calculate by one a day,
Ladies and maids, what numbers flain there are:
But if with you soft pity can have fway,
If you 'gainst love rebellion don't declare,
Contented be thefe chosen ones to join,
Who go to compafs fuch a good design.

Orlando scarce had patience all to hear,
But swore he firft the task would undergo,
As one, who could no wicked action bear;
An evil one to hear of, gave him woe:
And now he thinks, and is induc'd to fear,
They may have feiz'd on his Angelic too;
As he had fought her ev'ry-where in vain,
And fight or news of her could not obtain.

This sad reflection fo confus'd his mind,
And ev'ry former purpoce did displace,
That with the utmost haffe he now design'd
To fall away towards this wicked place:
Nor was the fun into the sea declin'd,
Ere at St. Malo's he a ves'lel has,
In which embark'd, sudden their fails they fet,
And by St. Michael's mount that night they get.
16. Canto the

Breaco, e Landriglier lascia a man manca;
E vai radendo il gran lito Brittone;
E poi si dirizza in ver l'arena bianca,
Onde Inghiltera si nomò Albione.
Ma il vento, ch'era da Meriggie, manca,
E sussia tra il Ponente, e l'Aquiline.
Con tanta forza, che fa al basso porre.
Tutte le vele, e fè per poppa torre.

17. Quanto il naviglio innanzi era venuto
In quattro giorni; in un ritorno in dietro
Ne l'alto mar dal buon naccier tenuto,
Che non dià in terra, e sembrì un fragil vetro,
Il vento poi, che furioso fatto
Fu quattro giorni, il quinto cangiò metro;
Lascio senza contrasto il legno entrare
Dove il fiume d'Anverfa ha face in mare.

18. Tutto, che ne la face entrò lo fianco
Naccier col legno affittò, e il lito prese;
Fuor d'una terra, ch'è il defero dietro
Di quel fiume sedeva, un vecchio fieste.
Di molta età, per quanto il crine bianco
Ne dava indicio, il qual tutto cortese
Dopo i saluti al Conte rivoltofe,
Che capo giudico, che di lor fèste.

19. E da parte il pregò d'una donzella;
Ch'a lei venir non gli parve grave,
La qual ritroverebbe, oltre, che bella,
Più ch'altra al mondo affabile, e pace,
Oveva fèste contenta appetentar, ch'ella
Verrebbe à trovar lui fin a la nave;
Ne più restò volefe offrì dì quanti
Quivi eran giunti cavalieri erranti.

20. Che neffun altro cavalier ch'arriva
O per terra, o per mare, d'questa foce;
Di ragionar con la donzella schiva,
Per configliarla in un suo cafo atroce.
Uditò questo Orlando, in su la riva,
Senza punto indugiarfì, usci veloce,
E come umano, e pien di cortesia,
Dove il vecchio il menò, prese la via.

21. Fu ne la terra il Paladin condotto
Dentro un palazzo; ove al salir le scale.
Una donna trovo piena di lutto,
Per quanto il vito ne faccia segnale;
E in negri panni, che coprian per tutto
E le loggie, e le camere, e le sale;
La qual dopo accoglienza grata, e onesta
Fatte fedèr, gli deffe in voce messa.
Canto 9.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

22. Ia voglio che fappiate, che figlivola
Fui del Conte d'Olanda, a lui fi grata,
Quantunque prole io non gli fossi sola,
Che era da due fratelli accompagnata;
Che a quanto io gli chiedea, da lui parlo
Contrario non mi fu mai replicata:
Standomi lieta in questo, stato avvenne,
Che ne la nostra terra un Duca venne.

23. Duca era di Zelandia, e ne fe giva
Verso Bifcaglia a guerreggiar co i Morì.
La bellezza, e l'età, ch'in lui floriva,
E li non più da me sentiti amori,
Con poca guerra me gli fer captiva,
Tantopii, che per quei ch'apparear fuor,
Io credea, e credo, e creder credo il vero,
Ch'amaffi, ed ami me con cor sincero.

24. Quei giorni, che con noi contrario vento,
Contrario a gli altri, a me propizioso, il tenne:
Ch'a gli altri fur quàrantà, a me un momento,
Cosi al fuggire ebbon veloci penne;
Fummo più volte insieme a parlamento,
Dove, ch'el matrimonio con folenne
Rito, al ritorno suo fari tra mi
Mi promife egli, ed io promisi a lui.

25. Bireno appena era da noi partito,
Che cofì ha nome il mio fedele amante,
Ch'e' Re di Frifa, la qual, quanto il lito
Del mar divide il fiume, a noi distante;
Disegnando il figlivol fermo marito,
Ch'unico al mondo avea, nomato Arbante,
Per li più degni del suo stato manda
A domandarmi al mio padre in Olanda.

26. Io, ch'à l'amante mio di quella fede
Mancar non pofo, che gli aveva data;
E ancor ch'io pofta, Amor non mi concede
Che poter voglia, e ch'io fa tanto ingrata,
Per ruinar la pratica, ch'in piede
Era gagliarda, e presso al fin guidata;
Dico a mio padre, che prima, ch'in Frifa
Mi dia marito, io voglio effere uccisa.

27. Il mio buon padre, al qual fò piaacea quanto
A me piacea, tu mai tardarmi volle,
Per confolarmi, e far cefare il pianto,
Ch'io ne faccia, la pratica disfiofe.
Di ch'el superbo Re di Frifa tanto
Disegna prefà, e a tanto odio fi volle,
Ch'entrò in Olanda, e cominci la guerra,
Che tutto il sangue mio cacciò sotto terra.

22. I daughter was, to you, Sir, be it known,
Of Holland's Earl, and to him was so dear,
Tha' of his offspring I was not alone;
For with me also there two brothers were,
That, to what I requested might be done,
He never his refusal did declare;
While I remain'd in this so happy fort,
It chanc'd a Duke did to our land resort.

23. The Duke of Zeland he, who travel'd on
Towards Bifcaglia, to attack the Moor:
The blooming youth and charms, which in him shone,
And love, which I had never felt before,
Made me with little war his captive won,
And sooner for his appearance which he bore.
I thought, and think, and think I thought what's true,
He lov'd me, and sincerely loves me now.

24. The days with us he was by gales adverse
Detain'd; adverse to them, to me most kind;
Forty to them, to me a moment scarce;
They flew as on the pinions of the wind;
We on connubial rites did oft converge,
And fully oft declar'd each other's mind;
At his return they should completion have,
He promis'd me, and I my promise gave.

25. Scarce from our kingdom was Bireno gone,
That of my faithful lover is the name,
When Frieland's King, whose country's near our own,
As from the sea the shore divides this stream,
His son, Arbantes call'd, his only one,
My spouse to make in his intent did scheme;
And did dispatch the noblest of his land
To Holland, of my fire me to demand.

26. I to my lover in my faithful vow
Could never fail, which once to him I gave;
And, if I could, great love would not allow,
That I should prove such an ungrateful slave;
This treaty now on foot to overthrow,
Which was so strong almost an end to have;
I told my father, ere he me should give
A match to Frieeland, I would cease to live.

27. My father kind, who solely took delight
In what pleas'd me, not to vex me revolv'd;
To comfort me, and put the griefs to flight,
Which I had bo're, the treaty now dissolv'd:
From whence the haughty King conceiv'd such spite,
And in his mind such vengeance dire revolv'd,
He enter'd Holland, and a war began,
In which my family was wholly flain.

Q. 2
28.
Oltre, che sia robuosto, e si possente,
Che pochi pari a nostra età ritruova,
E si affitto in mal far, ch'altre niente
La posanzza, l'ardire, l'insegno gioia.
Porta alcun' arma, che l'antica gente
Non vide mai, ne fuor ch'eb' a lui la nuova.
Un ferro bufato, lungo da due braccia,
Dentro a cui polve, ed una palla caccia.

29.
Col fuoco dietro, ove la canna è chiussa;
Toccant un' spargiello, che si vede a pena;
A guisa che toccare il medico usa
Dove è bisogno d'allacciare la vena,
Onde vien con tal suon la palla esclusa,
Che si può dir, che tuona; e che balena;
Né men, che foglia il fulmine ube passa,
Ciò che tocca, arde, abbatta, apre, e fracassa.

30.
Pose due volte il nostro campo in rota
Con questo inganno, e i miei fratelli uccise,
Nel primo affatto il primo, che la botta
Ratto l'usbergo in mezzo il cor gli mise.
Nell' altra uzza l'altrò, il quale in rota
Fuggia, dal corpo l'anima divise,
E lo ferì lontan dietro la spalla,
E fuor del petto uscir fece la palla.

31.
Difendendosi poi mio padre un giorno
Dentro un castel, che sol gli era rimasto,
Che tutto il resto aveva perduto intorno,
Lo fe con simil colpo ire a l'ocafo,
Che mentre andava, e che facea ritorno
Provvedendo or a questo, or a quel caso
Dal traditor fu in mezzo gli ochi colto,
Che l'avea di lontan di mira tolto.

32.
Morti i fratelli, e il padre, e rimase io
De' sifola d'Olanda una erede;
Il Re di Friesa perché aveva disfìo
Di ben fermare in quello fiato il piede,
Mi fa sapere, e coi al popol mio,
Che pace, e che rispo mi concede,
Quando io voglia quel, che non volsi inante,
Tor per marito il suo figliuolo Arbante.

33.
Io per l' odio non si, che grave porto
A lui, e a tutta la sua iniqùa febbia,
Il qual m' ha dei fratelli, e il padre morto,
Saccheggiata la patria, arsa, e disfatta,
Come, perché a colui non vo far torto,
A cui già la promessa avea fatta,
Ch'altr' uomo non faria che mi fosse,
Fin che di Spagna a me non ritornasse,

34.
Besides that he in arms is stout and strong,
That equal to him few our age can shew;
He is so artful in all actions wrong,
Gainst him, wit, courage, strength could nothing do;
He carries arms, which ne'er were seen among
The ancient race, nor, save himself, the new,
An iron tube, in length about fix foot,
In which he powder and a ball does put.

29.
With fire, where is clos'd up the hinder part,
A vent he touches, which is scarcely seen;
As does the surgeon with his nicest art,
When for his patient he would tie a vein:
From whence the ball does with such noise depart,
As it were lightning with the thunder's din;
Nor less than thunder, wherofoe'er it goes, [throws.
Whate'er it touches, burns, burns, shatters, over-

30.
Twice in our camp he put our arms to rout
With this deceit, and both my brothers flew;
One at the first assault, the ball burst out,
His arm broke, and pafs'd his entrails thro':
The other's soul he, at the second tour,
Drove from his body, as in haste he flew;
Behind him stroke he him at a distance vaff,
And thro' his bosome the curs'd pellet pafs'd.

31.
My fire, who for defence himself had thrown
Into a cautle; all that he had left;
For his possfeions all around were gone,
By the fame stroke was of' his life bereft:
Who, as he here and there kept moving on,
Inspecting how 'gainst ev'ry chance to shift,
Betwixt his eyes was by this traitor hit,
A stroke he made from distance beyond sight.

32.
My father dead, and brothers, I remain
Of the whole isle of Holland sole the heir:
The King of Friesland didentertain
To fix himself in the possession there:
To me and to my people did explain,
That we should quiet, by his favour, share,
When I'd comply with what I did refuse,
To take his son Arbantes for my spouse.

33.
I, not alone ensl'am'd with steady hate
Against this mur'd' rer, and his wicked pack,
By whom my father, brothers met their fate,
Who did with fire and sword my country sack;
But fully fix'd not to do wrong so great
To him, to whom I did my promife make,
That no man me in marriage should obtain,
Until to me he should return from Spain,
Canto 9.

O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Per un mal, chi'io patisco, ne vo cento
Patri, rispondi, e far di tutto il resto;
Effer morta, arsa viva; e che sia al vento
La cenere sparsa innanzi che far questo.

Studia la gente mia di questo intento
Torni, chi prega, chi mi fa protesto
Di dargli in mano me, e la terra prima,
Che la mia sfignaziohii tutti ci opprima.

Cosi poi che i protessi, e prieghi in vano
Vider gittarfi; che pur flava dura;
Preferi accordo col Prifone, e in mano,
Come avven detto, gli dier me, e le mura.
Quei senza farmi alcun atto villano
De la vita, e del regno m'afferrava;
Pur ch'io indolcisco l'indurate vogli,
E che d' Arbante fru mi faccia moglie.

Io, che sfiorzai mi veggio; innanzi voglio
Per ufiglii di man perder la vita:
Ma fe pria non mi vendico, mi dagli
Più che di quanto ingiuria abbia patita,
Fo penjfer molti, e veggo al mio cordoglio,
Che fole il fiumaro può dare alita.
Fingo, ch'io brami; non che non mi piaccia,
Che mi perdoni, e tua nuora mi facia.

Fra molti, ch' al servizio erano stati
Già di mio padre, io scelgo due fratelli
Di grande ingegno, e di gran cor dotati,
Ma più di vera fede; come quelli,
Che cresciuti in fua corte, ed allevati
Si fion con noi da teneri zitelli;
E tanto miei, che poco lor parria
La vita per la salute mia.

Communicò con loro il mio disegno:
Essi prometter d'effermi in aiuto.
L'un viene in Flandra, e s' appearrebba un legno:
L'altra meco in Olanda ho ritenuto.
Or mentre i forestieri, e guai del regno,
'S'invitano a le nozze; fu sapito,
Che Birenò in Biscaglia avea un' armata
Per venir in Olanda apparecchiata.

Però, che fatta la prima battaglia;
Dove fu rotto un mio fratello, e ucciso;
Spacciar tosto un corrier fei in Biscaglia,
Che portasse à Birenò il trisso avviso:
Il qual, mentre, che s'arma, e si travaglia,
Dal Re di Frisia il resto fu conquisto.
Birenò, che dì ciò nulla sopea,
Per darci aiuto i legni sciolti avea.

For one ill now I suffer, am resign'd,
I answer sent, hundreds to undergo,
Be kill'd, e'en burnt alive, and to the wind
My ahes scatter'd, ere this act I'll do:
To shake my firm resolves my people join'd,
Some by intreaties, and some to the foe
Me and the state to render did protest,
Ere by my obstinacy be opprest.

When thus their pray'rs and threats would not succ-
They say, and that I steadfast did endure;
With Friesland's King they, as I said, agreed
Me and the city to put in his pow'r.
He, me referv'd from all base treatment freed,
My life and kingdom would to me secure,
If, soften'd, his rich offers I would take,
And of his son myself the comfort make.

I, who in such restraint myself perceiv'd,
Would gladly dy'd, from his hands to escape;
But me, not to take vengeance would have griev'd
More than the worst of injury's mishap:
My thoughts I turn'd, and to my grief conceiv'd
No help there was, but from diff'émbling's shape:
Far from displeas'd, this match I feign'd to seek,
That me he'd pardon, and his daughter make.

' Mongst numbers, who did in the service wait
Once of my father, I two brothers chose,
With wisdom both endow'd, with courage great,
But more in strict fidelity, as thofe,
Whom birth his court did give and eduate,
And with us from their infancy arose;
To me so steady, that they light would make
To lay their lives down for my safety's sake.

I my intentions did to them declare,
Who promis'd me their utmost for my aid;
One went to Flanders to a ship prepare,
The other I with me in Holland stay'd:
While natives now and strangers did repair,
Invited to our nuptials; news was spread,
Birenò in Biscay had an armament,
Prepar'd to make on Holland a descent.

For in the former battle we had made,
Wherein my brother routed was, and slain,
A courier was to Biscay srait convey'd,
Who the sad news had carry'd to Biren:
But while he force was raising for our aid,
A second conquest Friesland's King did gain:
Birenò, unknowing of our fatal rout,
Had with his fleet to give us help set our.
Canto 9.

Di questo avuto avviso il Re Frisone
De le nozze al figliuol la cura taffa;
E con l'armata sua nel mar si pone,
Trovai il Duca, lo rompe, arde, e fracaffa;
E come vuol Fortuna, si fa prigione;
Ma di ciò ancor la nuova a noi non passa.
Mi spofa intanto il giovine; e fu unole
Meco corcar, come fu corcò il Sole.

Io dietro à le cortine avea nascofo
Quel mio fedele; il qual nulla mi spose
Prima, che à me venir vide lo sposa;
E non l'attefe, che corcò fosse,
Che alza un accetta; e con fi valorofo
Braccio dietro nel capo lo percoffe;
Che gli levo la vita, e la parola;
Poi salto preso, e gli fego la gola.

Come cadere il bux fuole al macello,
Cade il mal nato giovine, in dispetto
Dell Re Cimosco, il più d'ogn'altro fello,
Che l'empio Re di Frisca è coft detto,
Che morte l'un, e l'altro mio fratello
M'avea col padre; e per meglio fuggetto
Farfi il mio fiato, mi voles per nuora;
E forse un giorno uecfa avria me ancora.

Prima, ch'altro disturbo si metta,
Tolto quel, che più vole, e meno pofa;
Il mio compagno al mar mi calà in fretta
Da la finestra à un canape fopfofa;
La, dove attento il suo fratello affetta
Sopra la barca, c'avea in Fiandra prefa:
Demmo le vele à i venti, e i remi à l'acqua,
E tutti ci salviam, come à Dio piacque.

Non so, se'l Re di Frisca più dolente
Del figliuol morte, à fe più d'ira accefo
Fosse contra di me, che'l di seguiute
Giunse là, dove fu trovò di offejo.
Superbo ritornava egli, e sua gente
De la vittoria, e di Biren prefa;
E credendo venire à nozze, e à festa,
Ogni cosa trovò secura, e funestà.

La pietà de figliuol, l'odio, c'aveva
A me, né di, né notte il lascia mai;
Ma perché il panger morti non rileva,
E la vendetta sfogò l'odio affai;
La parte del penfer, ch'offer dovèva
De la pietade in fospirare, e in guai,
Vuol, che con l'odio à invigilar s'unifica,
Come egli m'abbia in mano, e mi punifca.

Of this the King of Frieland news had got,
So left the nuptials' conduct to his son;
And with his armed fleet to sea he put;
The Duke found out, was by him broke, o'erthrown,
And pris'her made; such was his cruel lot;
But not as yet this news to us was known.
Meantime the youth espous'd me, and desir'd
To rest with me, as Phoebus to his rest retir'd.

Behind the curtains I had now conceal'd
My truef friend, who without motion stay'd,
Till the approach was of my spouse reveal'd;
But tarry'd not, till he was got in bed,
Ere, with an ax, his val'rous arm did wield,
He smote him on the hind part of his head,
Which to his words and life a clofure put,
Then hastily leapt up, and cut his throat.

As the fun'd ox is at the fhambles seen,
So fell this wicked youth, in the despite
Of King Cimosco, who most inhumane,
So was the barb'rous King of Frieland hight,
Of all on earth, had both my brothers slain;
My father too; and that he better might
Enslave my fiate, espous'd me 'gainst my will;
Perhaps one day intending me to kill.

Before disturbance further could come on,
Seizing the moft in value, leaft in weight,
Hafty my friend me to the sea sent down,
Fix'd to a cord, and from the window let:
There did his brother wait our motion
Aboard a bark, he did in Flanders get.
The fail to th' wind we fet, to the sea the oar,
And by heav'n's favour save away we bore.

Whether the King griev'd more, I cannot say,
For his dead son, or more with anger burn'd
'Gainst me, when he came there the foll'wing day,
Where he in rage perceiv'd himself thus scorn'd:
In victory with Biren, his rich prey,
He with his navy haughtily return'd;
And having feaits and nuptials in his mind,
Did all in dreadful death and darkness find.

For his fon pity, hate to me he had,
Ceafeles tormented him by day and night;
But as bewailing can't relieve the dead,
And vengeance only 'tis can fatiate sprite;
That part of thought, which he to pity paid,
And did in doleful sighs and tears unite,
Join'd with his hate, to search he orders sent
'To find, and give me up to punishment.
Canto 9.

O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

46. All those, for to his knowledge 'twas convey'd,
Who were my friends, and the friends of those two,
Their goods he burnt, and them condemn'd or flew;
Nor, me to spite, had Biren's death delay'd,
As greater hurt to me he could not do;
But that he thought, by keeping him alive,
He so to catch me might a net contrive.

But him a horrid proposition made,
The terms of which should for one year endure;
At end of which his death decreed he had,
If he by force of art did not procure,
Or by his friends or kindred's utmost aid,
By dint of all their judgment, all their pow'r,
To render me his prisoner: thus the way
gave his life, was only me to flay.

Ev'ry thing for his safety that I could,
Except the giving up myself, I've done;
Six castles I in Flanders had, I fold,
And the whole sum I got, for this is gone:
One part to cunning people down I told,
That they with bribes the guards might work upon:
English and Germans t'other went among,
To move them to oppose this tyrant's wrong.

These agents base, whether no pow'r they have,
Or that they have not acted as they ought,
Me promises, but no assistance gave,
And now despise me, as my gold they've got:
And near its end, when wealth, or prowess brave
Will not avail, the deslin'd term is brought:
in After which, all, alas! will come too late,
And death and torture my dear spouse's fate.

My father and my brothers from me ren't,
All dead for him; for him my kingdom's gone;
For him the little treasures I had, I pent;
The poor remains for me to live upon,
To free him from the prison, where he's pent;
Nor aught is left me for him to be done,
But of my direful foe myself to give
Into the pow'r, and him thereby retrieve.

If there remains then nothing to be done,
For his escape there be no other way,
Than my life for his safety to lay down,
My life for him with pleasure down I'll lay:
One fear there is, disturbs my mind alone,
No contract, I shall make, fo firm will stay
Me to secure, when in his hands I'm got,
This tyrant won't deceive me by some plot.
O R L A N D O F U R I O S O.  
Canto 9.

52.  
Io dubito, che poi, che m'aurà in gabbia,
E fatto avrà di me tutti li strazi,
Ne' Birenò per questo a lasciar abbia,
Si ch'èffer per me fcolto mi ringrazi;
Come pergiuro, e pien di tanta rabbia,
Che di me fola accidir non fi fazi,
E quel d'aurà di me nè più nè meno,
Faccia di poi del misero Birenò.

53.  
Or la cagion, che conferir con voi
Mi fa i miei casi; e ch’io li dico a quanti
Signori, e cavalieri vengono a noi,
E solo, accio parlandone con tanti,
Mi'infegni alcuni d'affluvar, che poi
C’è quel crudel mi fa condotta avanti,
Non abbia a ritener Birenò ancora,
Nè voglia, morta me, ch’esso poi mora.

54.  
Pregato ho alcuni guerrier, che meco fia,
Quando io mi darò in mano al Re di Frisà,
Ma mi prometta, e la sua fe’ mi dia,
Che quello cambi farà fatto in guisa,
G’è un tempo io dato, e liberato fia
Birenò; fi che quando io farò uccifa,
Morro contenta, poi che la mia morte
Aurà dato la vita al mio confort.

55.  
Né fin’è questo di trevo chi toglia
Sopra la fede sua d’affussurmi,
Che quando io fia condotta, e che mi voglia
Aver quel Re Senza Birenò darmi,
Egli non lascerà contra mia voglia,
Che presa fia, fi temo ogn’un quell’armi;
Teme quell’armi, a cui par, che non possa
Star piastra inconta, e sia quanto vuol grossa.

56.  
Or s’in voi la virtù non è differm
Dal fier sembiente, e da l’Erculeo aspetto;
E credete poter darmegli, e torme
Anco da lui, quando non vada retto,
State contento d’offer meco, a porme
Ne le man sue, ch’io non avrò sospetto,
Quando voi state meco, je ben io
Poi ne morrè, che muora il Signor mio.

57.  
Quì la donzella il suo parlar conchiuse;
Che con pianto, e f.ispir fesso interroppè
Orlando, poi ch’ella la bocca chiuse,
Le cui voglie al ben far mai non fur zoppè:
In parole con lei non fi diffusè,
Che d’aura non ufova troppe;
Ma le promisè, e la fua fe le diede,
Che faria più di quel, ch’ella gli chiede.

58.  
I doubt, when he shall have me in the cage,
And made me feel the utmost misery,
He then Biren will not difengage,
That he might thank me for his liberty;
And perjur’d he, inflad with fuch rage,
With my death only would not fatitate be;
And the fame cruelty which me he’d show,
My poor Biren would after undergo.

53.  
The reafon now, that I with you confer
Of my mishap, and that I it relate
To ev’ry Lord and knight, that travels here,
Is this, that, with fo many as I treat,
Some one to me my furety may declare,
That when I’m render’d to this tyrant’s hate,
No longer he Biren shall detain,
Nor, when I’m dead, shall he be alfo flain.

54.  
Some warriors I have begg’d with me to go,
When to the Frifon I myself shall give;
But promife to me with a solemn vow,
That in fuch way the change they will receive,
That my surrender freedom shall befow
On Biren; that when I shall ceafe to live,
Contented I may die; fince, by my death,
My confort dear his life and freedom hath.

55.  
Nor to this day can I one warrior find,
Upon his oath to render me secure,
That when I’m carry’d, and this King’s inclin’d
To feize on me, and not Biren ref tore,
That he’ll not leave me there againft my mind
A captive; of his arms they dread the pow’r;
They dread thofe arms, which vainly would oppofe
All coat of mail, of strength tho’ e’er fo gros.

56.  
Now if your valour be of equal make
To your fierce fempance of Hercules might,
And you think, you can give me, or retake
Again from him, in cafe he act not right,
The favour grant, me in his hands to ftake;
So shall I fuffer no fuspicious fright,
When you are with me, yielding up my breath,
That my dear Lord shall after fuffer death.

57.  
The lady now her narrative did ceafe,
Which had with sighs and tears been often broke.
Orlando,foon as e’er he held her peace,
Who ne’er good works with lamenes undertook,
His mind to her did not with speeches grace,
By nature as with brevity he spake;
But promis’d her, to which he gave his vow,
That more than she had ask’d, he’d for her do.
Canto 9.

Non è sua intenzione, ch'ella in man vada
Del suo nemico, per salvar Birena;
Ben salverà ambedue, se la sua spada,
E l'usato valor non gli vien meno.
Il medesimo di pigliar la fritra;
Poi, ch'è hanno il vento propenso, e sereno.
Il Paladin s'affretta, che di gire
All'isola del mostro avea desire.

Or volta a l'una, or volta a l'altra banda
Per gli alti flagli il buon naviere la vela.
Scopre un'isola, e un'altra di Zelandia;
Scopre una innanzi, e un'altra addietro cela.
Orlando smonta il terzo di in Olanda,
Ma non fonda colui, che si querela
Del Re di Fijsa: Orlando vuol, ch'intenda
La morte di quel rio prima, che scenda.

Giuappe Orlando à Dordrecht, e quivi trova
Di molta gente armata in su la porta,
Si perché sempre, ma più quando è nuova,
Seco ogni Signoria fospetto porta;
Si perché dianza giunse una nuova,
Che di Zelandia con armata scorta
Di navili, e di gente, un cugino viene
Di quel Signor, che qui prigion ftiene.

Orlando prega uno di lor, che vada,
E dica al Re, ch'un cavaliero errante
Difsa con lui provarsi à lancia, e spada;
Ma che vuol, che tra lor sia patto innante,
Che s'el Re fa, che chi lo sfida, cada,
La donna abbia d'aver, ch'uccide Arbante;
Che'l cavalier l'ha in loco non lontano
Da poter sempre mai dargliela in mano.

Ed à l'incontro vuol, ch'el Re prometta,
Ch'ove egli vinto ne la pugna sia,
Birena in libertà subito metta,
E che la lasci andare à la sua via;
Il fante al Re fa l'ambasciata in fretta;
Ma quel, che ne virtù, n'artificio
Conobbe mai, drizzò tutto il suo intento
A la fraude, à l'inganno, al tradimento.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

'Twas not his thought, that she herself should throw
To her foe's cruel hands, to save Birene:
His truyfe blade would surely save them two,
If it the usual prowess did retain:
That very day they for the place did go,
As they the winds saw prop'rous and sereno:
The Paladin made haste, as great desire
To reach the monster's isle did him inspire.

One way and t'other veering still about,
The skilful mariner the cordage plies,
And near to Zeland the two isles made out;
One seen before, behind the other lies:
On Holland's shore Orland the third day put;
But she, who moan'd the tyrant's cruelties,
Came not on shore; th' intention of Orland [land.
Was, she should know his death, before she came to

The Paladin, well arm'd, descends on shore
Upon a courser mix'd with black and white,
Nourish'd in Flanders, but which Denmark bore,
Large and of strength, rather than fashion'd light;
For that embarking he had left, before,
In Britany his palfrey fam'd in fight,
His Brigliador, so beautiful and stout,
None but Baiard his likenes could make out.

Orlando came to Dordreech, where, in arms,
He in the port did many people see;
As each fate jealous is of foreign harms,
But moat a newly-founded signory,
As that before they had receiv'd alarms,
That from Zelandia force was put to sea
Of ships, which by a kinsman had been mann'd
Of th' hapless Lord, who prisner was detain'd.

Orlando one requested to advance,
And tell the King, a certain errant knight
Delir'd a proof with him of sword and lance;
But would a contract make before the fight,
If he to throw the challenger should chance,
She, who Arbantes fliew, should be his right;
As her hard by he had at his command,
Whene'er he pleas'd, to give her to his hand.

And that the King, on his part, should agree,
In case he should in fight be overcome,
Insist to give Biren his liberty,
Together with permission to go home:
Straight to the King was sent this embassay;
But he, where valour, courtefy, to come
Were never known, his purpose did apply
To artifice, vile fraud, and treachery.
Gli par, c'avedendo in mano il cavaliere,
Aurà la donna ancor, che s'ha offeso;
S'in posanza di lui la donna è orro
Che si ritrovi, e il fausto ha ben inteso.
Tre'nta uomini pigiar fee fentiere
Diversa da la porta, ov'era atto,
Che dopo occulti, ed essai lungo giro,
Dictro à le spalle al Paladino uferio.

Il traditor intanto dar parole
Fatto gli avea, fin che i cavalli, e i fanti
Vede effer giunti al loco, ov'egli vuole;
Da la porta efe poi con altrettanti.
Come le fere, e il bosco, cinger fuole
Perito cacciatore da tutti i canti;
Come prefa à Volana i pezzi, e l'onda
Con lunga rete il peschier circonda.

Cofi per ogni via dal Re di Frija,
Che quel guerriér non fugga, si provvede,
Vivo lo vuole, e non in altra guisa,
E quello far si facimenti crede,
Che'l fulmine terrefre, con che uccisa
Ha tanta e tanto gente, ora non chiede,
Che quiùni non gli par, che si convegna;
Dove pigliar, non far morir difegna.

Qual cauto uccellator, che ferba vivi
Intento à maggior preda, i primi augelli,
Acciò in più quantitate altri captivi
Faccia col gioco, e col zimbé di quelli,
Tal'esser vofse il Re Cimofo quiùni?
Ma già non volse Orlando effer di quelli,
Che fi lafcià pigliar al primo tratto;
E tosto ruppe il cercchio, e avvien fatto.

Il cavaliér d'Anglante, ove più spefte
Vide le genti, e l'arme, abbassò l'asta;
Ed uno in quella, e pofta un altrò messe
E un altro, e un altro, che sembrar di pasta,
E fin' à fei vu n'infisit, e li riffe
Tutti una lancià; e perch' ella non basta
A più capir, lafciò il fetimo fuore
Frito fi, che di quel colpo muore.

Non altrimenti ne l'estrema arena
Veggiam le rane de' canali, e fosse,
Dal cauto arcier nei fianchi, e ne la febiena
L'una vicina à l'altra efer percosse;
Né da la frezza, fin che tutta piena
Non sia da un capo à l'altro, efer rimossè.
La grave lancià Orlando da fe jeaglia;
E con la spada entrò ne la battaglia.

It seem'd to him, having this knight in hand,
He also should have her, he so did hate;
If, he the woman had in his command,
'Twas found, as did the messenger relate:
He thirty men made march behind that land,
Where at the port the cavalier did wait,
Who after hidden they had wheel'd about,
Might on the shoulders of the knight ruff out.

Meantime the traitor secret signs convey'd,
To be observ'd as well by horse as foot:
Now seeing to his mind the ambush laid,
Himself with the like number forward put:
As the wild beasts the hunterman does invade,
With skill the wood investing all about;
Or as the fish within Volana's wave
The fishermen with nets immense enslave:

So ev'ry way the King of Frieland tries,
This warrior should not save himself by flight;
Alive he'd have him, in no other guise;
And this appear'd to him a matter light:
So that his earthly thunder ufeles lies,
That had such numbers sent to endless night;
As 'twas unsuitable it to employ,
Where he to take design'd, not to destroy.

Just as the cunning fowler keeps alive,
Intent on greater prey, the birds first catch,
That larger quantity may be captive,
By the decoying play of others brought;
So King Cimofo would to act contrive;
But to be dealt with so, Orland ne'er thought,
Nor on so easy terms be pris'ner made;
So broke the circle they had round him laid.

The Anglant knight, where thickest he perceives
This num'rous host in arms, his spear abas'd;
Now it thro' one, now thro' another drives,
A third, another then, they seem'd like paftè;
In number fix, as threaded, he receives
All on one lance! as more could not be plac'd,
The seventh he left off; but gave a blow,
That sent him also to the realms below.

Just as the frogs upon a diftant bank
Find, when their foes, or the canal, they quit,
By the fly archer in the sides and flank,
One close to t'other, they are forely hit;
Nortill the arrow, with its bearded flank,
Be full from head to foot, thence can they get:
His loaded lance Orlando throws away,
And with his fword begins a second fray.
His lance was broke, wherefore that sword he took;
That sword, which never had been wheel'd in vain,
And with it cuts, or stab at ev'ry stroke:
Now tho' on foot, now tho' on horse, were slain;
Where-e'er he touch'd, fill a vermillion brook
Dy'd o'er with red the variegated plain:
Cimofco griev'd, that he his tube and fire
Had not with him, when need did most require;

And, with exalted voice and furious threat,
Bid them be brought to him, but no one heard:
Of tho' he, who safety sought by swift retreat,
From forth the city issue no one dar'd.
The Frijon, seeing all retire to fleet,
For his own safety too, as meet, prepar'd;
Flies to the gate, to get the draw-bridge up,
The Count's too swift arrival puts a stop.

By different ways his hasty flight he made
From the Count's sight; but long did not retire,
Ere with new arms he turn'd; for there convey'd,
Mean time, he had his iron tube and fire;
And now, behind an angle, clove was laid
His foe to wait, as huntsman in the brî'r
Arm'd, with his dogs attends, and dreadful spear,
The fierce wild boar, that ruinous comes near:

Who tears the boughs, and throws the stones about,
And, wherefo'er he points his lofty front,
Seems as he'd break to bits, with hideous rout,
The forest round, and overturn the mount:
So loud Cimofco, that should not get out,
Without his fee-first paying, the bold Count:
As soon as he appear'd, he touch'd the vent
Of his machine, and out the death he sent.

Behind, it like the lightning's flash, blaz'd out;
Before, like thunder, rattled all around;
The walls were shook, earth trembled under foot;
The heavens bellow'd at the dreadful sound:
The burning shot, that tears and brings to nought
All that it meets, and none forbears to wound,
Clatter'd and whizz'd; but not to the desire
Of this assassin did the stroke aspire.
O fia la fretta, o fia la troppo voglia
D'uccider quel Baron, ch'errar lo faccia;
O fia, ch'el cuor, tremando come foglia,
Faccia infieme tremare e mani, e braccia;
O la bentà divina, che non voglia,
Che'l suo fedel campion si tosto giaccia,
Quel colpo al ventre del destrìer si torse;
Le cacciò in terra, onde mai più non forse.

Cade à terra il cavallo; e il cavaliero;
La preme l'an, la tocca l'altro à pena,
Che si leva si dritto, e si leggerio,
Come cresciuto gli sia paffa, e lena.
Quale il Libico Anteo sempre piu fiero
Surger solea da la percesa arena;
Tal surger parve, e che la forza, quando
Tocco il terren, si raddoppiaffe à Orlando.

Chi vide mai dal ciel cadere il foco,
Che con si orrendo fuon Giuove disserra,
E penetrare, ove un rinchiuso loco
Carbon con zolfo, e con fulmine ferra,
Ch'apenna arrivà, appena tocca un poco,
Che par ch'avvampi il ciel, non che la terra,
Spezza le mura, e i gravi marmi folle,
E fa i fassi volar fin à le stelle.

S'imagination che tal, poi che cadendo
Toccò la terra, il Paladin fesse;
Con si fiero sembiante, aspro, ed orrendo
Da far tremar nel ciel Marte, si mossì;
Di che smarrisito il Re Frisone torcendo
La briglia in dietro, per fuggir voltose;
Ma gli fu dietro Orlando con più fretta,
Che non esice da l'arco una faette.

E quel, che non avea patuto prima
Fare à cavallo; or farà essendo à piede;
Lo seguìa si ratto, ch'ogni fima
Di chi nel vide, ogni credenza ecce,'ede;
Lo giunse in poca frada, ed à la cima
De l'elmo alza la fopada; e si lo fide,
Che gli parte la testa fin à l'occhio;
E in terra il manda à dar l'ultimo crollo.

Ecco levar ne la città si sente
Nuovo rumor, nuovo menar di spade;
Che'1 cuzin di Bireno con la gente,
G'avea condotta da lue fuo contrade;
Poi che la porta ritiro patente,
Era venuto dentro à la città,
Dal Paladin in tal timor ridutta,
Che senza intoppo la può scorrer tutta.

Whether 'twas haste, or his too eager mind
To kill this Baron bold, which made him err;
Or his heart shook like leaves before the wind,
Which made his hands and arms together 'fear;
Or that the heav'nly bounty was inclin'd
Its faithful champion's death to now defer,
The stroke towards his horse's belly bore;
Struck him to earth, whence he should rise no more.

Down fell the horse to earth, down fell the knight;
One pref'sd thereon, thereon one scarce did touch;
For he leap'd up so nimble and so light,
As if his strength and breath encreas'd were much;
Thus us'd to rise, fill the more fierce in fight,
From off the ground Libyan Anteus fuch;
So feem'd Orlando double strength to gain,
When from his fall he bounded off the plain.

Whoe'er has seen the fire from heav'n descend,
Which with tremendous found by Jove is loos'd,
That thro' some storehouse close shut up does rend,
Where sulphur, charcoal, nitre, are enclos'd;
Which to touch slightly, when its course does tend,
O'er earth and skyes the blaze appears diffus'd;
It splits the walls, the pond'rous marbles tears,
And sends the stones in flight up to the stars;

Can well imagine, such Orlando was,
After, when falling he had touch'd the ground,
With such fierce looks he mov'd, and dreadful face,
Might make Mars tremble in the heav'nly round;
Which so the King of Friesland's heart difmays,
He turns his horse, and o'er the plain does bound;
But him Orland perfumes with greater haste
Than from a bow is swiftest arrow cast;

And that, which he on horseback had not wrought,
On foot he did perform with easy speed;
So swift he follow'd, that beyond all thought
Of those, who faw not, 'twould belief exceed:
He stuck so close, he soon up to him got,
And lifts his sword up o'er his helmet's head,
His skull in two quite to the neck he broke,
To the earth sends him with a final stroke.

And now within the city new alarms
[drawn;]
Were heard throughout; new weapons now were
Bireno's kinsman with his force in arms,
Which from his country he conducted on,
The open gate had enter'd now in fswarms,
Which gate the Paladin had open thrown,
And had reduc'd the city to such fear,
Without delay they might run ev'ry-where.
82. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

82.

Routed the people fled, nor could they guess
What troops were these; enquire they did not dare;
But one and all, they, after, by their dres.
And speach, perceiv'd that they Zelandians were:
Chart blanch they offer'd, and demanded peace,
And ask'd the captain to command them there,
That gainst the Frifons they their aid would join,
Who did their Duke a prifoner confine.

83.

These people ever enemies had been
To Frieland's King, and all his wicked crew;
For that their former Sov'reign he had slain,
And was most base, unjust, rapacious too.
Orland, as friend betwixt the parties twain,
Now interpos'd, and made them peace renew;
Who thus united, not a Friot left,
But was of life or liberty bereft.

84.

The prison-gates immediately they cast
To ground, nor a key wanted to the gate:
Bireno to the Count in terms expr't
Of gratitude, his obligations great:
They two together, and crowds of the rest,
Went to the ship, where did Olympia wait:
This of the lady, who the right did claim
This is land to inherit, was the name.

85.

She, who Orlando had conducted there,
Not with a thought that he so much would do;
Expecting to be left to her despair,
By him, who now had drawn her spouse from woe;
She and her people all did him revere;
'Too long 'twould be to tell the manner how
Bireno her, Bireno she embrac'd;
Both to the Count their gratitude expr't.

86.

The people now on her paternal throne
The Princes plac'd, and fealty they swear;
She to Biren, whom love now made his own,
In knot eternal his firm chain to wear,
Gave of herself and state dominion;
And he, call'd after to another care,
The garrisons, and all the isle's domain,
As guardian to his kinman did ordain.

87.

For to return to Zeland he inclin'd,
And with him carry there his faithful bride;
And thence of Frieland's kingdom he designd
To gain the throne, his fortune should be try'd;
For that a pledge of surety he should find,
Which being in his hands, great help supply'd;
The daughter of the King, whom he had ta'en,
'Mongst many more, his captive did remain.
88.  
E dice, ch'egli vuo, ch'un suo germano,
Ch'era minar d'eta, l'abbaia per moglie.
Quindi si parte il Senator Romano
Il di medesimo, che Bireno siaglie.
Non volse porre ad altra cosa mano
Fra tante, e tante guadagnate spoiglie,
Se non a quel tormento, c'abbiam detto
Ch'al fulmine affissiglia in ogni effetto.

89.  
L'intenzion non gia, perché lo tolle,
Fu per voglia d'usarlo in sua difesa;
Che sienemro atto fiamò d'anima molle.
Gir con vantaggio in qual si voglia impresa;
Ma per gitarlo in parte, onde non volle,
Che mai potesse ad uom più far offesa.
E la polve, e le palle, e tutto il relo
Seco portò, ch' apparteneva a questo.

90.  
E così poi, che furor de la marea
Nel più profondo mar si vide ujèito;
Si, che segno lontan non si vedea
Del desio più, nè del simeto lito;
Lo tolse, e difese, Accio più non flea
Ma cavalier per te d'effere ardito;
Ne per quanto il buon val, mai più si vanti
Il rio per te valer, qua già rimanti.

91.  
O maladetto, O abbinomò ordigno,
Che fabbricato nel Tartaro fondo
Fosse per man di Belzebù maligno,
Che ruinar per te disegno il mondo;
A' l'inferno, onde ujèito, ti raffigna:
Così dicendo lo gittò in profondo.
Il vento intanto le gonfie vole
Spinge a la via de l'isola crudele.

92.  
Tanto deside il Paladin preme
Di saper, se la donna tuoi si truova,
Ch'ama affai più, che tutto il mondo insieme,
Ni un' ora senza lei vivere gli giova,
Che s'in Ibernia mette il piede, tene
Di nor dar tempo a qualche cosa nuova,
Si c'abbia poi da dir in vano, Abi laffo,
Ch'al venir mio non affrettai più il passo!

93.  
Ne scala in Inghilterra, ne in Irlanda
Mai lasciò far, nè sull'contrario lito.
Ma lasciandolo andar, dove lo manda
Il nudo Arcier, che l'ha nel cuor ferito.
Primo, ch'io più ne parlò, io vo in Olanda
Tornare, e voi meco a tornarvi invito;
Che come à me, fo, ftiacerrebbe à voi,
Che quella nozze fosse fezza noi.

88.  
And then declar'd, that it was his intent
His younger brother should make her his spouse:
Now from this place the brave Orlando went,
On the same day that thence Bireno goes;
Amidst the spoils superb of vast extent,
But one of all Orlando deign'd to chuse,
That strange machine, A Gun, they gave the name,
Which of the thunder had effects the fame.

89.  
But his intention was not this to take
With thought to use it in his own defence;
An act he deem'd it of a foul most weak,
In war to have of 'vantage least pretence;
But to reject it, and to undertake,
It never more should give mankind offence:
The powder, ball, and all the deadly throng,
He took with him, that did to it belong.

90.  
And soon as at a distance from the tide
Into the ocean deep and wide he bore,
So that no sign or land-mark he descri'd,
Nor from the right nor from the left hand shore;
He took it, and, That ne'er may be, he cry'd,
A cavalier courageous by thy pow'r,
Never a wicked man in strength unto
A good one by your mischief—there lie low.

91.  
O cursed, O detestable machine,
That in th' infernal dark receiv'd your birth!
Wast made by hand of Belzebub malign,
That by your means he might destroy the earth,
To hell, from whence you came, I you consign:
Thus speaking, to the deep he cast it forth.
Mean time the breezes, in their swollen fail,
Push'd them their voyage to the cruel life.

92.  
So great desire the Paladin did move
To know, if he could find his damsel there,
Whom he much more than all the world did love,
And without her his life so ill could bear;
To land in Ireland he did not approve,
As he some new adventure there might fear;
So that he after might in vain lament,
That with no greater haste he thither went.

93.  
Nor suffer'd them to English port to make,
To Irish, or to the opposing shore:
But leave we him to go, where him does take
The naked archer, who has smote him sore:
To Holland I'll return, ere more I speak;
And invite you with me to take that tour,
As it would you displease, as well as me,
If without us these nuptials grand should be.
Canto io.

Sumptuous and splendid nuptials here were made,
But not so sumptuous and of such rich fort,
As in Zelandia tho' shall be, 'tis said;
But I mean not, you shall to them resort;
For by new accident they'll be delay'd,
Which shall disturb them; of these the report
I in another canto will declare,
If you another canto please to hear. W.

CANTO X.

1. Midst all mens love and womens truth e'er found,
Throughout the world, 'midst ev'ry contant
Whether in doleful way, or jocund round, [heart,
'Midst ev'ry faithful lover's famous part,
Rather the first than second place renown'd
I give Olympia: if she ha'nt the start,
Well may I say, 'midst ancient and the new,
Never was found, than hers, a love more true,

2. And that, by num'rous tokens, and to plain,
This she to her Bireno had made known;
Woman more sure could never make a man,
Tho' she her open breast and heart had shown:
And if souls of such strictly faithful strain
Of love reciprocal deserve the crown;
I say, Olympia did so worthy prove,
Her, than himself, Biren ought more to love:

3. That he tow'red her his vows should never break
For any nymph, tho' twere the very fame,
Thro' Europe, Asia, did such mischief make,
Or one who yet might greater beauty claim;
But rather the sun's ray than her forfake,
His hearing, taste, his speech, his life, or fame;
Or could I any other thing let forth,
Or think of aught, that were of greater worth.

4. Whether Biren, as she him, her lov'd,
If he with her preferv'd an equal faith;
Whether, like her, himself he never mov'd
To other course, but contant kept her path;
Or to such service great ungrateful prov'd,
Such truth and love with cruelty repay'th,
I will to you relate, with wonder now
To make your lips distort, and wrinkle up your brow.
5.
E poi che nota l'impietà vi sia,
Che di tanta bontà fa a lei mercede;
Donne, alcuna di voi mai più non sia,
Che a parole d'Amante abbia a dar fede.
L'Amante per aver quel, che desia,
Senza guardar, che Dio tutto ode, e vede,
Avviluppa promesse, e giuramenti;
Che tutti spargon poi per l'aria i venti.

6.
I giuramenti, e le promesse vanno
Da i venti in aria dissipate e sprafo,
Tosto che tratta questi amanti s'hanno
L'avidè fete, che gli accese, ed arse.
Siata a prieghi, ed a pianti, che vi fanno,
Per questo esempio a credere più scarse :
Quella è ben felice, Donna mie care,
Cheoffer accorta a l'altrui spese impare.

7.
Guardatenvi da questi, che siùl fiore
De lor begli anni il vifa ban'polito ;
Che prefo naice in loro, e prefo muore,
Quasi un fuoco di paglia, ogni appetito.
Come segue la lepre il cacciatore
Al freddo, al caldo, à la montagna, al lito,
Ne più la fima poi, che prefa vede,
E sol dietro à chi fugge, affretta il piede :

8.
Cosi fan questi gioveni, che tanto,
Che vi mostrate lor dure, e proterve,
V'amano, e riveriscono con quanto
Studio de' far chi fedelmente ferve ;
Ma non fisofo si potran dar vanto
De la vittoria; che di donne, ferve
Vi dorrete effer fatte, e da voi tolto
Vedrete il falso amore, e altrove volto.

9.
Non vi vieto per questi, c'avrei torto,
Che vi lasciate amar: che senza amante
Sareste, come inculta virti in orto,
Che non ha pale ove s'appoggi, è piante.
Sol la prima lanugine vi effetto
Tutta à fuggir volubile, e inconstante,
E corre i frutti non acerbi, e duri;
Ma che non sien però troppo maturi.

10.
Di sopra io vi dicea, ch'una figliuola
Del Re di Frisia quivi hanno trovata ;
Che sia per quanto 'n han maffo parola,
Da Biren o al fratel per meglice data.
Ma à dire il vero, esso' avèa la gola,
Che vivuand' era troppo delicata ;
E reputato avria cortesia scioce,
Per darla altrui, levarfela di bocca.

5.
And after his impiety be known,
Of so much bounty what reward she hath,
Fair Ladies! ne'er of you let there be one,
That to a lover's words shall yield her faith:
The lover, to gain what his heart's set on,
Regardles, heav'n knows all he doth and faith,
His promises with oaths envelopes o'er,
Which, scatter'd in the air, by winds are bore.

6.
Ev'ry their oat and ev'ry promise flees,
Dispers'd by wind, and vanish'd into air;
Soon as these artful lovers can appease
The greedy thirst, that does them scorched ear.
Be to the fighs they make, and intreaties,
By this example, your belief more rare.
Happy, my fair ones, happy mufi she be,
Who gains at others' cost fagacity !

7.
Beware of thofe, who are in gaiety
Of blooming years, with vifage fair and bright :
For loon in them is born, and loon does die,
Like fire of straw light up, each appetite.
After the hare as does the hunter fly
Thro' heat and cold, from vale to mountain's height,
Nor more regards, when it once taken views,
And only, 'caufe it shuns him, he perfues :

8.
So do these youths, who while yourselfes ye show
To their address reluctant and severe,
Proffer their love, and study rev'rence low,
Themselves your faithful servants to declare :
But soon as ere they boast, your overthrow
They have obtain'd, you, mistrefses that were,
Shall now their slaves become, and that false love
Taken from you, shall find elsewhere remove.

9.
Not that by this I mean, 'twere vain design,
That you should love, or faithful lover fice ;
Without, you'd be like the neglected vine,
That wants supporter for its feeble tree :
Only I would exhort you to decline
The downy youth, frail with inconstancy ;
And not to gather fruit, that harsh will gripe ;
But equally avoid what is too ripe.

10.
Before I told you, that the daughter fair
Of Frielfand's King was in the city found ;
With whom, by what Biren did declare,
His brother shoulde in nuptial joys be crown'd :
But, to speak truth, his palate, nice and rare,
To this rich morrel was too strongly bound :
And he conceiv'd it courtey uncount
To baulk, by gift to others, one's own mouth.
Canto io.

ORLANDO FURIOUSO.

La Damigella non passava ancora
Quatordecì anni, ed era bella, e fresca,
Come roja, che spunti allora alhora
Fuor de la buccia, e col Sol nuovo cresce.
Non pur di lei Bireno s'innamora;
Ma fuoco mai così non accese esca,
Ne se lo pongan l'invide, e nemiche
Mani talior non le mutate fisiche.

12.
Come egli se n'accese immannitentemente,
Come egli n'arfe fin ne le medelle;
Che sopra il padre morto lei dolente
Vide di pianto il bel viso far melle;
E come fiuol, se l'acqua fredda sente
Quella refar, che prima al fuoco buole,
Cosi l'ador, ch'accese Olimpia, vinto
Dal nuovo successore, in lui fu s'linto.

13.
Non pur sazio di lei, ma s'affidito,
Nè è già cofi, che può vederla à pena,
E si è l'altra accese ha l'appetito,
Che ne morrà, se troppo in lungo il mena.
Per fin, che giunga il di, ch'ha s'attato
A dar fine al disio, tanto l'affrena,
Che par, ch'adori Olimpia, non che l'ani,
E, quel, che piace à lei, fol voglia, e brami.

14.
E se accarezzà l'altra; che non puote
Far, che non l'accarezzà più del dritto;
Non è chi questo in mala parte note,
Anzi à pieta, anzi à bontà gli ascrito.
Chi rilevar un, che Fortuna ruote
Talora al fondo, e confolar l'affitto;
Ma non fu biauno, ma gloria sovente,
Tanto più una fanciulla, una innocente.

15.
O sommo Dio, come i giudici umani
Spesso offuscati son da un nembo oscuro!
I modi di Bireno empì, e profani,
Pietosi, e santi riputati furò:
I marinari già mesco le mani
A i remi, e sciolte dal lito fucro,
Portavan lieti pe i salati flagni,
Verso Zelandia il Duca, e i suoi compagni.

16.
Già dietro rimasi erano, e perduti
Tutti di vista i termini d'Olanda,
Che, per non toccar Friza, più tentati
S'eran ver Scozia à la sinistra banda;
Quando da un vento fur sopravenuti,
Ch'errando in alto mar tre di li manda,
Surfuò il terzo già prefo à la terra,
Dove inculta, e deserta un isola era.

This maiden to the age was scarcely got
Of fourteen years, and lovely as the rose,
Which blooming from the bud does hourly sprout,
When Sol does his warm vernal ray disclose.
By love Bireno was not only caught,
But fire itself not with more ardour glows,
Nor with more cruel violence does burn
With rapid seizure thro' the ripen'd corn.

12.
As he so instantly was set on fire,
As he thro' ev'ry vein was in a blaze,
When he her mourning saw o'er her dead fire,
And all with tears bedew'd that charming face:
And as the boiling water will retire,
Lofing its force, when cold thereon you place;
So did the heat, which once Olympia light,
To a new successor possession quit.

13.
Not only cloy'd, but now she her did hate
To such degree, he her with pain survey'd;
And t'other did such appetite create,
That he must die, if longer he's delay'd:
Yet till the day arriv'd, as he must wait
To end his wishes, such restraint he laid,
He seem'd t'adore his lovd Olympia still,
And all his pleasure bounded in her will.

14.
If he cares'd the other, tho' in fact
He could not but cares her more than right,
None is there, in ill part could take this act;
Rather to pity one ascribe it might:
One to relieve by cruel fortune rack,
To toofh and comfort one in woeful plight,
Blame ne'er thereon, glory has oft been laid;
The more, when done for a poor harmless maid.

15.
O Pow'r Supreme! how are the eyes of men
Often envelop'd with a dusky cloud!
Bireno's practice, impious and profane,
For pitiful and holy is allow'd.
The mariners their tackle ply amain,
Their vesel from the coast securely row'd,
Cherfully bearing thro' the briny sea
The Duke towards Zeland with his company.

16.
Behind them now were left, and quite were lost,
All landmark boundaries of Holland's shore;
And, that they might not touch on Priza's coast,
They towards Scotland to the left hand bore:
When sudden by rising tempests toft,
For three whole days the sea they wander'd o'er,
But on the third, just at approaching night,
Upon a savage desert ifle they light.

S

17.
ORLANDO FURIOUSO.

Canto 10.

17.
Now drawing up within a little bay,
Olympia came to land; and with her dear,
But faithlesfs, Biren in her company,
Contented supp’d, devoid of ev’ry fear:
Thence, on a pleasant spot for them to lay,
A tent was pitch’d; to bed they both repair;
And ev’ry one of his companions goes
Back to the ships, and there themselves repose.

18.
The tossing on the sea, her former fear,
Which had prevented for some days her rest;
Finding herself on shore, no danger near,
In the still grove, which noise could not infest;
And, as no thought she had, no fort of care,
Her lover with her, could her mind molest,
Occasion were Olympia had found sleep,
Nor bear, nor dormant, could enjoy more deep.

19.
The treach’rous lover, whose concerted cheat
Him watchful made; seeing to found her rest,
Slip’t softly from the bed, his cloath’d did get,
A bundle made, nor more himself he dreft;
As if he newly wings had found, does quit
The tent in flight, and to his people prett;
He wakes them, and silence does command,
Then bids them put to sea: so leaves the land.

20.
The shore was left behind; Olympia too,
Forlorn, fast sleeping; nor did she awake,
Until Aurora the hoar-frost’d dew
From off her golden wheels on earth ‘gan shake,
Till on the banks Alcyone anew
For her mifhap ‘gan lamentation make:
’Twixt sleep and wake her hand she did extend
Her Biren to embrace, but to no end.

21.
No one she finds; then back her hand she drew:
Again the tries; no one she finds again:
Now round one arm, now t’other that way threw,
Now moves one leg, now t’other, but in vain:
Fear drives off sleep; she opes her eyes to view,
And no one saw; nor longer does remain
Upon her widow’d couch; from bed she cast
Herself, and, frighted, from the tent did haste.

22.
And running to the sea, her cheeks does tear,
As she too certain does her fate divine:
She fmites her breasts, and lacerates her hair,
And gaz’d about, for bright the moon did shine,
If aught but shore she could discover there;
But nought but shore does to her eye-fight join:
Biren the call’d, and to the name Biren
The rocks reply’d, in pity of her pain.
Canto 19.

Quivi surgea nel lito effrerno un sasso,
C'avea l'onde col picchiar frequente
Caro, e renduto à guisa d'arco al basso,
E flava sopra il mar curvo, e pendente.
Olimpia in cima vi salì a gran passo,
Così l'acqua animo possente;
E di lontano le gonfiate vele
Vide fuggir del fue Signor crudele.

Vide lontano, à la parve vedere,
Che l'aria chiara ancor non era molto.
Tutta tremante si lacia cadere
Più bianca, e più che neve fredda, in volto.
Ma poi, che di levarsi ebbe potere,
Al cammin de le nave il grido volto,
Chiamò, quanto potea chiamar più forte,
Più volte il nome del crudel conforte.

E dove non potea la debil voce,
Supplica il pianto, e l'altre parve al palma:
Dove fuggi, crudel, cosi veloce?
Non ha il suo legno il debita palma,
Fa che lievi m'ancor; poco gli nuoce
Che porti il corpo, poi che porta il palma:
E con le braccia, e con le vejli segno,
Fa tutta via, perché ritorni il legno.

Ma i venti, che portavano le vele
Per l'alto mar di quel giovine infido;
Portavano anco i prieghi, e le querela
De l'infelice Olimpia, e il pianto, e il grido;
La qual tre volte, à fe' febbra crudele
Per affogarsi si spicco dal lido;
Pur ai fin si levò da mirar l'acque;
E ritornò, deve la notte gisarce.

E con l'a cofia in giu febbra sull'letto,
Bagnandola di pianto dicea lui:
Isera defi infieme à duo ricetto,
Perché infieme al levai non siamo dui?
O perfido Biren, O maladetto
Giorno, ch'ai mondo generata fui;
Che debbo far? che posso far qui sola?
Chi mi dà aiuto, eime! chi mi consola?

Uomo non veggi qui, non ci veggo opra;
Donde io posa fumar, é uomo qui sia;
Nave non veggi, á cui salendo sopra
Speri à lo scampo mio ritrivar via;
Di disgio morrot, ne chi mi cuopra
Gli occhi fard, ne chi sepolvo dia;
Se forse in ventre lor non me lo danni
Lupi, eime, chi in queste feste stanno.

23. A cliff there stood upon the strand extreme,
Which waters had by frequent falling wore,
Hollow'd at bottom it an arch did seem,
And in a curved form the sea hung o'er:
Olympia swift got to the top supreme,
Her heart, tho' heavy, granted her that pow'r,
And at great distance the vow'n fails could view,
Which with her cruel Lord now from her flew.

24. She saw so far, or thought the saw so well;
For yet the air did not much light unfold:
Then to the earth trembling all o'er she fell;
More white her face, and than the snow more cold.
But when the rose, and faintness did repel,
Towards the ship's way alond her voice the roll'd;
She call'd, with utmost force she did exclaim
Often upon her cruel comfort's name.

25. And where her seeble voice would not supply,
She join'd her sighs, and both her hands did beat.
Where, cruel! dost thou with such swiftness fly?
Your ship, alas! has not its proper freight!
Oh! take me too; small hurt can be thereby
To take my body, since my soul you get;
And with her arms and cloaths she signals made
All while to have the vessel reconvey'd.

26. But the deaf winds, that bore away the falls
O'er the deep sea, of this perfidious one,
Bore away also the complaints and wails
Of poor Olympia, each sad sigh and groan:
Who three times cruelly herself affails,
With purpose to destroy, the sea ruth'd on:
At length, to quit the prospect of the main,
Returns, where she the night before had lain.

27. And casting on the couch her viilage low,
Bathing it o'er with tears, the to it spoke;
Last night you kind reception gave to two,
Why then two were we not when we awoke?
Oh! faithles Biren! Oh! curst day of woe!
That from my mother's womb me wretched took.
What should I do! what can I here alone! [shown?
Who'll give me comfort? whence, alas! can help be

28. No man I see, no work can here be seen,
Whence I may gues, that here mankind may live;
No vessel can I spy to get therein,
Whence I may hope to my escape containe:
With sad distresses I die; none to close in
My fainting eyes, or sepulture to give,
Unless the wolves, who in this desert roam,
Should give me in their maws, alas! a tomb.

S 2
Orlando left 35'.
Can che 29.

Ma presippongo ancor e'or ora arrivi
Nocebier, che per pieta di qui mi porti,
E cosi lopi, orsi, e leoni schivi,
Strazii, disfogi, ed altri orribil morti;
Mi porterà forse in Olanda, s'ivi
Per te si guardan le forze, e i porti?
Mi porterà a la terra, ove fon nata,
Se tu con fraude gia me l'hai levata?

Tu m'hai lo stato mio fatto pretesflo
Di parentado, e d'amicizia tolto.
Ben fosti a porvi le sue genti prefo
Per aver il dominio à te rivolto.
Tornerò in Flandra, ove ha veduto il riflo,
Di che io vivea, benchè non foffe molto,
Per svernirti, e de prigione trarte?
Mefchina dove andrà e non so in qual parte.

Debo forse ire in Fria, ove io potei,
E per te non vi volli, efer Regina?
Il che del padre, e de i fratelli miei,
E d'ogn' altra mio ben fu la ruina?
Quel, c'ho fatto per te, non si verrei,
Ingrato, improverar; nè disciplina,
Dartene; che non men di me lo fai,
Or ecco il guiderdon, che me ne dai.

Deh pur, che da color, che vanno in corso,
Io non fia presa, e poi venduta schiava.
Prima che questo, il lupo, il leon, l'orfo,
Venga, e la tigre, e ogn' altra fera brava;
Di cui l'ugna mi ftracci, e franga il morfo,
E morta mi sfrafini à la sua cava.
Cosi dicendo le mani fi caccia
Ne' capri d'oro, e à chiocca à chiocca ftracci.

Corre di nuovo in su l'estrema fabbia,
E rueta il capo, e sparge à l'aria il crine,
E sembra forfennata, e ch'addossa abbia
Non un Demonio fol, ma le deince,
O qual Ecuba, sia converfa in rabbia,
V'ha morto Polidoro al fine.
Or si ferma su un falso, e guarda il mare;
Ne men à un vero falso un falso parz.

I feem to see, each hour, with dread alarms,
From forth the forest lion ruffh, or bear,
Or tyger, savage beasts, that nature arms
With pointed fangs and claws to seize and tear:
But when compar'd to yours, flight are thefe harms,
More cruel deaths, monfter, from you I bear.
To give one death they will contented be;
A thousand, I, alas! receive from thee.

But I'll suppofe, that soon might here arrive
Some fall, in pity hence would me convey,
And so wolf, lion, of their prey deprive,
Save me from death in such a horrid way:
Can he to Holland bear me? there you live,
And of your forts and havens have the fway:
Can he transport me to my native foil?
That you from me by fraud have made your fpoil.

You have my kingdom under pretext got,
Of faithful friendship and alliance ta'en:
Wifely therein your people foon you put,
That to you might revert the whole domain.
Shall I to Flanders go? I' ve fold that fpot,
Where I might live, tho' the revenue mean,
You to reliefe, from prifon you to bear:
Ah! wretch! where fhall I go?--I know not where.

Shall I to Friesland? once I could aspire,
But would not, for your fake, to be their Queen;
Which of my brothers both, and of my fire,
And all my fortune, has the ruin been:
To upbraiid you, ingrati, I don't defire,
For what I' ve done, nor a revenge to gain:
You know as well as I, what I have done,
And both too well know what reward is fhown.

Oh! left I should be feiz'd by fome corfair,
Who ravage o'er the coafts, and fold a Slave,
Come, ev'ry wolf and lion, horrid bear,
Ye greedy tygers, come, each savage brave,
Crush with your fangs, with claws my body tear,
And drag me breathlefs to your deadly cave:
Thus having spoke, her furious hands she clenched
Into her golden locks, and off them wretch'd.

She ran again along the winding Strand,
Rowling her head, and caft her locks in air,
And feem'd distracted, or as if a band
Of evil spirits had perfu'd her there;
Or like to Hecuba, with rage crack-brain'd,
When her dead fon the faw in wild defpair;
Now feated on a Stone, gaz'd o'er the Sea,
And fenfelefs, fix'd, a Stone she feem'd to be.
35. 
Ma lasciamla doler fin ch'io ritorna,
Per voler di Ruggieri dirvi pur anco;
Che nel più intenso ardor del mezzo giorno
Cavakia il lito affaticato, e bianco:
Percorse il Sol nel colle, e fa ritorno,
Di fatto bolle il fabbion trito, e bianco:
Maneava a l'arme, c'avea in doto, poco
Ad esser, come già, tutte di fuoco.

36. 
Mentre la sete, e de l'andar fatica
Per l'alto fabbion, e la folangia via
Gli facian lungo quella spiaggia aprica
Noiosa, e dispiacevol compagnia;
Trovò, ch'a l'ombra d'una torre antica,
Che fuor de l'onde appresso il lito uscia,
De la corte d'Alcina tre donne,
Che le conobbe a i gesli, ed a le donne.

37. 
Corcante tapeti Alessandrini
Godeanfi il fresco rezzo in gran diletto
Fra molti vasi di diversi vini,
E d'ogni buona forte di confetto:
Presso a la spiaggia co i fitti marini
Scherzando le affettava un lor legnetto
Fin, che la vela empièse agev'ora
Ch'un fiato pur non ne pirava allora.

38. 
Questa, ch'andar per la non ferma fabbion
Vider Ruggiero al suo viaggio dritto
Che scelta avea la sete in su le fabbion
Tutto pien di fudore il vifo afflitto
Gli cominciaro a dir, che si non abbia
Il cuor volonterfo al cammin fitto,
Ch'a la freca, e dolce ombra non si pieghi,
E ristorar lo fango corpi.

39. 
E di lor una s'ascosi al cavallo
Per la staffa tener, che ne scendesse;
L'altra con una coppa di cristallo
Di vino fumante, più fete gli messe;
Ma Ruggiero a quel non non entrò in ballo,
Perchè d'ogni tardar, che fatto aveffe,
Tempo di giunger dato avria ad Alcina,
Che venia dietro, ed era omay vicina.

40. 
Non così sin salnitro, e zolfo puro
Tocco dal fuoco subito s'arrovampa;
Ne così freme il mar, quando l'osuro
Turbol difende, e in mezzo fe gli accampa;
Come vedendo, che Ruggiero fecuro
Al suo dritto cammin l'arena stampana;
E che le sprezza, e pur si tenean belle,
D'ira arfe, e di furor la terza d'ele.

Let's leave her now to grieve: while I return,
Inclin'd to tell you of Ruggier again;
Who in the mid-day's heat intenfe did burn,
And on the shore rode tir'd with anxious pain:
The Sun struck on the hill, and backward borne,
Scorch'd the white sand beneath upon the plain:
The armour, which he wore upon his back,
Of the heat, when 'twas forg'd, did little lack.

36. 
While his parch'd thirst, and his long journey's toil,
O'er the deep sand and solitary way,
Made him, along this dry and funny foil,
Displeasing and too irksome company;
Beneath the shade of a tow'r's antique pile, [sea,
That tow'rds the shore fretch't out from forth the
Three ladies of Alcina's court were seen,
Whom he well knew, both by their dres and mien.

On Turky carpets, laid superby fine,
They with delight enjoy'd the breezy air,
'Midst various vases of the richeft wine,
And cups of ev'ry sort moft rare:
Near to the coast, amidft the waves marine,
Sporting a little vessel waited there,
Till the light air fhou'd fill the fans anew;
For scarce a breath now o'er the waters blew.

38. 
They, as along the heavy sand he went,
Espy'd Ruggier his road directly pas;
That thirst its marks did on his lips imprint,
Fatigu'd and cover'd o'er with sweat his face:
They him acosted, if not too intent,
And resolute to go, his purpoze was;
Why the refreshing and cool air to ufe,
And rest his weary'd limbs, he would refuse.

One of them to his horie's side came up,
And, that he might alight, his stirrup took;
'Tother approach'd him with a chryftal cup
Of sparkling wine; which did his thirst provoke:
But to this tune Ruggiero would not hop:
For in his course fuch hindrance should he brook,
He time thereby would to Alcina give,
Who him perfu'd, now ready to arrive.

40. 
Not fo faltpetre, ground with sulphur-flow'r,
When touch'd by fire, does of a sudden blaze;
Nor when the whirlwind falls, the sea does roar,
And to the heav'ns its turbid waters raife;
As when they saw Ruggiero, thus secure,
Along the firand perfue his deftin'd ways,
They, thus delpsi'd, for fair themelves they thought,
With rage did burn, up to a fury wrought.
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Canto 10.

41. Thou neither art genteel, nor yet a knight,
Her words with utmost force one halloo’d out;
To stolen arms and horse you have no right;
They ne’er were yours by any other lot:
That truth I speak, I will maintain in fight,
And that for this to suffer death you ought:
Would you were burnt or hang’d, in quarters torn,
Thou ugly thief! villain superb! base-born!

42. Besides these words injurious, more were try’d,
And oft repeated by this dame elate,
Altho’ Ruggiero never once reply’d;
But little honour could such combat get:
Sudden to sea she and her sisters hied,
Took to the bark, which did their service wait;
And haft’ning with their oars they him perf’d,
While him behind the river still they view’d.

43. She threatens, lays him on, does carres send,
As she could well all shocking phrasing frame;
Meantime up to that pafs, which does descend,
To the more fair enchantres, Ruggier came,
Where an old mariner his bark did tend,
Which he put off from t’other side the stream,
As h’ad instructed been, and was contriv’d
For him to wait there till Ruggier arriv’d.

44. The mariner puts off, who does perceive
Him come, to waft him to a better shore:
If from the face we may the heart believe,
All courteous and discreet the look he bore:
Ruggiero now the vessel does receive,
And, blessing God, the quiet sea pafs’d o’er;
In pleasing converse talking with his mate,
Who learned was, wife with experience great.

45. He prais’d Ruggier, that he had been so sage,
And had in season from Alcina flown,
Who with th’ enchanted cup would him engage,
As to her former lovers she had done;
And now tow’rd Logifitl had fix’d his stature,
Where to him holy manners would be shown,
Eternal beauties, endless grace and joy,
The heart to feed, nourish, and never cloy.

46. She, said he, wonder, rev’rence, and delight,
Strikes on the soul, discover’d at first view:
Contemplate more and more her lofty sight,
All other good will seem but mean to you:
The love of her from other differs quite;
In others, hope and fear the heart perfuse,
In this, desire has nothing more to crave;
In fight of her alone content you’ll have.
47.  She'll teach you studies of more grateful taste,  
Than mufick, dances, odours, baths, or food;  
And how your thoughts, in better method plac'd,  
May higher soar than eagle thro' the cloud;  
And by what means, with glory of the blest,  
Your body frail may partly be endow'd.  
Thus spoke the mariner, while on they came,  
As yet at distance from the wish'd-for stream.

48.  When they far off discover'd o'er the main  
Numbers of vessels, which perfu'd their route,  
These were conducted by th' enrag'd Alcine,  
Who had a many of her people brought  
The object lov'd, torn from her, to regain,  
Or else their ruin, and her own, cut out.  
Love, of this action was no motive light,  
But yet no less the injury of flight.

49.  She, since her birth, no greater rage could have  
Than this which did corrode her vital's now:  
For this her ears the hurry'd through the wave,  
Till the laft'd froth besprinkled all the prow:  
Echo the mighty noise redoubled gave  
O'er banks and seas the found is heard below.  
Ruggier, your shield, now, now's the time, disclose,  
Or else with shame your life or liberty you'll lose.

50.  Thus Logistilla's mariner did speak,  
And, besides speaking, did himself lay hold  
Of the skill bag, and thence the shield did take,  
And of it did the lustre bright unfold:  
Th' enchanting splendor, which from thence did break,  
Offended so his adversaries bold,  
And struck them all at once to blind, that now  
Some tumbled from the poop, some from the prow.

51.  From the watch-tow'r, one who had marked well,  
That here Alcina with her fleet did press,  
His hammer struck on the alarum-bell,  
That to the port aid came in his distress:  
Storms of artillery like a tempest fell  
'Gainst those, who brave Ruggiero would oppress;  
And ev'ry quarter does assistance fend,  
That may his life and liberty defend.

52.  Four ladies to this place came to engage,  
Whom suddenly had Logistilla sent;  
The valorous Andronica, the fage  
Phronesia, and Dicil, of just intent;  
Sophrofina the chaste, who, 'gainst love's rage  
Had moft to do, gave warm encouragement:  
The army, of which equal ne'er was seen,  
Rush from the tow'r, and spread along the main.
53.
Sotto il castel ne la tranquilla foce
Di molti, e grossi legni era una armata;
Ad un botto di squilla, ad una voce
Giorno, e note à battaglia apparecchiata;
E così fu la pugna apresa, ed atroce
E per acqua, e per terra incominciata;
Per cui fu il regno fottosopra volto,
C'avea già Alcina à la forela tolto.

54.
O di quante battaglie il fin successe
Diverse à quel, che si credette innante;
Non fol, che Alcina allor non riuosse,
Come stimofo, il fugghivo amante;
Ma de le navi, che pur dianzi spesse
Fur sí, ch'á pena il mar ne capea tante,
Fuor de la fiamma, che tutt' altre avvampa,
Con un linguetto sol misera scampa.

55.
Fuggesi Alcina, e sua misera gente
Arsà, e presa riman, rota, e sommerfa;
D'aver Ruggier perduta ella si sente
Via più doler, che d'altra cosa aversa.
Notte, e di per lui gene amaramente,
E lagrime per lui da gli occhi versà,
E per dar fine à tanto afpro martire,
Spesso si duol di non poter morire.

56.
Morir non puote alcuna Fata mai
Fin, che'l Sol gira, ò il ciel non muta filo:
Se ciò non fosse, era il dolore affai
Per mover Clato ad innasparle il filo;
O, qual Didon, finia col ferro i guai,
O la Regina splendida del Nilo
Auria imitata con moti fer, nono;
Ma le Fate morir fempre non ponno.

57.
Torniamo à quel d'eterna gloria degno
Ruggiero; e Alcina stia ne la sua pena;
Dico di lui, che poi che fuor del legno
Si fu condotto in più scura arena;
Dio ringraziando, che tutto il disegn
Gli era succeso, al mar volò la febica;
Ed affrettando per l'asfittulo il piede,
A la rocca ne va, che quivi fiade.

58.
Né la più forte ancor, né la più bella
Mai vide occhio mortal prima, né dopo.
Son di più prezio le mura di quella,
Che fe diamante soffritto à pirapò.
Di tali gemme qua giù non si favella;
Ed à chi vuol notizia averne, è d'apre,
Che vada qui, che non riede altrove, se non forse in ciel, se ne ritrova.

59.
In the still bay, beneath the castle-wall,
Of large and num'rous ships a fleet there lay;
That at the sound of bell, or at a call,
Prepar'd for battle was by night or day:
A sharp and bloody fight did here befall,
Commenc'd as well by land, as on the sea,
By which the kingdom was o'erturn'd again,
Which by Alcina was from her sister ta'en.

54.
Of battles oft how diff'rent the succe س
From what we at first onset did believe!
Alcina not only could not reposefs,
As the thought fue, her lover fugitive;
But of her fleet, before so numberles,
The sea itself could fiercely them receive,
From out the flame, which all around them spread,
She in a small boat miserably fled.

55.
Alcina fled, and all her wretched train
Were burnt or taken, broke to pieces, drown'd;
But that Ruggier she left, gave greater pain
Than all the whole adversity she found;
By night and day for him she did complain;
Tears from her eyes flow'd in eternal round:
And, end to give her pungent mifery,
She oft lamented that she could not die:

56.
But Fairies, by their nature, cannot die, [Itay'd:
While Sol wheels round, while fix'd the heav'n's are
Were it not so, her grief was work'd so high,
It would have Clotho mov'd to cut her thread;
Or, Dido-like, her ease with feet supplied,
Or else of Egypt's lofty queen she had
Follow'd the steps with deadly lethargy;
But Fairies, by their nature, cannot die.

57.
Let's turn to him worthy of vast renown,
Ruggier; Alcina leave in her discontent.
I speak of him, who from the vessel gone
Upon a safer strand his footsteps bent;
Blessing his God, that such successe was shown
To his designs: then from the sea he went,
And now o'er the dry land his course did haste
Towards the castle, which thereon was plac'd.

58.
One of more strength, or one that was more fair,
No mortal eye has ever yet surve'y'd:
The walls thereof in value were more rare
Than if of diamond or pyropus made:
Such jewels never are discours'd of here:
Who them would know, must thither be convey'd:
For I believe, he no-where of this kind,
Except it be in heav'n, can any find.
59. Quel che più fa, che lor s'inchina, e sede
Ogni' altra gemma, che mirando in offe.
L'um'fin in mezzo à l'anima si vede,
Vede suoi vizii, e sue virtudi esprese;
Si che à lusinghe poi di sé non crede,
Ne à chi dar biasmo à torto gli voleffe:
Paffi, mirando à lo specchio lucente,
Se fiesse conoscendo, prudente.

60. Il chiaro lume lor, ch'imita il Sole,
Manda splendore, in tanta copia intorno,
Che chi l'ha, ognunque sia, sempre che vuole,
Febo, mal grado tuo, si può far giorno:
Ne mirabil vi son le pietre sole,
Ma la materie, e l'artificio adorno
Contendon fi, che mal giudicar paffi;
Qual de le due eccellenze maggior fessi.

61. Sopra gli altissimi archi, che puntelli
Parean, che del ciel soffosso à vederli;
Era giard'ni fi spaziafi, e belli,
Che faria al piano aino fatica averli:
Verdeggian gli odoriferi arbujefi
Si pon veder fra i lumi noi merli,
Ch'adorni fon i feflate, e il verno tutti
Di vaghi fiori, e di maturi frutti.

62. Di cofi nobili arbori non fuole
Produfì fuor di quefìi befi giardini,
Ne di tali rofe, o di simili fuole,
Di gigli, di amaraniti, o di gelsmini.
Attrave appar, come à un medefmo Sole
E nafca, e viva e morto il capo inchini,
E come laci veuevo il tuo fielo,
Il fior, foggetto al variar del ciclo.

63. Ma quivi era perpetua la verdura,
Perpetua la belte de' fiori eterni;
Non che benignità de la natura
Si temperatamente li governi;
Ma Logifilla con fuol studio, e cura
Senza biogno de' moti fuperni,
Quel che à gli altri impossibile parea,
Sua primavera ogni fera tenea.

64. Logifilla mostrò molto aver grato,
Ch'à lei venifse un fi gentil Signore,
E comando, che folle accarezzato;
E che studiasse ogn'un di fargli enore.
Gran pezzo innanzi Aftolfo era arrivato,
Che visto da Ruggiier fu di buon cuore:
Fra pochi giorni venner gli altri tutti,
Ch'à l'offer lor Meliffa avea ridotti.

59. That which makes these demand the victory
Above all other gems, is, that thereon
Man to the utmost of his soul may fee
His vices, virtues, there express'd shewn;
That thenceforth he'll regard not flattery,
And censure will receive without a frown:
Inspection of this mirror's wondrous light
Makes known, if we are prudent, juft and right.

60. That lufter bright, which like the fun doth shine,
In vaft profusion splendor does display,
Which whofo'er has, when he fo incline,
Phoebus, without You can bring forth the day:
Nor are the ftones alone fo wond'rous fine,
But the materials, and the fabric gay,
Contend fo strong, 'twere doubtful to declare
Which of the two of highest value are.

61. Upon the arches high, whose crowns appear'd
As if they reach'd to heav'n above the fight,
Were fpacious and moft lovely gardens rear'd;
Upon the plain none were of fuch delight:
The flow'ring shrubs their verdant branches fpread,
And were foon mix'd amid the turrets bright;
They winter, fummer, endles beauty wore, [flow'r.
Adorn'd at once with fruit mature, and blooming

62. Such noble fort of trees not elfewhere grows;
No-where produc'd, but in thefe gardens fine,
Not fuch-like violet, fuch fort of rofe,
Such lilies, amaranths, or jeffamine:
Elfewhere by the fame fun the flower glows,
It fproues, it lives, death does its head recline;
It fpows, how foon its widow'd flakk it quits,
And to the heaven's change short-liv'd submits:

63. But here perpetual verdure, charming, gay,
Eternal bloom with endles charms doth shine;
Not that kind nature, with more gentle fway,
Govern'd this place with temper more benign;
But Logiftil does fo her art dispaly,
That aid of feafons all the does decline:
What might too strange appear belief to gain,
Perpetual fping the here does till maintain.

64. Now Logiftil did wond'rous joy exprefs,
A knight fo worthy thither should arrive;
And gave command, that they should him cares,
And study daily him new honours give.
Great while before him was Aftolf's access,
Whom with kind heart Ruggiier does now receive:
In a few days thither came all the refi,
Whom to their shapes Meniffa had redret.
Poi che si fur passati un giorno, e due,
Venne Ruggiero a la Fata prudente
Col Duca Aftolfo, che non men di lui
Avea dir che rivedere Ponte
Melissa li parlo per ambedue,
E supplìca la Fata umilmente,
Che li confugi, favorisca, e aiuti,
Si che ritornin donde eran venuti.

Difse la Fata, Io ci porrò il pensiero,
E fra due di te li darò espediti:
Discorre poi tra se, come Ruggiero
E dopo lui come quel Duca aitti.
Conchiude in fin, ch'el volator deftiero
Ritorni il primo à gli Aquitaniti liti;
Ma prima vuel, che fe gli faccia un morfo
Con che lo volga, e gli raffreni il corso.

Gli mastra come egli abbia à far, se vuole
Che poggi in alto, e come à far che cali,
E come fe vorrà che in giro vole,
O vada ratto, o che fi sia sì l'ali;
E quali effetti il cavalier far vuole
Di buon deftiero in piana terra, tali
Per l'aria, del deftiero, c'avea le penne,
Facea Ruggier, che mafchio ne divenne.

Poi che Ruggier fu d'ogni cosa in punto,
Da la Fata gentil comitato prese,
A la qual rifiò poi sempre congiunto
Di grande amore; e uffi di quel poeze.
Prima di lui, che fe n'andò in buon punto
E poi dirà, come il guerriero Inglese
Tornasse con più tempo, e più fatica
Al magno Carlo, ed à la corte amica.

Quindi partì Ruggier, ma non rivenne
Per quella via, che fe' gia malgrado
Allor, che sempre l'ippogrifo il tenne
Sopra il mare, e terren vide di rado:
Ma potendogli, o far batter le penne
Di quà, di là, dove più gli era aggrado,
Volse al ritorno far nuovo sentiero,
Come scavando Erode i Magi ferse.

Al venir quivi era, lasciando Spagna,
Venuto India à travers per dritta riga
 Là, dove il mare Oriental la bagna,
Dove una Fata avea, con l'altra, briga
Or veder si dispose altra campagna,
Che quella, dove i venti Eolo insiiga,
E finir tutto il cominciato tondo,
Per aver, come il Sol girato il mondo.

After few days they stay'd here for repose,
The prudent Fairy now Ruggier adrest,
With Duke Aftolfo, who like ardour flows
With him, once more to travel to the west:
At their desire Melissa also goes,
And humble made the Fairy her request,
That them she'd favour with advice and aid,
How they from whence they came might be convey'd.

The Fairy said, Herein I'll use my thought,
And in two days I them dispatch will give:
Reflects then what for Ruggier may be wrought,
Then how the Duke to aid she could contrive;
Concludes, the flying horse should then be brought,
That he might first to Aquitain arrive:
But first she would for him a bit provide,
With which his horse he might command and guide.

She shew'd him how to act, when he's inclin'd
To make him mount, or downwards him to bring;
To make him wheel about, when h't a mind,
Make him go swift or gentle on the wing;
The actions of a horse well disciplin'd,
Which on plain ground knights use in managing,
She now Ruggiero perfect master made
Of his wing'd palfrey, when thro' air convey'd.

When Ruggier was inform'd in ev'ry part,
His farewell of the Fai benign he took;
Whom ever after with a grateful heart
He kept in mind; and now this place forlook:
Of him, who well-appointed did depart,
I first will speak; then how the English Duke,
With longer time and labour, did resport
To Charlemain, and to his friendly court.

Hence Ruggier went, but not by that same land,
Where he had travel'd gainst his will before:
He now had Hippogryph at his command,
So seldom saw the land: by feas he bore:
But to his mind as now those wings were fann'd,
And he at pleasure up and down could soar,
He chose by a new craft to travel on,
As did the Magi, who would Herod shun.

Perfuing which, he travel'd on from Spain,
In line direct still searching India out,
Thence to the place wass'd by the eastern main,
Where the two Fairies had so great dispute:
Now he another spot dispos'd to gain
Than that, where Aelous the winds does frut;
Nor to his course would there an end be found,
Till, like the Sun, he had the world gone round.
Quinci il Catais, e quindi Mangiana
Sopra il gran Quinfai vide passando:
Volse sopra l'Imavo, e Sericana
Lasciò a man destra, e sempre declinando
Da l'Iperberet Sciti a l'onda Ircana
Giusse a le parti di Sarmania, e quando
Fu, dove Asia da Europa si divide,
Russi, Pruteni, e la Pomeria vide.

Benchè di Ruggiero fesse ogni deside
Di ritornare a Bradamante presto:
Pur guftato il piacer, c'era di gire
Cercando il mondo, non resto per questo,
Ch'è li Pollacchi, à li Ungari venire
Non velesse anco, à li Germani, e al resto
Di quella Boreale orrida terra.
E venne al fin ne l'ultima Inghilterra.

Non crediate, Signor, che però sia
Per sì lungo cammin sempre su l'ale:
Ogni sera à l'albergo fe ne gia
Schivando à fuo pater d'alloggiar male,
E sefe giorni, e messi in questa via;
Si di veder la terra, e il mar gli cale.
Or presso à Londra giunto una mattina
Sopra il Tamigi il volator declina.

Dove ne' prati à la citta vicini
Vide adnati uomini d'arme, e fanti,
Ch'è fuon di trombe, e à fuon di tamburini
Vienian partiti à belle febrie, avanti
Il buon Rinaldo, onor de' Paladini;
Del qual, se vi ricorda, io diffi inanzi,
Che mandato da Carlo era venuto
In queste parti à ricercare aiuto.

Giusse à punto Ruggier, che fu facea
La bella mostra fuor di quella terra,
E per sapere il tutto ne chiedea
Un cavaller, ma sefe prima in terra;
E quel, ch'è affabil era, gli dicea
Che di Scizia, e d'Inlanda, e d'Inghilterra,
E de l'male intorno eran le febrie,
Che quivi alzate avean tante bandiere.

E finita la mostra, che faceana,
A la marina si distenderanno,
Dove apprestati per solcar l'Oceano
Son da navili, che nel porto flanno.
I Francefchi apprestati si riarenno,
Sperando in quegli, che à salvar li vanno:
Ma accio tu te'n informi pienamente
Io ti disinguerrà tutta la gente.

Thence to Catai, and thence to Mangian,
Then great Quinfai he saw; still passing on,
He o'er Imavo hew, and Serican
He left upon the right, and, bearing down
From northern Scythia to the sea Hircane,
Enter'd into Salmatia's clime; and soon
There, where from Asia, Europe does divide
Russia and Prussia, Pomerain epy'd.

Tho' in Ruggier was great desire imprest
His Bradamant to visit soon again;
The pleasure, which he going round did taste,
Seeing the world, made him not here remain;
But on to Poland, Hungary, he pref,
Visit'd also Germany's domain,
And the rest of that horrid northern soil;
So came at last to England's distant isle.

Believe not, Sir, that such prodigious way
He kept himself upon his pinions still;
Each night he in some different quarters lay,
Much as he could, avoiding lodging ill:
Months he thus pafs'd, as well as many a day
The sea and land surveying at his will:
Now he to London came one morning fair;
Down drop't the flying horse, the Thames when near.

Where to the meadows near the city come,
He saw united troops of horse and foot,
Who, at the sound of trumpet and of drum,
In fair array their parties march'd about
Before Rinald, of Paladins the bloom;
If you remember, I before set out,
That he, by th' Emperor Charles commision'd, came
Into these parts, their subsidies to claim.

Ruggiero just arriv'd, when this fair show
Without the city made appearance grand;
And ask'd, as he desir'd the whole to know,
A knight; but first does to the earth descend;
Who him in courteous guise acquainted now,
This Scotch, this Irish is, that English band;
These troops from islands laying here around,
Who have to many standard rais'd upon this ground.

And when their muster is completely made,
Towards the sea they soon will march away
To plough the ocean, where is ready laid
A fleet of ships, which in the port does stay:
The French besieg'd, for this great joy display'd,
Hoping that these their safety would convey.
But that of all I may inform you well,
Each people's names I will distinctly tell.
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Canto 10.

Tu vedi ben quella bandiera grande,
Ch'insieme pon la fiordiligi, e i pardi;
Quella il gran capitano a fari spande,
E quella ban da seguir gli altri fiorardi:
Il suo nome famoso in queste bande
E Leonetto, il fior di li gogliardi,
Di segno, e d'ardire, in guerra maestre,
Del Re nipote, e Duca di Lincastró.

La prima appresso il gonfalon reale,
Che'ntrento tremolar sa verfo il monte;
E tien nel campo verde tre bianche ale;
Porta Riccardo di Varoccia Conte,
Del Duca di Glaci'ra è quel segnale,
C'ha due corne di serpio, e mezza fronte:
Del Duca di Chiarenza é quella face;
Quell' arbre è del Duca d'Eborace.

Vedi in tre pezzi una spezzata lancia;
Gli'l gonfalon del Duca di Norfozia;
La fulgere è del buon Conte di Cancia,
Il grifone è del Conte di Pembrozia;
Il Duca di Sufcolia ha la bilancia;
Vedi quel gigo, che due ferpi affozia;
E del Conte d'Efonia, e la ghirlanda
In campo azzurro ha quel del Norblanda.

Il Conte d'Arindelia é quel, é ha messo
In mar quella barbatella, che s'affonda;
Vedi il Marche' di Berchlei, è appresso
Di Marchia il Conte, e il Conte di Ricmonda;
Il primo porto in bianco un monte fesso,
L'altra la palma, il terzo un pine l'onda:
Quel di Dorfozìa è Conte, e quel d'Antona;
Che l'uno ha il carro, e l'altro la corona.

Il falcon, che su'l nido i vanni inchina,
Porta Raimondo, il Conte di Devonia;
Il giallo, e nero ha quel di Vigorina,
Il can quel Derbia, un orfo quel d'Ofonia;
La croce, che lú vedi cristallina
E del ricco Prelato di Battonia:
Vedi nel bigio una spezzata fedia,
E del Duca Ariman di Sorvica.

Gli uomini d'arme, e gli archeri d cavallo
Di quaranta duila numer fanna;
Sono due tanti, è di cento non fallo
Quelli, ch'à pie ne la battaglia vanno,
Mira quei segni, un bigio, un verde, un giallo,
E di nero, e d'azur listato un panno:
Goffredo, Enrico, Ermante, ed Odaardo
Guidan pedoni, ogn'un col suo stendarde.

That standard, which you see, of size so grand,
Where you the flow'r-de-lis and leopard find;
This the chief captain does in air expand,
And this to follow are the rest enjoin'd:
His name most famous is throughout this land;
'Tis Leonatus, flow'r of the refined,
Of courage great, and in war's conduct master,
The King's own nephew, and Duke of Lancaster.

That which he next the royal standard brings,
Which the wind trembling plays towards the mount,
And bears on a field vert three argent wings,
Belongs to Richard, Warwick's warlike Count:
See there the Duke of Gloucester's ensign sways,
Which has two horns of flag coupee in front:
The Duke of Clarence bears a torch, you see;
The Duke of York's escutcheon has a tree.

See in three pieces broke that shiver'd lance,
That is the standard of great Norfolk's Duke:
The Earl of Kent, that lightning does advance;
The griffin bears the stout Earl of Pembroke:
The Duke of Suffolk's shield is the balance:
See the two serpents halfen'd in a yoke;
The Earl's of Essex that, and the garland
In a blue field, th' Earl's of Northumberland.

The Earl of Arundel is he, does bear
The ship, which sinking does to th' sea decline:
See Berkeley's Marquis, that to him stands near;
The Earl of March and Earl of Richmond join,
The first a mountain cleft, on white shows clear,
T'other a palm, the third a waving pine:
The Earls of Dorset and of Southampton,
One bears a car, and 't'other has a crown.

The falcon wing'd, declining to its neft,
Raymond the Earl of Devon's arms declare:
Sable and Or Earl Worc'feter's are express;
The dog Earl Derby's; Oxford's Earl the bear:
The crofs so fine, with chryfalt o'er the crest,
Of Bath's rich Prelate is the standard rare:
See that, on ermin's field, a broken feat,
Is the Duke Ariman's of Somerfet.

The horfe-guards, and thofe horfe that fling the bow,
The number of forty-two thousand make:
Juft two fuch bodies, or there wants but few,
Are thofe on foot, who combat undertake:
Thofe enfigns ermin, green and yellow, view,
Which in the air with various blazon shake,
Godfrey and Henry, Ermant, Edward, thofe,
Who lead the foot, and each his standard shows.
He's Duke of Buckingham that first appears;
That, Henry, Salisbury's County does rule o'er;
Ermant, o'er Abergav'ny, full of years:
Edward, in Shrewsbury maintains the pow'r.
This of the east which the encampment shares,
This army's English: westward now explore,
Where thirty thousand of the Scots are shown,
By their King's son Zerbin conducted on.

Each side that lion vaunt, an unicorn,
That holds a dagger argent in his paw,
Of the Scots King that is the standard borne;
His son Zerbin does here his people draw:
No one so fair 'midst all you can discern;
Nature made him, then gave the flambeau a flaw:
None is there who such grace and valour shows,
Such puissance too: he's still the Duke of Rofs.

In a field azure bears a golden bar
The Earl of Athol, in his standard great:
The other standard is the Duke of Mar,
Who bears a leopard, as in battle's heat:
Of various colours, and with birds bizarre,
See on Stout Alcabrun that standard wait;
Who, tho' no Duke, or Marquis, or yet Count,
Is Chief Commander in the Highland mount.

Of Strafford's Earl you there see the ensign,
Where to the sun the bird extends its flight:
Lucanio, Earl o'er Angus he does reign,
Bears the two dogs, beside the bull, in fight:
O' th' Duke of Albany, that's the design,
The field empal'd with colours azure, white:
The dragon green, which the fierce vulture tears,
The Earl of Buchan for his atch'ment wears.

Stout Forbes, who over Arban does command,
Sable and argent does a banner wield:
The Count of Erely, on his right hand,
Who bears a flambeau in a verdant field:
Now see the Irish, near that level land,
Two squadrons: that's of Earl Kildair the shield,
Who leads the first: Earl Defmond next succeeds,
Who from the savage hills the second leads.

Kildair bears in his arms a burning pine;
Defmond on argent a vermilion bend.
Not only in King Charles's aid to join,
The English, Scotch, and Irish, forces lend,
But Swede and Norway in their cause combine,
From Tila and remotest northern end;
From ev'ry land, in fine, about that place,
By nature enemies profess'd to peace.
At sixteen thousand is their number guest,
Ifu'd from forests and the gloomy cave,
Rugged with hair their visage, flank, and breast,
And backs, arms, legs, like savage beasts they have:
Round milk-white standard see how they are prett,
As if their lances a new forest gave:
Their chief Moratto this white standard bore,
Intent to charge it soon with Moorish gore.

While Ruggier of this troop of people great,
That did to succour France themselves prepare,
The various ensigns saw, of them did chat,
And of the British Lords the names did hear,
Crounds came to him; the beast whereon he sat
To look at, as thing strange and singular;
With wonder flupify'd they it survey'd,
And soon about him was a circle made.

As well that they might greater wonder make,
As brave Ruggier himself design'd to joke,
The rein he o'er his flying nag did shake,
And gently to his flank the spur he stuck:
He up tow'rd's heav'n thro' air his route did take,
While all below did with amazement look.
From thence Ruggier, when he from band to band
Had view'd the English, went towards Ireland.

And there Hibernia fabulose he sees,
Where had the good St. Patrick made a cave,
In which, 'tis said, such wondrous virtue lays,
Man from his sins may there purgation have.
Now o'er that fea hiscourier he conveys,
Which with its stream does the lefs Bretagne lave;
And passing by, as he did downward look,
Saw Angelic bound to the naked rock;

The naked rock upon the isle of woe;
The isle of woe was of this place the name;
A people fierce, and most inhuman too,
With cruelty, inhabited the fame;
Who, as I did in t'other t'anto shaw,
To various coastls with armed vessels came,
Seizing the lovely nymphs where-e'er they cou'd,
A monster to supply with wicked food.

There she this very morning was bound fast,
Where her to gorge alive was coming fraight
The monstrous Orc, immeasurably vast,
Whom they kept nourish'd with such horrid bait:
I told before, how she was seiz'd in hale
By those who near the sea did with her meet,
While the enchanter old lay sleeping by,
Who her had thither brought by forcery.
This people fierce, so barb’rous, inhumane,
To the dire monster on the shore expose
The fiuent lamp’d, thus quite naked lain,
As nature at her birth did her compose:
Not ev’n a veil, that cover’d might remain
The lilies white, and the vermillion robe,
Not to be cropt by July or December;
Which scatter’d were about each lovely member.

Ruggiero this a statue feign’d had thought
Of alabaster, or some marble nice,
And that upon the rock it had been wrought
By some ingenious sculptor’s neat device,
Had he not seen her eyes with tears full-fraught
‘Midst the fresh rosè, and the je’smine white,
Bedew her heaving bosom with their flow,
And gentle breezes her gold tresses blow.

He on her lovely eyes his eyes fix’d fast,
His Bradamant comes to his mind again;
Pity and love at once his heart now pass’d,
And he from weeping scarcely can refrain:
And now his speech to her with sweetnests grac’d,
Checking his horse’s wings first with the rein,
O nymph, unworthy any chain to have,
But that, with which Love leads the world his slave;

Of this unworthy, and of ev’ry ill!
What cruel, misplac’d malice could it be,
Could mark with bondage by their wicked will
That hand so fair of pol’d’ry ivory?
While thus he spoke, blushing he cheeks did fill,
As iv’ry, which of crimson takes the dye:
As naked the herelf’ those parts defcries,
Which, tho’ they e’er so lovely were, made shameful.

And she had cover’d with her hands her face,
If not too strongly fasten’d to the stone;
But with her tears, all, left her in this cafe,
She cover’d it, and strove to bend her down;
And after some deep obs to speech gave place;
Beginning in a faint, dejectéd tone,
But discontinue’d, soon was ftopt her voice,
In the sea hearing a prodigious noise.

Behold! the boundless monster now appears,
Half in the waves conceal’d, and half above:
As when the wind from various quarters tears,
The vessel vaft into the port is drove;
So to the food, plac’d in his sight, repairs
The horrid beast, now at a short remove:
The lady now remains half-dead with fear,
And little thinks she has assistance near.
101.
Tenea Ruggier la lancia non in resta,
Ma sopra mano, e percorreva l'Orca.
Altro non fosse s'assumirgli à quella,
Ch'un gran maffa, che s'aggiungi, e toca,
N' forma ha d'animal, se non la testa,
C'ha gli occhi, e i denti fior, come di porca,
Ruggier in fronte la feria tra gli occhi,
Ma par che un ferro, 'è un duro sasso tocchi.

102.
Poi che la prima batta poco vale,
Ritorna per far meglio la seconda.
L'Orca, che vede sotto le grandi ale
L'ombra di quà, è di là correr s'è l'onda,
Lafcia la preda certa litorale,
E quella vana seguì furibonda,
Dietro quella si volge, e si raggira;
Ruggier giù cala, e spezzi colpi tira.

103.
Come all'alto venendo acqua suole,
Ch'errar fra l'ere volto abbia la biačia,
O che sarà sopra un nudo sasso al Sole,
Dove le sfolge d'oro abbella, e liscia,
Non affalir da quel lato la suole,
Onde la velenosa, e fissa, e stìrfia,
Ma da tergo la adungh, e batte i vanni,
Accio non fi le volga, e non l'azzanni.

104.
Così Ruggier con l'asia, e con la spada,
Non dove era de' denti armato il mafso,
Ma vuol che el colpo tra l'occchie cada,
Or sì le schiene, or ne la coda giufo,
Se la fera si volta, e muta strada,
Ed a tempo giù cala, e poggia in fuso.
Ma, come sempre giunga in un diafpro,
Non può tagliar lo foggio duro, ed aspro.

105.
Simil battaglia fa la mosca andace
Contra il Mafso nel polveroso Augello,
O nel mesi dinanzi, o nel segueu;
L'uno di spicche, e l'altro pio di mosco:
Ne gli occhi il punge, e nel griso mordace,
Volagli intorno, e gli fia sempre accosto;
E quel sonar fa sospir il dente asciutto,
Ma un tratto, che l'arriva, appaga il tutto.

106.
Sì forte ella nel mar batte la coda,
Che fa vicino al ciel l'acqua innalzare,
Tal, che non fa, se l'ali in aria fronda;
O pur sì l'uso deftir nuota nel mare;
Gli spezza, che difa trovarsi a proda,
Che fo lo spruzzo in tal modo ha à durare,
Teme sì l'ali inaffi à l'ippogifo,
Che brami in vano avere unucca, à sebifo.

107.
Ruggier his lance in the left did not bear,
But over-hand the monstrous creature smote.
To other thing I cannot her compare,
Than a huge mafs, that rolls and twists about;
No form of animal but head is there,
In which are eyes and tufts like porker's snout.
Betwixt her eyes Ruggiero struck her front;
But as on steel or stone the stroke he did account.

102.
As little did avail the first attack,
He came to make a second better blow:
The Orc, the wings observing o'er her back,
Which cast a shade about the waves below,
Her prey secure on shore does now forefake,
To this uncertain furiously does go,
Perfuing it, and wheeling up and down:
Ruggiero descends, and frequent strokes lays on.

103.
As from on high the eagle flooping down,
Espies the snake, where thro' the meads she strays,
Or in the sun's warm rays upon a stone,
Where she her golden spots does deck and glaze;
He will not by that part her fet upon,
Whence hifing the her pois'nous fork-displays:
But at her back plies with his claws and wing,
That, turning, she mayn't reach him with her fting:

104.
So Ruggier, with his sword and with his spear,
Not where her snout is armed with its fangs,
But wills betwixt her ears his strokes to bear;
Now at the loins, now at the tail he bangs:
If she turn round, around he does repair;
Now he drops down, now in the air he hangs:
But just as if he had attack'd a fone,
Her skin's too hard and tough to cut thereon.

105.
Such battle wages the audacious fly
Against the mastiff, in the Augulf's dust,
Or in sucesfive month, or that gone by,
One rich with corn, one with the dulcet muf,
Now flings him near his biting jaws or eye,
Buzzes about him still, does still accost;
He oft his teeth snaps, oft too short they fall;
But if he reach him once, he pays for all.

106.
So floutly in the sea she beats her tail,
She almoft up to heav'n the waves does throw;
So that he knows not if in air he fall,
Or if his horse swims in the sea below:
Want of a vesel now he does bewall;
For if the but continues thus her spew,
He fear'd, she'd wet the wings of Hippogryph,
When he in vain might bladdar seek, or skiff.
Canto I.

Preso nuovo consiglio, e fu il migliore
Di vincere con altre arme il mostro crudel:
Abbarbagliar la voce con la splendore,
Ch'era incantato nel capetto seudo.
Vola nel lito, e per non fare errore,
A la donna legata al falco nudo,
Lascia nel minor dito de la mano
L'anel, che potea far l'incanto vano.

Dico l'anel, che Bradamante avea
Per liberar Ruggiero tolto à Brunello,
Poi per trarlo di man d'Alcina rea.

Mandato in India per Melisso à quello:
Melisso, come diam mi vi dicea,
In ben di molti adoperò l'anello;
Indi l'avea à Ruggier restituito,
Dal qual poi sempre fu portato in dito.

Lo dà à Angelic a ora, perché teme,
Che del suo seudo il folgorar non viete,
E perché a lei non diffei insieme
Gli occhi, che già l'avean preso à la rete.
Or viene al lito, e sotto il ventre preme
Ben mezzo il mar la smisurata cete.
Sta Ruggier à la posta, e leva il vela,
E par, ch'aggiunga un altro Sole al cielo.

Peri ne gli occhi l'incantato lume
Di quella fera, e fece al modo usato,
Quale o trota, o seaglion va giu pel fiume,
Che con calcina il montanar turbato:
Tal si vedea ne le marine sbiume,
Il Mastro orribilmente riverfato.
Di quà di là Ruggier percuote assai,
Ma di ferirlo via non trova mai.

La bella donna tutta volta priae,
Ch'in van la dura squama oltre non pesti,
Torna per Dio Signor, prima mi stva,
Dicea piangendo, che l'Orea fi delli,
Portami teco, e in mezzo il mar mi annega,
Non far, ch'in ventre al brutto pesce io refti.
Ruggier comesso dunque al giusto grido
Stegà la donna, e la levò dal lido.

Il destrier punto, punta i piè à l'arena,
E salta in aria, e per lo ciel galoppa,
E porta il cavaliere in su la schena,
E la donzella dietro in su la groppa.
Così privò la fera de la cena
Per lei faove, e delicata troppa.
Ruggier fi va volgendo, e mille baci
Figgè nel petto, e ne gli occhi vivaci.

To counsel new and better he inclin'd,
With other arms to make the monster yield;
That with the splendor he would strike her blind,
Which was enchanted in the cover'd shield:
Flies to the shore; but to set right the mind
Of the poor lady to the rock fast held,
On the small finger of her hand he left
The ring, which sorcery of pow'r bereft.

That ring I speak of, Bradamante had,
To free Ruggiero, from Brunello ta'en:
Melisso then to India it convey'd,
From vile Alcina's hand him to regain.
Melisso, as before I to you said,
By it the good of many did obtain:
Then to Ruggiero she did it restore,
Which, after, he still on his finger wore.

To Angelic he gave it, having fear
It of its lightning might the shield disfarm;
And that for her a safe defence might share
Those eyes, which him had taken with their charm.
Now to the shore the beast her paunch doth bear,
And half the sea spread with her bulk enorm;
When at his poft Ruggier the veil withdrew,
And a new fun in heaven seem'd to shew.

Sudden th'enchanted light dazzled the eyes
Of the fell beast, as it was wont to do.
As thro' the waves the trout or flurgeon flies,
Poison'd by lime the mountaineer does throw;
So thro' the briny foam the monster hies,
Horridly rolls, and does her belly show.
Now here, now there, Ruggier with force does smite,
But on no part to make a wound can light.

The lovely nymph repeatedly did cry,
His mazy scales, ah! cease, 'tis vain, to break!
Turn, good my Lord, me from the rock untie,
She weeping said, before this Orc doth wake:
Tho' you should drown me, let me with you fly,
 Ere this foul fish's stomach me should take.
Mov'd was Ruggier, so right she did implore,
He her unty'd, and took her from the shore.

The horse preft on the ground, preft by the spur,
Mounted in air, and gallop'd fleet as wind;
While on his back the cavalier he bore,
Upon his hips the damsel safe behind:
So was the beast depriv'd, her supper o'er,
For her too sweet, of too delicious kind;
Ruggier a thousand kissses, as he flies,
Fix'd on her breast, and on her sparkling eyes.

Vol. I.
Canto XI.

1. Quantunque debil freno a mezzo il corso
Animoso destruir spesso raccogla;
Raro è pero, che di ragione il morso
Libidinoso fura addietro volga,
Quando il piacer ha in pronto; à guisa d’orfo
Che dal mel non si tosto fi diloga,
Poi che gli n’è venuto odore al najo,
O qualche stilla ne gufto sì l’ufo.

2. Qual ragion fia, che ’l buon Ruggier raffrena
Si, che non voglia ora pigliar diletto
D’Angelic gentil, che nona tiene
Nel solitario, e commoda bofchetto?
Di Bradamante più non gli fiovienie,
Che tanto aver folea fijfa nel petto:
E fe ne gli fiovienie pur, come prima,
Pazzo è, fe questa ancor non prezza, e fima.

Canto XI.

113. No more he kept the course he did propose
At first, the whole circumference of Spain;
But with his horse to the next coast he goes,
Where the less Bretagne shoots into the main:
On shore a wood of shady oaks there grows,
Where Philomel seems hourly to complain;
Midst which a meadow was, and bubbling font,
And here and there a solitary mount.

114. Here did the cavalier fo wishful stop
His courser bold, and to the mead descend;
And made his horse his restles wings shoot up,
That suddenly he should not them extend:
From him dismounted, scarce with him could cope
A new flight to prevent, tho’ strongly rein’d:
The rein to break in vain he oft essay’d,
But ’gainst his will was fix’d the barricade.

115. From one part and the other now in haste
His armour he confus’dly did undo;
Ne’er seem’d he by delay so much disreft,
And where he one knot loosen’d, faften’d two.
But now this canto’s to great length encreas’d,
And hearing it, perhaps, has tired you:
So that my story now I will defer
To time, when it more grateful may appear.  M.
Canto II.

3. Con la qual non farià flato quel crudo
Zenocrate di lui più continent:
Gittato avea Ruggiero l’asta, e lo scudo,
E fì traeva l’altre armi impatiente,
Quando abbassando nel bel corpo ignudo
La donna gli occhi vergognosamente,
Si vide in dito il pregiato anello,
Che già le tolse ad Albrecchi Brunello.

4. Questo è l’anel, ch’ella portò già in Francia
La prima volta, che fe quel cammino
Col fratel suo, che v’arrecò la lancia,
Laqual fu poi d’Afrifso Paladino,
Con questo fe’ gl’incante ufcire in ciancia
Di Malagigi al petron di Merlino,
Con questo Orlando, ed altri una mattina
Tofse di servitù Dragonina;

5. Con questo ufe involto de la torre,
Dove l’avea richiua un vecchio rio.
A che voglio io tutte fue prove accorre,
Se le sapete voi, come io?
Brunel in giro gliel venne à torre,
Ch’Agramante d’averlo ebbe difio,
Da indi in qua sempre Fortuna à fdegno
Ebbe coftei, fin che le tolse il regno.

6. Or che s’el vede, come ho detto, in mano,
Si di sfurpe, e d’allegrezza è piena,
Che quasi dubbia di fognarsi in vano,
A gli occhi, a la man sua da fede à pena.
Dél dito fe lo leva, e a mano a mano
Se’l chiude in bocca, e in men che non balena,
Cosi da gli occhi di Ruggier fcela,
Come fa il Sol, quando la nube il vela.

Ruggier pur d’ogn’intorno riguardava,
E s’aggiàrava à cerco, come un matto,
Ma poi che de l’anelfi ricordava,
Scornato vi rimase, e sfurpefato,
E la sua inavvertenza feflemiava,
E la donna acutava di quello atto
Ingrato, e d’ingrate, che renda
In riposanza gliera del suo aiuto.

8. Ingrata damigella, è quelo quello
Guiderdona, dicea, che tu mi rendi?
Che più tfto involar vogli l’anello,
C’averlo in don: percbe da me nol prendi?
Non pur quel, ma lo scudo, e il defìrr fiello,
E me ti dono, e come vuoi mi fpendi,
Sol che’l bel ufo tuo non mi nascondi,
Io fo crudel, che m’odi, e non rifpondi.

Had with her been Zenocrates sever,
Than him he had not been more continent:
Ruggier had cast away his shield and spear,
His other arms drew off impatient:
With decent fame, when on her body bare
The nymph diffrets’d her eye-fight downward bent;
Upon her hand the ring he did survey,
Which at Albrecchi once Brunello stole away.

4. This is the ring she carry’d once to France,
The first time that she made journey there;
Where for her brother she regain’d that lance,
Which after fell to Duke Astolfo’s share:
With this she ‘fcap’d th’ enchantment’s evil chance,
Malagige did at Merlin’s enchant prepare:
With this one morn Orland and company
She from Dragon’s fervitude set free.

5. With this the tow’r the ‘fcap’d invisible,
Where a pervers old man did her enclose.
But why should I its virtues rare reveal,
Which each of you, no less than me, well knows?
Brunel to th’ fortrefs came this ring to steal,
Talk, Agramant upon him did impose:
From whence, till now, fortunate was fill her foe,
So much, she her from out her realms did throw.

6. Now seeing, as I said, this on her hand,
She was so fill’d with wonder and delight,
Whether she slept or walk’d does doubtful stand,
And scarce gave credence to her hand and sight;
She took it off her finger quickly,
In her mouth shuts it, twas as heaven’s light:
From Ruggier’s won’dring eyes she was conceal’d,
As when the fun-shine by a cloud is veil’d.

7. Ruggiero ev’ry-where now stand’r about,
And ran around to search, as h’ad been wild;
But soon as on the fatal ring he thought,
Quite stunn’d he was, to see himself thus foil’d;
His inadvertency he call’d to nought,
And for this act the lady much revil’d,
Discourteous and ingrate, who ill repaid
The rempence due to his gen’rous aid.

8. Ungrateful nymph! me do you thus repay!
Is this, said he, then the return you make?
Would you then rather steal my ring away,
Than as a gift, becaus from me, it take?
Not that alone, horfe, shield’s resplendent ray,
Myself accept, all prefents for your fake,
That your sweet face you should no more deny:
Cruel! I know you hear, but won’t reply.
Cosi dicendo intorno à la fontana
Brancolando, n'andava, come cieco,
O quante volte abbracciò l'aria vana,
Sperando la danzella abbracciare feco.
Quella, che s'era già fatta lontana,
Mai non cessò d'andar, che giunse à un speco,
Che sotto un monte era capace, e grande,
Dove al bisogno suo trovo vivande.

Quivi un vecchio pastore, che di cavallo
Un grande armento avea, facea soggiorno.
La giumente paesean giù per la valle
Le tenere erbe à i freschi rivi intorno:
Di qua, di là da l'antro erano fialle,
Dove fuggiano il Sol del mezzo giorno.
Angelica quel di lunga dimora
La dentro fece, e non fu vinta ancora.

E circa il vespro, poi che rinselvacci,
E le fu avviso esser pigata affai:
In certi drappi rozzi avviluppati,
Dissimil troppo à i portamenti gai,
Che verdi, gialli, perfì, azzurri, e rossi
Ebbe, e di quante foggie furan mai:
Non le può tor pero tanto umil gorna,
Che bella non raffemibri, e nobil donna.

Taccia chi loda Fillide, o Neera
O Amarilli, o Galatea fugace:
Che d'essa alcuna fi bella non era,
Tisro, e Melibeo, con voftra pace.
La bella donna trae fuor de la febria
De le giumente una, che più le piace.
Allora allora se le fece inante
Un penfer di tornarjene in Levante.

Ruggiero intanto, poi che ebbe gran pezzo
Indarno atteso, s'ella si scopriva,
E che s'avuise del suo error da fezzo,
Che non era vicina, e non l'udiva,
Dove lasciato avea il cavallo, avezzo
In cieco, e in terra, à rimontar veniva,
E ritrovò, che s'avea tratto il morso,
E falia in aria à più libero corpo.

Fu grave, e mala aggiunta à l'altro danno
Veder si anco restar senza l'angello.
Questo non men, che il feminille inganno
Gli preme alcàr; ma più che quello, e quello
Gli preme, e fo sentir noioso affanno,
L'aver perduto il prezioso anello;
Per le virtù non tanto, ch'in lui sono,
Quanto, che fu de la sua donna dono.

Thus speaking, he the fountain walk'd about,
Groping around, as tho' he had been blind;
How oft the damsel to embrace he thought,
But in his arms caught nothing else but wind!
She at a distance, long time since set out,
Perfu'd her way, till the a cot did find,
Which was beneath a hill, capacious, great,
Where, to supply her want, the light on meat.

An ancient herdman, who a num'rous breed
Maintain'd of horses, here did make abode:
Beneath, the cattle in the valley fed,
Where midst the verdant grass the current flow'd:
And stables there were plac'd about the mead,
Where from the mid-day sun they shelter'd flood;
This day did Angelic long time remain
Within that place, as yet by no one seen.

And tow'rs the eve, when the refreshment had,
Thinking she had enjoy'd enough repose,
Herself in homely drapery the clad:
From what she us'd so gay, how different those!
Which dy'd with green or yellow, blue or red,
She wore, where ornament the fancy shows;
But yet could not this humble dres so mean
Prevent her form and grandeur being seen.

No more of Phyllis, Amaryllis, tell,
Næera, Galatea fugitive,
That they in beauty all the world excel;
Tityrus, Melibeous, by your leave.
This lovely nymph from 'mongst the herds does steal
A mare, which she most suiting does perceive:
Now in her mind her thoughts about the caft,
How she again might travel to the east.

Mean while Ruggiero, who long time did wait,
In vain expecting she'd herelf declare;
And now his error finding out, tho' late,
That she, no longer by him, did not hear;
Where he had left his horfe, came him to get,
Accustom'd to mount from the earth to air,
And found, that he had broken loose his bit,
And up to heav'n in freedom made his flight.

Join'd to his other griefs this loss was great,
To see himself deprived of his bird;
This, full as much, as did the female cheat,
His heart tormented; but there was a third
Still pref'd him more, and made his grief complete,
His precious ring fo bafely thus transferr'd;
Nor fo much for the virtue it did bear,
As that the gift twas of his lady dear.
Beyond all measure griev'd, he does replace
His armour, throws his shield upon his back;
He quits the sea, and by a lawn of grafs,
Towards a valley large his road does take:
Midst the high forrest, in a shady place,
He saw a broad and a more beaten track.
Far went he not; for where the forest rear'd
Its thickest trees, a montrous noise he heard.

A noise he heard, and dreadful was the sound
Of arms together clash'd; he there does haste
Betwixt the trees, and there two persons found
In battle fierce, in narrow compass plac'd,
Without the least regard to pity bound,
Each vengeance dire. I know not why, embrac'd,
One of a giant did the semblance bear,
T'other a bold and gallant cavalier.

And he does with his sword and with his shield,
Leaping now here, now there, himself defend,
Left the vaft club, the giant fierce did wield
With both his hands, might falling him offend:
Already dead his horse lay on the field.
Ruggier fop'd short, the battle to attend,
And foon his utmost wills he inclin'd,
That he the cavalier might conquer find.

Yet ne'ertheless he does not help beftow,
But, to obferve the end, abide he got;
Now with his club the giant at one blow
With both his hands, the other's helmet fmore:
With the fierce stroke the cavalier fell low;
T'other, who faw him ftrun'd upon the stop,
To give him death his helmet did unlace,
By which Ruggier discover'd now his face.

Ruggier did the uncover'd vilage fee,
Tho' pale in death, so lovely and fo fair;
And that his dearest Bradamant was she,
Whom the fell giant did to flay prepare:
To battle therefore calls him instantly,
And with his naked weapon does him dare:
But he new battle not difpos'd to make,
The dying lady in his arms did take.

And o'er his shoulders throwing bears away,
As the fierce wolf the tender lamb does treat;
Or in his claws the eagle takes his prey,
The dove or bird which he in flight can get:
Ruggier his aid faw of necefity,
And forward pref'd towards him with utmost heat;
But in fuch halfe, fuch ftrides immense he hies,
Ruggier can scarce perfue him with his eyes.
21. Thus running one, the other still pursues,
Thro' a close passage, which did light exclude;
But still advancing on, it wider grows
Into a meadow vail from forth the wood.

22. But little this avail'd us; for the foe
Of human kind, who th' engine did invent,
And sample had for this machine of woe,
The thunder, whence is earth and heaven rent;
Scarce to us did he greater mischief do,
Seducing Eve with th' apple fraudulent,
A forcer made, again to find it out
Within our grandfires days, or thereabout.

23. Numbers of years had this machine of hell
Hundreds of yards beneath the water lain;
Enchantment curt at length upon it fell,
And thence convey'd it first to Allemain:
Where they by trials strove, it to reveal;
The devil with his help did them sustaine,
And, fatal hour! ensubil'd fo their mind,
That they at laft the ufe of it did find.

24. Thence Italy and France, and other land
Throughout the world, have this invention dire:
The brafs they into hollow form expand,
Within a furnace, liquify'd by fire;
Or elfe in ir'n, some little and some grand,
Vafes they make of weight, some small, some high'r;
Of Bombard and Petard the names they bear;
Some simple Cannon, others double are.

25. Mortars and Culverins, of death the band,
Strange names they get, juft to the maker's thought;
Iron or stone with ruin they can rend;
Where e'er they come, is sure destruction wrought:
Go, wretched soldier! at the forge attend;
See all your arms, your fword, i'th' furnace put;
Shoulder your mufket, and then talk away,
Or else I know, that you will touch no pay.

26. Machine detestable! how didft thou find,
Invention vile, in human heart a place!
By thee the martial glory is declin'd;
By thee the trade of war is in difgrace;
By thee heroic valour is confin'd,
That often cowards of the brave take place:
No more can prowefs gallant, courage true,
Appear in field an equal match for you.
E credero, che Dio, perche vendetta
Ne sia in eterno, nel profondo chiusa
Del cieco Abisso quella maladetta
Anima appresso al maladetto Giuda.
Ma seguitiamo il cavalier, ch’è in fretta
Brama trovarli à l’isola d’Ebuda,
Dove le belle donne, e delicate
Sia per vivanda à un marin nostro date.

Ma quanto avea più fretta il Paladin,
Tanto parea, che men l’aveffe il vento.
Spiri, ó dal lato destro, ó dal mancino,
O ne le poppe, sempre è così lento,
Che fui far con lui poco cammino,
E rimanea tal volta in tutto fpenta;
Soffia talor fì avvolf; che gli è forza
O di tornare, ó d’ir girando à l’orza.

Fu volontà di Dio, che non venisse
Prima, che’l Re d’Ibernia, in quella parte;
Accio con più facilità seguisse
Quel, ch’èdir vi farò fra poche carte;
Sopra l’isola fort, Orlando diffe
Al suo noceviero, Or qui potrai fermarte,
Ei battel d’armi, che portar mi voglio,
Senz’altra compagnia sopra lo seeglio.

E voglio la maggior gomma meco,
E l’ancora maggior, c’abbi sul legno.
Io ti farò vedere perché l’arrece,
Se con quel mezzo ad affrontar mi vegno.
Gittar fe in mare il palijsfermo feco
Con tutto quel, ch’èera atto al tuo disegno,
Tutte l’arme lascia, fuor che la spada,
E ver lo seeglio fui prese la strada.

Si tira i remi al petto, e tien le spalle:
Volte à la parte, ove descender vuole,
A guisa che del mare, è de la valle,
Uscendo al lito il falfo granchio fuole;
Èra ne l’ora, che le chiome gialle
La bella Aurora avea fpiegate al Sole;
Mezzo focorto ancora, e mezzo ascovo,
Non senza sdegno di Titon geloso.

27.
By you are gone, and will go to their grave,
Many a knight, and many a valiant chief,
Before this war of ours an end shall have,
That to the world, most Italy, gives grief:
If I have said, a saying true I gave,
That the most cruel authors of mischief,
That of the world the genius most malign
Invented this most horrible machine.

And, I believe, God, in his vengeful ire,
For everlasting woe this cruel foul shut
In the profound abyss, most dark and dire,
Near to the soul of curfed Judas put.
But to the knight let’s turn, with great desire
Seeking Hebuda’s island to find out;
Where the fine ladies, morfels delicate!
To the sea-monster given are for meat.

But still the more the Paladin would haste,
The more resolv’d the wind seem’d to delay;
Now to the right, now left, it gave a blast;
Now at the poop, but in so gentle way,
They could by that in no-wife get on fast,
And sometimes in a settled calm they stay:
Sometimes a squall adverse blow’d with such force,
They veer about, or take another course.

The will of heav’n ’twas, he should not arrive,
Before the Irish King did thither get,
That he with greater ease might all contrive,
Which you shall be inform’d of in this sheet.
Orland did to his pilot orders give,
When they came to the isle, You here may wait,
And give to me the boat, for I intend
This rock without companion to ascend.

And I’d the greatest cable have with me,
The vesselle’s anchor too of greatest weight:
You for what purpose this I take, shall fee,
If with this monster I can chance to meet:
He made them hoist the pinnace to the sea,
Loaded with what was for his purpose fit;
All arms he left, except his trusty blade,
Then towards the rock his course directly made.

To his breast tugs the oar, his back does keep
Turn’d to the place, where he designs to go;
As when from sea to shore the crab to creep,
In motion counterfeit, is us’d to do:
’Twas when the fair Aurora near the deep
Her golden locks to Sol began to show,
As yet one half was cover’d, half reveal’d,
Which Tithon’s jealous breast with anger fill’d.

32.
33.
Now to the barren cliff advancing near,
As a well-shewed arm a stone could throw,
A faint and languid sound ascotts his ear,
Doubtful he heard, or not, a found of wo:
When to the left his vessel he does fleer,
Towards the waves his eye-light calling low,
He saw a maid, naked as nature's state,
Ty'd to a stump; the waters wash'd her feet.

34.
But at a distance, as she down did bear
Her face, he could not, who she was, discern;
He hafty plies his oars to get more near,
With eager with, fully the cafe to learn;
When in the sea he bellowing does hear,
Which echo'd thro' the woods, and each cavern;
The waters swell'd, and forth the monster prest,
And almost hid the ocean with her breast.

35.
As from the vale obscure the cloud ascends
Pregnant with rain, with humid tempests full,
That, more than the dark night, itself diffends
Over the world, and day seems to o'er-rule:
So swims the beast, and such part comprehends
Of the wide sea, she seems to take the whole:
The waters roar; Orland, with heart unhook,
Collected in himself, ne'er chang'd his steady look.

36.
And like to one, who had his judgment clear
In what he purpos'd, sudden mov'd about,
That to the nymph he might be succour near,
And at the same time might affail the brute:
His skiff he row'd betwixt the Orc and her,
His sword not from the scabbard yet drawn out;
Anchor and cable in his hands he takes,
And with brave heart to th' horrid monster makes.

37.
Soon as the Orc came forward, and now saw
Orlando in his skiff, small space between,
To swallow him the op'd so wide her jaw,
A man on horseback might with ease go in:
Orland press'd on, and with the anchor's claw
Plung'd in her throat, and, if I'm not mifta'en,
Himself, the boat too, and the anchor, hung
Upon her palate, and her tender tongue.

38.
So that one horrid jaw can't down be bore,
And t'other lower one can't upwards bend;
So where in mines they work the iron ore,
The earth, as they dig on, they still upf pend,
Left fudden ruin them might cover o'er,
While they incautious do their work attend:
So great the height from one to t'other fluke,
Orland could not get up, unless a leap he took.

39.
Canto II.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

39.

Messo il puntello, e fattosi sicuro,
Che'l nostro pia ferrar non può la bocca,
Stringe la fpada, e per quell' altro eferro
Di quà, é di là con tagli, e punte tocca:
Come fì può, poi che fon dentro al muro
Giunti i nemici, ben difender locca;
Cosi difender l'Orca si pota
Dal Paladin, che ne la gola avea.

40.

Dal dolor vinta or sopra il mar sì lancia,
E moifa i fianchi, e le fegnifiche febbien:
Or dentro vi s'attuffa, e con la pancia
Murge dal fido, e fa falir l'arense,
Sentendo l'acqua il cavalier di Francia,
Che troppo abonda, à muoto fuor ne viene
La fia l'ancora fitta, e in mano prende
La fune, che da l'ancora depende.

41.

E con quella ne vien nuotando in fretta
Verso lo fcoglio; ove fermata il pisce
Tira l'ancora à fe, ch'in bocca fietta
Con le due punte il brutto mofiro fiede;
L'Orca à feguire il canape è cofettetra
Da quella forza, ch'ogni forza eccede;
Da quella forza, che più in una foce
Tira, ch'in dieci un argano far pofta.

42.

Come toro salvatico, ch'al corna
Gittar fe fenta un improvviso lacio,
Salta di quà, e di là, s'aggira intorno
Si colca, e lieva, e non può ufier d'impercio:
Cofi fuor del suo antico ampio feggiorno
L'Orca tratta per forza di quel braccio
Con mille guizzi, e mille fìnane ruote
Segue la fune, e fior non fe ne puto.

43.

Di bocca il sangue in tanta copia fonde,
Che quello oggi al mar raffo fe può dire;
Dove in tal guifa ella percuote l'onore,
Ch'infimo al fondo le vedrefte aprire,
Ed or ne bagna il cielo, e il fume afondo
Del chiaro Sol, tanto le fa faltare.
Rimbombano al rumor, ch'intorno s'ode,
Le felle, i monti, e le lontane prode.

44.

Fuor de la grotta il vecchio Proteo, quando
Ode tanto rumar, fopra il mar efce;
E visto entrare, e vefir de l'Orca Orlando,
E al lito trar fe fimulato pefce,
Fugge per l'alto Oceano, obbiando
Lo fpargo gregge, e fi il tumulto cresce,
Che fatto al carlo i foi delmni porre
Quel di Netuno in Efìthia corre.

VOL. I.

With fuch a prop he makes himself secure,
As now her jaw the monster cannot flunt;
His fword he draws, and, in that den obscure,
From one side to another flabb'd and cut:
As to defend the fort none have the pow'r,
When in the walls the enemy is got;
So was the Orc devoid of all redrefs,
As did the Paladin her throat poftefs.

40.

With grief o'ercome the thre' the sea does launch,
And her vaft fhanks and fcaly back the fhowes;
Now herfelf plunges in, and with her pautch
The bottom tears, and up the fands the fhows;
The water now, perceives the knight of France,
Too much abound, and swimming forth he goes;
The anchor fix'd he leaves, then does extend
The cable, unto which the anchor does depend.

41.

And holding it, he swimming comes in haste
Towards the rock; and, having reach'd the ground,
He drew the anchor in her mouth fo fait
With the two hooks, which did her gullet wound;
By that force, which all other force fupraf'd,
The cable to perfue, the Orc was bound;
By that force, which more at one effort drew,
Than could in ten the strongest caftpain do.

42.

As the wild bull, perceiving o'er his horns
The unexpected halter just convey'd,
This way and that way leaps, about he turns,
He rolls, he rears, but can't the knot get freed;
So from the main, where usual the fjojurs,
The Orc by force of arm fo pow'rful led,
Sliding a thoufand ways, and rolling round,
Follows the rope, but cannot get unbound.

43.

From forth her mouth pour'd fuch a mass of blood,
This then the red sea might have called been,
Where she in fuch strange manner fmore the flood,
That, as once there, the bottom might be feen;
The heaven's deluging does day exclude,
And with the waves the fun's bright ray does fcreen;
The noise is heard re-echo all around,
And woods and hills and diffant fhores refound.

44.

Old Proteus issu'd out from forth his grot,
Hearing fuch hideous buflle on the sea:
Seeing Orland go in the Orc and out,
And thus the fun immense to fhow convey,
Thro' the wide ocean fied, and quite forgot
His ftragling flock; and fo encreas'd the fray,
That Neptune made his dolphins be put to
His car, and into Æthiopia flew.
Con Melicerta in collo lui piangendo
E le Nereide co i capelli sparsi,
Glauci, e Tritoni, e gli altri, non sappiando
Dove, chi qua, chi là per salvarsi;
Orlando al lito trafigge il pesce arrendo,
Col qual non bigosso più affaticarì;
Che del travagliò, e per l'acuta pena
Prima morì, che fosse in sua Parea.

De l'Ipola non pochi erano corsi
A riguardar quella battaglia strana,
L'ogni da vana religion rimorsi,
Cosi fante opre riputar profana;
E dicean, che farebbe un nuovo torfi
Proteo unico, e attizzar l'Ira infanta
Da farli porre il marin gregge in terra,
E tutta rinnovar l'antica guerra.

E che meglio farà di chiedere pace
Prima a l'offejo Dio, che peggio accada;
E questo si farà, quando l'audace
Gittato in mare a placar Protea vada;
Come dò fuoco l'una a l'altra face,
E tosto attunma tutta una contrada,
Cosi d'un cuor ne l'altro si difende
L'Ira, chi'Orlando vuol gittar ne l'onde.

Chi d'un fronda, e chi d'un arco armato
Chi d'asta, chi di spada al lito svento,
E dinanzi, e di dietro, e d'ogni lato,
Lontano, e appresso, a più poter l'offende.
Di si beffial infunto, e troppo ingrato
Gran maraviglia il Paladin si prende;
Pel nostro ucciso ingiuria far si vede,
Dove aoverne fera gloria, e mercede.

Ma, come l'orsa sual, che per le fiere
Menato sia da Rufe, o Lituan,
Passando per la via poco temere
L'importuna abbevar de' piccioli cani.
Che pur non se li degna di vedere,
Cosi poco temeza de' Villani
Il Paladin, che con un soffio fulo
Ne potrà fraccar tutto lo stuolo.

E ben si fece far subito piazza,
Che lor si veve, e Durindana prese.
S'avea creduto quella gente piazza,
Che le doveva far poche contese,
Quando ne indoffo gli vedea corazon,
Ni scudo in braccio, ni alcuno altro arnese,
Ma non fepao, che dal capo à le piante
Dura la pelle aveva più, che diamante.

Iro and Melicerta full of woe,
The Nereids all with their diuhevll'd hair,
The Glauci, Tritons, sea-gods, did not know,
Where they about for safety might repair:
Orland the horrid fish to shore does throw;
Nor with her needed any further care,
For with her toil and wounds she had receive'd,
She dy'd, before she to the shore arriv'd.

A many of the island thither run
On purpose this so wondrous fight to see,
And by their vain religion wrought upon,
This holy work they deem'd impiey:
And said, This would the dang'rous ire draw on
Of Proteus, and provoke new enmity;
And make him lend again his sea-herd there,
Again renew the former deadly war.

And better it would be to sue for peace
From the offended god, ere greater woe;
And that the best way Proteus to appease,
This impious mortal to the waves to throw:
As one torch from another takes the blaze,
And soon the flame does o'er the country go,
From one to t'other so diffus'd the ire,
Till all, to cast Orland to sea, conspire.

Some take a fling, and some a bow provide,
With spear or sword some to the shore descend,
Before, behind him, and on every side,
Far off or near, as they may most offend:
The Paladin, their brutal insult ey'd,
Amaz'd this act ungrateful does attend;
The monter slain as inj'ry they regard,
Where he might hope for glory and reward.

But, as when to some how the rugged bear,
By Russian or by Lithuanian led,
Passing along the way devoid of fear,
The bark impertinent of curs don't heed,
Disdaining them even to see or hear;
So of these country ruffians had small dread
The Paladin, who, a single breath,
Was able all of them to crush to death.

And for himself, he suddenly made place;
For now he turns; does Durindana take;
But they imagin'd had, this foolish race!
That he could little opposition make;
As they discover'd he had no cuirass,
His arm no shield, no armour on his back;
But that he had a skin, were ignorant;
From head to foot harder than adaman.
Quel, che d'Orlando a gli altri far non lece,
Di far de'g' altri à lui già non è tolto,
Trenta n'uccise, e furò in tutte diece
Bette, a fe più, non le passò di molto.
Tostò intorno fombrar l'arena face,
E per flegar la donna era già volto,
Quando nuovo tumulto, e nuovo gridò
Fè rifonar da un'altra parte il lido.

Mentre avea il Paladin da questa banda,
Cosi tenuto i Barbari impediti,
Eran senza contrefilo quei d'Irlanda
Da più parte ne l'isola falliti,
E' s'ènta ogni pieta'fisag nefanda
Di quel popol facean per tutti i siti.
Fosse giustizia, e fosse crudeltà,
Nè fesso riguardavano, nè ciaide.

Nessun ripar fan gli'isolani, o poco,
Parte, ch'accolti son troppo improvviso:
Parte, che poca gente ha il picciol loco;
E quella poca 'è di nessuno avviso.
L'aver fu mezzo a facce; mezzo fuoco
Fu no le cafe; il popolo fu ucciso;
Le mura fur tutte adeguate al solo;
Nè fu lasciato vivo un capo solo.

Orlando come là appartenia nulla
L'alto rumor, le fride, e la ruina,
Viene à colei, che sù la pietra brulla
Avea da divorar l'Ora marina.
Guarda, e gli par conoscer la fanchiulla,
E più gli pare, e più, che s'arruica;
Gli pare Olimpia, ed era Olimpia certo,
Che di sua fede ebbe fiiniquo merto.

Miseria Olimpia, à cui dopo lo sconcerto,
Che gli fe amore, anco morte crude,
Mandò i corsari, e fu il medesimo giorno;
Che la porciaro à l'isola d'Eubìa.
Riconofce ella Orlando nel ritorno,
Che fa à lo foglio, ma perch'ella è nuda,
Tien baffe il capo, e non che non gli parli,
Ma gli occhi non ardìsce al viso alzarti.

Orlando domanda, ch'inqua forte
L'avesse fatto à l'isola venire
Di là, dove lasciata col conforto
Lietà l'avea quanto sì può più dire.
Non so, disse ella, s'io v'ho, che la morte
Voi mi schivaste, grazia a riferire;
O da dolerni, che per voi non sia
Oggi finita la miseria mia.

What could not be against Orlando done,
He against others was empow'rd to do;
For in ten blows in all, which he laid on,
It could not much furpafs, he thirty flew:
Soon he the lands around made empty shewn,
And to unbind the lady now does go:
When a new tumult, and a sudden roar,
Refounded from the other side the showe.

Whilst on this side the Paladin debarr'd
These Barb'rous people from their wicked scheme,
The Irish force, not check'd by any guard,
Thro' other quarters of the isle came,
And having to compallion no regard,
Destroy'd the people in their rage extreme:
Whether this cruelty or justice were,
Without distinction age nor sex they spare.

The islanders but small defence could shew,
Partly, as this attack was unforeseen;
Partly, because the people there were few,
And those were weak, or ill-adv'is'd had been:
All their posessions sack'd, their houses too
Were set on fire, the people also slain;
The castle-walls were levell'd to the ground,
Till not one living perfon there was found.

As this confusion, ruin, rumour vaft,
Did to Orlando in no fort relate:
He went to her, whom at the rock ty'd fast
The marine moniter was design'd to eat:
He look'd at her, and thought the nymph he guels'd.
Her more it feem'd, as nearer he did get:
She feem'd Olympia, and she was most sure:
Who for her faith did fuch reward endure.

Wretched Olympia! who had been the scorn
Of cruel love: then fortune, more severe,
The corsairs sent that day to her forlorn,
Who to Heuba's island her did bear:
She, as Orlando did to the rock return,
Knew him; but as she was quite naked there,
Held down her head, not only did not speake,
But from the earth her eye'sight durst not take.

Orlando ask'd, by what unhappy fate
She on this horrid isle had been brought,
From where he left her with her spouse so late;
As joyful, as could be conceiv'd by thought.
I know not, said she, whether in my fate
That me you've fav'd, return you thanks I ought:
Or rather grieve, by your means I sha'n't see
This day an end to all my misery.
I ought to thank you, that in such a way
Me from this death too dreadful you defend;
Too dreadful would it be, if for her prey
Me to her paunch this horrid beast should send;
But cannot thank you for my death's delay,
Since death alone my miferies can end:
Thank you indeed I would, would you bestow
The only gift, which can remove my woe.

She then perfu'd with heavy sighs to tell
The manner, how her fpoof did her betray,
Who left her sleeping on the defend ile,
Whence she by corsairs feiz'd was borne away;
And turning round, as she did this reveal,
Her motion fuch a figure did display,
As Dian grav'd or painted at the font,
Where she casts water at Actaeon's front.

For as her perfor she still ftrove to hide,
She to no purpose full employ'd her pains.
Orlando with'd, his ship to port might ride,
As her, whom he had thus fet free from chains,
He fain would cover with fome cloaths: he try'd,
This to perform: meantime O'Bert, who reigns
O'er Ireland's ile, came up, as he had known,
That on the fhole the monftcr dead was thrown.

And that a cavalier had swimming gone
An anchor vaft to faften in her throat;
And that he fo her to the fhole had drawn,
As forth the water people draw a boat;
O'Bert to fee, if this to him made known,
Was, as related, and the truth to note,
Thither came on; meantime his people spoil,
And ev'ry part lay wafte with fire, Hebuda's ifle.

The King of Ireland, tho' Orland with blood
Was dy'd all o'er, with mud and water foul,
Stain'd with that foil, which from the monfter flow'd;
When he came forth, whence he had enter'd, whole,
That this the knight was, plainly underflood,
The more fo, as his mind in thought was full,
When of fuch valour he did news receive,
None but Orlando would fuch infance give.

He knew him well, as he had been in France,
Infant of honour there; which place he left,
Of his fire's crown to take th' inheritance,
Who was the year before of life bereft;
Had feen him oft, and with him conference
Had had fo oft, ftrong friendship to ingraft,
Runs to embrace him, and to him faulte,
Firt from his head having his helmet put.
ORLANDO FURIOUS.

63. Non meno Orlando di vedersi contento
Si mostrò il Re, che 'l Re di vedersi lui.
Poi che furo a iterar l'abbracciamento
Una, o due volte tornati ambedue,
Narrot ad O Bert Orlando il trattamento.
Che fu fatto a la giovane, e dacui
Fatto le lue, dal perfido Bireno,
Che via d'ogn' altro lo doveva far meno.

64. Le prove gli narrò, che tante volte
Ella d'amarlo dimostrato avea,
Come i parenti, e le foltanze tolte
Le fure, e al fin per lui morir volca;
E ch'esso testimonio era di molte,
E renderne buon conto ne potea.
Mentre parlava, i begli occhi fereni
De la donna di lagrime eran pieni.

65. Era il bel viso suo, quale effer fuse
Da primavera alcuna volta il cielo,
Quando la pioggia cade, e a un tempo il Sole
Si fombrà interno il nubilo velo;
E come il giusignol dolci core
Mena ne i rami allor del verde belo;
Così a le belle lagrime le piume
Si bagna Amore, e gode al chiaro lume.

66. E ne la face de' begli occhi ascende
L'aurato sfilare, e nel ruscello ammora;
Che tra vermiigli e bianchi fiori scende;
E temprato che l'ha, tira di forza
Contra il garzon, che ne feudo dispende,
Ne maglia doppia, ne ferrigna forza,
Che mentre fia a mirar gli occhi, e le chiome,
Si siente il cuor ferito, e non fa come.

67. Le bellezze d'Olimpia eran di quelle
Che son piu rare, e non la fronte sola,
Gli occhi, le guancie, e le chiome avea belle,
La bocca, e il naso, gli omeri, e la gola,
Ma disendendo giu da le mammelle,
Le parti, che solea eprir la fiola,
Fur di tanta ecceziznza, ch'anteperfe,
A quante n'avea il mondo, potean farfe.

68. Vincenzo di candor le nievi intatte,
Ed eran più ch'avorio a toccar molti;
Le poppe ritondate parsean latte,
Che fuor de i giunchi allora allora tolli.
Spazio fra loro tal discendea, qual fatte
Esser veggiar fra piccicoli colli
L'ombrafe valli, in sua flagione amene,
Che'l verno abbia di nieve allora pieni.

69. Orlando no less joy express'd to meet
The King, than did the King shew him to see;
When they their kind embraces did repeat
Two or three times in strictest amity,
Orland to O'Bert did the fraud relate,
That had been practis'd on the dame: that he,
Who this had done, was Biren base, untrue,
Who left of the whole world such act should do.

64. Then the repeated num'rous proofs he told,
She of her ardent love to him had shewn;
How she her parents lost, her substanze fold,
And would at last for him her life lay down;
That he that proof was able to unfold,
And could give evidence, if call'd upon:
The lovely eyes, while he did this relate,
Of the fair lady, flood with tears replete.

65. Her face was likenefs of the heav'nly morn,
Which we see sometimes in the gaudy spring,
When the sun's rays at once the clouds adorn,
While they o'er him their drops are flattering;
And as the nightingale on branch or thorn
Her dulcet carols does complaining sing;
So love to bathe his feathers took delight
In her fair tears, sport in her lute bright;

66. And light his golden arrow in the flame
Of her fine eyes, and quench'd it in that source,
'Midst flowers red and white, which trickling came;
And, when 'twas temper'd, shot with such a force
Against the youth, no shield could baulk his aim,
Nor double coat of mail, tho' e'er so coarfe;
For whilst he gaz'd upon her looks, her eyes,
He found his heart was smitten with surprize.

67. Olympia's charms were of a flampe so rare,
A diff'rent luster did each beauty deck;
Her forehead and her eyes, her cheeks, her hair,
Her nofe, her mouth, her shoulders, and her neck,
Her rising breasts, but to go lower, where
The eye-light decent robes are us'd to check,
They were so exquisitè, to far outdo
All delicacies, which the world could shew.

68. The white of untouch'd snow they far surpass'd,
More smooth than is the polifh'd ivory,
Like milk, appear'd each little dwelling brest,
Which in rush-basket they concrete convey;
A space betwixt descended to her waffe,
Level as does the shady valley lay
Between two little hills, which pleasant place
The winter's snow does with its whiteness grace.
69.

The well-turn'd side and hips of lovely make,
And body smooth as chrysal, and as neat,
Her limbs so white such just proportion take,
As made by Phidias, or some hand more great;
I of thosc other parts should also speak,
Which she in vain endeavour'd to secrete;
In fine, I say, of her from head to foot,
Whate'er was beauty's self, was there laid out.

70.

Her had the Phrygian shepherd chance'd to see
In the Idean vale, tho' Venus gain'd
The conquest, she would have excelle'd the three:
Nor had he travell'd to the Spartan land,
To break the laws of hospitality,
Nor being there, had he his honour stain'd;
But said, With Menelaus; Helen! remain,
No other nymph than this I wish to gain.

71.

Her had she at the fam'd Crotone been,
Where Zeuxis his fine picture had design'd
For Juno's temple, to be plac'd therein,
And all the faire ones naked he combin'd,
Where one to form, in strict perfection seen,
In various objects di fFent parts to find,
Other than her he needed not to ufe;
For she, conjoin'd in one, all beauties shews.

72.

I don't believe Bireno e'er did see
That lovely body naked; for I'm sure
He never then had us'd such cruelty,
Nor on the defert her to leave endure:
That O'Bert was inflam'd, there's certainty;
Such fire admits not to be cover'd o'er:
To comfort her he study'd hope to give
This ill should turn to good, which did her grieve.

73.

And promis'd, he'd with her to Holand go,
Nor fail to place her in her Sov'reignty,
And on the traitor he'd just vengeance shew,
And memorable, for his perjury;
Which Ireland with its utmost force should do;
And that with expedition this should be:
Meantime each house he made them search about
All sorts of female vestments to find out.

74.

No need there would be, different robes to find,
From forth the Ile in search to fend away;
For such the ladies all had left behind,
Who had been of the greedy monster prey:
But plenty great, where trimmings rich were join'd,
O'Berto met with, without much delay,
Olympia to adorn, and grief express;
That even then 't his with she was not drest.
Orlando furioso

75.
Ma non si bella seta, o finoré,
Mai Fiorentini indurii tesser senno,
Ne chi ricama, face mai l’avoro,
Poltovi tempo, di需要用, o senno,
Che potesse a costei farer decoro,
Se lo felle Minerva, o il Dio di Lenno,
E d'ogni a respir fi belle membre,
Che forza è ador ador se ne rimembr.

76.
Per più vi ripetti il Paladin molto,
Si dimostra di questo amor contento;
Che oltre, che'l Re non lasciarebbe a'fiolato,
Biren andar di tanta tradimento,
Sarebbe anch'esso per tal mezza tolto
Di grave, e di nobile impedimento:
Quivi non per Olympia, ma venuto
Per dar, se'v'era, a la sua donna aiuto.

77.
Ch'ella non s'era chiari di corte,
Ma già non s'chiari, se v'era stata,
Perche ogni uomo ne 'l folo era morto,
Ne un sol rimaso di fi gran brigata.
Il di seguita fi partir del porto,
E tutti insieme andar in una armata,
Con loro ando in Irlanda il Paladin,
Che fu per gire in Francia il suo cammino.

78.
A pena un giorno fi fermò in Irlanda,
Non valser piéghi à far, che più vi stesse.
Amor, che dietro à la sua donna il manda,
Di fermentusi più, non concesse.
Quindi fi partì, e prima raccomanda
Olympia al Re, che servire le promesse,
Benche non bisognasse, che gli attenne
Molto più, che di far non fi convenne.

79.
Così fra pochi di gente raccolse,
E fatto lega col Re d'Inghilterra,
E con l'altro di Scozia gli risalve,
Olanda, e in Frisia non gli lascio terra;
Ed à ribellione anco gli volse.
La sua Zelandia: e non finì la guerra,
Che gli ciò morte, né però fu tale
La pena, ch'al delitto andaffe eguale.

80.
Olympea Oberto si pigliò per moglie,
E di Contessa la fe gran Regina.
Ma ritorniamo al Paladin, che feioglia
Nel mar le vele, e note e di cammina.
Poi nel medesmo portò le raccolte,
Dande prim la spiegò ne la marina,
E sùl suo Brigliador armato salse,
E lascio dietro i venti e l'onde false.

But not the finest silk, or purest gold,
That c'er industrious Florentine could weave,
Nor richest lace, that art could e'er unfold,
Or wit, with time and labour join'd, could give,
To adorn her could worth sufficient hold;
Nor could Minerva or Vulcan aught contrive
Worthy those lovely limbs to cover c'er,
Which without doubt he in remembrance bore.

76.
For many reasons did Orlando show
With this their love that he did well agree;
For that the King, besides, would not let go
Biren unpunish'd for such treachery;
Himself would also by this means forego
Delay, which gave him much anxiety:
He came not there to give Olympia aid,
But, had she been there, to his lovely maid.

77.
That she was not there, clear to him was made;
But not so clear, that there she had not been;
For on the Island ev'ry soul was dead,
Nor of that monstrous tribe did one remain:
The next day from that port they anchor weigh'd,
And in one squadron voyag'd o'er the main;
The Paladin to Ireland with them went,
Being his way, as he for France was bent.

78.
Scarcely he stay'd in Ireland one whole day,
All their request to keep him, nought avail'd;
Love, that to seek his nymph call'd him away,
That he should longer tarry, would not yield;
The King reminding, ere he put to sea,
His promise to the nymph might be fulfill'd;
But need not; for he observ'd his vow,
Much more than it seem'd suitable to do.

79.
For in few days he summon'd all his folk,
And made alliance with the English King,
The Scots King too; and then he Holland took,
And Friseland did to his subjection bring,
And his own Zeland, to strike off their yoke,
To rebels turn'd; the war ne'er finishing,
Till him he flew; nor herein was his fate,
Chastisement to his bafeness adequate.

80.
O'Berto took Olympia for his spouse,
And, from a Countess, now she wore a crown:
But turn we to Orlando, whose fate let loofe;
To sea, by day and night went up and down:
After to the same haven back he goes,
From whence before by sea he had sail'd on,
And on his Brigliador he arm'd did leap,
Leaving behind the wind and briny deep.
Canto XII.

1. Cerere pois, che da la madre Idea
   Tornando in fretta a la selenga valle,
   Là dove calca la montagna Etna
   Al fulminato Encelado le spié,
   La figlia non trovó, dove l'avea
   Lasciata fuor d'ogni segnato calle;
   Fatto c'ebbe a le guance, a petto, a i crinf,
   E a gli occhi danno, al fin, fuse le pini.

2. E nel suoco gli accese di Vulcano,
   E dí lor, non potere esser mai spenti,
   E portandofi questi uno per mano
   Sul carro, che tiravan due serpenti,
   Cerco le selve, i campi, il monte, il piano,
   Le valli, i fiumi, i fagioni, i torrenti,
   La terra, il mare, e poi che tutto il mondo
   Cerco di sopra, ando al tartareo fondo.

CANTO XII.

1. CERES, from her Idean mother gone
   In haste the solitary vale to seek,
   There, where the mountain Ætna treads upon
   The thunder-struck Enceladus's back,
   Soon as her child she found not, who, whereon
   To search her out, left no imprinted track,
   When she had hurt her cheeks, her breast, her hair,
   Her eyes, at length by th' roots two pines did tear.

2. And each in Vulcan's fire light to a brand,
   Giving them power never to go out,
   And bearing with her one in either hand,
   Upon her car by serpents drawn about,
   [land, She search'd the woods, the rocks, the champaign
   The vales, the rivers, lakes, and torrents, sought,
   Earth, sea; and when she'd search'd the upper world,
   To the Tartarean deep her car she hurl'd.
Had but Orlando equal been, in pow'r,
To th' Eleusinian Goddes, as in will,
He'd ne'er the search of Angelic give o'er
Thro' woods, or fields, lake, river, vale, or hill,

In heav'n or earth, or on the sea or shore,
Or in profound oblivion's mansion still:

But as he neither car or dragons had,
He thither went, where beft search could be made.

By France he having sought her, now prepares

By Italy to feek, and Allemain,

By Cafille new and old, which title bears,

Then pafs'd to Lybia by the sea of Spain:

While, thus reflecting, suddenly he hears

A voice accost him, seeming to complain:

He forward pref'd, and faw on a vaft fleed,

A cavalier come trotting on with speed.

Who in his arms bore on his saddle-bow,

By dint of force, a moft afflicted maid:

She wept, and with him struggled, and made show

Of utmost grief, 'still calling out for aid

To the brave Prince of Anglant, near her now;

Who foon as he the lovely nymph survey'd,

Seemingly her, whom he had night and day

Sought for in France by ev'ry wand'ring way;

I fay not that it was; it feem'd to be

Fair Angelic, whom he did fo adore;

He, who his nymph, or rather deity,

Saw carry'd thus, fad and afflicted fere,

With burning rage pref'd on impetuously,

Call'd on the cavalier with horrid roar;

He call'd, and threat'ning high the cavalier,

Pufh'd on his Brigliador in full career.

The felon flopt not, and no anfwer made,

The gain of his rich prize employ'd his mind;

And with fuch speed he hurry'd thro' the fhade,

Scarce could he be exceeded by the wind:

One feld, and one perf'd; the distant glade

In echoes with her lamentations join'd:

Running they rufh'd into a meadow great,

Which had i' th' midf a rich and lofty feat.

Of various marbles, where nice art was shown,

Was built this palace of exalted height,

Into the gate of brassy gold did run,

Bearing the lady on his arm, the knight:

Little behind did Brigliador come on,

Wrathful Orlando bearing fierce for fight:

Orlando, when he turn'd his eyes around,

No more the warrior or the lady found.
Sudden dismounts, and thundering on does go,  
Of this fine house where th' inmost chambers lay.
Runs here, runs there; all places he looks thro',
And ev'ry room, each lodge he does survey;
When the apartments most retir'd below
He search'd in vain, up stairs he makes his way;
Nor less in vain, above, his time betrays,
Than he, below, in search did labour lofe.

And while he here and there in vain does pafs,
Stirring his feet with toil, with thought his mind;  
He Ferrau, Brandimart, and King Gradas,
King Sacriment, and other knights, did find;
Who wander'd up and down from place to place,
Nor less than he his footstps vain inclin'd,
Fretting themselves at the mischievous skill
Of th' owner of the castle, now invisible.

After Orland, by frequent vain effay,  
Had all about this wond'rous palace fought,
Within himself he said, I here may stay,
And throw away my time and toil for nought;
Mean while the thief has carry'd her away,
By other passage, and far hence is got:
Thus thinking, he goes to the meadow-ground,
With which the palace was enclos'd all round.

While round this house flit in with woods he bears,
Keeping his eyes inclining to the ground,
To see if on the right a track appears,
Or on the left any new way be found,
Himself he from a window call'd to hear,
And lifts his eyes up, and that heav'nly found
He seems to hear, and see that lovely face,
Which him had chang'd so much from what he was.
He seem'd Angelic to imploring hear,
Who weeping to him, Help, oh! help, did say,
I trust my virgin honour to your care,
Which should than life or soul have greater sway?
Then in the sight of my Orlando dear,
By this vile thief shall it be snatch'd away?
Rather by your own hand give me my doom,
Than suffer such misfortune to me come.

These words thus utter'd o'er and o'er again,
Thro' ev'ry chamber turn Orlando made,
With passion great, and with the utmost pain,
But temper'd with great hope to give her aid.
Still as he flopt, the voice would still remain,
Which of Angelic's the resemblance had;
If he's on this side, from that comes the found,
Which calls for help, but whence, cannot be found.

But turning to Ruggier, whom I forlook;
He in the dark, I said, and shady road,
Follow'd the giant, who the lady took,
In a great mead, which if'd from the wood;
I say, if I the place have not mistook,
He thither came, where Orland had perf'd:
Within the gate the monstrous giant went,
Near him Ruggier, to follow him intent.

Soon as his feet he o'er the threshold lays,
Thro' the grand court, thro' ev'ry lodge he spies;
The nymph no more, or giant, he surveys,
And here and there in vain he rolls his eyes;
Up, down, he goes; and comes by many ways;
But his attempt without success he tries;
Nor can he form a guess, whither so soon
The thief is with the lady hid and gone.

Soon as he o'er and o'er had look'd about
In parlours, lodges, rooms, above, below,
He turns again, nor will he yet give out,
Till he to search beneath the stairs should go:
With hope at last she to the woods was got
Hard by; he goes, but straight a voice, just so
As was Orlando call'd, on him calls too,
And made him to the palace turn anew.
Canto 12.

Questo era un nuovo, e dijufato incanto,
C'avea composto Atlanfe di CarÈna,
Perché Ruggier foffe occupato tanto
In quel trabaglio, in quella dolce pena.
Che'l mal inflitto n'andaffe da canto,
L'inflitto, ch'è a morir giovane il mena.
Dopo il caflèl d'acclar, che nulla giovava,
E dopo Alcina, Atlante ancor fia provata.

22.

Non pur costui, ma tutti gli altri ancora,
Che di valore in Francia non maggior fama,
Alcù che di lor man Ruggier non monara.
Condurre Atlante in quello incanto trama:
E mentre là far, quivi dimora,
Perché di cibo non patifcan brama.
Si ben fornito avea tutto il palagio,
Che donne, e cavalier vi flanno ad agio.

23.

Ma torniamo ad Angelica, che feco
Avendo quell'anel mirabil tanto,
Ch'in bocca à vederci fa l'occio cieco,
Nel dito l'affìcura da l'incanto;
E ritrovato nel montano fèco
Cibo avendo, e cavallo e vefta, e quanto
Le fu bifogno; avea fatto disegno
Di ritornare in India al suo bel regno.

24.

Orlando volentieri, a Sacripante
Voluto avere in compagnia, non ch'ella
Più caro avesse l'un che l'altro amante,
Anzi di far fu a lor disa ribella.
Ma dovendo per giro fene in Levante
Passar tante città, tante castella,
Di compagnia bifogno avea, e di guida,
Né potea aver con altri la più fida.

25.

Or l'uno, o l'altro anzi molto cercando
Prima ch'indizio ne trovaffè, a fpia
Quando in cittade, e quando in ville, e quando
In altri bofchi, e quando in altra via.
Fortuna al fin là, dove il Conte Orlando,
Ferrau, e Sacripante era, la invia,
Con Ruggier, con Gradafio, ed altri molti,
Che s'avvea Atlanfe in firano intiero avvolto.

26.

Quivi entra, che vedar non la può il majo,
E cercà il tutto, afcosa dal suo anello;
E trova Orlando, e Sacripante nage
Di lei cercar in van per quello oelio;
Vede come finginga la sua immagio
Atlanfe sì gran fraude à quello e à quello;
Chi tor dehà di lor molto rivolve
Nel suo pensier, nè ben fe ne risolve.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O

Canto 12.

Non sa stimar chi sia per lei migliore,
Il Conte Orlando, o il Re de i fier Circaffi.
Orlando la potra con più volere
Meglio salvarne i periglisi pasfi.
Ma la sua guida il fa, se' l fa Signore;
Che ella non vede come poi l'abbracci.
Qualunque volta di lui fazi, farlo
Voglia minori, o in Francia rimandarli.

Ma il Circaffo depor, quando le piazie,
Potrà; se ben l'avessi posto in cielo:
Quella sola cagioli, ch' ella il faccia
Sua sorta; e mostrì avergli fede, e zelo.
L'anel trasse di bocca, e di sua faccia
Leò da gli occhi à Sacripante il volo.
Credette à lui sol dimostrarsi; e avvenne
Ch' Orlando, o Ferrau le sopravvenne.

Le sopravvenne Ferrau, ed Orlando,
Che l'uno e l'altro parimente giva
Di sù, di giù, dentro, e di fuor cercando
Del gran palazzo lei, che era lor Diva.
Corfer di par tutti à la donna, quando
Nessuno incantamento gli impediva,
Percè l'anel, ch' ella si pofe in mano,
Fece d' Atlante ogni disegno lìno.

L'uberge indaffo aveano, e l'elmo in testa
Due di questi guerrier, de i quali io canto,
Ne notte, o di dopo, ch' entrano in questa
Stanza, gli aveano mai messi da canto,
Che facile à portar, come la vestìa,
Era lor, percè in tno l'avvean tanto.
Ferrau il terzo era armo armato, eccetto
Che non avea ne volesse avere elmetto;

Fin que quel non avea, ch'l Paladino
Tolse Orlando al fratel del Re Troiano,
Ch'allora lo giurò, che l'elmo fino
Cercò d' Argalia nel fiunte in vana:
E se ben quivi Orlando ebbe vicino,
Ne però Ferrau pofe in lui mano,
Avvenne, che confederà tra loro
Non si pater, mentre la denaro fero.

Era cagì incantato quello albergo,
Ch' in fime riconoscer non poteanfi,
Ne notte mai, ne di, spada, ne ufergo,
Ne fero pur dal braccio rimevansi.
I lor cavalli con la fiella al torgo,
Pendendo i morse da l'arçon, piéscansfi
In una stanza, che preffà à l'uscita
D' orza, e di paglia sempre erà fornita.

She can't judge which it better were to chuse,
The Count Orland, or King of fierce Circaffi:
Orland for her could greater valour use,
Better defend her in each dang'rous pasf:
But if her guide, he'll be her Lord, she views;
Nor knows she how she then shall him abase,
Whene'er his service she no more does lack,
She at her will to France would fend him back.

But the Circaffi, when pleas'd, she could depose,
Tho' she in power place'd him e'er so high:
For this sole reason him for guide she chose,
And feigns a trust in his fidelity;
The ring takes from her mouth, the veil she throws:
From off her face, and Sacripante's eye:
She thought to show herself to him alone;
But Ferrau and Orland by chance came on.

Orlando and Ferrau to her came on,
As equally the one and other went,
Searching within, without, and up and down,
Their goddes in this dome magnificent:
With eager haste both to the Lady run,
Not held by forcery's impediment;
For that the ring she on her finger had
All projects of Atlante fruitless made.

On heads their helmets did bear, on backs cuirafs,
Two of the warriors, of the whom I sing;
Not nor night nor day, since they came to this place,
Did they from off themselves aside them fling;
For with such eafe to wear, as common dres,
Their confiant use them did familiar bring:
Ferrau, the third, was armed also, fave
No helmet had he, nor one would he have,

Till he should that obtain, the Paladin
Orland from King Troiano's brother took;
Which then he swore, when for the helmet fine
He of Argalia searchéd in the brook;
And tho' Orlando now here him did joint,
Yet him Ferrau did not to fight provoke:
It happ'd, that they each to the other known
Could not be, while this spot they were upon.

This habitation so enchanted was,
Each other they unable were to know;
By night nor day their sword or their cuirafs,
Or from their arm did they their buckler throw;
Their saddles on their horses backs kept place,
Their bridles hanging at each saddle-bow;
Who in a stable fed near th' entrance-gate,
Which was with corn and straw supply'd complete.
Canto 1º.

E poi, che dilungati dal palazzo,
Di voler feco Orlando, o Sacrificante,
Ch' a ritornar l'avesse nel regno
Di Gelafron ne l'ultimo Levante:
Le vennero ambedue fubito a fdegno.
E fì mutò di voglia in uno instante:
E fenza piu obbligarfi, o a queste, o a quella,
Pensò bafcar per ambedue il suo anella.

Volgan pel bosco, or qui, o quasi, in fretta
Quelli che tornato, la turbida faccia,
Come il cane talor, che gli è intercetta
O lebre, o volpe, a che dava la caccia,
Che d'impavido in qualche tana fritta
O in folta macchia, o in un fofo fi caccia:
Di lor si ride Angelica preverba,
Che non è vista, e il lor progressi offerra.

Per mezzo il bosco appar fu un ftrada:
Credono i cavalieri, che la donzella
Innanzi a loro per quella fu ne vada,
Che non ne può andar, se non per quella,
Orlando corre, e Ferrau non bada,
Ne Sacrificante men sprona, e puntella,
Angelica la briglia più ritenne,
E distro lor con minor fretta vien.

Giunti che fur correndo, ove i sentieri
A perderj venian ne la foresta,
E cominciav per l'era i cavalieri
A riguardar, se ui trovavan peifa,
Ferrau, che potea fra quanti altieri
Mai soffer, gir con la corona in testa,
Si volse con mal vifo a gli altri dei,
E gridò loro, Dove venerate voli?
Tornate addietro, o pigliate altra via,
Se non volette rimaner qui morti?
Né in amar, né in seguire la donna mia
Si crede alcun, che compagnia comperiti,
Diffè Orlando al Circassio, che potria
Più dir costui, s'ambi il fare avesse fiori
Per le più vili, e timide puttane
Che da conoscere mai trasfer l'amor?

Poi volto a Ferrau difse, Uom beffiale,
S'io non guardassi, che senza dir sei,
Di quel, che hai detto, s'hai ben detto, e male;
Senz' altro indugio accorrer ti fiorci.
Diffè il Spagnuol. Di quel, che a me non calè,
Perché pigliarne tu cura di t'assai,
Io fui con tanto amore, per far non bueno
Qual, che detto ho, senza elmo, come fono.

Debb, difse Orlando al Re di Circassia,
In mio servigio a costui il capo prefla
Tanto, ch'io gli avesse tratto la paszia,
Ch'altro non vidi mai simile à questa:
Rifposè il Re. Chi più passia fari a?
Ma fe ti par pur la domanda onefla,
Preftagli il tuo: ch'io non furo mai atto,
Che tu fac, forse, a cajfurare un matto.

Sogiunse Ferrau. Scivoli o, quale,
Che se mi fosse il portar elmo a grado,
Voi senza non na foste già rimati,
Che tali i vogli avrete vostro mal grado.
Ma per narrarvi in parte li miei cafli,
Per voto, cofì senza, me ne vado,
Ed andò fuo, ch'io non ho quel feno,
Che porta in capo Orlando Paladino.

Dunque, rifposè sorridendo il Conte,
Ti pensa a capo nudo effer baglante
Far ad Orlando quel, che in Alframonte
Egli già fece al figlio d'Agolante?
Anzi credo io, fe nel vedessi à fronte,
Ne tremereflì dal capo à le piante,
Non che velegfi l'elmo, ma dareflì
L'altre armi à lui di patta, che tu veifi.

Il vantator Spagnuol difse, Già molte
Fiate, e molte ha costi Orlando abretto.
Che facilmente l'armi gli aveste tolte.
Quante indaffo n'aveva, non che l'elmo,
E s'io nel feci, occorrerà à le volte
Penfier, che prima non s'avane in petto,
Non n'ebbi, gia fu, voglia, or l'aggio, e spero,
Che mi potrà fuccedere di leggere.

Turn back again, by other way repair,
If on this spot ye would not dead remain;
In loving or in following my fair,
Think ye not I companion will sustaine:
Orland to the Circals, What more could dare
This fellow say, if both of us were ta'en
For trumpets the most timorous and vile,
That e'er with wool did at a distaff toil.

Then turning to Ferrau, said, Brutal slave,
But that I you without a helm surve,
Whatever of this fort you utter'd have,
I instantly would force you to unfay.
The Spaniard said, Of what concern ne'er gave
To me, wherefore fuch care do you displau?
Alone, 'gainst both, for good I'll justifie
What I alone said: no need of helmet I.

Pray, to Circassia's King Orlando spoke,
Oblige me, and this man your helmet lend,
Until for him his folly I rebuke;
For sure the like I ne'er did understand:
The King said, Who'd for greater fool be took?
But if to you seem proper the demand,
Lend him your own: I not less apt shall be
An ideot to chaffife, perhaps, than thee.

Ferrau subjoin'd, What senseless fots these twain?
As, if a helmet were agregable
To me, without one ye should soon remain;
For yours I should have ta'en against your will:
But, my case to ye partly to explain,
Thus by a vow I go without one still,
And still shall go, till I have that so fine
Worn on Orlando's head, the Paladin.

Then, with a smile, to him reply'd the Count,
You think that you, bare-headed, are fo flout,
To do with Orland, as in Alframont
With Agolante's son he brought about.
Rather I think, were you him to confront,
You'd tremble from your very head to foot:
To seek that helmet you'd so far from dare,
You would compound, to give the arms you wear.

The Spanish vaunter said, Many's the time,
That I Orlando have fo far constrain'd,
His arms with ease I could have ta'en from him,
From off his back; then sure his helmet gain'd:
And that I did not, might arise from whin,
Which in my thoughts, before, no place retain'd:
Time past I had not, now I have a mind,
And, with small trouble, hope success to find.
Canto 12

Non potè aver più patienzia Orlando,
E gridò, Mentitor brutto, Marrano,
In che paese ti trovasti, e quando,
A poter più di me con l'arme in mano?
Quel Paladin, di che ti v'ai vantando,
Son io, che ti penso, effer lontano,
Or vedi se tu po' l'almi levarme,
O s'io non uerra a te l'altra armi.

46.

Ni da te voglio un minimo vantaggio;
Cosi dicendo, l'arme si disciolse,
E lo sussese a un ramincello di favilla,
E quasi a un tempo Durindana tolse,
Ferrau non perde di ciò il coraggio,
Trafe la spada, e in atto si raccolse,
Onde con essa, e col levato scudo
Poteva ricoprirsi il capo nudo.

47.

Cosi li duo guerrieri incominciato,
Lor cavalli aggrando, a volteggiaf, e
E dove l'arme si giuigeneo, e raro
Era piu il ferro, col ferro a tentarsi.
Non era in tutto il mondo un altro posto,
Che piu di questo avesse ad accoppiarfi,
Pari eran di vigor, pari d'ardire,
Ne l'un, ne l'altro si potea ferire.

48.

C'abbiate, Signor mio, gia inteso, eftimo,
Che Ferrau per tutto era fatato;
Fuor che là, dove l'alimento primo
Piglia il bambin nel ventre ancor ferrato:
E fin, che del sepelbro il tetro lino
La faccia gli coperse, il luogo armato
Uso portar, dove era il dubbio, sempre
Di fiette piastre fatte a buone tempe.

49.

Era ugualmente il Principe a Anglato.
Tutto fatato, fuor che in una parte.
Ferito effer potasse sotto le piante,
Ma le guardò con ogni stadio, ed arte.
Duro era il reslo lar, piu che diamante,
Se la fama dal ver non si diparte,
E l'un, l'altro andò più per ornato,
Che per bifogno a le battaglie armato.

50.

S'incrudelisse, e inaffra la battaglia
D'orrore in vitfa, e di sfavento piena;
Ferrau, quando pugne e quando taglia,
Ne mena botta, che non vada piena.
Ogni colpo d'Orlando, o piastra o moglia,
E schiorda, e rompe, ed apre, e a fracciò mena.
Angelica invisibili lor pon mento,
Sola a tanto spettacolo presente.
Canto 12.

Intanto il Re di Circaffia, rimanendo, Che poco innanzi Angelica correva; Poi, ch'attaccati Ferrau, ed Orlando V'ide refiarsi, per quella via si mezza, Che si credea, che la donzella, quando Da lor disfarve, seguitata avrebbe, Si che a quella battaglia la figliuola Di Gelafros fu testimonio sola.

Poi, che orribil, come era, e spaventosa, L'ebbe da parte ella mirata alquanto, E che le parole assai pericolosa Così da l'un, come da l'altro canto; Di vedere novità volenterosamente, Disegnò l'elmo tor, per mirar quanto Fariano i due guerrier, visitosel sotto, Ben con pensier di non tenerlo malo.

Ha ben di darlo al Conte intenzione, Ma se ne vuole in prima pigliar giro: L'elmo d'apicce, e in grembo fe la pone, E sta a mirare i cavalieri un poco. Di poi si parte, e non fa lor fermone; E lontana era un pezzo da quel lasso Prima, ch'algun di lor v'assefse mente; Si l'uno, e l'altro era ne l'ira ardente.

Ma Ferrau, che prima v'ebbe gli occhi Si disficcò da Orlando, e disse a lui; Deb, come n'ha da male accorti, e fociocchi Trattati il cavalier, ch'eran con lui. Che premio fia, ch'al vincitor piu tocchi, Se'l bell' elmo inviolato n'ha soffito? Ritraffì Orlando, e gli occhi al rame gira; Non vede l'elmo, e tutto avvampa d'ira.

E nel parer di Ferrau concorse, Che'l cavalier, che dianzi era con loro, Se lo portasse, onde la briglia torse, E fi sentir gli spini a Brigliador. Ferrau, che del campo il vide torse, Gli venne dietro, e poi che giunse fero, Dove ne l'erba appar l'orma novella, Cavava fatto il Circaffa, e la donzella.

Meantime Circaffia's King, who then had thought Angelica but little forward run, Soon as he saw Orland and Ferrau fought, And lo remained, by the same way went on, That he believ'd the damsel might have fought, When she was sudden from their fight was gone; So that the daughter of King Gelafros Of this great combat witness was alone.

Soon, horrid as it was and full of fear, As the aloof had something of it spy'd, Which to her very dang'rous did appear As well on one, as on the other side; Willing to see some action new and rare, She thought to have ta'en the helmet, and defcry'd What thereon would have done these warriors twain, With full design not long it to detain.

She to the Count design'd it to restore, But first inclin'd to take it off in play; Unhangs the helm, it in her lap she bore, And to observe the knights a while does stay; Then she departed, silent as before, And was good distance got from thence away, Ere either of them of this matter thought, So high they both with fury wild were wrought.

But Ferrau, who first thither cast his eyes, Retiring from Orland, bid to him say, Ha! how like wretches absent and unwife Has this knight treated us, just gone away? What paimium to the conqu'ror can arise, If he thus rob us of this helmet gay? Orlando, starting, look'd round at the bough, Missing his helmet, did with fury glow.

And, in the judgment of Ferrau agreed, The knight, who had been with them just before, Had stolen it; his bridle took with speed, And clapp'd his spurs into his Brigliador: Ferrau, who saw him hasten o'er the mead, Went after him; and soon as ere they bore, Where on the grafs they saw the footsteps new, By which the Lady and Circafian flew.

The path upon the left-hand took the Count Towards a vale, where the Circasian rode; Ferrau went on by that more near the mount, Upon the track Angelica had trod: In the mean time, Angelic to a font Arriv'd: with shade delightful was th' abode; Which none, that to its verdant shelter came, Suffer'd to go untafting its sweet stream.
57.

Angelica s' forma a le chiare onde,
Non penfando, ch'avean le fopra evvagna,
E per lo facro anel, che la nafonade,
Non può temer, che cafo rio le avvagna.
A prima giunta in sì l'erbe fponde
Del riva, l'elmo à un ramu'fcel confegna;
Poi cerca, ove nel bofe è miglior frafca,
La giumenta legar, perche si pafsea.

58.

Il cavalier di Spagna, che venuto
Era per l'orne, à la fontana giunge,
Non l'ha fi tifo Angelica vedeue,
Che li difpare, e la cavalla punge.
L'elmo, che sopra l'erba era caduto,
Ritor non può, che refla troppo lungo.
Come il Pagan d'Angelica s'accorre,
Toflo ver lei pien di letizia corfe.

59.

Gli fparue, come io dico, ella davante,
Come fantafma al dipartir del fonno.
Cercando egli la va per quelle piante,
Ne i miferi occhi più vederla venna.
Beflemmiando Macone, e Trivigante,
E di fua legge ogni maeftro, e donno,
Ritornò Ferrau vero la fonte,
Un e l'erba giacea l'elmo del Conte.

60.

Lo riconobbe toflo, che mirolo
Per lettere, c'avea fritte nel'orlo,
Che dicean, dove Orlando guadagnollo,
E come, e quando, ed a chi fe deporlo.
Armoffene il Pagan il capo, e il collo,
Che non lasciò, pel duol, c'avea, di torlo,
Pel duol, c'avea di quella, che gli fparue
Come fparir foglion notturne larve.

61.

Poi, ch'allacciato s'ha il buon elmo in testa,
Avviso gli, che à contentarfi à pieno
Sol ritrovare Angelica gli refca,
Che gli appar, e difpar, come baleno.
Per lei tutta cercò l'alta forea,
E poi, ch'ogni fperanza venne meno,
Di più poterne ritrovare avvisi,
Tornò al campo Spagnuol verfo Parigi:

62.

Temperando il dolor, che gli ardea il petto
Di non aver fi gran difir sfogato,
Col refrigero di portar l'elmetto,
Che fu d'Orlando, come avea giurato.
Dal Conte, poi che 'l certo gli fu detto,
Fu lungamente Ferrau cercato,
Nè fin quel di dal capo gli lo feolfe,
Che fra due ponti la vita gli tolfe.

Angelica fpt at the limpid spring,
And little thought she, any would come near;
And, as she was conceal'd by th' sacred ring,
Of no unlucky accident had fear;
On the green river's brink first entering,
She to a bough confign'd the helmet rare:
Then sought the fittest stump throughout the wood
To tie her mare, that the might graze for food.

The Spanish knight, who hitherwards did pafs,
Along her footsteps to the fountain bears;
No sooner fight of him Angelic has,
Her horse the spurs, and from him disappeares :
The helmet, which was fallen on the gras,
Now lay too far to take it up, the fears;
Soon as the Pagan Angelic did view,
Sudden to her with gladness fill'd he flew.

She vanifh'd from him, as just now I faid,
As with our fleep fantafick visions fee:
In search of her he pafs'd thro' ev'ry glade,
Nor more his eyes afflicted her can fee;
On Machon, Trivigant, he curfes laid,
Each founder of his law, each deity:
And now turns back again towards the font,
Where on the gras fay th' helmet of the Count.

He knew it infantly, as foon as feen,
By letters, which were round the border wrote,
That mark'd out, where Orlando it did gain,
And how, and when, and from whom it was got:
The Pagan fay'd it, maugre all his pain,
And o'er his head and neck it infant put;
His pain, for her who vanifh'd from his fight,
As the nocturnal phantoms take their flight.

When he the helmet on his head did bind,
He thought, that, now to give him full content,
Nothing remain'd, but Angelic to find,
Who to his figh like lightning came and went;
To seek her he did thro' the forest wind,
And after finding all his hope was spent
Of power to find out her footsteps more,
He to the Spanish camp near Paris bore.

Soothing his grief, which fo his breast did tear,
That to relieve his with he had not pow'r,
With the sole comfort to that helmet wear,
Which was Orlando's, as he once had fwo're:
The Count, who after of the news did hear,
Seeking Ferrau, did ev'ry part explore;
Nor of him freed his thoughts, until the day
He 'twixt two bridges took his life away.
Angelica invisibile, e foletta
Via se ne va, ma con turbata fronte,
Che de l'elmo le due, che troppo frett
Le avea fatto lasciar presso a la fonte.
Per voler far quel, ch'a me far non fett'a,
Tra se dicea, levato bo l'elmo al Conte.
Questo pel primo merito è affai buono
Di quanto a lui pur obligata fono.

Con buona intenzione e fallo Idiio,
Benchè diverso, e tristo effetto seguia,
Io levai l'elmo, e falo al penier mio
Fu di ridur quella battaglia a triegua,
E non, che per mio mezzo il suo disio
Questo brutto Spagnuol oggi consegua.
Cosi di se s'andava lamentando
D'aver de l'elmo suo privato Orlando.

Angry, the way she took with discontent,
That to her fittest seem'd toward the east,
Most times conceal'd, at others publick went
Among the people, as to her seem'd best;
After much time in viewing countries spent,
A wood she enter'd, basely where opprest,
'Twixt two companions dead, a youth she found,
That in his bosom had receiv'd a wound.

Ma non dirò d'Angelica or più inante,
Che molte cose ho da narrarvi prima.
Ne fono a Ferrau, ne a Sacrinate
Sin' a gran pezzo per donar più rima.
Da lor mi leva il Principe d'Anglante,
Che di se vuol, che innanzi a gli altri offrime
Le fatiche, e gli affanni, che sofstenne
Nel gran disio, di che à fin mai non venne.

A la prima città, ch'egli ritruova,
Perchè d'andare occulto avea gran cura,
Si pone in capo una barbuta nuova
Senza mirar s'ha debil tempra, e dura.
Sia qual fu quel, poco gli nuoce, e giova;
Si ne la fatagion si rassicura.
Cosi coperto seguiva l'inchiesta,
Ne notte, o giorno, o piovigia, o Sol l'arresta.

Era ne l'ora, che traea i cavalli
Febo del mar con rugiadoso pels,
E l'Aurora di fior vermigli, e giulli,
Venia 'spargendo d'ogni intorno il cibo,
E lasciato le Stelle aveano i balli,
E per partirsi postoji gia il veio,
Quando appresso a Parigi un di passando
Mostrò di sua virtù gran segno Orlando.
69.

He met two squadrons; one of them led on
By Manilard, a Pagan grey with years,
Noritia's King, once fierce and of renown,
Now fit for counsels more than aid in wars;
The other guides under his banners shown
Tremifien's King, whom ev'ry one reveres
In Africa, a perfect cavalier.
Alzirdo he, where known, for name does bear.

70.

These with the Pagan force in company
Had now their winter-quarters joijourn'd out;
Some at a distance, some the city nigh,
All or in towns or castles round about;
For Agramant their King so frivishly
Paris to take by storm oft having fought,
Revolv'd at last he to it siege would lay,
Finding he could not take it other way.

71.

And this to do, had infinite array;
For besides those his own, who him did join,
And those, which from Spain's kingdom march'd away
Under the King Marsilii's high ensign,
E'en many of the French were in his pay:
For to the stream, which Arli does confine
From Paris, part of Gascony, some few
Castles excepted, he did all subdue.

72.

The rivers now began, which late did freeze,
To loose their frigid ice to tepid waves;
The meadows with new herbage, and the trees
Themselves to dres again with tender leaves;
King Agramant now reunited these,
To follow better luck, as he believes;
That he his armed troops might now survey,
Thence put his matters in a better way.

73.

The King of Tremifien for this design
With the Noritian did this journey take,
That at a certain time they these might join,
To view each squadron, whether stout or weak;
Orlando did this way by chance incline,
And met this people, as before I spake,
Searching, as was his custom, for the fair,
Whose fetters love compell'd him still to wear.

74.

Soon as Alzirdo saw the Count come nigh,
Of whom the world in valour had no par,
In such bold semblance, and with front so high,
He seem'd to him a second god of war:
He stopp'd, surpris'd such features to defy,
His aspect fierce, and his look furious air;
And deem'd him warrior of exalted might,
But had to try, alas! too great delight.
Levai un grido fulizio, ed orrendo,
Che d'ogni turba non ha l'aria ripiena;
Come si vede il giovane cadendo
Spiccia il sangue di sì larga venula,
La turbà verso il Conte vien fremendo
Difondata, e tagli, e punte mena:
Ma quella è più, che con pennuti ardî
Tempesà il fior de' cavalier gagliardi.

Con quel rumor la setola si frotta
Correr da manti fuoi, s o da campagne;
S'el lupo ucciso di naso er' gronato,
O l'orso sfaff à le minor montagne
Un tener porco prefa abbaia talotta;
Che con grugnito, e gran frider fi lagnè
Con tal lo fuol Barbarico era mofó
Verso il Conte, gridando Addosso, addosso,

Lance, faette, e spade ebbe l'usbergo
A un tempo mille, e lo feudo allrettante:
Chi gli percutte con la mazza il tergo:
Chi minaccia da lato, e chi davante.
Ma quel, che al timor mai non diede albergo,
Eflina la vil turbà, e l'arme tante
Quel, che dentro a la mandra, a l'acer cupo
Il numer de l'agnelle eflimi il lupo.

Nuda aveva in man quella fulminea spada,
Che posli ha tanti Saracini à morte.
Dunque chi vuol di quanta turbà cada
Tenere il conto, ha imprefa dura, e forte.
Raffa di sangue già correa la frada
Capace appena à tante genti morte:
Perché ne targa, ne capel disende
La fatal Durindana, ove disende;

Ne vesta piena di cotone, è tele,
Che circondino il capo in mille volti.
Non pur per l'aria gemiti, e queule;
Ma volan braccia, e spalle, e capi sioliti.
Pel campo errando va morta crudele.
In molti, vari, e tutti orribil volti;
E tra fe dice, In man d'Orlando volci
Durindana per cento di mie fucili.

Alzirdo was a youth, and arrogant,
For mighty force and valiant heart renown'd;
He forward push'd his horse for tournament;
Better for him h' ad in the ranks been found:
For at their meeting fierce, the Prince Anglant
Pafs'd thro' his heart, and hurl'd him to the ground.
The horse with utmost dread pres'd on to flight,
As no one on his back to guide him right.

Now suddenly there rose a horrid yell,
That roll'd along the heavens all around,
Soon as they saw the royal youth, who fell,
Spout out the blood from forth so large a wound;
The croud about the Count laid on pell-mell,
Some cut, some stabb'd, all in disorder found:
But more at distance, of wing'd darts a pow'r
Storm'd on the knight, of bravest knights the flow'r.

With such a noise the bristled herd does trot
Down from the mountains, or along the plain,
If the wolf, if flowing from his secret grot,
Or bear, from wood defending, prey to gain,
A tender porker in their paw have got;
That, grunting or loud-screaming, does complain;
In such way the Barbarian throng bore down,
Roaring against the Count, Fall on, fall on.

Darts, lances, swords, he on his helmet had
Thoufands at once, his shield as many more;
Behind his back wit clubs their strokes some made,
Some threaten'd at his sides, and some before;
But he, whose heart fear ne'er inhabited,
Regards this wretched croud, the arms they bore,
As 'midst the fold in ev'ning's dusky gleam,
The wolf, of lambs does number great esteem.

Naked in hand he had that thund'ring blade,
So many Saracins to death had sent;
So that, who'er to count the slain effay'd,
Would undertake a hard experiment:
The way now flow'd with blood, all ruddy made,
To take the bodies dead scarce of extent;
For neither shield or head-piece can defend,
Where fatal Durindana does defend;

Nor dres, which cotton or thick cloth supplies,
Which does the head a thoufand times inflod.
Not only thro' the air complaints and cries,
But arms and shoulders, heads differ'd, roll'd;
Wand'ring along the field death cruel flies
In various forms, most horrid to behold;
Says, In Orlando's hand more serves me now,
That sword, than hundreds of my scythes could do.
Una percosia à pena l'altra a petta,
Ben tosto cominciàr tutti à fuggir;
E quando prima ne veni'no in fretta,
Perc'èra fóli, credanfao in bittiar.
Non è chi per levarfi de la fretta,
L'amico apetti, e cerchi in semble gire.
Chi fugge à piedi quà, chi sòla fonna;
Nesun domanda, fe la strada è buona.

Virtute andava intorno con la fpegleo,
Che fa veder ne l'anima ogni ruga:
Nesun vi si mirò, fe non un veglio,
A cui il sangue l'età, non l'ardor fiuga.
Vide cofuti, quanto a fuggia meglio,
Che con suo disonor mettersi in fuga;
Disce il Re di Norizia: onde la lancio
Arrego contra il Paladìn de Francia;

E la ruppe à la penna de lo scudo
D.i fiero Conte, che nulla si moffe:
Egli, c'avea à la pofia il brando nude,
Re Manilard al trappafar percesse.
Furtuna l'aiuto, che'l ferro crudo
In man d'Orlando al venir quà volte.
Tirar i colpi à fpio ogni non fece;
Mai pur di fella firamazzar la fece.

Stordito de l'arcion quel Re firamazzara.
Non fi rivolge Orlando à riperdere:
Che gli altri taglia, tronca, sene, ammazzza;
A tutti pare in si le fpalle averlo.
Come per l'aria, ove ban fi larga piazza,
Fuggan li forni da l'audace fmerlo;
Cof di quella squadra ormai disfatta
Altri cade, altri fugge, altri s'appraîata.

Non cesò pria la sanguinosa fpada,
Che fu di viva gente il campo voto.
Orlando è in dubbio à ripigliar la strada,
Benche gli fia tutto il pafo noto.
O da man destra, o da junft'a voda;
Il penfer de l'andar fempre è rimoto.
D'Angelica cercar, fuor ch'ove fia,
Sempre è in timore, e far contraria via.

Il suo cammin, di lei chiedoendo fpeesso,
Or per li campi, or per le selve tenne:
E, fi come era uscito di fe stesso,
Ufci di strada, è à pie' d'un monte venne,
Dove la notte fuor d'un fajo fesso
Lontano vide un splendor batter le penne;
Orlando al fesso per veder s'accosta;
Se quivi fesse Angelica riposta.
Canto 12.

87.
Come nel bosco de luumi ginestre,
O ne la stopia à la campagna aperta;
Quando si cerca la paurosa lepre
Per traversarti boschi e per via incerta,
Si va ad ogni cepiglio, ad ogni vene,
Se per ventura vi fosse coperta;
Così cercava Orlando con gran pena
La donna sua, dove speranza il mena.

88.
Verso quel raggio andando in fretta il Conte
Giunse, ove ne la selva si diffondeva
Da l'angusto spiraglio di quel monte,
Ch'una capace grotta in fe nascondeva;
E trovaro innanzi ne la prima fronte
Spine, e virgulti come mura, e sponde
Per celar quei, che ne la grotta stanno,
Da chi far lor cercasse altraggio, e danno.

89.
Di giorno ritrovata non farebbe,
Ma la facea di notte il lume aperta.
Orlando penfa ben quel, e eff'er debbe,
Pur vuol sperar la cosa ancor più certa.
Poi che legato fuor Brigliadoro ebbe,
Tacito viene à la grotta coperta:
E fra li specchi rami ne la buca,
Entra senza chiamar chi l'introduca.

90.
Scende la tomba molti gradii al basso,
Dove la vivia gente sia sepolta.
Era non poco spazioso il fosso
Tagliato à punte di scarpelli in volta
Ne di luce d'una in tutto cesto,
Benche l'entrate non ne dava molta:
Ma ne veniva affiat da una finestra,
Che sporgea in un pertugio da man destra.

91.
In mezzo la spelonca appresso a un foco
Era una donna di giocondo viso.
Quindici anni passar dovea di poco;
Quanto fu al Conte al primo sguardo avviss,
Ed era bella fì, che facea il loco
Salvatico parere un Paradiso.
Benavea gli occhi di lagrime pregna,
Del cuor dolente manifea fegni.

92.
Vera una vecchia, e facea un gran contese,
Come uso feminini spesto effer fuole,
Ma come il Conte ne la grotta seose,
Finiron le dispute, e le parole.
Orlando à salutarle fu cortese,
Come con donne sempre effer fì vide,
Ed ella si levaron innamorante,
E lui risalutar benignamente.

As in the cope of humble juniper,
Or to the stubble in the open field,
When we look out to find the tim'rous hare,
By ev'ry doubtful track of furrows till'd,
Each thorn and burst, to go to none forbear,
Left she by chance may therein lie conceal'd;
Orlando so with utmost pain survey'd,
Where hope conducted, for his lovely maid.

Towards this ray in haste went on the Count,
And came where in the wood it issu'd out
From forth a narrow chimney in the mount,
That in it hid contain'd a spacious grot:
And found before it, growing in the front,
The thorns and shrubs, as walls and banks about
Those in this grot, which hid them, to defend
From harm and outrage others might intend.

None can this place by day find out or see;
But the light made it in the dark be shown:
Orlando consider'd much what this might be,
But will'd the thing might be more certain known:
His Brigliador he fasten'd to a tree,
Then to the cover'd grot went softly on,
And thro' th'entwining boughs enters the hole,
Without for introduction calling any soul.

By many steps down to the tomb he went,
Where dwelt these people, bury'd there alive;
The stone was not of any great extent,
Which they with tools cut, to a vault contrive;
Nor did they daylight's entrance quite prevent,
Tho' but small admision they could give;
But from a window did enough command,
Extended from a hole on the right-hand.

Midst of the cavern, the fire sitting near,
There was a lady of a pleasing face;
Who seem'd but little past her fifteenth year,
As at first look of her the Count might guess;
And she made by her person, wondrous fair,
A paradise to seem this fav'lege place;
Tho' her eyes, pregnant with the falling tear,
Did token sure of doleful heart declare.

With an old dame she was in contest hot,
As now-and-then perhaps the females use:
But when the Count descended in the grot,
Their talk and their dispute they fudden close;
Courteous address Orland neglected not,
As to the sex each one in duty owes:
And up to him they rose without delay,
To resalute him in like courteous way.

93-
ORLANDO FURIOSO

Canto 13.

Gli ver, che si smarrirr in faccia alquanto
Come improvviso udiron quella voce,
E insieme entrar armato tutto quanto
Vider la dentro un uom tanto fervore.
Orlando domando, qual suface tanto
Scortese, ingiusto, barbaro, ed atroce,
Che ne la grotta teneja sepale
Un fi gentile, ed amaro volto.

La vergine à fatica gli rispose
Interrotta da fervidi signozzi;
Che da i coralli, e da le preziose
Perle, uscir fanno i dolci accenti mozioni.
Le lagrime scendean tra gigli, e rose
Lo, dove avuen, ch'alcura fe n'inghiobzzi.
Piaccionvi udir ne l'altro canto il testo,
Signor, che tempo è omai di finir quelle.

'Tis true, their looks confusion did express,
So unexpected such a voice to hear,
At once one enter in such armed dres,
To see a man of so much fiercenes there:
Orlando ake'd, Who was so merciless,
Unjust, or so uncomparing and severe,
That thus kept bury'd in that darksome place
A person so gentle, such lovely face!

With pain the virgin to him anwer made,
Still interrupted with her fervent sighs,
Which as they from the precious pearls proceed,
And coral, accents sweet, but broken, rise:
The tears 'midst rose and lilies were convey'd
Down to the place, which them absorbing dries.
The ref, next canto, please you to attend;
For, Sir, 'tis time of this to make an end.

C A N T O  X I I I .

1.
BEN fuor avventurosì i cavalieri,
Ch'erano à quella età che ne i valloni,
Ne le scure spelanche, e bosebi fieri,
Tane di jefpi, d'orfi, e di koni,
Trovavan quel, che ne palazzi altieri
Appena or trovar pon giudici buoni;
Danne, che ne la lor piú frese etade
Sien degne di aver titoli di beltade.

2.
Di sopra vi narrai, che ne la grotta
Avve trovato Orlando una donzella:
E che li domando, ch'ivi condotta
L'avesse. Or seguitando dice, ch'ella,
Poi che piú d'un signozzo l'ha interrotta,
Con dolce e foavissima favella
Al Conte fa le sue sciagure note
Con quella brevidà, che meglio puote.

3.
Benché io sia certa, dice, O cavaliero,
Ch'io porto del mio parlar supplichez;
Perché à colui, che qui mi ha chiusa, spre,
Che sènof ne darà jubito indizio:
Pur non dipoja non celarli il vero,
E vada la mia vita in precipizio:
Y, ch'aspettai posa io da lui piú gioia,
Che'l si disspga un di voler, ch io muoia?

1.
Advent'rous surely were those cavaliers,
Who liv'd of yore, who 'midst the desert plain,
Or in dark caverns, or in forest fierce
In bear's, in serpent's, or in lion's den.
Could find that, which in lofty palace scarce
Is now discover'd by judicious men,
Ladies, who in their youthful freshet bloom,
Were worthy beauty's title to assume.

2.
You I inform'd before, that, in the grot,
By chance Orlando had found a lovely maid;
And her demanded, by whom she was brought
Thither: now I perfue my story's thread:
When leave from interrupting fobs was got,
With accent soft and sweetest speech display'd,
She her misfortunes to the Count made known,
With all the brevity that could be shown.

3.
Thou I am certain, said the, cavalier,
I for my talk shall suffer punishment;
For he to him, who me hath shat up here,
I doubt not, soon will give advertisement:
Yet I am not dispos'd truth to forbear,
And am my life to cast away content;
Nor from him can I hope for other joy,
Than that he will this wretched life destroy.
Canto 13.

4. Isabella fon io, che figlio fui
Del Re mal fortunato di Gallizia.
Ben dissi fui, c'or non fon più di lui,
Ma di dolor, d'affanno, e di mestizia:
Colpa d'Amor; ch'io non saprei di cui
Dolermi più, che de la sua nequizia:
Che dolcemente ne i principii applaude,
E tese di nafosto inganno, e fraude.

5. Già mi vivea di mia forte felice;
Gentil, giovane, ricca, onesta, e bella;
Vile, e poverta or sono, or infelice;
E s'altra è peggior forte, io fono in quella.
Ma voglio fappi la prima radice,
Che produsse quel mal, che mi flagella:
E ben, ch'aiuto poi de te non efca,
Poco non mi parrà, che te n'increfa.

6. Mia padre fe in Baiona alcune gioftr;
Effer deno aggiarni dodici mesi.
Trafte la fana ne le terre nofcre
Cavalieri à gioftrar di più paesi:
Fra gli altri, à fia ch'amor cofi minofte,
O che virtù pur fe feffa palef,
Mi parve à ledor Zerbino folo,
Che del gran Re di Scozia era figliuola.

7. Ilqual poi che far proue in campo vidi
Miracolosa di cavalleria;
Fui prefà del tuo amor, e non m'auvidi,
Ch'io mi coubbi più non effor mia;
E pur, benchè'l tuo amor cofi mi guidi,
Mi giova fimprefe avere in fantasia,
Ch'io non mifs il mio core in luogo immundo;
Ma nel piu degno e bel, c'oggi fia al mondo.

8. Zerbino di bellezza, e di valore
Sopra tutti i Signori era eminente.
Meftrimmi, e credo mi portaife amore,
E che di me non feffe meno ardente:
Non ci mancò chi del commune ardore
Interprete fra nofie feuente;
Poi che di vifla ancor fiammo difgiunti,
Che gli animi reflar femprefe congiunti.

9. Però, che dato fene à la gran feffa,
Il mio Zerbino in Scozia fe ritorno,
Se fai che cofa è amor, ben fai che metfa
Relfai, di lui penfando notte e giorno:
Ed era certa, che non men molefa
Fiamma interno il fuo cuor facea foggioro.
Egli non fece al fuo disio più fberm,
Se non, che cercò via di feco avermi.

10. I'm Isabel, who daughter heretofore
Was of Galicia's King unfortunate:
Well said I was, for now I'm his no more,
But child of sorrow, woe, and wretched fate:
The fault is Love's; of him I must deplore,
More than aught else, who me did falsely treat;
Love, who at first with sweetness does applaud,
While secret injury he plans, and fraud.

5. My life I pas'd once in felicity,
Genteel and young, rich, virtuous, and fine;
Now low and poor, unhappy now am I;
And if condition worse there be, 'tis mine:
But you shall know from its first infancy,
What of my torment was the cause malign;
And tho' you, after, cannot me relieve,
I think you therefore will not little grieve.

6. My father in Bayone some tilts ordain'd;
It now must be about a twelvemonth gone:
The fame of this drew many to our land,
From various parts, knights at those tilts to run:
'Mongst thefe, whether love made me understand,
Or real valour to me made it known,
Zerbin to me praise-worthy seem'd alone,
Who was of the great Scottish King the fon.

7. Whom seeing after, in the combats, how
Such provens wonderful of chivalry,
Love me his captive made, ere I did know
That I no more retain'd my liberty:
And tho' this love for him still led me so,
I with delight had in my fantasy,
I had not fixt my heart on object base,
But on the worthiest on earth there was.

8. Zerbin in beauty did, and valour, prove
'Bove all the other Lords most eminent;
He shew'd, and, I think, bore me equal love;
Nor les than me was on such flame intent;
Nor fail'd, our equal ardour to improve,
Interpreters, who oft betwixt us went:
So that altho' from fight we were disjoin'd,
United ever we remain'd in mind.

9. As soon as e'er was ended our grand feast,
And my Zerbin for Scotland went away,
Know you what's love, you then know how distrest
For him I was in thought, both night and day:
And surely equal flame did him molest,
Which round his heart did in possession play;
Nor his desires to check was he inclin'd,
But how to get me with him, rack'd his mind.

A a


Canto 13.

And by our different faith as 'twas deny'd,
A Christian he, and I a Saracin,
To ask me of my father for his bride,
To take me off by stealth he does design,
From my rich country, which to the sand-side
Along the verdant vallies does decline:
My garden fair upon a river lay,
Which view'd the hills around, and all the sea.

To bring about, this seem'd a place dispos'd,
What our religion different forbade;
And he the means he took, to me disclos'd,
Whence happy might our future lives be made:
Near to St. Martha's bay he now propos'd,
A galley arm'd might secretly be laid,
Put under Odoric of Bifcay's care,
A man by sea and land renown'd in war.

And as in person he can't this contrive,
As he was by his ancient fire constrain'd,
At that time aid to France's King to give,
This Odoric he in his stead would send;
Whom 'midst his faithful friends he did receive,
His chozen, and of all most faithful friend;
And ought to be, if frequent benefit
Has ever power friends sincere to get.

This man should come, his yacht with armed pow'r,
At a fix'd time to take me from that ground;
So when arriv'd the so much wish'd-for hour,
I in my garden let myself be found;
Od'ric by night associates with him bore,
People as well in sea as arms renown'd,
And near the city lands upon that stream;
Then with great silence to my garden came.

Hence went I to the bark, which furl'd fails wore,
Ere yet the city could advice obtain:
Of my unarm'd domesticks and forlorn,
Some fled away, some on the spot were slain;
Part with me in captivity were bore,
Thus I disjoin'd myself from my domain,
I can't relate to you with how much joy,
Hoping I soon my Zerbin should enjoy.

Scarcely we round the Cape of Mongia past,
When us asailled from the left-hand shore,
Which the calm air disturb'd, a sudden blast,
Troubled the sea, the waves to heaven bore;
A west wind sprung, aside the ship was cast,
And still gain'd way, increasing every hour,
And still gain'd on, increasing with such force,
Our cordage could not work to shift our course.
Non giuova calar vele, e l’arbor sopra
Corfa legar, ne ruinar castella;
Che ci veggiam, mal grado, portar sopra
Acuti scgli, appresso a la Rocella:
Se non ci aiuta quel, che fia di sopra,
Ci pinge in terra la crudel procilla:
Il vento vio ne caccia in maggior fretta,
Che d’arco mai non si avventò faceta.

Vide il periglio il Biscaglino; e a quelle
Usò un rimedio, che fallir fuol paffo.
Ebbe ricorso subito al battello,
Calofili, e me calar fene con esso:
Scepur due altri, e ne fcedea un dragello,
Se i primi feci l’avuer concesso:
Ma con le fpaide li tener disceso;
Tagliar la fune, e ci allargammo tofo.

Fummo gittati a salvamento al lito
Noi, che nel palischemro eramo feci.
Periron gli altri col legno farruffo;
In preda al mari andar tutti gli arnelfi.
A l’eterna bottade, a l’infinito
Amor rendendo grazie, le man feci;
Che non m’avuesse dal turor marinno
Lasciato tor di riveder Zerbino.

Come, ch’io avuesi sopra il legno e veji
Lasciato, e gioie, e l’altre ofe care;
Pur che la spera di Zerbin mi refi,
Contenta fon, che s’abbia il refto il marz.
Non fono, ove fendarmo, i alti pefi
D’alcun fentiero, ne interno allerbo apparre;
Ma falo il monte, alqual mai fempre fede
L’ombrofo capo il vento, e il mar il piede.

Quivi il crudo Tiranno Amor, che fempre
D’ogni promessa fuo fu defideato;
E fempre guardai come involver, e fempre
Ogni noftro difegno razionale;
Muto con trifté, e difonfele tempre
Mio conforto in dolor, mio bene in male;
Che quell’ amico, in chi Zerbin fi crede,
Di difire arfe, ed aggiubaccio di fede.

O che m’avuesse in mar branmata ancora,
Ni folle flato a dimoftrarlo ardito;
O cominciaffe il defiderio allora,
Che l’ogio v’ebbe dal folungo lito;
Difegnò quivi senza più dimora
Condurre a fin l’ingordo tuo appetito,
Ma prima da fe torre un de li dui
Che nel battel campati eran con nui.

Nought help’d the sails to lowr, the masts to bind
Upon the course, down the cabins knock,
Spite of our will, ourseves we carry’d find
Near to Rochelle, upon a craggy rock;
Unles to help us Providence inclin’d,
By the dire form we must on land be struck:
The cruel wind drove us with greater haile
Than from a bow an arrow can be caft.

Well the Biscyan did our danger note,
And us’d a remedy, which oft proves vain:
He fudden had recourse to the small boat,
Then leap’d therein, having me with him ta’en:
Two more got in, as would a num’rous rout:
Of thole now in could, they permission gain;
But with their swords they kept them from our fide;
The boat-rope cut, fooff off our ikiff did glide.

We, for our safety, were thrown on the coaft;
Who to the small boat had made our decent;
With the wreck’t ship were all the others loft:
A prey unto the fea our goods all went:
Th’ eternal God my fretch’d’out arms affo:
To the Love infinite my thoughts are fent;
Who had not let the fury of the main
Take me from feeing my Zerbin again.

Tho’ I behind had left my cloaths on board,
My jewels, various things of rarity:
The hope remaining to rejoin my Lord;
Content was I, the reft were in the fea:
No beaten track, where landed, we explor’d;
Upon the ftrand no house could we defcry;
Only a mountain, where inceffant beat
The wind its shady head, the fea its feet.

Here the tyrannick power, cruel Love,
That in his promifes is treach’rous still,
And ever fees how each defign does move,
When reason is difterner’d by our will,
To change, with bafe and wicked measures frove.
My comfort into grief, my good to ill;
This friend, in whom Zerbin faith credence hath,
Scorch’d with defire, but frozen was his faith.

Whether his am’rous with was form’d at fea,
And there to fhev it he had been afraid;
Or his defire but now began for me,
For that this defert coaft might lend him aid;
He here determin’d, without more delay,
His glutton appetite should be allay’d:
But firft one of, the two got off his hand,
Who in the boat had ’cap’d with us to land.
22. Great He Corebus, Almonio, T
26. When But And Who In
23. Who Unable
22. This man of Scotland was Almonio nam'd,
24. Almonio, who of this no fear did feel,
25. Corebus of Bilbao was the name
26. Corebus, of a gentle, courteous soul,
27. Od'ric, who master was o' th' warlike trade,
28. But all was vain; I firm and fortify'd,

Quell' era uomo di Scozia, Almonio detto,
Che mostrava a Zerbin portar gran fede:
E commendato per guerrier perfetto
Da lui fu, quando ad Odorico il diede.
Disse a costui, che biafmo era, e disfetto,
Se mi tracano a la Rocella a piede:
E lo prego, ch'invanti veleffe ire
A farmi incontra alcun ronzin venire.

23. Almonio, che di ciò nulla temea,
Immantinente innanzi il cammin piglia
A la città, che'1 bosco ci ascondea;
E non era lontana otra sei miglia.
Odorico scopri sua voglia rea
A l'altro finalmente si confessa;
Si perche tor non fe lo fad appresso;
Si perche avea gran confidenza in esso.

24. Era Corebo di Bilbao nomato
Quel, di ch'io parlo, che con noi rimane;
Che da fanciullo picciolo allevato
S'era con lui ne le medesime case.
Poter con lui comunicar l'ingrate
Penfer, il traditor si persuafe;
Sperando, ch'ad amar faria piu prejo
Il piacere de l'amico, che l'orneo.

25. Corebo, che gentile era, e cortese,
Non lo pote a scolor senza gran disegno.
Lo chiamai traditore, e gli controfe
Con parole, e con fatti il rio disegno.
Grande era a l'uno, e a l'altro il cor aceso;
E con le spade nude ne fer segno.
Ai trar de ferri io fui da la paura
Volta a jugger per l'altra selva oscura.

26. Odorico, che maстро era di guerra,
In pochi colpi a tal vantaggio venne;
Che per morto lasciò Corebo in terra,
E per le mie uscite il cammin tenne.
Prestigio Amor, fel mio creder non erra,
Accio potesse giungere a me, l'enne,
E gli infrappe molte fusinghe, e prieghi,
Con che ad amarlo, e complacer mi pieghi:

27. Ma tutti indarno, che fermata, e certa
Più tosto era a morir, ch' a fatisfarli,
Poi ch'ogni pieghe, ogni fusinghe esserta
Ebbe, e minaccie, e non poten giovare;
Si ridusse a la forza a faccia aperta.
Nulla mi val, che fupplicando parti
De la fe, s'avea in lui Zerbin avuta;
E ch'io ne le sue man m'era creduta.
When vainly cast away my prayers I fees,  
Nor any succour could I hope elsewhere,  
And he more eager still, with villainy,  
Was coming at me, like a familh'd bear;  
With hands and feet for my defence I try,  
And with my nails and teeth to work prepare;  
I pluck'd his beard for him, his skin I rent  
With screams, which to the very heavens went.

I know not, if 'twere chance, or else my cries,  
Of which must for a league be heard the sound;  
Or that to th' coast the country frequent flies,  
When any vessel bulges, or is drown'd;  
I saw a crowd upon the mountain rise,  
And this towards the sea and us bore round;  
When Odoric them coming had in sight,  
He quits his enterprize, and takes to flight.

Against this traitor to me prov'd an aid  
This troop, my Lord; but thought it may require,  
What oft is in the vulgar proverb said,  
To fall from out the pan into the fire:  
'Tis true, I've not been so unhappy made,  
Nor so much mischief did their minds aspire,  
That violence they to my person shew'd;  
Not that in them or virtue is, or aught that's good.

But that to keep me in my virgin state,  
They hope in tale to get the more reward:  
The ninth month comes, now are past'd over eight,  
My living body has been here intern'd.  
On my Zerbin my hopes no longer wait;  
For by what I have from their speeches heard,  
They've fold me to a merchant, and agreed  
Eastward I for the Sultan be convey'd.

The gentle damsel in such manner spoke,  
And with her sighs and sobs, and sighs again,  
Her speech angelical she often broke,  
That ap or adder might have made humane:  
While her affliction thus anew the took,  
Or disimbitter'd thus perhaps her pain,  
Some twenty men defend into the cave,  
Arm'd some with spits, and others hedge-bills have.

The first of them, a man of cruel mien,  
Had but one eye, squinting, and dark his fight;  
As 'tother with a stroke, by which had been  
Cut off his nose and jaw, was blind outright:  
He, when he had the knight thus feated feen  
Within the cavern, with this virgin bright,  
Turn'd to his gang, said, A new bird fee here,  
Caught in the net, for whom we laid no snare.
Poi disse al Conte, Uomo, non vidi mai,
Più commodo di te, ne più opportuno:
Non so, se ti f' apposto, o se lo fai,
Perche te l'abbia forse datto alcuno;
Che se' bell' arme io defuova affari,
E questo tuo leggiadro abito bruno:
Venuto à tempo veramente sei
Per riparar a gli bisogni miei.

Sorride amaramente, in più solito
Orlando, e fe riposia al mascalzone;
Io ti venderò l'arme ad un partito,
Che non ba mercadante in suar ragione.
Del fuoco, c'avea appresso, inde rapito
Pien di fuoco e di fumo uno flizzone,
Trasfe, e percoffe il Malandrino à cajo;
Dove confuna con le ciglia il naso.

La flizzzone ambe le palpebre colse;
Ma maggior danno fe ne la finiftra:
Che quella parte misera gli tolse,
Che de la luce sola era miniftra,
Ne d'acciecarlo contentar fi vofe
Il colpo fier; s'ancor non lo registra,
Tra quelli spiriti, che con suoi compagni
Fa il far Caron dentro à i boldenti flagni.

Ne la fpeonca una gran mensa fiede,
Grofia dui palmi, e spaziosa in quadro;
Che sopra un mal polito, e groffo piede,
Capo con tutta la famiglia il ladro.
Con quell' agevolezza, che fi vede
Gitar la canna la Spagnuol leggiadra,
Orlando il grave defco da fe scaglia,
Dove rifletta in feme la canaglia.

A chi'l petto, à chi'l ventre, à chi la testa,
A chi' vompe le gambe, à chi le braccia;
Di che altri muore, altri flortipato reffa:
Chi meno è offo di fuggir procaccia.
Così tal volta un grave falo pestà
E fianchi, e lombi, e fpessa capi, e fèbaccia,
Gittato sopra un gran drapel di bifce,
Che dopo il verno al Sol fi goda, e lificia.

Nafcono cafi; e non faprei dir quanti;
Una muore, una parte senza coda:
Un'altra non si può move dauniti,
E'1 deretano indarno aggira, e 'noda:
Un'altra, che'ebbe più propizi i fanti,
Striscia fra l'erbe, e va fupertendo à proda.
Il colpo orribil fu, ma non mirando,
Poi che lo fece il valoroso Orlando.

Then to the Count said, Man I ne'er did view
Than thee more suitable, more opportune:
Come ye of your accord? perhaps you knew,
For that by some one to thee it was shewn;
Because these arms is fine I with'd for so,
And this your pretty-fancy'd habit brown;
Thou in the nick of time art come indeed,
To well supply me with the things I need.

Bitterly smil'd Orlando, and up did rife,
And to the rascal he for anfwer gave,
I'll fell my arms to you at such a price,
That no one merchant would in reason have:
From the fire near he snatch'd out in a trice,
Replete with fire and smoke, a firebrand brave,
Throws it, and the mean robber hits by chance,
Juf where the nofe does 'midst the brows advance.

The firebrand brave with both his eyelids spoke,
But the moft milchifd did upon his right;
As it that wretched member from him took,
The foie remaining minifter of light:
Nor blinding him alone does this fierce stroke
Content, but him into the lift did write
Among thofe sprights, whom with their company
Charon does to the burning lake convey.

Within the cavern was a table fet,
Of two palms thickness, and of spacious square,
That, upon mally and ill-finth'd feet,
The thief and family held fitting there;
With the fame cafe we fee, in action neat,
The dextrous Spaniard tofe a flick in air,
Orlando threw the pond'rous mafs of wood,
Where in a heap this fet of villains flood.

For some their breasts, their bellies, fome their head,
Some he their legs, others their arms he broke;
Some of them lam'd, others were fo more quite dead;
Tho'fe who left damag'd were, to flight foon took.
Thusfometimes by a weighty stone are bray'd
The flanks and lungs, the heads to flatterers truck,
Which is upon a heap of serpent's thrown,
Smoothing their skins, and bafking in the vernal fun.

It can't be told, how different is each cafe;
One dies, without a tail one quits the ground;
Another hath not force to forward pafs,
And her hind part the vainly curls around;
'Tother, that fortune more propitious has,
Slides thro' the grafs, where safety may be found:
The stroke was dreadful, wonderful to none,
Since by Orlando val'rous it was done.
Canto 13.

ORLANDO FURIOSO. 183

Quei che la mensa d’nulla, o poco offese;  
E Turpin scrive a punto, che fur fette,  
A i piedi raccomandar lor difece;  
Ma ne l’uscita il Paladino si mette,  
Poi che presi gli ha senza contefe,  
Le man lor lega con la fune strette,  
Con una fume al suo bifeschio deftra,  
Che ritrovi ne la casa silvestra.

Poi li fiafina fuor de la spelonca,  
Dove facea grande ombra un vecchio forbo.  
Orlando con la spada i rami tronca,  
E quelli attacca per vivando al corbo.  
Non bifeschio catena in capa adonca,  
Che per purgar il mondo di quel morbo,  
L’arbor mefchina gli uncini prestolli,  
Con che p’l’mento Orlando vii attaccoll.

La donna vecchia amica à Malandrini;  
Poi che reflar tutti li vide offinti;  
Fuggi piangendo, e con le mani à i crini,  
Per felve, e boscerucci labirinti.  
Dopo affari, e malagevoli cammini,  
A gravi paffi, e dal timor sopinti,  
In ripa un fume in un guerrier contrefte;  
Ma differisco à raccontar chi fojfe.

E tornò à l’altra, che fi raccomanda  
Al Paladino, che non la lafci sola;  
E dice di seguirlo in ogni banda:  
Cortefemente Orlando la consola;  
E quindi, poi ch’èfi ci con la ghirlanda  
Di rofe adorna, e di purpurea fola  
La bianca Aurora al folito cammino  
Parti con Ifabella il Paladino.

Senza trovar cosa, che degna sia  
D’istoria, molti giorni insieme andare;  
E finalmente un cavalier per via,  
Che prigione era tratto, rifcontraro.  
Chi fojfe dirò poi; ò or me ne fuia  
Tal, di chi udir non vi farà men caro;  
La figliuola d’Amon, laqual lafciati  
Lunguida dianzi in amorofi guai.

La bella donna difiando in vano,  
Ch’a lei faccile il fuo Ruggier ritorno.  
Stava à Marsilia, eue à lo suo Pagano  
Dava da travagliar quasi ogni giorno:  
L’iqual scorreva rubando in monte, e in piano  
Per Linguadoca, e per Provenza intorno;  
Ed ella ben facea l’affcio vero  
Di favio Duca, e d’ottimo guerriero.

They whom the table little did offend,  
And them exactly ev’n Turpin does write,  
Their safety to their feet did recommend;  
But in the gang-way plac’d himself the knight,  
And taking them, for they durst not contend,  
He bound their hands with ropes entwisted tight,  
With cordage, luckily which for his use  
He had discover’d in this savage house.

From forth the cavern then he dragg’d them out,  
Where an old service-tree form’d a vast shade;  
Orlando with his sword the branches cut,  
And faften’d them, now food for ravens made;  
No need of chains, which hooks at th’ end had got,  
For that the world might from this pest be freed,  
The tree itself him did with hooks supply;  
Orlando thro’ their chins fix’d them thereby.

The ancient woman, of these thieves the friend,  
Soon as she all of them thus slaughter’d view’d,  
Lamenting fled, her hands her hair did rend,  
Along the groves and lab’rinths of the wood;  
After, by harp uneafy roads does tend,  
With heavy steps, and by her fears perfu’d,  
Upon a river’s bank a warrior met;  
But I defer, who this was, to relate;

And turn to t’other, who does recommend  
To th’ knight, that he’d not leave her here alone;  
Saying, with him to ev’ry clime she’d tend:  
Orlando courteously relieves her moan,  
And thence, when with her chaplet forth did bend,  
With roves deck’d, and in a purple gown,  
The bright Aurora, for her usual route,  
The Paladin with Isabel set out.

Without aught finding, that might worthy be  
Of tale, together many days they went,  
And finally a cavalier by th’ way  
They met, conducted in imprisonment:  
Who that might be, hereafter will I say,  
Perfuing what will you no lefs content:  
Duke Amon’s daughter brave, whom I did leave  
Languid, time past, in am’rous pain to grieve.

This Lady fair remaining in vain hope,  
Her Ruggier would to her return again,  
Staid at Marfeilles, where to the Pagan troop  
She almost ev’ry day gave toilsome pain;  
Who thro’ Provence, and Languedoc’s whole scope,  
Ran plund’ring over mountain, over plain;  
And the true office well did execute  
Of the best warrior, and a Chief acute.
Stando qui, e di gran spazio esendo
Passato il tempo, che tornare à lei
Il suo Ruggier dovea, nè la vedendo,
V'avea in timor di mille casi rei.
Un di fra gli altri, che di ciò piangendo
Stava solina, le arrivò colui,
Che portò ne l'anel la medicina,
Che fanò il cuor, d'avea ferito Alcina.

Come à se ritornar senza il suo amante
Dopo fé lungo termine, la vedete;
Resta pallida, e smorta, e si tremende,
Che non hà forza di tenerfi in piedi:
Ma la maga gentil le va davante
Ridendo, poi che del timor s'avvede;
E con vifo giocondo la conforta,
Qual aver fuol chè buone neve apperta.

Non tener, diffe, di Ruggier, Donzella:
Che vives, e fano; e come fuol, l'adora,
Ma non è gia in sua libértà: che quella
Pur gli ba levata il tua nimico ancora:
Ed è bifogno, che tu monti in sella,
Se brami averlo, e che me segui or ora:
Che fe mi segui, io t'aprirò la via,
Donde per te Ruggier libero sia.

E seguitò narrandole di quello
Magico errore, che gli avea ordito Atlante:
Che simulando d'essa il vivo bello,
Che captiva parea del rio gigante,
Tratte l'avea ne l'incantato ostello,
Dove sparatò gli era davante:
E come tarda con mimile inganno
Le donne, e i cavalieri, che di là vanno.

A tutti par l'incantator mirando,
Mirar quel, che per se brama ciascuno,
Donna, scudier, compagno, amico; quando
Il desiderio uman non è tutto uno;
Quindi il palagio van tutti cercando
Con lungo affanno, e senza frutto alcuno;
E tanta è la speranza, e il gran defire
Dei ritrovare, che non ne san partire.

Come tu giunge, diffe, in quella parte,
Che giace presso à l'incantata stanza:
Verrà l'incantatore à ritrovare,
Che terrà di Ruggiero ogni sembianza;
E ti fuàrò parer con sua mal arte,
Ch'ivi lo vinca alcun di più poffanza,\nAcciò che tu per aiutarlo vada;
Dove con gli altri poi ti tenga à bada.

Remaining here, and being a great space
Of time pafs'd by, when to return to her
Her Ruggier ought; nor seeing yet his face,
Of thousand evil haps she liv'd in fear:
One day 'mongst others, moaning of her case,
She solitary stood, to her came near
She, by the ring who brought the medicine,
Which heal'd the heart, once wounded by Alcine.

As her now coming back without her dear,
After fo long a time, she did behold;
Trembling and pale, the flood half-dead with fear,
She has not firength herself on foot to hold;
But to her goes the forc'res debonnaire,
Smiling, as she could well her dreads unfold;
And with a cheerful look her comforting,
As those are us'd that joyful mageze bring:

Fear not, says she, for your Ruggier, my maid;
He you alone adores, does well remain,
But is not still in freedom; that, indeed,
Your enemy once more has from him ta'en:
And now your saddle you to mount have need,
And follow me, if him you would regain:
The way I'll shou you, if you follow me,
How, by your means, Ruggier shall be fet free.

And so perfu'd, relating her the cafe,
The magick fraud Atlante did contrive,
That of herself resembling the sweet face,
She seem'd of the fell giant the captive;
So drew him into that enchanted place,
Where disapparing, him the slip did give;
And how he does with like deception stay
The dames and cavaliers, that go that way.

To all appears the wond'rous forcerer,
That each the object sees of his desire,
Lady, or 'quire, companion, friend sincer;
The human wifs don't all the fame require:
Thence thro' the palace searching, all repair,
Without the least success, in sorrow dire,
With inclination strong, with hope so great,
To find it; thence they know, not how to get.

When you arrive, said she, unto that part,
Which borders upon this enchanted place,
The forcerer, to seek you, forth will dart,
Who of Ruggier will bear the very face;
And will make semblance by his wicked art,
That some one there does him in pow'r furpafs:
So you may go to aid him thus ditrefi,
Where he amus'd may hold you, like the rest.
Canto 13.

52.
Perché gli inganni; in che son tanti, e tanti
Caduti, non ti colgano, fai avvertita,
Che se ben di Ruggiero vijo, e sembianti
Ti parrà di veder, che cieccia alita,
Non gli dar fede tu; ma, come avanti
Vi vien, façgli levar l’indegnà vita:
Ne dubitar perciò, che Ruggier muoia,
Ma ben colui, che ti dà tanta noia.

53.
Ti parrà duro affari, ben lo conosco,
Uccidere un, che sembi il tuo Ruggiero;
Pur non dar fede a l’occhia tua, che l’osco
Parà l’incanto, e celeragli il vero:
Formati pri, ch’io ti conduca al bosco,
Si che poi non fì cangi il tuo pensiero,
Che sempre di Ruggier rimarrai priva,
Se lasci per viltà, ch’el mago viva.

54.
La valoria giovane con questa
Intenzion, ch’el fraudolente uccida,
A pigiar l’arme, ed à seguir è presa
Melîsa, che sa ben quanto l’è fida.
Quella, or per terrer culto, or per foresia
A gran giornate in gran fretta la guida:
Cercando alleviarle tuttavia
Con parlar grato la notoia via.

55.
E più di tutti bei ragionamenti
Spesso la ripetea, ch’uscir di lei
È di Ruggier doveano gli eccellenti
Principi, e gloriosi Semidei.
Come à Melîsa fèssimo pretenti
Tutti i secreti de gl’eterni Dei,
Tutte le cose ella fapea predire,
C’avean per molti ficolet à venire.

56.
Deh! come, O prudentissima mia scorta,
Dica la maga l’inclita donzella,
Molti anni prima tu m’hai fatta accorta
Di tanta mia viril progenie bella;
Che d’aluna donna mi conforta,
Che di mia stirpe sia; s’aluna in quella
Metter fì pur tra belle, e virtuose:
E la cortesia maga le ripose.

57.
Da te uscir veggio le pudiche donne,
Madri d’Imperadori, e di gran Regi,
Reparatrici, e solide colonne
Di cote illustri e di domini egregi;
Che men degni non son ne le lor gonne,
Ob’armi i cavalier di sommi pregi.
Di pietà, di gran cuor, di gran prudenza,
Di fonna, e incomparabil continenza.

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58.
That the deceits, so many have drop’d in,
May not catch you, be preacquainted made:
Tho’ perfectly Ruggiero’s face and mein
You seem to fee, who calls to you for aid,
Credence give not; but when before you feen,
Fail not, that down that worthles life be laid;
Nor therefore doubt, that Ruggier’s life is ta’en;
Be sure ‘tis his, who gives you so much pain.

59.
’Twill seem most hard to you, full well I know,
One, who resembles your Ruggier, to kill;
But trust not to your sight, misguided so
By the enchantment, which will truth conceal:
Make yourself firm, ere to the wood we go;
So that hereafter you change not your will:
You yourself ever of Ruggier deprive,
If you, by fear, let the enchanter live.

60.
The val’rous Lady, now with full design
The fraudiful forcerer to overthrow,
Her arms to take, and follow does incline,
Melîsa, whom so faithful she does know:
Thro’ forests she, and lands with culture fine,
Great stages with great haste her guide does go,
Seeking, throughout their journey, to allay,
With pleasant talk, the trouble of the way.

61.
And besides ev’ry grateful argument,
Repeated oft to her, from her should rife,
And from her Ruggier, Princes excellent,
Or rather glorious semi-deities,
As to Melîsa did themselves present,
Of the eternal Gods the secrecies:
She science had to tell the matters all,
Which many ages hence were to befal.

62.
Pray, my conduc’trefs, most supremely wise,
The nymph illustrious to the for’c’trefs says,
As you before-hand did me to apprize,
Of numbers of my glorious manly race,
Now of some female comfort me likewise,
That of my stock may be, if any place
Can claim amongst the virtuous and the brave.
The for’c’trefs courteous to her anfwer gave;

63.
From you I see proceeding ladies chaste,
Mothers of Emperors, and Princes great,
Restoreffes, and columns to make fait
Honours illustrious, many’ a glorious state;
Equal in worth, in female habit drefs’d,
With heroes arm’d, of moft consummate weight;
Of piety, brave hearts, of prudence rare,
Of utmost continence, beyond compare.
E ch'io avrò da narrarti di ciascuna,
Che ne la tirpe tua fia d'amor degna,
Troppa farà; ch'io non ne veggo alcuna,
Che paffar con silenzio mi convenga:
Ma ti farà tra mille scelta d'una,
O di due coppie, accio ch'è fin ne vegna.
Ne la specola perch'è nel cieffi,
Che l'immagini ancor vedute aurésti?

De la tua chiara tirpe uscirà quella
D'opere illustri, e di bei studi amica;
Ch'io non so ben, se più leggiadra, e bella
Mi debba dire, o più faggia e pudica;
Liberale, e magnanima Isabella,
Che del bel lume suo di e note aprica
Farà la terra, che sù'l Mencio fiede,
A cui la madre d'Ocno il nome dìse.

Dove onorate, e splendida certame
Avra col suo dignissimo conforte;
Che di lor più le virtù prezzi, ed ame,
E chi meglio apra a cortefia le porte.
S'un narrerà, ch'al Taro, e nel Reame
Fu a liberar da Galli Italia forte:
L'altra dirà, Sol perchè cagia vifse
Penelope non fu minor d'Ulisse.

Gran cose, e molte in brevi detti accolgo
Di questa donna, e più dietro ne lasso;
Che in quelli dì, ch'io mi levai dal volgo,
Mi fe chiara Merlin del cavo fuffo.
E se in questo gran mar la vela sciolga,
Di lunga Tifì in navigar trapasso;
Conchiudo in fomma; ch'ella avrà per dono
De la virtù del ciel, ciò ch'è di buono.

Seco avrà la sorella Beatrice,
A cui si convinra tal nome appunto:
Che foffa non fol del ben, che qua giù lice,
Per quel, che viverrà, toccherà il punto;
Ma avrà forza di far feco felice
Fra tutti i richi Duci il suo congiunto:
Iqual, come ella poi laferà il mondo,
Cosi de l'infelici andrà nel fondo.

E Moro, e Sforza, e l'Infoneti Colubri,
Lei vivà, formidabili faranne
Da l'Iperbore nevis, a i lidi Rubri,
Da l'Inda a i monti, ch'al tua mar via danno.
Lei morta, andran col regno de d'Infubri,
E con grave di tutta Italia danno,
In servitute; e fia sfinita, senza
Costei, ventura la somma prudenza.

And if I am to tell you ev'ry one
May worthy be of Honour in your race,
Too much 'twould be; for therein I see none,
That it would suit. I should in silence pass:
But, 'midst a thousand, some I've pitch'd upon,
One or two couple, and conclude apace:
Why in the cave did you not speak to me,
That you their very images might see?

That dame shall issue forth from your bright line,
Of noble works, rare studies, patronesis,
I know not whether her more lovely, fine,
Or else more chaste and wife, I should express:
The bounteous Iffabel, with soul divine,
That with her luftre night and day shall drefs
With rays that fport, that stands on Mincio's stream,
Unto which Ocono's mother gave the name.

Where noble, splendid conteft shall arise,'
Betwixt herfelf and her most worthy mate,
Which of them most does virtue love and prize,
And which beft opea for courteous the gate:
At Taro and at Naples victories,
Italy freed from French should he relate:
She too may fay, From life of chaffity,
Not, than Ulyfles, lefs was fam'd Penelope.

Great things, and many, in short words I fhow
About this Dame, and many leave untold;
Which, what time from the vulgar I withdrew,
Merlin did from his hollow tomb unfold:
In this vaft fea should I my falls let go,
I fould exceed Thiphs's voyage bold;
Concluding all, on her shall be fentow'd,
By virtue and by heaven, ev'ry good.

Her fister Beatrice in her time shall live,
To whom fuch name fo fully will agree;
For he not only all, this world can give
Of happines, shall find in vaft degree,
But to make her own fponde exceed, contrive,
All the rich princes in felicity;
Who, soon as e'er the from the world shall go,
'Mongft the unfortunate shall tumble low.

Sforza, Vifconti, snakes wholeſ ensigns boaft,
And Moro, while she lives, shall dreadful be,
From Hyperborean knows to th' Ruby coaft,
From India to the hills lav'd by your fea:
She dead, th'Infubrian kingdom shall be loft,
And fervitude, and damage, Italy
Shall undergo, and she no longer there
Chance for the highest prudence shall appear.
Vi saranno altre ancor, c'auranno il nome
Medesmo, e naferan molt' anni prima;
Di ch'una s'ornerà le sacre chiome
De la corona di Pannonia opima:
Un'altra poi, che le terreï se ne
La sciatà avrà, sia ne l'Aufonio Clima
Collocata nel numer de le Dvo,
Ed avrà incensi, e imaginis votive.

De l'altre tacerò; che, come ho detto,
Lungo sarebbe a ragionar di tante:
Benche per che ciascuna abbia suggetto
Degno, ch'eroica, e chiara tuba cante.
Le Bianche, e le Lucrezie io terrò in petto,
E le Costanza, e l'altra, che di quante
Splendide case, Italia reggeranne,
Ripararisti, e madri ad effor hanno.

Più, ch'altre fosser mai, le tue famiglie
Soran ne le lor Donne avventurose;
Non dico in quella più de le lor figlie,
Che ne l'alta onesta de le lor spoเส;
E accio da te notizia ano si piglie
Di questa parte, che Merlin mi spose,
Forse percb'io dovessi à te ridire,
Ho di parlarne non poco difire.

E dirò prima di Ricciarda, degna
Esempio di forza, ed' oneflade,
Vedova rimarrà giovane, à fdegno
Di fortuna: il che spoсо à i buoni accade.
I figli privi del paterno regno
E fuii andar vedrò in frane contrade,
Fanciulli in man de gli avversari loro:
Ma in fine avrà il suo male ampio ristoro.

De l'altra ferpe d'Aragona antica
Non tacerò la splendida Regina,
Di cui ni faggia si, ne si pudica
Veggo iforia lodar Greca, e Latina;
Né à cui Fortuna più si mostrò amica;
Poi che farà da la bonita divina
Eletta madre à partorir la bella
Progenie, Alfonso, Ippolito, e Isabel.

Coffi sarà la faggia Leonora,
Che nel tuo felice arvore s'innexa,
Che ti dirò de la seconda nuora
Succeditrice proflima di questa?
Lucrezia Borgia; di cui d'orì in ora
La beltà, la virtù, la fama onesta,
E la fortuna crescerà non meno,
Che giovin pianta in morbido terreno.

Others there shall be, who like name shall bear,
Who shall be born in years of earlier time;
Of whom one shall adorn her sacred hair
With rich Pannonia's diadem sublime:
Another, after, when terrestrial care
She shall have quitted, in th' Aufonian clime
Shall number'd be among the deities,
Incense shall have, and votive images.

Of th' others I'll be silent, as I've said;
So many to describe would be too long:
Tho', by herself, each subject may be made
Worthy of fame's bright trumpet to be fng;
The Biancas and Lucretias shall be laid
Up in my mind, Confiantias, others sprung
From splendid houces, to rule Italy,
Her mothers and restorers doom'd to be.

Your race, than other ever was before,
Shall be more fam'd for damfuls of renown;
Nor speake I of the daughters valour more,
Than will their virtue be as spoufes shown;
And that the truth hereof you may explore,
Which, in this case, Merlin to me made known.
Perhaps that I should it to you convey,
I am not little earnest now to say.

First, of Ricciarda you'll entertain,
Of valour and of virtue sample great;
Who, in her youth, a widow shall remain,
Which happens to the best by wrath of fate:
Her sons depriv'd of their paternal reign,
And banish'd, she shall fee, to foreign state,
When infants, captives in the hand of foes;
But shall at last have full reward for all her woes.

Of Aragon's high race, renown'd by age,
In silence I'll not pass the splendid Queen;
As she, no one so virtuous, none so fage,
Is thro' the Greek or Roman story seen:
Nor for whom fate so kindly did engage,
As the celestial bounty shall ordain
Her chosen the fair offspring to reveal,
Alfons, Hippolito, and Isabel.

The prudent Leonora this shall be,
Who shall be grafted in your happy race;
Of her son's second spouse what shall I say,
Who by succession shall posses her place;
Lucretia Borgia, for whom day by day
Shall beauty, virtue, honourable præfice,
And fortune still increase with no less haste,
Than a young plant, that in rich soil is plac'd.
Qual lo stagno à l'argento, il rame a l'oro,
Il campofre papavere a la rosa,
Pallide fale al sempre-verde allora,
Dipinto vetro a gemma preziosa;
Tal 'a cofei, ch'ancor non nata onoro,
Sarà ciascuna infine a qui famosa,
Di singolar belta', di gran prudenza,
E d'ogni altra lodevole eccellenza.

E sopra tutti gli altri incliti pregi,
Che le saranno e a viva, e a morta dati;
Si lederà, che di costume regi
Ercole, e gli altri figli avra dotati;
E dato gran principio à i ricchi regi,
Di che poi s'orneranno in toga, e armati.
Perché l'odor non se ne va Jì in fretta,
Ch'in nuovo vaso, à buono, à rio Jì metta.

Non voglio ch'in silenzio ancor Renata
Di Francia, nuora di cofei, rimagna;
Di Luigi, il duodecimo Re, nato,
E de l'eterna gloria di Brettagna:
Ogni virtù; ch'in dona mai Jì sta
Dopo, ch'èl fuoco scalp, e l'acqua bagna,
E gira intorno il cielo, insieme tutta
Per Renata adornar veggio ridutta.

Lungo sarà, che d'Alda di Sanfogne
Narri, o de la Contessa di Celano;
O di Bianca Maria di Catalogna;
O de la figlia del Re Siciliano;
O de la bella Lippa di Bologna,
E d'altre; che s'io vu di mano in mano
Venivene dicendo le gran lode,
Entro in un' alto mar, che non ha prode.

Poi, che le raccontò la maggior parte
De la futura stirpe à suo grand'agio:
Più voltì, e più le replicò, de l'arte,
C'avea tratto Ruggier dentro al palagio.
Melisfa si fermò, poi che fu in parte
Vicina al luojo del vecchio malvagio;
E non le parve di venir più innante,
Acciò veduta non falle da Atlante.

E la donnzella di nuovo configlia
Di quel, che mille volte ormai l'ha detto:
La lascia sola, e quella oltre à due miglia
Non cavalcò per un sentiero fretto,
Che vide quel, ch'èl suo Ruggier simiglia:
E due giganti di crudele aspetto
Intorno avea, che lo stringean sì forte,
Ch'era vicino effer condotto a morte.

As tin to silver, near gold copper teen,
To poppy wild as does the rose appear,
As willow pale to laurel ever-green,
The painted glafs to the rich gem compare,
To her unborn, whom I to honour mean,
Shall be each one as yet of fame so rare,
In beauty singular, in prudence great,
And excellencies all, that praise create:

And above ev'ry other lofty praise,
That on her dead or living is bestow'd,
She'll be renown'd, that in such royal ways
Herc'les, and all her sons, shall be endow'd;
And such rich grace giv'n to their great effays,
The flow'r they'll be of sword and gown allow'd;
For that the scent will (tediously) remain,
Which a new vesse, good or ill, has ta'en.

In silence I'll not pass Renata by,
Of France, by marriage rite, her daughter great,
Of Lewis the twelfth King the progeny,
Eternal glory of Britannia's state;
Each single virtue woman did enjoy,
Since fire had pow'r to burn, or water wet,
And heav'n went round, shall all together join
Renata to adorn: I see them all combine.

Tenedious 'twill be, if Alda of Sanfogne
I mention, or the Countess of Celan,
Or Bianca Maria of Catalogne,
Or daughter of the King Sicilian,
And also of fair Lippa of Bologne,
And others; for should I each person scan,
Keep on to reckon all their prais' o'er,
I enter on a sea without a shore.

Soon as she did the major part relate,
At leisure, of her future progeny,
She earneft did the stratagem repeat,
Which Ruggier to the palace did convey:
Here flopt Melisfa, as, now near, the feat
Of the old forcer he did expy:
Nor seem'd it fitting to go farther on,
That to Atlante she might not be known;

And giving warning to the maid anew
Of what to oft she did before relate,
Leaves her alone; who, ere a mile or two
She had rode on, along a passage straight,
One like her own Ruggiero had in view,
And two fierce giants, of tremendous gait,
Who with such violence around, him hem'd,
That almost to his death reduc'd he seem'd.
76. The nymph perceiving in such danger great
    Him, of Ruggier who all the tokens wore,
    Her faith into suspcion changes fraught;
    Her brave resolves were to oblivion bore;
    She thought Melisso to Ruggier had hate
    For some new wrong, and wrath unheard before;
    And that by such unusual trick she strove,
    By her might die the object of her love.

77. Is not this Ruggier, to herself she said,
    Of my heart always, now my eyes delight?
    And if I know him not, so well survey'd,
    How shall I ever see or know aright?
    Why would I, better judgment should be made,
    By faith in others, than my proper fight?
    My heart, nor need my eyes now interfere,
    Itself can feel, if he be far or near.

78. A voice she heard, while thus she pensive said,
    That seem'd Ruggier, who succour did intreat,
    And fees him suddenly with utmost speed,
    Who spurred his horse, and gave him a free bit,
    And both his enemies so fierce and dread,
    Persuading, follow'd him with motion fleet:
    To follow them the nymph did not delay,
    Where to th' incantated mansion led the way.

79. The gates of which she does no sooner pass,
    But she is plung'd into the common doubt;
    She searches him, thro' straight and crooked ways,
    In vain, above, below, within, without;
    Nor ceas'd (so strong the magick) nights or days;
    And the enchantor had so brought about,
    That she Ruggier should talk with, still should view;
    But neither the Ruggier, nor her he knew.

80. But let's quit Bradamant, and do not grieve,
    That she in such enchantment stays, to hear;
    For when the time shall come, her to retrieve,
    I'll bring her forth, and also her Ruggier:
    As change of food fresh appetite does give,
    So does my history to me appear,
    As here, now there it has variety,
    Lest tedious to the hearer it will be.

81. Of many threads I seem to stand in need,
    To carry on my woof with labour great;
    Let it not then divest you here to read
    The manner how the Moors from their retreat
    Before King Agramant their arms display'd;
    Who gain'd the golden lilies, with much threat,
    Made them assemble to a muster new,
    That what his forces were he might review.
82.

For besides numbers both of horse and foot,
Which in abundance were in battle slain,
Gen’rals were missing, and tho’se of great note;
Of Ethiopia, Lybia, and Spain.
And squadrons various of the realms about,
Without their captains, wander’d o’er the plains.
Chiefs to appoint, and orders for each line,
At multer the whole camp united join.

83.

To raise supplies for the great number slain,
As well in battle, as in conflicts bold,
Commanders various were sent to Spain;
To Africk some, where many were enrol’d;
Whom in division did the chiefs ordain,
Under their captains to subjection hold:
For the next canto, if your leave concur,
Their order, and the multer, I’ll defer.

Canto XIV.

1.

In the assaults so frequent, conflicts dire,
Which France had prov’d with Africa and Spain,
For wolves and crows infinite troops expire,
For eagles claws left dead upon the plain:
And tho’ the French in grief were wrought up high,
As of their country round they lofs sustaine,
The Saracins were yet afflicted more
For their great Lords and Princes from them tore.

2.

Their victories were gain’d such bloody way,
That little thence came forth to make them glad;
And if to old things those of later day,
Matchles Alfonso! Ikenefs may be made,
The conquest great, which from your val’rous fway,
In mighty works, such glory has display’d,
From whence Ravenna must with many a tear
Have fill’d her eye, we may with this compare.

3.

When Picardy and Belgia giving back,
The hoft of Normandy and Aquitain,
You, mid itf their very standards did attack
Your almoft conqu’ring enmy of Spain;
While tho’se stout youths behind you way did make,
Whofe valiant acts did merit to obtain
That day, from you, in generous return
That gold their fprs and fabres should adorn.
In such firm way was each courageous breast,
To you so near, nor far from danger great,
You crush'd the shields with rich gold armors drest;
The truncheons gold and red to pieces beat;
Triumphant laurel should adorn your crest;
That fill the lily unalloy'd, and sweet;
Another garland round your head should bloom,
That her Fabricius you preferv'd for Rome.

Of the whole Roman name the column grand,
Which you supported, which you kept entire,
More honour gives you, than if with your hand
You made the force of cruel war expire:
How was with blood enrich'd Ravenna's land,
How many without ensigns did retire,
Of Aragon, Castiglia, and Navar,
Usest to help them, either swords or car?

This victory to us more comfort gave
Than real joy; for it too heavy lies
Against our mirth, when slaughter'd we perceive
The leader both of France and the emprise,
And thus absorb'd by the tempestuous wave
So many Princes, who their fow'renties
Illustrious to defend, and states, combin'd,
From far beyond the frozen Alps were join'd.

Our safety, and our very life, 'tis plain,
Was by this victory to strength resor'd;
Which now prevents the storms, and winter's rain,
Of angry Jove from being on us pour'd:
But we cannot rejoice, or feafts ordain,
When so much bitter wailing is deplo'red,
Which in their mourning drees, and weeping check,
Throughout all France so many widows make.

It now behoves King Lewis to produce
New generals his squadrons to command,
In honour of his golden flow'r-de-luce,
Who may chaflife the thief's rapacious hand,
That filters, brothers, black, white, grey, recluse,
Wives, daughters, mothers, with vile touch had stain'd;
Shrift in the sacrament on earth did lay,
From thence the silver shrine to take away.

Wretched Ravenna! better were your cafe,
That you the victor no refiitance made,
That Brescia to you were a looking-glass.
Than you to Faence, Arimine display'd,
Good old Trivulcius sent by Lewis was,
That he to prudence might your people lead,
And tell them, by like wrongs, what numbers great
'There were thro' Italy, who met their fate.
Come di capitan bisona ora,
Chel Re di Francia al campo suo provleggia;
Cofi Marfliio, ed Agramante allora
Per dar buon reggimento a la sua greggia;
Da i loci, donde il vero fi dimora,
Vul ch'in campagna a l'ordine fi veggia:
Perche vedendo, ove bisona sia,
Guida, e governo ad ogni febiera dia.

Marfliio prima, e poi fece Agramante
Paffar la gente sua febiera per febiera:
I Catalanì a tutti gli altri innante
Di Dorifbo van con la bandiera;
Dopo vien sema il suo Re Fulvirante,
Che per man di Rinaldo gia morto era,
La gente di Navarra: e le Re Ispano
Halle dato Ifolier per capitanio.

Balugante del popol di Leone;
Grandonio cura de gli Algarbi piglia.
Il fratel di Marfliio, Falfrone
Ha seco armata la minor Cafiglia.
Seguen di Mararafo il gonfalone
Quei, che lasciato ban Malaga, e Siviglia.
Dal mar di Gade a Cordova seconda
Le verdi ripe, ovunque il Bevi inonda.

Stordilano, e Teflira, e Baricondo
L'un dopo l'altro mostra la sua gente.
Granata al primo, Ulifbona al secondo,
E Mairica al terzo è ubbidiente.
Fu d'Ulifbona Re, tolto dal mondo
Larbin, Teflira di Larbin parente:
Poi vien Galizia, che sua guida in vece
Di Maricoldo, Serpentino fece.

Quei di Toledo, e quei di Calatrava,
Di ch'ebbe Sinagon gia la bandiera:
Con tutta quella gente, fe si lava
In Guadiana, e be de la riviera,
L'audace Matalifia governava.
Biansardin quei d'Afturga in una febiera,
Con quei di Salamanca, e di Piagenza,
D'Avila, e di Zamora, e di Palenza.

Di quei di Soragassa, e de la corte
Del Re Marfliio ha Ferrau il governo:
Tutta la gente è ben armata, e forte.
In quelli è Malgarino, Balinverno,
Malzarife, e Morgante, ch'una forte
Avea fatto abitar paese eferno:
Che poi che i regni lor gli furon solti,
Gli avea Marfliio in corte sua raccolti.

As at that time of gen'ral's there was want,
The King of France should for his camp provide;
So King Marflius then, and Agramant,
Who needed such o'er their troops to preside,
From where their winter-quarters did them plant,
Would in the field have them in ranks defcry'd,
That when they what was needful should perceive,
They to each troop might guides and leaders give.

Marflius first, then Agramante made,
Troop after troop, their forces march before;
The Catalans before the whole brigade;
Before, Doriphebus the standard bore.
Without their King Fulvirante, succeed,
Who by Rinaldo's hand was now no more;
The people of Navarre, the King of Spain
Had given Ifolier for their chieftain.

The troop of Leons Balugant led on;
Grandonio care had of th' Algarbi band:
The brother of Marflius, Falfrone,
Lefer Caflilia's army did command:
They follow'd Mararafo's gonfalon,
Who came from Malaga's and Seville's sirand,
From Gade's sea to fertile Cordova,
The verdant banks, where Bethy's waters stray.

Stordilan, Teflira, and Baricondo,
One after t'other do their force display;
Granade the first, Ulifbon the second,
The third Majorca's island does obey:
The King of Ulifbon, by death dethron'd
Larbin, of Larbin kin was Teflira.
Next comes Gallicia, who its captain, ftead
Of Maricoldo, Serpentino made.

Thofe of Toledo, and of Calatrave,
Of which the standard Sinagon did bear,
With all the people, who themselves do lave
In Guadian, and drink its river fair,
Were govern'd under Matalifia brave:
Afturga's troop was Biansardin's care,
With thofe of Salamanca and Piagerce,
Of Avila, Zamora, and Palence.

Of Saragofia thofe, and of his court,
Marflius put in Ferrau's government;
All people armed well, of pow'rful fort:
'Mongt thefèe Malgarin, Balinverne went,
Morgante, Malzarife, whom to refort
In diftant countries cruel fate had fent;
Whom, after from them were their kingdoms t'a'en,
Marflius in his palace did retain.
16. In questa è di Marsilio il gran bastardo
Follicone d'Almeria, con Dorico
e, Bavarte, e Largalifi, ed Analard,
Ed Archidante il Saguntino Conte,
E l'Armirante, e Langhiran gagliardo,
E Malagur, e aveva l'affazze pronte ;
Ed altri, ed altri, di quai penso, dove
Tempo sarà, di far uedere le proue.

Poi che passò l'esercito di Spagna
Con bella mostra innanzi al Re Agramante,
Con la sua squadra apparve à la campagna,
Il Re d'Oran, che quasi era gigante.
L'altra, che sien per Martafin si lagna;
Iqual morto la fu da Bradamante :
E fi dual, ch'una femmina si vanti
D'aver ucciso il Re de' Garamanti.

Segue la terza schiera di Marmonda,
C'Argosto morto abbandon in Giafgona.
A questa un capo, come à la seconda,
E come anco à la quarta dar bisogna :
Quantunque il Re Agramante non abbona
Di Capitanì; pur ne finge, e fognà.
Dunque Buraldo, Ornida, Argario elefl; 
E, dove voto ne fu, guida li mefse.

Diede ad Argonio quei di Libicana,
Che piangean morto il nero Duderincfo ;
Guida Brunello i suoi di Tingitana
Con vijo nubilefo, e siglio basso,
Che poi, che ne la felva non lontana
Dal caffle, ch'ebbe Atlante in cima al fasso,
Gli fu tolto l'anel da Bradamante,
Caduto era in disgrazia al Re Agramante.

E s'il fratel de Ferrau, Ifoilero ;
Ch'à l'arbo re legato ritrovillo,
Non facea fede innanzi al Re del vero :
Avrebbe dato in su le forche un crollo.
Mutò à prieghi di molti il Re pensiero
Già avendo fatto porgli il laccio al collo ;
Gli lo fece levar, ma riferbarlo
Pel primo errore, che poi giurò impiccarlo.

Si c'avea causa di venir Brunello
Con vijo meflo, e con la teja chine
Seguia poi Farurante ; e dietro à quello
Eran cavalli ; e fanti di Maurina.
Venía Libiano appresso il Re novello,
La gente era con lui di Costantina ;
Pero che la corona, et il bafton d'oro
Gli ha dato il Re, che fu di Pinador.

17. In this there was Marsilius' brave base-son,
Follicone of Almeria, Duricon,
Bavart', Largalif, Analard, came on,
And Archidant, the Saguntinian Count,
Amirant, Langiran for valour known,
And Malagur, who fraud to use was wont;
And others more, of whom I purpose, when
The time shall be, to make their prowcs seen.

Soon as the army had pass'd by, of Spain,
Before King Agramant, in frost fair,
With all his squadron marching on the plain,
Orano's King, a giant, did appear:
T'other, that comes, for Martafin complain,
Who now was dead by Bradamant's spear,
And griev'd that a female hand should vaunt
Of having slain the King of Garamant.

Next follow'd the third squadron of Marmond,
In Gaftony left by Argosto dead.
This and the second, as no chief was found,
And to the fourth to give one there was need:
Altho' King Agramant did not abound
With generals, yet counterfeit he made;
Therefore Burald, Ormid, Arganio, chose,
And, where requir'd, for chiefs does dispone.

He gave Arganio those of Libican,
Who swarthy Duderinso's death bemoan;
Brunello leads his force of Tingitan,
With cloudy-looking face, and brow cast down;
Since in the wood, which near the castle ran,
Which Atlant had on summit of the stone,
The ring was from him seiz'd by Bradamant,
He in disgrace fell of King Agramant.

And had not Ferrau's brother Ifoilier,
Who to the tree fast bound him, light upon,
Before the King made the whole truth appear,
He surely had the gallows undergone :
The King his judgment chang'd by others pray'r ;
Now o'er his neck the halter being thrown,
Orders it off; referring him in flore
For the next fault to hang him, as he swore.

So that Brunel to come, did reason find
With woful face, and to, his head decline:
Then follow'd Farurant, and him behind
There were the foot and horsemens of Maurine :
To these Libiano the new King was join'd,
With him the people were of Constantine;
As him the crown, and the baton of gold,
The King had given, Pinador's of old.
26.  
Con la gente Esperia Soridano,  
E Dorilone ne vien con quei di Setta:  
Ne vieco i Nasomoni Pulian;  
Quelli d'Amonia il Re Agricolo affrettà;  
Malabuferò quelli di Fizano;  
Da Finaduro è l'altra squadra retta;  
Che di Canaria viene, e di Marocco:  
Balsoiro ba quei, che fur del Re Tardo.  

23.  
Due squadre, una di Mulga, una d'Arzillo  
Seguono; e questo ha' suo Signore antico;  
Quella n'é priva: e però il Re fortilla,  
E dièla a Corineo suo fido amico;  
E co/i de la gente d'Almansillo,  
Ch'ebbe Tanfrion, fe Re Caico:  
Die quella di Getulia a Rimonedo,  
Poi vien con quei di Cofca Balinfront.  

24.  
Quell'altra schiera è la gente di Bolga:  
Suo Re è Clarindo, e già fu Mirabaldo,  
Vien Baliluzzo; il qual oè, che tua tola  
Di tutto il gregge pel maggior ribaldo.  
Non credo in tutto il campo di sicilga  
Bandiera, c'abba' affretto più fuldo  
De l'altra, con che segue il Re Sebrino,  
Ne più di lui prudente Saracino.  

25.  
Quei di Bellamarina, che Gualciotto  
Solea guidare; or guida il Re d'Algieri.  
Di Sarza, Rodomonte, che condotto  
Di nuova avea pedoni, e cavalieri:  
Che mentre il Sol fu nubifo fatto  
Il gran Centaur, e i corni orridi, e fieri;  
Fu in Africa mandato da Agramante,  
Onde venuto era t'evi giorno inante.  

26.  
Non ovea il campo d'Africa più forte,  
Ne Saracino più audace di costui;  
E più temean le Parigine porte,  
Ed avean più corag di tener lui,  
Che Marfilo, Agramante, e la gran corte,  
C'avea seguito in Francia quelli due:  
E più d'ogni altro, che facessi noftra,  
Bra nimio de la fede noftra.  

27.  
Vien Prusione il Re de l'Alvaracchie,  
Poi quel de la Zumara Dardinella.  
Non fo d'abbiano o nottole, o cornacchie,  
O altro manco, ed importuno angello,  
Iual da i teti, e da le fronde grachie  
Futuro mal, predetto a questo, e a quello:  
Che fissa in ciel nel di seguente e l'ora,  
Che l'uno, e l'altro in quella pugna nuora.
No more to take the field expected were,
Than Tremilfen's and the Noritian line,
Who were not seen in muster to appear;
No standard there, nor of them any sign:
Nor knew King Agramant what to declare,
Or of their lofty conduct to divine:
The 'quiere to him conducted was at last,
Who of the King of Tremilen told all that past.

How Manilardo and Alzird, he told,
With many more his friends, lay on the plain.
My Lord, said he, this knight so stout and bold,
As us he kill'd, your camp had also slain.
If they had been in their escape more cold
Than me, who scarcely thus could safety gain:
To herfe and foot he does such treatment show,
As wolves 'midst sheep and goats are us'd to do.

There was arriv'd, not many days were past,
Into the King of Afric's camp, a Lord,
The west throughout, and throughout all the east,
More bold or stout than him did none afford:
King Agramant him with much honour grac'd,
As he was fon and succesor affur'd
Of Afrigian, stout King of Tartary,
And Mandricard the fierce was named he.

Famous was he for many a glorious feat,
And his renown did all the world possess:
But what than others made his fame more great,
At the fort of the Syrian forceres
The armour so illustrious he did get,
Thousand years since the Trojan Hector's dres,
By formidable enterprise fo rare;
The very talk of it must strike with fear.

Wherefore as he himself did present find
At this discourse, he rais'd his valiant face,
And to fet out immediately inclin'd,
To find this warrior, and his footsteps trace;
But his intent secreted in his mind;
Whether for that he others deem'd too base,
Or that he fear'd his thought to publick make,
Left some before him should th' adventure take.

He of the 'quiere demanded of what dye
The upper vement was o' th' cavalier:
That is all black, the other did reply;
His shield black too, no helmet does he wear:
His answer, Sir, was strictest verity,
Seeing Orland his atch'ment had not there;
For as affliction in his mind he bore,
So would he gloomy have the dres he wore.
Marfilio à Mandricard avea donato
Un destrier bato à forza di castagna,
Con gambie, e chione nere; ed era nato
Di Frisia madre, e d'un villan di Spagna.
Sopra vi falla Mandricardo armato,
È galoppando va per la campagna,
E giura non tornare a quelle schiere,
Se non trova il campione d'arme nere.

35.
Molta incontró de la paura gente,
Che da le man d'Orlando era fuggita:
Chi del figliuol, chi del fratel dolente,
Chi innanz' à gli occhi suoi perde la vita:
Ancor la cadarda, e trista mente
Ne la pallida faccia era scolpita;
Ancor per la paura, che o'uto banno,
Palìdi, muti, ed infenfati vanno.

Non fe lungo cammin, che venne, dove
Crudele prestade ebe, ed innumano,
Ma tèssimonia à le mirabil proue,
Che fur raconte innanzi al Re Africano,
Or mira quegli, or quegli morti: è nuove;
E vuol le piaghe misurar con mano,
Moffa da mirar invidiosa, eh' a'glì porta
Al cavalier, che avea la gente morta.

36.
Come lupo, à mañin, ch'ultimo giunse
Al buo lasciato morto da villani;
Che trecua vo' le corna, l'offa, e l'ugne,
Del refto fon sfamati augelli, e cani;
Riguarda in vano il teftibio, che non ugne,
Cofi fa il crudel Barbaro in que' piani;
Per dua bestemmià, e nostra invidiosa immensa,
Che venne fardì à cofì ricer menfà.

Quel giorno, è mezzo l'altro seguè incerto
Il cavalier dal negro, e ne'domanda.
Ecco vede un fratel d'ombre coperto;
Che fi d'un alto sfume fi gibranda,
Che lascia à pena un breve fpiazzo aperto,
Dove l'acqua fi t'arfe ad altra banda,
Un famil fuogo con girevol onda
Sotto Orcicoli il Tevere circonda.

39.
Dove entrar fi potea, con l'arme indaffo
Stavano molti cavalieri armati.
Chiede il Pagan, chi gli avea in fud fi graffo
Ed à che effetto ihime ci adunati.
Gli fe rifpofta il Capitano, moffe
Dal signoril fembiente, e da fregiati
D'oro, e di gemme armefi di gran pregio;
Che lo mostravan cavaliero egregio.

Marfilus Mandricard a prefent made
Of a bay palfrey; chefnut was his coat,
Black were his legs and main, and he was bred
From Frisin mare, by Spanish Stallion got:
Mandricard leaps on him, in armour clad,
And in full gallop o'er the country fliot:
Swearing he'd to the army ne'er come back,
Till he had found the champion arm'd in black.

35.
Many the tim'rous folk he light upon,
Who from the hand of fierce Orlando flew:
Some for their fans, their brothers some bemoan,
Who were of life depriv'd, within their view:
Ev'n yet their coward minds, so woe-begone,
Upon their pallid vifage gray'd did fliow:
And now dejected with their former fear,
They, pale and dumb, infenfible appear.

36.
Not far he travell'd on, ere he came, where
The cruel fliight he had, and inhumane,
Which of the wond'rous acts did witnefs bear,
Recounted to the Monarch African:
Some bodies dead furveys, others does rear,
And with his hand would their wound's meafur'pan
Mov'd by the envy strange, which he did feel
Against the knight, who did this people kill.

37.
As molif or maift, who is come too late,
Where by the country hinds the ox lay dead, I meet,
With nought but horns, and bones, and hoofs, does pass,
The dogs and birds upon the refl had fed,
Regads in vain, nor deigns the head to eat,
The fell Barbarian fo thofe plains furvey'd:
For grief blasphemes, expressing envy great;
He came fo tardy to fo rich a treat.

This day, and half the next, he doubtfui sought
The knight in black, and did for him demand:
Behold, he spy'd a mead, with shade o'erwrought,
Where a depe stream encompass'd fo the land,
That a small entrance fcarcely could be got,
By where the water turn'd to t'other hand:
Th' entwining wave forms fuch a piece of ground,
Where Tiber does Orcicoli furround.

39.
Where he might enter in, arm'd cap-à-pie,
A many cavaliers in armour flood:
The Pagan ask'd, what this great troop might be,
And for what purpose fuch united crowd:
The captain anfwer'd him, as mov'd was he
By his appearance, which fo lordly shou'd,
And golden trappings, deck'd with gems moft rare,
Which him a knight illuirious did declare.
Dal nostro Re, sam, disse, di Granata
Chiamati in compagnia de la figlia vola;
La quale al Re di Sarza maritata,
Benché di ciò la fama ancor non voia,
Come appresso la ferì raccheta 
La ciciletta fia, c'or s'ode sola;  
Avanti al padre fra l'ipane torme 
La condurremo: intanto ella si dorme.

Colui, che tutto il mondo viltpende,
Disse di veder volo la pruova,
Se quella gente ò bene, ò mal difende
La donna, a la cui guardia si vitrueva.
Difce, Cofei per quanto ò n'intende,
E bella, e di sapelò ora mi giova.
A lei mi ména, o falla qui venire: 
Ch'altrove mi convien subito gire.

Esser per certo del pazzio solenne; 
Rispoja il Granadine; ò più gli difce.
Ma il Tartaro a ferir volo lo venne
Con l'also basso, e il petto gli trafigge: 
Che la corazza il colpo non solleme.
E forza fu, che morì in terra gisso.
L'also ricevà il figli d'Agricane, 
Perché altro da ferir non gli rimane.

Non portà spada, ò balion, che quando
L'arme acquisto, che sur Ettor Troiano:
Perché trovò che lel mancava il brando;
Gli convenne giurar, ò giurò in vano,
Che fin che non togliasa quella d'Orlando,
Non porrebbe ad altra spada mano.
Durindana, ch'Almont beve in gran fima,
E Orlando or porta; Ettor portava prima.

Grande è l'ardir del Tartaro, che vista
Con disvantaggio tal contra coloro,
Gridando: Chi mi vuol vietar la sfada?
E con la lancia si cacciò tra loro.
Chi l'also abbaia, e chi traue fuor la sfada,
E d'ogn' intorno subito gli ferì:
E gli ne fece morire una frotta,
Prima, che quella lancia fossa rotta.

Rotta che se la vede, il gran troncone,
Che restà intorno, ad ambi mane afferra;
E fa morir con quel tante perfene,
Che non fu vitja mai più crudel guerra:
Come tra Filifrei Elio Sanfone
Con la miscella, che levo di terra;
Scendi spezza, almi schiaccia, e un colpo spezza:
Spegne i cavalli à i cavalier appresso.

By our King of Granada, he said,  
Are call'd, upon his daughter to attend;  
Whom he of Sarza's King the spouse has made,  
Tho' fame, as yet, abroad this does not send:  
When near the ev'n'ing shall be quiet laid  
The graftshopper, sole noise does now offend,  
Before her father, midift the troops of Spain,  
We her shall lead: now she asleep is lain.

He, who all others in the world held cheap,  
Sudden to make experiment design'd,  
Whether they good or ill defence did keep  
Over the nymph, whose guards he them does find;  
Said, She, from your discourfe by what I reap,  
Is fair; and this to know I am inclin'd.  
To her conduct me, or make her come here;  
For somewhere else I sudden must repair.

Most certain thou must be some solemn afs:  
He of Granada answer'd; nor more spake;  
But soon the Tartar did to wound him pass,  
His spear abas'd, and thro' his breast he stroke;  
The blow t'oppose unable his cuiraf,  
So forcible, him dead to earth it took:  
Agricane's son his lance again drew our,  
As with that weapon folle he went about.

Not either sword or truncheon does he bear,  
Since Trojan Hector's arms he did obtain;  
For as he found that his sword was not there,  
He made an oath, nor did he swear in vain,  
That until such he from Orlando did tear,  
On other sword his hand should ne'er be lain;  
Durindana, once Almont's, eftem'd he held,  
Which now Orlando, Hector once, did wield.

Great was the Tartar's courage to proceed'  
'Gainst them, in such disadvantageous guife;  
Crying, Who me my passage will forbid?  
And 'mongst them with his lance with fury flies:  
His spear one aims, his sword one draws with speed;  
And sudden ev'ry one about him hies;  
And them in numbers great to death he sent,  
Before his mighty lance in pieces rent.

Rent as he faw it was, the pond'rous foot,  
Which whole remain'd, falt in both hands he held;  
With which a heap so great to death he put,  
That never was more cruel war beheld:  
As Hebrew Samfon Philistines did rout  
With the jaw-bone, he from the earth did wield;  
He splinter'd shields, helms shatter'd, and one blow  
To ground did horses and their riders throw.
46. 
Corrono à morte quei miferi à gara;  
Non perciò cadda l'uno, l'altro andar cessa;  
Che la maniera del morire amara  
Lor per più affari, che non à morte istessa.  
Patir non pone che la vita cara,  
Tolta lor fu da un pezzo d'affia fessa,  
E sieno sotto à le picbieate strane  
A morir giunti, come bische, o dense.

47. 
Ma poi, ch'à fpece lor si furo accorti,  
Che male in ogni guisa era marire;  
Sendo già presso à li due terzi morti,  
Tutto l'avanzo cominciò à fuggire.  
Come del proprio aver via fe gli porti,  
Il Saracin crudel non può patire,  
Ch'alcun di quella turba fegittita  
Da lui partir si debba con la vita.

48. 
Come in palude afiinutta dura poco  
Stridula canna, o in campo arida foppia  
Contrà il fasso di Barea, e contra il fuoco,  
Che'l cauto agricoltore insieme accoppia;  
Quando la vaga fiamma occupa il loco,  
E fcorre per li folchi, e stride, e foppia;  
Cofi color contra la furia accefa  
Di Mandricardo fan poca difefa.

49. 
Poscia, ch'egli restar vede l'entrata,  
Che mal guardata fu senza cui fode;  
Per la via, che di nuovo era segnata  
Ne l'erba, e al fuon de i ramarichi, ch'ode  
Viene à veder la donna di Granata,  
Se di bellezza è pàri à le sue lode:  
Paffa tra i corpi de la gente morta  
Dove gli dà, torcendo il fiume, porta.

50. 
E Doralice in mezzo il prato vede,  
Che cofì nome la donzella aveva,  
Laqual jufjolta da l'antico piede  
D'un fazzoletto fiocchiere fi dolce.  
Il piatto, come un vivo, che fuccede  
Di viva vena, nel bel fenn cadea;  
E nel bel coflo fi vide, che infieme  
De l'altrui mal fi duole, e del suo teme.

51. 
Crebbe il timor, come venir lo vide  
Di fangue brutto, con faccia empia e oscura,  
E li gridà fin al ciel l'aria divide,  
Di fe, e de la sua gente per paura;  
Che oltre i cavalier verrano guide,  
Che de la bella infante avano cura;  
Maturi vecchi, affai donne, e donzelle  
Del regno di Granata, e le piú belle.

The wretches strive which shall to death repair;  
Nor 'cause one falls, does t'other cease to go;  
The manner of their death far more severe  
To them appears, than death itself could show:  
Sweet life to lose they know not how to bear,  
That a spear's splinter thus should overthrow;  
And under these strange strokes that they should lie  
Like snakes and frogs, and thus united die.

47. 
But soon as at their cost they taught remain,  
That evil 'tis in ev'ry way to die,  
Almoft two thirds now being of them plain,  
All the survivors quick began to fly:  
As if his property was from him ta'en,  
The cruel Saracen could not comply,  
That any of this sense-deprived crowd  
With life to get from him should be allow'd.

48. 
As in the parch'd-up marsh short time does last  
The crackling reeds, or stubble on dry ground,  
Against the fire at once, and northern blast,  
When by the farmer's care together bound,  
Where the flame wand ring all the spot lays waife,  
And o'er the furrows runs with crackling sound;  
So these against the burning rage intence  
Of Mandricardo could make but small defence.

49. 
Soon as he saw the entrance open lay,  
Which now deserted was without a guard,  
Along the turf of the new-trodven way,  
And by the lamentations, which he heard,  
He came Granada's Lady to survev,  
If to her prie she charms might be compar'd,  
He the dead bodies of the slain pass'd by,  
Where the stream winding, entrance did supply.

50. 
And Doralice she saw amid the plain,  
For this the name was which the maid did own,  
Whom th' antique trunk did leaning there suftrain  
Of a wild ash, as she did make her moan:  
Her tears just like a stream flowing amain,  
With living current on her breast fell down,  
And in her lovely face at once appear,  
Her grief for others, for herself her fear.

51. 
Her fears increase'd, as coming him the spy'd, [face;  
With blood-besmeard, and fierce and threat'ning  
And cries quite up to heav'n the air divide,  
Fearing her own and for her people's cafe;  
For that besides the knights who her did guide,  
Of this fair infant to take care had place,  
Sages mature, ladies and maidens there,  
Of all Granada's kingdom the most fair.
Canto 14.

52.

Come il Tartaro vede quel bel viso,
Che non ha paragone in tutta Spagna;
E ch'ha nel pianto e chi o'er di nel viso?
Tus 'd Amor l'ineextricable ragna;
Non, se vivo in terra o in paradiso
Ne de la sua vittoria alta guadagnia,
Se non, che in man de la sua prigioniera
Si da prigione e non sa in quai maniera.

53.

Alei però non si concede tanto
Che del travaglio suo le doni il frutto,
Bench'piangendo ella dimostrì, quanto
Più donna mostrò dolore e lutto.
Egli sperando volgerle quel pianto
In sommo gau dio, era disposto al tutto
Menarla feco e sopra un bianco ubino
Montar la fece, e tornò al suo cammino.

54.

Donne, e donzelle, e vecchi, ed altra gente,
Ch'eran con lei venute di Granata,
Tutti licenzio benignamente,
Dicendo, Affai da me sia accompagnà;
Io mastro, io balia, io le farà ser gente
In tutti i suoi biogni; a Dio brigata.
Cosi non gli potendo far riparo
Piangendo e jospirando se n'andò:

55.

Tra lor dicendo, quanto doloroso
Ne farà il padre, come il cajo intenda!
Quanta era, quanto dolce ne avrà il suo sposo,
O come ne farà vendetta orrenda.
Deb perde a tempo tanto biognosa
Non è qui pressò a far, che coftui renda
Il fangue illustre del Re Stordilano,
Prima, che le parti più lontano?

56.

Da la gran preda il Tartaro contenta;
Che fortuna, e valor gli ha posta innanzi;
Di trovar quel dal negro vestimento
Non par, c'abba la fretta, c'avea dianz.
Correvà dianz; or viene ad agio, e lento;
E pensa tuttavia dove fi flanqui,
Dove ritruovi algun commodo loco
Per effalar tanto amoroso foco.

57.

Tuttavolta conforta Doralice,
C'avea di pianto e glie occhi, e'l viso molle,
Compone, e finge molte cofe, e dice,
Che per fana gran tempo ben le volle;
E che la patria, e il suo regno felice,
Che'l nome di grandezza a gli altri tisse,
Lafio non per vedere a Spagna, a Francia,
Ma fol per contemplar sua bella guancia.

When that bright visage did the Tartar see,
That in all Spain had not its paragon,
If such in tears, in smiles what must she be?
Cupid the net inextricable spun:
He knew not, if in earth or heav'n were he,
Nor by his victory aught else had won,
Save that himself into his pris'ner's hand
He pris'ner gave, nor how does understand.

53.

Yet he to her would not so much allow,
That the the fruit of all his toil should gain;
Tho' he to him lamenting plain did show,
As much as woman could, of grief and pain:
He hoping for her to exchange this woe
To utmost joy, all thought did entertain
To take her with him: on a milk-white steed
Made her now mount, and for his way did lead.

54.

The ladies, maids, old men, and retinue,
Who from Granada came, her company,
All of them he dismissed with courteous shew,
Saying, Enough she's waited on by me;
I'll be her tutor, nurse, her serjeant too,
In every of her need: fair troop, God b'w'ye.
So, all unable to give her relief,
They singing went away, o'erwhelm'd with grief:

55.

Amongst them saying, in what dol'rous way
Will be her fire, when he this news shall hear!
What rage, what sorrow will her spouse display;
What horrid vengeance will he else prepare?
In time so very needful, why, I pray,
To make him render back, is he not near,
The blood illustrious of King Stordilan,
Ere hence he farther off with her has ran.

56.

With the rich prey the Tartar now content,
Fortune and valour had before him plac'd;
Him to discover with his black vellment,
He seem'd not, as before, to have such haste:
Before, he run, now so'tt and slowly went,
And all the way consider'd where to rest:
Of some fit place where to himself avail,
That his am'rous flame he might exhale.

57.

To Doralice he comfort still conveys,
Whose face and eyes were moisten'd with her tears:
He makes and feigns a many things, and says,
That long by fame he wish'd to have been hers;
His kingdom and his country, happy place,
Whose name of greatness he 'bove all prefers,
He quitted, not or France or Spain to seek,
But only to contemplate her fair cheek.
58. Se per amar, l'um. debbe esser amato,  
Merito il vostro amor, che c'ho amato:  
Se per sforte, di me chi è meglio nato?  
Ch'è poffente Agrican fu il padre mio.  
Se per ricchezze, chi ha di me più fatto?  
Che di dominio io cedo solo a Dio.  
Se per valor, credo oggi aver esposto,  
C'h'èssere amato per valore io merto.  

59. Queste parole, ed altre affai, ch'Amore  
A Mandricaro di sua bocca ditta,  
Van slikamente, a confolare il cuore  
De la donzella di paura affitta.  
Il timor cessa, e poi cessa il dolore,  
Che le avea quasi l'anima trafitta.  
Ella comincia con più pazienza,  
A dar più grata al nuovo amante udienza.  

60. Poi con riposte più benigne molto  
A mostraro gentil affabile, e cortese,  
E non negargli di fermar nel volto  
Talor le luci di pietae ache :  
Onde il Pagan, che da lo fidal fu colto  
Altre volte d'Amor, certezza prese,  
Non che speranza, che la donna bella  
Non saria fuori defir fempre ribella.  

61. Con questa compagnia lieto e gioioso,  
Che gli satisfia, gli diletta:  
Essendo presso a l'ora, ch'a riposo  
La fredda notte ogni animal alletta ;  
Vedendo il Sol già basso, e mezzo ascofo,  
Comincio a cavalcar con maggior fretta,  
Tanto che'udi fonar suffoli, e canne,  
E vide poi fumar ville, e capanne.  

62. Erano pastorali alloggiamenti ;  
Miglior flanza, e più commoda, che bella.  
Quivi il guardian cortese de gli armenti  
Onorò il cavaliero, e la donzella  
Tanto, che chiamaar da lui contenti ;  
Che non pur per cittadi, e per castella,  
Ma per tuguri ancora, e per fenili,  
Spesso si trovavan gli uomini gentili.  

63. Qual, che fusse dipoi fatto a l'oscura  
Trà Doralice, e il figlio d'Agricane ;  
A punto raccontar non m'affiusco,  
Si ch'ei giudizio di ciascun rimane.  
Creder si può, che ben d'accordo fuo,  
Che si levar più allegri la dimane,  
E Doralice ringraziò il pastore,  
Che nel suo albergo l'avea fatto onore.  

64. If man for loving ought to meet with love,  
Your love I merit, as I you admire;  
If for his race, in birth who's me above?  
For Agrican pious was my fire:  
If for his riches, who like me can prove?  
For God alone in love reigneth is high;  
For valour, you this day, I think, observe,  
To be below'd my courage may confer,  

These words, and such for'th more, which did impart  
Cupid from his own mouth to Mandricard,  
Proceeded softly to console the heart  
Of the young damsell, in affliction fear'd:  
Her fear now cease, her grief did then depart,  
Which, as it were, her very soul had spear'd:  
She with more patience does herself prepare,  
To her new love to give more grateful ear.  

After, with anwer by far more benign,  
Courteous and affable herself to show,  
And in her face to fix, not disincline,  
Of him the eyes, which did with pity glow;  
From whence, at other times, this Saracin,  
Shot by Love's arrows, did moft certain know,  
Not only hope, that this his beauteous dame  
Would not prove cruel to his am'rous flame.  

Joyous and cheerful in this company,  
That satisfies him thus, and do delights,  
The hour now near, when to tranquillity  
Cold ev'n ev'ry animal invites;  
The fun, now low, half-hid he does delcry,  
And into greater haste his horie excites,  
Until he heard of pipes and reeds the found,  
And vills and cottages saw smoke around.  

In this place pastoral alloggments were,  
Spot better, as commodious, than polite:  
Here the good man, who of the herds had care,  
Did honour to the lady, and the knight,  
That they with him well-pleas'd themselves declare:  
For not alone in towns and castles bright,  
But in the cottage and the humble cell,  
Men of gentle deportment often dwell.  

That which was after done in the obscure,  
'Twixt Doralice and son of Agrican,  
Exactly to recount I won't ensure;  
So that of each the judgment may remain:  
But one may think, they were in concord sure,  
As they next morn rose in more chearful vein,  
And Dor'lice on the shepherd thanks bestowed;  
That in his cot such honour she was show'd.
64.
Indi d' uno in un' altro luogo errando,
Si ritrovare al fin sopra un bel fiume,
Che con silenzio al mar va declinando;
E se vada, o se stia, mal si presume;
Limpido, e chiaro fi, ch' in lui mirando,
Senza contea al fondo porta il lume.
In ripa a quello a una fresca ombra, e bella
Trovare due cavalieri, e una donna.

65.
Or l' alta fantasia, ch' un sentier solo
Non vuol, chi segua ogni' or, quindi mi guida
E me ritorna, ove il Morefco fuiulo
Afor'da di rumor Francia, e di grida;
D' intorno il padiglione, e voi figliuolo
Del Re Troiano il Santo Impero sfida;
E Rodomonte audace fe gli vanta
Arder Parigi, e fiainar Roma Santa.

66.
Venuto ad Agramante era a l' occhio;
Che già Inglef avean passato il mare.
Però Marsilio, e il Re del Garbo vecchio,
E gli altri capitani fece chiamare,
Consiglier tutti a far grande apparecchio
Si, che Parigi poffino espugnare.
Ponno esser certi, che più non s' espugna,
Se nel fiume prima, che l'aiuto guagna.

67.
Già scale innumerali per questo
Da luoghi intorno avean fatto racorrere,
Ed affe, e travi, e vime conteso,
Che le poteano a diversi sui porre:
E navi, e ponti, e più faccia, ch' el resto,
Il primo, e l' secondo ordine difporre,
A dar l'affalto: ed egli volu venir
Tra quel, che la città deono affalire.

68.
L' Imperatore il dì, ch' a lì di precefta
De la battaglia; fe dentro a Parigi
Per tutto celebrar uffici, e messa
A Preti, a Frati, biondi, neri, e bigi;
E le genti, che dalvii erano confesso,
E di man tolte a gl' inimici Stigi,
Tutte comunicar, non altramente,
C' avessimo a morire il di seguente.

69.
Ed egli tra Bassoni, e Paladini,
Principi, ed Oratori al maggior Tempio
Con molta religione a quei divini
Attì intervenne, e ne dì a gli altri esempi.
Con le nev giunte, e gli occhi al ciel supini
Difse: Signor, ben chi' o fia inuscos, ed empio,
Non voglia tua bontà pe' mio fallire,
Che l' tuo popol fedele abbia a patire.

Thence as from one to t' other place they stray,
They find themselves at length on a fair stream,
That silent goes declining to the sea;
Whether it moves or stands, 'twere hard to deem,
So clear and bright, who does therein survey,
To bottom, free conveys the visual beam:
Upon whole banks, within a cooling shade
Two cavaliers they found, with them a maid.

Now my high fancy, that one only track
Suffers me not to follow, leads me on,
And to the crowd Morefcan I come back,
Who France do with their cries and rumour run;
The sacred empire's tent where does attack
With menaces the King Trojano's fon,
And Rodomont audacious boats in corn,
He holy Rome will raze, and Paris burn.

To Agramante's ears, as they relate,
That now the English had pair'd o'er the main,
Marfilius, and th' old King of Garbo's state,
And other generals he did converse;
All counsel, making preparations great,
Such way, that Paris might by storm be ta'en:
For 'twould not more be storm'd, they certain find,
Unles before the reinforcements join'd.

For this innumerable ladders now
From places round he caus'd them to collect,
And planks and beams, and the entwisted bough,
Which they to differ'nt ues might direct,
And ships and bridges: more than this did do,
The firft and second party to connect,
To give th' assault, and he would there arrive
'Mongst thofe, who to the city the assault should give.

The Emperor, on the preceding day
Before the battle, within Paris, made,
By priests and friars, white, and black, and grey,
Throughout, the offices and mafs be said:
And thofe who had confession did away,
And from the hands of ghastly foes were freed,
All the communion took, as solemnly,
As if the foll'wing day they were to die.

And he, 'midst many' a Lord and Paladin,
Princes, and Preachers, to the greater lane,
With much devotion at these acts divine,
Prefent himself, example did ordain:
With his hands join'd, and eyes to heav'n supine,
Said: Lord! tho' wicked I, and vile remain,
Let not thy goodness will, my single fault
Should cause thy faithful people suffer aught.
E se gli tuo voler, ch'egli patirsca,
E c'abbia l'infraeror degni supplici;
Al men la punizion si differa.
Si, che per man non sia de' tuoi nimici;
Che quando lor d'uccider noi fortisca,
Che nome avemmo pur d'esser tuo' amici;
I Pagani diran, che nulla puai,
Che pater lasci i partigiani tuoi.

E per un, che tia fatto ribelle,
Cento ti si faran per tutto il mondo:
Tal, che la legge falla di Babelle.
Caccierà la tua fede, e porrà al fondo.
Disfendi queste genti, che fon quelle,
Che'l tuo sepolcro hanno purgato e mondo.
Da brutti cani, e la tua Santa Chiesa
Con li Vicari suoi sfeita disfia.

So, che i meriti nostri atti non sono
A satisfare al debito d'un' oncia;
Ne dovemo fparar da te perdono,
Se riguardiamo à nostra vita sconcia;
Ma se vi aggiungi di tua grazia il dono;
Nostra ragion fia ragguagliata, e concia:
Ne del tuo aiuto disfpar we'iamo,
Qualor di tua pieta ci ricordiamo.

Cofi dicea l'Imperador devoto
Con umiltade, e contrizion di cuore.
Giunse altri prieghi, e convencvol voto
Al gran bifogno, e à l'alto suo splendore,
Non fu il caldo pregar d'effetto voto:
Però, ch'el Genio, l'Angelo migliore,
I prieghi tolse, e spiegò al ciel le penne,
Ed a narrare al Salvator li venne.

E furo altri infiniti in quello instante
Da' tali messaggier portati à Dio:
Che, come gli afcolar l'anime fante,
Dipinto di pieta il viso pio,
Tutte miraro il sempiterno Amante:
E gli mofraro il commun lor difò;
Che la giovita orazion folle efaudita
Del popolo Cristiano, che chiedea aita.

E la bontà ineffabile, ch'in vano
Non fu pregato mai da cuor fedele,
Leva gli occhi pietosi, e fa con mano
Cennu, che venga à fe l'Angelo Michele.
Va, gli dife, à l'esercito Cristiano,
Che dimanzi in Picardia colà le velle:
E al muro di Parigi l'appre fenta;
Si, ch'el campo nimico non la senta.

And if, that they should suffer, be thy will,
And that our crimes should have just punishment,
At left delay'd be the punishment still,
That from your en'my's hand it be not sent:
Left, when you've them allotted, us to kill,
Who by the title of your servants went,
The'Pagans say, that power you have none,
Who suffer people perifh, tho' your own.

And then for one, who may rebellious be,
Throughout the world a hundred will be shown:
That Babel's law, compos'd of falsity,
Shall drive your faith away, and put it down:
Defend this people; for 'tis even they,
Your sepulchre have cleans'd, the filth whence thrown
Of odious dogs; and do your Temple pure,
Together with its Vicars, oft secure.

That our defects not fitting are, I know,
To satisfy our trespasses one grain;
Nor ought we pardon hope to have of you,
If we regard our life, that is to vain;
But if conjoint'd your favour you beftow,
Our reck'ning even will be made and plain;
Nor can we of your faving help defpair,
When we your goodnefs in remembrance bear.

Such way the Emperor devoutly pray'd,
With heart contrite, and with humility;
And other pray'rs and vows he fniting made
To his great need, and to his splendour high;
Nor were his fervent pray'rs effectifs faid,
Seeing his better guardian Angel nigh
Toked them, and did tow'rs heav'n his plumes unfold,
And to our Saviour went, and them he told.

And others infinite, that infant were,
By fuch like meffengers, to God convey'd;
Which, as the Spirits fanctify'd did hear,
Each sacred face with pity overspread,
To the Eternal Love their fight did rear,
And their conjoint desire to him display'd,
That the just orifons he would receive
O' th' Christian people, and affifiance give.

The Good ineffable, that ne'er in vain
By pray'rt intreated was, from heart that's true,
Rais'd his kind look, by signal did explain,
To have the Angel Michael come in view:
Go, said he to him, to the Christian train,
Who before Picardy their course perfue,
And to the walls of Paris lead them on,
That to the hoflide camp it may'n't be known.
CANTO 14.

O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

76. Go, find out Silence first, and of my part
Tell him, that he come with you to this feat;
That, to provide himself with utmost art,
He mind, of all which to procure is meet:
That finish'd, thither suddenly depart
Unto the place, where Discord holds her feat:
Tell her, her match and steel with her to take,
And in the Moorish camp a fire to make;

77. And amongst those, who highest rank maintain,
Such strife and such diffusion spread around,
They mongst themselves may fight, and some be slain,
some captives made, some smote with grievous wound,
Some quit the camp, thro' anger and disdain,
That to their King nought may their aid redound:
Unto this speech reply'd not any word,
But from the heavens flew the blessed bird.

78. Where th' Angel Michael does his wings direct,
The clouds fly off, the heav'n's become serene;
A golden circle round him does reflect,
As in the night the lightning's flash is seen:
Where he links down, himself does recollect,
The heav'nly courier, not to be mita'en,
That he might find out soon of words the foe,
And his commission to him first would do.

79. Pondering o'er his dwelling and his use,
This point at last he settles in his mind;
That of the friars, and the monks reclose,
Him he in churches, monast'ries could find,
Where speech itself is in such fort exclude,
That Silence, where in sacred hymns they join'd,
Where they took rest, where they their pittance got,
And finally on ev'ry door is wrote.

80. Believing there to meet him, does expand
With more velocity his plumes of gold,
And there to see, that Peace as yet remain'd,
Quiet and Charity, for sure did hold:
But soon he found, the thought, he entertain'd,
Was false, when he the cloyster did behold:
Silence there is not; and they to him tell,
He, save in writing, there no more does dwell.

81. Devotion, Quiet, nor Humility,
Nor was Love there, nor there did he see Peace:
Once they were there; but 'twas in antientry;
Rage, Av'rice, Gluttony, thence them did chace,
Pride, Envy, Lazinefs, and Cruelty:
Such novelty the Angel did amaze;
He searching went among this ugly rout,
That Discords self was there he then found out.

D d 2
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Canto A]

82. Quella, che gli avea detto il Padre eterno
   Dopo il Silenzio, che trovar dovesse.
   Pensato avea di far la via d'Averno,
   Che si credea, che tra dannati stesse;
   E ritrovella in questo nuovo inferno,
   Ch'el crederia? tra santi uffici, e messi.
   Parfìranno a Michel, ch'ella vi fa,
   Che per trovar credea di far gran via.

83. La conobbe al veglir di color cento,
   Fatte a lffe inguali ed infinite:
   Cor la cuoprons, or no; che i pafti d'èl vento
   Le giano aprendo, ch'erano sfrucite.
   I crini avea qual d'oro, e qual d'argento,
   E neri, e bigi, e aver pareano lir;
   Altri in treccia, altri in naftro eran raccolti
   Molti à le spalle, alcuni al petto sciolti.

84. Di citatorie pieni, e di libelli,
   D'esame, e di carte di procure,
   Avea le mani, e il èno; e gran foffelli
   Di chiose, di configli, e di letture.
   Per cui le facultà de' powerelli
   Non fono mai ne le città fuece;
   Avea dietro, e dinanzi, e d'ambi i lati,
   Notai, Procuratori, ed Avvocati.

85. La chiama à fe Michele, e le comanda,
   Che tra i più forti Saracini senza;
   E cagion truovi, che con membranda
   Ruina inisme à guerre gregari gli accenda,
   Poi del Silenzio nuova le domanda:
   Facilmente effer può, ch'èfe n'intenda;
   Si come quella, ch'ascendendo focbi
   Di qua, e di là, va per diversi lochi.

86. Rispoa la Difordia; Io non ho à mente
   In alcun loco averlo mai veduto.
   Udito l'èb ben nominar sovente,
   E molto commendar lo a jìtuto.
   Ma la Fraude, una qui di nostra gente;
   Che compagnia tal volta gli ha tenuto;
   Penso, che dir te ne sopra novella
   E vero una alza il dito, è disse, e quella.

87. Avea piacevol cifo, abito onesto,
   Un' umil volger d'occhi, un andar grave;
   Un parler si benigno, e si modofo,
   Che parla Gabriel, che diceffe; Ave.
   Era brutta, e disform'e in tutto il resto;
   Ma nafendea queste fattezze grave
   Con lunga abito, e largo; e forte quello
   Attofficato avea sempre il coltelllo.

88. Her, whom thy eternal Father to him said,
   He, after Silence, was ordain'd to find;
   He thought t'Avernus his way should be made,
   As he, that she was, mongst the damn'd, opin'd;
   And in this new Infernal her survey'd,
   Who'd think it? where good pray'rs and maffe join'd;
   That she was there appear'd to Michael Strange,
   Thinking, to find her, he far thence must range.

83. Her by her hundred-colour'd dres he knew,
   Of liftings numberles, unequal made;
   Which coverd her or not, as part to view
   Her walking, and the wind, where ript, display'd:
   Some of her hairs like gold, some silver, shew,
   Some black, some grey, and seem'd for flight array'd;
   In treffes some, in ribbands some compres'd,
   Upon her shoulders some, some on her breast.

84. Of libels, writs, full-power'd to arrest,
   Of inquests many a procurement-chart,
   Great bundles had she in her hands and breast
   Of clausets, lectures, councils, pen'd with art;
   Whence the effects of the poor man diffreft,
   Ne'er in the city are from rique apart:
   Before, behind, and on both sides her waits
   A crowd of Proctors, Not'ries, Advocates.

85. Her Michael, calling to him, does command
   She 'mongst the stoutest Saracins should go;
   Find means, with rump notable and grand,
   The fire of war amoug-themselves to blow:
   Concerning Silence then does news demand;
   For she might easie somewhat of him know,
   As she, in lighting up of fires intent,
   Now here, now there, thro' different quarters went.

86. Difcord reply'd, I don't in mem'ry bear,
   That him in any place I 'er have seen;
   Him nam'd I have been often us'd to hear,
   And much commend'd, as in art fo keen;
   But Fraud, who of our company is here,
   And his companion oftentimes has been,
   I think, can tell some news of him to ye;
   And tow'rs one rais'd her finger, saying, That is she.

87. A decent dres she had, and pleasing face,
   An humble turn of eye; her gait was grave;
   A modest speech, with such beneignant grace,
   She seem'd to say, like Gabriel, God fave.
   Ugly, deform'd, in ev'ry other place;
   But to those features bad, concealment gave,
   With a long robe and full, where underneath
   A poison'd dagger hid she ever hath.
88.

The Angel then enquir'd of her, which way,
To find out Silence, he had need to bear:
He formerly was us'd; then Fraud did say,
To dwell among the Virtues, not elsewhere;
With Benedict & with Elias stay,
In convents, when they newly-founded were;
Among the schools much of his life did pass,
In days of sage Archytas and Pythagoras.

89.

These holy men and sages, now no more;
That us'd to keep him in his path to right,
From the good customs, he observ'd before,
To wickedness he after made his flight;
With lovers 'gan to go at nightly hour,
Then among thieves, & ev'ry crime commit;
With Treason much he us'd to remain,
And him with Homicide itself I've seen:

90.

Along with those, who make the money base,
In some dark hole he us'd to repair;
So often changes company and place,
To find him out will prove your fortune rare:
But yet I hope to teach you, him to trace,
If to get there by midnight you take care:
Within the cell of Sleep, beyond all doubt,
You may, for there he sleeps, then find him out.

91.

Tho' Fraud accustom'd falsehood to relate,
Yet she of truth did so much semblance wear,
The Angel credence gave, nor there did wait,
By flight from forth the convent to repair;
Reflects, and looks his wings to verberate,
Unto his journey's end in time to bear,
That in the cave of Sleep, as in his mind
The place was fix'd, he might this Silence find.

92.

In Araby there lays a valley sweet,
Where neither villages nor cities join,
O'erhadow'd with two mountains, all replete
With beech enormous, and the aged pine;
The fun in vain bright day would thither get,
For with his rays he ne'er can enter in;
The booths entwín'd his passage so opposte:
And there's a cavern, under ground it goes.

93.

Beneath the gloomy wood, thro' cliffs of stone,
There enters in a vault and spacious grot,
Whose front with creeping ivy is overgrown,
Which still surrounds it with entwisting foot:
Within this mansion heavy Sleep lies down;
On one side Sloth, with body fat and bloant,
On 't other Lazines on earth was fate,
Who could not walk, and scarce on foot could get.

94.
94. Mindles Oblivion flood before the port,
None he lets enter, recognizes none:
No message hears he, nor does aught report,
And equally from thence drives ev'ry one.
Silence talks round, and is himself th' effort,
Wearing his shoes of cloth, and mantle brown;
And, whoso'er he meets with, from afar
Beckons his hand, that they should not come there.

95. Accoiting him, and whipp'ring in his ear,
The Angel says, Do you, 'tis God's command,
Rinald to Paris with the forces bear,
He brings to aid his Lord, a chosen band;
But this so quietly to do, take care,
That to the Pagan camp no noise expand:
So that, ere fame has pow'r to find the track,
To tell the news, they may be at their back.

96. No other manner Silence now replies,
But, nodding, signify'd it should be done:
Behind him then obediently he hies,
And into Picardy at once they're flown.
Michael now animates the brave supplies,
And shortens the long track they must have gone;
That in one day at Paris they arrive,
Nor, which miraculous, was, did any them perceive.

97. At ev'ry turn Silence ran up and down
Before the squadrons, and, on ev'ry side,
Caus'd a thick mist to be around them throwed;
The day shone bright on ev'ry part beside;
Nor would permit the fog obfuscate and brown
The found of trump or horn be thence descry'd;
Then to the Pagans went, and with him bore,
To blind and deafen all, some unknown pow'r.

98. Meantime Rinaldo with fuch haste came on,
He by the Angel well might seem convey'd;
And with fuch silence, that there was not known,
I' th' Pagan camp a word thereof was said;
King Agramant his infantry had thrown
In the Parisian suburbs round, and laid
Them o'er the fofs, under the threaten'd wall,
With all his force that day thereon to fall.

99. Of that day's force who can the number rate,
Which against Charles King Agramant did join;
Upon the fhack back shall calculate
Each various plant of woody Apennine;
When the sea fwell the furges, shall relate
What waves to waft mount Atlas' feet combine,
And with how many eyes the furtive ways
Of midnight lovers the bright heav'n furveys.
Canto 14. ORLANDO FURIoso. 207

Le campane si sentono à martello
Di fusi capi, e fuaventofe tocche,
Si vede molte in quefta Tempio, e in quella
Alzar di mano, e dinenar di bocche.
Se l’t eforo pafse à Dio sì bello,
Come à le noftre opinioni fìofche:
Questo era il di, che l’ Santo Confìbore
Fatto avria in terra ogni sua flatua d’oro.

S’odon rammaricare i vecchi giuiflì,
Che s’erano ferbati in quelli affanni;
E nominar felici facri bufli
Compiugi in terra già molti, e molt’ anni.
Ma gli animofi giovini robusti,
Che miran poco i lor prinpini danni;
Sprezzando le ragion de’ più maturi,
Di quà di là vanno correndo à muri.

Quioi erano Baroni, e Paladini,
Re, Ducì, Cavaller, Marchefi, e Conti,
Soldati forfieri, e cittadini,
Per Crifto, e pel suo onore à marir pronti:
Che per ufìere addeffò à i Saracini
Pregan l’Imperador, chi’abbafi i ponti;
Gode egli di veder l’animo audace,
Ma di lafciarli ufìcr non gli compiace.

E li dispone in opportuni loci,
Per impedire à i Barbari la via.
 Là fi contenta, che ne vadan pochi,
Quà non bafa una graffia compagnia.
Alcuni ban cura maneggiare i fuochi;
Le machine alti, ove bifogna fià.
Carlo di quà di là non fià mai fermo:
Va fucorrendo, e fa per tutto sberrmo.

Siede Parigi in una gran pianura
Ne l’ambito à Francia, anzi nel cuore.
Gli passa la riviera entro le mura,
E corre, ed ece in altra parte fuor.
Ma fa un’ isola prima; e v’afficura
De la città una parte, e la migliore:
L’altre due, ch’in tre parti è la gran terra,
Di fuor la folla, e dentro il fiome ferra.

A la città, che molte miglia gira;
Da molte partì fi può dar battaglia.
Ma, perché fol da un conto affatio mira,
Ne volentier l’esercito sfaraglia;
Oltre il fiome Agramante fi ritira
Verso Ponente, accò che quindi aflaglia:
Però che né città, né campagna
Ha dietro, ò non sua, fin à la Spagna.

The bells by th’ clappers smote were heard to found
With frequent blows and formidable stroke:
Much was there seen in temples all around
Of hands uplifted, and of mouths that shook;
If wealth to God were of such value found,
As we in our weak judgments on it look,
This Day the Holy Confìbory had,
In ev’ry place, of gold his fiature made.

The good old men were heard themselves bemoan,
They were referred unto thefe times of woe;
And other sacred bodies happy own,
Who in the earth were laid long time ago;
But the strong youths inspired with renown,
Who little care for their own danger show,
Slighting the reass’nings of the graver fort,
Now here, now there, up to the walls reftort.

Here Barons were, and many Paladins,
Kings, Dukes, Counts, Marquiffes, of chivalry
Knights, feldiers, foreigners and citizens,
For Chrift, and for his honour, prompt to die;
Who, to ruff forth upon the Saracins,
The bridges to let down to th’ Emp’ror cry:
Their courage bold rejoices him to fae;
But to their fallying forth he won’t agree.

And them in places fitting does dispofe,
Entrance of the Barbarians to impede:
Here he’s content, that a small number goes,
There a great company, ’tis fit, succeed:
Some have the care the fire-works to compofe,
Others of the machines, where might be need:
Charles, never fix’d, does up and down repair,
Affilling all throughout with arts of war.

Paris is feated in a spacious plain,
In France’s centre, in its very heart:
A river thro’ the walls does paffage gain,
Which running does thro’ t’other side depart:
But firft it forms an ifle, and does maintain
Shelter’d, of the whole city the best part:
Two more, this town inmenfe in three is cut,
Without, the foils, within, the river shut.

This city, of fo many miles extent,
They might attack on many’ a different side;
But as at one part to affault intent,
Nor willing was his army to divide,
Beyond the river Agramante went
Westward, that there his force might be apply’d;
As he behind nor city had, nor plain,
But was his own from thence quite up to Spain.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Canto 14.

106. Where e'er the wall so lofty does surrond,
Charles with great care fortifications made:
The banks now strengthening upon each bound,
With many a cover'd way and palißade:
Where palisage in and out the river found,
Chains of prodigious weight he had convey'd;
But, than elsewhere, he made them more provide,
Where-ever he most cause for fear defcry'd.

107. With eyes, like those of Argus, Pipin's fon
Sees where would Agramant th' affault prepare;
Nor by the Pagan was a scheme begun,
But he that quarter did before repair:
With Ferrau, Serpentino, Falfiron,
Grandonio, Balugante, Holiier,
[Spain, And with the troops, which he had brought from
Marcellus'arm'd did in the camp remain,

108. On the Sein's banks, Sobrin on his left-hand,
With Pulian, and Dardinel of Almont,
With Oran's King, who does a giant stand,
Six yards in measure he from foot to front.
Why my pen's motion cannot I command,
With the alarming they their arms can mount?
The King of Sarza, full of ire and rage,
Cries out, blasphemes, nor can forbear t' engage.

109. As to assail the vessels of th' hind,
Or dulcet relics of convivial treat,
Are us'd with buzz and noyse wings conjoin'd
The eager flies in summer's sultry heat;
As starrings 'midst the props, with crimson lin'd,
The blushing grape mature pref on to eat;
So here, with noise and cries, fill'd heaven's vault
The Moors, approaching to the fierce assault.

110. The Christian army mounted on the wall
With lances, swords and axes, flames and fire,
The city well defends without appall,
And little minds the Pagans haughty ire;
And still, where any by death's seizure fall,
None from that post thro' cowardice retire:
Down to the fols again the Pagans took,
By wounds o'ercome, and many a furious stroke.

111. Nor did they use their wonted arms alone,
But battlements entire of maffy weight;
And with much toil, torn from the walls, the stone,
The roofs of turrets, many a broken gate,
And boiling water, which upon them thrown,
Brought on the Moors intolerable heat:
And gainst this show'r they weak resistance find,
Which enters thro' their helmets, and strikes them blind.

112.
And this, more than the weapons, them annoy'd:
How must the clouds of lime make dismal spoil!
How fatally are burning pots employ'd!
Of pitch and sulphur, turpentine and oil!
The circles of besiegers can't avoid,
But that surrounding flames their locks should foil:
These, which were here and there at random thrown,
The Saracins with painful garlands crown.

Meantime the Sarzan King in haste apply'd
Under the walls the second armament,
By Burald and Ormida accompany'd;
This of Marmonda, that a Garamant,
Clarindo and Siodan were at his side;
Nor Setta's King inclines himself 't absent:
Marocco's King and Colca's next came on,
That each of these his valour might make known.

Upon a standard, with vermillion field,
A lion Sarzan Rodomont display'd;
Who his fierce mouth does not decline to yield
Unto a bit, a lady there convey'd:
Himself he meant by th' lion on the shield;
The nymph, who on him thus the bridle laid,
Of lovely Doralice the figure had,
Daughter of Stordilcan, King of Granada.

She, whom had taken, as I told before,
King Mandricard, and told you in what guise,
The person was, whom Rodomont lov'd more
Than his own kingdom, more than his own eyes;
And for her shew'd his courtefy and pow'r,
Nor knew, she was another's by surpise;
He had that infant, if he this had known,
Perform'd, what ev'n this day by him was done.

At once a thousand ladders now are set,
Where ev'ry step no less than two do fill;
The secondd pushes him, who first did get,
As the third makes him mount, against his will:
Some valour moves, some fear, to actions great:
All must perform, by force, his duty still;
For where the King of Algiers finds one flow,
The cruel Rodomont, or slays, or strikes a blow.

Ev'r one therefore is compell'd to rise,
Midst fire and ruin on the wall to go:
But ev'ry other for a passage spies,
Which he may find ill-guarded by the foe;
Rodomont only entrance does deposite;
But by the way which does most dang'rous show,
Where, in this case, which dread and desp'rate seems,
While others offer vows, he God blasphemes.
Armato era d'un forte, e duro usbergo;
Che fu di drago una cagliona pelle.
Di questo già finse il petto, e l'ergo
Quello Aovel suo, ch'edificò Babelle,
E lo pensò cacciar d'acciaio albergo,
E tore à Dio il governo delle stelle.
L'elmo, Indomito, che Ruanda
Pajfa Sieno Ne Con Che Far
Braccio, cioè far perfetto,
E il brando inisime, e solo à questo effetto.

Rodomonte, non già men di Nembrotte
Indomito, superbo, e furibondo;
Che d'ire al ciel non tarderebb' à notte,
Quando la strada si travesse al mondo;
Quivi non fia à mirar, s'intera, e rotte
Sieno le mura, so s'abbia l'acqua fonda.
Passa la fassa, anzi la corre, e vola
Ne l'acqua, e nel pantan fin'à la gola.

Di fango brutto, e molle d'acqua vanne
Tra il fuoco, e la fassa, e gli archi, e le balest're,
Come andar fuor tra le palaftri canne
De la nostra Mallea porco fiofifere,
Che col petto, col grifo, e con le zanne
Få, dovunque fl'olige, ample finifre.
Con lo scudo alto il Saracin fisuro
Ne vien sprezzando il ciel, non che quel muro.

Non si tosto à l'asciutto è Rodomonte,
Che giunto sì sienti sì le bertefche;
Che dentro à la muraglia facean ponte
Capace, e largo à le squadre Francefche.
Or s'èvede frezzar più d'una fronte,
Far chieriche maggior de le frafche;
Braccia, è capi volare; e ne la fassa
Cader da' muri una fiumana rossa.

Getta il Pagan lo scudo, e à due man prende
La cruel spada, e giunge il Duca Arnolfo;
Così venia di là, dove digeide
L'acqua del Reno nel falato golfo.
Quel mifer contra lui non si difende
Meglio, che faccia contra il fuoco il zolfò;
E cade in terra, e dà l'ultimo crollo
Dal capo feffo un palmo fotto il collo.

Ucijse di roverfìo in una volta
Anfelmo, Oldrado, Spinello, e Prando,
Il luogo frettò, e la gran turba folta
Fece girar fi pienamente il brando.
Fu la prima metade à Fiandra tolta;
L'altra scemata al popolo Normando.
Divise appressò da la fronte al petto,
Ed indì al ventre il Maganzefo Orghetto.

He armed was with fliat cuirafs and hard,
Which of a dragon's icy skin was made;
With this his back and bosom once did guard
His ancestor, who Babel's fabrick laid;
Who from his golden feat to drive prepar'd
God, and the government of heav'n invade:
A helm and shield he caus'd be perfect wrought,
His sword the fame, mov'd by this impious thought.

Now Rodomont, than Nimrod's self no lefs
Brutal, superb, audacious, furibond,
One infant would not stay tow'rd's heav'n to press;
If in the world a passage could be found;
Whether the walls were broke or whole, to guess
Minds not, or if the fuicce had bottom found;
CrofTes the fols, rather he runs and flies;
Water and sludge up to his gullet rife.

Filthy with mud, with water foak'd he leads
Amidft the fire and stones, the flings and bows;
As usully among the marthy reeds,
The favage boar, bred in our Mallea, goes;
Who, as with breath and tufks and claws he fpeeds;
Where e'er he turns, wide passage does difclofe;
The Saracin, secure with shield on high,
Not the wall only, but does God defy.

Soon as on dry land Rodomont arriv'd,
He to the battlements himfelf convey'd;
For on the walls they had a bridge contriv'd,
For the French squadrons, large and fpacious laid:
Now were there feen many a forehead riv'd,
Now tuffures, worfe than thofe of friars, made;
Down the fols arms and heads in numbers fly,
From the walls flows a fiream of purple dye.

The Pagan quits his shield; both hands extend
His cruel fword, Duke Arnolfo to join;
Who came beyon that country, where defend
To the falt gulf the waters of the Rhine:
The wretch 'gainft him could not himfelf defend
Better than can 'gainft fire the fulph'rous mine;
And falls on earth, giving his final wreck,
Cleft in the head a palm down thro' his neck.

By a back-stroke at once he overthrows
Anfelmo, Prando, Spinelo, Oldrad;
In the ftrait place the crowd was pent fo close,
His fword its circuit in full meafure made:
First he took off half of his Flemifh foes;
The other lofs was to the Normans laid:
Almost from forehead to the breach he reft
Orghet the Maganzefe, and thence his belly cleft.
Canto 14.

124.
Getta da merli Andropon, e Moschin. 
Giu ne la rossa: il primo è sacerdote; 
Non adorà il secondo altro, ch'è vino. 
E le bigenze a un forfo n'ha gia vuote. 
Come veneno, e fangue viperino, 
L'acque fuggia, quanto fuggir si puote: 
Or quivi muore; e quel che piu l'annaia, 
E'fentir, che ne l'acqua se ne muoia.

125.
Tagliò in due parti il Provence Luigi, 
E passò il petto al Tolofano Arnoldo. 
Di Torse Oberto, Claudio, Ugo, e Dionigi 
Mandar lo spirto fuor col fangue caldo, 
E prestò a quelli quattro da Parigi 
Guatiero, Satallon, Odo, ed Ambalbo; 
Ed altri molti ch'io non faprei, come 
Di tutti nominar la patria, e il nome.

126.
La turba dietro a Rodomonte prefà 
Le scale appoggià, e monta in più d'un loco. 
Quivi non fanno i Parigini più festa; 
Che la prima díresa lor val poco. 
San ben, ch'ogli innimi affai più festa 
Dentro da fare, e non l'avran da giocà; 
Perché tra il muro, e l'argine secondo 
Díscende il foso orribile, e profondo.

127.
Oltra che i nostri facciano disfà 
Dal basso a l'alto, e mostro valore; 
Nuova gente succede a la contefà 
Sopra l'erta pendice interiore; 
Che fa con lance, e con faette offesa 
A la gran multitudine di furo, 
Che credo ben, che farà fatta meno, 
Se non v'era il figliuol del Re Ulieno.

128.
Egli questi conforta, e quei riprende, 
E lor mal grado innanzi se gli caccia; 
Ad altri il petto, ad altri il capo fende, 
Che per fuggir vegga voltar la faccia: 
Molti ne spinge, e urta, alcuni prende 
Pei capelli, pel collo, e per le braccia; 
E fozzopra la giu tanti ne getta; 
Che quella fossa a copir tutti è ferrata.

129.
Mentre lo stiul de' Barbari si cala, 
Anzi trabocca al periglioso fondo; 
Ed indi cerca per direffa scala, 
Di salir sopra l'argine secondo, 
Il Re di Sarza, come avesse un'ala 
Per ciascun de' suoi membri, levò il pondo 
Di si gran corpo, e con tant'arme indossa; 
E netto si lanciò di là dal folo.

124.
Andropon, Moschin, from the walls he threw 
Down to the foss; the first a priest devout; 
No deity but wine the other knew; 
And at one draught a gallon had drank out; 
As poison rank, or viper's blood, he flew 
Water, as much as flight could bring about: 
Now here he dies, and what him most annoys, 
Is to perceive, that water him destroys.

125.
Provincial Lewis now he cleaves in two, 
And pierc'd the breath of Tolofan Arnold; 
Oberto, Claudio, Hugo, Dennys, flew; 
With their warm blood he forth their spirits call'd: 
Near these, four more of the Parisian crew, 
Walter, Satallon, Odo, and Ambald, 
And many more; but how I do not know 
The names and countries of them all to show.

126.
The crowd, which follow'd Rodomont, made haste, 
Their ladders prop'd, in various places mount; 
No more their foe here the Parisians fac'd; 
This first defence they hold in small account: 
More work they know is for the en'my plac'd 
Within to do, which can't to sport amount; 
For 'twixt the wall and second rais'd-up ground 
Defends a foss, tremendous and profound.

127.
Besides the brave defence our people made, 
From top to bottom, with much valour shone, 
New people to the strife themselves convey'd, 
The inner rais'd-up buildings mounting on; 
With arrows and with lances who dismay'd 
The numbers great, that were without the town; 
Who, certainly I think, had fewer been, 
If were not there the son of King Ulieno.

128.
He some encourages, some reprehends, 
And gainst their will does some before him chace 
For some their breast, for others head, he rends, 
Whom he perceives to turn for flight their face: 
He thrusts and pushes some, his hands extends; 
Some by their hair, or breast, or arms, does seize; 
And calls them headlong in such numbers great, 
The foss all to contain appears too straight.

129.
While a descent the Pagan forces made, 
Or rather stumbled to the dang'rous deep, 
And thence by ladders different effay'd 
Upon the second esplanade to creep: 
The King of Sarza, as if wings he had 
To ev'ry member, with the weight did leap 
Of his great body, drest in arms so vast, 
And, clean on 't other side the foss, himself he cast.
130. Canto

Poco era men di trenta piedi, ò tanto,
Ed egli il paffò dietro, come un velaro;
E face nel cader firepito, quanto
Aveva avuto lìi i piedi il ferto.
Ed a questo, ed a quello affrapa il manto,
Come fien l'arme di tenero pelto,
E non di ferro, anzi pur fien di forza;
Tal la sua fpada, e tanto è la sua forza.

131. In questo tempo i noftri, da chi tese
L'inside fon ne la cava profonda,
Che v'han scope, e facine in copia feto,
Intorno ò quai di molta pece abonda;
Ne però alcuna fi vede palefè,
Benchè nè piena l'una, e l'altra fponda
Dal fondo cupo fino a l'orlo quai,
E'fenza fiì v'hanno appiattati vafi;

132. Qual con salute, qual con oglio, quale
Con zolfò, qual con altra simìl esca.
I noftri in questo tempo, perché male
A i Saracini il folle ardir riefe;
Ch'eran nel foffo, e per diverse fcale
Credian montar sù l'ultima bertefca;
Udito il segno, da fopportati locbi
Di quà, e di là fanno avvampare i fuochi.

133. Tornò la fiamma fparfa, tutta in una,
Che tra una rifa, e l'altra ha'tutto pieno,
E tanto ascende in alto, ch'È la Luna
Può d'appreffo afiugiar l'umido feno.
Sopra fi volve ofcura nebbia, e bruna,
Che'l Sole adombra, e fpagne ogni fereno.
Santefi un foccorpo in un perpetuo fuono
Simile à un grande, e fpaventofo torno.

134. Apro concetto, orribile armonia
D'alte querela, d'ululì, e di fridea
De la misera gente, che peria
Nel fondo per cagion de la sua guida;
Infamaratemente concordar s'udia
Col fiero fuon de la fiamma omicida.
Non più Signor, non più di quefto canto;
Cb'io fon già rauco, e vu pofoarli alquanto.

Full thirty foot, or little lefs, the ground,
He leap'd as nimbly as the greyhound fleet;
And in his fall he caus'd no louder found
Than if thick cloth he had beneath his feet;
And here and there he flath'd his foes around,
As if on arms of pewter foft he beat.
And not of iron: rather cork moft light;
Such was his fword, fuch was his wond'rous might.

131. In the meantime our people, by whom laid
Had been the fnares within the fols profound,
Who bruifwood and facines in plenty fpread,
Which all about them did with pitch abound;
Yet none of it was to the fight display'd,
Tho' full with it was either border found
Of the dark dyke, almost up to the fide,
Where vafes without number they did hide;

132. Some with falt peter, fome with oil they fill,
With fufphur fome, others with fuch-like bait.
In the meantime our people, fo that ill
May on the Saracins's rath folly wait,
Who in the fols by ladders, vary'd fill,
Hop'd to the highest battlemens to get,
Hearing the fign, in ev'ry proper place
Set here and there the fuel in a blaze.

133. The fcaft'd flame now joins itself in one,
Which from one bank to t'other full was pref'd,
And mounted up fo high, that of the moon
It almost could dry up the humid breaf;
Above were roll'd the clouds obfure and brown,
Darfen't the fun, the whole ferene's defac'd:
A shooting's heard in a continuing found;
As vaft and dreadful thunder rolls around.

134. A jarring concert, horrid harmony,
Of howling, noife, and fries, on ev'ry fide,
Of people perifhing in misery,
Down in the deep, occasion'd by their guide:
A shocking concordance one might defery,
With the fierce found of blazing homicide.
No more, Sir, in this canto I'll difclofe,
For now I'm hoarfe, and would have fome refoe.
Canto XV.

1. 
**Fu il vincere sempr'enai laudabile cosa:** 
Vinci' o per fortuna, o per ingegno:
Gli ver, che la vittoria sanguigna
Speisse far fuole il capitan men degno;
E quella eternamente è gloriosa,
E de divini onori arriva al segno;
Quando servando i suoi senz'alcun danno,
Si fa', che gli inimici in rotta vanno.

2. 
La vostra, Signor mio, fu degna loda,
Quando al Leone in mar tanto ferace;
C'avea occupata l'unna, e l'altra proda
Del Po, da Francolin fin a la foce;
Faceste si ch'ancor che ruggir l'ada,
S'io vedrò noi, non temero la voce.
Come vincere si de', ne dimostraste;
Ch'uccideste i nemici, e noi salvaste.

3. 
Questo il Pagan, troppo in suo danno audace
Non sepp' far, che i suoi nel fusto spinse;
Dove la fiamma subita, e vorace
Non perdonò ad alcun, ma tutti estinse.
A tanti non faria flato capace
Tutto il gran fusto; ma il fuoco restrinse;
Restrinse i corpi, e in polvere li ridusse,
Acciò ch'abili a tutti il luogo fusse.

Undici mila, ed otto sopra venti
Si ritravv in l'assofigata buca;
Che o'erano disfesi mal contenti:
Ma così volle il poco faggio Duca.
Quivi fra tanto lume or sono spenti,
E la vorace fiamma li manusa;
E Rodomonte caufa del mal loro
Se ne v'as sente da tanto martoro.

5. 
Che tra nemici a la ripa più interna
Era passato d'un mirabil salto.
Se con gli altri s'endeva ne la caverna
Questo era ben il fin d'ogni suo afflato;
Rovolse gli occhi a quella valle inferna,
E quando vide il fuoco andar tant' alto,
E di sua gente il pianto ode, e lo frido;
Befemnia il ciel con spaventoso gridio.

Ever prai'd-worthy 'tis conquest to gain,
Whether by skill or fortune, the success;
But sure if too much blood that conquest slain,
It the commander often may disgrace:
That victor ever glorious will remain,
'Midst divine honours may deserve a place,
Who, while his own no damage undergo,
Can yet contrive to put to rout his foe.

2. 
Deservedly, my Lord, you honours wore,
When you the Lion, dreaded so at sea,
That seized had both one and 't other shore
O' th' Po, from Francolin down to the bay;
Render'd so tame, that, tho' we heard him roar,
Seeing but you, his voice did not dismay.
How conquest should be gain'd, you then did show,
For us you fav'd, and only kill'd your foe.

3. 
The Pagan this, too bold in his own wrong,
Did not; but to the foes compell'd his train:
Where the voracious flame, with swiftness strong,
Not any sparrow; but all of them were slain.
Capacious had not been to hold such throng
The mighty foes; but fire did them restrain
Contracted, and to ashes did reduce;
So that the place was fit for all their use.

4. 
Eleven thousand and just twenty-eight,
Who, 'gainst their wills, did to that place descend,
Were found there, whom this hole did suffocate;
But to their Chief, not over-wise, ordain'd.
'Midst so much light, here darkness is their fate,
Of whom the fire voracious makes an end;
And Rodomonte, of all their ill the caufe,
Exempt from all this suffering, withdraws.

5. 
Who to the inner bank, amidst the foe,
Over had past by admirable vault:
If he had ta'en the foes with them below,
There had been end of ev'ry his assault.
His eyes tow'ards that infernal vale did throw,
And when he saw the fire so rife in alt,
And heard his people wailing, and their screams,
With dreadful roaring, heaven he blasphemes.
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Canto 6.

Meantime King Agramant against a gate,
With force impetuous, an assault had try'd;
As while the battle fierce rag'd with such heat,
There, where so many in such torment dy'd,
This might be over-look'd, he had conceit,
By all the guard, who should defence provide:
Bambirag, King of Arzill, with him went,
And Baliverz, on cy'ry vice intent;

7.

And Corineus of Mulga, and Prusfone,
The wealthy King o'er th' happy isles domain,
Malabuferto, who that region
Holds, where o'er Fez does constant summer reign,
With other Lords, and others many a one,
Completely arm'd, and skill'd, war to maintain;
And, without arms or valour, many more,
Whose hearts a thousand shields could not secure.

8.

Revere did find to his conceptions vain
All in these parts the King o' th' Saracins:
For th' Empire's Head in person did remain,
King Charles; and with him were his Paladins:
King Salamone, and Ugier the Dane,
And both the Guidos, both the Angelines;
The Duke of Bavary, and Ganelon,
Avolio, Avino, Berlingier, Otton.

9.

Of rank inferior people infinite;
The French, the Germans, those of Lombardy,
All ready, press to their commander's fight,
That of the stoutest they esteem'd may be:
Of these elsewhere the story I'll endite;
For a great Duke I must again go fee,
Who calls me loud, and signs from far does make,
That with my pen I would not him forfake.

10.

'Tis time that I return where I did leave
The English Duke, Aftolfo fortunate;
Whom his long hateful banishment did grieve;
Who with'd for his own land with ardent heat:
As the sufficient hope to him did give,
Who in the combat had Alcina beat;
She to return him thither did procure
By the most expeditious way, and most secure.

11.

And so a galley she had fitted out,
Than which ne'er better plough'd on the marine;
And because the mean while conceiv'd a doubt,
His voyage might disturb'd be by Alcine;
Logifill will'd, that, with an army stout,
Andronica should go, and Sophrosine,
Till in th' Arabian sea, and in the gulf
Of Peria, safely should arrive Aftolf.
Canto 15.

ORLANDO FURioso.

12.  
Più tosto vuol, che volguggiando rada  
Gli Sciti, e gli Indi, e i regni Nabatei:  
E torni poi per cosi lunga strada  
A ritrovare i Persi, e gli Eritrei,  
Che per quel Boreal pelago vasta,  
Che turban sempre inqui i venti, e rei,  
E si, qualche flagion, pover di Sole,  
Che starne senza alcuni mesi fuole.

13.  
La Fata poi, che vide accenno il tutto,  
Diede licenza al Duca di partire,  
Avendol prima ammaestrato, e istretto  
Di cose affari, che fara lunga a dire.  
E per chiavar, che non sia più ridutto  
Per arte magia, onde non possa uscir;  
Un bello ed util libro gli avea dato,  
Che per tua ame avesse ogni era a lato.

14.  
Come l'am rapirar debba a gl'incanti  
Mostra il libretto, che costei gli diede.  
Dove ne tratta o più dietro, o più inanti,  
Per rubrica, e per indice fi vede.  
Un' altro don gli fece ancor, che quanti  
Doni fur mai, di gran vantaggio eccede;  
E questo fu d'orribil suono un corno,  
Che fa fuggire ogni, che l'ode intorno.

15.  
Dico, ch'el corno e di si orribil suono  
Ch'ovunque s'ode, che fuggir la gente:  
Non può trovarsi al mondo un cuor si buono  
Che possa non fuggir, come lo sente.  
Rumor di vento, e di tremuto, e'luono  
A par del fuan di quello era niente.  
Con molto riferir di grazie prefe  
Da la Fata licenza il buono Inglese.

16.  
Lasciando il porto, e l'onde più tranquille  
Con felice aura, ch'à la poppa spira,  
Sopra le ricche, e popolose ville  
De l'odorifera India il Duca gira,  
Scoprendo a destra, ed a sinistra mille  
Isole sparsa, e tanto va, che mira  
La terra di Tomaso, onde il nocchiero  
Più a Tramontana poi volge il sentiero.

17.  
Quasi radendo l' aurea Cherzone  
La bella armata il gran pelago frange;  
E colleggendo i ricchi liti spesso  
Vede, come nel mar biancheggi il Gange;  
E Taprobane vede, e Cori appresso;  
E vede il mar, che fra i due liti s'ang;  
Dopo gran via faro a Cochino, e quindi  
Usairo fuor de i termini de gli Indi.

18.  
She rather would, round he the coast shoul'd gain  
Of Scythia, Ind, and realms of Nabatean;  
And so by that long way shoul'd turn again,  
To travel on by Persia, Eritry;  
Than make his voyage by the northern main,  
Whose dang'rous cruel winds disturb the sea,  
And in some seafons so depriv'd of fun,  
That for some months they're custom'd to have none.

13.  
The Fairy, when she sees all ready got,  
Gave to the Duke his freedom to depart;  
First having him instructed well, and taught  
Of many things, too long to now impart;  
And to prevent again his being brought  
Under inextricable magic art,  
A fine and useful book did she provide,  
Which for her fake he shoul'd keep at his side.

14.  
'Gainst forcery one's self how to defend,  
The little book, which she had giv'n him, shows:  
The treatise from beginning to the end,  
By rubrick and by index here one knows.  
Another gift she gave, which did transcend  
All other gifts e'er were, and far outgoes:  
This was a horn, of such tremendous sound,  
That puts to flight, who hear it, all around.

15.  
This horn, I say, was of such dreadful sound,  
Whoever hears it, is compell'd to fly:  
A heart so stout could not on earth be found  
That mutt not run, soon as he heard that nigh.  
The noise of thunder, wind, or quaking ground,  
Compar'd to this, are a non-entity.  
Thanking the Fair for what he did receive,  
The gallant Englishman now takes his leave.

16.  
From the more gentle stream and port he went  
With prop'rous gale, which on his fails did blow;  
To the well-peopled cities opulent  
Of India's fragrant coast the Duke did go:  
From right to left on thousand isles intent,  
Which scatter'd were, and voyag'd, till in show  
Appear'd Tomaso's land; the pilot here  
More to the Tramontan his course did steer.

17.  
Skirting the golden Cherone bore  
The vei'el fine, and cleft the mighty main;  
He coasting often by the wealthy shore,  
Sees Ganges tinge the sea with milky sail:  
He Taprobani and Cori did explore;  
And saw the sea, which pent two shores detain:  
After great voyage they Cochino found,  
And thence they illud forth from India's bound.

18.
Sorrondo il Duca il mar con fì sedele,
E fì feura scoria, intender viole,
E ne domanda Andronica; fe de le
Parti, 'han nome dal cader del Sole,
Mai legno alun, che vadi à remi à vele
Nel mar Orientale apparir fuole;
E s'andar può senza toccar mai terra,
Chi 'd Indìa scinghia in Francia, d'in Inghilterra.

Tu dei sapere, Andronica rimponde,
Che d'ogn' intorno il mar la terra abbraccia;
E van l'una ne l'altra tutte l'onde,
Sia, dove bolle, à dove il mar s'aggiaccia.
Ma perché qui davante si diffonde,
E fatto il mezzodi molto si caccia
La terra d'Etiopia; alun ba detto,
Ch' à Nettuno 'r più innanzi ivi è interdetto.

Per questo dal nostro Indico Levante
Nave non è, che per Europa scinghia,
Ni òi nuove d'Europa navigante,
Che in quelle nostre parti arrivar voglia.
Il ritrovarsi quella terra avante
E questi, e quelli al ritornare invoglia:
Che credono veggendola si lunga,
Che con l'altro Emisfero si congionga.

Ma volgendofi gli anni, io veggo uscire
Da l'efreme contrade di Ponente
Nuovi Argonauti, e nuovi Tifì, e aprire
La strada ignota in fin al di presenti.
Altri volteggia l'Àfrica: e seguìro
Tanto la cofa de la negra gente,
Che paffano quel fegno, onde ritorno
Fa il Sole à noi, l'affiodàndo il Capricorno.

E ritrovar del lungo tratto il fine,
Che questo fa parer dai mar diversi,
E scorrer tutti i litì, e le vicine
Isola d'Indì, d'Àrabi, e di Persì.
Altri lasciar le defìre, e le manciine
Rive, che due per opra Erculea ferì;
E del Sole imitando il cammin tondo,
Ritrovar nuove terre, e nuovo mondo.

Veggo la Santa Croce; e veggo i fegni
Imperial nel verde lito eretti.
Veggo altri à guardia de i battuti legni,
Altri à l'acquisto del paese eletti.
Veggo da dieci cacciar mille, e i regni
Di là da l'Indìa ad Aragon fuggeti:
E veggo i capitani di Carlo Quinto,
Devunque vanno, aver per tutto vinto.

The Duke, with his so safe and faithful guide,
Ranging the sea, inclin'd to have it known;
And ask'd Andronica, if from that side,
Which has its name from setting of the sun,
A ship with sails and oars to go e'er try'd,
Within the easterne ocean to be shown;
And, without touching land, if one could get
To France or England, who from India fail had fet.

You then must know, Andronica reply'd,
That round the earth the sea embracing goes;
And waves with waves alternate course divide,
Where-e'er the ocean boils, or where 'tis froze:
But because forward here it pours its tide,
And under the Meridian hafty flows
To th' Ethiopian land, some have declar'd
To go more forward Neptune is debarr'd.

Wherefore from this our easterne Indian shore
No ship for Europe ever fail has fet;
Nor here from Europe any failer bore,
Who hither to our climate aim'd to get.
Discovering this land lay thus before,
Each of them is excited to retreat;
To them of such vaft length it does appear,
As join'd unto the other hemisphere.

But the years rolling on, come forth I view
From out the western clime's extremest place
New Argonauts to ope, and Tiphis new,
The ways unknown in these our present days;
Others, who Africk going round perfue
So much the confines of the negro race,
That they pass thro' the sign, where his return
Sol makes to us, when quitting Capricorn.

And by long track discovering the bound,
That makes this one two different seas appear,
And all the coasts and iflands running round,
To India, Araby, and Perfia near.
The streams some quit at right and left-hand found,
Form'd into two by the Herculian care,
And the Sun's circling road to take inclin'd,
Lands yet unknown and a new world they find.

I see the Holy Crofs; I see the sign
Imperial on the verdant coat erect.
Some I see guard of ships th' embattled line;
Others obtaining these domains elect:
Ten I see thonfands chace, the realms that join
Beyond the Ind to Aragon subject;
Of Charles the firth the generals I see,
Where-c'er they go, have total victory.
Canto 15.

ORLANDO FURIOSO. 217

24.

Dio vuol, ch’asfosa anticamente questa
Strada sia fata, e ancor gran tempo sia;
Ne che prima sifeltia, che la fefta,
E la settima età passata sia;
E serba a farla al tempo manifesto,
Che vorrà porre il mondo a monarchia
Sotto il più saggio Imperadore, e giusto,
Che sia fiale, o farà mai dopo Augusto.

25.

Del sangue d’Austria, e d’Aragone io veglio
Nascer sul Reno a finitima riva
Un Principe, al valor del qual pareggio
Nessun valor, di cui si parlì, o scrivì.
Afuera veglio per lui riposta in faggio,
Anzi di morta ritornata riva;
E le virtù, che caccio il mondo, quando
Lei caccio ancora, ufar per lui di mano.

26.

Per questi merti la bontà suprema
Non solamente di quel grande Impero
Ha disegnato, c’abbia il diadema,
Ch’ebbe Augusto, Traian, Marco, e Severo,
Ma d’ogni terra e quinci, e quindi e’ tifreno,
Che mai nè al Sol, nè à l’anno apre il sentiero:
E vuol, che fatto à questo Imperadore
Solo un ovile sia, solo un Pastore.

27.

E per’abbian più facil fuccesso
Gli ordini in cielo eternamente scritti;
Gli pon la somma providenza appresso
In mare, e in terra capitanì invitti.
Veggio Ernando Corteze, il quale ha messo
Nuove città sotto i Cefarei editti,
E regni in Oriente si remoti,
Ch’al noi, che siamo in India, non son noti.

28.

Veggio Prosper Colonna, e di Pescara
Veggio un Marchese, e veggio dopo loro
Un giovine del Vasto, che fan cara
Parer la bella Italia à i gigli d’oro:
Veggio ch’entrare innanzi si prepara
Quei terzo à gli altri à guadagnar l’alloro,
Come buon corridore, ch’ultima lafà
Le mosse, e giunghe, e innanzi à tutti passa.

29.

Veggio tanto il valor, veggio la fede
Tanta d’Alfonso, ch’è suo nome e questo,
Ch’è in così acerba età, che non ecce
Dopo il vigesim’ anno ancora il sefta;
L’Imperadore l’esercito gli crede;
Il qual salvando, salvar non ch’è resto,
Ma farì tutto il mondo ubbidiente
Con questo Capitan sarà possente.

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24.

God wills, this passage, anciently conceal’d,
May for long time continue as it was;
Nor that to find it any may be skill’d,
Until the sixth or seventh age may pass;
And keep it till that seasion, unravel’d,
Till he the world under one Monarch place,
Under the wisest Emperor, and jut;
That e’er has been, or will be, since August.

25.

I see from th’ Austrian blood, and Aragon,
At the left border of the Rhine is born
A Prince, whose valour equal’d is by none,
Whom either speech or writing can adorn:
By him replac’d Aftrea on her throne
I see, rather from death to life return;
And virtue, whom the world to flight had sent
With her, come back with him from banishment.

26.

For these deserts benignity suprême
Not only of this empire’s boundless sphere
Ordains, that he shall have the diadem,
Augustus, Trajan, Marcus, and Sever, once had; but all from hence to the extreme,
Where way ne’er open’d to the fun, nor year:
And wills, beneath this Emperor’s domain,
That they one flock, one shepherd he remain.

27.

And that to them more easy might succeed,
What’s wrote in heav’n eternally ordain’d,
The Providence Supreme near him decreed
Unconquer’d captains, both by fee and land.
I see Hernand Cortese, who hath laid
New cities under Cesar’s high command,
And kingdoms in the east disjoin’d do far,
To us, who live in Ind, unknown they are.

28.

Prosper Colonn I see, and of Pescar
I see a Marquis; after them I see
A youth of Vasto, who all render dear
To the gold lilies beauteous Italy.
I see, who does to enter first prepare,
This third to gain o’er all the victory,
Like the brave sheed, who holds out to the last,
Pushes them, joins them, till he all has past.

29.

I see such mighty valour, faith so vast
I of Alfonso see, name he does bear,
On whom in age unripe (he ha’n’t furpast
As yet his term of six-and-twentieth year)
The Emperor his army’s charge does cast;
Which safe, not only all in safety are,
But by the world to make himself obey’d,
He shall have strength by this great chieftain’s aid.
Come con questi, ovunque andar per terra
Si possa, accrescerà il Imperio antico.
Cosi per tutto il mar ch’è in mezzo serra
Di là l’Europa, e di quà l’Afro aprico;
Sarà vittorioso in ogni guerra,
Poi ch’Andrea Doria s’uera fatti amico.
Questo è quel Doria, che fa da i Pirati
Securo il nostro mar per tutti i lati.

Non fu Pompeo a par di costui degnio,
Se ben vinse, e cacciò tutti i Corsari:
Pero, che quelli al più possente regno,
Che fose mai non poteano effer pari:
Ma questa Doria sol col proprio ingegno,
E proprie forze purgerà quei mari,
Si, che da Calpe al Nilo, ovunque s’oda
Il nome suo, tremar veggia ogni proda.

Sotto la fede entrar, sotto la scorta
Di questo capitano, che i v’i parla,
Veggio in Italia, ove da lui la porta
Gli sara aperta, à la corona Carlo.
Veggio, che’l premio, che di ciò riporta,
Non tien per se, ma fa à la patria darlo.
Con prigghi ottien, ch’è in libertà la metta,
Dove altri à fe l’avria forse fuggeta.

Questa pietà, ch’egli à la patria mostra,
È degna di più orar d’ogni battaglia,
Ch’in Francia, in Spagna, è ne la terra vostra
Vincesse Giulio, è in Africa, è in Tessalia.
Ne il grande Ottavio, nè chi seco giofra
Di par Antonio, in più onoranza figlia,
Pe’i gefii suoi, ch’ogni lor laude ammizza,
L’avere ufat à la lor patria forza.

Questi, ed ogni’ altro, che la patria tenta
Di liberar far serva, s’arresti fece;
Ne, dove il nome d’Andrea Doria senta,
Di levar gli ochi in vifo d’uomo ardito.
Veggio Carlo, ch’el premio gli augmenta,
Ch’è oltre quel, ch’è in comun vuol, ch’è frutte,
Gli da la rica terra, ch’è i Normandi.
Sara principio à farli in Puglia grandi.

A questo Capitano non par cortese
Il magnanimo Carlo ba da mostrarfi:
Ma à quanti atra ne le Cifaree imprese
Del sangue lor non ritrovati fearfi.
D’avver città, d’avver tuon un paese
Donato à un suo fedel, più rallegrarsi
Lo veggia, à tutti quai, che ne son degni,
Che d’acquitlar nov’altri Imperi, è Regni.
Cantio 15.  

Thus of the victories, when number great  
Of years shall afterwards have run their course,  
Which for Fifth Charles his generals shall get,  
Andronica: the Duke held in discourse:  
Of the eastern winds while his companion sweet  
Held in the rein, and mollify'd the force,  
And made now this, now that propitious blow,  
And lessen at her will, or stronger grow.  

Meantime the Persian ocean they esp'y,  
In compacts so immense, as it was roll'd;  
From whence they in a few days were brought night  
The gulf, which Maghi had been call'd of old:  
Here their glad ships the haven occupy,  
With their poops turn'd towards the bank they hold;  
Thence from Alcina safe, and from her war,  
Aftolfo his journey does by land prepare.  

By many a plain, thru' many a forest lies,  
O'er many a mountain, many a vale beneath;  
Oft in the day-light, or in duft, he spies  
The thieves before him, or behind him hath;  
Lions and dragons poisonous he sees,  
And other beasts that crofs him in his path:  
But soon as to the horn his mouth gives found,  
Affrighted they fly from him all around.  

By Araby, call'd Happy, he came on,  
Enrich'd with myrrh and incense, fragrant scent,  
Which for its fect the Phoenix bird alone  
Has chosen from the world's immense extent,  
Till to him were th' avenging waters shown,  
For Israf' once, when, by divine consent,  
Pharaoh was down'd with all his num'rous band:  
From thence he came unto the heroes' land.  

Along he by the river Trajan rode,  
Upon that horse, that had in earth no peer;  
For he so very lightly run and trod,  
That on the sand his footsteps don't appear;  
Upon the grafs or snow no print he show'd,  
Dry-footed he could o'er the ocean bear,  
And in the course he stretch'd and made such haste,  
The wind, an arrow, lightning, he surpafs'd.  

This was the palfrey of Argalia,  
That had conceived been of wind and flame,  
And without corn was nourish'd up, or hay,  
With the pure air, and Rabican his name.  
The Duke went on, proceeding in his way,  
Into the Nile where pours itself that stream;  
And ere he to the river's mouth arriv'd,  
A vefsel swiftly coming he perceiv'd.
42.
Naviga in su la poppa uno Eremita
Con bianca barba a mezzo il petto lunga ;
Che sopra il legno il Paladino invita,
E Figliol mio, gli grida da la lunga ;
Se non t'è in odio la tua propria vita,
Se non brami, che morte oggi ti giunga,
Veni ti piacca su quest'altra arena ;
Ch'ab morir quella via dritto ti mena .

43.
Tu non andrai più, che sei miglia in anta,
Che troverai la sanguinosa stanza
Dove s'alberga un'orribil gigante,
Che d'otto piedi ogni stature avanzata :
Non abbia cavalier, ne viandante
Di partirsi da lui vive, speranza;
Ch'alt'iril del crudel ne scanna, altri ne faccia ;
Molti ne siuarta, e vive alcun n'inosa .

44.
Piacer fra tanta crudeltà si prende
D'una rete, ch'egli ha molto ben fatta ;
Poco lontana al tetto suo la tende,
E ne la tria' pake in modo appiattata ;
Che chi prima nel fa, non la comprende,
Tanto è sottile, tanto egli ben l'addatta ;
E con tais gridi e peregrin minaccia,
Che spaventati dentro ve li caccia ;

45.
E con gran riva avviluppata in quella
Se gli strafisna sotto il suo corpote ;
Nè cavalier riguarda ne donzella ;
O sia di grande, o sia di piccil merto ;
E mangiata la carne, e le cervella
Succhiate, e il sangue, dà l'oja al deserto ;
E de l'umane pelli intorno intorno
Fà il suo palazzo orribilmente adorno .

46.
Prendi que'? altra via, prendila, figlio,
Che fin' al mar ti fa tutta sicura.
Io ti ringrazio, padre, del consiglio,
Rispose il cavalier senza paura ;
Ma non istimo per l'onor periglio,
Di ch'asfai più, che de la vita ho cura .
Per far, chi maffi, in van tu parli nuco ;
Anzi vo al diritto a ritrovare lo specio .

47.
Fuggendo posso con dignor salvarmi ;
Ma tal salute ho più, che morte, a scivo ;
S'io vi vo, al peggio che potra incontrarmi,
Fra molti riferir di vita privo :
Ma quando Dio cea mi dirizzi l'armi,
Che colui morto, ed io rimanga vivo,
Secura a mille renderó la via,
Si che l'util maggior, ch'e danno sia .

48.
Upon the poop there sail'd an Eremita,
With a white beard in length down to his breast,
Who did the Paladin on board invite,
And, My son, loudly him from far address'd,
If you your life do not as hated slight,
If you wish not, death should you now arrest,
Be pleas'd to come upon this other shore ;
For to your death this way direct you're bore .

43.
More than six mile you would not forward get,
Before you would find out the bloody place,
Wherein a horrid giant holds his seat,
Who, by eight feet all stature does surpass ;
No cavalier or traveller, as yet,
Had hope away from him alive to pass ;
He cruel some does play, to bits some rive ;
Of some the throats he cuts, some swallow up alive .

44.
He pleasure takes, amidst such cruelty,
With a strange net, which he has finely made,
Which he extends unto his dwelling nigh,
And in the trodden dust is such way laid,
That, who's not first inform'd, cannot esp'y ;
It is so fine, by him so fit convey'd ;
And he all strangers threatens with such cries,
That e'vy one therein affrighted flies .

45.
And makes great scorn at those envelop'd there,
If them he in his covering can get ;
Nor does he aught for knights or damsels care,
Whether their merit be or small or great ;
Sucking their blood, their brains and flesh does tear ;
And to the desert does their bones translate ;
And with the human skins, in e'vy part,
His palace he adorns with horrid art .

46.
Take t'other ways, my son, as I advise,
Which to the sea exempt from danger are ;
I thank you, father, for your counfel wise,
The cavalier reply'd, devoid of fear ;
But, for my honour, danger I depifie ;
For which far more than for my life I care ;
To make me pafs afide, in vain you speake,
Rather I go direct this den to seek .

47.
Flying, myself I with disgrace can save ;
But such a safety more than death disdain ;
If I go there, the worst to meet I have,
Mongst many I shall rob'd of life remain ;
But shoud God so direct my weapons brave,
That I myself prefare, and he is slain ;
The way forthousand I shall make secue ;
Thus, than the los, the profit seems much more .
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Canto 15.

48. Metto a l'incontro la morte d'un solo
A la salute di gente infinita.
Vattene in pace, risposi, figliolo:
Dio mandi in difension de la tua vita
L'Arcangelo Michael dal fommo Polo.
E benedetto il semplice Eremita.
Aftolfo lungo il Nil tenne la strada,
Sperando più nel fiume, che ne la fpada.

49. Giace tra l'alto fiume e la palude
Picciol sentier ne l'arenos'a riva,
La solitaria cefa lo richiunde
D'umanità, e de commerccio priva.
Son fijfe intorno tefte e membra nude,
De l'infelice gente, che l'arriva.
Non v'è fineftra, non v'è merlo alcuno;
Onde penderne almen non veggia uno.

50. Qual ne le alpine ville, o nel costelli
Suol cacciatore, che gran perigli ha scorsi,
Sù le porte attaccar l'infide palli,
L'orride zampè, e i grossi capi d'Orsi:
Tal dimostrava il fier gigante quelli,
Che di maggior virtù gli erano occorsi.
D'altri infiniti fparfe appaion l'offa;
Ed è di sangue uman piena ogni fofta.

51. Stoffi Caligorante in su la porta:
Che cofa ha nome il dispietato moftro,
Ch'orina la fua magion di gente morta,
Come alcuni fuol de panni d'oro, e d'oref.
Costui per gaudio appena fi comporta,
Come il Duca lontan fe gli è dimoftrò;
Ch'eran due mefi, e il terzo ne venia,
Che non fu cavalier per quella via.

52. Ver la palude, ch'è feura, e folta
Di verdi canne, in gran frettà ne viene:
Che disegnato avea corriere in volta,
E ufìre al Paladin dietro a le fchiene;
Che ne la rete, che tende fofta
Sotto la polve, di cacciarlo fa fpone;
Come avea fatto a gli altri peregrini,
Che quivi tratto avean lor rei defini.

53. Come venire il Paladin lo vide,
Ferma il defertor, non senza gran fopetto,
Che vada in quelli lacci a dar del piede,
Di che il buon Ecechiarel gli avea predetto:
Quivi il soccorfo del suo corno chi, de,
E quel fanando fa l'ifato effetto.
Nel cuor fere il gigante, che la cofolta,
Di tal timor ch'addietro i passi volta.

54. I put in rife the death of one alone,
For safety of a people infinite.
In peace go thither then, he said, my son;
God, for your life, fend with defensive might
Th' Archangel Michael from his heavy throne;
And him then blest'd this harmless Eremite.
Aftolfo kept his way by the Nile's side,
And, more than in his sword, does in his horn con-

55. Betwixt the river deep and marshy ground,
By th' sandy shore a little path does lie,
The solitary house it does surround,
Devoid of commerce, and humanity:
There heads and naked limbs are fix'd around.
Of the unhappy people, who: come nigh:
Not window there, or battlement is shown,
But one at least is seen to hang thercon.

56. As at his mansion, in the hilly town,
The hunter's us'd, who has run danger great,
The brightful skins his gates to fasten on,
The heads immense of bears, and horrid feet;
Such usage by the giant there was shown.
To those of greatest valour he could meet:
Of others infinite the bones were ftrew'd,
And ev'ry fosa was fill'd with human blood.

57. Caligorant did at his gate remain,
By this name does the cruel monster go,
Who decks his mansion with the people slain,
As fome with cloth of gold and purple do:
The wretch, thro' joy, could scarce himfelf contain,
When from afar the Duke himself did show:
As now two months were gone, the third was near;
That by that way had been no cavalier.

58. Towards the marsh, which was obscure, o'ergrown
With verdant reeds, in haste he went about;
For he a circle did propofe to run,
Behind the Paladin to ifle out;
As in the net, which buried he held down,
Under the duft, to drive him he had thought;
As other strangers he was us'd to treat,
Who thither had been brought by their hard fate.

59. The Paladin seeing him forward bear,
His palfrey ftopp'd, not without caution great,
Not to go put his feet into that snare,
The good old man did previoufly relate.
The fuccour of his horn he needed here,
Which founding did its us'd effect create:
It struck the giant's heart, who it did hear,
He backward turn'd his footsteps with vail fear.
54.
Astolfo suona, e tutta volta bada;  
Che gli par l'empire, che la rete socci;  
Fugge il fellon, ne' vede ove si vada;  
Che, come il cuore, avea perduta gli occhi.  
Tanta è la tema, che non fa far errata,  
Che ne suoi propri aguati non travocchi;  
Va ne la rete; e quella si disfera,  
Tutta l'annoda, e lo disfende in terra.

55.
Astolfo, ch'andar giù vede il gran pezo,  
Già sicuro per se, s'accorre in fretta:  
E con la spada in man d'arcion difeso  
Va per far di mille anime vendetta.  
Poi gli par, che se uccide un, che sia preso,  
Villa più, che virtù, ne farà detta;  
Che legate le braccia, i piedi, e il collo  
Gli vede fi, che non può dare un crollo.

56.
Avea la rete già fatta Vulcano  
Di fottile fil d'acciare, ma con tal'arte,  
Che faria fatta ogni fatica in vano  
Per s'immaginarne la più debil parte:  
Ed era quella, che già piedi e mano  
Avea legati a Venere, ed a Marte.  
La fe il geloso, e non ad altro effetto,  
Che per pigliarli gli insieme ambi nel letto.

57.
Mercurio al Fabro poi la rete invola,  
Che Chloride pigliar con essa vuole;  
Chloride bella, che per l'aria vola,  
Dietro à l'Aurora à l'apparir del Sole;  
E dal raccheto lembo de la fiola  
Gigli fpargendo va, rofe, e viole.  
Mercurio tanto questa Ninfa attefe  
Che con la rete in aria un detta prese.

58.
Dove entra in mar il gran fiume Etiopo,  
Par che la Dea presa volando folle;  
Poi nel tempio d'Anúbide à Caneo  
La rete molti fanci l'erbofe.  
Caligrante tre mila anni dopo  
Di là, dove era facra, la rimoffe:  
Se ne portò la rete il ladrone empio;  
Ed arfe la cittade, e rubò il tempio.

59.
Quivi adattolla in modo in sù l'arena,  
Cie tutti quei, c'avean da lui la caccia,  
Vi davon dentro; ed era tocca appena,  
Che lor legava e solle, e piedi, e braccia.  
Di questa levò Astolfo una catena,  
E le man dietro à quell' felon n'allaçcia;  
Le braccia, 'l petto in guifa gli ne faeua,  
Che non più fiiorfi: indi levar lo l'acceia.

54.
Astolfo sounds, and cautious still delays,  
For still he fears that up the net may rise:  
The felon runs, nor sees he where he strays;  
For he, as well as heart, had lost his eyes:  
So great his dread, unknowing of the ways  
To 'cape the stumbling on his own disguise;  
He goes into the net, which, now unbound,  
Catches him fast, and calls him on the ground.

55.
Astolfo seeing fall this monstrous weight,  
Now of himself secure, great haste does make,  
And sword in hand lights from his saddle-seat,  
Going for thoufand souls revenge to take:  
Then thought, to slay one in a captive state,  
Would, more than valour, cowardice bespeak;  
For that his arms, and legs, and neck, so bound,  
He saw, he could not stir from off the ground.

56.
This was the net, which long since Vulcan made  
With fo much art, tho' fleely wire, most fine,  
That ev'ry toil would be in vain essay'd,  
The weakest part o' th' meshes to disjoin:  
And this, together Mars and Venus laid,  
Did once their hands and feet with bonds entwine:  
The jealous spouse made this to that effect,  
Them both in bed together to detect.

57.
The net then Merc'ry from the blacksmith stole,  
Meaning therewith Chloris to seize upon;  
Fair Chloris, who, in flight, thro' air does roll,  
Behind Auror', at rising of the fun;  
And, from the tuck'd-up border of her ftole,  
Spreads lilies, rofes, vil'lets, up and down:  
Merc'ry this nymph withSuch attention watch'd,  
That with this net her in the air one day he catch'd.

58.
Where Æthiop's river: vaft falls to the sea,  
It seems, the goddes was, as flying, ta'eu:  
At Canopus, Anubis' sacrify,  
Then, many ages, did the net remain:  
Caligrant, three thousand years past by,  
From thence, where sacred twas, did it regain:  
The impious plunderer bore off the net,  
The temple robb'd, on fire the city set.

59.
This he adapted to upon the ground,  
That ev'ry one of thofe he had in chace,  
Thither gave in, and scarce a touch it found,  
But neck, feet, arms, did in hands embrace.  
Astolfo off from this a chain unbound,  
And the thiefs hands behind, with it did lace,  
Binding his arms and breath in such a guise,  
He could not free himself, then gave him leave to rise.
Canto 15.

60.
Da gli altri nodi avendol sciolto prima,
Ch'era tornato fuman più, che donzella:
Di trarla fece, e di mostrarlo stima
Per ville, per cittadi, e per catterella:
Vol la rete anco aper, che né lina,
Ne martel fece mai cofa più bella;
Ne fa somier colui, ch'à la catena
Con pompa triomphal dietro fa mena.

61.
L'elmo, e lo scudo amà a portar gli diede,
Come à valletto, e seguito il cammino,
Di gaudio empiendo, ovunque metta il piede,
Ch'ir passò ormai sicuro il peregrino.
Aftolfo se ne va tanto, che dimora,
Ch'à i sepolcri di Menfi è già vicino;
Menfi per le Piramidi famofo
Vede à l'incontro il Cairo popoloso.

62.
Tutto il popol correndo sì trae
Per veder il Gigante smirurato,
Come à polsibil, l'uno l'altro dicea,
Che quel picciol il grande abbia legato?
Aftolfo appena innanzi andar potea;
Tanto la calza il preme d'ogni lato:
E, come cavalier d'alto valore,
Ognun l'ammira, e gli fa grande onore.

63.
Non era grande il Cairo così allora;
Come je ne ragiona à noftra etade;
Che l'popolo capita, che vi dimora,
Non pon diciotto mila gran contrade;
E che le caafe hanno tre palchi, e ancora
Ne dormono infiniti in sù le strade;
E che l'Soldado v'abita un castello
Mirabil di grandezza, e ricco, e bello;

64.
E che quindici mila favi allori,
Che fon Cristiani ringati tutti,
Con mogli, con famigli, e con cavalli
Ha fatto un tettu soi guivi riduttu;
Aftolfo veder uede, onde s'avvailu,
E quanto il Nilo entri ne i fali fitti
A Damiata, e avea quivi intefo
Qualunque passà, reftar morto, o preso.

65.
Però, ch'in ripa al Nilo in sù la face
Si ripara un ladron dentro una torre;
Ch'à paflani, e à peregrini nuoce,
E fin'à Cairo ognun rubando fcorre.
Non gli puo alun refiire; ed ha voce,
Che l'uno gli cerca in van la vita torre.
Cento mila ferite egli ha gia avuto;
No', ucciderlo però mai s'è potuto.

66.
Freed him first from ev'ry other knot,
As now became more gentle than a maid,
To carry him along with him he thought,
Thro' cities, caffies, towns, a fight diplay'd:
The net he would have too; by file ne'er wrought,
Nor hammer, thing fo fine was ever made:
Made him his sumpter-horfe, whom chains did bind,
And in triomphal pomp led him behind.

61.
Him he to carry gave his helm and shield,
As to his valet: on his road did bear:
Where-e'er he set his feet with joy all fill'd,
That strangers now might travel without fear.
Aftolfo so far went, that he reveal'd
The sepulchres of Memphis now were near:
Memphis for its pyramids renown'd,
And pop'lous Cairo right against it found.

62.
All people running there in hurry sped
To the immeasurable giant eye;
How could it be, one to the other said,
That this so little should that great one tie?
Aftolfo scarcely forward could proceed,
So pres'd on ev'ry ride the company;
And, as a cavalier, all him survey'd,
Of mighty valour, and great honours paid.

63.
Of such extent Cairo was not then,
As of it in these days of ours they treat,
That cannot hold the folks that there remain,
Ev'n eighteen thousand streets, of size tho' great;
And tho' their houses all three floors contain,
Yet numbers of them sleep in th' open street;
And that a court the Sultan dwells in there,
Of grandeur wonderful, both rich and fair;

64.
And that his vassals fifteen thousand are,
Whom Christian renegados every one,
With wives, and families, and horfes, there,
He has reduc'd beneath one mansion.
Aftolfo would see what way did downward bear
The Nile, and how to the falt waves it run
At Damiat; as thence he news did gain,
Whoever pass'd was priser made, or plain.

65.
For on the banks of Nile, upon the bay,
A thief there shelter'd was within a tow'r,
Who strangers did, as well as natives, say,
And robbing all quite to Cairo fcor:
None could refit him; and, as fame did fay,
His life to take, vain was all human pow'r.
A hundred thousand wounds b' ad undergone,
But to deftroy him able yet were none.
ORLANDO FURioso.

Canto 15.

66. To see, if now of him to break the thread,
And take his life, he could prevail on fate,
To find out Orrilo Astolfo sped,
That was his name, and came to Damiate;
Thence passing where the Nile to th' ocean led,
Upon the banks he saw the tower great,
Where the enchantèd spirit kept its house,
Born of a Fairy and an Incubus.

67. Here that a cruel battle was, he found,
'Twixt Orril and two knights, in furious heat:
 Alone did Orril fo them both surround,
That their defence demanded labour great:
And how much they were both in arms renown'd,
Fame to the world did publickly relate:
Thefe the two foes of Oliviero were,
Aquilant swarthy, and Grifon the fair.

68. True is it, that the negromancer came
Unto the battle with advantage great;
As to the field he brought a beaft with him,
The which alone is in these quarters met;
It lives upon the fhore, or 'midst the fhream,
And human bodies are its usual meat,
Of persons wretched, who incautious are,
Or traveller by land, or hapfefs mariner.

69. The beaft, near to the gate upon the plain,
By hand of the two brothers kill'd, was laid;
Nor yet for this did Orril hurt himself,
Tho' at one time to wound him both effay'd:
Him they defmember'd oft-times, ne'er had flain;
Nor, tho' defmember'd, could they strike him dead:
For when or hand or foot was off him cut,
As form'd of wax he them together put.

70. Now to his very teeth Grifon divides
His head, now Aquilant quite to his breaft;
He all their strokes continually derides,
They to be baffled thus their wrath express'd,
Who has been filver that from high fubfides,
Which mercury is call'd by th' Alchymift,
Spreading and still rejoining each its member,
Seeing of him, would alfo that remember.

71. If they struck off his head, down Orril goes,
And, till he gets it, ceafeles grooping winds;
He takes it either by the hair or noble,
I know not by what bands, to th' neck conjoin'd:
Now Grifon, feizing it, to th' river throws
At his arm's length, yet thence no use he finds;
For Orril, like a fiift, could dive below,
And with his head secure from out the river go.
Due belle donne ornate,  
L'una vestita à bianco, e l'altra à nero,  
Che de la pugna causa erano state,  
Stavanò à riguardar l'assalto fiero.  
Queste eran quelle due benigne Fate,  
C'avean nutriti i figli d'Oliviera;  
Poi che gli trafen teneri zitelli  
Da i curvi artigli di duo grandi angelli:

Che rapiti gli aveano à Gismonda,  
E portati lontan dal suo paese.  
Ma non bifogna in ciò, ch'io mi diffonda;  
Ch'è tutto il mondo è l'istoria palese:  
Bene che l'autor nel padre si confonda,  
Ch'è per un altro, io non so come, prese.  
Or la battaglia i duo giovani fanno;  
Che le due donne ambi pregati n'hanno.

Era in quel clima già sparito il giorno,  
A l'isole ancor alto di Fortuna;  
L'ombre avean tolto ogni vedere attorno  
Sotto l'incerta, e mal compresa Luna;  
Quando à la rocca Orril fece ritorno,  
Poi ch'è à la bianca, e à la forcella bruna  
Piacque di differir l'aspra battaglia  
Fin, ch'è l'Sol nuovo à l'Orizonte taglia.

Astolfo, che Gismonda, ed Aquilante  
Ed à l'insegne, e più al ferir gagliardo  
Riconosciuto aveva gran peso inante;  
Lor non fu altiero à salutar, né tardo.  
Essendo vedendo, che quel, ch'è l'Gigante  
Traea legato, era il Baron dal Pardo,  
Che cosi in corte era quel Duca detto,  
Raccolser lui con non minor affetto.

Le donne à riposare i cavalieri,  
Menaro à un lor palagio indi vicino.  
Donzelle incontro vennero, e sedieri  
Con torchi accesi à mezzo del cammino.  
Diero à chi n'ebbe cura, i lor deßieri;  
Trasferì l'arme, e dentro un bel giardin  
Comorar, ch'apparecchiata era la cena  
Ad una fonte limpida ed amena.

Fan legare il Gìgante à la verdura  
Con un'altre catena molto grossa;  
Ad una quercia di molti anni dura,  
Che non si romperà per una foca;  
E da dieci sergenti averne cura,  
Che la notte disfior non se ne passa;  
E affaltrà, e forse far lor dannò,  
Mentre ficuri, e senza guardia stanno.

Vol. I.

Two damfels fair, adorn'd in decent plight,  
The one in white, the other dres'd in black;  
Who had been the occasion of this fight,  
Stood by, observing this so fierce attack:  
These each was a benignant fairy sprite,  
Who care to nurse Olivier's sons did take;  
After the tender infants they did draw,  
Of two vast birds from out the gripping claw.

Whom from Gismonda they had snatch'd away,  
And with them distant from their country flown;  
But there's no need herein I more display,  
To ev'ry body, as the story's known:  
Tho' of their fire he writes in doubtful way,  
I know not how, one for another shown:  
At this time the two youths their combat made,  
To which these damfels had the warriors pray'd.

Now in this Climate vanish'd was the day,  
In fortune's isles at the meridian height;  
The shades around had ta'en all fight away,  
Beneath the moon's ill-view'd, uncertain light.  
When Orril to his fort return'd his way;  
Since to the sister brown, and t'other white,  
It pleas'd the cruel battle to defer,  
Till the new fun in th' horizon appear.

Astolfo, who Aquilante and Grifon,  
Both by their arms, more by their blows so flour,  
Had, a long time ere this, observ'd and known,  
Nor haughty was, nor slow them to salute:  
They, when they saw the giant bound led on,  
That he the knight o' th' leopard was, made out;  
For by that tille the Duke was call'd at court,  
Accosted him in no less cordial fort.

The Ladies now the knights to rest convey,  
Unto their palace, which from hence was near:  
Esquires and damfels forward came midway,  
To meet them, who did lighted torches bear,  
Unto whose care they gave each palfery,  
Took off their arms, and, in a garden fair,  
Found that these nymphs a supper did provide,  
Upon a pleasant limpid fountain's side.

The giant on the graps they made them tie  
Faft with another pond'rous maffy chain,  
To a stout oak of great antiquity,  
Which no repeated shock could rend in twain;  
And to ten fereants gave the custody,  
That he should not by night his freedom gain,  
And by assaulting do them injury,  
While watchfles they stood in security.
Aftolfo in his book had read explain'd,
Which 'gainst enchantments a defense had taught,
Ne'er from his breast should Orril's soul be gain'd,
Till from his head one fatal lock be got:
But if 'twas pluck'd or cut, that then constring'd
Against his will, his soul should forth be brought:
This said the book; but how did not declare,
To know that lock, 'midst so much fuddy hair.

Aftolfo the joy of victory now took,
Not less than if he had obtain'd the day;
As he had hope ere many blows he firook,
To pluck the forcer's lock and fould away:
For of this enterprize he undertook,
On his own shoulders the whole weight to lay;
He would play Orril, if did not diftinct
The brothers two, that he the combat underwent.

But him they freely gave the enterprize;
Certain that he must labour all in vain.
The other morning now ascends the fikes,
When Orril from the walls comes to the plain:
Betwixt the Duke and him hot fight does rife,
One's hand a club, 'tother's a fword fuffant,
Aftolfo expects one of a thoufand blows,
Which may his spirit from his flesh fet loofe.

Now he the fift makes tumble with its mace,
Now either arm off with its hand he hits,
Sometimes he cuts acrofs through his cuirafs;
And now continues hewing him to bits:
But ever gather'th up upon the place
His members, Orril foon himfelf refits:
If in a hundred pieces he is cut,
Aftolfo, at once, fees him together put.

One of a thoufand frokes at length he made
Upon his shoulders, where the vifage ends,
Which took clean off his helmet and his head;
Nor with lefs speed than Orril, he defcends:
The bloody hair into his hand convey'd,
And instantly his palfrey reacent;
Bearing it tow'ards the Nile he makes amain,
That Orril should not it once more regain.
Canto 15.  

84. Quel sciocco, che del fatta non s'accorse,  
Per la polve cercando v'ha la toga:  
Ma, come intesi il corridor via torna,  
Portare il capo suo per la fossa,  
Immantinente al suo desirier ricorse,  
Supra vi salì, e di seguire non fece.  
Volea gridare, Afpolfo, volta, volta.  
Ma gli avea il Duca già la bocca tolla.

85. Pur, che non gli abbia tutto le calcagna,  
Si riconforta, e segue a tutta briglia.  
Dietro il lafchia gran spazio di campagna  
Quel Rabican, che corre a maraviglia.  
Afpolfo intanto per la cuticagna  
Va da la nuca fin sopra le ciglia.  
Cercando in fretta, fe l'crine fatale  
Confece pur, ch'Orril tiene immortalità.

86. Fra tanti, e innumerabili capelli  
Un più del l'altro non fi fende, o torce,  
Quel dunque Afpolfo sfuglierà di quelli,  
Che per dar morte al rio ladrone raccorza?  
Meglio è, diffe, che tutti io tagli, o fuolzi:  
Ne fi trovando aver rafai, ne force,  
Ricorre immantinente a la sua fpada,  
Che taglia fi, che fi può dir, che gada.

87. E tenendo quel capo per lo naso,  
Dietro, e dinanzi lo dischiama tutto.  
Trovò fra gli altri quel fatale a cavo:  
Si fece il fialo allor pilufo, e brutto:  
Travolfe gli occhi, e dimoftrò l'occafo  
Per manifesti fegni effer condotta.  
E' l'ufurpa, e feguia troncato a collo,  
Di fella cadde, e diu' l'ultimo crutto.

88. Afpolfo, ove le donne, e i cavalieri.  
Lasciato avea, tornò al capo in mano;  
Che tutti avea di morte i fegni veri:  
E moftro il tronco, ove giacea fontano.  
Non fi ben, fi lo vider volontieri,  
Ancor che gli moftrafì viuo uomo;  
Che la interetta lor vittoria forse  
D'imvidia a i due germani il peggio morse.

89. Ne che tal fin quella battaglia aveffe,  
Credò piu folle a le due donne grato.  
Quefte, perché più in lungo fi traefse  
De duo fratelli il doloroso fato;  
Ch'in Francia par ch'in breve effer doveffe,  
Con loro Orrilio avean quiui azzuffato;  
Con fpen di tenerli tanto a bada,  
Che la trista influenza fe ne vada.
Soon as he, who o'er Damiat did preside,
Was certified, that Orril now was dead,
The pigeon he let go, to which was tied,
Beneath its wing, a letter by a thread:
This to Cairo went, thence fled untied
Elsewhere another, as their Custom led;
In a few hours hereby advice they gain
All over Egypt, Orrilo was slain.

The Duke, when of th'emprise an end he made,
To these two noble youths much spirit gave;
Tho' to themselves their minds were open laid,
Nor needed they spurs or incitements have,
That they the holy Church to give their aid,
And as the Roman empire's cause did crave,
Should in these eastern parts their combats quit,
And midst their people honours strive to get.

And thus Grifone now and Aquilant
Each of his fev'ral lady farewell take;
Who tho' herein with forrow they lament;
Yet cannot they any restitute make:
With them Aftolfo to the right-hand bent,
For they to pay their rev'rence undertake,
Unto those parts where God incarnate liv'd,
Ere into France's kingdom they arriv'd.

They might along the left-hand road incline,
As it more even was, with more delight,
And ne'er have coasted on by the marine:
But went the horrid strane one to the right,
As to the City high of Palestine,
This was by six days not so distant quite.
This way there water might be found, and grafs
Of other things great scarcity there was.

So that before they enter'd on their road,
What might be needful for them they prepare,
And all their carriage on the giant load,
Who e'en a cattles on his back could bear;
Of this sharp wild way, when to th' end they rode,
From the high mount does to their sight appear
The holy land, which the imperial Good
Wash'd, for our errors, with his sacred blood.

At entrance of the city there they found
A gentle youth, who was their intimate;
Sans'snet of Mecca, who, beyond the bound,
Was of his years (the flower of youth) discreet;
For chivalry and goodness high renown'd,
And by his people held in rev'rence great,
Him to our faith converted had Orland,
And to him baptism gave with his own hand.
Canto 15.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

96. Qui ciò lo trovan, che disigna à fronte
Del Calif e d' Egitto una fortezza;
E circondar vuole il Calvario monte
Di muro di due miglia di lunghezza.
Da lui raccolti fur con quella fronte,
Che può d'interno amor dar più chiarezza;
È dentro accompagnati, e con grande agio
Fatti alleggiar nel suo real palagio.

97. Avea in governa egli la terra, e in vece
Di Carlo vi reggea l'Imperio giusto.
Il Duca Aftolfo à costui dono fece
Di qual si grande e finisurato lustro:
Ch' a portar pes gli varrà per diecè
Bosie di fonna; tanto era robusto:
Diegli Aftolfo il Gigante, e diegli appresso
La rete, ch' in sua forma l'aveva messo.

98. Sanfonetto à l'incontro al Duca diede
Per la sbada una cinta ricca e bella;
E diede fpron per l'uno e l'altro piede,
Che d'oro avean la fibbia, e la girella:
Ch' esser del Cavalier fatti si creda,
Che liberò dal Drago la Donzella,
Al Zaffo avuti con molt' altro armiè
Sanfonetto gli avea, quando lo prese.

99. Purgeti di lor colpe à un monasterio,
Che dava di se edor di buoni esempi;
De la passion di Cristo ogni mistério
Contemplando n' andar per tutti i tempi;
Cor con eterno approprio, e situpero,
A gli Criftiani ujupano i Mori empi.
L' Europa è in arme, e di far guerra agagna
In ogni parte, fuor ch' ove bisognà.

100. Mentre avean qui l' animo divoto
A perdonanza, e à cerimonie intenti;
Un peregrin di Grecia à Grifon notò,
Novelle gli arri à gravi e pungenti;
Dal suo primo digiuno à lungo voto
Troppo diverse, e troppo differenti:
E quelle il petto gli inflammaron tanto,
Che gli scacciar l' orazion da canto.

101. Amava il cavalier per sua fiagiura,
Una donna, s' avea nome Origille.
Di più bel volto, e di miglior flautura
Non se ne sceglierebbe una tra mille;
Ma disfèla, e di fìera natura,
Che potessi cercar cittadi, e ville,
La terra ferma, e l' isole del mare;
Ne credo, ch' una le trovasse pare.

Here him they found employ'd in a design,
On Egypt's Caliph's bounds a Fort to make,
And to surround mount Calvary incline,
By a wall, which two miles in length would take:
He with such fort of aspe&'t them did join,
That clearly might internal love bepeak,
And then attended in most easy way,
Making them in his royal palace lay.

He o'er this place presided, and instead
Of Charles, with empire just did rule this land;
The Duke Aftolfo to him a prefent made,
Of that huge body, beyond measure grand;
Whose worth to carry burdens, on him laid,
More than ten eafs of carriage would command;
Aftolfo the giant gave him, and the net
With which he him into his pow'r did get.

To the Duke, Sanfonet as prefent brought
A rich and splendid girdle for his blade,
And gave him spurs, which for hisfeet were wrought,
Of gold the buttons, and the ringlets made;
That thefè had been the cavalier's 'twas thought,
Who from the dragon once set free the maid;
Thefe Sanfonetto did at Zaffo gain,
With many other trappings, when he that had ta'en.

Cleans'd from their errors in a monaft'ry,
Which gave of good example grateful fiect,
They, of Chrift's passion ev'ry mystery
Contemplating, thro' ev'ry temple went,
Which with difgrace and lafting infamy,
Now impious Moors poftife, from Chriftians rent;
Europe's in arms, for war does earnifht pant
Ev'ry part, fave where's the greateft want.

Their mind employ'd here in devotion,
On pardon and on holy rites intent,
A foreigner of Greece, to Grifon known,
To him did foro and heavy news prefent;
From his strong vow, and firft intention,
Too much diverfe, and too much different,
And this with heat to great his mind did move,
That inftantly afide his pray'rs were drove.

This cavalier did love by haplesf cafe,
A nymph, who by th' name Origil was known;
Of finer shape, or a more lovely face,
'Mongft thousands could not have been choen one;
But faithlefs, and of fuch a nature base,
That you might ev'ry city search, or town,
The continent, the iflands of the sea,
Nor think I you could find one fuch as she.
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Canto 16.

102.
Ne la città di Constantino lasciata
Gravé l'avea di febbre acuta e fiera.
Or quando rivenne a la tornata
Più che mai bella, e di goderla spera:
Onde il mefchino, ch' in Antiochia andata
Distro un suo nuovo amante ella se n'era,
Non le parendo ormai di più patire,
C'abbia in si fredda età sola a dormire.

103.
Da indi in qua, ch' ebbe la trifia nuova,
Sospirava Grifone nitte e di sempre.
Ogni piacer, ch' a gli altri aggredita
Por ch' a costui più l'andà di sempre.
Penso ognun: ne li cui danno pruova
Amor, se li fuoi fratelli han buone tempore:
Ed era grave sopra ogni martire,
Che'l mal, ch' avea, si vergognava a dire.

104.
Questo, perché mille fiate inante
C' era ripreso l'avea di quello amore
Di lui più faggio il fratello Aquilante,
E cercato colei tragli del cuore:
Cohe ch' a suo giudicio era di quant
Femmine rie si trovian, le peggiori.
Grifone l'escusa, s' el fratel la danna;
Che le più volte il parer proprio inganna.

105.
Però sece penfier, senza parlarnne
Con Aquilante, grifone settem
Sìn dentro d' Antiochia; e quindi trarne
Coelì, che tratto il cor gli avea del petto.
Trovar colui, che gli l' ha telta, e farne
Vendetta tal, che ne sia sempre detto.
Dirò, com' ad effetto il penfier melfe,
Ne l' altro canto, e ciò che ne successe.

102.
He in the city had, of Constantine,
Left her oppressed with fever, sharp, severe;
Now to revisit her return'd again,
He hop'd to have her more than ever fair;
Th' unhappy heard, she had to Antioch ta'en
With a new lover, who convey'd her there;
Resolv'd not to endure, for time to come,
To sleep alone thus in her youthful bloom.

103.
From that time, when he heard the news so sad,
Grifone ever sigh'd by day and night:
All joy, that pleafur'd and made others glad,
Seem'd of his mind the temper to despise:
Think those, who have the wrongs of love effay'd,
Whether his arrows have been temper'd right,
And what his tortments made 'bove others great,
The evil was, the shame, them ever to relate.

104.
This was, because a thousand times before,
He was reprov'd for this imprudent love
By's brother, who than him had wisdom more,
And from his heart to draw her, often frove;
Her, whom for such he in his judgment bore,
As of vile women would the yiel'd prove;
Tho' he condemn'd, Grifone did her excuse,
As our own judgments oft ourselves abuse.

105.
He thought however he'd not of it speak
With Aliquant, to go himself addrest
Quite into Antioch, and thence would take
Her, who his heart had ta'en from out his breast.
To find out him, who her had feiz'd, and make
Such vengeance, as shall ever be exprest.
I'll tell, how in effect he put his thought,
In t'other canto, and to what success twas brought.

CANTO XVI.

GRAVI penne in Amor si provan molte;
Di che patirlo io non la maggior parte;
E g'è le in danno mio fi ben raccolte,
Che in po' po' parlar come per arte.
Però s'io dico, e s' io detto altrove
E quando in voce, e quando in vise carte;
Ch' un mal sia lieve, un' altro acerbo e fiero,
Dite credenza al mio giudicio vero.

NUMberlefs pains in love we undergo,
Of which I've felt myself the greatest part,
Which I so recollected in my own woe,
That thereupon I speak with nicest art:
That if I say, and often have said so,
Sometimes by speech, or by my living chart,
Cruel and sharp is this, or light that grief,
You to my judgment true may give belief,
Canto 16. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

2. Io dico e d'inf, e dirai fin ch'io viva,
Che chi si trova in degnio laccio prof,
Se ben di se vede una donna schiva,
Se in tutto avverfa al suo desir acceso;
Se bene Amor d'ogni mercede il priva,
Pofcia che 'l tempo, e le fatiche ha speso;
Pur ch'almente abbia locato il cuore,
Piangere non do', fe ben l' languirce, e morir e

Piangere di quel, che gia gia fatto fervo
Di suo vaghi occhi, e d'un bella treccia.
Sotto cui si nasonda un cuor protetto,
Che poco pura abbia con malta feccia:

Vorria il mifer fuggir e, come cervo
Perito, ovunque va, porto la freccia.
Ha di se stesso, e del suo Amor vergogna;
Ne poja dire; e in van fanarsi agogna.

In questo cafò è il giovine Grifone;
Che non si può emendare, e il suo errore vede.
Vede quanto violento il suo cuor pone
In Origille iniqua, e senza fede;
Per ch' al maluojo e vinta la ragione,
E pur l'arbitrio à l'appetito cede.
Perdita sia quantunque, ingrata, e ria,
Sfortunato è di cercar, dove ella sia.

Dico, la bella Moscia ripigliando;
Ch'è fuor de la città secretamente;
Ne parlarne s'ardi col fratel, quando
Ripresa in van da lui ne fu foveante.
Verso Rama à finisra declinando
Prende la via più piano, e più corrente.
Fui in sei giorni à Damasco di Soria;
Indi verso Antiochia se ne gia.

Scontrò presso à Damasco il cavaliere,
A cui donato avea Origille il cuore:
E convenian di rei costumi in vero;
Come ben si convien pera col fiore:
Che l'uno è l'altro era di cuor leggiero;
Perdita l'uno, e l'altro è traditore:
E copria l'uno e l'altro il suo difetto
Con danno altrui, sotto cortese aspetto.

Come io vi dico, il cavalier venia
S'un gran deftrier con molta pompa armato.
La perdita Origille in compagnia
In un vefir azur d'oro fregiato,
E due valetti, donde si servia
A portar l'elmo e fendita, avanza à lato;
Come quel, che volea con bella mogli
Comparir in Damasco ad una giostra.

I said, and say, and will, whilst life remains,
Himself who ta'en in worthy bands does find,
Altho' he see the fhyymph him disdain'd,
To his fond wishes wholly disinclin'd,
Tho' for his love he no reward obtains,
After h'as spent his toil and time conjoin'd;
If he has plac'd his heart on object high,
He must not moan, tho' languishing he die.

He ought to moan, who does the fetters wear,
By two bright eyes, and lovely treffes bound;
Beneath the which is hid a heart fevere,
Where little pure, but much of dregs is found:
The wretch would fly; but, like the stricken deer,
Bears, where he goes, the arrow in his wound;
Shame for himself, and for his love does feel,
Nor dare he tell, what he in vain would heal.

The youth Grifone was in such a cafe;
Who could not mend, tho' he his fault did view:
He fees his heart is rent, in manner bafe,
For wicked Origil, of faith untrue;
But evil custom reason did furpafs,
And appetite his judgment did subdue;
Vile as she is, bafe, full of perfidy,
He's forc'd to seek her out, where'er she be.

I say, resuming this my flory fine,
Secret himself 'ad from the city ta'en;
Nor durst speak to his brother, who herein
Had often reprehended him in vain:
Tow'rds Rama, to the left, he did decline,
Taking the way moft ready and moft plain,
Sixth day Damacus reach'd in Syria,
From thence he went tow'rds Antiochia.

When to Damacus near, he met the knight,
Who now possefs'd the heart of Origil;
And in vile practice they did well unite,
As flalk and flower are well suited still;
For one and t'other were of temper light,
And one and t'other vers'd in treach'rous skill,
And each of them their baflencis did secrete,
Under a courteous look, that they might others cheat.

The knight came on, as to you I made known,
On a great war-horfe, arm'd in mighty shew:
Origil treach'rous his companion,
With ornaments of gold, in habit blue,
And had two valetts him to wait upon,
Each side to bear his shield and helm in view,
As one, who would, in way magnificent,
Shine, in Damacus, at the tournament.
Canto 16.

8.
Una splendida festa, che bandire
Fece il Re di Damasco in quelli giorni.
Era cagon di far quivi venire
I cavalieri, quanto potean più adorni.
Tosto, che la puttana comparire
'Ele Grifon, ne teme otraggi e scorni.
Sa, che l'amante suo non è fi forte,
Che contra l'abba a campare da morte.

9.
Ma fiume audacissima e squalorita;
Ancor, che tutta di pura tremare;
S'accosta il viso, e si la voce alta,
Che non appar in lei legno di tema.
Col druido, avendo gia l'affuzia ordita,
Corre; e singendo una letizia estrema,
Verso Grifon l'aperte braccia tende,
Lo stringe al collo, a gran pezzo ne pende.

10.
Dopo accordando affettuosi gesti
A la pietà de le parole,
Dicendo piangendo: Signor mio, non questi
Debiti premi a chi t'adora e cole?
Che sola senta e gia un anno refti,
E va per l'altra, e ancor non te ne dole;
E s'io stava affrettare il tuo ritorno,
Non so fe mai buditto averi quel giorni.

11.
Quando affettuvava, che di Nicosia,
Dove tu te n'andasti a la gran corte,
Tornasti a me, che con la febbre ria
Lasciata avevi in dubbio de la morte,
Intesi, che paffato eri in Soria:
Il che a patir mi fui fi duro e forte,
Che non sapendo come io te seguii,
Quasi il cor di man propria mi trafìi.

12.
Ma Fortuna di me con doppio dono
Mostra d'aver, quel, che non hai tu, cura,
Mandami il fratel mio, col qual io fono
Sin qui venuta del mio onor ficerca.
Ed or mi manda questo incontro buono
Dite, ch'io fismo fopra ogni avventura;
E bene a tempo il fa: che più tardando
Morta sarei, te, Signor mio, bramando.

13.
E seguito la donna fraudolente,
Di cui l'ister fur più, che di volpe,
La sua querela cafo affluitamente,
Che riverso in Grifon tutte le colpe,
Gli fa flinar colui, non che parente,
Ma che d'un padre faco abbaia oja e polpe;
E con tal modo fa sfer per gl inganni,
Che men verace par Luca, e Giovanni.

8.
An edict, feasts most splendid to prepare,
The Monarch of Damascus then had made:
Occasion was, that prompted to come there
The knights, as rich as possible array'd.
Soon as the trumpet saw Grifon appear,
Revenge and outrage she did from him dread:
Her lover is not stout enough, she knows,
To escape his death, in case he him oppose.

9.
But full of art, in impudence refin'd,
Altho' all o'er she trembled with her fear,
Her looks compos'd, and so her voice she join'd,
That of her terror did no mark appear:
With her galant having in fraud combin'd,
She runs and reigns the most delighted air,
Tow'rds Grifon she her open arms extends,
Grasping his neck, and there long time depends.

10.
Then suiting gesture most affectionate
Unto her words, which did most sweetly flow,
She weeping said, My lord, at such a rate,
Her, who adores, do you rewards bestow?
That I, alone, a year, without you, wait,
And now another goes, nor grief you show,
And, had I meant for your return to stay,
I know not if I e'er had seen the day.

11.
When I expected from Nicosia,
Whither, to the grand court, you did repair,
You'd come to me, who in high fever lay,
As you had left me, and of death in fear,
I learnt, that you had pas'd to Syria,
Which was so sad and hard for me to bear,
That I, not knowing how to follow you, through,
Thought this my hand should my own heart pierce.

12.
But fortune, with a double gift, does they
That care to have of me, which you had not,
Sending my brother, with whom I am now,
In safety of my honour, hither got:
And sent me also this blest interview
With you, which I esteem most happy lot:
And in good time, for had she more delay'd,
Wishing for you, my Lord, I had been dead.

13.
And this same woman fraudulent went on,
Whose tricks in cunning could the fox outdo:
All her complaint so artfully was shown,
That all the blame she on Grifone threw,
Cauting him think, that not her kin alone,
But flesh and blood of the fame sire they two,
And such a way her cheats to weave she knew,
That the Saints Luke or John might seem less true.
Canto 16.

**ORLANDO FURIOSO.**

14. Non pur di sua perfidia non riprende, Grifon la donna iniqua più, che bella, Non pur vendetta di colui non prende, Che fatto s'era adultero di quella: Ma gli par fur affari, fe si difende, Che tutto il biasmo in lui non riversi ella; E, come sofse suo cognato vero, D'accarezzar non cessa il cavalierno.

15. E con lui fe ne vien verso le porte Di Damasco; e da lui siente tra via, Che là dentro doeva splendida corte Tenere il ricco Re de la Soria; E ch'ognun qui visi di qualunque forte, O sia Cristiano, o d'altra legge sia; Dentro e fuori ha la città sicura Per tutto il tempo, che la festa dura.

16. Non però fon di seguitar si intento L'istoria de la perfida Origille; Che a giorni suoi non pur un tradimento Fatto a gli amanti avea, ma mille e mille; Chi non ritorni a rinseder dugento Mila persone, a più de le sventile Del fuoco fumazzicato, ove le mura Di Parigi facean danno e paura.

17. Io vi laciai, come assaltato avea Agramante una portez de la terra, Che trovar semna guardia fe credea; Ne più riparo altrove il passo ferra: Perché in persona Carlo la tenea, Ed avea feco i maestri de la guerra; Duo Guidi, duo Angelini, uno Angeliero, Avino, Avolio, Ottono, e Berlingiero.

18. Innanzi à Carlo, innanzi al Re Agramante L'un fuolo e l'altro si volò far vedere, Ove gran loda, ove merce abondante Si può acquistar, facendo il suo dovere. I Morì non però per pruseo tante, Che par riferir al danno abbiano avere, Perché ve ne restar morti parecchi, Chi à gli altri fur di folle audacia spechi.

19. Grandine sembran le spesse faette Dai muro sopra gli innimi parte, Il grido infin al ciel paura mette, Che fa la nostra, e la contraria parte. Ma Carlo un poco, ed Agramante aspette; Chi vò cantar de l'Africano Marte Rodomonte terribile, ed orrendo, Che va per mezzo la città correndo.

**Not only of her treach’ry does not speak**

Grifon, or chide the wench more base than fair, Nor yet of him due vengeance does he take, Of her who was become th’ adulterer; But to him seems enough, defence to make, That all the blame she may’nt cause him to bear; And, as if he had been her brother right, Repeated his careffes to the knight.

15. And with him he towards Damascus gate Came on, and learnt of him upon the way, That in that town a court in splendour great Was held by the rich King of Syria: And, that all there, of whatsoever state, Or Christian he, or other law obey, Full freedom have within, without, the wall, During the whole time of the festival.

16. Hove’er, I’m not to earnest to perfue Of treach’rous Origil the history, Who, in her time, did to her lovers do Not one base act, but an infinity; That I should not again turn to review Two hundred thousand of the enemy, Who, from the blazes of the fires well fed, Sustain’d, at Paris ramparts, loss and dread.

17. I left you, when did Agramant prepare, To make assault on the Parisian gate, As he conceiv’d no guard was posted there; But no one pass was in a firmer state; For Charles in person had thereof the care, And with him had in war the most compleat, Two Guidos, Ang’lins two, one Angelier, Avin, Avolio, Otho, Berlingier.

18. Before King Charles, before King Agramant, One troop and t’other strive, themselves to show; Whence honors vaft, of premiums mighty grant, They might acquire, when they their duty do. But yet the Moors did not such actions vaunt, As could make up the ills they undergo, For such crouds fell, that the surviving crew, As in that mirrour might their ransfines view.

19. The arrows thick as storms of hail appear, Which from the walls upon the en’my light; The noise quite up to heaven caus’d a fear, Made by our side, and party opposite: But now I Charles and Agramant forbear, For I of Afric’s Mars would now indite, Rod’mont that terrible, that horrid man, Who thro’ the middle of the city ran.

Vol. I.
20. Non fo, Signor, se più vi ricordiate
Di quello Saracin tanto iucre;
Che morte le sue genti avea lasciato
Tra il secondo riparo, e l’primo muro,
Da la rapace fiamma devorate;
Che non fu mai spettacolo più ojoure.
Diffi, ch’entro d’un salto ne la terra
Sopra la fassa, che la cinge e ferma.

21. Quando fu noto il Saracino attrezzo
Al’armi istanze, a la seagliafa pelle,
La, dove i vecchi, e il popol men ferace
Tendea l’orecchie a tutte le novelle;
Levafi un pianto, un grida, un’alta voce
Con un batter di man, che’mando a le stelle,
E chi poi fuggir, non vi rimane;
Per farrarsi ne’ templi, e ne le case.

22. Ma questo a pochi il bravio rio concede,
Ch’intorno ruota il Saracino robusto;
Luì farellar con messa gamba un piede;
La fa un capo sbabar lungi dal lupo.
L’un tagliare a traverso fe gli vede,
Dal capo a l’anche un’altro fender giusto;
E di tanti ch’occorre, e fere, e caccia,
Non fe gli vede alcun segnare in faccia.

23. Quel, che la tigre de l’armente imbelle
Ne’campi Ircani, o la vicino al Gange;
O’l lupo de le capre, e de l’agnelle
Nel monte, che Tifso sotto si frange;
Quivi il crudel Pagan faca di quelle,
Non dirò quadrare, non dirò falange:
Ma volge, e popolazzo voglio dire
Degno prima, che nasca, di morire.

24. Non ne trova un, che veder possa in fronde,
Fra tanti, ch’è ne taglia, fora, e suona.
Per quella strade, che vien dritto al ponte
Di San Michel, fi popolata, e piena
Corre il feroce, e terribil Rodomonte,
E la fanguiusca spada a cerco mena.
Non riguarda ne al feroce, ne al Signore;
Ne al giusto ha più pieta, ch’al peccatore.

25. Religion non giova al fardocato;
Ne la innocenza al pargolato giova;
Per feriti oochi, o per vormiglie getto;
Mercè ne donna, ne douzella trueno;
La vecchiazza fa caccia, e fa percuote;
Ne quivi il Saracini fa maggior pruoce;
Di gran valor, che di gran crudeltade;
Che non di ferme seifo, ordina, o eteado.

20. I know not, Sir, if you in mind retain
This so intrepid Pagan General,
Who of his people left such numbers slain
Betwixt the second ramparts, and first wall,
Devoured by the fire’s rapacious train,
Than which, ne’er flight was more funereal,
I said, he the town enter’d at one bound
Over the foils, which fences quite round.

21. Soon as the furious Saracini is known,
By the strange arms, and sealy skin he wears,
Where the old men, and such, small courage own,
To all that new may happen lend their ears,
A screaming voice was heard, a cry, and moan,
With beat of hands, which went up to the stars,
And who could fly, no more did there abide,
But quick in houses, and in churches, hide.

22. But this to few admits the deadly blade,
Wheeld around by th’ Saracini robust,
A foot, and half leg, here, he tarry made,
There, can’d a head leap distant from its butt,
One, cut athwart his body, is display’d,
Other from head to haunches sever’d just,
And of so many, he does kill, strike, chase,
Not one is seen that’s wounded in the face.

23. As tyger does the feeble herd among,
In the Hircanian fields, or Ganges near,
Or to the lambs the wolf, or kidlings young,
Upon the mount, does squeeze’d Typhaeus Bear,
Here did the cruel Pagan to this throng,
I say not phalanx, squadron regular,
But I would say, the base mobility,
Worthy, before that they were born, to die.

24. Not one he finds, that he can see in front,
Among so many, he did cut, stab, wound:
By that way leading fore-right to the pont,
Call’d from St. Michael, where the crowds abound,
Hurry’d the fierce and dreadful Rodomont,
And wheels his sword, in blood embr’d, around,
Nor aught regards the servent or the lord,
And pity like to just and sinner does afford.

25. Religion to the priest no help supplies,
Nor does its innocence the infant aid,
Nor, for their rosy cheeks, or brilliant eyes,
Does marry’d female mercy find, or maid,
Old age is put to flight, and wounded dies;
Nor here the Saracini more proof display’d
Of valour, than of cruelty so great,
Neither distinguishing age, sex, or state.
Canto 16.

26. Non pur nel sangue uman l'ira s'è tende
De l'empio Re, Capo, e Signor de gli empi;
Ma contra i tetti ancor sì, che n'incende
Le belle case, e i profanati tempi:
Le case eran per quel, che s'intende,
Quafi tutte di legno in quelli tempi;
E ben creder si può, ch'è in Parigi ora
De le dieci le sei fon casi ancora.

27. Non par, quantunque il fuco ogni cosa arda,
Che si grande odio ancor faziar si possa.
Dove s'aggrappi con le mani, guarda
Si, che rimu' un tetto ad ogni foca.
Signor, avete a credere, che bombardà
Mai non vedeste a Padova si gran;
Che tanto muro possa far cadere,
Quanto fa in una foca il Re d'Algiere.

28. Mentre quivi col ferro il maladetto,
E con le fiamme facea tanta guerra:
Se di fuor Agramante avesse afrettato,
Perduta era quel di tutta la terra.
Ma non v'ebbe agio: che gli fu interdetto
Dal Paladin, che venia d'Inghilterra
Col popolo a le palle Inglese, e Scotto
Dal Silenzio, e da l'Angelo condotto.

29. Dio volse, che a l'entrar, che Rodomonte
Fù ne la terra, e tanto fuoco acesse;
Che presso a i muri il fior di Chiaramonte
Rinaldo giunse, e feco il campo Inglese.
Tre leghe sopra avea giattato il ponte,
E torte vie da man fintra prese;
Che disfregando i Barbari affalire
Il fiume non l'avussi ad impedire.

30. Mandato avea sei mila fanti arcieri
Sotto l'altera insigna d'Odoardo,
E due mila cavalii, e più, leggieri,
Dietro a la guida d'Ariman gagliardo:
E mandati gli avea per li sentieri,
Che vanno, e vengon dritto al mar Piccardo:
Ch'è porta San Martino, e San Dionigi
Entrasso a soccorso di Parigi.

31. I carriaggi, e gli altri impedimenti
Con lor fene d'innar per questa strada,
Egli con tutto il resto de le genti
Più sopra ando girando la contrada.
Seco avea navi, e ponti, ed argomenti
Da passar Senna, che non ben si guada.
Paffato ogni uno, e dietro i ponti rotti
Ne le lor febrie ordine Inglese, e Scotti.

26. Not sole to human gore extends his ire,
Of impious race, more impious overeign;
But 'gainst their fabricks too, for he set fire
To each fine feate, each violated lane:
The houses, as 'tis said, in times up high'r,
Were almost all compos'd of timber then;
And this we may believe, for Paris now
Can scarcely out of ten fix better shew.

27. It feem'd not, tho' the fire burn't ev'ry-thing,
That his vaft hatred he could satiate;
Where'er he grasp'd his hands, fo managing,
At every shock, a house to earth he beat:
Believe me, Sir, no piece, for bombarding,
You ever faw, at Padoua, fo great,
The power had to move fuch mighty wall,
As, at one shock, the Algier King caus'd fall.

28. Mean time the wretch accru'd here with his blade,
A war fo pow'ful made, and with the flame,
If Agramant, without, close feige had lay'd,
That day, the town they wholly had o'ercame;
But h'ad not time, for this to him forbid
The Paladin, who now from England came,
With Scotch and English forces followed,
By Silence, and the Angel, thither led.

29. God will'd, that when his entrance Rodomont
Forc'd to the town, and light fuch mighty flame,
Near to the walls, the flower of Claremont,
Rinaldo, with the English forces, came:
Three leagues above he had cast o'er a pont,
And to the left, went winding from the stream,
That, the Barbarians to affault intent,
The fire might not prove an impediment.

30. H'ad fent fix thousand archers, infantry,
United under Edward's enfign grand,
And, the moft light, two thousand cavalry,
To follow the stout Ariman's command;
And he that beaten track had fent them by,
Which comes and goes right to Piccardy's strand,
That, at St. Deny's gate, and St. Martin,
To succour Paris they might enter in.

31. The carriages, and all impediment,
He cans'd, with them, march strait along that ground:
With the remainder of his troops he went
Yet higher up, and wheel'd the country round.
They'd bridges, boats, and things expedient,
To pass the Sen, for fording too profound:
All being pass'd, the bridges broke behind,
The Scots and English in their ranks he join'd.

H h 2
Ma prima quei Baroni, e Capitani
Rinaldo intorno avendosi ridotti
Sopra la riva, d'altà era da i piani,
Si, che potevano vedersi, e odir tanti;
Dife: Signor, ben a levare le mani
Avete a Dio; che vu' avviso condotti
Acciò dopo un brevissimo sudore
Sopra ogni nazione vi doni onore.

Per voi faran duo Principi salvati;
Se levate l'affido a quelle porte,
Il vostro Re, che voi sete ubbiditi
Da servitü disfender, e da morte,
Ed uno Imperator de' più lodati,
Che mai tenuto al mondo abbiano corte:
E con loro altri Re, Duci, e Marchesi,
Signori, e Cavalier di più paesi.

Si che salvando una città, non fole
Parigini ubbiditi vi faranno;
Che molto piú, che per li propri duali,
Timidi, afflitti, e fujigittiti stanno
Per le lor mogli, e per li lor figliuoli,
Ch'à un medefmo pericolo feco banno.
E per le fante Vergini rinchiufe,
Ch' oggi non fien di i voti lor delufi.

Dico, salvando voi questa citta
c'ubbidite non solo i Parigini;
Ma d'ogn'intorno tutte le contrade.
Non parlo fol de i popoli vicini:
Ma non è terra per Cristianitate,
Che non abbia quà dentro cittadini.
Si che vincendo, avete da tenere,
Che piú che Francia, 'v abbia obbligo avere.

Se donavan gli antichi una corona
A chi salvaffe a un cittadino la vita;
Or che degna mercede à voi si dona,
Salvando molitudine infinita?
Ma se da invidìa, o da vilta si buona
E se santa apra rimarrà impedita:
Credetemi, che prese quelle mura,
Ne Italia, ne Lamagna anco è figura.

Ne qualunque altra parte, ove s'adori
Quel, che volse per noi pender su'l legno.
Ne'voli credate aver lontani i Morì,
Ne che pel mar fa forte il vostro regno:
Che s'altre volte quelli uidendoci fuori
Di Zibelterro, e da l'Ercole segno,
Ripartir preste da l'isole vostre,
Che furanno or, s'avran le terre nostre?

But first the Barons all and each chieftain,
Rinaldo had around him summoned
Upon the bank, which overlook'd the plain,
That all might see him, and hear what he said.
My friends, he says, just reason does ordain,
We raise our hands to God, who us has led:
Seeing that, after labour passing small,
He gives ye honour over nations all.

Your prowes 'tis, shall let two Princes free,
If ye the siege can raise now from this gate;
Your Monarch, whom ye obligated be,
From slav'ry to defend, and from dire fate,
An Emp'ror too, the moft of præife worthy,
That in the world has ever held his state,
And, with them, other Kings, Dukes, Marquifes,
And Lords and Knights of different provinces.

So that, the city saving, not alone
To you oblig'd will the Parifians be;
But much more thofe, who, by their proper mean,
Aftonish'd are, frightened, in mifery;
Some for their wives, and some for daughter, fon,
They have with them in the fame jeopardy;
And for the holy virgins there recluse,
That to their vows they suffer not abuse.

I say, by setting now this city free,
Not only Paris you oblige therein;
But ev'ry nation, all around that be.
I speak not of the people neighbouring,
But there's no land, that owns Christianity,
That has not here some citizens within:
So that, by conqu'ring, you for certain know,
That more, than France, will obligations owe.

If heretofore a crown the ancients gave,
To him, who fav'd a single citizen,
What worthy premium ought ye now to have,
Saving such numbers infinite of men?
But if, from envy, cowardice, so brave,
So holy work impeded shall remain,
Believe me, if these walls should taken be,
Italy is not safe, nor Germany.

Nor any other place, where they adore
Him, who for us the crofs did not decline:
Nor think ye, you so distant have the Moor,
Nor that your realm's so strong by pow'r marine;
For as they formerly try'd, failing o'er
From Gibraltar, and the Herculean sign,
From thofe your islands pillage off to bear,
What will they do, when theirs our countries are?
Canto 16.  

Ma quando ancor ne'funo onor, ne'funo
V'èta 'nanimete à questa impresa;
Comun debito e ben faccorder l'un
L'altro, che miliziam fatto una Chiefa.
Ch'io non vi dia rotti i nimici, alcuno
Non sia che tema, e con poco contefa,
Che gente mal esferta tutta pormi
Senza poffanza, senza cuor, fenz'armi.

39.
Puòte con queste, e con miglior ragioni,
Con parlar espedito, e chiara voce
Eccitar quei magnanimi Baroni
Rinaldo, e quello esercito feroce:
E fu, com'è in proverbio, aggiunger fproni
Al buon corfier, che già ne va veloce.
Finito il ragionar, feco le schiere
Mover pian pian sotto le lor bandiere.

40.
Senza ripetito alcun, senza rumore
Fa il tripartito esercito venire.
Lungo il fiume à Zerbin dona l'onore
Di prevar prima i Barbi affalire;
E fa quelli d'Irlanda con maggiore
Volgar di via, più tra campana gire;
E i cavalieri e i fanti d'Inghilterra
Col Duca di Lincaftro in mezzo ferra.

41.
Drizzati che gli ha tutti à lor cammino,
Cavalcà il Paladìn lungo la riva,
E passa innanzi al buon Duca Zerbin,
E à tutto il campo, che con lui veniva;
Tanto, ch'al Re d'Orano, e al Re Sobrino
E à gli altri lor compagni sopr'arriva;
Che mezzo miglio appresso à quei di Spagna
Guardavan dà quel canto la campagna.

42.
L'esercito Cristiano, che con fi fida
E fi fcura scorta era venuto,
Ch'ebbe il Silenzio, e l'Angelo per guida;
Non puote ormai patir più di ffar muto;
Sentiti gli inimici alzo le grida,
E de le trombe udire il fuono arguto;
E con l'alto rumor, ch'arrivò al cielo,
Mandò ne l'apà à Saracini il gielo.

43.
Rinaldo innanzi à gli altri il deftrier punge;
E con la lancia per cacciargli in resta
Lascia gli Scotti un tratto d'arco lungo,
Ch'ogni indugio à ferrar si lo molesta.
Come groppo di vento talor giunge,
Che fi trae dietro un orrida tempefa;
Tal fuor di squadra il cavalier gagliardo
Vema sparonando il corridor Baiardo.

But even tho' no ufe, or no renown,
You to this enterprize should animate,
'Tis common duty, well t' affift each one
T'other, under one church who militate:
That your foes shan't be vanquished, let none
Have fear, or think to meet with contest great,
For they unskill'd appear in warlike art,
Without puifance, without arms, or heart.

41.
Without a rumour, he the army made
March in three squadrons, in their motion still.
Along the stream, to Zerbin honour paid,
That his attack the Pagans ftill should feel:
And he caus'd tho' of Ireland be convey'd
Over the country in more diftant wheel;
The horfe and foot, that came from England, clos'd
With th' Duke of Laufcaft, the middle poft.

42.
When all their march h'ad fix'd to his design,
The Paladìn the river rode along,
And pafs'd before the gallant duke Zerbin,
And, with him that came there, the warlike throng,
Till to Orano's King, and King Sobrino,
And their companions they arriv'd among;
Who, within half a mile from them of Spain,
That fide the country the defence maintain.

43.
The Christian army, that, with fo well try'd
And fo fecure escort, arrived there,
That Silence had, and th' Angel for its guide,
Mute to remain could now no longer bear,
The enemy now facing, loudly cry'd,
And caus'd them the shrill trumpets found to hear,
And with loud rumour, which to heaven went,
Thro' all the Pagans bones a chifneis fent.

44.
Rinald, before the others, fpurs his fteed,
Taking his lance to fix it in the refl,
Leaving the Scots a bow's shot in his fpeed;
For all delay to strike, does him moleft:
Just as a whirlwindsometimes does precede
The horrid storm, that is behind it pref'd;
Such way before his troops the knight fo ftoft,
Spurring his courfer fpirit Baiardo, fet out.
44. Al comparir del Paladin di Francia
Dan segno i Mori à le future angoscia,
Tremare à tutti in man vedi la lancia,
I piedi in fitta, e ne l'arion le cobe.
Re Puliano si non muta guancia;
Che questo eri Rinaldo non conosce:
Ne pensando trovar si duro intoppe,
Gli move il deftir contro di galoppo.

45.
E su la lancia nel partir si stringe,
E tutta in fe raccolge la persona:
Poi con ambi gli sboni il deftir spinge,
E le redine innanzi gli abbandona.
Da l'altra parte il suo valor non finge;
E mostra in fatti quel, ch'in nome fua,
Quanto abbia nel giofrare grazia, ed arte
Il figliuolo d'Amone, anzi di Marte.

46. Furo al segnar de gli aspri colpi pari,
Che si polso i ferri ambi à la testa;
Ma furo in arme ed in virtù d'ali,
Che l'un via passa, e l'altro morto resta.
Bifogna di valor fegni più chiari,
Che per con leggiadria la lancia in refsa;
Ma fortuna anco più bifogna affai:
Che senza, val virtù raro, o non mai.

47. La buona lancia il Paladin racquista,
E verso il Re d'Oran ratta si spicca;
Che la persona avea povera, e trista
Di cuor; ma d'essa, e di gran polpe ricca,
Questo por tra be colpi fi piu in leta;
Ben ch'in fondo à la scudo gli s'appica:
E chi non vuol lodarlo, abbiao eufuo;
Perché non si potea giugner più in sufo.

48. Non lo ritien lo scudo, che non entret;
Benche fuor sia d'accer, dentro di palma;
E che da quel gran corpo uscir pel ventre
Non faccia l'ineguale e picciol alma.
Il deftir, che portar si credea, mentre
Durasse il lungo di, si grave falma;
Riferì in mente sua grazie à Rinaldo,
Che à quello incontro gli fece un gran caldo.

49. Rotta l'asta, Rinaldo il deftir vola
Tanto legger, che fa fembrar ch'abbia alè;
E dove la più fretta, e maggior letta
Sti par si vede, impetuoso aflale.
Aiena Fufberta fanguinjìa in volta;
Che fa l'arme parer di vetro frale.
Tempra di ferro il suo tagliar non schiva,
Che non vada à travers la carne viva.

At the appearance of this chief of France,
The Moors gave signal of their future woe,
In ev'ry hand was trembling seen the lance,
Their feet 'th' stirrups, thighs on saddle-bow.
King Pulian's face to alter did not chance,
For, this to be Rinald, he did not know:
Not thinking such encounter rude to meet,
His horse he 'gainst him sets in motion fleet.

45. And, setting out, bent o'er his lance he lies,
And all collected in himself remains,
After with both his spurs his war-horse plies,
And leaves to him at liberty the reins.
The other chief his valour don't disguise,
And shews, in fact, what he in name retains,
In tilts how much of grace and art he shares,
Who's Amon's son, rather the God of war's.

46. In giving cruel strokes, they equal were,
For both their steel directed at the head;
But not in valour, or in arms a pair,
For one pass'd off, the other fell down dead.
Of valour there is need of marks more clear,
Than, in the rest, the lance with grace convey'd;
But we of fortune much more stand in need,
For virtue rare, or ne'er, without it does succeed.

47. The Paladin gets his good lance again,
And to'rrds the Monarch of Oran press'd on,
Who in appearance wretched was, and mean
Of heart; but mighty rich of flesh and bone.
This of fine strokes i' th' lift a place might gain,
The' of the shield the bottom pitch'd upon;
And who won't praise, at least may pardon it;
For he not able was, higher to hit.

48. The shield could not resist, but way it found,
Tho' inside palm, without of steelly plate;
And thro' the belly, by so great a wound
Did his mean despicable soul retreat;
The horse, who thought, to carry he was bound
During the day's continuance, such vault weight,
In mind, his thanks did to Rinald give,
That so great heat this meeting did relieve.

49. Rinald turn'd around, his spear now broke,
That horse, that winged seem'd, he was so light;
And where the pas most straight, and crowds of folk,
He thronging sees, assaults with all his might:
Bloody Fufberta flies with wheeling stroke,
That made all arms appear like glais, so flight;
No steelly temper could its cut oppose;
But to the quick to find the steel it goes.

50.
Canto 16.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

50.

Ritrovai poche tempe, e poch' erari
Puo la tagliente spada, ove s'incappi:
Ma targin, altre di cuio, altre di cerri,
Giupe trapunte, e attorciigliati drappi.
Grafio è ben dunque, che Rinaldo atterri
Qualunque affallo, e fori, e squarci, e affrappi:
Che non più si difende da sua spada,
Ch'era da male, à da temposta bida.

51.

Lo proua fubiera era già messa in rotta;
Quando Zerbin con l'autoguardia arriva,
Il cavalier innanzi à la gran frotta
Con la lancia arrestata ne veniva.
La gente sotto il suo pennon condotta
Con non minor ferezza lo seguiva.
Tanti lufl parvea, tanti leoni:
Che andassero affiar capré à montoni.

52.

Spinse à un tempo ciascuno il suo cavallo
Poi che fur preffo, e sbari inammantino
Quel breve spazio, quel poco intervallo
Che si vedea fra l'una e l'altra gente.
Non fu sentito mai più furon balle;
Che ferian gli Scozzesì solamente;
Solamente i Paganì eran diffrutti,
Come sol per morir foffe condutti.

53.

Parve più freddo ogni Pagan, che ghiaccio;
Parve ogni Scotto più che fiamma caldo.
I Morì si credean, ch'avesse il braccio
Dovefe ogni Crijfian, ch'ebbe Rinaldo.
Mofse Sbrino i fuoi febrati avvaccio
Senza aspettar, che lo noflra feorge.
De l'altra fquadra quafi era migliore
Di capitanò, e d'arme, e di valore.

54.

D'Africa v'era la men trifa gente,
Benchè ne quella ancor gran prezzo voglia.
Dardinel la sua mofta incontinent
E male armate, e peggio fua in battaglia,
Bench'egli in capo avea l'elmo lucente,
E tutto era coperto à pioftra e à maglia.
Io crede, che la quarta miglior fia,
Con la qual Ifolier dietro venia.

55.

Trafone intanto il buon Duca di Marra,
Che ritrovarfi à l'alba imprefa gode;
A i cavalieri fuo leva la fbarra,
E fcco invitò à le fame de lode;
Poi ch'Ifolier con quelli di Navarre
Entrar ne la battaglia vede, ed ode:
Poi mofse Ariodante la sua fchiera,
Che nuovo Duca d'Albania falt'era.

56.

But little iron work, his cutting blade,
Whereon it luckily might fall, could find;
But targets, some of hides, of wood some made,
Embroider'd veils, and drapery entwin'd:
'Twas just, then, that to earth Rinaldo lay'd
Whate'er, to flab, tear, batter, he inclin'd,
Which no way more his weapon could oppose,
Then grans the fcythe, or corn the fform, that blows.

51.

The foremost squadron, routed now, was fled,
When with the vanguard Zerbin thither prefs'd,
This knight, of the grand troop, march'd at the head,
As he came on, his lance fix'd in the rest:
The people, there, beneath his banner led,
After him came, with no less rage possess'd:
Lions and wolves they seem'd to represent,
That to assault the sheep and kidlings went.

52.

Their hostes, all at once, push'd forward all,
As now fo near: and instantly was gone
That space so short, that little interval,
Which was, 'twixt one and t'oither army, shown:
Never before was seen a stranger ball;
For that the Scotchifh forces fmite alone,
Alone the Pagan force was shattered,
As if they there, only to die, were led.

53.

More cold than ice, does ev'ry Pagan shew,
And ev'ry Scotchman feem'd, than fire more hot;
The Moors belief'd, that fuch an arm was due
To ev'ry Crijfian, as Rinaldo had got.
Sobrin his fquadron fudden forward drew,
And for a herald's fummons waited not:
This o'er the ffirst had fuperiority
In its commander, arms, and bravery.

54.

This was the tribe left mean of Africa,
Altho' ev'n thefe were but of value light.
His party Dardinel leads to the fray,
But poorly arm'd, and les inur'd to fight;
Altho' his head did thinning helm display,
And he was cover'd all with armour bright.
I think the fourth was of a better kind,
With the which Ifolier came on behind.

55.

Trafon, mean time, the valiant Duke of Mar,
Joys to be prefent at the high emprize,
From his brave cavalry takes off the bar,
And them invites to share the glorious prize,
When Ifolier, with forces of Navarre,
Into the battle ent'ring he defcries:
Then Ariodante mov'd with his brigade,
Who newly Duke of Albany was made.
56.

Of the fonorous trump the lofty sound,
Of drum, and of each Barb'rous instrumt,
Join'd to the twang of bows and slings, all round,
Of wheels, machines, and warlike armament,
And, what seem'd more to make the heav'n rebound,
The cries, the groans of tumults, that lament,
Gave such loud craft, that it might semblance bear
To the Nile's cataraets, that deafens dwellers near.

57.

A shadow vast all round does sky enfold,
Of the two armies by the arrows made;
The breath, the fumes of sweat, the dust that roll'd,
With a dark cloud, seem'd, heaven to invade:
This way and that now wheel'd each army bold,
Now flight, and now pursuir, might be survey'd:
And here defunct, at distance small, remain
The slayer, and his enemy the slain.

58.

Where'er a squadron moves, now wearied,
Another forward soon itself address'd:
This way and that the soldiers thick made head,
This side the horse, the foot on that side press'd:
The earth, that the assault sustains, is red,
Changing its verdant, for a bloody vest,
And where once blue and yellow flow'r's grew gay,
Bodies of slaughter'd men and horses lay.

59.

Zerbin did proofs most admirable shew,
That ever, of his age, a youth had shown:
The Pagan force, like rain that round him flew,
He cut and flew, brought to destruction:
And Ariodant, unto his people new,
Himself of valour shew'd vast paragon,
And gave of him a dread, in wondrous way,
To th' people of Navarre and Castiglia.

60.

Chelind, and Mosco, sons, in bastardy,
Of Calabrun dead King of Aragon,
And one, who was 'mong those of bravery
Eftee'm'd, Calamidor of Barcelona;
These had at distance left their company,
And thinking to get glory and a crown,
By killing Zerbin, were behind him got,
And, in the flank, they had his war-horse smote.

61.

By their three lances pass'd, the palfrey dead
Fell, but the brave Zerbin does sudden rife,
That he of them, who thus had wrong'd his steel,
Might vengeance take, he goes, where them he spikes,
And first to Mosco, youth, who took not heed,
Who o'er him fliod, to take him by furprize,
He drove a puth, and pass'd his flank outright,
And out his faddle caf him cold and white.
Poi, che si vede tor, come di furto
Chelindo il fratel suo, di furor pieno
Venne à Zerbinò, e pensò dargli d'urto:
Ma gli prese egli il corridore pel freno:
Trasfelo in terra, onde non è mai furto;
E non mangiò mai più biada ne fiene;
Che Zerbin fi gran forza à un colpo mise,
Che lui col fuo Signor d'un taglio uccife.

Come Calamidor quel colpo mira,
Volta la briglia per levarfi in fretta:
Ma Zerbin die' un gran fendentire tira,
Dicendo, Traditor, affetta, affetta.
Non va la batta, ove andò la mira;
Non che però lontana vi fi metta.
Lui non potè arrivar, ma il defider prefę,
Sopra la groppa, e in terra la distese.

Colui lascia il cavallo, e via carpone,
Va per campar, ma poco gli successe;
Che venne à cafo, che'l Duca Trafone
Gli pasò sopra, e col pefo l'oppreffe.
Ariodante, e Lurcario fi pone,
Dove Zerbin è fra le genti spreę;
E feco hanno altri e Cavalleri, e Conti,
Che fanno ogni opera, che Zerbin rimonti.

Menava Ariodante il brando in giro;
E ben lo fepe Artalico, e Margano:
Ma molto più Eteare, e Cafimiro
La poifanza sentir di quello mano.
I primi due feriti fe ne giro;
Rimaffè glialtri due morti sìil piano,
Lurcario fede, quanto fa forte;
Che fere, urta, riverfa, e mette à morte.

Non crediate, Signor, che fra campagna
Pugna minor, che prefo al fume fia,
Ne ch'è detto l'esercito rinagnàa,
Che di Lincafofò il buon Duca fequìa.
Le bandiere affai questo di Spagna;
E molto ben di par la cefa gia;
Che fanti, cavalleri, e capitani
Di quà, e di là fapean menar le mani.

Dinanzi vien Oldrado, e Fieramonte:
Un Duca di Gloceftra, e un d'Eborace.
Con lor Riccardi di Varucccia Conte,
E di Chiarenza il Duca Enrico audace.
Han Mataliffa, e Folidone à fronte,
E Baricondo, ed ogni lor seguace.
Tiene il primo Almeria: tiene il secondo
Granata; tiene Maiorca Baricondo.

Soon as Chelindo sees, as by surprize,
His brother taken off, with rage replete,
He, thinking him to cruft, at Zerbin flies;
But he his palfrey feiz'd on by the bit,
Cafts him to earth, whence he shall never rise,
And never more or corn or hay must eat;
For Zerbin lent the blow with so great force,
That, at one cut, he matter flew, and horfe.

He quits his horfe, and crept upon all four
To get away, yet with but small successe;
For it fell out, by chance, he was rode o'er
By the Duke Trafone, which did him oppreffe.
There Ariodante and Lurcario bore,
Where Zerbin was, amidst the thronging prefs,
And with them others had, both knight and count,
Who did their utmost, Zerbin might remount.

His weapon Ariodant in circle bore,
Which Artalic and Margano understand,
But Eteare and Cafimir much more
Felt the puiffance of that mighty hand:
The first two got away bedew'd with gore,
The other two dead on the plain remain'd.
Lurcario set, what strength he had, in view,
For still he struck, push'd, overturn'd, and flew.

Believe not, Sir, that, on the upper plain,
The fight was les, than that, the river near,
Nor that the army did behind remain,
That following the brave Duke of Lancafter;
These regiments assaulted those of Spain,
And better much, than equal, matters were,
For foot and horfe, and each that had command,
This way and that, knew how to turn their hand.

The foremost Oldrade came, and Fieramont;
One Duke of York, and one of Glocefler:
Along with them was Richard, Warwick's Count,
And Henry Duke of Clarence, valiant Peer.
Them Matalifa, Follicone confront,
And Baricondo, and each their follower,
The first Almeria, second does command
Granata, Baricondo Maiorca's land.

Vol. I.
La sfera pegna un pezzo ond'è pare,
Che vi si discorea poco vantaggio.

Vedea si l'uno si l'altro ire, e tornare,
Come le biade al ventolìn di Maggio;
O come sopra l'ilo un mobil mare
Or viene, or va, n'mai tiene un viaggio.
Poi che fortuna ebbe scherzato un pezzo,
Dannoja a i Mori ritornò da fezza.

Tutto in un tempo il Duca di Glocestra
A Matalista fa votar l'arione.
Ferito a un tempo ne la spalla defira
Fieramonte riverfa Follione,
E l'un Pagano, e l'altro si sequestra,
E tra gli Inglesi se ne va prigione;
E Baricondo a un tempo riman senza
Vita, per man del Duca di Chiarenza.

Indi i Pagani tanto a spaventarfi:
Indi i Fedeli a pigliar tanto ardire;
Che quei non facean altro, che ritrarfi,
E partirsi da l'ordine, e fuggire,
E questi andar innanzi, ed avanzarfi
Sempre tenevano, e spingere, e seguire;
E se non vi giungea, che lor die aiuto,
Il campo da quel lato era perduto.

Ma Ferrau, che sin qui mai non s'era
Dal Re Marsilio suo troppo disgiunto;
Quando vide fuggir quella bandiera,
E l'esercito suo mezzo confunto;
Sposò il cavallo; e dove ardea più fiera
La battaglia, lo spinse, e arrivò a punto,
Che vide dal desfier cader in terra
Col capo fezzo Olimpia da la Serra.

Un giovinetto, che col dolce canto
Concorde al fuan de la cornuta etra
D'intenerir un cuor si dava vanto,
Ancor che fosse più duro che pietra.
Felice lui, che contentar di tanto
Onor sapessi, e feude, e arco, e faretra
Aver in odio, e simmetria, e lancia,
Che lo fecer morir giovine in Francia.

Quando vol vide Ferrau cadere,
Che sola amarla, e evere in molta flima;
Si sente di lui sol via più dolere,
Che di mill' altri, che periron prima;
E sopra chi l'uccise in modo fece,
Che gli dividè l'elmo da la cima.
Per la fronte, per gli occhi, e per la faccia,
Per mezzo il petto, e merto à terra il cassa.

The furious fight, some time, went equally,
For little 'vantage did itself display:
Now one, now t'other, go, and turn, you see,
As does the corn, to breezes of the May,
Or, as, upon the shoar, the waving fea
Now comes, now goes, nor ever keeps one way:
When fortune had, awhile, perfu'd her sport,
She turn'd about, at last, the Moors to hurt.

Now, all at once, the valiant Glocester's Duke
Cait Matalista from his faddle-bow.
At the same time, in his right shoulder struck,
Did Fieramonte Follico o'erthrow;
And from each Pagan was their freedom took,
And, 'mongst the English, thence they prisners go:
And Barcond then lifeles does remain,
By th' hand of the great Duke of Clarence slain.

From thence, the Pagans felt such mighty dread,
From thence, the Faithful felt such courage great,
That they did nothing else perform, but fled,
And quit their ranks, and from the field retreat;
And those, advancing still, still forward led,
And pull and follow still, as ground they get:
And if none join'd them, other, help to bring,
Loft must have been the field now, by that wing.

But Ferrau, who, till now, had still kept nigh
To King Marsilius, nor would him disjoin;
As soon as he observ'd this party fly,
And of his army half of them decline,
Spurs on his steed, and where most furiously
The battle flam'd, press'd on, and just came in,
When he saw fall to ground, from off his steed,
Olimpius, late of Serra; cleft his head.

A tender youth, that with melodious chant
O'th' iv'ry lute accompany'd the tone,
That he the heart could soften, he would vaunt,
Altho' it harder might be far than stone:
Well, if contented with such happy grant
H'ad been, and shield, bow, quiver, ever known
In hate to hold and scymitar and lance,
That cause'd him find his death, so young, in France.

When he was seen thus falling by Ferrau,
Who lov'd him much and held in favour great,
He felt for him alone feverer woe,
Than had a thousand others met their fate:
And gave to him, that slew him, such a blow,
He cleft his helmet from the top compleat,
Thro' forehead, thro' the eyes, and thro' the face,
Thro' half the breast, and dead to earth does chace.
Ne qui s'induzia, e il brando intorno ruota,
Ch'ogni elmo rompe, ogni loric'a fiamiglia:
A chi fagna la fronte, a chi la gola,
Ad altri il capo, ad altri il braccio taglia;
Or queste, or quel di sangue, e d'alma vata,
E ferra da quel canto la battaglia ;
Onde la spaventata ignobil fratta,
Senza ordine fuggia /spezzata e rott'a.

Entrò ne la battaglia il Re Agramante
D'uccider gente, e di far prove uagio,
E fece ba Balliervé, Farurante,
Prufion, Soridano, e Bambrirago.
Pos von le genti senza nome, tante,
Che del lor sangue oggi faranno un lago;
Che meglio cònterei ciascuna foglia,
Quando l'Autunnò gli arbòri ne fieglia.

Agramante dal muro una gran bando
Di fanti avendo, e di cavalli tolta,
Col Re di Fez'a jubito la manda,
Che detro à i padiglìon piglìa la volta;
E vadano ad opporsi à quei d'Irlanda,
Le cui squadr' videa con fretta molta,
Dopo gran giri, e larghi avvogliamenti,
Venir per occupar gli alloggiamenti.

Fu'l Re di Fez'a ad efeigir ben preso,
Ch'ogni tardar troppo nocìa avaria.
Raguna intanto il Re Agramante il resto,
Parte le squadr', e à la battaglia invia.
Egli va al fiume : che gli par, ch'in questo
Luogo del suo venir bisognò sia:
E da quel canto un messo era venuto
Dal Re Sobrino à domandare aiuto.

Menava in una squadr'a più di mezzo
Il campo dietro ; e fol del gran rumore
Tremar gli Scotti: e tanto fu il ribrezó
Ch'abbandonavan l'ordine, e l'onore.
Zerbin, Lurcanio, e Ariodante in mezzo
Vi refiar foli incontra à quel furor;
E Zerbin, ch'era à pié, vi peria forse,
Ma il buon Rinaldo a tempo se n'accerce.

Altrove intanto il Paladin s'avea
Patto innanzi fuggir cento bandiere.
Or, che l'orecchio la novella rea
Del gran periglio di Zerbin gli fere;
Ch'à piedi fra la gente Cirenea
Lasciati folo aveano le sue fiere;
Volta il cavallo, e dòve il campo Scotto
Vede fuggir, prende la vita di botte.

Nor here delays; but round his blade does rowl,
That breaks each helm, all armour fevered,
Fix'd, on one's forehead, t'other's cheek, a scowl;
Others their arms he cut, and other's head;
Now this, now that, makes void of blood and soul,
And, on that side, the battle steeldied,
From whence the terrifi'd, ignoble, crew,
Beaten and routed, without order, flew.

The combat enter'd now King Agramant,
To slay the troops, and his bright feats make known,
And with him Balliverz and Farurant,
Soridano, Bambrirag, and Prufion;
Then came his tribe, each nameless combatant,
Enough to cause a lake of blood run down,
That I each leaf could number with less tool,
When the autumnal storms the trees despoil.

Agramant, from the wall, a mighty band
Having selected, of both horse and foot,
With th' King of Fez, did suddenly command,
That they behind the tents should take their route,
And go, the Irish forces to withstand,
Whole troops he sees, in hurry vaft, let out,
After great circles, and large windings made,
With an intent their lodgments to invade.

The King of Fez was ready, this to do,
To him appear'd too hurtful each delay:
Then Agramant the rest together drew,
And to the fight a party sends away:
He to the river goes: to him did shew,
That, in this place, his coming needed they;
And, from that side, a message was convey'd,
From King Sobrino, to request some aid.

Into one squadron, more than half he led
Oth' army; and their noise, when marching on,
Made the Scots tremble; and so great their dread,
They from their honour, and their ranks were flown:
Lurcanio, Ariodant, Zerbin their head,
Against this fury, there, remain alone;
And Zerbin might on foot have perish'd there,
But brave Rinald, in time, of him took care.

During this time the Paladin, elsewhere,
Had put a hundred regiments to flight,
Now, that his ears, this fiery moft fever,
Of the great peril of Zerbin, did smite,
How his own troops had him abandon'd there,
Alone, on foot, 'midst the Cirenean might,
He turns his fled, and where the Scots, to fly
He does perceive, takes that way suddenly.

I i 2
Dove gli Scotti tornar fuggendo
Vede, s'appaie; e grida, Or dove andate?
Perché tanta vitale in voi compreso,
Che a v'v'il gante il campo abbandonate?
Ecco le faglie; de leguali intendo,
Ch'esser dovan le vostra chiene ornate.
O che laude, O che gloria, che'l figliolo
Del vostro Re si lasci a piedi, e solo.

D'un suo studiare una groppa asta afferra;
E vede Prusson poco lontano
Re d'Alvaracchie, e addosse fe gli serra,
E de l'arcion lo porta morto al piano.
Morto Agricalte, e Bambirago attterra;
Dopo fere apramente Sordinaco
E come gli altri l'avria messo a morte;
Se nel ferir la lancia era più forte.

Stringe Fusberta, poi che l'asta è rota;
E tocca Serpentino, quel da la Stella.
Fatate l'arme ava, ma quella botta
Pur tramortito il manda fuor di sella:
E costi al Duca de la gente Scotta
Fu piazza intorno spaziofa e bella,
Si che fenza contefa un deftrier puote
Salir di quei, che vanno a felle vote.

E ben fi ritrovò salito a tempo,
Che forse nel facea, fe più tardava:
Perché Agramante, e Dardinello a un tempo,
Sobrin col Re Balastro s'arrivava.
Ma egli, che montato era per tempo,
Di qua, e di là col brando s'aggirava,
Mandando or queste, or quel giù ne l'inferno.
A dar nozizia del volver moderno.

Il buon Rinaldo, il quale a forse in terra.
I più dannosi avea sempre riguardo;
La spada contra il Re Agramante afferra,
Che troppo gli parea fero e gagliardo:
(Facea egli fol, più che mille altri guerra)
E fe gli spinge addosso con Baiardo.
Lo ferre à punta, ed urta di troverfo.
Si, che lui col deftrier manda riverfo.

Mentre di fuor con fe crudel battagliar
Odio, rabbia, furor, l'un l'altro offende:
Rodomonte in Parigi il popol taglia,
Le belle cafe, e i sacri templi accende.
Carlo, ch'in altra parte fì travaglia,
Questa non vede, e nulla ancor ne'ntende,
Odoardo raccoglie, ed Arimanno
Ne la città col lor popol Britanno.

Where'er he sees the Scots give back and fly,
He forward comes, and cries, Now, where d'ye go?
Why fee I in ye such poltroonery?
That ye forsake the field to such mean foe?
Behold the spoils, the which had deftin'd I,
Your Churches to adorn with pompous show:
What praiies! O, what glory! that the son,
Thus, of your King, ye leave, on foot, alone!

Of one, his 'quire, a spear he feiz'd on gros,
And Prusion fees, of Alvaracchia King,
At distance small, and him assaults foe close,
To earth does foon him from his saddle bring:
Bambirag, Agricalt, to ground, dead throws:
Then Sordan he wounds, which cause him wring,
And, as the others, him to death had put,
If, in his blow, the lance had prov'd more stout.

He draws Fusberta, as his spear is broke,
And strikes at Serpentino, of the Star.
The arms he had were fatest; but this stroke,
Did him, quite stun'd, from out his saddle bear:
And so he, for the Chief o'th' Scottish folk,
Made, all around, a spacious plain and fair,
That, without contest, he might mount a steed,
As there were many went with saddles free.

And he remounted lucky, as befel,
Which had not done, perhaps, had he delay'd,
For Agramant at once, and Dardinel,
Sobrin and King Balaftro that way made;
But he, who mounted was in time so well,
This way, and that way, wheel'd round with his blade,
Sending now this, now that, to th' shades below,
The modern way of life to let them know.

The brave Rinaldo, who to earth to caft
Thofe, who moft hurt could do, kept good look out,
Against King Agramanf his fword clenched falt,
For he appear'd to him too fierce and stout;
(fhe, only, thousands in the war furpafs'd) And, with fuch speed, behind him Baiard brought,
Forwards and sideways, pref'd him with fuch force,
That overturn'd he lent him with his hoof.

Mean time, without, in conflict fo severe,
Each wounds his foe, with fury, hate, and ire;
Rodomont does the throng in Paris tear,
The houses fine, and facred temples fire.
Charles, who's employ'd in labour vaft elsewhere,
Hears not thereof, nor does the news tranfpire;
He Edward now and Ariman does call
Into the city, with their Britons all.
Canto XVII.

I.

lust God, whenever our transgressions great,
The bounds of his remission have outgone,
That to, his justice, he may demonstrate,
Equals his mercy, oft admits a crown.
To tyrants cruel, monsters desperate,
And, pow'r and skill to hurt, beflows each one:
Thus Marius, Sylla, to the world He sent,
The Nero's both, and Caius turbulent,

IL Giusto Dio, quando i peccati nostri
Hanno di remission paffato il segno,
Acio che la giustizia sua dimostrì
Eguale a la pietà, spesso da regna
A Tiranni atrocissimi, ed a Mostri:
E da lor forza, e di mal fare ingegno.
Per questo Mario, e Silla pote al mondo,
E duo Neroni, e Caius furibondo,

86.
To him comes an esquire with pallid face,
Who scarcely had, to draw his breath, the pow'r:
Alas! my Lord, alas! he often says,
Ere able he to make beginning more:
To day the Roman empire bury'd lays,
His people Christ abandon'd has this hour;
The Devil is, from heaven, rain'd this day,
That in this city we no more may stay.

Satan himself, none other it can be,
Our hapless city does in ruin raze:
Look round, the rowling smoke in circles see,
From the red flames, which with destruction blaze:
Hark to the plaints, which up to heaven flee,
And credence give to what your servant says:
One only 'tis, destroy'd, with sword and fire,
Our beauteous town, and from him all retire.

As one first hearing the tumultuous cries,
And of the sacred bells the frequent beat;
Who sees the fire, which to all open lies,
But him, to whom it nearest does relate:
Juft fo King Charles this new attack descries,
With his own fight: now knowing it too late:
Whence the force of his beft troops felects,
And them to the great noife and cry directs.

Of Paladins, and warriors the moft rare,
A num'rous part Charles after him call'd on,
And tow'rds the piazza caus'd their standard bear;
For to that place was Rodomonte gone:
He fees the dreadful marks, the noife does hear.
Of rage, around the human limbs were thrown;
But now no more; another time return,
Whoe'er this story fine desires to learn.

87.
Satanaffe, perch'altri offr non pote,
Strugge, e ruina la città infelice.
Volgi, e mira le fume ruote
De la rovente famma predatrice.
Ascolla il pianto, che nel ciel percute;
E faceran fede a quel, che'l fervo dice,
Un solo è quel, ch'al ferro, e à fuoco strugge
La bella terra, e innanzi egli fuggi.

88.
Quale è colui, che prima oda il tumulto,
E de le sacre squille il batter fpeffo,
Che veggia il fuoco, à neffun altro occulto
Ch'è fe, che più gli tocca, e lì è più preffo:
Tal è il Re Carlo, udendo il nuovo infutto,
E confecondol poi con l'occhio fpeffo.
Onde lo sforzo di sua miglior gente
All grido drizza, e al gran rumor che fente.

89.
De i Paladini, e de i guerrier più degni
Carlo fi chiama dietro una gran parte;
E ver la piazza fa drizzare i fegni
Che'l Pagan s'era tratto in quella parte.
Ode il rumor, vede gli orribil fegni
Di crudelta, l'umane membra parte.
Ora non più; ritorni un altra volta
Chi volentier la bella iftoria afcolta.
Orlando Furioso

Canto 17.

Domitian, and the last Antonine,
And took, from race plebeian, of no worth,
And to the empire raised Maximine,
And heretofore gave Theban Creon birth,
Mezentius gave to thy people Agiline,
Who fertile made, with human blood, the earth,
And, in times left remote, gave Italy,
To Huns, to Lombards, and to Goths, a prey.

Of Atilla what shall I say? of base
Ezzelin? what of hundreds represent?
Whom, after long perfuit of wicked ways,
God order'd, us to punish and torment:
Of this we've not alone in ancient days,
But in our own, a clear experiment,
When, to us evil-born and uselefs sheep,
He wolves enrag'd has given, us to keep:

Who not content to have their hunger's fill,
That in their paunch they've so much feath to pour,
But call in wolves, of yet more greedy will,
From northern woods remote, us to devour:
The bones at Thræfimene unbury'd still,
At Canna, Trebbia, was by no means more,
Than this, which banks and fields enrich'd with blood,
Where runs the Adda's, Mella's, Ronco's, Tarro's
[flood.

Now God contents, that we shoul'd punish'd be,
By nations, than ourselves; perhaps more naught,
For our repeating, to infinity,
Each our opprobrious and wicked fault:
The time shall come, to spoil their boundary,
When we may go, if you're better taught:
And that their fins should to such height aspire,
That the eternal Good they move to ire.

The Christians crimes were got to such excess,
The brow ferene of God to irritate,
That Turk and Moor did ev'ry place oppress
With rapine, murder, rape, at shamefull rate;
But more, than all the other their diftres,
They felt of Rodomonte's rage the weight.
I said, of him, that Charles receiv'd the news,
And to the square, to seek him, now this way pursues:

Does, by the way, his people slain descry,
The temples ruin'd, palaces burnt down,
O'th' town great part in desolation lie,
Never such marks of cruelty were shewn.
Ye frighted crow, ha, whither do ye fly?
That thinks of his own los, among ye none.
What city, what more refuge does remain,
If this ye suffer be so vilely ta'en?
Quivi gran parte era del popolazz
Sperando' in giungere aiuto, allea;
Perché forte di mura era il palazzo
Con muniti non far lunga destra.
Rodomonte d'orgoglio e d'ira pazzia
Sol a' cretna tutta la piazza pressa;
E l'un man, che prezza il mondo poco,
Rusla la spada: e l'altra getta il fuoco.

E de la regal casa alta e sublime
Percuote, e vuol far le gran porte.
Getta le turbe da le eccelli cime
E merli, e torri, e si metton per morte.
Quale a tetti non è alcun che fliene,
E legna, e pietre vanno ad una forte,
Lafire, e colonne, e le dorate travi,
Che fuor in prezzo a gli lor padri, e a gli avi.

Sta sù la porta il Re d'Algier lucente
Di chiaro acciar, che l'epo gli arma e'l bufo.
Come uscito di tenebre serpente,
Poi che ha lasciato ogni faulor vestiifo
Del nuovo scoglio altiero, e che fi sante
Ringioventito, e più che mai robusto:
Tre lingue vibra, ha ne gli occhi fuoco:
Dovunque passa 'gna'mal di laoco.

Non safo, merlo, trave, arco, è balestra,
Ne ciò che sopra il Saracin percuote.
Ponno allentar la sanguinosa deftra,
Che la gran portaglia, fpreeza, e fuote,
E dentro fatto s'ha tanta finestra;
Che ben vedere, e veduta effor puote,
Da i v'hi impreff di color di morte,
Che tutta piena quivi ha la costa.

Suonar per gli alti e spazi offetti
S'odonu grida, e feminini lamenti.
L'affittite donne purcetand i petti
Corron per Casa pallide e dolenti;
E abbraccian gli ufigi; e i geniali letti,
Che sinto buon a lasciare a fignone genti.
Tratta la casa era in periglio tanto,
Quando 'l Re giunse, e fuoi Baroni à canto.

Hither a great part of the pop'rous throng
Had mounted, hoping there to have some aid;
For that the palace was with walls made strong;
With stoves, whence might a long defence be made:
With pride and anger Rodomonte headlong
Himself alone did all the square invade,
And one hand, for he little priz'd the world,
Wheel'd round his sword, the fire the other hurl'd.

And, of the royal mansion, lofty, bright,
He strikes, and clatt'ring shakes each mighty gate:
The cloud cast down, from off the topmost height,
The tow'rs and battlements, and death they wait:
The roofs to spoil no one regards a whit,
And floor and timber share an equal fate,
The flabs and columns, many a gilded beam,
Which once their fires and grand fires did eifeem.

Before the gate, shining in feely spark,
Stood th' Algier King, armed his belt and head:
Juft as the serpent, infuing from the dark,
Soon as he all his former skin had shed:
Proud of his new got scales, and does remark,
That he's more strong than e'er, renovated,
Shoots its three tongues, and in its eyes has fire;
Where'er it goes, all animals retire.

The battlements, the beams, bow, sling, or stone,
Or all that on the Saracin does smite,
His bloody hand to slacken, pow'r have none,
That the great gate does cut, and shake, and split:
And he so large an opening had broke down,
He well could fee, and also was in fight
O' th' vifages impreft with deadly hue,
With which the palace did quite crowded flew.

Thro' the high spacious roofs were sounds express
Of female lamentations, piteous cry:
Th' afflicted women fainting on their breast,
Doleful and pale along the manfions fly;
And genial beds and doors they eager press'd,
Which they muft quitt to strangers suddenly:
Matters were into such great danger brought,
When, with his Barons at his side, the King there got.
14.
Carlo si volle a quelle man robuste,
Ch'ebbe altre volte a gran bagni promete:
Non fete quelle vie, che meco fuite
Contra Agolante, disse, in Aspromonte?
Sonole forza vostre o sia frute;
Che s'accidete lui, Troiano, e Almont
Con cento mila; or ne temete un solo
Pur di quel sangue, e pur di quello sfuolo?

15.
Perché debbo vedere in voi forza
Ora minor, ch'io la vedessi allora?
Mostrate a questo can vostro prodezza;
A questo can, che gli uomini divora.
Un magnanimo cuor morte non prezza,
Presta, a tarda che sia; pur che ben nuora.
Ma dubitar non posso, ove voi fete;
Che fatto sempre vincitor m'avete.

16.
Al fin de le parole v'ha il desiderio
Con l'asita basta al Saracino addosso.
Moffi a un tratto il Paladino Ugiero,
A un tempo Namo, ed Olivier si è mosso,
Avino, Avolio, Ottone, e Berlingiero,
Ch'un senza l'altro mai veder non posso.
E ferir tutti sopra a Rodomonte
E nel petto, e ne' fianchi, e ne la fronte.

17.
Ma lasciamo per Dio, Signor ormai
Di parlare d'ira, e di cantar di morte,
E fa per questa volta detto affai
Del Saracino non men crudel, che forte;
Che tempo è ritornar, dov'io lascia
Grifon giunto a Damasco in sì le porte
Con Origille perfido, e con quello,
Ch'adulter era, e non di lei fratelli.

18.
De le più ricche terre di Levante,
De le più popolose, e meglio ornate,
Si dice effer Damasco, che distante
Siede a Gerusalem fette giornate,
In un piano fruttifero, e abondante
Non men giuoco il vero, che l'effate.
A questa terra il primo raggio tolla
De la nascente Aurora un vicino colt.

19.
Per la città due fiumi cristallini
Vanno inaffiando per diversi rivi
Un numero infinito di giardini,
Non mai di fior, non mai di frondi privi.
Dicesti ancor, che macinar molti
Potrian far l'acque lance, che Jon quivi;
E chi va per le vie vi sente suore
Di tutte quelle caffè ufcire odore.

14.
Charles, to this band robust, himself did turn,
Who, foretime, he had ready, in great want,
Are ye not thohe, who with me arms have borne,
'Gainst Agolant, he said, in Aspromont?
Your forces, are they now so feeble worn,
That, if ye flew him, Trojan and Almont,
And thousands more, now fear ye one alone,
Of the fame tribe, who the fame blood does own.

15.
Wherefore should I in you of courage fee,
Now less, than that, which I discover'd then?
Demonstrate to this dog your bravery,
Unto this dog, that thus devours our men:
The noble soul death soon or late won't flee,
So that he bravely die, no matter when;
But where ye are, I can no doubt retain,
For, ever, ye have made me conquest gain.

16.
These words when ended, lowering his spear,
Upon the Saracin he push'd his heed.
At once mov'd on the Paladin Ugier,
Namo and Olivier advance'd with speed,
Avin, Avolio, Otho, Berlingier,
Of one without the rest you cannot read,
And all of them struck upon Rodomont,
Upon his breast, his flanks, and on his front.

17.
But let's leave off, Sir, now, for heaven's fake,
To sing of death, and hold discourse of hate,
And, for this time, enough be what I spake,
O'th' Pagan bold, ncr leis inveterate.
'Tis, to return, time, where I did forfake
Grifon, arriv'd now at Damascus' gate
With Origil perfidious, and with her
He, that no brother was, but an adulterer.

18.
Of the Levant some of the richest land,
The most adorn'd, and the most populous place
Is said to be Damascus, which does stand
A journey from Jerufalem few'n days,
On plain, made rich by nature's plenteous hand,
Winter than Summer not less strewed displays,
From thence a neighbor'ing hill the primal ray
Of the new-rising morning takes away.

19.
Two brooks along the city, crystal bright
Water, as they their different currents pour,
Of Gardens fine a number infinite,
Not e'er of leaf depriv'd, not e'er of flow'r:
'Tis also said, that waters perfum'd quite
Are there, so much, they to drive mills have pow'r,
And that, along the streets, whoever went,
From all these house would enjoy the scent.
Canto 17.

ORLANDO FURIOUSO.


21. Vedeansi celebrar dentro à le porte In molti luoghi follaazzevol balli, Il popol per le vie di miglior forme Maneggiar ben guarriti, e bei cavalli. Facea più bel veder la rica corte De'Signor, de'Baroni, e de'oaffallì Con ciò, che d'India, e d'Erithrean Marenne Di perle aver si può, d'oro, e di gemme.

22. Vieni Grifon e à la sua compagnia Mirando quinci, e quindi il tutto adagio, Quando formoli un cavaliere in via, Egli facea montare à un suo palagio; E per l'usanza, e per sua cortesia Di nulla lasciar lor patirti disagio, Li fe nel bagno entrare, poi con ferena Fronte egli accolse à fonteua cena.

23. E narrò lor, come il Re Norandino Re di Damafo, e di tutta Siria Fatto avea il posfano, e l'egregio; Ch'ordine avente di cavalcatia, À la giostra invitare, ch'al mattutino Del di seguenti in piazza si faria; E che s'avea valor pari à fembianti, Pietran mostrarlo senza andar più inante.

24. Ancor che quivi non venne Grifone A questo effetto, pur lo voleto tenne; Che, qual volta se n'abbaia occasione, Mostrar virtù mai non disconvenne: Interrogò poi de la cagione Di questa festa; e s'ella era folenne Usata ogni anno, ó pur impròsia nuova Del Re, ch'i suoi vider vollese in pruova.

25. Rispose il cavalier; La bella festa S'ha da far fèmpre ad ogni quarta Luna. De l'altre, che verran, la prima è questa: Ancora non s'è più fatta alcuna. Sarà in memoria, che salvo la festa Il Re in tal giorno da una gran fortuna: Dopo che quattro mesi in doglie, e'n pianti Sempre era stato, e con la morte inanti.

Vol. I.

20. All over cover'd was the matter street, With cloth of lively colours different, With fylvan bougths, and herbs of odour sweet The ground and walls of ev'ry tenement; Bedeck'd was ev'ry window, ev'ry gate, With richest stuffs, and tap'ry excellent; But more with ladies well adorn'd and fair, In dress superb, enrich'd with gems moft rare.

21. Within the doors, they're seen to celebrate, In many places, dances of delight: The people, in the streets, of better state Managing horses fine, in trappings bright: More the rich court the show did decorate, Of Lords and Barons, each dependant knight, With all that India, or th' Erithrean coast Of pearls, of gold, of diamonds could boast.

22. Grifon came forward, with his company, Each ride, to all things, turning low his fight, When him a cavalier flopt, passing by, And, at his palace, caus'd them to alight, And, by the ufgage and his courtsey, Suffer'd no inconvenience on him light: Caus'd him the bath go into, then, with look Serene, to a moft fumptuous fupper took.

23. And told to them, How the King Norandin, Who did o'er Syria and Damaucus reign, Caus'd, all his country, well as peregrine, That e'er the rank of knighthood did obtain, Invited be to tilts, which they design, Within the square next morning to maintain, And if their valour was, like what they shew, They here might prove it, and not farther go.

24. Altho', unto this place, came not Grifon, To this effect, he th' invitation took, For any time he found occasion Valour to shew, he never that forlook: Then he requeseted, he'd the caufe make known, Of this fame feast: if yearly undertook In solemn way, or if, in emprize new, The King inclin'd his subjects proof to shew.

25. The cavalier reply'd, This feast so brave Is ever to be held on each fourth moon; Of all those to succeed, this first we have, As yet have not perform'd been any one; In grateful memory, the King did fave His life, one certain day, by fortune's boon, After four months, in grief and miferies, H'ad ever been, with death before his eyes.
26. Ma per dirvi la cosa pienamente,  
Il nostro Re, che Norandin s'appella;  
Molti, e molt'anni ha avuto il cor ardente  
De la leggiadra, e sopra ogni'altra bella  
Figlia del Re di Cipro; finalmente  
Avutala per moglie, ioa con quella,  
Con cavalieri, e donne in compagna;  
E dritto avea il cammin verfo Soria.  

27. Ma poi che fummo tratti a pieve vele  
Lungi dal porto nel Carpathio inque;  
La tempesta falti tanto crudele,  
Che fbigotti fin al padrone antigno.  
Tre di, e tre notti andammo errando ne le  
Minacciose onde per cammino obliquo.  
Uscimo al fin nel lito flanchi, e molli  
Tra freschi rivi, ombrosi, e verdi colli.  

28. Piantare i padiglioni, e le cortine  
Fra gli arbori tirar facemmo lieti,  
S'apparecchiano i fuochi, e le cucine;  
Le mense d'altra parte in su tapeti.  
Intanto il Re cercando a le vicine  
Valli era andato, e a boschi più secrèti  
Se ritrovasse capri, o daini, o cervi;  
E l'aro gli portar dietro duo servi.  

29. Mentre appettammo in gran piacer sedendo,  
Che da caccia ritorni il Signor nostro;  
Vedemmo l'Orco a noi venire correndo  
Lungo il lita del mar, terribil nostro.  
Dio vi guardi, Signor, che l'injfo orrendo  
De l'Orco a gli acchi mai non vi sia nostro.  
Meglio è far nuna aver notizia d'essa,  
Ch'andargli si, che lo veggiate appresso.  

30. Non gli può comparire quanto sia lungo;  
Si mìsuratamente è tutto greffo.  
In luogo d'oci, di color di fungo,  
Sotto la fronte ha due coccole d'offo.  
Verfo noi vien, come vi dice, lungo  
Il lito; e par ch'un monticel sia mossi.  
Moirsa le zanne fuser, come fa il porco;  
Ha lungo il nafé, e' l'en bavoso e sporc.  

31. Correndo viene; è'l nafè a guisa porta,  
Che'l bracco fuil, quando entra in sù la traccia.  
Tutti, che lo veggiam, con faccia smorta  
In fuga andammo, ove il timor ne cacia.  
Poco il veder lui cieco ne conforta:  
Quando suttando sol, per che più faccia,  
Che' altre non fa, ch'abbia odorato e lume:  
E biferno al fuggir eran le punte.
Canto 17.

Some this way run, some that; but pow'r none had
From him to fly, who's than the wind more fleet:
Of forty perfons, scarcely ten evade
From thence, who swimming to the vessel get:
Under his arm of some he bundle made,
Nor were his lap and bofom less replete,
And with them fill'd too his capacious scrip,
Which, like a shepherd's, hung upon his hip.

Us to his cave, the monster without sight
Bore, which in rock was hollow'd, near the sea:
The cavern was of marble made, as white
As sheet, ne'er wrote upon, is us'd to be:
With him a matron dwelt, within this site,
In look quite full of grief, and heart-ache she,
And ladies with her had, and damfels there,
Of ev'ry age, and sort, some plain, some fair.

Near to the grot there was, where he did dwell
As't were on summit of the lofty rock,
Another, not less refulent, than was that cell,
Where he the management had of his flock;
So many had he, no one them could tell,
Winter and summer shepherd of his flock,
At his times open'd, or kept them recluse,
As he had them for pleasure more than use.

The human fleth suits better to his taste,
He shew'd this, ere to th' den he did arrive;
For three of our young men, whom he held fast,
He wholly eats, rather gULps down alive;
Comes to the stall, a stone he raises vast,
And shuts us in, whence he his flock does drive,
With it went off, where them he us'd to feed,
Sounding, which from his neck hung down, his reed.

In the mean time, our King come back again,
Tow'rs the sea coast, his damage now had known;
Finding, all fides, in silence all remain,
Empty the groves, tents, and pavilion,
Nor can he guess, who all from him had t'en,
And full of dismal fear, to th' foar went down,
When distant he his sailors does defcry,
Who weigh their anchors, and their cordage ply.

As soon as him, upon the foar, they view,
The long boat, thence to bear him off, they fent;
But the King Norandin no sooner knew
O'th' Hurc the cave, who thus to rob him went,
Without more thought, he, sudden to perfue,
Takes resolution, which way e'er he's bent:
Seeing Lucina loft, caus'd him such pain,
He would no longer live, or her regain.

K k 2
38. Deve vede apparir lungo la sabbia
La prese'orna, ne va con quella fretta,
Con che la spinge l'amorosa sabbia,
Fin che giunge a la tana, ch'io s'ho detta;
Ove con tema la maggior, che s'abba
A patir mai, l'Orco da noi s'affetta.
Ad ogni suo di sentirlo parci,
Ch' affamato ritorni a divorarci.

39. Quivi Fortuna il Re da tempo guida;
Che senza l'Orco in casa era la moglie:
Come ella il vede: Fuggine, gli grida;
Misero te, fe l'Orco ti ci coglie.
Coglia, disse, o non coglia, o sabbi, o uccida,
Che miserrimo? Sia non mi si toglie.
Disfia me mena, e non error di via,
C'ho di morir presso a la moglie mia.

40. Poi segui, domandandole novella
Di quei, che prete l'Orco in su la riva,
Prima de gli altri, di Lucina bella
Se l'avea morta, a la tenea captiva.
La donna umanamente gli favella
E la conforta, che Lucina è siva;
E che non è aucun dubbio, ch'ella nuova,
Che mai femmina l'Orco non divora.

41. Effer di ciò argumento ti pos'io,
E tutte queste donne, che fon mea:
Ne à me, ne à lor mai l'Orco è stato rio,
Pur, che non ci scotiamo da questo speco.
A chi cerca fuggir sù grave fia:
Ne pace mai non ritrovare più fece;
O le fat terra vive, à l'incatena,
O fa star nude al Sul sopra l'arena.

42. Quando oggi egli porto qui la tua gente,
Le femmine da i maschi non divisa:
Ma, si come gli avia, consulamente
Dentro à quella spelonca tutti mise:
Sentirà à nasso il sefo differente.
Le donne non temer, che sieno uccise.
Gli uomini sieno certo; ed empiranne
Di quattro il giorno, à fei, l'avidie canne.

43. Di levar le di qui non bo confilo;
Che dar si possa, e contentar ti puoi,
Che ne la vita sua non è periglio.
Starà qui al ben, e'l mal, ch'avremo noi.
Ma vattene per Dio, vattene, figlio,
Che l'Orco non ti senta, e non t'ingoi.
Tutto che giunge, d'ogn'intorno annassa:
E senta fu in un topo, che sia in casa.

38. Where'er he fees, along the sands, appear
The track fresh made, he does accelerate,
With am'rous rage, which onward him does bear,
Till come to th' cave, of which I did relate;
Where we all trembling, with the utmost fear,
That ever suffer'd was, the Hurc await:
We seem'd to hear him ev're noise, each hour,
That famish'd he return'd us to devour.

39. Fortune, in seafon, here the King did guide,
Without the Hurc, his lady now was there,
Fly hence, she holla'd out, when him she spy'd,
Should the Hurc catch you here, you wretched are:
Catch me or not, or fave or slay, he cry'd,
How wretched I may be, I little care:
Desire leads me, not error of my way,
For that I dying near my spouse would lay.

40. Proceeding then, did news of her request,
Of those, the Hurc had feiz'd on, near the main,
Of fair Lucina, above all the rest,
Whether she's captive held, or her h'ad flain:
The dame to him humane her speech addres'd,
And comforts him, Lucine did live remain,
And, that he'll die, he may all doubt forbear,
For that the Hurc never devours the fair.

41. Of this a proof I able am to be,
And all these ladies, who here with me stay,
The Hurc ha'n't cruel been, to them or me,
If from this ladies we never get away:
He puts great mult à those, who strive to flee,
And peace with him no more enjoy can they,
He chains them, or alive puts under-ground,
Or on the sand naked to stay i'th' fun they're bound.

42. When he your people hither brought, to day,
He no division, male from female, made;
But, as he had them, in confused way,
Within this groat he all of them convey'd:
He by his inout will diff'rent sex display;
Let not of death the women be afraid,
The men, for certain, may; with them he'll fill
His greedy throat, four, six, a day, at will.

43. To take her off, from hence, advice I've none,
To offer you, but this content can give,
That of her life she does no danger run.
Here she will take her chance, like us, will live.
But get you gone, for God's sake, go, my son,
Left the Hurc fmall, and swallow you alive,
Soon as he comes, he sniffs all round the house,
And scents what's there, e'en to a very mouse.
Distante il Re, non si voler partire; 
Se non vedea la sua Lucina prima: 
E che più tosto appresso a lei morire, 
Che viverne lontan faceva sìma. 
Quando vede ella non potergli dire 
Cosa, che'l nuova da la voglia prima; 
Per aiutarlo fa nuovo disegno, 
E ponvi ogni sua industria, ogni suo ingegno.

Morte avea in cafa, e d'ogni tempo appese 
Con lor mariti assai capre, ed agnello. 
Onde a se, ed a le sue facce le spese: 
E dal tetto pendea più d'un' pelle. 
La donna fe, ch'e'l Re del grasso prese, 
Ch'avea un gran becco interno à le budelle, 
E che fe n'unse dal capo à le piante. 
Fin che l'odor cacciò, ch'egli ebbe inante.

E poi, ch'el triste puzzo aver le parve 
Di che il fattido becco agn'ora s'ape, 
Piglia l'irsuta pelle, e tutto entrarve. 
Lo fe, ch'ella è fi grande, che lo cape. 
Coperto sotto à cofi frane larve, 
Facendol gir carpon, feco lo rape 
Là, dove chiufò era d'un fasso grave. 
De la sua donna il bel viso soave.

Norandino ubbidisce; ed à la buca 
De la sfelona ad affettrà si mette, 
Accio col gregge dentro si conduca, 
E fin' à fera disfando fette. 
Ode la fera il fono de la famboca: 
Con che invitò a lassar l'umide erbette, 
E ritornar le pecore à l'albergo 
Il fior pastor, che lor venia da teso.

Pensate voi fe gli tremava il cuore, 
Quando l'Orco feenti, che ritornava: 
E che'l viso crudel piena d'orrore 
Vide appressare à l'uscio de la covo. 
Ma potè la pietà più, che'l timore, 
S'ardea, vedette, o fe fingendo amava. 
Vien l'Orco inaniti, e leva il fasso, ed apre: 
Norandino entra fra pecore, e capre.

Entrato il gregge, l'Orco à noi disende; 
Ma prima spojà l'uglio fi chiude. 
Tutti ne van fiutando, al fin duo prende, 
Che vuol cenar de le lor carni crude. 
Al rimembrar di quelle zanne orrende 
Non poffa tar, ch'ancor non triemi, e fude: 
Partito l'Orco, il Re gitta la gonna 
Ch'avea ai becco, e abbraccia la sua donna.

That he'd not go, the King then made reply, 
Until his dear Lucina first he sees; 
And that much rather, near to her, to die, 
Than to live, distant from her, him would please. 
When, nothing she could say, she does defcry, 
Could cause his first-made resolution ceafe, 
She form'd a new designd, to give him aid, 
And all her wit and industry elßay'd.

He, in his house, had, always hanging dead, 
Both goats and sheep, male, female, old and young, 
Whence, for himself and ladies, ufe he made, 
And from the roof a many skins there hung: 
To take the fat, she did the King persuade, 
Which, of a he-goat round the entrails clung, 
And therewith oint himself, from head to foot, 
Till fuch finell, h'ad before, was driven out.

And when he this sad smell to have did show, 
Of which the foetid he-goat still has scent, 
She takes the shaggy skin, and therein go. 
Caus'd him, which held him, 'twas of fuch extent: 
Beneath fo strange a mask envelop'd now, 
She caus'd him creep all four, then with him went: 
There, where was shut up, by a maffy stone, 
The lovely visage of his charming one.

King Norandino obeys; and, at the stone, 
That shuts the den, he fets himfelf to wait; 
That in, he, with the flock, may be led on, 
And stay'd till ev'n'ing, with expectation great. 
At ev'n'ing hears of th' oaten reed the tone, 
With which, his sheep, to leave their humid meaf, 
And to return invites, back to their home, 
The Shepherd fierce, who does behind them come.

Think if his heart with terror now was shook, 
What time he there perceiv'd the Hurc return, 
And that, with horror full this cruel look 
The cavern's mouth approach, he did difcern; 
But love than fear more power o'er him took, 
See, if his love was feign'd, or true did burn! 
The Hurc comes on, the ftone lifts, open fets, 
In, 'midft the sheep and goats, Norandin gets.

His flock now in, the Hurc to us comes down; 
Butfirft, above, he had made falt the gate: 
All round he fifts, at length two fzed' upon, 
Of their raw flefh his supper then to eat: 
Of thofe his horrid turks, the mention, 
Makes me, ev'n now, I can't but shake and swear. 
The Hurc when gone, the King his viftemt caft, 
Of the he-goat, and his dear nymph embrac'd.
50.
Dove averne piacer dev' e conforto
Vedendol quiui, ella n'ha affanno e noia.
Lo vede giunto, ed ha da restar morto;
E non più far però, ch'ella non muoia.
Con tutto il mal, diceagli, ch'io supporto,
Signor, sentia non mediarre piaia.
Che ritrovato non t'eri con lui,
Quando da l'Orco oggi qui tratta fui.

51.
Che se ben il trovareri ora in procinto
D'uscir di vita m'era acerbo, e forte:
Per mi fuvei, come è comune istinto,
Delota poi de la mia trista sorte.
Ma ora, o prima, o poi che tu sia attento,
Più mi dorrà la tua, che la mia morte;
E seguito mostrando affari più affanno
L'i quel di Norandin, ch'el fuo danno.

52.
La speme, diffi il Re; mi sa venire,
Cibo da salvarti, e tutti quel teico.
E s'io nel piano far, meglio è morire,
Che fenza te, mio Sol, vivere poi cieco.
Come io ci venivi, mi potrò partire;
E vei tutti altri che verrete meco;
Se non avrete, come io non ho acuto,
Schivo a pigliare odor d'animal brutto.

53.
La fraude ingiò à noi, che contra il naso
De l'Orco ingiò à lui la moglie d'esso,
Di vestire le pelle e in ogni caso,
Che geli ne palpi ne l'uscir del sefso.
Poi, che di questo ognun fu perfuaso:
Quanti de l'un, quanti de l'altro sesto,
Ci ritroviamo, uccidiam tanti beco,
Quelli, che più fattean, ch'eran più vecchi.

54.
Ci uscemo i corpi di quel grasso opimo,
Che ritroviamo à l'inteistn intozzo;
E de l'orride pelli ci vestiamo
Intanto usci de l'aurro albergo il giorno.
A la cipelona, come opparve il primo
Raggio del Sol, face il Pafhor ritorno;
E dando spirito à le fancie canne,
Chiama il suo gregge fuor de le capanne.

55.
Tenea la mano al buco de la tana,
Accio col gregge non ufejùm noi.
Ci prendea al varco; e quando pelo, à lana
Sentia iìl daffo, ne lasciava poi.
Uomini, e donne uscimmo per si frana
Strada, coperti da gl'injuti cuoi,
E l' Orco alcun di noi mai non ritenue,
Fin che con gran timor Lucina venne.

56.
Where pleasure the, and comfort ought to gain,
Seeing him here, she torment has, and woes:
She sees him come, where he must need be slain,
Nor, against her dying, can he interpose.
With all the ill, said she, which I sustaine,
My Lord, a joy not moderate arose,
That you was then not, with us, in the way,
When by the Hure I taken was to-day.

51.
For if to find myself at present nigh
To go from life, were hard condition,
Yet, as by common instinct, mournd'had I,
For this my too unhappy fate, alone;
But now, if first, or soon as you I die,
I more your death shall grieve, than for my own,
And so persuading, much more grief did show,
For that of Norandin, than her own woe.

52.
Hope, said the King, me to come hither made,
To fave you, and thefie with you ev'ry one:
If that I can't do, better I were dead,
Than, darken'd, without thee to live, my fun:
As I came here, hence can I be convey'd,
And all ye others off with me may run;
If you'll not have, as I had not, duteable,
To take the odour of this filthy beast.

53.
The fraud he taught to us, against the scent
O'th' Hure, which to him did the woman show;
To drefs ourselve in skins, at all event,
If he should feel, as out the hole we go;
Soon as with this was ev'ry one content,
Those of our fex, and of the other too,
We fought as many goats, and them we slay,
Those which were oldelft, and most ftruck convey.

54.
With the rich fat we 'zoint ourselves all o'er,
Which we discover round th' intestines lay,
And for our drefs the horrid skins we wore.
Now from his golden feat came forth the day;
Back to the cavern then the shepherd bore,
When of the sun appear'd the primal ray,
And giving spirit to his founding reed,
Forth from the cabins calls his flock to feed.

55.
He held his hand upon the cavern's hole,
That, with his flock, we should not ifuie too,
And took us at the pafs; when hair or wool
He felt upon the back, he let us go:
By this strange way, we got out ev'ry soul,
With these fame shaggy skins envelop'd so:
And never one of us the Hure kept faft,
Until Lucina came with terror vast.

56.
Lucina, o feste perch'ella non volle
Ungerfa, come no, che fubito n'ebbe.
O ch'avesse l'andar piu lento e malle,
Che l'imitata besia non avrebbe:
O quando l'Orco la grappa toccava,
Gridaffe per la tema, che l'accrebbe:
O che fe le sciogliessero le chiome,
Sentita fu; ne ben fo dirvi, come.

Tutti cravam si intenti al caso nostro,
Che non avvenno gli acchi a l'altri fatti.
Io mi rivolsi al grido, e vidi il mostro,
Che gia gli infuosi spogli le avea tratti;
E fattola tornar nel cavo chiestro.
Noi altri dentro a nottre guone piatti
Col gregge andammo, ove l'pastor ci mena,
Tra verdi colli in una piaggia amena.

Queivi attendiamo in fin, che fleso a l'ombra
D'un boffo opaco il nafuto Orco dorma.
Chi lungo il mar, chi verfo il monte fombra;
Sol Norandin non vuo' feguir norf'torna.
L'amor de la sua donna fia l'ngombra,
Ch'a la grotta tornar vuo' fra la torma;
Ne partirfene mai in fin la morte,
Se non racquifla la fedel conforte.

Che quando dianzi aveva a l'uscir del chiuso
Veduta la rejtar captiva fola,
Fu per gitarfai dal dolor confuso
Spontaneamente al vorace Orco in gola.
E fi moffe, e gli corfe inuino al nufo;
Ne fu lentano gir' fatto la mola.
Ma pur la tenne in mandra la speranza,
Ch'avea di trarla ancor di quella fiana.

La sara, quand'e a la fudoma mena
Il gregge l'Orco; e noi fuggiti fente;
E cha da rimaner privo di cena;
Chiama Lucina d'ogni mal nocente
E la condanna a flar fempre in catena
A lo scoperto in si' fusto eminente.
Vedela il Re per sua cagion patire;
E fi dirugge, e fola non puo morire.

Mattina, e fera l'infelice amante
La puo vedere come s'affligga, e piagna;
Che le varifolo fa le capre avante;
Torni a la flatta, o torni a le campagna.
Ella con vita mesto, e supplicante
Gli accenna, che per Dio non vi rimagna;
Perch'io fia a gran rischio de la vita,
N'pero a lei puo dar alcuna aita.
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O R L A N D O F U R I O S O.

Canto 17.

62. The wife of th’Hurc such way intreated too
   The King, that he’d be gone; but gain’d no good;
   For he refus’d without Lucina to go,
   And ever more and more determin’d shew’d:
   In this fame bondage, wherein him did throw
   Pity and love, in lasting proof he flood,
   Until, by chance, arriv’d unto this stone
   The King Gradafa, and Agricane’s son.

63. Where they so much wrought, by their courage brave,
   That they at freedom set Lucina fair,
   Tho’, more than judgment, ’twas by luck, they have,
   And her, along the coaft, full speed, they bear:
   And to her father, her as present gave,
   This fell out upon a morning clear,
   When Norandin was standing with the flock,
   Chewing their cud within the hollow rock.

64. But when, by day, now open’d was the gate,
   And that his nymph was ’cap’d, the King had known;
   For the Hurc’s wife this to him did relate,
   And how exactly this affair was done;
   He thank’d the Lord, and did his vows repeat,
   That he, from out this misery once gone,
   Would bring some there, with arms, if it could be,
   Her, or by pray’rs, or treaure, to set free.

65. Goes with his usual troop, fill’d with delight,
   O’th’flat-nos’d flock, comes to their verdant plain,
   And there he waits, till shades remove the light,
   And, on the grafts, to sleep, the monster’s lain:
   Then he moves on all day, and all the night,
   At length, secure, by th’Hurc not to be ta’en,
   Ascends a vessel in Satalia,
   And, three months since, arriv’d in Syria.

66. In Cyprus, Rhodes, by cities, forts, which are
   In Egypt, Turky, and in Africa,
   The King cans’d search for his Lucina fair,
   Nor could discover aught, till t’other day,
   When, from her father, he the news did hear
   That he had her safe in Nicosia,
   After a many blasts of winds severe,
   That to her fails in opposition were.

67. Of these good tidings, for the joy he shews,
   Our Monarch now prepares this fumptuous feast,
   And wills, each fourth time that the morn renews,
   One, this refembling, still should be express’d:
   The mem’ry to refresh, does him amuse,
   Of the four months, that in the shaggy veil,
   ‘Midst the Hurc’s flock he was, and in one day,
   As is to-morrow, from such ill he got away.
Canto 17.  

68. This, which I've told, in part, I did survey,  
In part, I heard, from one, there all the while,  
O'th' King I speak who calends there did stay,  
And ides, until he chang'd his grief to smile,  
And if you hear reports in other way,  
Tell him, who sprea them, he's intrusted ill.  
The gentleman, in such guise, to Grifone  
Tells, of this lofty feast, 'th occasion.  

About, in haste, the drums and trumpets run,  
And call the city to th' appointed ground,  
And as of horse and chariot many a one,  
And shouts are heard along the ways refound,  
Grifon his shining armour now puts on,  
Which are a sort, but rarely to be found,  
Which, faided, and all power to withstand,  
The Fairy white had temper'd with her hand.  

The squire they enter, and abide stand by,  
Nor thro' the field they care themselves to show;  
That these fine martial people they may eye,  
Who by two's, three's, to th' tilts, or singly go:  
With colours, some, conducted artfully,  
Set to their lady's fight, or joy or woe,  
Some, on their helm, some on their shield design'd  
Had love depicted, tender or unkind.  

The Syrians, in those times, were practis'd,  
In this our western manner arm'd to be,  
Perhaps the neighbourhood them herein led,  
Which with the French they had continually;  
This sacred spot who that time governed,  
Where dwelt, in fieth, th' Almighty Deity,  
Which now the proud and wretched Christians leave,  
Nor from the pow'r of dogs, O shame! retrieve.
Dove abbassar dovrebbero la lancia
In augumento de la santa Pede;
Tra lor si dan nel petto, e ne la pancia
A destruzzion del poco, che fi crede.
Voi gente Ispana, e voi gente di Francia
Volgete altrove, e voi Suizzeri il piede,
E voi Tedeschi a far più degno acquisto:
Che quanto qui cercate, e già di Cristo.

Se Cristiani fissimi offer voi violete
E voi altri Catholici nomati;
Perché di Cristo già uomini uccidete?
Perché de beni lor fon dispogliati?
Perché Gerusalem non riacvete,
Che tolto è flato a voi da' vini segati?
Perché Costantinopoli, e del mondo
La miglior parte occupa il Turco immundo?

Non bai tu, Spagna, l’Africa vicina,
Che t’avea più di questa Italia effesa?
E pur per dar travaglio a la meschina
Lasci la prima tua bella impresa.
O d’ogni vizio fetida sintina
Dormi, Italia imbiacca; e non ti pefa,
C’era di questa gente, ora di quella,
Che già serva ti fu, sei fatta ancella?

Se’l dubbio di morir ne le tue tane
Suizzer di fame in Lombardia ti guida;
E tra noi cerchi, o chi ti dia del pane,
O per usar d’inopia chi t’uccida;
Le ricebezze del Turco hai non lontane,
Caccial d’Europa, o almen di Grecia il fiaida.
Cosi petrai, o dal digiuno trarti,
O cader con più merto in quelle parti.

Qual, ch’a te dico; io dico al tuo vicino
Tedesco ancor: Là le ricebezze fono,
Che vi portò da Roma Costantino.
Portonno il meglio, e fe del resto dono.
Patolo, ed Ermo, onde si trae l’or sino,
Migdona, e Lidia, e quel page buono
Per tante tante, in tante istorie note,
Non è s’andar vi vuoi, troppo remoto.

Tu, gran Leone, a cui premon le terga
De le chiavi del ciel le gravi feme;
Non lasciar, che nel fumo si sommerga
Italia, fe la man l’hai ne le chiome.
Tu sei Pastore; e Dio t’ha quella verga
Data a portare; e selto il fiero nome,
Perché tu reggi, e che le braccia flenda
Si, che da i lupi il gregge tuo difenda.

Where they, in duty bound, shou'd bend the lance,
The holy faith’s advancement to perfue,
They gainst each other violent advance,
That now fall off, the still believing few.
Ye tribe of Spain, and ye the tribe of France,
Turn ye your arms elsewhere, ye Switzers too,
And Germans ye, for gains of more renown,
What here ye seek, already Christ does own.

If, of most Christian, title you’ll maintain,
And you of Catholick, the name will bear,
Why are, by ye, the Christian people slain?
Why spoil ye all, of which polesfs’d they are?
Why do ye not Jerusalem regain,
Which from ye did the renegados tear?
Constantinople, and the best part, why,
O’th’ globe, does Turk polluted occupy?

Hast thou not Africa near to thee, Spain?
Which more than Italy did thee offend:
And yet to put poor wretched her to pain,
Your first fair enterprize you will not end.
O, of all forts of vice thou thinkeing drain,
Italy drunk, thou sleep’st, nor doft attend,
That now to this, and now to ’other race,
Who once serv’d thee, thou’rt now the servant base.

If in your dens of famishing the fear,
Ye Swifs, conduct ye into Lombardy:
To seek some here, who to you bread will spare,
Or kill and eafe you of your poverty:
The riches of the Turks to you are near,
From Greece dislodge, from Europe make them fly,
So from your fafflings you yourselves can free,
Or fall elsewhere with greater dignity.

Like as to you, I to your neighbour say,
The German also: there tho’ riches are,
Which Constantine from Rome once took away,
The worst he gave, the best he off did bear:
Pa’tolus, Hermus, which fine gold display,
Mig’donia, Lydia, and this country fair,
Which, for such praife, ft so many hill’ry note,
Are not, if ye will go, too far remote.

You, Leo great, of whom the back preft’d down,
You, the ponderous weight o’th’ keys of heav’n does bear,
Suffer not, that in sleep itself should drown
Italy, as your hands you’ve in her hair;
The shepherd you, whom God has giv’n to own
This rod, and chosen that dread name to bear,
That you may roar, and may your arms extend,
So that from wolves you may his flock defend.
Where from one speech to other am I gone,
So distant from the way I made but now?
But yet I think, I've not so wander'd on,
That I again to find it do not know:
I said in Syria they'd the fashion
To arm them, as the French at this time do:
That in Damascus pompous was the place,
With people arm'd in helmet and cuirafs.

The lovely nymphs cast from the scaffold, down
Upon the jutters, flowers yellow, red,
While they caufe, to the found o' th' clarion,
Rise up in leaps, or wheel around each feed:
Whether he well or ill may ride, each one
Spurs, and with wyfe to shew himself is led;
Of whom some præfide and reputation find,
Others move laughter, and hear scoffs behind.

An armour was the prize o' th' tournament,
Which had been giv'n the King some days before,
Which, in the road, had found, by accident,
Merchant returning from th' Armenian shore:
The King, wore with moft noble ornament,
To th' armour join'd the vest, thenceon is wore,
And there around pearls, gems, and gold, he plac'd,
Which treafure render'd it of value vaft.

These arms, he had, did but the Monarch know,
He them, 'bove all accoutrements, would prize,
Nor premium in the tilts would them beftow,
Tho' lib'ral he, dispos'd to courtesies:
'Twould tedious be were I inclin'd to shew,
Who once fo flighted, so did them defpife,
Who them had left i' th' middle of the way,
To whofoever there might pafs, a prey.

Of this to you, hereafter I'll declare,
Now of Grifon I'll speak, who there did find,
On coming, broke of lances many a pair;
With pufhes, cuts, about the blades did wind.
Eight were there, to the King moft true and dear,
Who here together in a league were join'd,
Youths, that in arms had skill and induftry,
All either Lords, or of illuftrious family.

These anfwer'd, in th' unbarricaded place,
To ev'ry warrior, one by one a day,
First with the lance, then with the fword, or mace,
Whilst the King pleafure took, them to survey:
And of each other oft pierc'd the cuirafs;
Here they, in fine, thofe actions did in play,
Which would perform foes capital; but ftil,
The King had pow'r to paff them at his will.
This fellow of Antiochia, senseless hot,
Who did the name of coward Martano bear,
As if o’th’ courage, which Grifon had got,
Because he with him was, he had a share,
Boldly march’d in upon the martial spot,
And on one side, then, fix’d, attended there,
Until a combat terrible was done,
Which ’twixt two cavaliers was just begun.

Sceleucia’s lord was of the warriors one,
Who made engagement to support th’ emprise,
In combat, at this time, against Ombruno,
At a push smote him jut betwixt his eyes:
So flew him, whence all felt compassion,
As for a worthy knight him much they prize,
And, besides bounty, of more courteous mien,
Than throughout all this country there had been.

Marten, on seeing this, conceiv’d a fear,
That in like manner might to him fall out,
And his own nature turning now to wear,
How he might fly, began to take in thought:
Grifon, who, nigh him, of this point took care,
Him forward push’d, when much he’d said and wrought,
‘Gainst gallant warrior, who did tow’rds him bear;
As we the dog, the wolf to seize on, clear;

Who ten or twenty paces on does go,
And then he tops, and barking still surveys,
How he his threat’ning teeth does grinning show,
How in his eyes the horrid fire does blaze:
Here where the Princes were assembled now,
So many perfons brave, of noble race,
Marten the coward the encounter flew,
And to the right his head and bridle drew.

But this fault might upon his horfe be lay’d,
Whole back was broad enough his faults to bear;
But such crime he did after with his blade,
That ev’n Demotethenes him could not clear:
He feem’d, as arms of card, not steel he had,
Each stroke, of being hurt, he shew’d such fear:
At last he flies, and does the ranks confound;
At him the multitude all laugh around.

The noyfe clapping of their hands, the cries
Of all th’ populace ’gainst him arose:
Back, as a hunted wolf, Martano hies,
And, in great haste, to his retreat he goes:
Grifon remains, and, by the injuries
Of his companion, foul and spotted shows:
He would have been amidst a fiery blaze,
Rather, than find himself thus, in this place.
92. He burns at heart, and in his face does flame, 
As if his own were all that infamy, 
For that his deed of flamp would be the same, 
The crowd expect to find, most eagerly: 
So that to shine, more bright than torch's gleam, 
His valour, at this juncture, needed he; 
For finger's breadth of error, by him done, 
Will seem six yards by ill impression.

93. Already on his thigh Grifon had ta'en 
His lance, which little us'd to miss its way, 
Then he hiscourier forward push'd amain, 
And, when advance'd, it downwards did convey, 
And carry'd with his stroke extremepest pain, 
Beating to earth th' Lord of Sidonia: 
In wonder, all stood on their feet erect, 
For all the contrary of this expect.

94. Grifon turn'd round, and the same spear did weild, 
Which found he had recover'd perfectly, 
And, in three pieces, broke it on the shield, 
At summit, of the Lord of Lodocy: 
Who oft gave sign of tumbling to the field, 
For on his horse's rump fretch'd out was he; 
But rais'd again, at last, his sword he drew, 
Wheel'd round his steel, and at Grifon he flew.

95. Grifon, who seated fees him, and th' attack 
So fierce not cause him to the ground to go, 
Says to himself, Whate'er my lance may lack, 
In five or six strokes, this my sword shall do; 
And o'er the temples, fudden, him does hack, 
So over-hand, that feen'd from heav'n each blow, 
And one and t'other follow'd still so near, 
That, now quite stun'd, he him to earth did bear.

96. Two brothers, of Apamia, next came on, 
Who in tilts usuall'y th' saddle play'd; 
Call'd Thrisis and Corimbo, by the Ion 
Of Olivier they're top't-turvy lay'd: 
One, at first meeting, from his feat was thrown, 
'Gainst t'other he to work had fet his blade. 
By common judgment, now 'twas seen most clear, 
Who of the tournaments the prize would have.

97. Salintern does i'th' lifts himself present, 
Grand marshall to the King, He poft did own, 
And of the kingdom had the government, 
And, for his strength, was warrior of renown; 
He, by outlandish warrior, did refer; 
The prize should of the tournaments be won, 
Takes up a lance, and to Grifon he cries, 
And, with a mighty threat'ning, him defies.
98. Ma quel con un lancio gli fa risposta, 
CB'avea per lo miglior fra dieci elotto; 
E per non far erro, lo scudo apposta, 
E via lo passa, e la corazza, e l'petto. 
Passa il ferro crudel tra cofa, e cofa, 
E fuor pel tergo un palmo ece di netto. 
Il calpo, ecetto al Re, fu a tutti caro; 
CB'ogn'un odiava Salinterno avaro.

99. Grifone appresso a questi in terra getta 
Duo di Damosco, Ermosilo, e Carmonde, 
La milizia del Re dal primo è retta, 
Dal mar grande Armiraglio è quel secondo. 
Lafcià a lo scontro l'un la fella in fretta; 
Addofo a l'altro fi riviera il pondo 
Del rio deftrier, che fof tener non puote 
L'alto valor con che Grifon percuote.

100. Il Signor di Seleucia ancor restava, 
Miglior guerrier di tutti gli altri fette; 
E ben la sua paffanza, accompagnava 
Con deftrier buono e con arme perfette. 
Dove de l'elmo la vifta fi chiava, 
L'afta a lo scontro l'un e l'altro mette. 
Pur Grifon maggior colpo al Pagan dice, 
Che lo fe staffaggiar dal manco piede.

101. Gittaro i tronchi; e fi tornaro addofo 
Pieni di molto ardir e i brandi nudi. 
Fu il Pagan prima da Grifon percoffe 
D'un colpo, che spezzato avria l'includi. 
Con quel fender fi vide e ferro, e deffo 
D'un, che elletto s'aveva tra mille fudi, 
E fe non era doppio, e fin l'arme, 
Feria la cofia, ove cadendo fecfe.

102. Feri quel di Seleucia a la visiera 
Grifone a un tempo: e fu quel colpo tanto, 
Che l'aviria aperta e rossa, fe non era 
Fatta, come l'altre arme, per incanto. 
Glie un perdere tempo, che l'Pagan più fera, 
C'jì fon l'arme dure in ogni canto; 
E in più parte Grifon gia fefsa, e rossa 
Ha l'armatura a lui, ne perde botta.

103. Ognun potea veder quanto di sotto 
Il Signor di Seleucia era a Grifone; 
E se partir non fi la fi Re di sotto, 
Quel, che fall'peggio, la vita vi pone. 
P: Norandino a la sua guardia motto, 
Ch'entrafe a dtpaccar l'opra tenzone. 
Quindi fi l'am, e quindi l'altro tratto, 
E, u lodato il Re di fi buon atto.

98. But he, with lance immense, to him reply'd, 
Which, for the best, from out of ten, he chose, 
And, to make sure, it to his shield did guide, 
And thro' cuirass, and breast, and him, it goes; 
The cruel steel pass'd th'fide from side to side, 
And out his back a palm clean th'o it shows: 
All, fare the King, the stroke gave pleasure great; 
For niggard Salinter they all did hate.

99. Not far from these to earth Grifone cast 
Hermosil and Carmonde, Damafcan they, 
The firit was o'er the King's militia plac'd, 
Great Admiral the second of the sea; 
At the attack one quits his feat in hafte, 
On t'other's back reverse'd his couler lay 
With deadly weight, as he fufaft could not 
The mighty force with which Grifone smote.

100. As yet remain'd there the Selucian knight, 
Than all the seven, better warrior thought; 
And well he with his power did unite 
A war-horse good, and arms completely wrought: 
There, where the helmet closes to the fight, 
For the assault his spear each of them brought; 
But Grifon gave the Pagan greater blow, 
Which from the stirrup his left foot did throw.

101. Their spears cast by, they at each other go, 
F ill'd with much fire, each with his naked blade: 
Grifon first to the Pagan gave a blow, 
Such stroke as anvils might to bits have bray'd: 
With which the steel and bone were seen cleft thro': 
Of shield, from thousands which he choice had made: 
And if not double, and arms temper'd well, 
It had pierc'd thro' his thigh, whereon it fell.

102. He of Selucia, on the vizor smote, 
Grifon, at the same time, with blow so great, 
It would have broke it open, were it not 
Enchanted, as of all his arms the blade: 
By strokes, but losfs of time the Pagan got, 
On arms, which he no side could penetrate: 
In many parts Grifon now cleft and broke 
His armour for him, nor had lost a stroke.

103. How much inferior, ev'ry one could see, 
This the Selucian Lord was to Grifon, 
And if the King don't part them suddently, 
What would be worse, his life he must lay down: 
A sign the Guards had from his Majesty, 
To go and stop the sharp contention: 
This side and that, the one and other speed; 
Prais'd was the Monarch for the worthy deed.
The eight, who did t' oppose the world pretend,
And were not able, now, to fland 'gainst one;
As they their party poorly did defend,
One after t' other, out the field were gone:
The rest, that came there, with them to contend,
Continue here without contention,
As, for them, singly, Grifon off did break
What all of them 'gainst eight would undertake.

And this their feast, so small time did endure,
That all, in a short hour, was done and past;
But Norandin to longer sport enure,
And until evening to make it last,
Descends, the place to empty does procure,
And then divides in two th' assemblage vast:
Then, suiting each's prowefl and defcent,
He, coupling them, made a new tournament.

Mean time Grifon return'd back to his place,
With raging fury torn, and fill'd with ire;
And Martan's shame did more his mind debate,
Than pleas'd the honour, vict'ry to acquire:
Thence to remove all round him the disgrace,
Martiart his truthles lips sets to confpire;
The lying trumpet, with her art refin'd,
The best she could, in his assistance join'd.

Whether or no the youth might this believe,
He the excuse accepts, as most discreet:
And for the best at this time did conceive,
Quiet and secret, thence were to retreat:
For fear that if the populace perceive
Martan appear, they might disturbance meet:
So, by a way most hidden, and most straight,
They took the road, out by the city gate.

Whether himself Grifon, or horse might be
Weary'd, or else his eyes by sleep weigh'd down,
He braft at the first inn, which they could see,
Ere they as yet above two miles had gone;
Takes off his helm, disarms him totally,
From th' horses caus'd the bits and faddles throw'd:
Lonely himself does in his room enclofe,
And naked for his sleep to bed he goes.

His head he scarcely had so soon lay'd low,
His eyes he clos'd, oppress'd with sleep profound,
In so deep way, that never did cuckow,
Or dormouse ever sleep like him so found.
Mean time Martan and Origil now go,
To walk th' garden, which hard-by they found,
And a deceit the strangeft they began,
That ever fell into the thought of man.
Mariano Scudo, Tulle Di Blanche Che Colui, L'abbraccia, Che Quel A Che'l l'incitor Bello, Origillc Temendo Mand Ne II Dove andare Origille Ma /?'? giunfe fa Norandino, girar qual carte gli per quando il bajlariay maifirifvegli oftnc. il gridarlo fua Fafino Re name delrijer v'ejfcr e Re bajla voce di Re, palazzofuo e, ufci ornar l'armc, ancora, dcjlo, ebada, fuo n'andv, giojlra a cortefe di lui nelrione dejlrier avc la bianche penne, Bianche le vejfi, e bianco il corridor ; Che'l nome non fapea del vincitore.

Colui, ch'indoffo il non suo cuoio aveva, Come l'afino gia quel del lione ; Chiamato, fe n'andò, come attendeva, A Norandina, in loco di Grifone. Quel Re cortese incontro fe gli leva, L'abbraccia, bacia, e a lato fe la pone. Ne gli bafta onorarlo, e dargli lada, Che vuol che'l suo valor per tutto s'oda.

E fa gridarlo al suon de gli oricalchi Vincitor de la gioftra di quel giorno. L'alta voce ne va per tutti i palchi ; Che'l nome indegnou udir fa d'ogn'intorno. Seco il Re vuol, ch' a par a par cavalcbe, Quando al palazzo fuo poi fa ritorno ; E di sua grazia tanto gli comparte, Che basilfia, fe fojfe Ercule, o Marte.

Bello, ed ornato alloggiamento dielli In corte ; ed onorar fece con lui Origille ancor, e nobili donzelli Mandò con essa, e cavalicri fii. Ma tempo è, ch'anco di Grifon favelli ; Il qual n. dal compagno, nè d'altrui Témando inganno, addormentato s'era ; Nè mai fi rifogliò fino la sera.

Poi, che fu deflo, e che de l'ora tarda S'accorfe, uši di camera con fritta : Dove il falso cognato, e la buggiarda Origille lafcio con l'altra fetta; E quando nun gli trova, e che riguarda Non v'effe l'arme, nè i panni, fojpetta. Ma il veder poi più fopetto fi il fece L insfegne del compagno in quella vece.

With 'fquires and madam, where the multitude As yet remain'd, he on the piazza pres'd, And came in time, when they the proofs conclude Of wheeling sword, or putting lance 'th' reft: The King commands, that find the knight they fhou'd, Who feathers white had carry'd for his creft, His veftments white, his courier too the fame, For of the conqu'ror he knew not the name.

He, who the skin now wore, was not his own, As once that of the lion did the afs, As he expected, went, now call'd upon, Unto King Norandin in Grifon's place ; The courteous King rofe to him from his throne, Sets him befide him, after fond embrace : Nor thinks he praife and honour fit reward, But wills, his valour all about be heard.

And to the clarion's found caus'd be expres'd, Him conqueror of that day's tournament : The lofty voice thro' all the scaffolds pres'd, And name unworthy all around was fent : The King would have him ride with him abreast, When back again he to the palace went, And fuch vaft favour did tow'rds him devife, Had he been Mars, or Herc'les, might suffice.

He gave him lodgings rich with ornament, In court, and with him caus'd to honour'd be Origil alfo, and with her he fent His knights and pages of nobility ; But of Grifon to speak, time does prefent, From his companion, he no treachery, Nor other fearing, his found fleep did take, Nor till the day was gone did e'er awake.

Soon as he wak'd, and late the hour he knew, He from his chamber ifues hastily, Where he the brother falle, and trumpet true Origil, left, with their own company ; And when he found them not, nor yet did view His arms or cloaths, fufpicion now had he ; But, then, to fee, caus'd more fuspicion, Instead, the arms of his companion.
Canto 17.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

116.
Sopravviene l'offese, e di colui l'informa
Che già gran pezzo di bianchi' arme adornò
Con la donna, e col resto de la torre
Avve ne la città fatto ritornò.

Truova Grifone a poco a poco forma;
Ch' a sopra gli avea Amor fin' a quel giorno;
E con suo gran dolor ve de effer quello
Adulter d'Origille, e non fratello.

Di sua sciocchezza indarno ora si duole;
Ch' avendo il cer dal peregrino udito,
Lasciato mutar sabbia a le parole
Di chi l'avea più volte già tradito.

Vendicar sì potea, ne feppe; or vuole
L'immorale punir, che gli è fuggito:
Ed è costretto con troppo gran fallo
A tor di quel vill' uomo l'arme e l' cavallo.

118.
Eragli meglio andar senz'arme, e nudo,
Che porfi indosso la corazza indegna;
O ch' imbriaciar l' abominato fered,
O por sì l' almo la beffata ingiuria;
Ma per seguir la meretrice e'l drudo,
Ragione in lui pari al disio non regna,
A tempo venne a la città; ch' ancora
Il giorno avea quasi di vivere un' ora.

Presso la porta, ove Grifon venia,
Siede a finir una splendida celsella,
Che più che forte, e ch' è a guerra sito,
Di ricche stanze è accommodato e bello.
Il Re, i Signori, i primi di Soria
Con alte donne in un gentil drapezzo
Celebravano quivi in loggia amena
La real, fontuosa, e lieta cena.

119.
La bella loggia sopra il muro usciva
Con l' alta rocca fuor de la città;
E lungo tratto di lontan sopra
I larghi campi, e le diverse strade;
Or che Grifon verso la porta arrivò
Con quell' arme d' obbrobro, e di voltare,
Fu con non troppo avventurofa sorte
Dal Re veduto, e da tutta la corte.

120.
E rupitato quel di e avea ingiuria,
Mosse le donne, e i cavalieri a vifo.
Il vil Martano, come quel, che regna
In gran favor; dopo'l Re, e'l primo esso,
E presso a lui la donna di se degna;
Dai quali Norandin con lieto viso
Volse faper chi fosse quel codardo,
Che così avea al suo onor poco riguardo.

121.
The host comes on, of him gives notice too,
That, long time since, in the white arm's array,
With the wench, and the others of their crew,
H'ad to the city made again his way:
Now, by degrees, Grifon thofe foot STEPS knew,
Which love had hidden from him, to this day;
And, to his sorrow great, found this to be
Origil's paramour; no brother he.

117.
In vain laments now for his indolence,
As stranger did to him the truth convey,
That h'ad been chang'd fo by her influence,
Who him, so oft, was custom'd to betray:
On her he could not take revenge immense,
His foe he'll punish, who is fled away:
And, by great error, is oblig'd per force,
Of this vile wretch to take the arms and horfe.

118.
Naked to go, unarm'd, far better was,
Than this unworthy armour to have worn,
Or this abominable shield embrace,
Or on his helmet bear thofe marks of scorn;
But to perfume this whore and comrade base,
Desire in him had reason overborne:
He to the city came, what time the day
Had, as it were, an hour alive to stay.

119.
Near to the gate, where Grifon came along,
At the left hand, a splendid castle stood,
That more, than suit' inge made for war or strong,
With chambers rich, fine and commodious he'd;
The King, the Lords, of Syria's chiefs the throng,
With noble ladies, in a genteel crowd,
There, in a pleiant gall'ry celebrate
The feast, and royal sumptuous supper eat.

120.
Over the walls projects this gallery,
Without the city, where the celfale lays;
And a long tract, far off, you may defcry
The spacious fields and many different ways:
Now as Grifon towards the gate came nigh,
Drefs'd in thofe arms opprobrious, of disgrace,
He was, in not an overlucky fort,
Discover'd by the King and all the court.

121.
And ta'en for him, whose ensign he did bear,
The cavaliers and nymphs with laughter shook.
The vile Martan, as one, who pow'r did share
In the King's favour high, place next him took;
And, worthy of him, madam to him near:
Of the whom Norandin, with cheerful look,
Who might this coward be, inclin'd to know,
So small regard did to his honour show.

M m

122.
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Canto 17.

Who, after proof so infamous and base,
Again to come here has th' effrontery:
He said, This seems to me unusual cafe,
That, as a warrior flout and brave you be,
Him you companion bear, who no way has
Throughout the east his like in infamy:
Perhaps you don't, to make us greater fee
Your lofty valour; by such contrary.

But, by th' eternal Deity, I swear,
That were it not, but that I you regard,
I'd caufe him publick ignominy share,
As thofe, like him, I utially reward;
And give him caufe, he should in mem'ry bear,
That I'm of cowardice a foe declar'd;
But know, if hence he goes unpunished,
'Tis thanks to you, who him to thefe parts led.

He, the depofite of all villainy,
Reply'd, Most mighty Lord, I can not say
Who the man is; I found him, casually
Upon the road, from Antiochia:
And was perfuaded by his femblance high,
He worthy was along with me to stay,
As I of him had feen or heard no proof,
Save this he did to day, that's bad enough.

Which so displeas'd, myself I near did find,
To punifh his fo base poltroonery,
A game to fhw him, then, of fuch a kind,
He ne'er again or fword or lance should try;
But, more than him, I to refpect inclin'd
The place and rev'rencc of your Majefty:
Nor would I he fhould any profit gain,
With me a day or two thus to remain.

By which, ev'n now, I blemish'd feem to be,
And on my will be eternal weight,
If, of the trade of arms to th' injury,
From hence unpunifh'd, I fee him retreat:
And better far you me would fatisfy,
Than let him off, to hang him at the gate:
Thus would a princely worthy act be done,
To cowards, as in mirrour, he example shown.

Marten had 'Origil, of what he said,
Prompt, without hint, t' affert the verity:
The King reply'd, His act is not so bad,
That, in my judgment, he deferves to die:
I will, for punishment of crime so fad,
He but renew the people's jollity.
And to a Baron, whom he fet for, soon
Gave his commands, of all he would have done.
Canto 17.

128.
Quel Baron molti armati seco tolse,
Ed à la porto de la terra sece;
E qui con silenzio li raccolse,
E la venuta di Grifone attece,
E ne l'entrar fi d'improvviso il colse,
Che fra i due ponti a salvamento il prese;
E lo ritemen con beffe, e con scono
In una oscura, stanza infran al giorno.

129.
Il Sole appena avea il dorato crine
Tolto di grembo à la nutrice antica:
E cominciava da le piaggie Alpine
A cacciari l'ombre, e far la cima aprica;
Quando temendo il vil Martan, ch'al sive
Grifone arditò la sua causa dica,
E ritornò la colpa, ond'erascita;
Tolse licenzia, e fece indi partita,

130.
Trovando idonea scusa al priego regio,
Che non fiia à lo fpettacolo ordinato.        
Altri doni gli avea fatto, col pregio
De la, not sua vittoria, il Signor grato.
E sopra tutto un'ampio privilegio,
Doveva d'alti onori al sommo ornato.
La Scian lo andar; ch'io vi prometto certo,
Che la mercede avrà secondo il merto.

131.
Fu Grifon tratto à gran vergogna in piazza,
Quando più si trovò piena di gente.
Gli avean levato l'elmo, e la corazza,
E lasciato in faretto assai vilmente;
E, come il conduefiero à la massa,
Pofo l'avean sopra un carro eminenti.
Che lento lenso tiravan due vacche
Da lunga fame attenuate, e fisie.

132.
Venian d'intorno à la ignobil quadriga
Vecchie sfacciate, e difonete putte;
Di che n'era una, ed un altra aura;
E con gran biasmo lo mordeano tutte.
Lo poneano i fantulli in maggior briga
Che oltre le parole infami e brutte,
L'avrian ciò sotto in a morte osso;
Se da i piaggi non era disfio.

133.
L'arme, che del suo male erano state
Cagion, che di lui non vero indicio,
Da la coda del carro strascinate
Patian nel fango debito supplicio.
Le ruote innanzi à un tribunal fermate
Gli fero ndir de l'altrei maleficio
La sua ignominia, ch'è su gli occhi detta
Gli su, gridando un publico trombetta.

128.
This Baron took with him an armed crew,
And, of this town, defended to the gate,
And them assembled here in silence drew,
Till for the coming of Grifon they wait,
And him, at th' entrance, sudden, they took to,
Then, 'twixt the bridges, seize him, at face rate,
And him retain, with mocks, in scornful way,
In a dark room, until the follow' wing day.

129.
His golden tresses scarcely had the fun
From out his ancient nurse's lap convey'd,
And of the Alpine mountains now begun
To make the fummits thine and chace the shada,
When vile Martano, in long run
The brave Grifon his case would have display'd,
And on him turn the crime, whence h' ad got out,
Takes his quick leave, thence going on his route.

130.
To the King's pray'r, did fit excuse invent,
That at th' appointed show he could not be:
The grateful Prince did other gifts present
To him, the price of, not his, victory;
And, above all, an ample instrument,
To honour's summit where adorn'd was he.
Let him go off; for sure I promise you,
That he shall have reward t' his merit due.

131.
Grifon was, in great shame, brought to the square,
When it most full with crowds of people was:
From him his helmet and cuirass they tear,
And in his doublet left, in manner base;
And, as if he to death conducted were,
On a car eminent they him did place,
Which, gently, slowly, on, two cows did drag,
Lean, by long hunger, that could scarcely wag.

132.
Around th' ignoble vehicle, came on
Old women impudent, many'a base jade,
Whereof this cart'sels now, now other one,
And all with biting flander him invade:
The boys 'gainst him in greater troops were shown,
Who, besides words foul, infamous they said,
Would him with stones, ev'n unto death, offend,
Did not the wiser people him defend.

133.
The arms, which of his ill had been the cause,
Which of him had description giv'n not true,
And which the backside of the carriage draws,
Suffer, in mud, the punishment that's due:
The wheels now stop, before a bench of laws,
They caus'd him hear the crime, did other do,
The scandal, which was spoke before his eyes,
Attended by a publick trumpet's cries.
CANTO XVIII.

1. My noble Lord, your ev'ry glorious feat
   I have with justice prais'd, and now give laud;
   Tho' with rough style, so harsh and incompleat,
   You of great part of glory I defraud:
   One virtue more than all I celebrate,
   Which both with heart and tongue I must applaud,
   That tho' to all you gen'rous audience give,
   They find you not too easy to believe.

2. Oft in defence of th'absent when accus'd,
   I many arguments have heard you put:
   For him, at leaft, 'till present he produce
   What he could say, one of your ears kept shut:
   And, ere you condemnation's sentence clos'd,
   Would see the party, hear his reafons out;
   Nay, yet defer for days, months, or a year,
   Before, to other's hurt, you judgment would declare.

3. Did Norandin in manner like proceed,
   To Grifon he had never done such act:
   To you still use and honour did succed;
   But more than pitch, his character he black'd:
   By him his people caft to death did bleed;
   For by ten strokes with which Grifon had hack'd,
   And with ten stabs he in his fury made,
   Thirty were dead around the carriage laid.
Van gli altri in rota, ove il timor gli caccia,
Chi qui, chi là, ne i campi, e per le strade;
E chi d'entrar ne la città procaccia,
E l'un sì l'altro ne la porta cade.

Grifon non fa parole, e non minaccia:
Ma lasciando lontana ogni pietade,
Mena tra il volgo inerme il ferro intorno,
E gran vendetta fa d'ogni suo sorno.

Di quei, che primi giunsero à la porta,
Che le piante à levarsi ebbon pronte,
Parte al bisogno molto più accorta,
Che degl'amici, altbà sbiito il ponte:
Piangendo parte, ò con la faccia smorta
Fuggendo andò senza mai volger fronte,
E ne la terra per tutte le bande
Levò grido, tumulto, e rumor grande.

Grifon gagliardo due ne piglia in quella,
Ch'el ponte si levò, per lor sciagura.
Sparse de l'uno al campo le cverelle;
Che lo percuote ad una cote dura:
Prende l'altro nel petto, e l'arrandella
In mezzo à la città sopra le mura.
Scorso per l'offa à i terrazzioni il gielo;
Quando vider colui venir dal cielo.

Fur molti, che temer, ch'el fier Grifone
Sopra le mura avesse prefo un salto.
Non vi farebbe più confusione,
S'è Damasco il Soldan deffe l'assalto.
Un muover d'arme, un corver di perjone,
E di Talaminini un gridar d'alto,
E di tamburi un fùon misto, e di trombe
Il mondo affrada, e' ciel par ne' rimbombe.

Ma voglio à un'altra volta differire
A ricontar ciò che di questo avvenne.
Del buon Re Carlo m'io convien seguire,
Che contra Rodomonte in fretta venne,
Il qual le genti gli faceva morire.
Io vi dissi, ch'el Re compagnia tenne
Il gran Danese, e Namo, ed Olivier,
E Avino, e Avolio, e Ottone, e Berlingiero.

Otto fioriti di lance, che da forza
Di tali otto guerrier cacciati fiorì,
Sostenne à un tempo la scagliosa scorza,
Di c'avea armato il petto il crudo Moro.
Come legno si dirizza, poi che l'orza
Lenta il nocchier, che cresser s'ento il Coro;
Cofi prefo rizzossi Rodomonte
Da i colpi, che gittar dovesse un monte.

Some routed fly, where'er their terrours drive,
Some here, some there, o'er fields, along the way,
And some to enter in the city strive,
Some at the gates upon each other lay:
No words or menaces does Grifon give,
But, ceasing all compassion to display,
Thro' the defenceless mob he wields his blade,
And for their scorn an ample vengeance paid.

Of those, who soonest to the portal sped,
Who had the heels more swift, danger to shun;
Part, by much more alert for their own need,
Than for their friends, the drawbridge pull'd up soon,
And others weeping, or with aspect dead,
Ne'er turning back their face, kept flying on,
And thro' the town, in all the parts about,
Were tumults rais'd, and cries and horrid rout.

'Mongst those the powfull Grifon seiz'd on two,
'Gainst whom the bridge was rais'd by their ill fate,
One's brains about the field he did beftrew,
As him against a craggy stone he beat;
Seizing the other by the breast he threw
Over the city walls, amid their street:
Thorough the people's bones ran chilling cold,
The wretch from heav'n defending, to behold.

That fierce Grifon, many there were did dread,
Would o'er their very walls have made a vault,
Nor would there have been more confusion spread,
Damascius if the Calif did assualt;
The noise of arms and those about who fled,
And of the scouts, who did their cries exalt,
The drums and trumpets in promiscuous found,
Deafen'd the earth, and made the heaven rebound.

But till another time I'd put off you
From the account of what here, after pass'd,
Now good King Charles it's meet I should perfue,
Who against Rodomont came on in haste,
Who numbers of his armed people flew,
I said, in the King's retinue were plac'd
The Danith knight, Namo, and Olivier,
Avin, Avolio, Otho, Berlingier.

Eight lance's strokes, which strongly him affail,
By eight such warriors, in their fury press'd,
At once sustains his scaly coat of mail,
With which the horrid Moor had arm'd his breast.
As mounts the veffel, soon as shifs the fail
The mariner, who finds the rising west;
So himself suddenly rais'd Rodomont
From blows, which might have overthrown a mount.
Canto 18.

10. Guido, Ranier, Riccardo, Salamone,
Ganelon traditor, Turpin fedele,
Angiolieri, Angiolino, Uggetto, Ivone,
Marco, e Matteo dal pian di San Michele,
E gli otto, di che dianzi sei menzione,
Son tutti intorno al Saracino crudele,
Arimanno, e Odoardo d'Inghilterra,
Ch'entrati eran pur dianzi ne la terra.

11. Non così freme in sú lo scoglio Alpino
Di ben fondata rocca alta parete;
Quando il furor di Borea, o di Garibino
Sulle sa monti il frasifio, e l'abete,
Come freme d'orgoglio il Saracino
Di sfegno acceso, e di fanguglia fete;
E come a un tempo è il tuono, e la fanta,
Cos'ira de l'empio, e la vendetta.

12. Menà la testa a quel, che gli è più presso,
Che gli è il miofero Ughetto di Dordona;
Lo pone in terra infino a i denti feffo,
Come che l'emo era di tempra buona.
Percoffo fu tutto in un tempo anch'esso
Da molti colpi in tutta la persona:
Ma non gli fan più ch'a l'incudo l'ago,
Si duro intorno ha lo scaglioso drago.

13. Furo tutti i ripar, fu la città
D'intorno intorno abandonata tutta;
Che la gente à la piazza, dove accade
Maggior bisogno, Carlo avea ridutta.
Corre à la piazza da tutte le strade
La turbà, à chi il fuggir si poco frutta.
La persona del Re si cuori accende,
Ch'ognun prend'arme, ogni animo prende.

14. Come fe dentro à ben ritubiu fa gabbia
D'antiqua leonefà uflata in guerra
Per'averne piacer il popol abbia,
Tal volta il tauro indomito si ferra;
I leoncini che veggion per la gabbia
Come altiero, e muggiando animo erra
E veder fi gran corna non fon ufi;
Stanno da parte timidì, e confusi.

15. Ma fe la fiera madre à quel silenzio
E ne l'erechie attacca il crudel dente;
Vogliono anch'essì insanguinar la guancia;
E vengono in soccorso ardimente;
Chi morde al tauro il dòsso, e chi la panza.
Cosi contra il Pagan fa quella gente
Da tetti, e da finestre, e più d'appresso
Sopra gli piove un nembo d'arme, e spesso.

16. Guido, Ranier, Riccardo, Salamone,
The traitor Ganelon, faithful Turpin,
Angioler, Angiolin, Hughet, Ivon,
Marcus and Matthew of St. Michael's plain,
And th'eight, whom I before did mention,
Were all around the dreadful Saracin,
Edward and Ariman of Britain's isle,
Who had been enter'd in these walls some while.

11. Not so upon the Alpine cliff does fret
The lofty side of the well-founded rock,
When the south blast or north, in fury great
The beech or pine does from the mountain pluck,
As frets, with pride the Saracen elate,
In flame, with thirst of blood and anger, fruck:
And as at once the thunderbolt and fire,
So was his impious vengeance and his ire.

12. A stroke he drove at th' head of him most near,
This was the wretched Hughet of Dordone;
Cleft to the teeth him to the earth did bear,
Altho' with temper fine his helmet phone:
At the fame instant he himself did share
Many a stroke, all over him laid on;
But him, as needle would an anvil, wound;
His dragon's scales do him to firm surround.

13. Deferted was the city all about,
And ev'ry-where abandon'd was each mound;
For the folks to the piazza, where fell out
Much greater bus'ness, Charles had call'd around;
Swift to the piazza hurry'd the whole rout,
By ev'ry way, as flight was fruitless found:
The presence of the King their hearts so warms,
Each one takes courage, ev'ry one takes arms.

14. As, if within the well-scut menag'ry,
An ancient lions, for fight they use,
So that the people may diverted be,
They a wild buffaloe sometimes enclose;
The youngling lions, on the fand who fee,
How proudly bell'wing he courageous goes,
And his vaft horns they fy, to which unus'd
They stand aside, affrighted and confus'd;

15. But if their furious mother at him fly,
And with her cruel fangs his ear seize on,
They too incline their chops with blood to dye,
And to her aid with eagernefs they run;
Some with their teeth his back, his pannch some ply;
So gain'd the Pagan by the crowd was done,
From roofs of houfes, windows, and more near;
A cloud of arms in show's upon him bear.
Canto 18.

Of cavalry and of the infantry
The croud so great was, scarcey room they found:
The multitude, that came thro' ev'ry way,
From time to time, like swarms of bees abound;
Who, tho' if naked and unarm'd were they,
Easty as cabbage, turnep, cut to ground,
They cou'd not, join'd heap on heap to a mount,
In twenty days been chopt by Rodomont.

The Saracen, who knew not to what head
This might arrive, such sport did now displease,
The land by more than thousands now made red,
Little around the people did decrease:
His breath mean while still more diminished,
So that unles he goes, at length he fees,
In vigour now and his whole body fane,
He may incline to go, when it will prove in vain,

Rolling about his horrid eyes, survey'd,
That ev'ry pais was round him clos'd outright;
But of the croud immense, with slaughter made,
One soon he'll open and will expedite:
Behold, now brandishing his cutting blade,
Comes on this impious, where rage did invite,
'Gainst the new British squadron to make head,
Which Ariman and Edward thither led.

Who on the plain has seen the palisade, [throng,
Round which like waves, prefs on the crowding
Broke by the furious bull, whom dogs invade;
Provok'd to wrath and finom'd all day long,
From whom the populace fly off, in dread,
While one or t'other by his horns are flung,
May think, that such or yet more dreadful prov'd
The cruel African, where'er he mov'd

Fifteen or twenty he cuts crofs in two,
As many more he left their heads off chopt;
Each one, with downright or a fideling blow,
As vines are prun'd or as the willow topt;
With blood the Pagan did himself bedew,
Leaving their skulls cleft down and their arms lopt;
Legs, shoulders, other members scatter'd lay,
Where'er he turns his steps; at length he went away.

From off the square such way, in sight, he goes,
That none could mark in him the smallest dread:
But all the while thoughts in his mind arose,
By which way might his safest pais be made.
Arrives at laft where the Sein's current flows
Beneath the ifle and quits the eplanade:
The soldiery and people, bolder grow
Follow, molest his way, nor let him quiet go.
Canto 18.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

22. Qual per le selve Nomade, o Masfia.
Cacciata va la generosa belva,
Ch’ancor fuggendo mostra il cuor gentile,
E minaccia, e leva si rinferva:
Tal Rodomonte in ne’fino atto vile,
Da frena circondato, e fiera selva.
D’aste, e di spade, e di vololanti dardi,
Si tira al fiume à pasi lunghi, e zardi.

23. E si tre volte, e più l’ira il fociusse,
Ch’offendente già fuor, vi tornò in mezzo;
Ome di sangue la spada ristinse,
E più di cento ne lessò di mezzo.
Ma la ragione al fin la rabbia vinse
Di non far sì, che à Dio’andasse il lezzo;
E da la ripa per miglior consiglio
Si gittò à l’acqua, e usò dì gran periglio.

24. Con tutte l’arme andò per mezzo l’acque,
Come s’intorno aveva tante galle.
Africa, in te pare à colui non nacque,
Benché d’Anteo ti vanti, e d’Anniballe.
Poi che fu giunto à proda, gli dispiaque,
Che sì vede restar dopo le selle
Quella città, e avea traiorsa tutta:
E non l’avea tutta arla, né distrutta.

25. E si rode la superbia, e l’ira,
Che per tornarvi un’altra volta guarda;
E di profondo cuor, e fôsitra,
Nè vuole uscir, che non la spiana ed arda:
Ma lungo à fiume à questa furia mira
Venir, chi l’odio esistiga, e l’ira tarda.
Ch’io fuosse io vi fard ben toto udire;
Ma prima un’altra cofa v’ho da dire.

26. Io v’ho da dir de la Discordia altera;
A cui l’Angel Michele avea commesso,
Ch’a battaglia accendesse, e à lite fiera
Quasi, che più forti avea Agramante oppresso.
Ufì de’ Frati la medefima fera
Avendo altrui l’efficio suo commesso;
Lasciò la Fraude à guerreggiare il loco,
Fin che torna, e à mantenervi il fuoco.

27. E le parole, ch’andria con più poffanza,
Se la superbia ancor fico menesse;
E perché stavano tutte in una fiana,
Non fu biogna, ch’à cercar l’andaffe.
La Superbia v’andò; ma non, che fanza,
La sua vicaria il monaster lasciasso.
Per pochi di, che credea stante absent,
Lasciò l’ipocrisia Lovotenece.

28. As, thro’ Nomada’s or Masfia’s wood,
The gen’rous beast from his perfuers roves,
That, e’en in flight, displays his noble blood,
Threat’ning and flew, back to the forest moves;
So Rodomont, to no mean act subdu’d,
Surrounded by the strange and dreadful groves
Of swords, of lances, and of flying darts, [parts.
With footsteps long and heavy, tow’rds the stream de-

23. And thrice or more him fo his fury fur’d,
That being out, he ’midst them turn’d again,
Where with their blood he dy’d once more his sword,
And more were ’mongst them than a hundred flain;
But reaon finally his rage o’erpow’r’d,
That heaven’s vengeance he might not fustain.
And from the banks, by judgment more sedate,
Plung’d in the waves and issu’d from this peril great.

24. With all his arms he ’midst the water went,
As o’er him were so many bladders tost:
Afric, from thee his like can’t claim defcent,
Tho’ of Anteus, Hannibal, you boast:
When to the shoar arriv’d, he’s discontent,
As seeing thus behind him left, he’s crost’d,
This city, which he wholly did invade,
And had not raz’d and into ailes laid.

25. And him so gnaws his pride and raging fire,
That to return once more he looks around,
And from his depth of heart does moan, suspire,
Nor will he go, ’till it he burns to ground.
But sees come by the stream, amidst his ire,
One, quench’d his hate and to his wrath fet bound,
Who this was, I will give you soon to hear;
But first another thing I must declare.

26. I am to tell, how Discord insolent,
To whom the Angel Michael gave command,
To light up battle and fierce discontent,
’Midst the most brave of Agramante’s band,
That very midnight, from the brothers went,
Leaving her office to another hand;
Fraid she had left, the place to keep in feud,
’Till the return’d and still the fires make good.

27. It seem’d, that she would travel on more grand,
If that she also Pride should with her lead,
And, as they both in one apartment stand,
That she should go to seek her, was no need:
Pride also went; but first she did command
Her vicar, left i’ th’ convent in her stead;
For the few days, she thought herself t’ absent,
She left Hypocrify her lieutenant.
Canto 18.

28.

L'implacabile Discordia in compagnia
De la Superbia si move in camino,
E ritrovò, che la medesima via
Facea per gire al campo Saracino.
L'affitto a sconfitta Gelofia;
E venia sec un nano piccino;
Il qual mandava Doralice bella
Al Re di Sarza à dar di s'era novella.

29.

Quando ella venne à Mandricardo in mano,
Ch'io o'bo già raccontato, e come, e dove,
Tacitamente avea comesso al nano,
Che ne portasse à quello Re le nuove.
Ella sperò, che non saprebbe in mano,
Ma che far si vedria mirabil prova,
Per riaverla con crudel vendetta.
Da quel ladron, che gli l'ava intercettata, abbandonò.

30.

La Gelofia quel nano avea trovato,
E la cagion del suo venir compresa,
A camminar fe' gli era messa in lato, intanto ed ella
Parendo d'avere luogo à quella impresa, a bravo a bravo
A la Discordia ritrovò fu grato.
La Gelofia; ma più, quando ebbe intesa
La cagion del venir; che le potea
Molto valere in quel, che far volera.

31.

Dimincer con Rodomonte il figlio,
Del Re Africani le pare aver sussistito,
Trovàr à sfogar gli altri, altro consiglio,
A sfogar questi due quello è perfecto,
Col nano se ne vien, dove l'artiglio
Del fier Pagano avea Parigi affretto;
E capitato appunto in sù la riva,
Quando il crudel del fiame è guasto usciva.

32.

Tosto che riconobbe Rodomonte,
Cofini de la sua donna offer messaggio,
Estinse ogni ira, e fèrèo la fronte,
E si senti brillar dentro il coraggio.
Ogni altra cosa aspetta, che gli conte
Prima ch'ab'altuno abbia à lei fatto estraglio.
Va contra il nano; e lieto gli domanda
Che de la donna vostra? Ove ti manda?

33.

Rispose il nano; Nè piu ira, nè mia,
Donna dirò, quella ch'è serva altrui.
Ieri siontranno un cavalier per via,
Che ne la solfa, e la menò con lui
A quello annunzio entrò la Gelofia
Fredda, come asse, ed abbraccio cofini.
Seguita il nano, e narragli in che guisa
In sol ba presa, e la sua gente uccisa.

34.

As Jealoufy the dwarf by chance esp'y'd,
And wherefore he came there, did comprehend,
Herself the join'd to travel by his side,
Seeming she in th' emprise her aid could lend;
Thus meeting Jealoufy great joy supply'd
To Discord, but much more, when known the end.
For which she came, seeing the able was,
Much to assist, in what she'd bring to pafs.

35.

To make King Rodomont at enmity
With Mandricard, the subject she had thought:
T' enrage the others, other means she'll try,
These two t'enrage is to perfection brought:
She with the dwarf comes, where, with cruelty
Immense, the Pagan had in Paris sought;
And on the banks, just at the instant, came, [stream.
When the fierce wretch came swimming thro' the

36.

As soon as ever Rodomont had known
The messenger this of his Lady was,
All ire's extinct, his face serene from frown,
And all his courage he feels inward blaze:
He thinks that all things would be rather shown,
Than that to her had been done action base.
He meets the dwarf, and asks him cheerfully,
How fares our Lady? Where's your embass'y?

37.

The dwarf reply'd, No longer yours, or mine,
Her I will call; another's captive made:
We yesterday a knight on th' road did join,
Who feiz'd on her, and with him her convey'd:
With this his tale did Jealoufy combine,
Cold as an apf, round him her arms the lay'd.
The dwarf perfues, and tells him, in what way,
One man did take her, and her people lay.

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34. Her steel then Discord fantomately did raise,
Her flint too, and therewith a little struck,
And Pride, beneath, the tinder quickly lays,
And in a moment's time the fire it took:
As so thereby the mind was set on blaze
O' th' Saracin, the pain he could not brook;
He sighs, and with such horrid visage frets,
That heav'n, and all the elements, he threats.

35. As tygers, soon as she in vain descends
To th' empty cave, and all about she turns,
Her tender young, at last, she comprehends
T' an en from her, and she with such anger burns;
Unto such rage and fury she extends,
That mountains, rivers, and the night, the storms;
Nor distant ways, nor tempests, can the hate,
With which the spoiler she perfumes, abate;

The Pagan furious, raging at such rate,
Turns to the dwarf, and said, There let us hie:
And he for neither horse or car would wait,
Nor a word utter to his company:
Goes with more haste than lizard does retreat
Across the road, scorch'd by the burning sky;
Means the first horfe to take, as he had none,
Be't whose it will, that he should light upon.

36. Discord, who heard what he had now design'd,
Cafting a look at Pride, and smiling, said,
That she would haste away a horse to find,
Whence other strife and quarrels might be made,
And she would cause, he other roads declin'd,
That to his hand none else should be convey'd,
And had already thought where one to meet;
But I leave her, and of King Charles return to treat.

38. When, by the Pagan's going, was supprest'sd
All round King Charles the formidable flame,
His people all he into order pres'd,
And in each weaken'd place left some of them:
Upon the Saracin's puff'd on the reft,
To give them check, and win himself the game,
And forth from ev'ry gate he sent his train,
To St. Victoire from th' suburb St. Germain.

39. And gave command, at San-Marcello's gate,
Where spread the country in a spacious plain,
All, in a body, should each other wait,
And there that all the troops should join again:
Then each, slaughter to make, did animate,
Such as should memorable still remain:
He made the standards go each to his post,
And give the sign of battle to the host.
Mean time King Agramant again had got
Upon his horse, spite of the Christian's rage,
And, with fair Isabella's lover, wrought
Feats dangerous, and cruel war did wage;
Lurcanio with King Sobrin stoutly fought;
Rinaldo a whole squadron did engage:
And, with good fortune, and with val'rous might,
Charges, breaks, ruins them, and puts to flight:

The battle being in such fort of way,
Their rear-guard was attack'd by th' Emperor;
On that side, where Marsilius caus'd to play,
Around his standard, of all Spain the flow'r;
I' th' midst the foot, each side the cavalry
King Charles push'd forward, with his valiant pow'r,
Of drums and trumpets with so great a sound,
That the whole universe seem'd to rebound:

The squadrons now for their retreat prepare
O'th' Saracins, and all had turn'd away
For flight, dispers'd, as routed, broke they were,
Unable to stand more in fix'd array,
But King Grandon and Faliron appear,
Who had been often in a sharper fray,
And Balugant and Serpent in the dread,
And Ferrau, with loud voice, who to them said:

Ah, valiant men! said he, your post maintain
Brothers in war, ah! my companions dear!
Our foes, like spiders, will but work in vain,
If in our duty we not wanting are:
The lofty honours sec, the ample gain,
Fortune, by conquest, does for us prepare:
Behold the shame, and the extrem of woe,
If vanquish'd, we must ever undergo:

Of a great lance then sudden, hold he said,
And against Berlingier with fury rush'd;
Who over Argaliffa combat made,
And on his forehead had his helmet crush'd,
Casts him to earth, and, with his deadly blade,
Near him eight others from their horses push'd:
For ev'ry stroke, at least, he on them made,
Still on the ground some cavalier he lay'd.

Rinaldo had destroy'd, on th' other hand,
The Pagans so, I can't how many say:
No ranks before him could, with safety, stand,
You might to him fee the whole camp give way:
Zerbin, Lurcanio, not with rage less grand
Behav'd, that all their fame do still display:
The one Balastro with a thrust had slain,
Finadur's helm the other cleft in twain.
L'esercito d'Alzerbe avea il primiero,
Che poco innanzi aver Jolea Tardocco,
L'altro tenea sopra le squadr' imperio
Di Zamora, e di Saffa, e di Marocco.

Non è tra gli Africai un cavaliero,
Che di lancia ferir sappia, o di flacco?
Mi si potrebbe dire: ma paffo paffo
Nessun di gloria degno addietro lascio.

Del Re de la Zumara non fi scorda
Il nobil Dardinel figlio d'Almonte;
Che con la lancia Uberto da Mirforda,
Claudio dal bosco, Elio, e Dufino dal monte.

E con la spada Anselmo da Stanforda,
E da Londra Raimondo, e Fianamorte
Getta per terra, ed era pur forti;
Dui fiorditi, un piagato, e quattro morti.

Ma con tuttol valor, che di se mostra,
Non può tener fi ferma la sua gente:
Si ferma; ch'alpettar voglia la nofra
Di numero minor, ma più valente,
Ha più ragion di spada, e più di giostra,
E d'ogni cosa a guerra appartenente.

Fugge la gente Maura, di Zumara,
Di Setta, di Marocco, e di Camara.

Ma più de gli altri fuggon quei d'Alzerbe,
A cui s'oppose il nobil giovineto;
Ed or con prieghi, or con parole acerbe
Ripor lor cerca l'animo nel petto.

S'Almonte meritò, ch'in voi fi ferbe
Di lui memoria; or ne occor l'effetto.
Io vedrò, dicea lor, se me suo figlio
Lasciar vorrete in così gran periglio.

State, vi prego per mia verde etade,
In cui solete aver fi larga sferme.
Dob non vogliate andar per fi de spade,
Ch'in Africa non torni di voi sferme.

Per tutto ne saran chiusi le strade;
Se non andiam raccolti, e stretti insieme.
Troppo alto muro, e troppo larga fossa
E' il monte, e il mar prisa, che tornar fi possa.

Molto è meglio morir qui, ch'à i suppliti
Darfi, e a la differenzio di questi cani.
State saldi per Dio, fedeli amici:
Che tutti fui gli altri rinieri vani.

Non han di noi più vita gli nimici,
Più d'un' alma non han, più di due mani.
Cosi dicendo il giovineto forte
Al Conte d'Ottonleci diede la morte.

The first o'er Alzerb's army had command,
Which us'd, small time before, to have Tardoc;
The other held the empire o'er the band
Of Zamora, of Saffa, and Moroc:

Was there no cavalier in Afric's land,
That with the lance or spear could make a stroke?
You well may say, but stay, as I pass on,
I'll leave behind, who merits glory, none.

Nor is forgot of Zumara the Lord,
The noble Dardinel, son of Almont,
Who, with his lance, Huberto of Milford
Claude o'th'wood, Ely, Dufin of the mount,
And, with his blade, Anselmo of Stanford,
Raimond of London too, and Pinamont,
Casts to the ground; yet all were brave in fight:
Two slain'd, one wounded, and four dead outright.

But, with the valour, all he could display,
He could not now so steadfast keep his throng,
So steady, that they for our force would stay,
In number less, but more in courage strong,
In skill of sword and lance had greater sway,
And ev'ry art that does to war belong:
The Moorish people fly, those of Zumara,
Of Setta, of Morocco, and Camara.

But, more than all, those of Alzerba fled,
To whom the noble youth himself address'd;
And, now with pray'rs, now words embittered,
Sought to reduce their courage to their breast:
If from you Almont ever merited
Remembrance, now I'll see th' effect exprest'd;
I'll see, to them he said, if me his fon
You will forfake, who such great danger run.

You, by my verdant years I beg ye, stay,
In whom so great a hope ye us'd to place,
Ah! will not, by the sword, yourselv'es to lay,
That none return to Afric of our race!
Throughout will be flut 'gainst us ev'ry way;
If we don't march conjoint'd in firm embraze:
Too high a wall will prove, a fos too great,
Mountains and seas, before we home can get.

Much better is it here to die, than yield
Our selves, at these dogs wills, to be all slain:
My faithful friends, for God's sake, keep the field,
Seeing all other remedies are vain:
Our foes have no more life than us infield'd,
They've but two hands, they but one foul contain.
These words, when speaking, the young hero brave
The stroke of death to th'Earl of Athol gave.
CANTO XVIII.

52. ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Il rimembrar Almonte così accese
L'esercito African; che fuggia prima;
Che le braccia, e le mani in sue difese
Moglio, che rivoltar le spalle estima.
Guglielmo da Burnich era uno Inglese
Maggior di tutti, e Dardinello il cima,
E lo pareggià à gli altri; e appresso taglia
Il capo ad Aramon di Cornovaglia.

53. Morto cadea quello Aramone a valle,
E s'accorse il fratel per dargli aiuto:
Ma Dardinello l'aperse per le spalle
Fin giù, dove lo flomachò è forcuto.
Poi forò il ventre à Bogio da Vergalle:
E lo mando del debito assoluto:
Avea promefso à la moglier fra sei
Mesi, vivendo, di tornare à lei.

54. Vide non lungi Dardinello gagliardo
Venir Lurcanio; s'avea in terra mezzo
Dorchin passato ne la gola, e Gardo
Per mezzo il capo, e infu'di i denti fesso;
E ch'Altico fuggir colfe, ma fu tardo;
Altico, ch'avanò, quanto il suo cuore iffesso,
Che dietro à la collatola gli mise
Il fer Lurcanio un colpo, che l'uccisse.

55. Piglia una lancia; e va per far vendetta,
Dicendo al suo Macou, 'udir lo prole;
Che se morto Lurcanio in terra getta,
Ne la Moschea ne porrà l'arme voto.
Poi traverfando la campagna in fretta
Con tanta forza il fianco gli percute,
Che tutto il paùsà fin'à l'altra banda:
Ed à i suoi, che lo spogliano, comanda.

56. Non è da domandarvi, se dolere
Se ne dovesse Ariodante il fratel;
Se defiaffe di suo man potere
Per Dardinello fra l'anime dannate.
Ma vol lasciam le genti adito avere,
Non men de l'infedel le battezzate.
Vorria pur vendicarfi; e con la spada
Di quà, di là pianando va la frada.

57. Urta, apre, caccia, atterra, taglia, e fende
Qualunque impedièse, à gli contrafa.
E Dardinello, che quel deside intende,
A volerlo farà già non jocafata:
Ma la gran moltitudine contende
Con quello ancora, e i suoi difegni guasta.
Se Morìuccide l'un: l'altro non manco
Gli Scotti uccide, e il campo Inglese al Franco.

Remembrance of Almont such fire did light
In Afric's army, which but just now fled,
That arms and hands, for their defence in fight,
Better, than flying off, they reckoned:
William of Burnick was an English knight,
Taller than all; but Dardinello his head
With the rest level'd; and, near him, hew'd down
A valiant Cornish man, bout Aramon.

53. Mean time this Aramon dead downward fell,
His brother thither flew to give him aid,
Him thro' the shoulder open'd Dardinello,
Quite down to where the body's forked made;
Then pierc'd the breast of Bogio of Vergal,
And sent him hence, a debt he ow'd unpaid,
In six months he had promis'd to his wife,
He'd come to her, if not bereft of life.

54. Nor far off Dardinello observ'd the stout
Lurcanio come, who on the earth had lay'd
Dorchin, and had his gullet pass'd throughout;
And Gardo to his teeth cleft, thro' his head;
And Alteus, who too late for flight set out,
Altius, whom as his heart he cherished:
On him a stroke, behind the vertebra,
The fierce Lurcanio sent, which him did slay.

55. Seizes a lance, and goes revenge to gain,
Unto his Machon speaking, could he hear:
If he should cast on earth Lurcanio slain,
His votive arms unto the Mosque he'll bear:
In hasty way, then, traversing the plain,
Smote him upon the flank, with force so rare,
That he pierc'd thro' him to the other side,
And to his people, Strip his arms o'ff, cry'd.

56. There is no room to ask, if, to bewail,
His brother's death, did Ariodant compel,
He wish'd, with his own hand he could prevail,
'Amongst fools infernal to send Dardinello:
But the crowd gave no room him to affail,
No less the Christian, than the Infidel;
Yet would he be reveng'd, and, with his blade,
Now here, now there, a level'd path he made.

57. Push'd, open'd, chas'd, cut, cleft, and beat to ground,
Whatever hinder'd, or flood in his way;
And Dardinello, who his intentions found,
To satisfy him, did no fear betray;
But the great multitude, contending round
Alfo with him, did his design delay;
If one of them the Moorish people flew,
'T other no less kill'd French, Scotch, English too.
58. But fortune still took from them means away,  
They should not that day at each other run;  
One for a hand more famous will delay,  
For man his destiny can rarely hsin:  
Behold, Rinaldo turns him to this way,  
That no defence could be for th'life of one;  
Rinaldo comes; fortune did him convey,  
To give to him the honour, Dardinel to stay.

59. But, for this time, enough may have been spoke  
Of the transactions glorious in the west;  
'Tis fit I turn where I Grifon forlook,  
Who, with disdain, and burning anger, pres'd,  
With greater dread th'aitonith'd tumult shook,  
Than e'er that people had before confess'd:  
King Norandin rush'd forth, at these alarms,  
With 'boye a thousand in a troop in arms.

60. King Norandin, with his court, in arm'd way,  
Observing thus the populace all fly,  
Came to the gate, of battle in array,  
And made them open throw it instantly:  
Mean time Grifone, having drove away  
The crowd, quite senseless, void of bravery,  
In his defence, the armour flighted fo,  
Such as it was, again had taken now:

61. And near a temple strong, well wall'd about,  
Which was environ'd by a mighty fos,  
He fence him by a little bridge's foot;  
That in the middle none could him inclofe,  
Behold with threatenings great, and crying out,  
Forth from the gate issu'd a squadron grois,  
The valorous Grifon ne'er chang'd his spot;  
And made appearance, that he fear'd them not.

62. And when, approaching, he perceiv'd this throng,  
He forward went to meet them on the way,  
And slaughter made, and carnage, them among,  
For with both hands his sword he did display,  
Back to his narrow bridge he pass'd along,  
And there a little time held them at bay:  
Then issu'd forth, and then return'd again;  
And caus'd still dreadful tokens to remain.

63. Now on the left-hand, now upon the right,  
He beats now foot, now cavaliers, to ground.  
The people 'gainst him turn'd their utmost might;  
With rage the war did more and more abound:  
Grifone fear'd to be o'erwhelm'd outright;  
The fea increas'd fo, which did him furround:  
And in his shoulder, and in his left side,  
He wounded was, and wanted breath beside.
Ma la virtù, ch'a i suoi sepolo soccorre;
Gli fa appo Norandin trovar perdono.
Il Re, mentre al tumulto in dubbio corre,
Vede che morti già tanti ne son;
Vede le piaghe, che di man d'Estore
Pareano uscite; un testimonio buono,
Che dianzi esso avea fatto indegnamente
Vergogna à un cavalier molto eccellente.

Poi come gl'ì più pressò; e vede in fronte
Quel, che la gente a morte gli ha condotta,
E fattofjine avante orribil monte,
E di quel sangue il fossa, e l'acqua brutta,
Gli avviso di veder proprio s'il pente
Orazio sol contro Tuscanò tutta;
E per suo onor, e perché gl'n'emrebbe,
Ritraè i suoi, né gran fatica 'ebbe.

Ed alzando la man nuda, e sene'arme;
Antico segno di tregua, e di pace;
Dife a Grifon; Non fo se non chiamarne
D'aver il torto, e dir che mi disiace.
Ma il mio poco giudizio, e lo infligarme
Altrui, cader in tanto error mi face;
Quel, che di far io mi credea al più vile
Guerrier del mondo, ho fatto al più gentile.

E fe ben à l'ingiuria, ed à quell'onta;
Cogli fatta ti fu per ignoranza;
L'onor, che ti fai qui, s'adegua, e s'onta
O (per più vero dir) supera, e avanza.
La stigmatizzar ci fara pronta
A tutto mio sapere, e mia poiffanza;
Quando io conosca di poter far quella
Per oro, ô per città, ô per castella.

Chiedimi la metà di questo regno;
Che io son per farteene oggi poñeffo;
Che l'alta tua virtù non ti fa degno
Di questo sol, ma ch'io ti doni il cor;
E la tua mano in questo mezzo, pegno
Di fe mi dona, e di perpetuo amore.
Così dicendo à cavallo ffece;
E ver Grifon la destra mano ffece.

Grifon vedendo il Re fatto benigno
Venirli per gittar le braccia al collo,
Laggiù la spada, e l'animo maligno,
E fatto l'anche, ed umile abbracciole.
Lo vide il Re di due piaghe fanguigno,
E tutto fe venir che medico,
Indi portar ne la cittaude adagio,
E riposar nel suo real palagio.

But valour, by her friends who oft' does stand,
From Norandin did pardon for him gain:
The King, when halting to the frightened band,
Obser'v'd what numbers of them there were slain,
Surveys the wounds, which from a Hector's hand
Seem'd to have come: A testimony plain,
That he, unworthily, before had done
Shame, to a cavalier of vaft renown.

Then, as more near he look'd upon the face
Of him, who now to death his people led,
And made a dreadful mount upon the place,
And with their blood the fofs and water red,
He seem'd the Horace on the bridge to trace,
Who all the Tuscan's solely combated;
And, for his honour, for what's pafs'd he's sad,
Withdraw'd his people; nor much pains he had.

And raising his unarm'd and naked hand,
Of peace the ancient signal, and of truce,
He said to Grifon, I can't now withstand,
Owning me wrong, and sorry for th' abuse:
But others, where I did not understand,
Such error to fall in, did me seduce:
What I imagin'd, done to the most vile,
I've done to warrior on the earth the most genteel.

And tho' the injury fully, and the shame,
Which this day's done to you, thro' ignorance,
In reck'ning equals this your present fame,
Or (to more truly speak) does far advance,
With satisfaction here I ready am,
Unto my utmost skill, and puissance,
When that, to do it, can to me be shown,
By gift of fortified, or gold, or town.

Of this my kingdom ask the moiety,
I'd make you now poñefor of that part;
For thy high valour worthy renders thee;
Not that alone, but to poñef my heart:
And, in mean time, your hand, as pledge to me
Of faith, and never-failing love, impart.
Thus speaking, from his horse he did descend,
And tow'rs'd Grifon did his right-hand extend.

Grifon, now seeing the King courteous made,
Coming, around his neck his arms to cast,
His mind embitter'd quitted, and his blade,
And humbly him enfol'd beneath the waift:
The King him, bloody with two wounds, survey'd,
And soon call'd in those fit, to have him dress'd:
Thence to the city softly with him goes,
And in his royal palace caus'd him to repose.
Where wounded, for some days he did sojourn,
Before he able was to arm again;
But him I leave, and to his brother turn,
Aquilant, and Atolf, in Palefin;
Who, since he left the holy walls, forlorn,
In search of Grifon many days had been:
Thro' Solima, in ev'ry place devout,
And many from the city more remote.

Now neither one nor t'other could divine
How they should know what was come of Grifon;
But to them came that Grecian Pelerin,
By whom, in talk, some light, by chance, was shown.
Saying, that Origilla, with design
For Antioch, tow'rd Soria was gone:
Of a new lover, native of that place,
Enflamm'd, with sudden unexpected blaze.

Aquilant ask'd him if b'ad e'er exprest
Of this such fort of notice to Grifon;
And as he ans'wer'd yes, conceiv'd the rest,
Th' occasion why his brother thence had gone:
He follow'd Origil, was manifest,
To Antiochia, with intention
To take her off from out his rival's hand,
With memorable ill, and vengeance grand.

Aquilant could not suffer, that alone,
His brother to this emprize should away,
So took his arms, and after him went on:
But first he beg'd the Duke, he would delay
His route to France, and father's mansion,
'Till his return from Antiochia.
At Zaffo he embarks, as seem'd to be,
For him the shortste, and beft way, by sea.

Then had he a fo strong south-western blast,
Over the main for him dispos'd fo kind,
That he to Surro's land next day did haife,
And Saffet, after t'other, soon did find,
Barcotti, and the Zivele, he pas'd,
And Cyprus found, on the left-hand behind;
From Tripoli to Tortose and Tizza,
And tow'rd's Laiazzo's gulf directs his way.

From thence the pilot to the eftward goes,
Turning the vessell's head fo light and fleet,
And on the river of Orontes rofe,
Catching the time, does to the haven get:
The bridge to shore now Aquilante throws,
And, arm'd on his fierce palfrey, out he fet,
And kept his way, direct againft the stream,
Until, from thence, he unto Antioch came.
Di quel Martano invi ebbe ad informarli:
Ed udi, ch' a Damasco s' era stato
Con Origille, e una giostra farse
Dovea solenne, per reale invito.
Tanto d'andargli dietro il desir l'arfe,
Certo che' l suo german gabbi seguito,
Che d'Antiochia anco quel di si tolse;
Ma gia per mar più ritornar non volle.

Verso Lidia, e Larifia il cammin piega:
Resta più sopra Aleppo ricca, e piena.
Dio per mostrari, ch' ancor di què non ne gia,
Mercede al bene, ed al contrario pena;
Martano appressò a Mannuga una lega
Ad incontrarsi in Aquilante mena.
Martano si facia con bella mostra
Portare innanzi il pregio de la giostra.

Pensò Aquilante al primo comparire,
Che'1 vil Martano il suo fratello fosse;
Che l'ingannare l'arme, e quel vestire
Candido piu, che nievi ancor non morse:
E con quell'Ob, che d'allegrezza dire
Si vol, incominciò: ma poi cangiòse
Tosto di faccia, e di parlare, ch' appresso
S'avvide meglio, che non era dejo.

Dubitò, che per fraude de coleri,
Ch'era con lui, Grifon gli avesse ucciso:
E dimmi, gli gridò, tu, ch' esser dei
Un ladro, e un traditor, come non volea,
Onde hai quest'arme aveste? onde si sei
Su' buon defterier del mio fratello affuso?
Dimmi, se'l mio fratello è morto, o vivo,
Come de l'arme, e del defterier l'hai privo.

Quando Origille udi l'irata voce,
Addietro il palafren per fuggir volse:
Ma di lei fu Aquilante più veloce,
E fecela fermare, volse, o non volse.
Martano al minacciar tanto feroce
Del cavalier, che si improvvisò il colce;
Pallido triemia, come al vento fronda:
Né sa quel che si faccia, o che risponda.

Grida Aquilante, e fulminar non resta,
E la spada gli pon dritto in la ferzeda:
E giurando minacciò, che la teffa
Ad Origille, e a lui rimarrà mozza,
Se tutto il fatto non gli manifesta.
Il mal giunto Martano alquanto ingozza;
E tra se volve, se può smisurare
Una grave colpa, e poi comincia à dire.

Canto 18.

Of this Martan he there had to enquire,
And heard, that to Damascus he was gone
With Origil: Where, by a King's desire,
A solemn tournament was to be shown:
A which, him to perfuse, did him fo fire,
Certain his brother after him had flown,
That he left Antioch that very day;
But would no more return again by sea.

Tow'tds Lidia and Larifs' he turns his way,
Stops at Aleppo, full and opulent:
Now God, to show, on earth he'd not gain
Reward for good, for evil punishment;
Martan, within a league of Mannuga,
Leads, that he there might meet with Aquilant:
Martan had caus'd them, in appearance fair,
The premium of the tilts before him bear.

Aquilant had conceived, at the first fight,
This vile Martano must his brother be,
As him deceive'd the arms and vestments white,
Whiter than e'er the driven snow you see:
And with such Oh! as to express delight
Is us'd, began: but alter'd suddenly,
As well his countenance, as speech, when nigh,
That 'twas not him, he better did defcry.

He doubted, by this woman's treachery,
That was with him, that he had kill'd Grifon:
And Tell me, cry'd he, you, who needs must be
A thief, a traitor; for you look like one;
These arms where didst thou get? and whence are ye
The brave horse of my brother mounted on?
Tell, if my brother dead is, or alive;
How him of arms and horse you did deprive.

When Origilla heard this voice of ire,
She backward turn'd her horse, by flight to go;
But Aquilant more swif't, as she'd retire,
For'd her to stop, whether she would or no:
Martan, at these his threatenings so dire
O' th' Knight, who caught him unexpected so,
Pallid now his hook, as leaf when wind does blow,
And what to do, or answer, does not know.

Aquilant cry'd, nor from his threatenings stay'd,
And at his throat direct his sword he put;
And, swearing, menaces him, that the head
Of Origil and him he off would cut;
If the whole fact to him wa'n't open laid.
Now Martan flammers, feiz'd by evil lot,
In himself thinking, if he small could make
His heavy crime, and then began to speak.

O o
Know, Sir, that this my sister is, you see,
Of virtuous and of honest parents born,
Altho', in life kept of dishonesty,
She by Grifone has been brought to scorn:
And as vexatious was such infamy,
Neither by violence could I, forlorn,
Take her from such great man, so laid a plot,
How she, by art and cunning, might be got.

I fix'd the means with her, who had desire
A life more laudable to undertake,
That when Grifone did to sleep retire,
She, softly, from him, her escape might make:
So did she: and that he might not acquire
Means, to perfue and on our project break,
Him we difmounted and disarm'd did leave,
And to this place are come, as you perceive.

Of utmost art he might his boasts display,
Had t' other him believ'd so easily:
And, fave in taking arms and horse away,
As to Grifon, he was not hurt thereby:
If he'd not polish his excuse, such way,
That he had made it guilty of a lye:
'Twas good in ev'ry other part, fave this,
Asserting, she a sister was of his.

In Antioch, Aquilant had understood,
That she was with him in adultery,
Whence, crying out, as he with fury glow'd,
Falfeft of villains, thou haft told a lye;
A froke, of fo great weight, on him bestowed,
Two of his teeth he down his throat made fly,
And, without more ado, he turn'd behind
Both of his arms, and with a rope did bind.

And in like manner did to Origil,
Tho' much she did in her excuse repeat:
Thence led them on by hamlet, and thro' vill;
Nor leaves them, 'till they to Damasco get:
And, on the road, a thousand times he still
With punishment and torment them would treat:
Until his brother he again should find,
To act towards them, after, to his mind.

Aquilant made their 'queries and baggage great
With him turn back, and to Damasco came:
And found that of Grifon they celebrate
Throughout the city the renowned name:
Ev'ry one knew of whatsoever state
Of him, who ran his lance so well, the fame:
And from whom had been taken, by false shew,
By his comrade, in tilts, the glory due.
Canto 18.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

88. The people all the vile Martano, in spite, One to the other, pointing out displays: Is not this, said they, this the worthless wight, From others noble acts who steals the praise? And valour, which in him ne'er came to light, Covers with his own infamous disgrace? Is not this she, this woman the ingrate, That aids the wicked, and the good does cheat?

89. Others said, Look how sly they are join'd! Both mark'd alike, and of one breed they are. Some curs'd them to their face, some rag'd behind, Some cry'd, Hang, burn, beat down, to pieces tear: The crowd push'd on, and press'd, to see inclin'd, And ran before into the streets and square: The news came to the King, who token gave Of greater joy, than a new realm to have.

90. Without his 'quires, or any of his suite, Jut as he was, in haste he forward made, And came directly Aquilant to meet, Who for his Grifon had such vengeance paid; And him with honour did genteelly greet, With him invited, and with him convey'd; With joint consent, having first caus'd be thrown The pris'ners to a tower's dungeon.

91. They went together, where from bed arose Grifon had never been, since he was smote; His brother seeing, he with blushes glows, As he his cafe had heard, he certain thought: And when h'ad banter'd him a little, goes Unto him Aquilant; and they allot Thesè two shall undergo their proper doom, Into the hand of justice being come.

92. Aquilant will'd, and the King did declare, A thousand torments for them; but Grifon, For Origil alone to speak don't dare, Will'd that to both of them be mercy shown: Talk'd much, excuses many did prepare; Was anwer'd: Now for the conclusion, Martano is to the hangman's hand declar'd, Who is to whip him, but his life be spar'd.

93. They had him bound; but not 'midst herb and flow'r, And whip'd, most thoroughly, the sowl wing morn; But Origil keep pris'ner; till the hour, In which the fair Lucina may return: To whole decision wife, or soft or four, They left the sentence, by her to be borne. There Aquilant, himself to recreate, flay'd, Till, to take arms, his brother found was made.
King Norandin, who temperate and sanguine
Was now become, after such error great,
Unable was his spirits to allude,
Which were with grief and penitence replete,
For doing to him mischiefs and outrage,
Worthy of honour and reward to meet:
That night and day he had his thought intent
To cause him to continue there content.

And he ordain'd now, in the publick fight
O' th' city, where such wrongs he did receive,
With greatest glory, which to perfect knight
A monarch's self is capable to give,
To give him that reward, wherein his right
The traitor fpott, who him did fo deceive;
An edict therefore thro' the country sent,
That, a month hence, he'd make new tournament.

For which he caus'd such preparation vast,
As royal pomp could possibly display:
Of which fame, with her pinions, flew so fast,
The news the carry'd quite thro' Syria;
Into Phcenicia, Palefline, it pafs'd,
So that a hint came in Aftolfo's way,
Who, with the viceroy, did in mind agree,
This tournament should not without them be.

For val'rous warrior, and of great renown,
True hist'ry does of Sanfonetto ring:
Orlando gave him baptism, as I've shown,
Charles of the Holy Land made him Vice-King:
Aftolfo, with him his companion,
Convey their baggage on, where fame did sing,
So that around the had fill'd ev'ry ear,
That in Damascus juft they did prepare.

Now travelling the country all about,
By stages short, at eafe, and slow, they went,
To be, when at Damascus, fresh and stout,
The day whereon was held the tournament:
'Twixt two crofs ways, they light on, in their route,
One, who, in motion and habiliment,
A manly semblance had, tho' woman she,
In battle wonderful in bravery.

This was the Virgin, who Marphifa hight,
With so great valour wielding of her fword,
Made, many times, of Brava's famous Knight,
The forehead swent, and of Montalban's Lord.
Who armed went, for ever, day and night;
And here and there, on mount or plain, explor'd,
Seeking with errant cavaliers to meet,
And to herfelf immortal glory get.
Com' ella vide Astolfo, e Sanfonetto,  
Ch' appresso le venian con l'arme indossa;  
Prodi guerrier le parvero ad aspetto,  
Che erano ambedue grandi e di buon aspetto;  
E perché di provarti auriva diletto,  
Per isfardarli avea il desìer già mosso:  
Quando affissando l'occhio più vicino,  
Conosciuto ebbe il Duca Paladino.

Aftolfo and Sanfonet, now in her sight,  
Who, in their armour clad, to her came near,  
Their aspett' warriors made them seem, of might,  
As bulky both of them, and bony, were:  
And as she to make trial took delight,  
To challenge them she does her horse prepare:  
When, as she nearer on him fix'd her view,  
This Paladin to be the Duke she knew.

She recollects the pleasure once she knew,  
With th' Knight, when at Damasc they did reside,  
Call'd him by name, and from her hand withdrew  
Her gauntlet, and her visor lay'd aside:  
And, with great joy, she to embrace him flew,  
Tho', 'bove all others, she was full of pride:  
On t' other hand was no less reverent  
The Paladin, to th' Lady excellent.

They ask'd betwixt them of each other's way;  
And when Astolfo, who the first reply'd,  
They going to Damascus were, did say,  
Where folks, whose valour had in arms been try'd,  
The King invited had of Syria,  
That their courageous feats might be describ'd;  
Marpisle, still fired to grand trials make,  
I will be with you, said, this emprise to partake.

Aftolfo and Sanfonet vast joy express,  
To have in arms this their companion:  
Got to Damascus the day before the feast,  
And in the borough stay'd, without the town:  
And 'till the hour, when, from his balmy rest,  
Aurora wakes her aged love Thiton,  
There they repos'd themselves, with more content,  
Than if they had unto the palace went.

And soon as the new Sun, with lustre clear,  
His fulgent rays spread o'er the firmament,  
Arm'd were the warriors two, and Lady fair,  
Having a messenger to th' city sent,  
That he might bring the news back, what time there,  
To fee the ahs and beacnen lance rent,  
King Norandin was at the place arriv'd,  
Which for this dreadful sport he had contriv'd.

They to the city go, without delay,  
Along the highest street, to th' spacious place,  
Where, waiting for the royal signal, stay  
The warriors, here and there, of noble race:  
The premiums to be given him that day,  
Who conquer'd, were, a rapier, and a mace  
Richly adorn'd, and such a war-horse great,  
As so mighty Lord was present meet.
Norandin, having firm persuasion,
That, as the first prize, so this second too,
And of both tournaments the chief renown,
Grifon the fair would, conqu'ring, make his due,
To give him all the honour, could be shown
A man of valour, nor less should he do,
Join'd with the arms, in this last prize did place
The curious horse, the rapier, and the mace.

The arms, which in the former tournament
Were Grifon's due, o'er all who conquest gain'd,
And which had been usurp'd, with sad event,
By Martan, who to be Grifone feign'd,
Before them there to hang, the King had sent,
And had the garnish'd rapier round them chain'd,
The mace was to the horse's saddle fet,
That Grifon one, and th'other prize might get.

But that this his intent effect should have,
That female warrior valorous forbad,
Who, with Aftolf, and Sanfonet the brave,
On the piazza, late their entrance made:
Seeing the arms, of which account I gave,
Sudden she certain knowledge of them had:
As once her own they were, which she held dear,
As usuall is with finest things so rare.

Altho' she them had left upon the plain,
What time she found them an embarassment,
When she, her conqu'ring weapon to regain,
After Brunel, of halter worthy, went:
I think, this story farther to explain,
There is no need, so hold my peace content;
Sufficient 'tis, I've told you in what guise
Her arms were here discover'd by Morphise.

And you may also hear, them soon as known
She had, by tokens manifest and plain,
For all the world, them without putting on,
She would not suffer one whole day remain:
Nor was the able more to think upon
The means, she ought to use, them to regain;
But, coming up, at once her hand extends,
And them, without more form, she apprehends.

And by the haste, she us'd, it came about,
That some the caft to ground, while some she took:
The King himself too much offended thought,
M'v'd war against her with a single look:
The people, who ill brook'd the wrong thus wrought,
Him to revenge, to sword, and lance, betook:
Rememb'ring not, what, but the day before,
By injury to knights errant, they bore.
Spinge il cavallo, e ne la turbà sciocca
Con l'asta basta impetuos'a fora;
E chi nel collo, e chi nel petto imbraccia;
E fa con l'urto or questo, or quel cadere;
Poi con la spada uno, ed un altro tocca,
E fa qual senza capo rimanere,
E qual con rostro, e qual passato al fianco,
E qual del braccio prece, e deftra trama.

L'ardito Aftolf, e il forte Sanfonetto
C'avean con lei velichia, e piastra, e maglia.
Benchè non venner gia per tale effetto;
Per vedendo attaccata la battaglia,
Abbasan la vivera de l'armier,
E poi la lancia per quella causia,
E indi van con la tagliente spada.
Di qua di la facendò far frada.

I cavalier di nazion diversa,
Ch'erano per giofar qui vis ridatti,
Vedendo l'arme in tal furore convulsa;
E gli affettati gotti in gravi lutti,
Che la cagion, e questo di piffer;
La plebe irata, non saperano tutti,
Ne, ch'al Re tanta ingiuria fosse fatte,
Stavan con dubbia mente, e supparta.

Di ch'altri à favorir la turba venne;
Che tardi poi non fene fu à partire.
Altri, à cui la città più non atteme,
Che gli stravergini, accorse à dipartir;
Altri più faggio in man la briglia tenne,
Mirando dove quello avesse à uscir.
Di quelli fu Grifone, ed Aquilante,
Che per vendicar l'arme andaro inaente.

Ess'vedendo il Re, che di veleno
Avea le luci mebritate, e roffe;
Ed essendo da molti istretti à pieno
De la cagion, che la Diordia moffe;
E parendo à Grifon, che sua, non meno,
Che del Re Norandin, l'ingiuria fosse,
S'avvean le lance fatte, dar con fretta,
E venian fulminando à la vendetta.

Nor 'midst the flow'rs vermilion, yellow, green,
In the spring time, does boy in sport advance;
Nor e'er was nymph, adorn'd and lovely, seen
To music's found more ready mix in dance;
Than, 'midst the noise of horfe, and weapons keen,
And 'midst the points of arrow, and of lance,
Where blood is scatter'd, and death dealt about;
She still was found, beyond all credence, fout.

Among the senseless crowd her horse she press'd,
And with her spear abas'd laid on amain:
Some in the neck she pierc'd, some in the breast,
And with a thrust extends them on the plain;
Then with her sword the tabs and wounds the reft,
And some of them caus'd headless to remain,
And some with broken, some with wounded loin,
From some their right or left arm did disjoiin.

The bold Aftolf, and valiant Sanfonetto,
Their breastplates had, and armour on the back,
Tho' there they had not for such purpose met,
Yet of this combat seeing the attack,
The vizor of their helmets down they let,
And forward rush against this wretched pack,
And thence advancing, with their cutting blade,
For themselves here and there a passage made.

The cavaliers of various nations round,
Who there did for the tournaments resort,
When to such fury turn'd, the arms they found,
And into sadnes great th' expected sport,
And for the people's anger, what the ground,
Might be, did not conceive in any fort,
Nor that such wrong had to the King been wrought,
Stood all astonish'd, and in doubtful thought.

Of whom some came to aid the numerous band,
Who of it after did repent, too late:
Others, to whom no more belong'd this land
Than strangers, ready got for their retreat:
Others, more wife, their bridles kept in hand,
And the event of this confusion wait;
Of th'ose Grifone was, and Aquilante,
The arms to vindicate, who forward went.

They, seeing now the King with fury glow,
His eyes intoxicated, fiery red;
And as from many they did fully know
Th' occasion, which had so much discord spread;
And as to Grifon it no lesf did show,
He than King Norandin was injured,
They caus'd their lances to be brought in haste,
And, fulminating, to their vengeance pass'd.
Canto 18.

118.
Assolfo d'altra parte Rabicano
Venia sprouando à tutti gli altri inante
Con l'incantata lauca d'oro in mano,
Ch'al fiero scontro abbatte ogni giostrante.
Però con essa, e lasciò fielo al piano
Prima Grifone, e poi trovò Aquilante:
E de lo fioco toccò l'oro appena,
Che lo gittò riverfo in sui l'arena.

119.
I cavalier di pregio, e di gran prouva
Votan le selle innanzi à Sanfonetto.
L'uscita de la piazza il popol truova:
Il Re n'arrabbia d'ira, e di dispetto.
Con la prima corazza, e con la nuova
Marfia intanto, e l'uno e l'altro elmetto
Poi che si vide à tutti dare il tergo,
Vincentrice venia verso l'albergo.

120.
Assolfo, e Sanfonetto non fur lenti
A seguirla, e feco ritornarsi
Verso la porta: che tutte le genti
Gli davano loco; ed al rafrel fermarsi.
Aquilante, e Grifon troppo dolenti
Di vedersi à uno incontro riverfarsi,
Tenean per gran vergogna il capo chino,
Nè ardian venire innanzi à Norandin.

121.
Presi, e montatì, è banno i lor cavalli,
Spronato diè à gli nimici in fretta.
Li segue il Re con molti suoi vaflallì
Tutti pronti, à la morte, à la vendetta.
La sciocca turbà grida, Dalli, dalli,
E fla lontana, e le nuovelle aperetta.
Grifone arriva, ove volgèn la fronte
I tre compagnì, ed avean preso il ponte.

122.
A prima giunta Assolfo raffigura:
C'avea quelle medesime divise,
Avèa il cavallo, avea quella armatura,
C'ebbe dal dì, d'Orril fatale uciefe.
Nè miratòl, nè poftò gli avea cura;
Quando in piazza à giostrar feco fi mise.
Quivi il conobbe, e salutòlo: e poi
Gli domando de li compagnì suoi.

123.
E perché tratto avean quell'arme à terra
Partando al Re fi poca rivenerza,
De suoi compagni il Duca d'Inghilterra
Diede à Grifon non falia conofcienza;
De l'arme; ch'attaccata avean la guerra;
Disse, che non avea troppa scienza;
Ma perché con Marfia era venuto,
Dar le volea con Sanfonetto aiuto.

124.
On th' other side Aftolfo did advance,
Spurring his Rabican, before them all,
Holding his golden and enchanted lance,
Whose meeting fierce makes ev'ry jufter fall:
With this he struck, and left, as in a trance,
First Grifon, then on Aquilant did call,
And scarcely touch'd the border of his shield,
Ere him, revers'd, he cast upon the field.

125.
The cavaliers, of worth and prowess great
Encount'ring Sanfonet, their paddles quit.
The people fly to the piazza's gate,
The King's enrag'd with fury and despite:
With first curials, and that found out so late,
Meantime Marphile, and with each helmet bright,
Soon as she saw the people all were flown,
Towards her lodging conquers march'd on.

126.
Aftolfo and Sanfonet made no delay
To follow her, and with her turn again
Towards the gate; for all the folks gave way
To them, and at the barrier did remain:
Grifon and Aquilant vaft grief display,
At first attack to be on earth thus lain:
The'ro' shame immense downwards their heads incline,
Nor durst they come before King Norandin.

127.
Their horses, when they got again to ride,
They spur behind the foe, in hurry great:
The King, with many vaflals, after hy'd,
Ready for vengeance, or to meet their fate.
Fall on, fall on, the foolih people cry'd,
And at a distance stay, the news to wait:
Grifon arriv'd, where fac'd about again
The three companions, who the bridge had ta'en.

128.
Now, at first sight, Aftolfo he did present
Unto his mind, as the device he bore,
The very horfe, the very armament,
Which, when he fata Orril flew, he wore:
Nor had he feen them, thereon not intent,
When tilting with him on the square, before,
Now he salute him, by him now well known,
Then asks him of each his companion:

129.
And why those arms they to the earth had thrown,
And to the King did fo small rev'rence shew,
The English Duke of each companion
To Grifon gave an information true;
But of the arms, which brought the quarre1 on,
He told him, that he very little knew;
But, as he thither did Marphile attend,
Her he his aid with Sanfonet would lend.
Quivi con Grifon stando il Paladino,
Vieni Aquilante, e lo conosce offo;
Che parlare col fratel l'ode vicino;
E il voler canzia, ch'era mal disposto;
Giungan molti di quei di Norandino:
Ma troppo non ardian venire accosto,
E tanto più vedendo i parlamenti,
Stavano chieti, e per udire intenti.

Alcin, ch'intende quivi offere Marphia,
Che tiene al mondo il vanto in offer forte;
Volta il cavalle, e Norandino avvisi.
Che s'oggi non vuol perdere la tua corte;
Proveggia, prama che sia tutta ucsita.
Di man trarla a Tuffone, e à la morte:
Perché Marphia veramente è stata,
Che l'armatura in piazza gli ha levata.

Come il Re Norandino ode quel nome
Cosi sentito per tutto Levante;
Che facea a molti anco arriccicar le chione,
Beneche fesso da lor fessi distante;
E certo, che ne debbia venire,
Come Dice quel tuo: se non provvede innante.
Però gli suoi; che gia mutata l'ira
Hanno in timore; à se richiama, e tira.

Da l'altra parte i figli d'Oliviero
Con Sanfonet, e col figliuol d'Ortone,
Supplicando a Marphia tanto fero,
Che si die fissa à la crudel sezione.
Marphia giunta al Re con oso altiero
Diffe: Io non fo, Signor, con che ragione
Vogli quelle armi dar, che tue non sono;
Al vincitore de le tue ghirose in dono.

Mie son quelle armi; e'm mezzo de la via,
Che vien d'Armenia, un giorno le lasciadi;
Perché seguire à pi mie convinenz
Un rubator, che m'avea offesa affai;
E la mia insenega testimone sia;
Che qui si vede, se noti a n'hai:
E la moltro ne la corazza impresa;
Ch'era in tre parti una corona fessa.

Gliè ver, rispose il Re, che mi far date
(Son pochi di) da un mercantante Armeno.
E fe voi me l'aveste domandate;
L'avresti avuta, o vostre, o no, che sieno;
Ch'avvenga ch'è Grifon gia l'ha donate:
Ho tanto fede in lui, che nondimeno
Acciò à voit darle avesti anche potuto,
Volentieri il mio don m'avria renduto.

The Paladin with Grifon standing here,
Aquilant came, and him discover'd soon,
Whom talking to his brother he did hear,
And chang'd his mind, and ill intention:
Many of those of Norandin came near,
But much too fear'd, to venture farther on.
And more, thus seeing them on talk intent,
They quiet flood, to hearken what it meant.

One, who had, that Marphisa was there, descry'd,
Who thro' the world is fam'd to be fo stout,
Turn'd back his horfe, and the King notify'd,
If he'd not lose this day his court throughout,
Before they all are slain, he should provide,
From this dire fury's hands to take them out:
For it Marphisa certainly had been,
Who from the piazza had the armour ta'en.

Soon as King Norandin the name does hear,
Which all the east throughout had so dimay'd,
That many's locks had caus'd to rise thro' fear,
Tho' often from her at a distance lay'd;
He's certain, if before he don't prepare,
That will fall out, which now his subject said.
Wherefore his force, who now had chang'd their ire
To fear, he call'd, and caus'd them to retire.

On t' other side of Olivier each fon,
With Sanfonet and him otho's race,
Moved Marphisa by supplication,
She'd caufe this controversy dire to cease:
Marphisa, with haughty look, to th' King came on,
Said, Sir, I cannot, by what reaon, guests,
These arms, which are not yours, you would present
Unto the conqu'ror in your tournament.

Mine are these arms; them off one day I threw,
Amid' the road that from Armenia came,
As me on foot it suited to perfuce
A thief, who greatly did my wrath enflame:
And let my creft be evidence to you,
Which here is seen, if you e'er knew the fame:
And on the coat impref'd caus'd him to look,
Which was a crown, in to three pieces broke.

'Tis true, the King said, thofe gave to my hand
Armenian merchant some few days ago.
And from me of them had you made demand,
You should have had them, whether your's or no:
For tho' I gave them to Grifon's command,
Ne'erles my faith in him is stablish'd fo,
That I, to give them you, might be empow'r'd,
He readily would have my gift restor'd.
Non bisogna allegar, per farti fede
Che voﬅre fien, che tengan voﬅra insegna.
Bafi il dirmevo voi; che vi fi crede
Più, ch'a qual’altro testimonio vegna.
Che voﬅre fien voﬅre arme fi concede
A la virtù di maggior premio degna.
Ora ve l'abbiate, e più non fi contenda;
E Grifon maggior premio da me prende.

Grifon, che poco a cor avea quell'arme;
Ma gran dife, ch'el Re fi satisfacia.
Gli dife. Affai potete compensararme,
Se mi fate pater, ch'io vi compiacia.
Tra fe dife Marsija, Effer qui parme
L'onor mio in tutto; e con benigna faccia
Volte a Grifon de l'arme effer cortese;
E finalmente in don da lui le prefe.

Ne la città con pote, e con amore
Tornaro, ove le feffe raddoppiafar.
Poi la gioia fi fe; di che l'onore,
E' l'pregio à Sanfonetto fece darfi:
Ch'Affolfo, e i duo fratelli, e la migliore
Di lor Marsija, non volfon provarfi;
Cercando, come amici, e buon compagni,
Che Sanfonetto il pregio ne guadagni.

Stati che fono in gran piacere, e in folla
Con Norandinotto giornate, è dicea,
Perché l'amor di Francia gli moftra;
Che lasciar senza lor tante nun lece;
Tolgon licenza: e Marsija, che quella
Via desia, compagnia lor fece.
Marsija avuto avea lungo defire
Al paragon de i Paladin venire.

E far esperienza fe l'effetto
Si pareggia a tanta nominanza.
Lascia un altro in suo loco Sanfonetto,
Che di Gerusalem regga la <يطه�>
Or questi cinque in un drappello eletto;
Che pochi pari al mondo han di posanza;
Licenziati dal Re Norandin
Vanno à Tripoli, e al mar, che v'è vicino.

E quivi una Caracea ritrovare,
Che per Poneute mercauzie raguna.
Per loro, e pei cavalli s'accordero
Con un vecchio padron, ch'era da Luna.
Mostrava d'ogn'intorno il tempo chiaro,
Cavr'ian per molti di buona Fortuna.
Sciolsar dal lito, avendo aria frena
E di buon vento ogni lor vela piena.

No need alledge, to cause me to believe,
Because your creft they have, that yours they are,
Suflice you say they're yours, I credence give;
More than to other proof that might appear:
I grant, that you your armour should receive,
Greater reward your valour ought to share:
Then have them, and no more dispute let's make;
Grifon from me shall greater premium take.

Grifon, who little did those arms regard,
But much defir'd the King to satisfy;
Said to him, Me you can enough reward,
Making me know, that you I pleafe hereby:
Marpifie faid to herfelf, Herein I've shad Honour throughout, and with benignant eye,
Grifone with the arms would compliment,
At lat as gift from him to take them dees content.

With quietness and love, into the town,
Where are their feasts redoubled, they come back:
The jufts were then perform'd, where the renown
And premium, Sanfonet they caus'd to take:
Aftolfo, the brothers, and the better one
Of all, Marphife would not trial make;
Each fought, as friend and good companion,
By Sanfonet the premium might be won.

When they had stay'd, in feast and jollity,
With Norandin, eight or ten days complete,
Their love of France gave them anxiety,
From whence so long an abfence was not meet.
They take their leave, and in their company
Defir'd Marphife to be, and go their beat:
Marpifie long time had conceiv'd designs
To come to trial with the Paladins;

And make experiment, if in effect
They could be equal to their great renown:
Now Sanfonet did in his place direct
O'er Salem one to have dominion:
And now thef five in fuch a group elect,
Whofe equals few could in the world be shown.
Their leave of Norandin firft having ta'en,
Travel to Tripoli, and for the neighb'ring main.

And here they did on a Caracca light,
Which for the whoft, of merchandize had load;
For them and horfes they contract for freight,
With an old mate, of Luna his abode:
Now all around the feafton being bright,
To them, for many days, good luck forefhew'd;
They quit the shore, as th'air ferene they find,
And ev'ry fail is fill'd with fav'ring wind.
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136. L'isola sacra à l'amorosa Dea
Diede lor sotto un'aria il primo porto,
Che non ch'a offendere gli uomini si rea;
Ma sempre il ferro: e quivi è l'aver corto:
Cagion n'e un flago, e certo non dovea
Natura à Famagosta fur quel torto
D'appressarli Costanza acre, e maligna;
Quando al resto di Cipro è sf benigna.

137. Il grave odor; che la palude effala;
Non lascia al legno far troppo foggiorno.
Quindi à un Greco Levante spiegò ogni ala
Volando da man destra à Cipro intorno;
E surse à Pafco, e posò in terra scala;
E i naviganti uscì nel lito adorno;
Chi per merce levar: chi per vedere
La terra d'amor piena, e di piacere.

138. Dal mar sei miglia, à sette à poco à poco
Si va salendo in verso il colle ameno.
Miri, e cedri, e naranzi, e lauri il loco,
E mille altri foavi arbori han pieno.
Serpillo, e persa, e rose, e zigli, e croco
Spargon d'ar dor ferro terreno
Tanta soavità; ch'in mar sentire
Lo fa ogni vento, che da terra spire.

139. Da limpida fontana tutta quella
Piaggia, rigando con un rufel seconde;
Ben sì può dir, che sia di Vener bella
Il luogo dilettuoloe, e giocondo;
Che v'è ogni donna affatto, ogni donzella
Piacevol più, ch'attotra sia nel mondo;
E fa la Dea, che tutte ardon d'amore
Giovani, e vecchie insino à 'l'ultime ore.

140. Quivi odo un medesimo, ch'udito
Di Lucina, e de l'Orco hanno in Soria;
E come di tornare ella à marito
Facea nuovo apparere in Nocia.
Quindi il padrone (affodato esposto,
E spirando buon vento à la sua vita)
L'ancore farà, e fa girar la prada
Verso Ponente, ed ogni vela spada.

141. Al vento di Maestro alza la nave
Le vele à forza, ed allargossi in alto.
Un Ponente Libeccio; che soave
Parve à principio, e fin ch'el Sol siette alzo,
E poi sì fe vero la sera grave;
Le leva incontra il mar con fiero affalto,
Con tanti tuoni, e tanto ardor di lampi,
Che par ch'el ciel s'spezzi, e tutto avvampi.

The island sacred to the God of Love,
Beneath its breeze, to them first haven gave,
Which not to man alone does hurtful prove,
But their steel softens: Here short life they have,
Caus'd by a lake: And it did not behave
Nature should Famagosta so deprave,
Near her to bring Costanza sharp, malign,
When to the rest of Cyprus she is so benign.

The noifome scent which does this marth exhale,
Would not their vessel suffer long to stay:
Thence to a western blast they spread each fail,
By the right-hand round Cyprus haste away,
And moor at Paphos, down their ladder hale,
The sailors linne o'er the country gay,
Some, goods to carry off, and some, to see
This land, replete with love and pleasantry.

Six miles or seven, by degrees, from sea,
You rising go, towards a pleasant hill,
Myrtle and cedar, orange, laurel-tree,
A thousand fragrant plants, the country fill:
Rofe, lilly, saffron, wild thyme, marjory,
'0'er the sweet soil, their perfumes sscatter fill:
The scent so great, it o'er the sea is thrown
By ev'ry blast, that from the land is blown.

Forth from a limpid font this country all
A little fertile riv'let trickling stray's:
Of Venus fair the spot they well may call,
This jocund, this delight-bestowing place:
For ev'ry nymph therein, the great, the small,
Exceed all others far in beauty's grace,
And all, the Goddess caus'd the fire of love,
The young, the old, to their last moments prove.

Here they were told the fame, which they did hear
Of Lucine, and that Hurc in Syria;
And how, back to her husband to repair,
She now got ready in Nicola.
The master thence (his vessel now made clear,
And a fair wind then blowing for his way)
His anchor weighs, and tack'd about his prow
Towards the west, and ev'ry sail let go.

The vessel rais'd before the breezy wind
It's fail and cordage o'er the wary plain,
A south-west gale at first to them seem'd kind,
'Till the seen it's meridian did attain;
Which after, towards the night, severe they find,
With fierce affault, dashing gaff't them the main,
With lightning's blaze, and fuch vaft thunder's stroke,
The heavens seem'd on fire, in pieces broke.
142. Stendoni le nubi in tenebroso velo;
Che nè Sole apparir lascia nè Stella.
Di sotto il mar; di sopra mugge il cielo,
Il vento d'ogni intorno, e la procella;
Che di pioggia ocevulisma, e di gelo
I naviganti miseri flagella;
E la notte più sempre si diffonde
Sopra l'irate, e formidabili onde.

143. I naviganti a dimostrare effetto
Vanno da l'arte, in che lodati sono;
Che discorre fischiando col fraschette,
E quanto han gli altri a far, mostra col suono.
Chi l'ancore apparecebia da ristetta,
E chi a mainar, e chi a la sotta è buono.
Chi'il timone, chi l'arbre ascura,
Chi la coperta di fombra e ba cura.

Crebbe il tempo crudel tutta la notte
Caliginosa, e più fcura, ch'infierno.
Tien per l'alto il padrone, ove men rotte
Creda l'onde trovar, dritto il governo;
E volta ador ador contra le botte
Del mar la proda, e de l'orribili verno
Non senza fpane mai, che come aggiorni,
Ceffi Fortuna, è più placabili torni.

Non cessa, e non si placca, e più furore
Moffra nel giorno; se pur giorno è questo.
Che sì conosce al numerar de l'ore,
Non che per il me ne sia manifesto.
Or con minor frettanza, e più timore
Si dà in poter del vento il padron masto,
Volta la poppa a l'onde; e il mar crudel
Scorrendo fe ne va con umil vele.

Mentre Fortuna in mar questi travaglia;
Non lascia anco posar quegli altri in terra,
Che sono in Francia, ove s'uccide e taglia,
Co i Saracini il popol d'Inghilterra.
Quivi Rinaldo affele, apre, e sbaraglia.
Le fibiere avverse, e le bandiere atterra,
Difè di lui, che'l suo destrier Baiardo
Moffo avea contra Dardanel gagliardo.

Vide Rinaldo il segno del Quatricero,
Di che superbo era il figliuol d'Almonte;
E lo simì gagliardo, e buon guerriero,
Che concorrer d'insegna ardia col Conte.
Venne più apprezzo, e gli parsa più vero;
C'avea d'intorno uomini uccisi à monte.
Meglio è, gridò, che prima io suella, e spenga.
Questo mal germe, che maggior divenga.

144. The clouds, about, a veil of darkness throw,
And suffer neither fun, nor star, t'appear:
Above heav'n bellows, and the fea below;
The tempest and the wind round ev'ry-where
With thickest rain impregnated and snow,
Scourges the miserable mariner:
And night still more and more itself conveys
Over the furious, formidabiles seas.

145. The mariners all try th' effect to show
O' th' skill, which to their praise does so redound:
One whistling runs and holds a little bough,
And what the rest should do he shows by sound:
With care the anchors some get ready now,
The sails and cords to ply some useful found:
Some at the helm, some at the masts take care;
The decks in clearing others busy are.

146. The cruel feason still increas'd all night,
Sooty and darker than th' abyss of hell:
The master o'er the ocean steers foreright,
Where leaft he thinks to find the billows swell:
Then turns about his prow, against the spite
Of the sea's strokes, and tempest horrible:
Ne'er without hope, that, at approach of day,
Fortune would ceafe, or turn in milder way.

147. She ceas'd not, nor becalm'd; and fury more
Show'd in the day, if this call day we might,
Known only by the counting of the hour,
And not made manifest by any light:
The master, sad, yields to the tempest's pow' r;
His hope diminis'h'd now, increas'd his fright;
He turns the poop, and o'er the cruel sea
Way. Scudding, with short'red fail, flies over the rough

148. While on the ocean fortune these does rack,
She will not suffer thofe to rest on land,
Who are in France, where she does slay and hack,
As well the Pagan, as these of England:
Rinaldo here does open, rout, attack,
To earth the standards cast o' th' adverfe band:
That he with his horfe Baiard, I did tell,
Mov'd on against the valiant Dardinell.
Where'er the Paladin directs his sight,
Each one mov'd off, and him large passage made:
Christians, as well as Pagans, took to flight,
So highly rev'rend was his famous blade:
Rinald, save Dardinell, unhappy wight!
Sees none: and him to follow ne'er delay'd:
He gave you, youth, cry'd he, contention's share,
Who you has of this atch'ment left the heir.

I come to prove you, if you me attend,
How well you guard this scutcheon red and white:
For if 'gainst me you now can't it defend,
Lest you'd defend it, 'gainst Orlando's might:
Dard'nel reply'd, Now clearly apprehend,
As it I bear, I can protect my right,
And can more honour, than contention, gain,
My father's arms, gules, argent, to maintain.

Because a youth I am, think not to make
Me therefore fly, or yield my arms to thee:
My life take from me, if my arms you'd take;
But I in God hope for the contrary:
Be 't as it will, none shall my fame attack,
That ever I debas'd my progeny:
Thus spoke he; holding in his hand his blade,
And on Montalan's knight assault he made.

A chilling fear, throughout, their blood oppress'd,
Which round the heart o' th' Africans did beat,
Seeing Rinaldo, who himself address'd,
With so great fury, now their Lord to meet:
Thus o'er the meads a lion would have press'd,
Spying a heifer, which ne'er felt love's heat:
Who made the blow first, was the Saracín;
But struck in vain on helmet of Mambrino.

Rinaldo smil'd, and said, I will, you see,
Better than you, I know to find a vein:
Spurs and at once his horse's bit lets free,
And with one puhf he fo pres'd on amain,
One puhf, which to his breast presented he,
He made his sword come out behind his rein:
This, coming back, drew, with his blood, his soul;
Pallid and cold the corpfe did from the faddle roll.

As languishes and dies the purple flow'r,
Cut down, and left there by the passing plough;
Or as, o'erloaded with the heavy show'r,
The poppy's head does in the garden bow;
So, from the face, fell ev'ry blooming pow'r
Of Dardinell, as he from life did go:
He goes from life, and with him now departs
Spirit and valour from his people's hearts.
Qual soglion l'acque per umano ingegno
Stare ingenerate alcuna volta; e chibe,
Che quando lori vien poi rosto il foggeo,
Cascano, e van con gran rumor diffus'e;
Tal gli African, e avean qualche ritengo,
Mentre vi'ori lor Dardinello infuse;
Ne vanno or sparti in questa parte, e in quella
Che l'han veduto uscir morto di fella.

Chi vuol fuggir, Rinaldo fuggir lassa,
Ed attende a cacciar chi vuol far saldo.
Si cede, ognunque Ariodante passa,
Che molto va quel di presso a Rinaldo.
Altri Lionetlo, altri Zerbin fracassai;
A gara ognuno a far gran prouvo caldo.
Carlo fa il suo duero, lo fa Oliviero,
Turpino, e Guido, e Salamone, e Ugiero.

I Mori fur quel giorno in gran periglio,
Che in Pagania non no tornaffe tela:
Mal' faggio Re di Spagna d'è piogg,
E se ne va con quel, che in man gli reffa.
Riefar in danno tien miglior confidio,
Che tutti i danar perder, la vefa;
Meglio è ritrarfi, e salvar qualche schiera,
Che flando, esser cagion, ch'è tutto pera.

Verso gli alloggiamenti i flegi invia,
Che'ran ferrori d'argine, e di sossa;
Con Stordilan, col Re d'Andolagia,
Col Portugheje in una squadra grossa.
Manda a pregar il Re di Barbaria,
Che se cerchi ritrar meglio che possa;
E se quel giorno la perfona, e' loco
Potrà salvar, non avrà fatto poco.

Quel Re, che se tien spacciato al tutto;
Nè mai credea più riveder Biferta;
Che con viso s'orribile, e si brutto
Unquonce non avea Fortuna esperta;
S'allegrà, che Marsilio avea ridotto
Parte del campo in fiaccenza certa;
Ed a ritrar fi cominciò, e a dar volta,
A le bandiere, e fe sonar raccolta.

Ma la più parte de la gente rossa
Nè tramba, nè tambur, nè segno ascolta;
Tanta fu la viltà, tanta la dotta,
Che in Senna fe ne vide appresso vola.
Il Re Agramante vol suol ridur la frosta;
Seco ha Sobrin, e van solo rendendo in vola;
E con lor s'affatica ogni buon Duca,
Che ne i ripari il campo si riduce.

As water, which by human art is pent,
Kept to a height some time is us'd to stand;
Which when the dam, that erst suftain'd, is rent,
Falls down, and diffus with rumour grand:
Juft so the Africans, in some restraint,
While Dardinel, with valour, 'frd their band,
Now fly to different parts, diflever'd all,
When dead they law him from his faddle fall.

Those who would fly, Rinaldo permits to go,
And waits such as would stand to drive away;
All, where he pas'd, did Ariodant o'erthrow;
For much he near Rinaldo went that day:
Some Leonat, some Zerbin did undo,
Each warm with zeal their prowess to display:
Charles did his duty, so did Olivier,
Turpin and Guido, Salamon, Ugier.

The Moors in mighty peril were that day,
That no one to his home should turn again;
But the wife King of Spain now march'd away,
And went with what did in his hands remain:
He thought some ill 'twere better bear at play,
Than lots of cloaths, and money too, suftain:
Better to lose some troops, by a retreat,
Than all should perifh, flaying to be beat.

Towards their lodgments sends his infantry,
Which were with foals and platform that complete,
With Stordilan, with King of And'lufo,
With Portuguese join'd in a squadron great.
He fent, to pray the King of Barbary,
The best he could, to find out his retreat;
And if this day his perfon he could save,
And the place too, he'd do an action brave.

This King, who deem'd himself undone outright,
Nor thought e'er more Biferta to efsy,
For with a face so dread, and full of spite,
His fortune never he before did try,
Joy'd much, that now Marcellus led from fight
Part of the camp to sure security,
And to retire began and turn around
The banner, and retreat he made them found.

But most part of the people, put to rout,
Nor signals hear nor drums, nor trumpets found:
So great their cowardice, so great their doubt;
That, in the Sein, many of them were drown'd.
King Agramant, who to reduce them fought,
With him Sobrin, run ev'ry place around;
And with them each brave chief took utmost pain,
The army to the ramparts to regain.
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Ma nè il Re, nè Sobrin, nè Duca alcuno
Con prieghi, con minaccie, e com affanno
Ritrar può il terzo, non ch'io dica ognuno,
Dove l'ingegue mal sequite vanno.

Morti, o fugiti se non duon, per uno,
Che ne rimane, è quel non senza danno;
Feriti è chi di dietro, e chi davanti.
Ma travagliati, e lasse tutti quanti.

E con gran tema fin dentro à le porte
De i forti alloggiamenti ebben la caccia:
Ed era lor quel luogo anco mal forte
Con ogni provoeder, che vi si faccia:
Che ben piglier nel crin la buona forte
Carlo spea, quando volgea la faccia;
Se non venia la notte tenebrosa,
Che 'ccò il fatto, ed acquetò ogni cosa;

Carlo non torna più dentro à la terra:
Ma contra gli nimici fuor s'accampa;
Ed in affidio le lor tende terra,
Ed alti e spessi fuochi intorno avvampa.
Il Pagan si provvede: e cava terra,
Fosse, e ripari, e bastioni stampa.
Va rivedendo, e tien le guardie dette:
Nè tutta notte mai l'arme si svegge.

Tutta la notte per gli alloggiamenti
De i mal fciuri Saracini oppressi,
Si verfan pianiti, gemiti, e lamenti:
Ma quanto si può più, cheti e soppressi:
Altri, perchè gli amici hanno, e i parenti
Lasciati morti, ed altri per se stessi,
Che son feriti, e con disagio fancio;
Ma più è la tema del futuro dauno.

Duo Mori ivi fra gli altri si trovano
D'ocura stirpe nati in Tolomlita;
De quai l'istoria, per esempio raro
Di vero amor, è degna esper descritta.
Cloridano, e Medor si nominano,
C'è la fortuna prospera, e a gli afflitto
Avano sempre amato Dardinello,
Ed or passato in Francia il mar con quello.

But not the King, Sobrin or gen'ral none,
With pray'rs, with menaces, or grief, they show,
A third could rally (not to say not one)
Whither the standards ill attended go:
Not less than two for one were dead, or flown,
To those who stay'd; and those, not without woe:
Some in their backs, some wounded in the breast;
But ev'ry one fatigu'd, with toll distrefs'd.

And with great horror, quite within the gate
Of their strong lodgments, them was given chace;
And for them weak was even this retreat,
With all entrenchments, that they there might place:
For how to take by th'forelock his good hate,
King Charles well knew, whence'er the turn'd her face;
Had not the night, with its tenebrous fall,
The action stop'd, and render'd quiet all;

Brought hasty on, perhaps, by the Supreme,
Of his own works who might compasion take.
Blood flow'd along the fields, a wary stream
Like a vast river ran, and form'd a lake.
The bodies fourscore thousand they did deem,
Of that day the sword did slaughter make.
From forth their caves the wolves and rufficks pour
By night, to plunder these, those to devour.

Charles turn'd no more to the Parifian ground,
But 'gainst his foes, without, his camp he plac'd;
And to their tents close fiege he laid around,
Frequent and high the fires about them blaz'd:
The Pagans cautious caft up many a mound,
Fosses, and ramparts, and great baffions, rais'd;
Kept good look out, and all their guards awake;
Nor the whole night their armour off did take.

The livelong night, throughout each various tent
Of the endanger'd Saracins opprest,
Were pour'd the sighs and tears, and all lament,
But, much as could be, soft their grief suppress;
Some for their friends and kindred from them rent,
Who dead were left; some for themselves distrest,
Who wounded were; in mortal anguish laid;
But most of all the future dread.

Two Moors there were among the others found,
Of race obscure, in Ptolomitta born,
Whose story for the precedent renown'd
Of love sincere, is fit my pen t'adorn:
Medor and Cloridan the names they own'd,
Who, in the smiles of fortune and her scorn,
With constancy had Dardinello lov'd,
And with him now o'er sea to France were mov'd.
In hunting Cloridan had spent his days,
Robust of perfon, and of active pow'r;
The bloody blush grow'd on Medoro's face,
So fair and pleasing in the youthful flow'r:
'Midst all, who to this enterprise did pafs,
No face so fine was, or delighted more:
Black eyes he had, locks curl'd of golden fire,
He seem'd an Angel of the heav'nly choir.

These two on summit of the ramparts stood,
With many others pofted o'er each tent;
What time the night, at equal distance, view'd
The heavens round, with aspect fomnolent.
Medoro, here, as converse he perfu'd,
Remembrance of his Lord could not prevent,
Of Almont Dardinel, nor tears refrain,
That he should lay inglorious on the plain.

To his companion says, O Cloridan,
How it afflicts me, I cannot relate;
That my dear Lord continues on the plain,
For wolves and ravens, oh! too worthy bait!
Still thinking, how to me he was humane,
It feems, if I should even find my fate,
In honour of his fame, 'twould not compenfe,
Nor quire tow'r'd him my gratitude immense.

I'll go, that he may not want fepulture,
Amidst the field to find him search around,
Perhaps, God willing, I may pafs secure,
Where Charles's camp in silence fays profound;
You tarry, that if heav'n has grav'd my hour,
That I muft die, you it may tell around;
And thus, tho' fortune fuch fair work forb'd,
My honeft heart by fame may be display'd.

Amaz'd Stood Cloridan, that fuch a heart,
Such love, fuch faith, a stripling fould contain;
And greatly strove (fo did his love impart)
To render his intentions null and vain;
But nought prevai'd, for in his grievous fmart
He took not comfort, or reliev'd his pain:
Medor refolv'd, or down his life to lay,
Or to his tomb his matter to convey.

Seeing he nought could bend him, nought could
Cloridan answer'd, I will also go,
I alfo this prai'e-worthy talk will prove,
I like and with for death fo famous too:
What will remain on earth, that I can love,
My dear Medoro, when depriv'd of you?
To die with you in arms, far more I choofe,
Than by grief, after, if you should lobe.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O .

CANTO 18.

Disposed thus, they put into their place
The guards successive, and they forth repair,
Quitting the fence and fosse, in little space,
They to our army came: Devoid of care
The camp all slept, the fire extinguish'd was,
As little they o' th' Saracins had fear:
'Midst arms and carriages they lay revers'd,
In wine and sleep up to their eyes imper'sd.

Now Cloridan a little stoop, and said,
I this occasion am inclin'd to take:
Upon this troop, by whom my Lord is dead,
Should I not now, Medoro, slav'ther make?
You, that to us may no approach be made,
With eyes and ears thro' ev'ry quarter seek;
While with my sword to make, I me convey,
Quite thro' our enemies a spacious way.

Thus said he, and his speech he soon forbore,
And enter'd, where the learned Alpheus slept:
Who came to Charles's court the year before,
Physician, in astrology adept:
But little aid his art now to him bore;
Rather therein had total falsehood crept;
He had predicated, with longevity,
He in the bosom of his spouse should die.

The crafty Saracin to him apply'd
Into his throat the point of his sharp sword:
Four more he flew, at the diviner's side,
Who had not time for utterance of a word.
Their names to mention, Turpin does not guide,
And by long journey lost is their record:
After these, Palidon, of Monchali'er,
Who 'twixt two horses slept, devoid of fear.

After he came, where with his noddle lays
The piteous Grillo, whom a barrel bore;
H'ad empty'd it, and he now thought in peace
He might enjoy soft sleep, and easy snore.
The Pagan bold his head cuts from its place:
The wine and blood, thro' the same fiphone, pour,
Which in his guts ten gallons was, at least:
He dreamt of drink, and now paid for his feast.

A German and a Greek, to Grillo near,
Two strokes took off, Andropon and Conrade;
Who over night enjoy'd the cooling air,
Good while the bottle, then at dice they play'd:
Lucky they'd been at table to fee clear,
Till Phoebus from his watch in India stray'd:
But over men no power could have fate,
If all the future previous could relate.

\[\text{Vol. I.}\]
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Canto 18.

As unfed lion, in the fold replete,
By hunger long parch'd up, and meagre made,
Does flash and lay, devour and lacerate
The feeble flock, now in his pow'r convey'd;
The Pagan fierce, in sleep, sted at such rate,
Our people's blood, and all in carnage lay'd:
Nor did Medoro's weapon dull remain,
But to strike base Plebeians did disdain.

He thither came, where Duke Labretto was,
Who in his Lady's arms enfolded lay;
And each the other did so close embrace,
The air between them could not make its way:
Their heads Medoro sever'd, with great ease,
O happy death! o sweetest destiny!
As thus their bodies went, so I believe,
Embrac'd their mansion did their souls receive.

Their treach'rous steel now was approaching near
To the pavilions, which did almost face
Thee of King Charles; each warlike cavalier
By turns, as centinels, there took his place:
Their slaughter bafe the Pagans now forbear,
Withdrew their swords, and back in time did pace:
Seeming impossible, 'midst such great heap,
There no one should be found, who did not sleep.

And tho' with spoil they might well loaded go,
They save themselves, and gain sufficient find;
Where they could have securest passage through,
Cloridan goes, his comrade close behind;
They reach the field, 'midst many a sword and bow,
And shields and spears in lakes of blood conjoin'd:
Where rich and poor, the Kings and vaflals lay,
And hordes o'er the men in shocking way.

The horrid mixture of the bodies here
Round the vall field, which in such numbers lay,
Would have made idle all the faithful care
Of the companions, till the break of day,
Had not the moon, mov'd by Medoro's pray'r,
With horn repellent thro' the clouds made way;
Medoro with devotion heav'n survey'd,
His eyes fix'd to'wards the moon, and thus he said:

...
O sacred Goddess! whom our fires of old
Of triple form so justly did yclepe,
In heav'n, on earth, in hell, who doth unfold
Thy lofty beauties, under different shape;
And in the woods of beasts and monsters bold
A huntsman go't, perfusing their fleet step,
Where my King lays; this crowd among, be strew'd,
Who, when alive, your holy laws perf'd.

The moon unclos'd the cloud at his address,
(Whether by chance, or for his faith so great)
Fair as she was, when she did love confests,
And naked to Endymion's arms retreat:
With Paris, which this light show'd forth express,
Each camp, hills, plains, the eye could dearly meet;
Both hills were seen, which at such distance stand,
To th' right Martyre, Leri on t' other hand.

But far more bright the radiant splendor shone
Where the dead fon of great Almonte lay;
Medoro his dear master did bemoan,
His shield gules, argent quarter'd to survey;
The briny tears over his face pour'd down,
As if a river from each eye made way:
In attitude so sweet, such charming woe,
Might make the winds, to hear, their course forego.

But in a voice submifs, and scarcely heard,
Not that he car'd, if any him decry'd,
For he his life did not the least regard,
But hated it, and rather would have dy'd;
But that he might impeded be, he fear'd,
In the good work, for which he thither hy'd.
The dead King was upon their shoulders lain,
And both between them did the load sustain.

Now on they haunt, with their utmost might,
Beneath the weight below'd, which them delay'd;
And now appear'd the ruler of the light,
To take the stars from heav'n, from earth the shade;
When Zerbin, from whose breast sleep put to flight
By lofty valour was, where duty led,
Having all night the Moorish forces chace'd,
At break of day did to the army haste.

And with him certain cavaliers he had,
Who the two comrades had espy'd from far;
All of them sudden to that quarter made,
Hoping some prey and vantage thence to share;
Brother, 'tis needful, Claridano said,
We cast our weight, and to our heels repair:
As it would prove a thought quite indiscrate,
To save one dead, two living, death should meet.
190.  
Che le spalle sue tutto lo rese:
L'altro con molta fretta s'e n'andava,
Come l'amico a par, o dietro aven.
Se facea di lasciarlo a quella sorte
Mille aspettate avria, non ch'unamorte.

191.  
Quei cavalier con animo disposto,
Che questi à render s'abbiaua, ò a morire,
Chi qua, chi là s'apragono: ed han tosto
Prefo ogni passo, onde si possa asciare.
Da loro il Capitan poco disposto
Più de gli 'ntiri è folliccio a seguire:
Che in tal guifa vecondoli temere,
Certò è; che fano de le nimiche schiere.

192.  
Era à quel tempo ivi una selva antica,
D'ombre piane stetta e di virgulti;
Che, come laberinto, entrò s'intirica
Di fresti calli, e sol da belle culi.
Speran d'averli i duo Pagani si amica,
C'abbia à tenerli entro a suoi rami occulti.
Ma chi del canto mio piglia diletto,
Un'altra volta ad ascoltarlo aspetta.
Canto 19.

The paths most intricate now does explore
The hapless youth, his safety to obtain;
But the vast weight, he on his shoulders bore,
Made all his efforts turn out to his vain:
His way he left, on ground unknown before,
To hide himself he turns, the wood to gain:
Far from him fled was in security
The other, who his shoulders had more free.

Now Cloridan was got, where he no more
Of his perfuers noisie and rout could find;
But when he absent saw his dear Medor,
It seemed to him, h'ad left his heart behind.
Ah! how was I, said he, of thought so poor?
Ah! how was I so out of my own mind,
That without you, Medor, I fled away;
Nor when or where I left you, can I say.

Thus having spoke, along the winding way
Of the wood intricate he hunted back;
And, whence he came, to go he does essay,
And of his death returns upon the track:
Their horse, their shouts, how near they are, betray,
The hoftile voice, which does with threats attack;
At laft hears his Medor, who there is shown
Mongt many horfemen, and on foot, alone.

A hundred horfe, and all about him found,
Zerbin commands, and calls, Him pris'er take:
The poor unhappy, like a wheel, goes round,
And gainst them all defence, he can, does make:
From oak to elm, from beech to ah, does bound,
Nor his dear burthen will he e'er forfake:
Unable to sustain him, on the grafs
Laying him gently down, does wand'ring round him.

As the fie-bear, whom th' hunter's fylvan band
Within her rock-defended cave engage,
With doubtful heart around her cnbs does fland,
And roars in tone of pity, and of rage:
Her wrath and fury natural command,
With claws and fangs, a bloody war to wage:
Love softens her, and makes her back retire,
Her young ones to protect, amidst her ire.

Now Cloridan, who could not give him aid,
And freely with him would his life lay down;
But ere for death of life exchange was made,
Would find some way, that more shoulde die than one:
Upon his bow his dart acute he lay'd,
And, thus concea'ld; his skilf so well was shown,
That of a Scotchman thro' the brain he pier'ed,
Who lifeless from his faddle fell revers'd.
Volam si tutti gli altri à quella banda;
Ond'era uscito il calamo omicida.
Intanto un'altro il Saracino ne manda,
Percibè il secondo à lato al primo uccida:
Che mentre in fretta à questo, e à quel domanda
Chi tirato abbia l'arco; e forte grida;
Lo sfrale arriva, e gli passa la gola,
E gli taglia pel mezzo la parola.

Or Zerbin, c'era il capitano loro,
Non potè à questo aver più pazienza;
Con ira, e con furor venne à Medoro
Dicendo, Ne farai tu penitenza.
Stese la mano in quella chioma d'oro,
E stiracchiò à fe con violenza;
Ma, come gli occhi à quel bel volto mise,
Glie ne venne pietade, e non l'uccise.

Il giovinetto si rivolse à pregghi,
E dice: Cavalier, per lo tuo Dio,
Non osservà crudel, che tu mi neigghi,
Ch'io jepellifica il corpo del Re mio.
Non vo, ch'altera pietà per me ti pregghi,
Ne pensi, che di vita abbia diso;
Ho tanta di mia vita, e non più, cura,
Quanta ch'al mio Signor dia sepoltura.

E se pur passer vuol fiere, ed angellini,
Ch'io ti il furor sia del Theban Creonte;
Fa lor convito di miei membri; e quelli
Sepellar laftia del figliuol d'Almonte.
Cosi dicea Medoro con mudi bellí,
E con parole acci à voltare un mona;
E si commosso già Zerbino aveva,
Che d'amor tutto, e di pietade ardea.

In questo mezzo un cavalier villano,
Avendo al suo Signor poco rispetto,
Veri con una lancià sopra mano
Al supplicante il delicato petto.
Spaccà à Zerbin l'atto crudele, e strano;
Tanto più, che del colpo il giovinetto
Vide cadere si esibentito, e smorto,
Ch'è in tutto giudicò, che fosse morto.

E se ne fuggì in guisa, e se ne dolse,
Che disse, Invendicato gia non sia;
Pien di mal talento si rivolse
Al cavalier, che fe l'imprefa ria:
Ma quel prefe vantaggio, e fe gli tolse
dinanzi in un momento, e fuggì via.
Cloridan, che Medor vede per terra,
Salsa del bosco à discoperta guerra.

To that side all the others turn'd about,
From whence the mur’drous arrow made its way,
Mean time the Saracin one more did shoot,
The second at the former's side to lay;
Who whilst amongst him he enquired out,
And, Who a bow has drawn? did loudly say,
Paffing his throat, the arrow does him reach,
And cuts him off 'i th' middle of his speech.

Now Zerbin, who, as officer supreme,
For this no longer could his patience show,
With rage and fury to Medoro came,
Saying, The punishment shall fall on you;
His hand stretch'd in his locks of golden gleam,
And him with violence towards him drew:
But when his eyes he on that face did lay,
Pity possefs'd him, and he could not fray.

The youth began intreaties now to use,
And said, Sir, by your God I you conjure,
Not to be cruel, and to me refute,
To my King's body give it's sepulture:
Your pris'ner for no other pity sues,
Nor think, that I have with life to procure;
For I my death no longer would defer
Than 'till my King's dear body I inter.

And if the birds and beasts you would have fed,
And you, with rage, like Theban Creon burn;
Let, with these limbs of mine, such feast be made,
But Almont's son permit me to inurn:
Thus, with deportment lovely, Medor said,
In words adapted so, a rock to turn,
And did Zerbino in such manner move,
He glow'd all o'er with pity, and with love.

Mean while a wicked horfeman did advance,
Little regard unto his Lord expres'd,
Made a blow overhanded with his lance,
Upon the supplicant's fo lovely breast.
The act, base, cruel, gave Zerbin offence,
And more, for that the youth by th'wound infull'd,
He saw fall down, so pallid and dismay'd,
That, on the whole, he judg'd he must be dead.

Anger'd he was, and grief'd in such a guise,
He said, You unreveng'd shall not bleed;
And with resentment full he fudden flies
Against the man, that did such wicked deed;
But he advantage took, and fudden hies
Out of his presence, and gets off with speed:
Cloridan, who Medor saw on the ground,
To open war does from the thickest bound.
Canto 19.

15.
E getta l’arco, e tutto pien di rabbia
Tra gli nimici il ferro intorno gira
Più per morir, che per pensier ch’egli abbia
Di far vensetta, che pareggi l’ira.
Del proprio sangue rovesciar la sabbia
Fra tante spade, e al fin venir si mira,
E tosto che si sente ogni potere,
Si lascia a canto al suo Medor cadere.

16.
Seguon gli Scotti, ove la guida loro
Per l’altra selva alto difegno mena;
Poi che lasciato il lume, e l’altro Moro,
L’un morto in tutto, e l’altro vivo appena.
Giacque gran pezzo il giovine Medoro,
Spiccando il sangue da sì larga venza,
Che di sua vita al fin siara venuto,
Se non sopra venne o ch’gli diè aiuto.

17.
Gli sopravvenne a caso una donzella
Avvolta in pastorale, ed umil vestè;
Ma di real pretenzia, e in viojo bella,
D’alter maniere, e accortamente onela.
Tanto è, ch’io non ve diffi più novella.
Ch’appena riconoscer la douressè.
Questa, se non sapete, Angelica era
Del gran Can del Catala la figlia altiera.

18.
Poi ch’el suo anello Angelica riebbe,
Di che Brunello l’aeva tenuta priva,
In tanto fasto, in tanto orgoglio crebbe,
Ch’esser parea di tuttel mondo schiva.
Se ne va sola, e non si degnerrebbe
Compagno aver qual più famoso vivà.
Si stagna a rimembrar, che già suo amante
Abbia Orlando nominato, d’Sacripante.

19.
E sopra quell’altro error via più pentita
Era del ben, che gia a Rinaldo volesse,
Troppa parea, e offer si avvilita,
Ch’è riguardar si basso gli occhi volesse.
Tant’arroganza avendo Amor sentita
Più lungamente comportar non volesse.
Dove giacea Medor si pofe al varco,
E l’aspetto, posso lo sfra ha l’arco.

20.
Quando Angelica vide il giovineetto
Languir ferito, affai vicino a morte;
Che del suo Re, che giace senza testo,
Più, che del proprio mal sì dolce fortè;
Insolita pieta in mezzo al petto
Si senti entrar per dilquate porte,
Che le fe il duro cuor tenero e molle,
E più, quando il suo cado egli narrolle.

Caftig away his bow, to fury wrought,
Amidst his foes he wheels his sword in air,
Rather for death, than that he had a thought
Of vengeance, that could with his wrath compare;
With his own blood the sand now crimson got,
And ’midst so many swords his death fees near,
And all his strength perceiving from him gone,
At bis Medoro’s side he tumbles down.

16.
The Scots now follow, where their leader bore,
Along the forest by fierce anger led;
As he had left both one and ‘other Moor,
This scarce alive, and that entirely dead.
There for a long time lay the youth Medor,
Thro’ a large vein his blood still issued,
So that his life must to an end have gone,
If to his aid there had arrived none.

17.
By chance to him arriv’d a damsel there,
Clad in a pastoral and humble vest;
But of a presence regal, village fair,
Which noble manners, thought refin’d, express;
So long ’tis since you news of her did hear,
That who she is, by you’ll be hardly gueld’d:
This, if you know not, is Angelica,
Illustrious daughter o’ th’ Cham of Catali.

18.
Since Angelic her ring did repossef
Which from her had Brunello long since ta’en,
Her pride and arrogance did so encrease,
She seem’d of the whole world to have disdain;
Alone she travels on, nor would she please
That the most fam’d that liv’d, be of her train:
She scorn’d the thought, Orlando heretofore,
And Sacripant, names of her lovers bore.

19.
And, above all, repents of her disgrace,
That she Rinald such ardent love had shown,
Seeming that the herself did much debafe,
That one so low the deign’d to look upon.
But Love such arrogance of hers surveys,
And will not suffer longer to go on;
Where Medor lay, himself in ambush put,
His arrow on his bow prepar’d to shoot.

20.
Soon as Angelica the youth survey’d,
Wounded and languishing, his death quite nigh;
Who for his King, who without burial lay’d,
Grieve’d more, than for his own calamity;
Unusual pity thro’ her breast convey’d
She felt, as ways unus’d it enter’d by,
Which soft and tender render’d her hard heart,
And more when he did his mis-hap impart.
21.

And calling to her memory that art,
Which she in India learnt of surgery,
(For it appears, this study in that part,
Both noble and praiseworthy us'd to be,
And without turning over many a chart,
Which fathers still bequeath their family,) Prepares to use of various herbs the juice,
Which might to him a longer life produce,

22.

And recollects, that paffing she did see
A certain herb upon the pleasant plain,
Whether 'twas dittany or panacea,
I know not, which such virtue does retain;
It stirs the blood, and the dire wound sets free
From danger, and affuggage bitter pain:
Having cropt this, which she did covet'd near,
Back, where she left Medor, she does repair.

23.

In her return a shepherd tow'rds her made,
Who, mounted on his horse, the forest croft,
Seeking intent a heifer, which had stray'd,
And from the herd two days before was lost;
Him takes with her, where Medor's strength decay'd,
Fast as the blood did from his breast exhast;
Which now so copiously had ting'd the land,
He at the very point of death remain'd.

24.

From off her horse Angelica descends,
And with her made the shepherd too alight:
The herb she made with flones, together blends
The juice, thence presst's with her hands so white;
Into the wound diffusing it, extends
Over his breast, his belly, hips, outright;
And with such virtue was this juice endu'd,
It stopt the blood, his former strength renew'd;

25.

And gave such pow'r, he able was to rife
Upon the horse, the shepherd there convey'd:
But from that place Medor by no means hies,
Before in earth he faw his matter lay'd,
And, with his King's, Cloridan's obsequies;
Then, at her pleasure, he his journey made,
And she, in pity, in the humble cell
O'th' courteous shepherd, with him deign'd to dwell.

26.

Nor, 'till ref'tor'd t'his former healthful state,
Would she depart, so much of him she made:
She grew to tender, and compassionate,
From her first sight of him, on earth when lay'd:
Seeing his manners then, and beauty great,
A latent pain upon her vitals prey'd;
Her heart she felt was gnaw'd, and, by degrees,
All o'er inflam'd into an ar'mous blaze.
Stava il pastore in assai buona; e bella
Stanza nel bosco intro due monti piatta,
Con la moglie, e co figli, ed avea quella,
Tutta di nuovo, e poco inanzi fatra.
Quivi a Medoro fu per la donna
La piaga in breve a sanità ristratta.
Ma in minor tempo sì sentì maggiore
Piaga di questa avere ella nel core.

La sua piaga più s'apre, e incrudisce,
Quanto più l'altra si r-stringe, e salda.
Il giovine si fane, ella languisce
Di nuova febbre, o aggobbiaca, o calda.
Di giorno in giorno in lui bello fortisce
Lamiera si strunge, come salda
Strugger di neve intempestiva fiuole
Ch'in loco aprico abbia scoperta il Sole.

Se di diso non vuo mior, bionga
Che senza indugio ella se stessa atti.
E ben le par, che di quel, ch'essa agogna,
Non sia tempo apprestar, ch'altre l'a'vogna.
Dunque sotto ogni freno di vergogna,
La lingua ebbe non men, che gli occhi arditi.
E di quel colpo domando mercede,
Che forse non sapendo, esso le diede.

O Conte Orlando, O Re di Circasia
Vostro inclita virtù, dite, che giuova?
Vostro alto onor, dite, in che prezzo sia?
O che mercé vostro servir ritruova?
Mostratemii una sola cortesia,
Che mai costei v'usasse, e vecchia, e nuovo:
Per ricompensa, e guidardone, e merto
Diquanto avete già per lei offerto, e quel che

O se potessi ritornar mai vivo,
Quanto ti patria duro, O Re Agritane;
Che già mostrò costei a vortiria sterno
Con repulse crudelis ed inumane.
O Ferrau, O mille altri, ch'io non scrivo,
C'aveva fatto mila proue vane
Per questa ingrate; quanto aspro vi fora
S'abitu' in braccio voi la vedeste ora.

The shepherd dwelt in mansion fair and neat,
Betwixt two mountains, in a woody glade,
With wife and sons; th' house he did fabricate,
Entirely new, but very lately made.
The damsel for Medor in this retreat,
In little time, health to his wound convey'd;
But, in a les, she felt a greater smart,
Than was his wound, in her own tortur'd heart.

A larger wound by much, and deeper far,
She felt, from unseeen arrow, in her heart,
Which from the lovely eyes, and blooming hair,
Of Medor, the wing'd archer's bow did dart:
She felt the fire, which still augmented there,
But more regarded his, than her own smart;
Herself neglecting, on nought else intent;
But to heal him, who does her wound, torment.

Her wound expands itself, more raging grew,
The more the other clos'd, and sound was got:
The youth was cur'd, she languishes anew,
With few'rous malady now froze, now hot.
Daily his beauty gain'd it's blooming hue;
She wretched waftes, as on the funny spot
The flakes unseasonable waste away
Of snow, discover'd by the sun's warm ray.

Would she not perish with desire, 'twere need
She gave herself relief without delay:
She saw, in what she languish'd to succeed,
For his inviting there's no time to stay:
Therefore of flame from ev'ry bridle freed,
Her tongue and eyes she us'd in bolder way;
And ask'd some pity for the wound to have,
Which he, perhaps unknowing, to her gave.

O Count Orland! O King of Circaffy
Say, what your valour bright availed you?
Tell, at what price your honours high might be?
Or what reward found to your service due?
Shew to me any single courtefy,
That to ye she e'er us'd, or old, or new,
For recompence, reward, acknowledgment,
Of all, which you for her fake underwent?

O should you e'er alive again return,
How hard would it appear, King African!
That she once show'd to hold you to in scorn,
With her reulfill, cruel, inhumane!
Ferrau! O thousands by my pen forborn!
Who have experience'd thousand proofs in vain
For this ingrate, how poignant would it be,
If her in this man's arms you now should se?
33. Angelica à Medor la prima rosa
Cogli la fist, non ancor tocca inante;
Nè perfona su mai si avventurosa,
Ch' in quel giardino poteffe per le piane.
Per adombrar, per ovejar la cosa,
Si celebrò con cerimonie sante.
Il matrimonio, ch'auspice ebbe Amore,
E pronuba la moglie del Pafatore.

Angelic does the primal rose unfold
To Medor's gathering, untouch'd as yet;
Nor ever was there any one so bold,
That in this garden durst his foot to set;
To make th' affair an honest colour hold,
With faced rites they nuptials celebrate,
Where love did with his auxpies prefide,
And by the shepherd's wife conducted was the bride.

34. In this low cot was done the nuptial rite,
As much as could be, in most solemn state:
And 'bove a month stay'd after, in delight,
The happy lovers, there to recreate:
The youth was never from the Lady's saddle,
Nor she of him herself could satiate:
Nor on his neck to hang eternally,
Would her desire of him be cloy'd thereby.

35. If she went forth, or in the shade did stay,
By day and night the youth was at her side:
Morning and eve to seek, they took their way,
Some rivulet or mead in verdant pride:
A cave conceal'd them in the heat of day,
Perhaps as sweet as that, and well supply'd,
Which Dido and Æneas, when they flew
The rain, had of their secrets witness true.

36. Midst such delight, where-e'er an upright tree
Was seen, a font, or river pure o'erhade,
With knife or bodkin grave'd 'twas suddenly;
So any stone of softer texture made:
Without, in thousand places, wrote you see,
And in the house upon the walls display'd,
Angelica and Medor, in various modes,
Together ty'd in many different nodes.

37. When it appear'd, that she had made her stay
More than sufficient here, she does design
For India to return into Cani,
And crown Medor over her kingdom fine.
She had, with gold adorn'd, a brac'let, gay
With richest gems, an evidence and sign
Of th' ardent love Orlando to her bore,
Which she, for a great length of time, had wore.

38. This once Morgana gave to Zillant,
When in the lake she him conceal'd detain'd;
And he, when of his father Monodant
The house, b' Orlando's prowess, he regain'd,
Gave it Orland: Orlando, fond galant,
The golden brac'let on his arm retain'd:
Having design, prefent of it to make,
To this his Queen, of whom to you I speak.
39. Non per amor del Paladino; quanto
Perché era ricco, e dall'arte egregio;
Caro avuto l'avve la donna tanto,
Che più non si può aver cosa di pregio.
Se lo ferò ne l'isola del piano:
Non so già dirvi con che privilegio.
La dove esposta al mar, non volendo
Fu da la gente inhospitale, e cruda.

40. Quivi non si trovando altra mercede,
Ch'al buon pastore, ed a la moglie deh,
Che serviti gl'aveva con si gran fede
Dal di, che nel suo albergo si fur messa;
Levò dal braccio il cerchio, e gli e lo diede.
E volse per suo amor, che lo tenessi.
Indi saliron verso la montagna,
Che divide la Francia da la Spagna.

41. Dentro a Valenza, e dentro a Barcellona
Per qualche giorno avevan passato parsi,
Fin che accaddesse alcuna nave buona,
Che per Levante apparisse a sorsi.
Videro il mar scoprir sotto Girone
Nel calar giù de li montani dori,
E costeggiando a man smistra il lito,
A Barcellona andar pel camini torno.

42. Ma non vi giunser prima, ch'un non pazz,
Gias trovaro in di l'estreame arene;
Che, come porco, di lato, e di guazzato
Tutto era brutto e volto, e pesto, e febriene.
Cofui si lasciò lor, come cagnazzo,
Ch'affari forefier subito viene:
E di lor usò, e fu per far lor scorno
Ma di Marfifa a raccontarvi torno.

43. Di Marfifa, d'Alfofo, d'Aquilante,
Di Grifone, e da gli altri io vi ve dire;
Che travagliai, e con la morte insieme
Mal si potean incontrar il mar schermire;
Che sempre più soprae, e più arrogante
Cresceva fortuna di minaccia, e l'ira.
E già durato era tre di lo sdegno,
Nè di placersi ancor moltau se goio.

44. Castello, e ballador spessa, e stornass.
L'onda nimica, e il vento ognor più fiero:
Se parte ritta il vento pur nel lasso,
La taglia, e dova al mar tutta il notchiere.
Chi fa sol capo chino in una capa,
Sù la carta appuntando il suo sentiero
A lume di lanternar pizzolana,
E chi col torchio giri ne la sentina.

Canto 19.

39. Not for the love she to the Knight did bear,
But that 'twas rich, of wondrous artifice.
The Lady had it in esteem so dear,
That nothing she could bet at so great price.
I th' idle of woe, how the of it took care,
I cannot now relate, by what device,
Naked, expos'd to th' monster of the sea,
By that inhospitable folk of cruelty.

40. Here, as no other present she could find,
The honest shepherd and his wife to make,
Who them had serv'd so faithfully and kind,
From that day here they did their lodgment take;
The bracelet from her arm she did unbind,
And gave it them, to keep it for her sake:
[hy'd, From thence, they thowards the mountain upwards Which France's kingdom does from Spain divide.

41. Within Valencia, or in Barcellone,
For certain days, to stay they had intent,
Till some safe vessel they could light upon,
Which ready was to sail for the Levant:
The sea they saw disclose'd beneath Girone,
Of these high mountains back's at the defent,
And, coasting to the left upon the shore,
By th' beaten road to Barcellona bore.

42. But came not there, ere they a madman found,
Lay'd all along on the extreme shore,
Who, like a twine, with mud daub'd all around,
Was foul in vifage, breast and back, all, o'er:
He flew at them, just like a mighty hound,
A stranger who assaults, with sudden roar;
And gave them trouble, and would them affront;
But now I turn Marphisa to recount.

43. I of Marphisa, Aftolf, and Aquilant,
Grifone, and the others, now would speak,
Who, death before them, in hard labour, pent,
Against the sea but ill defence could make:
For, still more haughty, and more arrogant,
Fortune its ire and menaces did wreak,
And now had lasted for three days it's rage,
Nor gave the signal, she would yet assuage.

44. Castle and deck, by still increasing wind,
To bits were torn, and by the wave their foc;
If upright part the tempest left behind,
The sailor cuts, and it to th' sea does throw:
One stands, with head upon a box inclin'd,
Marking upon a chart the track they go
Of a small lantern by the glimm'ring ray:
One does the sink by torches light survey.
Un sotto poppe, un’altra sotto prora
Si tien innanzi l’orivol da polvere
E torna a rivedere ogni mezz’ora
Quanto è già corso, ed a che via si volve.
Indi ciascun con la sua carta guida
A mezza nave il suo parer risolve
Là, dove a un tempo i marinai tutti
Sono a consiglio dal padron ridotti.

Chi dice, Sopra Limiso venuti
Siamo, per quel, chi’io trovo a le seccagge.
Chi, di Tripoli appresso i sassi acuti,
Dove il mar le più volse le legni frage.
Chi dice, Siamo in Satalia perduti,
Per cui più d’un nocchier’ fospira, e piagne.
Ciascun secondo il parer suo argomenta,
Ma tutti ugual timor preme, e fomenta.

Il terzo giorno, con maggior dispetto,
Gli affale il vento, e il mar più irato frena.
E l’un ne spessa, e portane il trinchetto,
E l’timon l’altra, e chi lo volge insieme.
Ben è di forte, e di marmoreo petto, e
Più duro ob’acciar, e’ora non teme.
Marfisa, che già fu tanto fcura,
Non negò, che quel giorno ebbe paura.

Al monte Sinai fu peregriono,
A Galizia promesso, a Cipro, a Roma.
Al Sepolcro, a la Vergine d’Ettino,
E se celebre luogo altro si nomo.
Sùl mare intanto, e ssepo al ciel vicino
L’afflitta, e conquassato legno toma:
Di cui per men’travailo avea il padrone
Fatto l’arbor tagliar de’ l’artimone.

E colli, e cai; e ciò che vi’ di grave,
Gitta da prora, e da poppe, e da sponde:
E fa tutte fgnombar camere, e ghiaccie,
E dar le ricche merci à l’ evade onde.
Altiri attende à le trombe, e à tor di nave
L’aquem importuna, e il mar nel mar risono.
Soccorre altri in sentina, ovunque appare
Legno da legno aver sfrusito il mare.

Stero in questo travaillo, in questa pena
Ben quattro giorni, è non avean più speranza
E d’aura avuto il mar vittoria piena
Poco più, ch’el furar tenevse ferna.
Ma diede sferme lor d’aria serena
La disiata luce di Santo Ermo;
Che in prua s’uma cucchina à por fi venne,
Che più non v’erano arbori, né autunne.

Under the poop one, one beneath the prow
Watchful, the minute-glas of sand survey’d,
Each half hour turning still about, to know
What way the vessel steer’d, what course she made:
From thence of each as different charts do show,
Amidst the ship, the judgment is display’d,
Where, at a time prefix’d, the sailors all
Come to a council, at the master’s call.

One says, On Limiso direct we bear,
As by the bank of quicksand I perceive:
One, The sharp rocks of Tripoli w’are near,
Where the sea most times does the vessels rive:
One says, We on Satalia shipwreck’d are,
For which each mariner does sighing grieve:
Each reason, as their different thoughts impart;
But all alike are frightened, out of heart.

The third day, with far more ferocity,
The wind affair’d, and angry sea did roar:
And one their shiver’d foresail took away,
T’other away the helm and steerer man bore:
Than steel more hard, that did not fear that day,
The breast must be, than marble, harden’d more:
Marphile, erst full of intrepidity,
That she had that day dread, did not deny.

Unto Mount Sinai many pilgrims were,
To Cyprus, Rome, and to Galicia, vow’d;
To th’ Virgin of Ettino, to th’sepulchre,
And other-place, with fanfity endow’d:
Whilst, under sea, and oft to heaven near,
The shatter’d and afflicted vessel plough’d;
Which from its toil, the master, to relieve,
To cut the mizen-mast’s main yard did orders give.

The bales, the chefts, and what was else of weight,
From prow, from poop, and from the sides, calls o’er;
And cabbins, lockers, caus’d evacuate,
And give the greedy waves their wealthy store:
Waits shope, who pump, from out the ship to get
Th’ intruding fire, and sea to sea repour:
Afflicts below deck, wherefor o’er they find
Timber from timber by the sea disjoin’d.

In such-like labour were they, in such pain,
For quite four days, and had no more defence;
And a full victory the sea must gain,
If little more it held its rage intempe:
But hope to them, the air would be serene,
Did of St. Hermo the wish’d light dispense,
On summit of the prow itself this plac’d,
As there remain’d not either yard or maff.
Canto 19.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Seeing the lovely light flash at such rate,
The mariners all on their knees fell down,
And calmer seas and quietness intreat,
With trembling voice, and eyes with tears o'er-run:
The tempest cruel, which was obstinate
Until this time, now goes no farther on:
Them the Nor-caft and Nor' no more molest,
And tyrant of the sea remains the West.

This with such force remains upon the sea,
And from it's mouth obscure it's breath does cast,
The torrent drives with such rapidity,
The agitated sea subsides in haffe;
And bears the bark with such velocity,
The swift-wing'd falcon does not dart so fast:
The sailor dreaded, left to the world's end
It should transport him, wreck, or to the bottom send.

For this the pilot skill'd, relief descry'd,
Who to cast out an anchor did ordain,
And the main harcer he lets down, and try'd,
Two thirds her course, the vesell to restrain;
This counsel aid, and th' omen more supply'd,
The light, which on the prow flam'd out again:
The ship, which else had perish'd, this did save,
And made it fail securely o'er the swelling wave.

In the Laiazzan gulf, tow'rd Siria,
Upon a city vaft the ship now rose,
And so near to the shore, that they survey
Both of the castles, which the port enclose:
Soon as the master had perceiv'd the way
They made, his former deadly look he shows:
For neither haven enter there would he,
Nor on the ocean could he stay, nor flee.

He on the deep could neither stay, nor fly,
For neither fails nor tackle there he found;
The planks and beams, by the ferocity
O' th' ocean, beaten, shatter'd, and unfound:
To th' haven to betake, was will to die,
Or be in servitude for ever bound:
For ev'ry perfon live remains, or dead,
That error there, or cruel fortune, led.

Standing in doubt, their safety was at stake,
Left, ifuing forth, the people of the land,
With armed vesells, theirs might pris'ner make,
Unfit on sea, much less in war, to stand:
The master doubting what advice to take,
The knight of England did of him demand,
What in fulpen he his mind held in fuch fort,
And wherefore now he enter'd not the port.
The master told him, that, along this shore,  
Women, men-murderesses all did reign;  
By whose old law, who-ever thither bore,  
In endless slavery were held, or slain:  
And this condition he alone got o'er,  
Who o'er ten men in field did conquer gain.  
And after could essay, in bed at night,  
To give ten damsels equally delight.

If he attains to do the former feat,  
And in the latter does not gain his ends;  
He's put to death, tho' with him so they treat,  
Their land one tills, and one their oxen tends;  
If both to do, he person is complete,  
Their liberty he gains for all his friends,  
But not his own; for he must spoufe remain  
Of ladies ten, all at his fancy ta'en.

Aftolfo, without laughter, could not hear  
The rite so strange of this adjoining land:  
Now Sanfonet, and then Marphife came there,  
And with his brother up came Aquilant:  
To them alike the master did declare  
The caufe, he distant from the port does stand:  
I'd first, he says, be swallow'd in the sea,  
Ere ever feel the yoke of slavery.

The mariners were of the master's mind,  
And ev'ry other passenger on board:  
Marphife and friends to the reverfe inclin'd,  
The shores more safety than the waves afford:  
More hardhip, 'midst the angry feas, they find,  
Than 'mongst a hundred thousand arm'd with swarm  
To them this place, and others fo appear,  
Where they could use their arms, gave little fear.

The warriors with'd, for trial to repair,  
But th' English Duke, with greatest bravery,  
Who knows, when of his horn the found they hear  
The country all round he shall fall free:  
For entering the port, one part declare;  
'Tother dislikes; so they in contett be;  
But the more strong such way the master bind,  
He drives the ship for port, tho' 'gainst his mind.

Now when, at first, they in the fight had been  
O'th cruel city, on the fen, in view,  
They had a galeot provided seen,  
With mariners expert, a mighty crew,  
Bear to the right, the ship to find who mean,  
Diftrefs'd, confus'd in counsel what to do.  
Who, the high head bound to their poop so low,  
From out the raging sea, the ship might tow.
Canto 19.

61. Entrar nel porto remorciando, e d' forza
Detemi più, che per favor di vele;
Però, che l'alternar di poggia, e d'orza
Avea levato il vostro lor crudele.
Intanto ripigliar la dura scena
I cavalier, e il branda loro fedele:
Ed al padrone, ed a ciascun, che teme,
Non ceffar dar co' lor conforti speme.

62. Fatto d'il porto a sembianza d'una Luna,
E gira più di quattro miglia intorno.
Sei venti passò e in bocca, ed in ciascun
Parte una rocca, ha nel finir del corso:
Non teme alcun affannò di fortuna,
Se non quando gli occhi da mezzo giorno.
Agifa di Teatro se gli sfende
La città à certo, e verfo il poggio ascende.

63. Non fu quivi si tasto il legno forte,
(Già l'avvolgiò era per tutta la terra)
Che fur sei mila femmine sul porto
Con gli archi in mano in abito di guerra;
E per tor de la fuga ogni conforto.
Tra l'una rocca, e l'altra il mar si serra.
Da navi, e da cattene fu ristituito,
Che tenean sempre il fuoco à cotal uso.

64. Una, che d'anni à la Cumea d' Apollo
Potè uguagliarsi, 6 e à la madre d' Estorre,
Fe chiamare il padrone, e donanduola.
Se si volse lasciar la vita torre;
O fe volseano pur al giogo il collo
Secondo la colonna fioropore;
De gli duoi l'uno ascende à torre, è quasi
Tutti morir, è vivaver captivi.

65. Gliò ver, diceasi, che s'um si rinovasse
Tra voi così animo, e così forse;
Che contra di ci si votrì uomini o la.
Prender battaglia, e defflorà la morte;
E far con di ciue femmine batasse
Per una notte ufficio di conforto;
Egli si rimarrìa Principe costoro,
E gir voi ne potresse al cammin nostro.

66. E sarà in nostro arbitrio il restar anco
Vogliate, o tutti, o parte, ma con poter;
Che chi vorrà restare, e restar franco.
Marito sia per diue femmine atto;
Maguardo il guerrier nostro potà manco.
De i diici, che li sian nati à un traino;
O la seconda pruova non formarca.
Vogliam, voi state felici, egli proffera.

By towing, and by force of ours on board,
The port they gain, more than by help of sail;
For that the pow'r, tackle to shift, or cord,
Was ta'en from them by the too cruel gale:
Mean time each cavalier his faithful sword
Again resumes, and his hard coat of mail:
And still the master, and all those who dread,
With hope, incessantly, they comforted.

67. In semblance of a crescent form'd, the port,
About four miles about, in circuit bends;
Six hundred yards the mouth; and has a fort
On either side, where each horn pointed ends:
Nor fears assault of an unlucky fort,
Except it from the southern quarter tends:
Just as a theatre itself extends,
The city, circling towards the hill, ascends.

68. No sooner was the vessel mounted there,
(Already news had pass'd thro' all the land),
Than at the port six thousand females were,
In warlike habit, with their bows in hand:
And to exclude of hope of flight all share,
The sea is shite crofs, where the castles stand:
With vessels and with chains immense 'tis shut,
Which they're instructed for such use to put.

69. One, to Apollo's Cumea to compare,
Or Hector's mother, who, in years, was fit,
The master call'd, and caus'd him to declare,
If they contented were their lives to quit;
Or else, if rather they, the yoke to wear,
According to their custom, would submit;
One of these two, by choice, he might obtain,
Or all to die, or captives all remain.

'Tis true, she said, if there's a man found our
'Mongst ye, who so much courage can display;
That dares, 'gainst ten of our men, at one bout,
A battle undertake, and them can fly;
And with ten women act his part so stout,
One night the duty of their comfort pay:
He to be ruler over us might fly,
And all the rest of ye may go away.

70. And here to tarry in your choice shall be,
Or all, or any part, but with compact;
That who will tarry, and will tarry free,
A husband's part shall with ten women act;
And if your warrior's in deficiency,
By the ten men his foes at once attack'd;
Or if the second proof he don't supply,
We will, that ye be slaves, and that he die.
Dove la vecchia ritrovò timore
Crede ne i cavalier, trovò baldanza.
Che ciascun si tenea tal feritore,
Che fornar l’uno, e l’altro avea speranza;
Ed a Marfia non mancava il core,
Benche mal atta à la seconda danza,
Ma dove non l’aitasse la natura,
Con la spada supplir faceva scuerta.

Al padròn fu commessa la risposta
Prima conciòsa per commum consiglio;
C’avean chi lor portava di fe à lor posta
Ne la piazza, e nel letto far periglio.
Levavan l’offejo, ed il nocchiar s’accosta;
Getta la fune, e la fa dar di piglio:
E fa accostar il ponte, onde i guerrieri
Escono armati, e tranno i lor destrieri.

E quindi van per mezzo la città
E vi ritruovan le donzelle altriere,
Succinté cavalcer per le contrade,
Ed in piazza armeaggiar, come guerriere.
Ne caliar quiviieron, ne cinger spade,
Né cosa d’arme pon gli uomini avere,
Se non diedi à la volta per rispetto
De l’antica costuma, ch’io ’lbo detto.

Tutti gli altri à la spola, à l’ago, al fuo,
Al pettine, ed à l’aspo sono intenti,
Con veji femminili, che vanno giufo
Infino à pié, che gli fa molli e lenti.
Si tengono in catena, alcuni ad ufo
Darà la terra, à di guardar gli armamenti.
Son pochi i maschi: e ne fon ben per mille
Femmine, cento fra cittadi, e ville.

Volendo torre i cavalieri à forte,
Chi di lor debba per commune campo
L’una decina in piazza porre à morte,
E poi l’altra ferir ne l’altro campo,
Non disegnavan di Marfia forte
Stimando, che trovav dovesse inciampo
Ne la seconda giostra de la sera;
Ch’ad averne vittoria abil non era.

Ma con gli altri effer volse ella sortita,
Or sopra lei la ferre in somma cade.
Ella dicea, Prima v’ò a por la vita,
Che s’abbiate à por vi la libertate;
Ma questa spada, e lor la spada additta,
Che cinta avua, vi dò per purtadita;
Ch’io vi sciorrò tutti gli intrichi al modo,
Che fe Alessandro il Gordinano nodo.

Where the old lady fancy’d fear to find
Among the knights, she met with bravery:
Each deem’d himself a stroke-man, of such kind,
He had strong hope, both parts well to supply:
Nor of Marphise the courage aught declin’d,
(Th’ not well made the second dance to try)
But, wherein nature could not give her aid,
She was secure, to make out with her blade,

To th’ master was committed their reply,
Which first concluded was by joint consent,
That one they had amongst them, who could try
Upon the plain and bed, th’ experiment:
The passage clear’d, the pilot brings them nigh,
And makes them take the rope, to shore he sent;
The bridge prepare, from whence in arms proceed
The warriors, and their horses with them lead.

Then by the middle of the city go,
And find this haughty set of women there,
Succinct in habit, the streets riding thro’
Or elle like warriors arming in the square:
Here they nor spurs to use, or sword, allow,
Nor are the men allow’d their arms to wear,
Excepting ten at once, in due regard
To the old cuflom; as before you heard.

At the loom, needle, ditta’d, th’ others all,
At the wool-comb or reel were busy fate,
In female veils, which to their feet did fall,
And made them slothful, and effeminate:
In chains confin’d were others, at their call,
To plough their lands, or on their herds to wait.
Few males, and for a thousand females one
Hundred were scarce in city, or in town.

The cavaliers, inclin’d to take their lot,
Which, for the gen’ral freedom, should have right,
One ten upon the plain to death to put,
The t’other in the t’other field to fight,
To choose the stout Marphise, had no thought;
Judging, a fumble to her happen might;
As to that second tilt, at night, to be
Not fitted, to obtain that victory.

But, with the others, she her chance would take;
Now upon her the lot fell finally.
Said she, For you my life I’m first to stake,
Before ye are to gain your liberty;
But this my sword, and then her sword did shake,
I hold the pledge of your securitie:
From out this scrape I’ll free you, in such mode,
As Alexander cut the Gordian node.
75. I will, that stranger shall ne'er more complain
Of this strange land, long as the world shall last.
She said, nor could her company restrain
Her from the trial, which her lot had cast:
Wherefore, or all to lofe, or for them gain
Their liberty, the cafe on her they place'd:
She, wholly arm'd with coat of mail and shield,
Herself presents to battle on the field.

76. The town at top's encompass'd by a square,
With ftages fit for seats around enclos'd,
Alone for tournaments, and such-like war,
Wild beafts, or wrestlings; no way else tis us'd:
Four gates of brafs it has, which it embar:
Unto this place, the multitude confus'd
Of women, all in armour clad, repair,
And then Marphile was bid to enter there.

77. Marphila enter'd, on a palfrey grey,
Sprinkled all o'er with many a circling spot,
With a small head, which courage did display
In it's fine features, and it's lofty trot:
The largest, and the stouteft, and moft gay,
Of thousands, which with bit and faddle, got
From fam'd Damafus, with rich ornament
Norandin to Marphila did prefent.

78. By that gate which was in the south facade,
Marphila enter'd; nor long was she there,
When, coming nigh, refound thro' the arcade,
The found acute o' th' trumpet thrill they hear;
And after, from the northern fide, furvey'd
The ten opponents march into the fquire:
The foremost knight, that first appear'd in view,
Seem'd all the reft in value to outdo.

79. On a vaft horfe he came into the fquare,
Which, fave his head and his left foot behind,
More dark and black was than was raven e'er;
I' th' head and foot fome hairs like filver shin'd.
In colour of his horfe the cavalier
Dreft'd, would have faid, by how much lefs you find,
The light was to the dark; in manner fo,
Joy was in him, compar'd to his dark woe.

80. When for the combat given was the fign,
Their fpears the warriors nine at once down bent:
But he in black fuch 'vantage did decline,
Retir'd; nor act did he of tournament:
This kingdom's laws, as he did more design,
Than his own courtesy, to detriment;
He goes aside, and flays the proof to view,
What, against nine, one single lance could do.
Il deftrier, c'avea andar trito e sfoave,
Però a l'incontro la donzella in fretta,
Che nel corpo arrestò la lancia si grave,
Che quatro uomini avranno a pena retta.
L'avea pur dianzi al difmontar di nave
Per la più salda in molte anime eletta.
Il sier sembianto, con' ella si mosse,
Mille faccie imbiancò, mille cuor s'osse.

82.
Aperse al primo, che trovò, si il petto,
Che fora assai, che fosse stato nudo;
Gli passò la corazza, e il soprapetto,
Ma prima un ben ferrato e gross' scudo.
Diistro à le falle un braccio il ferro netto
Si vide uscir, tanto fu il colpo crudo.
Quel fatto ne la lancia addiesero lassa,
E sopra gli altri à tutta brigia passa.

83.
E diece d'urto à chi venna secondo,
Ed à chi terzo, si terribil botta,
Che roton de la sebiina usir del mondo
Fe l'uno, e l'altro, e de la fella à un'otta;
Si duro fu l'incontro, e di tal pondo,
Si fretta infine ne venna la frotta.
Ho veduto bombar de quella guisa
Le squadrone aprir, che fe lo suol Marfija.

84.
Sopra de lei più lancia rotte furo,
Ma tanto à quelli colpi ella si mosse,
Quanto nel gioco de le caccie un muro
Si nuova à colpi de le palle groffe.
L'usbergo suo di tempra era si duro,
Che non gli potean contra le percosse;
E per incanto al fuoco de l'inferno
Cotto, e temprato à l'acque fu d'Averno.

85.
Al fin del campo il deftrier tenne, e volse,
E fermò al quanto; e in fretta poi la spina
Incontra à, la, es bbaragliolà, e fiolse;
E di lor sangue infin à l'ella sinse.
A l'uno il capo, à l'altro il braccio tolse,
E un'altra in guisa con la spada sinse,
Che't petto in terra ando col capo, ed ambe
Le braccia, e in fella il ventre era, e le gambe.

86.
Lo partì, dio, per drita misera
De le cofte, e de l'anche a le confine;
E lo fe rimaner mezza figura;
Qual dinanzi a l'imagini divine
Posse d'argento, e più di cera pura,
Sov da genti lontane, e da vicine,
Ch'à ringraziarle, e siore il voto vanno
De le domande pie, c'ottenute hanno.

81.
The horse, which mov'd with sweet and easy gait,
To meet them, bore the damsel on in haste;
Who, in her course, refled her lance so great,
That four men scarcely could have upright plac'd:
This, ere descending, from the ship of late,
As stoutest, she had chose from many a malt:
As she mov'd on, her formidable look
Made pale a thousand faces, hearts a thousand shook.

82.
The first she met, she open'd to his breast,
As if 'ad naked been, she pass'd it thro';
Pierc'd for him his cuirass, and upper vest,
But thro' a buckler first well ir'n'd did go;
Beyond his shoulders, for a yard, at least,
The steel was seen, so cruel was the blow.
In him she fasten'd left behind the lance,
And on the rest does with all speed advance.

83.
Then 'gainst the next, that camè, herself she hurl'd,
And to the third gave such a dreadful blow,
That broken-back'd she sent out of the world.
Both at one stroke, and out their saddles too;
With so great weight, such violence she whirl'd,
And the approaching crowd were straighten'd so:
A canon I have seen, in such a guise,
In philo.
The squadrons open, as this troop did now Mar-

84.
Upon her many lances broken fall,
But nothing more at these attacks she shook;
Than, at the game of tennis, moves the wall,
Of the smart balls, at the repeated stroke:
Such temper hard her mail was made withal,
That nought 'gainst it could do the stoutest knock;
By fire infernal, of enchanted make,
Temper'd with water of the Stygian lake.

85.
She rode the field's whole length, then turn'd about,
And stopp'd a while, then push'd in haste again,
At th' others spurring on, and them did rout,
And to the hills their blood her sword did stain:
From one his head, from one his arm was cut,
And t'other by her blade was such way slain,
His breast with arms and head on earth were lay'd,
Belly and legs upon the saddle stay'd:

86.
She sever'd him, I say, exact in twain,
Berwick the ribs on border of the loin,
And caus'd him half a figure to remain,
Such as before the images divine,
Some of which silver, more pure wax contain;
People, from far and near, to place incline,
When for their holy pray'r's obtain'd, they go,
Thanks to return, and to absolve their vow.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

87. One flying she did close behind perfue,
And overtook him ere midway the plain,
And in such way his head and neck cleft thro',
Ne'er more physician it can join again:
In fine, one after 't other all the flew,
Or fruck them so, no strength they did retain;
And certain was, that to get up from ground,
E'er more to battle make, none there is found.

88. The cavalier all while had flood aside,
Who on the plain the ten conducted had;
For that 'gainst one, with 'vantage such, to ride,
To him appear'd an action foul and bad.
Now, by one hand alone, when he epy'd
All his whole company so soon lay dead,
To make them fee, that his delay arose
From courtesy, not fear, he onward goes.

89. With his hand token gave that he inclin'd,
Ere aught he did, that he would something say,
Nor in such manly semblance thought to find
A virgin under such concealment lay:
To her he said, Sir knight, it is my mind,
You must be tir'd, so many men to lay,
And would I more, than you already be,
Fatigue you now, 'twould prove discourtey.

90. That to another day yourself you rest,
Come to the field to-morrow; I give leave:
With you, to-day, no honour to contest,
As, work'd and tir'd to be, I you conceive.
Of toll in arms I oft have try'd the test,
Nor, for so small fatigue, e'er ground I give,
Marphisa said; and, to your cost, hope soon
To you I shall, what I affirm, make known.

91. I thank you for your proffer'd courtesy;
But to repose myself, as yet, don't need;
And of the day remains such quantity,
To pass it all in sloth, were shame indeed.
The knight reply'd, Could I but satisfy
My heart, in all things, I would with succeed,
As you'll satisfy in this: but fee,
More than you think, you don't deficient be.

92. Such way he spoke, and made them bring, with speed,
Two lances grofs, each rather a great mast;
And to Marphisa the choice of them did cede;
Himself took't other, which was left, the laft.
Now at the point they are, and nothing need,
But, token of the tilt, the lofty blaff:
Behold the earth, the air, and sea, refund,
Soon as they move at the shrill trumpeter's found.
Draw breath, or open mouth, or wink their eyes,
Of the spectators were discover'd none,
So, to observe to whom belong'd the prize
Of the two champions, was intent each one:
That he might from his faddle fall, Marphife,
So that might never ride this warrior brown,
Directs her lance, and the brown warrior stout
Studies no less Marphife to death to put.

The lances seem of fallow dry and neat,
Resemble not the oak so four and coarse;
So to the foot they into pieces split;
And so severe the meeting to each horse,
That just as if a feythe their legs did meet,
And ev'ry nerve were cut off with its force,
Alike both tumbled; but the champions two
Freed themseelves fudden from the faddle-bow.

Marphife had, in her life, full many a knight
Caff, at first meeting, from his faddle out;
But it herself the ne'er before did quit;
Yet quitted it, as you have heard, this bout:
But not afohn'd at this wondrous hit,
Rather diftracted to remain on foot:
Strange too 'tis seem'd to the knight drefs'd in black,
Not us'd to tumble from a small attack.

In their fall scarcely had they touch'd the ground,
But they jump up, th' affault to re-commence;
Here point and edge they deal, with fury, round;
There with shield, blade or leap, they make defence:
Whether they hit or miss, a bustling found
High throu' the air whizzes with noife immense:
Their helms, their coats of mail, their shields, did
They could, in hardnefs, anvils far outdo. [how,

If heavy was the arm o' th' furious maid,
Neither was light the cavalier's, her foe:
Full equal measure one the t'other paid;
Exact alike they take, and they bestow:
Who'd see two foes fivot, fierce and undifmay'd,
Than th'fe, to seek, he need no further go:
Nor feek more provefs, or dexterity,
Than these two have; for greater can not be.

The women, who a great while had furvey'd
Their horrid strokes, repeated without end,
And that the cavaliers no sign display'd
Of wearinefs, or pain did comprehend,
O' th' two beft warriors them the praiies paid,
That are where does the fea its arms extend:
They f'eem'd endu'd with something more than
Or muft have dy'd with toil of fuch a length.[strength,
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

Canto 19.

99.

Ragionando tra se, dicea Marfisa:
Buon fu per me, che costui non si mossè;
Che andava a rischio di fararne accisa,
Se dianzi stato io i compagni fosse,
Quando io mi trovò appena a questa guisa
Di potergli starratio a le percose.
Cosi dice Marfisa, e tutta volta
Non refig di menar la spada in volta.

100.

Buon fu per me, dicea quell’ altro ancora,
Che riposar costui non ho lasciato.
Diender ne posso a satica ora,
Che d’estima prima pugna è traviaglato.
Se fin al nuovo di faccia dimora
Aspighiar rigor, che fari stato?
Ventura ebbio quanto piu possa averfi,
Che non voleffe tor quel, che gli offerfi.

101.

La battaglia durò fin’a la sera;
Nè chi aveffe anco il meglio era paleso.
Nè l’uno l’altro più senza luminara
Saputo avvia, come schivar l’offese.
Giunta la notte, d’inclita guerriera
Fu primo a dir il cavalier cortese;
Che farem poi, che con uguale fortuna
N’ha sopraggiunti la notte importuna?

102.

Meglio mi par, che’ll vivere tuo prolunghi
Almeno insino à tanto, che s’aggiorni.
Io non posso concederti, che aggiunghi
Fuor, ch’una notte piccolata à tuo giorni.
E di ciò, che non gli abbi aver piu lunghi,
La colpa sopra me non vo, che tornii.
Torni pur sopra à la spietata legge
Del sasso femminil, ch’el loco regge.

103.

Se di te duolmi, e di quest’ altri tuoi;
Lo fa colui, che nulla cosa ha oscura.
Con i tuoi compagni farrà meco su puoi,
Con altri non avrai stanza sicura:
Perché la turba, à cui marissi suoi
Oggi uccisi hai, già contra ti congira.
Ciascun di quelli, à cui dato hai la morte,
Era di dice femmine conforte.

104.

Del danno, che da te ricevuti oggi,
Difian nouanta femmine vendetta.
Si che, se meco ad albergar non poggi,
Questa notte assalito effor s’alberga.
Difse Marfisa, Accettò, che m’alloggi
Con sicurtà, che non sia men perfetta
In te la sede, e la bonta del cuore;
Che sia l’ardir, e il corporal valore.

99.

Maphise her thought did to herself explain:
That this man did not flee, was well for me;
For I had ran the risk of being slain,
Had he before been with his company;
As, this way, I perceive myself, with pain,
Against his blows to stand but able be:
Thus said Maphise, and, at ev’ry bout,
Did not forbear to wheel her sword about.

100.

Well ’twas for me, the other also said,
This man I suffer’d not to take his rest:
Now, with great labour, my defence is made.
Tho’ he with toll, in the first fight, was press’d:
If, till new day appear’d, he had delay’d
New strength to get, how I had been distress’d!
Fortune I had, as much as man could have,
He would not take what I by offer gave.

101.

The battle had continu’d now till night;
Nor which of them had best, as yet was clear;
Nor one or t’other longer, without light,
Their few’ral strokes to parry able were:
As night was come, to th’ female warrior bright,
First was to speak the courteous cavalier:
What shall we do, since, with an equal lot,
The night unfeas’nable has o’er us got?

102.

I think ’twere better, you your life prolong,
At least until appear the morning bright:
I cannot grant to you, your days among
That you should add except one little night:
And, that you must not it poises more long,
On me I would not that the fault should light:
Let it light rather on the law severe
O’ th’ female sex, who govern all things here.

103.

Whether, for you and yours, I am in pain,
He knows, from whom nothing conceal’d can be:
You with your comrades can with me remain,
Nor could you elsewhere have security:
Because the croud, whose husbands you have slain
To day, gainst you are in conspiracy:
Each one of these, to whom their death you gave,
Ten women left behind, their widows, have.

104.

For injury receiv’d from you, this day,
In vengeance ninety females would delight:
So that with me to rest if you don’t stay,
Be sure, that you’ll affulted be, this night.
Your lodgings I accept, Maphise did say,
With surety, that there is not les upright
In you the faith and bounty of your mind,
Than valour corporal in you I find.
Canto 20.

I.

Adies, of old time, wondrous feats have done,
As well in arms, as in the sacred muse;
And each their glorious, lofty action
Great lustre thro’ the world does still diffuse:
Harpalyce, Camilla, fam’d were shown,
As they in fight did such experience use:
Sappho, Corinna, as in learning bright,
Illustrious shine; nor e’er shall be obscur’d by night.

II.

Ma che t’incresca, che m’abbi ad uccider,  
Ben ti può increscer anco del contrario.  
Fin qui non credo, che l’abbi da ridere,  
Percib’io fa men di te duro avverfario.  
O la pugna seguir vogli, ò divider,  
O farla à l’uno, ò à l’altro luminario;  
Ad ogni cenno pronta tu m’avrai,  
E come, ed ogni volta, che norrai.

Cosi fu differita la tempesta  
Fin che di Gange uscisse il nuovo albero;  
E si resò senza conclusione,  
Chi d’èssu duo guerrier fosse migliore.  
Ad Aquilante venne, ed à Grifone,  
E così à gli altri il liberal Signore,  
E gli pregò, che fus al nuovo giorno,  
Piacessi lor di far feco soggiorno.

Tenner lo invito senza alcun sospetto:  
Indi à splendor di bianchi torchi ardenti,  
Tutti falar o’vera un real tetto,  
Difunto in molti adorni alloggiamenti.  
Stupefatti al levarsi de’ l’elmetto  
Mirandosi, restaro i combattenti:  
Che’l cavaliere, per quanto apparea fuora,  
Non eccedeva i diciotto anni ancora.

Si maraviglia la donzella, come  
In arme tanto un giovinetto vaglia.  
Si maraviglia l’altro, ch’a le chiome  
S’avvede con chi avea fatto battaglia;  
E si domandan l’un con l’altro il nome;  
E tal debito tosto si ragguglia.  
Ma come si nonaffe il giovinetto,  
Ne l’altro canto ad ascoltar v’aspetto.

But that it grieves you, me you have to kill,  
Rather you, the reverie to grieve, have ground:  
I think no cause you have for laughter still,  
Me than yourself that foe less stout you’ve found.  
Defer the fight, or finifh, as you will,  
Let the fun blaze on us, or moon wheel round;  
At ev’ry signal, me you’ll ready find,  
How, and at ev’ry turn, as you’re inclin’d.

Thus ’twas agreed the contest to postpone,  
’Till the new morn forth from the Ganges pref’d;  
And it remain’d without conclusion,  
Of these two warriors which might be the best:  
To Aquilante came, and to Grifone,  
The gen’rous Lord, and so to all the rest,  
And them intreated, till the break of day,  
They would be pleas’d with him to make their stay.

The invitation, without form, they took;  
Thence, of white torches by the splendid blast,  
Mount where their sight a princely fabrick strook,  
Diffin’d in many a beauteous lodging-place.  
Their helmets off, upon each other look  
The combatants, and were in vast amaze:  
For the knight, as by th’ outside did appear,  
Exceeded not, as yet, his eighteenth year.

The damsel greatly was astonish’d, how  
Such a mere youth in arms such prowess had;  
The other wonder’d, as the hair did show  
Him, with what sex he now had battle made:  
And each desired t’other’s name to know;  
Which debt they straightforwardly repay’d:  
But what the name was, which the youth did bear,  
In t’other canto I expect you hear.

H.

CantO XX.
Canto 20.

**ORLANDO FURIOSO.**

2.

Le donne son venute in eccellenza
Di ciascun’arte, ove hanno posta cura;
E qualunque a l’istorie abbia avvertenza,
Ne s’è sente ancor la fana non oscura.
Se l’modo ne’ gran tempo stato senza,
Non però ‘mpremo il mal’ influenza dura;
E forse acco’ han lor debiti osori
L’invidia, o il non saper de gli scrittori.

3.

Ben mi par di veder, ch’al secol nostro
Tanta virtù fra belle donne emerga,
Che pud dar opra a carte, ed ad incisioni,
Perché ne i futuri anni si disperga;
E perché, o Dio, il male dir nostro
Con vostra eterna infamia si sommerga;
E le lor lodi apparisser in guisa,
Che di gran lunga avanzzeran Marsia.

4.

Or pur tornando a lei; questa donzella
Al cavalier, che l’uso cortesia,
De l’esser su’ non ne’ga dar novella,
Quando esso a lei voglia contar che sia;
Androffio tolo del suo debito ella;
Tanto il nome di lui fat per disia.
Io son, disse, Marsia: e fu affai questo,
Che si sape per tuttol mondo il resto.

5.

L’altro comincia, poi che tocca a lui,
Con più premio à darle di suo conto,
Dicendo: Io credo, che ciascun di voi
Abbia de la mia stima il nome in pronto;
Che non pur Francia, Spagna, e i vician sui,
Ma l’India, Etiopia, e il freddo Ponto
Han chiarà cognizion di Chiaramonte,
Onde usò il cavalier, ch’uccise Almonte.

6.

E quel, ch’è Chiliaro e, al Re Mambrino
Diede la morte, e il Regno lor discepe.
Di questo sangue, dove ne l’Enfino
L’Istro ne vien con otto corona, o diece,
Al Duca Amone, il quale già peregrino
Vi capitò, la madre mia mi fece:
E l’anno è ormai, che la lascià dolente.
Per gire in Francia à ristorrar mia gente.

7.

Ma non potè finire il mio viaggio,
Che qua mi spinse un tempestoso Noto,
Son dieci mesi, o più, che stanza ’vaggio;
Che tutti i giorni, e tutte fore noto.
Nominato fom’io Guidon Selvaggio
Di poco prouva ancora, e poco noto.
Uccisi qui Argilon da Melibea,
Con nove cavalier, che feco avea.

Ladies did still to excellence arise,
In ev’ry art, they study’d to procure;
And who attention gives to histories,
Ev’n yet would find, their fame is not obscure:
If the world long has been without supplies,
Yet ever shall thy ill influence endure:
And haply has conceal’d their honours due
Env’n, or writers, such as nothing knew.

3.

I fully seem to see, that in our age,
‘Mong the fair sex itself such virtue rears,
That ink and paper greatly shall engage,
So that it may be spread in future years;
And that, base tongues, this your abusive rage,
To your disgrace eternal, disappares;
And that their praise shall show forth, in such guise,
That it, by far, exceed that of Marphise.

4.

Now to her turn’d; this damsel so elate,
Who tow’rd’s the cavalier us’d courtsey,
Deny’d not to inform him of her state,
So he’d explain to her who he might be;
Herself o’ th’ debt soon does exonerate,
She with’d to know his name fo earnestly.
I am, said she, Marphise: and this suffic’d;
For the whole world was of the rest appris’d.

5.

T’other began, as to him did pertain,
With prelude more, to give his history,
Saying, Ye all, no doubt I entertain,
Ready the name have of my family;
Since not alone the parts nigh France and Spain,
But India, Ethio’p, and the frozen sea,
Have knowledge clear of th’ house of Claramont,
Whenceprung the cavalier who flew Almont.

6.

And he, who to Chiaric and King Mambrine
Gave death, and did their routed people slay;
From that high blood, where into the Euxine
Ifter with eight, or with ten horns does stray;
To Duke Amon, who then a peregrine
Came there, my mother me in birth did lay:
Now a year’s past, since her I left in woe,
In seeking out my kin, for France to go.

7.

But such my voyage I could not conclude;
For by a south wind stormy this way blown,
Ten months, or more, I’ve had this station rude:
Each day, each hour, I in my mind mark down:
Guidon I’m call’d, the Savage of the wood,
For action valorous but little known.
I flew, of Melibea, Argilon,
With the nine knights, whom with him he brought.
8.
Feci la prouova ancor de le donzelle,
Così n'ho diceo à miei piaceri à lato;
Ed à la scelta mia soi le più belle,
E son le più gentili di questo stato:
E queste reggo, e tutte l'altre; che' elle
Di se n'hanno governo, e s'etto dato.
Così daramo à qualunque altro arrida
Fortuna si, che la decina ancida.

9.
I cavalier domandano à Guidone,
Com' ha fi pochi mafigli il tenitore;
E sà le moglie hanno suggezzone,
Come efl' ha un gl' altri locchi à loro.
Diffo Guidon, Più volte la cagione
Udita n'ho, da poi che qui dimoro:
E vi sarà, secondo ch'io l'ho udita,
Da me, poi che v'aggrada, risposta.

10.
Al tempo, che tornar dopo anni venti
Da Troia i Greci che durà l'affedio
Dieti; e dieci altri da contrari ventic
Furo agitati in mar con troppo teditio;
Trovav che le lor donne à gli tormenti
Di tanto affenza, avean preso rimejido.
Tutte s'avete giovani amanti eletti
Per non si raffreddar, fole ne i letti.

11.
Le case lor trovaro i Greci pierre
De l'altri figli; e per parer comune
Perdonano à le mogli, che fan bene
Che tanto non potean vivere dignume;
Ma à i figli de gli adulteri conviene
Altrove procacciarsi, altre fortunate;
Che tolerar non vogliono le mariti,
Ché più à le spese lor fieso nudriti.

12.
Sono altri efighi, altri tenuti occulti
Da le lor madri, e fùcidenti in vita.
In varie squadrade quet, ch'erano adulti
Feron chi quà, chi là, tutti partita.
Per altri l'arme son, per altri culti
Gli studi e l'arti, altri la terra trita,
Serve altri in corte, altri è guardian di grogge,
Come piace à colei, che qua giù regge.

13.
Parti fra gli altri un giovineetto, figlio
Di Chitennestra la crudel Regina,
Di diciotto anni, fresco come un giglio,
' O rofa colta allor di sù la spina.
Questo armato un suo legno, à dar di piglio
Si pone, e à depredar per la marina,
In compagnia di cento giovineetti
Del tempo suo, per tutta Grecia eletti.

8.
I, with the maids too, try'd th' experiment;
So that of them I ten have at command;
The fairest are at my arbitrement,
And most gentle of all throughout this land:
And of the rest I have the government;
For they've the sceptre given to my hand;
So will they give to any, on whom smile
Fortune, that he the ten men join'd should kill.

9.
The cavaliers enquired of Guidon,
How so few males they 'ad in this gov'ntagity:
And if to th' wives they're in subjection,
As elsewhere women to their husbands be:
Guidon reply'd, Oft the occasion
Hereof I've heard, since here have tarry'd I;
And it shall be, in manner as I've heard,
By me, since to ye pleasing 'tis, declar'd.

10.
When, after twenty years, came back again [left,
The Greeks from Troy; for ten th' hard siege did
And other ten, in tedious toil and pain,
They o'er the sea by adverse winds were cast;
They found their wives a remedy had ta'en,
For so great absence, thro' affliction vast;
All had young lovers to their choices carv'd,
That they alone in bed might not be starv'd.

11.
The Greeks their habitations crowded view,
With spurious sons, and, in joint thought, inclin'd
To pardon their frail wives, since well they knew
They could not so long live from men confin'd:
But the adult'rous sons it fit did fhow
To drive out elsewhere, other lots to find;
For that the husbands by no means dispence,
That they be nourish'd more at their expence.

12.
Some were expos'd, and others did secrete
Their own fond mothers, and in life fustain'd:
In various troops those of matured state
Went, and in different countries station gain'd:
And others arms; others did cultivate
Studies and arts; and others till'd the land:
Some ferv'd in court; others of flocks took care,
As pleas'd her, who here below the fway does bear.

13.
The youthful son did, 'mongst the rest, retreat,
Of Clytemnestra, that unnat'ral Queen,
Of eighteen years, ev'n a lily fweet,
Or rofe, which from the thorn just pluckt has been:
He an arm'd veselt of his own to get
Difpos'd, and plunder o'er the waves marine,
And did an hundred youths with him engage,
Throughout all Grecia chozen, of his age.
Canto 20.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

I Cretans, who, at this time, driven had
Cruel Idomeneus from out the throne,
And, in their novel state, safe to be made,
Of men and arms form'd a conjunction;
They with good stipend, as their soldier paid
Phalanto, by this name the youth was known;
And him, and all he with him there convey'd,
For guard o'er the Dictæan city lay'd.

Midst hundred cities fair, which were in Crete,
Dictæa richest was, of most delight,
With women lovely, am'rous, gay, replete;
Gay in their pastimes from the morn to night;
And as they us'd with courtesy to treat,
At all times, strangers, who here chanc'd to light,
They welcom'd them so, that did little lack
Their of their houses even lords to make.

They all were young, and all were handsome too;
Phalanto had the fav'r of Greece chose out;
So from the ladies fair, at the first view,
Their hearts they stolen from their bosoms got;
As they, not less than fine, did to them shew,
That they in love were honourable, stout:
They, in few days, to them so grateful prov'd,
That them, 'bove ev'ry other good, they lov'd.

When, by accord, an end o' th' war was made,
For which Phalanto into pay was ta'en,
And now no military stipend paid,
So that the youths herefrom had no more gain;
And now to quit this land determined,
The Cretan dames more grievously complain,
And for this cause pour forth more broken sighs,
Than if their fires lay dead before their eyes.

The youths were, by their damsels, ferv'ly,
With earnest prayers, intreated there to stay;
Then with them, as to tarry they deny,
Leaving fons, brothers, fathers, off went they;
Of jewels rich and gold vall quantity,
From each their houses stealing first away;
And this their practice did so well secrete,
Their flight was known to no one man in Crete.

So favourable wind, the hour so fit
Fell out, which for his 'scape Phalanto chose,
That many miles they thence had made their flight,
When Creta's city did lament her los';
After, this country, then unpeopled sit,
To them by Fortune harés'd rest bestows:
Here they all fix'd, here in security,
They better of their theft the fruit enjoy.

Tt
Le donne, che in videro tradite,
Da i lor amanti, in che più fedé aveano;
Ralefl per alcun di si sbigotte,
Che fra'immote in lito al mar pareano:
Vifio poi, che da gridi, e da infinite
Lagrima alcun profitto non traeano;
A pensar convincitaro, e ad aver cura,
Come aiutarsi in tanta lor fiagura.

E proponendo in mezzo i lor pareri,
Altre diceano, In Creta è da tornarli;
E più tosto a l'arbitrio de' feueri
Padri, e d'offesi lor mariti deferi,
Che ne i deferti liti, e boschi fieri
Di disago, e di fame consumarfi.
Altri dicean, che lor fària più onesto
Affogarfi nel mar, che mai far questo;

E che manco mai'era merestrici
Andar pel mondo, andar mendiche, o sbiaue,
Che ce' stesse offrire a gli appliche,
Di ch'evan degna l'opere lor prave.
Quegli, e simil partiti lo infelici
Si proponean, ciascun più duro e grave.
Tra lor al fine una Oronthea leviose,
Ch'origin traea dal Re Minosse.

La più giovane de l'altre, e la più bella
E la più accorta, e ch'avea meno errato,
Amato avea Falanto, e à lui polsella
Datefè, e per lui il padre avea lasciato.
Coffei mostrando in vifo, ed in faveula
Il magnum cor d'ira infiammato,
Redargendo di tutte altre il detto,
Suo parer diffe, e fe seguirne effetto.

For ten days they remain'd in this retreat,
Ever replete with pleasing, am'rous joy;
But, as it happens, a profusion great
Often will give the youthful heart a cloy:
All were agreed, they'd live in other state,
Of women to divest them of th' annoy:
For there's not so intolerable weight,
As woman, when of her once fatiate.

They who of rapine greedy were, and gain,
And earnestly inclin'd expence to spare,
Saw, that, such concubines to entertain,
Than sword or lance, other means needful were:
So left these wretches lonely to remain;
And with their riches loaded, off' they bear
To Puglia's banks marine, where, they relate,
Tarento's city they did fabricate.

The ladies, who thus found themselves betray'd,
By lovers deem'd of strict integrity,
Some days remain'd dumb, in their grief dismay'd,
They statues feem'd fix'd on the banks o' th' sea:
Seeing, then, cries and endless tears they shed,
Turn out for them of no utility,
Began to think, and fitting means address,
How they might help themselves in such distress.

And now, all met, each does her thoughts propose:
Some counsel, that they should to Crete return,
And rather to their rigid Sire's dispose,
Yield, and their husbands, who with anger burn,
Than in the desert shores, wild woods, with woes,
With parching hunger ling'ring waste forlorn:
Others advis'd, it would more noble show,
To drown themselves i' th' sea, ere this to do.

And that less ill t'were, if they strumpets went
Thorough the world, for slaves or beggars pas,
Than themselves offer to the punishment,
Which they deserv'd for their past actions base:
Th' unhappy, this, and such-like sentiment
Propos'd, and each more hard still made their cafe:
'Mongst them, at last, one Oronthee arose,
Who origin to the King Minosse owes.

The youngest of them all, most delicate,
And the moft wife, who least fault did commit,
Had lov'd Phalanto, and, in virgin state,
Given to him, for him her fire did quit:
She shewing, in her look and speech elate,
The gallant heart, which ire in flame had light,
Refuting all, the others did direct,
Declar'd her mind, and caus'd it take effect.
Canto 20.

Di queste terra à lei non parve torsì,
Che convobbe seconda, e d'aria sana,
E di limpidi fiumi aver diforsi,
Di selve opaca, e la più parte piana,
Con parten sasi: ove dal mar ricorsì,
Per ria fortuna avea la gente strana,
Ch'or d'Africa portava, ora d'Egitto
Cose diverse, e necessarie al viato.

Qui parve à lei formarsi, e far vendetta
Del viril sasso, che le avea si offeso;
Vuol ch'ogni nave, che da nostri assestata
A pìglier venga porto in suo paese,
A facci, a sanguine, à fuoco al suo si metta,
Né de la vita à un sol fi sia cortese.
Cosi fu detto, e cosi fu concesso;
E fu fatta la legge, e messa in ufo.

Come turbar l'aria sentiato, armato
La femminne corsean à la marina,
Da l'implacabile Oronte guidate,
Che die lor legge, e fi fe lor Regina;
E de le navi à li lieti lor cacciato
Faccano incendi orribili, e rapina,
Uom non lasciando vivo, che novella,
Dar ne potesse, à in questa parte, à in quella.

Cosi solinghe vissero qualche anno
Afpre nimiche del fesso virile,
Ma conobbero poi, ch'el proprio danno
Procaccierian, se non mutavan sìile:
Che se di lor propagine non fanno,
Sarà lor legge in breve irritata, e vile;
E mancherà con l'inse attain regno,
Dove di farla eterna era il disegno.

Si che temprando il suo rigore un poco,
Scelsero in spazio di quatro anni ininteri
Di quanti capitavano questo loco
Dieci belli, e gagliardi cavalieri,
Che per durar ne l'amoroso gioco
Contr'esse cento fosser buon guerrieri.
Essendo in tutto eran cento, e statuto
Ad ogni lor decina fu un marito.

Prima ne fur decapitati molti,
Che riusciron al paragone mal fatti.
Or questi dieci à buona prova tolti
Del letto, è del governo ebben confortò,
Scendo lor guarar, che se più colsi
Altri uomini pervigiano in questi porti;
Essi sarian, che spensa ogni pietade
Là portavano egualmente à fil di sponde.

To her seem'd, from this land they should not go,
Which she knew fertile was, the climate siane,
And limpid rivulets herein do flow,
With shady woods adorn'd, and open plain,
With bays and havens, which relief bestow
To strangers, drove by fortune o'er the main;
Who now from Afric, Egypt now, refort.
With various needful things, for their support.

Here she thinks fit to stay, and here on man,
Who thus had injur'd them, take vengeance due.
She will'd, each ship, which the winds should con;
And to their country, for the haven, flew; [strain,
Should all with sacrage, blood, and fire, be slain;
Nor to one's life alone they'd mercy shew:
Thus it was said, and so was made conclude;
And they this law ordain'd, and put in use.

As soon as they the air disturbed see,
The armed women run to the marine,
Guided by the revengeful Oronthee,
Who gave them laws, and was become their Queen:
And in the ships, which to the shore did see,
Made confiscation dire, and rapine keen;
Leaving not man alive, who might relate
The news hereof, in one or other state.

Thus, for some years, they solitary live,
Enemies cruel of the sex virile;
But afterwards they find they should contrive
Their proper ill, if they don't change their fill:
For if from them no offspring they derive,
Their law, in short time, must prove null and vile,
And with it this their reign unfertile end,
Which they to make eternal did intend.

So that, to temper somewhat of their spite,
They chose out, in the space of four whole years,
From all the men who on this place did light,
Ten beautiful and vig'rous cavaliers:
Who for duration, in the am'rous fight,
With hundred of them might prove gallant peers:
They were in all an hundred, and ordain
One husband there should be to ev'ry ten.

In the beginning many here were slain,
Who turn'd out on the effay impotent:
Now thole fame ten, after good trial, ta'en,
They comforts have in bed and government;
Making them swear, if others here attain,
And at their havens should themselves present,
They'd ready be, all pity cast away,
Them, undistinguish'd, with the sword to slay.
32. **Ad ingrossare, ed à figliar appresso**
Le donne, indi à temere incominciavo,
Che tanti maleferi del virile seffo,
Che contra loro non avrian poi riparo.
E al fine in man de gli uomini rimesso
Saria il governo, ch' elle avean si caro.
Si ch'ordinar, mentre eran gli anni immobili
Vor fi, che mai non soffri loro ribelli.

33. **Acciò il seffo virile non le rovignoli,**
Una ogni madre vuol la legge orrenda,
Che tanta fece: gli altri o gli sospogli,
O fuor del regno li permuti, o vendita.
Ne mandano per questo in mari luoghi,
E a chi gli porta dicono, che prenda
Femmine, se à baratto aver ne puote:
Se non, non torni almen con le man voste.

34. **Ne uno ancora alleverian, se senza**
Poteffon fare, e mantenere il gregge.
Quella è quanta pietà, quanta clemenza.
Più à suoi, che à gli altri, ufa l'iniqua legge.
Gli altri condanna con ugal sentenza:
E solamente in questo si corregge,
Che non vuol, che secondo il primiero ufo,
Le femmine gli uccidano in confusivo.

35. **Se dieci, o venti, o più persone à un tratto**
Vi fosser giunte, in carcere eran messe;
E d'una al giorno, e non di più era tratto
Il capo à forte, che perir doveva,
Nel tempio orrendo, ch' Oronte avea fatto,
Dove un'altar à la vendetta essesse,
E dato à l'un de dieci il crudo ufficio
Per forte, era di farne sacrifizio.

36. **Dopo mol' anni à le ripe omicide**
A dar venne di capo un giovineetto,
La cui stirpe stendea dal buono Alcide,
Di gran valor ne l'arme, Ebanio detto.
Qui prefo fuo, ch' à pena se n'avvide,
Come quel che venia senza sospetto.
E con gran guardia in fretta parte chiuse,
Con gli altri era serbato al crudel'uso.

37. **Di uivo era costui bello e giocondo,**
E di maniere, e di costumi ornato;
E di parlare, à de' e si facendo,
Ch' una aspre volentier l'auiva ascoltato.
Si che, come di cosa rara al mondo,
De l'offorio fuo fu tosto rapportato
Ad Alessandra figlia d'Oronte,
Che di molt' anni grave arco vivea.

32. When they grew big, and were to childbirth near,
The women thence began to apprehend,
Should they of the male sex so many bear, [fend;]
They gainst them might not then themselves de-
And that this government, they held fo dear,
Might fall into the hands of men, i' th' end:
So they, whilst they're in tender years, dispose
To act, that them they never shall oppose.

33. Left them the virile sex should subjugate,
Each mother does the horrid law ordain,
One to preserve, the rest to suffocate,
Or them to change, or fell forth this domain:
They them for this fend into various state,
And bid thofe, who convey them, bring again
Females, if such a truck can be obtain'd;
If not, at least not turn with empty hand.

34. Nor should they breed up even one, if they
Without could do, and could their flocks maintain,
More to their own this pity, clemency,
Than others, did their wicked law ordain;
Others to death it sentenc'd equally;
In this alone they it did now restrain,
It will'd not, that in the accustom'd way,
The women them confusedly should slay.

35. If ten or twenty men, or more, here stray
At once, in prifon they are caus'd to lie;
And then, of one, and not of more, each day,
The lot's decided, which of them should die
I' th' horrid temple, built by Oronthee,
Where was to vengeance set an altar high;
And the dread office, by lot, given is
To one o' th' ten to make the sacrifice.

36. After some years, upon this mur'drous place,
Fell in the snare a young man, who did claim,
From brave Alcides was deriv'd his race,
Val'r'ous in arms; Ebanio was his name:
Here was he caught, as scarce appriz'd he was,
As he without succicion hither came;
And with strong guard, in a strict place incluse,
Was kept with others for the cruel ufe.

37. This youth of visage pleafing was, and fair;
Of manners polish'd, and gentility;
And of speech eloquent to charm the ear,
That all would listen to him willingly:
So that as thing, that was i' th' world moft rare,
News of his state was carry'd suddenly
To Alexsandra, born of Oronthee,
Who liv'd as yet, of vaft longevity.
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Canto 20.

38.
Oronte a l'acion. e già mancante
Tutti' erano l'altre, ch'abitari qui prima:
E dice tante, e più n'erano nate,
E in forza erano cresciute, e in maggior fima;
Nè tra dice furine, che serrate
Stavan pur spero, avean piu d'una lima,
E dici cavalieri anco avean cura
Di dare a chi venia fiera avventura.

39.
Alessandra bramosa di vedere
Il giovinetto, ch'aveva tante lode;
Da la sua madre singolar piacere
Impetra, ch'Elbanio vede ed ode;
E quando vuol partirne, rimanere
Si sente il cuore, ove è ch'il purghe e rode.
Legar si sente, e non sa far contesa;
E al fine dal suo prigion si trova presa.

40.
Elbanio d'if di lei, Se di pieta
S'avesse, donna, qui notizia ancora;
Come fe' l'ha per tutti' altre contrarde
Douunque il vago Sol luce, e colora;
Io vi offerrei per oifir' alma beltade,
Ch'ogni animo gentili di se innamora;
Ciò che ci v'ha di vita mia, che poi
Saria ogni presso a spenderla per voi.

41.
Or quando fuor d'ogni ragion qui sono
Privi d'unanimità i cuori umani;
Non vi domanderà la vita in dono,
Che i prigioni miei, so ben che farian vani:
Ma che da cavaliero, è tristo, è buono
Ch'io sia, po' morir con l'arme in mano;
E non come dannato per giudizio,
O come animal brutto in sacrificio.

42.
Alessandra gentil, ch'umidì arca
Per la pieta del giovinetto i rai,
Rispose, Ancor, che più cruel e rea
Sta questa terra: ch'altra fosse mai?
Non concesso però, che qui Medea
Ogni femmina sia, come tu sai;
E quando ogni altra così fosse ancora,
Me sola di tanto' altre io vo trar fuora.

43.
E se ben per addietro io fossa stata
Empia, e crudel; come qui sono tante;
Dir posso, che fuggeto, ove mostrata
Per molfo rio, non ebbi avante.
Ma ben sarei di tigre più arrabbiata,
E più duro avrei il cuor, che diamante
Se non m'avesse tolta ogni durezza
Tua bello, tuo valor, tua gentilezza.

44.
Oronte l`iv'd as yet: and now all those
Who here first dwelling had, were dead and gone,
And ten times more such others here arose,
And into strength and more eftee were grown:
Nor midst ten furnaces, which shut up clofe
Often remain'd, had they more files than one;
And the ten cavaliers had still the care
To give adventure fierce to those, came there.

39.
Now Alessandra, wilful, fight to gain
Of the young man, who so great praise did share,
Did of her mother, with much joy, obtain
That the Elbanio might see, and hear:
And, when she would depart, she feels remain
Her heart, where somewhat did it stab and tear;
She feels she's bound, unable to conteft;
And finds, at last, her pres'ner her opprefs'd.

40.
Elbanio said to her, If tenderness,
As yet, to lady here was ever known,
As in all other parts they that poffefs,
Where with his radiant beams the sun e'er shone,
I'd dare to your bright charms myself addrefs,
To which each gentee foul must needs bow down;
To ask, that you'd my life in gift bestow,
Which I'd still ready be t'employ for you.

41.
Now seeing here, out of all reafon, are
The human hearts void of humanity,
To ask my life in gift I will forbear,
As would my pray'r be fruitlefs, well know I.
But, as a knight, or good or bad my share,
That, arms in hand, I suffer'd be to die,
And not like one, condemn'd by justice, fall,
Or, as in sacrifice, a worthlefs animal.

42.
Soft Alessandra, who had humid eye
For the young man, thro' her compassion,
Reply'd, Altho' of greater cruelty
This land may be, than any e'er yet known;
That here Medea all, I yet deny,
The women are, as you think, ev'ry one;
And tho' the reft were such, 'let only me,
From out of all the reft, excepted be.

43.
And if I've hitherto myself been one,
Impious and cruel, as are many here,
I say, no object to me has been shewn,
That worthy of my pity could appear,
But I than tygers, more with rage o'er-run,
And heart more hard than adamant should bear,
If from me took not all feverity
Your beauty, valour, your gentility.
COSE non sìfe la legge più forte,
Che contra i peregrini è stataìta;
Come io non fìebueriei con la mia morte,
Di riconoscer la tua più degnà vita.
Ma non è grado qui di sì gran sorte,
Che si potesse dar libera alba;
E quel, che chiedi ancor; benche sia poco;
Difficil ottenere fa in questo loco:
Per io vedrò de far, che tu l'ottenega,
Ch'abbi innanzi al morir questo contento;
Ma mi debito ben, che te n'avvenega
Tenendo il morir lasso, più tormento.
Soggiunse Elbanio, Quando incontro io venga
A dieci armato, di tal cor mi sento,
Che la vita ho speranza di salvarme;
E uccider lor, se tutti fosser' arme.

Alessandra à quel detto non rispose,
Se non un gran sìsìro, e dipartite;
E portò nel partir mille amone
Punte nel cuor, mai non sanabil, sìsì.
Venne à la madre; e volonò le pole
Di non lasciar, ch'el cavalier morisse,
Quando si dimostrasse così forte,
Che solo avesse posto i dieci à morte.

La Regina Oronsea fece raccorre
Il suo consiglio; e disse: A noi convieno
Sempre il miglior, che ritroviamo, porre
A guardar nostri porti, e nostro aren.";
E per faper chi ben lasciar, chi torre,
Prova è sempre da far, quando egli auvenie,
Per non patire con nostro danno à torto
Che regnìr vile, e chi ha valor, sia morto.
A me par; se à noi par; che sì sìsìo
Sia, ch'ogni cavalier per l'avventure,
Che fortuna abbia tratto al nostro lito,
Prima, ch'al tempio si fia con mortore;
Posa egli sì, se gli piace il partito,
Incontra i dieci à la battaglia esce;
E sei di tutti vincere è possente,
Guardi egli il porto, e feso abbia altra gente.

Parlo cosi, perchè abbian qui un prigione;
Che par, che uccider dieci s'offerisca;
Quando, sol vaglia tante altre persone;
Dismisima è per Dio, che s'esaudìta;
Cosi in contrario a vivà punizione,
Quando vaneggi, e temerario ardìsia,
Oronsea fine al suo parlar qui pofe;
A cui de lo piu antiche una rispose.

Would that the legal force less cogent were,

What against foreigners they here ordain,
As I, with my own death, would not forbear,
Your life, by much more worthy, to obtain:
But no degree of such high state is here,
That able is your freedom here to gain;
And tho' but little is what you desire,
In this place hard twill be, that to acquire.

Yet, that you may obtain it, I will strive,

That such content you may have, ere you die;
But I much fear, left to you may arrive,
By keeping off your death, much misery;
Elbanio said, My heart I such perceive,
Altho' ten men, at once, encounter I,
That I have hope to free my life from harms,
And kill them, tho' they all were made of arms.

Here Alessandra nothing did re-fay,

But with a grievous sigh the did depart;
And with her bore a thousand wounds away
Incurable, fix'd in her am'rous heart:
Comes to her mother, does her with display,
Not to let one suffer death's cruel smart,
In cafe he should of such proveis shewn,
That he ten men could put to death, alone.

Queen Oronthee did all her council make

Assemble: and said, On us does depend
Ever the best, which we find out, to take,
Our shores, and these our havens, to defend:
And to know which to choose, and which forfake,
We still must prove whatever chance should fend:
Not to admit, to our own los and wrong,
The weak to reign, and to be slain, the strong.

I think, if ye think fit, we should ordain,

That ev'ry knight, to all futurity,
Whom fortune may unto our borders train,
Ere at the temple he be caus'd to die,
If he such action wishes to sustain,
Alone may against ten a combat try:
And if to conquer them he able be,
Let him our haven guard, and have his people free.

I this way speak, as here w'ave priser, one,

Who, that he ten will conquer, does declare;
If he so many men out-does alone,
By heavn most worthy he, we him should hear:
On t'other hand, he'll have punitiion,
If he thus dreams, and does so rashly dare.
Here of her speech an end Oronthee made,
And the most ancient one in anwer said.
Canto 20.

La principale ragion, ch'è far disegno
Sul commercio de' gli uomini ci sforza,
Non fu perch' a difendere questo regno
Del lor aiuto alcun bisogno fosse;
Che per far questo abbiamo ardire, e ingegno
Da noi mettere, e a sufficiente poffe;
Cosi senza far pe'no far anco,
Che non venisse il propagarsi a manco.

Ma poi, che senza lor questo non lece,
Tolti abbian, ma non tanti, in compagnia;
Che mai ne sia più d'uno incontra diece,
Si ch'aver di noi poffa figuoria.
Per concider di lor questo si fece,
Non che di lor dissea voja ci sia.
La lor padronza sol ne vaglia in questo;
E sieno ignavi, e inutili nel reso.

Tra noi tener un nome, che sia il forte,
Contrario è in tutto al principale disegno.
Se può un solo a dieci uomini dar morte,
Quante donne farà stare egli al segno?
Se i dieci noftri ferior di tal forte,
Il primo di n'avrebbon tolto il regno.
Non è la via di dominar, se vuoi
Per l'arme in mano a chi può più di noi.

Pon mente ancor che, quando così atti
Fortuna questo tuo, che i dieci uccida;
Di cento donne, che de' lor mariti
Rimarran prive, sentirai le grida.
Se vuol campar, proponga altri partiisi,
Ch'esser di dieci giovini omicida.
Per se far con cento donne è buono
Quel, che dieci faviano, abbi perdono.

Fu d'Artemia crudel questo il parere,
Cosi avea nome, e non mancò per lei
Di far nel tempo Elbano rimanere
Scannato innanzi a gli spietati Dei.
Ma la madre Oronte, che compiacere
Volve a la figlia, replicò a colui
Altro, ed altre ragioni e modo tenne,
Che nel Senato il suo parer s'ottenne.

L'aver Elbano di bellezza il canto
Sopra ogni cavalier, che fosse al mondo,
Fur nei cor de' giovani di tanto,
Ch'erano in quel confuso, e di tal pondo;
Ch'el parer de le vecchie ando da canto,
Che con Artemia volean far, secondo
L'ordine antico: né lontan fu molto
Ad esser per favore Elbano assolto.

The cogent reason made us first attend,
That commerce with the men should be agreed,
Was not that we, this kingdom to defend,
Of their assistance stood in any need:
For we have wisdom, courage, for such end,
Of our own selves, and strength, none can exceed;
Would, without them, we, at as easy rate,
Not to decay, ourselves could propagate!

But since, without them, this could not be done;
We've ta'en, but yet, a few, in company,
That ne'er with ten there shall be more than one,
That ever may remain our sovereign:
That we may multiply by them, 'twas done,
Not that of their defence here need had we:
Then let in this alone their might avail,
In all else useless, lothful, let them fail.

'Mongst us to keep a man, so shout a one,
Is contrary to our whole chief design:
He that ten men can put to death, alone,
What women will he make their pow'r resign?
Were our own ten of such condition,
They the first day our realm might undermine:
'Tis method strange of governing, when you
Put arms in hand, which more than ye can do.

Consider too, if fortune aid should give
To this your man, that ten by him should die,
Of hundred women, whom he will deprive
Of their dear husbands, ye will hear the cry:
If he'd escape, let him new means contrive,
Not that ten youths fall by his cruelty;
If for a hundred women he's so brave
To do what ten do, let him pardon have.

This was Artemia's cruel sentiment,
So was the nam'd, and not on her it lies,
That to the fane Elbano was not sent,
An off'ring made to their dread deities:
But th' mother Oronte, who to content
Her daughter was inclin'd, to her replies;
And us'd such different reasons, and such ways,
That, in the senate, her advice took place.

Elbano's excellence in beauty's pride
'Bove other knights the whole world could produce,
The younger ladies hearts so much did guide
Here in the council, and so weighty shews;
That the old women's votes were cast aside,
Who with Artemia for the ancient use
Would have agreed: and now, by favour, 's nigh
Elbano, to obtain his liberty.
56. Di perdonarli in somma fu concluso;  
Ma poi che la decina aveffe spento;  
E che ne l'altro affalto fosse a d'ufo  
Di dieci donne buone, e non di cento.  
Di cagion l'altro giorno fu disfibrato;  
E avutoarme, e cavallo a suo talento,  
Contradieci guerrier solo si mise,  
E l'uno appresso à l'altro in piazza uccise.  

57. Fu la notte seguita a prova messa  
Contradieci donzello ignudo, e solo;  
Dove ebbe à l'ardir suo si buon successo,  
Che fece il faggio di tutto lo sfinolo.  
E questo gli acquistò tal grazia appresso  
Ad Oronte, che l ebbe per figliolo,  
E gli diede Alessandra, e l'altr' uomo,  
Con chi avea fatto la notturna prova.  

58. E lo lasciò con Alessandra bella,  
Che poi die un nome à questa terra erede;  
Con patto, ch'a serrar egli abbia quella  
Legge, ed ogni altro, che da lui succede.  
Che chi sacer, che gia mai fia fiera fiella  
Fara qui per lo fenturato piede;  
Elegger passa, o in sacrifizio darli;  
O con dieci guerrier solo provarsi.  

59. E se gli avven, ch'el di gli uomini uccida,  
La notte con le donne si provi,  
E quando in questo ancor tanto gli arrida  
La forte sua, che vincitor si trovi,  
Sia del femminco etal principe e guida;  
E la decina à scelta sua rinnovi;  
Con la qual regni, sìo ch'un altro arivi,  
Che sia più forte, e lui di vita privi.  

60. Appresso à duo mila anni il costume empio  
Si è mantenuto, e si mantiene ancora;  
E sono pochi giorni, che nel tempio  
Uno infelice peregrin non mora.  
Se contra dieci alcun chiede, ad esempio  
D'Elbanio, armarsi, che ve n'è tal'ora;  
Spesso la vita al primo affalto lassa,  
Nè di mille uno à l'altra prova passa.  

61. Pur ci passano alcuni, si rari,  
Che sì le dita annoverar si ponno.  
Uno di questi fu Argilion, ma guari  
Con la decina sua non fu qui donno,  
Che cacciandomi qui veni contrari,  
Gli occhi gli chiüf in fiampieterno fanno.  
Così fosfo io con lui morto quel giorno  
Prima che viver servo in tanto seorno,  

To pardon him they finally conclude;  
But after he the half a score shall kill,  
And that the next assault, he shall prove good  
With ten, not hundred, ladies to fulfil:  
Him, the next day, from prison they disclude;  
And he had arms and war-horse at his will:  
Against ten warriors sets himself alone,  
And in th' piazza flays them ev'ry one.  

57. The foll'wing night he put to trial was  
With the ten damfels, secret and alone;  
And ev'ry thing so decently did pass,  
That he improperly behav'd to none:  
And this acquired him a friendly grace  
With Oronthee, who lov'd him as her fon,  
And gave him Alessandra, and the nine,  
To whom he did so civilly incline.  

58. And with fair Alessandra left him heir,  
Who afterwards gave to this town it's name;  
With pact, to keep this law he should take care,  
And each his successor should do the same:  
That ev'ry one, whom'er his cruel star  
Caus'd that with haples foot he hither came,  
Might have his choice, in sacifice to die,  
Or gainst ten warriors sole a proof to try.  

59. And should it hap, that he the men should slay,  
He in the night must with the women meet;  
And if on him should smile in such a way  
His fortune, that he deemed be difcreete;  
Let him o'er all the females bear the way,  
And ten of them choose out the most compleat,  
And reign with them, till other shall arrive  
More stout than him, and him of life deprive.  

60. Almost two thousand years this custm bafe  
Has been kept up, and still they it maintain;  
And rarely 'tis that many days here pafs,  
But in the fane some haples stranger's slain:  
If, against ten, as was Elbanio's cafe,  
One asks to arm, for there's such now and then;  
At first assault often their lives they lose;  
Nor one in thousands to the other trial goes.  

61. Yet some, but they so rarely, hither pafs,  
That on the fingers they may number'd be:  
Argilion one of thofe was; but small space  
He with his ten here held the fo'reignty;  
For me contrary winds did hither chace,  
His eyes, inleep eternal, clofed I:  
Would I, with him, that day had met my fate,  
Ere live to ferve in fuch digraceflce flates.
For am'rous pleasures, sport, and jollity,  
Which each one, of my age, does still embrace,  
The purple, gems, and superiority,  
Which I maintain, 'bove others, in this place,  
By heav'n, to please, have small ability,  
Man, who does life depriv'd of freedom pafs;  
And thus unable hence my foot to move,  
I servitude intolerable prove.

As I the flow'r of my best years behold  
Confum'd, in way so vile, effuminate,  
My heart in stings and sorrow me does hold,  
And in me taste of pleasure does abate:  
My kindred's fame it's pinions does unfold  
Thro' earth, itself to heav'n does elevate,  
Which haply even I good part should share,  
If with my brotherhood to be I able were.

I think my fate did me fad detriment,  
Which me to such vile service did elect;  
As the war-horse amongst the mares is fent,  
That in his eyes or feet may have defect;  
Or, by some other grievous accident,  
In arms, or better ufe, unfit to act:  
Nor hoping from this base servility  
To get, but by my death, I wish to die.

Here to his converse Guidon put the close,  
And curs'd the fatal day, thro' great disfain,  
Which o'er the cavaliers, and o'er each spouse,  
Gave him the victory, this realm to gain:  
Aftolfo heard, nor did himself disclose  
Till he was fure, by many tokens plain,  
That, as he had difcourfes, this Guidon  
Was fon of his own kinman, Duke Amon.

Then anfwer'd him: The English Duke am I,  
Your kin Aftolfo, and did him embrace,  
In manner loving, and with courteous  
Saluting him, the tears bedew his face:  
My kinman dear, of more discovery  
Mark on your neck your mother could not place,  
To caufe belief, you're of our kindred one,  
Suffice the valour, with your fword you've shewn.

Guidon, who, elsewhere, would much joy have had  
To fall in such beloved kinman's way,  
Here him accolf with a vifage fad;  
For that he grieved was, him to survey:  
If he should live, Aftolfo must flave be made;  
Nor longer was the term than the next day:  
If free Aftolfo were, he must be flain;  
So that one's good was th' other's evil plain,  
U u

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ORLANDO FURIOSO.

Canto 20.

It grieves him too, that ev'ry other knight,
By conquering, he ever slaves must make;
Nor more, altho' he plain be in this fight,
Would help them, off their slavery to shake:
For if they from one quicksand get out quite,
And stumbling, after, to another take;
Him without 'vantage vanquish will Marphisa,
For they in bondage must be put, she dies.

On th' other hand, the verdant blooming state
Of the young man, the valour, courtely,
With love had tender made, compassionate,
So much Marphisa, and her company,
That they now held, but as in scornful rate,
To be gain'd by his death, their liberty:
And if Marphisa this no way could do,
Than by the killing him, she'd even life forego.

She to Guidon then said, Your fate now share
With us: hence we by open force will go.
Ah! hence to get, said Guidon, hope forbear,
Whether you lose or me you overthrow.
She answer'd: Ne'er this heart of mine did fear,
Thing that I once began, not to get thro';
Nor know I how to find secure way,
Than that thro' which my sword can me convey.

I of your valour such a proof have made,
That, if with you, I dare each enterprise;
Soon as the multitude round the steeccade
To-morrow on the theatre shall rise,
On all sides we with death will them invade,
Whether defence or flight they higher prize;
And to the wolves and vultures of this place
Their bodies leave, and set the town in blaze.

Guidon subjoin'd; Me ready here receive
To follow you, or at your side to die;
But reckon not here to remain alive;
A little vengeance us must satisfy:
For oft' ten thousand to the square arrive
O' th' female people, and like quantity
To guard the walls, the fort, and haven, stay;
Nor is there place secure to get away.

Marphisa said, And did they far exceed
Thole men in number who with Xerxes went,
Or more than the rebellious souls, decreed,
Banish'd from heav'n, to endless punishment;
If you're with me, at least you don't them head,
In one day, all to slay I am intent.
Guidon reply'd, I no one method know
That can avail, if this one will not do.
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Ne può sola salvar; se ne succede;
Quest' una, ch'io dirò, ch'or mi conviene.
Furò ch'io le donne, ufar non si concede,
Nò metter piede in sù le false arene.
E per questo commettermi à la sede
D'una de le mic donne mi conviene;
Del cui perfetto amor fatto ho juvente
Più proua ancor, ch'io non fard al presente.

75.
Non men di me tormi cofei disfa
Di servitù, pur che ne venga meco
Che così spera senza compagnia
De le rivali sue, ch'io viva seco.
Ella nel porto, à fusfe, à faetia
Fara' ordinari, mentre è ancor l'aur cieco,
Che i marinari vofri troveranno
Accoia a navigar, come vi vanno.

76.
Dietro à me tutti in un drappel rifpretti
Caualieri, mercanti, e galeotti,
Ch'ad albergarvi sotto à questi retti
Meco (vosfera mercè) fete ridotti;
Acute à faroi ampiamente e i petti,
Se del nostro cammin fiano interrotti:
Cosi spero, aiutandoci le spade,
Ch'io vi trarrò de la crudel cistade.

77.
Tu fia, come ti par, diffa Marfîa,
Ch'io son per me d'uscir di qui scura.
Più facil fia, che di mia mano uccia
La gente fia, che è dentro à queste mura;
Che mi veggi fuggire, o in altra guifa
Alcuna possa notar, ch'abbia paura.
Vo uscir di giorno, e fol per forza d'arme,
Che per ogni altro modo obbrobrio parme.

78.
S'io ci fossi per doua consinta,
So ch'auerei da le donne onore, e pregio,
E volentieri io ci sarei tenuta,
E tra le prime forse del collegio.
Ma con coflo renfendi venuta,
Non ci vo d'essar aver più privilegio.
Troppo error forse, ch'io mi feffi, o andassi
Liberta, e gli altri in servitù lasciassi.

79.
Queste parole, ed altre seguendo,
Mastro Marfîa, ch'el rispetto solo,
Ch'avea al perigio de compagni, quando
Potria loro il fuo ardir tornar in duolo.
La tenca, che con alto, e memorando
Segno d'ardir non affalia lo fuolo.
E per questo à Guidon lascia la cura
D'infar la via, che più gli par siuera.

This only us can save, should it succeed;
This one I call to mind, of this will treat:
Hence none but women leave have to proceed,
Nor on the briny shore to set their feet.
Therefore of one, my female, there is need,
Myself to the fidelity commit,
Of whom I oft have try'd the perfect love
Already, more than now I it shall prove.

75.
Not less than me, my escape from slavery.
She wills, could she to go with me contrive;
For so she hopes, that, without company
Of those her rivals, she may with me live:
She in the port, by night's obscurity,
For fitting vessel shall her orders give,
Which your own mariners will ready find
To navigate, so soon as they we've join'd.

76.
Behind me, all in a close body press'd,
Knights, merchants, sailors, by dire fate here led,
As ye beneath my roof; before, to rest,
For which I thank ye, your reception had;
Ye may make ample pabbage with your breast,
If to our way be interruption made;
So hope I, using of our swords the aid,
Ye'll from this cruel city be convey'd.

77.
Ye do as ye think fit, Marphisa did say;
I'm for my getting hence in certainty:
'Twere easier, that by my hand I lay
These people all, within these walls that be;
Than that they see me fly, or other way
Any should mark, that there is fear in me:
I'll go by day, by force of arms alone,
All other means as vile I look upon.

78.
Here, that I woman am, were it explain'd,
I know these dames would prize and honour me;
And willingly I here should be detain'd,
Perhaps the first in their society:
But as with these I to this place attain'd,
I will not have than them more liberty:
'Twere fault too great to stay, or to go free,
And thus the others leave in slavery.

79.
By these and more words, which she did repeat,
Marphisa shew'd that the respect alone
Of her companions and their danger great,
As her high courage, might procure their meau;
Restrain'd her from high memorable feat
Of prowess, not 't assault this nation:
And therefore to Guidon she left the care
To use the means which might most fain appear.

U n 2
Guidon at night talk'd to Aleria,
By such name his most faithful comfort goes;
Nor needed he herein her much to pray;
For her he fully found at his dispose:
She took a ship, and put in arm'd array,
And her most rich effects therein she stows;
Feigning, she would, at the next rising morn,
For pirating, take over sea a turn.

She, in her palace, had contriv'd before,
Swords, lances, shields, cuirasses, to prepare,
Whence might fit arms be by the merchants wore,
And sailors, who almost defenceless were:
Some slept, and others stood observant more.
'Twixt them their watchings and their ease they share;
Often look out, still in their armour drest,
If yet the dawn had purple'd o'er the east.

With clangor of the trumpet, drum, and horn,
The populace caus'd heav'n and earth to jar,
Enciting thus their chieftain to return,
And terminate the late commenced war:
Aquilant and Grifon stand, whom adorn
Their armour rich, and th' English Duke is there;
Guidon, Marphise, Sas'n'et, and all the rest;
On foot were some, some on, their courfers pre's'd.

Much hast'ning forward his companions, went
Guidon, to get out thro' the other gate;
But the vaft multitude, who stood intent
To strike, and armed all around did wait;
Thought, as they saw him, who thus forward bent
Conjoin'd with thofe, he meant thence to retreat;
And all at once recourse had to their bows,
And to the portal run, their flying to oppose.
The mail of ev'ry warrior was compleat,
And were it not, they'd have more cause for fear.
Kill'd was his war-horse under Sanfonet;
That day Marphisa was in great danger there:
T' himself Aftolf says: Now, why do I wait?
Could e'er my horn prove of such value rare?
I'll see, since little does avail the sword,
If with my horn safe way I can afford.

As he was custom'd, in extreme distress,
To aid himself, claps to his mouth his horn:
The earth, the world, seem'd earthquake to express,
When shot thro' air the horrid found was borne:
A dread did io the people's hearts oppress,
They, thro' desire of flight, reel, overturn,
Down from the stages, stun'd, of fence bereft;
Much less the guards were at the portal left.

This side and that, up, down, th' astounded rout
Sprung up, and took to flight with rapid speed:
At once 'bove th'ouandants, at each passage out,
Fall in a heap, each other still impede;
Others are kill'd by treading under foot;
From benches, windows, others shatter'd;
Many an arm was broken, many a head;
Many were forly maim'd, and others dead.

The cries and groans at once to heaven drive,
With ruin mix'd, and dire confusion:
The tumult fear'd, where does th' horn's noise arrive,
With hurry vast in flight for refuge run:
Thus of all courage void, if you perceive
The mean of heart, and wretched pop'lace shown,
Let it not raise your wonder; for the hare
By nature ever is posse'sd of fear.
Ma che direte del giò tanto fiero
Cuò di Marsifa, e di Guidon Selvaggio?
De i due giovani figli d'Oliviéro,
Che giò tanto onoraro il lor lignaggio.
Giò cantò n'ìa avean stimato un zero:
E in fuga or se ne v'avan senza coraggio;
Come comici, a timidì colombi,
A cuì vicino alto rumor rimbombi.

Cosi noceva a i suoi, come a gli strani
La forza, che nel corno era incantata.
Sanfoneto, Guidone, e i duo germani
Fuggon dietro a Marsifa spaventata:
Nel fuggendo pouno in tanto loutani,
Che lor non sia l'orecchia anco intronata.
Scorre Alofto la terra in ogni lato,
Daudo via sempre al corno maggior fiato.

Chi scese al mare, e chi piggì su al monte,
E chi tra i boschì ed occulcar si vene:
Alcuna senza mai volger la fronte
Poggir per dièci di non si ritenne.
Ufìci in tal punto alcuna fuor del ponte,
Ch' in sua vita mai non si ricevve:
Scombrarò in modo e piazze, e templi, e càfe,
Che quasi vo'la citta rimassa.

Marsifa, el buon Guidone, e i duo fratelli,
E Sanfoneto pallìsi e trombanti;
Fuggiano incerso il mare, e dietro a quelli
Fuggianì i marinari, e i mercatanti;
Ove Aleria trovà, che fra i castelli
Loro avea un legno apparecchiato inamici.
Quindi poi, ch' in gran fretta gli raccolse,
Die i remi a l'acqua, ed ogni vola fioles.

Dentro, e d'intorno el Duca la cittade,
Avea sorsa da i colli intao a l'onde.
Fatto avea vo'te rimaner le stade:
Ognun lo fugge, ognun fe gli nasonde.
Molte trovaua fur; ch per cittaide
S'eran gittate in parti sfure, e immonde;
E molte non sappiando, ove s'andare,
Messer à nutor, ed anfatte in mare.

Per trovar i compagni il Duca vienve,
Che fi credea di riveder su'l Molo,
Si colse intorno, e le defete arenè
guardà per tutto; e non v'appare un solo.
Leva più gli occhì, e in alto a vele pìene
Da se lontani andar li sede à volo.
Si che gli trovien fare altro disegno
Al suo cammino, poi che partito è al legno.

But what say ye, when heart devoid of fear,
Such as Marphisa's, or farage Guidon,
Or the two youths the sons of Olivier;
Who to their lineage had such honour done,
When hundred thousand did as nought appear;
But now, depriv'd of courage, off were flown,
As rabbets, or as pigeons fearful fly,
Some rattling noise advancing to them nigh?

As well as strangers, injur'd his own men
The force which this enchanted horn supply'd:
Sanfonet, Guidon, and the two brethren,
Flew on behind Marphisa terrify'd;
Nor flying could they yet so far attain
That their ears should not thence be stupefy'd.
Aftolfo scour'd the land on ev'ry side,
And stronger breath still to his horn apply'd.

Some to the sea descend, some climb the mount;
Some, in the woods to hide, themselves convey'd:
Some, without daring once to turn their front,
Fled for ten days, nor e'er one moment stay'd:
Some issu'd, at that instant, o'er the pont,
Who ne'er in life back to that quarter made:
They piazzas, temples, house's, empty'd fo,
That aloft defert was the city now.

Marphisa and brave Guidon, the brothers two,
And Sanfonet, trembling, and pale with fear,
Flew tow'ards the sea; and after them swift flew
The merchants all, and ev'ry mariner;
Where they Aleria found; who did, ere now,
For them a ship between the forts prepare:
Thence them she does in hurry great receive;
The falls they loo'fe, to th' waves the oars they give.

Within and round the city all, the Duke
Had scour'd, from the hills down to the sea,
And caus'd, that all the streets they had forsook,
Each fled, or got into obscurity:
Many were found, who to the dark betook
To filthy places, thro' poltroonery;
Many, who to get off no method found
To swim attempting, in the sea they were drown'd.

The Duke returns to find his company,
Who he suppos'd would on the mole be shown:
He turns around, and defert finds does see
Throughout the place, and there appears not one:
More rais'd his eyes, and full fail o'er the sea
From him far off, perceives that they were flown:
So that new method must be thought upon
To take his way, as now the ship is gone.
ORSANDO FURIOSO.

98. La ciascuno andar pur; ne' vi rincresta,
Che tant' ara far debba solleto
Per terra d'insedi, e barbaresta,
Dove mai non vi va senza spetta.
Non è periglio alcuno; onde non esia
Con quel suo corso, e n'ha mostrato effetto:
E de' compagni suoi pigliano cura,
Ch'al mar fugg'ian tremando di paura.

99. A piena vela si cacciaron lungi
Da la crudele, e fangoina spiaggia;
E poi, che di gran lunga non li giunge
L'orribil suon, ch'a spaventar più gli aggià,
Infolita vergogna si gli punge,
Che con'un suono, a tutti il viso vaglia.
L'un non ardisce a mirar l'altro; e fàssi
Tristo, senza parlar, con gli occhi belli.

100. Passa il nocchiero al suo viaggio intenso
E Cipro, e Rodi, e giù per l'onda Ecga.
Da fe vede fuggir s'olento cenro
Col periglio capo di Malea,
E con propizio, ed immutabil vento
Asconder vede la Greca Morea;
Volta Sicilia; e per lo mar Tirreno
Costeggia de l'Italia il lito ameno.

101. E sopra Luna ultimamente forsó:
Dove lasciato avea la sua famiglia,
Dio ringraziando, ch'el pelago corse,
Senza più danno, il noto pilota.
Quindi un nocchier trovar per Francia scisore;
Il qual di venir fece li consiglia:
E nel suo legno ancor quel di montaro,
Ed a Marsilia in breve si trovaro.

102. Quivi non era Bradamante allora,
Ch'av'er solea governo del paese;
Che se vi fossè, è far seco dimora
Gli avria sforzati con parlar cortese.
Sefer nel lito: e la medesima ora
Dai quattro cavalier congedo preso
Marsìla, e da la donna del Selvaggio;
E pigliò à la ventura il suo viaggio,

103. Dicendo, che lodevole non era,
Ch'an'dassèr tanti cavallier insieme:
Che gli ornì, e i colombi vano in sibiera,
I daini, e i cervi, e ogni animal che teme,
Ma l'andace falco, l'aquila altiera,
Che ne l'aiuto altrui non metton sìeme;
Orsi, tigri, e leon soli se vano,
Che di più forza alcun timor non anno.

Let's leave him to go on; nor sorrow ye,
That he must lonely go, so vaft a way,
Thro' barb'rons lands of infidelity,
Where none e'er without apprehensions stray:
No danger is there, but he'll thence get free,
With that his horn, whose force he did display;
And of his company let us take care,
Who to the sea fled, trembling with their fear.

99. With a full sail along the waves they drive,
Far from this cruel, from this bloody site;
And when, by distance great, could not arrive
The horrid sound, which them did so affright,
A shame unusual did their booms rive,
Which, as with fire, their visages did light:
One on the other did not dare to look;
Sad, and with down-cast eyes, they stood; nor spoke.

100. The pilot on his voyage pass'd intent
To Cyprus, Rhodes, and down th'Egean sea;
By hundred illes, as if they flew, he went,
Doubling the dang'rous cape of Malea;
And, with a gale as kind as permanent,
Loses the sight of Grecian Morea;
By Sic'ly turns, by th' Tyrrhene sea he bore,
Coasting fair Italy's delightful shore.

101. And he to Luna's shore arrives at last,
Where he had parted from his family,
Thanking the Lord, that he the sea had pass'd;
Reach'd the known shore, with no more injury:
Then they a pilot found, for France to haste,
Who by desire went with them readily;
Into his bark they went, that very day,
And soon arrived at Marsilia.

102. From hence was absent Bradamant this day,
Who o'er this country had folk government;
Had she been there, she would have made them stay
With her, by many a courteous argument.
On shore they light, and strait to go away,
To the four knights Marphisle her compliment
Now made, and to the lady of Guidon;
And quite by chance her journey set upon.

103. Saying to them, It was not praise-worthy
That such grand knights together travelled;
Starlings and pigeons go in company,
The deer, and stags, and creatures that have dread;
But the bold falcon, and the eagle high,
Who never stand of others help in need;
Bears, tygers, lions, ever go alone,
As they ne'er fear strength greater than their own.
None of the rest did the same judgment make;  
So that it suited she should go alone:  
Thro' midst of woods and unaccustom'd track  
Therefore she went without companion.  
Grifon the white, and Aquilant the black,  
And th' other two, more beaten path set on;  
And came, the fol'wing day, unto a fort,  
Where they had lodgment of a courteous fort.

Of courteous fort, in shew, I would explain;  
But soon they found effect quite contrary;  
For that this castle's Lord to them did feign  
Reception giv'n with bounty, courtefy;  
And in the night, when they secure were lain  
Asleep in bed, he cas'd them seiz'd be;  
Nor lets them go, till, that they'd practife there  
A wicked cuffom, he compell'd them swear.

But I would follow now the val'rous lafs,  
Ere, Sir, of these I any more would treat.  
The highwaymen, in the cavernous mount,  
In that place, where was led by justice high,  
To give them death, that Paladin, the Count.  
Th' old woman, who was now in fear to die,  
For caufe which I hereafter shall recount,  
Now many days, by roads thick, dark, does go,  
Ever avoiding all who her might know.

Here as Marphifa had of foreign knight  
The look in drefs, and in accoutrement;  
For this, as usual, she took not to flight,  
As the from others of this country went;  
Rather with boldness, and without affright,  
At the ford stopps, and flays for her, intent;  
At ford o' th' torrent, where she her would meet,  
Th' old woman forward goes, and her does greet.

Then ask'd her, that she'd take her up behind,  
To t' other bank convey her o'er the brook:  
Marphifa, who was born of courteous mind,  
Across the rivulet her with her took,  
To carry her some way not disclin'd,  
Till she with her to better road betook,  
From out the mud: and, at this pass's end,  
They faw a knight, who did to meet them tend.
The knight on seat in manner fine array'd,
With shining arms, rich cloaths embellished,
Towards the river travell'd; by a maid,
And by one squire alone, accompany'd:
The lady with him beauty great display'd;
But by her state her charms were lessen'd,
Of haughtines replete, all over pride,
Worthy the cavalier, who her did guide.

Pinabel, of the Counts Maganzeis one,
Who her conducted with him, was this knight;
The very person who, some months now gone,
Caft Bradamant into the hollow pit:
Those sighs of his, and his loft sight,
His grief, by which he almost loft his sight,
All were for this fair, whom once more he'd gain'd,
Whom had the negromant from him detain'd.

But when was ta'en away from off the hill
Th' enchanted castle of the old Atlant,
And ev'ry one could go at their own will,
By th' courage and the work of Bradamant;
She who had tender been, and easy plight,
The wish of Pinabel ere now to grant;
Return'd to him, and in his company
From one fort to another now went they.

And as the sneering was, and insolent,
Soon as the faw' th'old woman of Marphife,
To keep her mouth shut she could not content,
From bant'ring her with scoffs and mockeryes:
Marphife proud, who tow'rrds her don't frequent
To bear affronts in any fort of guile,
Anfw'er'd the damsel, in a wrathful glare,
That this old woman was than her more fair.

And that she this would prove to her own knight,
With compact, then from her to take her gown,
And the nag which she rode, if the caus'd quit
His horfe the knight, who was her champion.
Pinabel, who 'd by silence fault commit,
Defers not with his arms to anfw'er soon,
Seizes his shield and lance, and wheels his steed,
In rage to meet Marphife then does proceed.

Marphife a mighty lance grasps, him to meet,
And it to th' face of Pinabel convey'd;
And him to stun'd, reverse'd, to earth thebearer,
He lay an hour, before he rais'd his head.
Marphife, now the conqu'ress in this feat,
Caus'd be ta'en off the vestments of the maid,
All other ornaments behind her leave,
And all of them let her old woman have.
Canto 20.

O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O.

116. 
E di quel giovane abito volse?,
Che si vestisse, e se' ornasse tutta;
E se' che'l palafiero anco si tolse,
Che la giovane aveva quivi condotta.
Indi al prefo cammin con lei si tolse,
Che quant'era più ornato, era più brutta:
Tre giorni fe' andar per lunga strada
Senza far cosa, onde a parlà m'accada.

117.
Il quarto giorno un cavalier trovare,
Che venia in fretta galoppando solo.
Se di saper chi sia forse o'è caro;
Dicovi, ch'è Zerbin di Re figliuolo,
Di virtù esempio, e di bellezza raro,
Che se' stess' rodae d'ira, e di dolo
Di non aver potuto far vendetta
D'un, che gli avea gran cortesia interdetta.

118.
Zerbin in danno per la selva corsa
Dietro a quel suo, che gli avea fatto oltraggio;
Ma si 'a tempo colui s'èpe via torse;
Si seppe nel fuggir prender vantaggio;
Si il bosco, e se' una nebbia lo soccorse,
Che' avea offiato il martutio rago;
Che di mai di Zerbin si levò netto
Fin che l'ira, e il furor gli'ufi del petto.

119.
Non potè, ancor che Zerbin fosse irato;
Tener, vedendo quella vecchia, il rifo;
Che gli parea del giovane ornato
Troppo diverso il brutto antico viro,
Ed a Marfìa, che li venia a lato,
Difse, Guerrier tu sei pein d'ogni auviso,
Che damigella di tal forte guidi,
Che non temi trovar chi te la invidi.

120.
Avea la donna, se la crepfa buccia
Pù darne indio, più de la Sibilla.
E parea così ornata una Bertuccia,
Quand per mover rifo alcun vestilla;
Ed or piu brutta par, che si corrucca,
E che da giu occi l'a ira le sfavilla;
Ch'è donna non si fa maggior dipetto,
Che quando, o vecchia, o brutta le vien detto.

121.
Mostrò turbarsi l'inchieta donzella
Per prenderle piacer, come si prefe.
E ripose a Zerbin; Mia donna è bella
Per Dio, vi è più, che tu non sei cortese;
Come ch'io veda, che la tua favella
Da quel, che fens'hanimo, non scese.
Tu fingi non conosciri sua beltrada
Per elusar la tua somma viltade.

122. 
And, with this youthful habit, did ordain,
She should be dres'd, and be adorn'd all o'er;
And caus'd the palfrey to be by her ta'en,
Which to this place had the young lady bore:
Thence with her turns the to her road again,
Who, how much more bedeck'd, was ugly more.
Three days they travell'd on, by distant way,
Ere aught was done, which hap'd for me to lay.

117.
On the fourth day they met a cavalier,
Who galloping came on, in haste, alone:
If this to know, perchance, you shold hold dear,
I say this Zerbin was, the Scotch King's son;
Of virtue, and of beauty, sample rare,
Who fretted in himself, thro' ire and moan,
That he could not to th' vengeance with'd succed,
'Gainst one who gen'rous action did impede.

118.
Zerbin in vain along the forest sped
After him who such outrage did commit;
But he his way so seasonably fled,
So knew to gain the vantage in his flight,
So him the wood and mist to succoured,
Which had obscured o'er the morning light;
From Zerbin's hands himself he difengag'd,
Till in his breast were rage and ire affwag'd.

119.
Tho' Zerbin is in wrath, he can't prevent
His smile, as soon as he th' old woman spies,
As seems to him the youthful ornament,
So differ't from her ancient ugly phyz;
And to Marphifa, who on with her went,
Said, Warrior, you seem in your conduct wise,
That you lead damfal with you of such kind,
You none to envy you need fear to find.

120.
This woman than the Sibyl had more years,
If by the wrinkled skin one were to gues);
And such way the baboon adorn'd appears,
What time him some one, to move laughter, dres's:
And she in wrath more hideous now appears,
As from her eyes the sparks her rage express;
For more offence cannot on woman fall,
Than when you her or old or ugly call.

121.
To be offended seem'd th' illustrious maid,
That he hereon to rally was inclin'd,
And to Zerbin, My nymph is fair, the said,
By heav'n, far more than you I courteous find;
As I'm convinc'd all that you have inveigh'd
Comes not from the senfation in your mind;
You counterfeit her beauty not to know,
For your consummate basenefs an excuse to show.

122.
O R L A N D O  F U R I O S O .

And what a person needs must be that knight,
Who should, on nymph, with sole companion,
So young and fair as this, in forest light,
And not make trial to have her his own?
So well, says Zerbin, she for you is fit,
'Twere pity should deprive you, any one:
And, for my part, so indiscreet am I,
I'd ne'er rob you; poises her charfully.

On other cause, to deal with me inclin'd,
What I can do, I ready am to show,
But for this woman, think me not so blind
That I one single tilt would undergo:
Ugly or fair, be she to you resign'd,
I'd not divide such friendship 'twixt ye two.
Together well y' are coupled, I could swear,
That as she's lovely, no less stout you are.

And this proposal seems not to you good,
I give you other, which you can't deny,
To Zerbin said Mafphie: if I'm subst'd,
Her with me to retain I will comply;
But, if I win, I'll her on you obtuere:
Now which shall be without her, let us try:
Her you shall make your comrade, if you lose,
Still wherefo'er to go she does dispose.

And be it so, Zerbin said, and in haste,
To gain the field, he turn'd around his steed;
I' th' stirrups rifies, and himself fix'd fast
Upon his feat; and that he well might speed,
At th' middle of the damsel's shield he pas'd;
But did, as rock of brass he smote, succeed:
And she his helmet touch'd in such a way,
Did him clean out his sadder, itun'd, convey.

This falling, much did Zerbin discontent,
Which in encounter ne'er had hap'd before;
Thousand and thousand he to earth had sent;
And this as shame eternal on him bore:
He stay'd long while upon the earth, silent;
And, when reflecting, still it griev'd him more
That he had promise'd, and must bounden be,
To have this ugly chrine in company.
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ORLANDO FURIOUSO.

Canto 128.

128.

Tornando à lui la vincitrice in sella
Difse ridendo: Questa t'apprestoso;
E quanto più la veggia, e grata, e bella,
Tanto, ch'ella la tua, più mi contento.
Or tu in mio loco i campion di quella:
Ma la tua fe non se ne porti il vento;
Che per sua guida, e fiora tu non mada,
Come hai promesso, o vanunque andar l'aggrada.

129.

Senza aspettar riposta urla il destriero
Per la foresta, e subito s'impossua.
Zerbin, che la stimava un cavaliere,
Dice à la vecchia, Fa ch'io lo conosca;
Ed ella non gli tiene asciso il vero,
Onde fa che lo uenende, e che l'attonfa.
Il colpo fu di man d'una donzella;
Che s'ha fatto votar, disse, la sella.

130.

Pel suo valor coftei debitamente
Usurpa à cavalieri e scudo, e lancia;
E venuta è pur dianzi d'Oriente
Per affacciare i Paladin di Francia.
Zerbin di questo tal vergogna siente,
Che non pur tinge di roffor la guancial,
Ma restò poco di non farli roso.
Seco ogni pezzo d'arme che avea indosso.

131.

Monta à cavallo, e se stesso rampogna,
Che non sepe tener strette le cofe.
Tra se la vecchia ne forrde, e agogna
Di stimularlo, e di più dargli angosc.
Gli ricorda, ch'andar feco bifogna:
E Zerbin, ch'ubbidìgato l'avea
L'orecchie abbafla, come vinto, e flanco
Destrier ch'ha in bocca il fren, gli sproni à fianco.

132.

E fù spirando; Oimè Fortuna fella,
Dicea, che cambio è questo, che tu fai?
Coei, che fu sopra le belle belle,
Ch'offre mano dovua, levata m'hai.
Ti par, ch'in luogo, ed in rifor di quella
Si debba pit carofe, ch'ora mi da?
Stare in danno del tutto era men male,
Che fare un cambio tanto diseguale.

133.

Coei, che di bellezze, e di virtùs
Una non ebbe, e non aurà mai fare,
Sommerfa, e rosta tra gli folchi acuti
Hai data a i pesci, ed a gli augli del mare:
E costei, che dovrà già aver pastiuzi
Sotterra i vermi, hai tosta à prevarvar
Dieci, è venti anni più, che non dovevi,
Per dar più peso à gli niti affanni grevi.

134.

The feated conq'ress, turning tow'ards him, faid,
Smiling, This Lady I to you present:
And more I see her fair, embellished,
The more, that she is yours, I am content:
Now of her you be champion, in my stead;
But mind your vow not to the winds be fent;
That you proceed her guide and guardian still,
As promis'd, where to go, she says it is her will.

129.

Without awaiting answer, push'd her steed
Into the wood, and soon was out of sight.
Zerbin, who this a knight imagined,
Ask'd the old woman, she'd inform him right;
And she the truth to tell him well agreed,
Whence she knows poison him in flames would light:
From hand of damsel was the mighty stroke,
Which you, says she, from out your saddle took.

130.

This lady, by her strength, desiredly
Surmounts the cavaliers, at sword and lance,
And she, quite from the east, is come to try
Her prowess, 'gainst the Paladin of France.
Zerbin not only feels with crimson die
His cheeks spread o'er, for this unhappy chance;
But almost ready was to tinge with gore
Himself, and every piece of arms he wore.

131.

Remounts his steed, and does himself upbraid,
That he knew not to keep his knees more close;
Internal smiles th'old woman, and effay'd
To sting him, and increase his bitter woes:
That he must go with her, before him lay'd,
And Zerbin, who, that he's thus bounden, knows,
Lowers his crest, like faint and jaded horse,
Who feels of bridle, and of spurs, the force.

132.

And sighing, Ah me, fortune most severe,
He faid, what fort of change is this, you make?
She, who above all fairest was most fair,
That should be with me, now you from me take:
Ought she, you give me now, fall to my share?
Think you, that she for her is equal flake?
Leis ill twas, losts to suffer of the whole,
Than twas, to make a change of fort so foul.

133.

She with such charms, with virtues so endu'd,
That never had, and ne'er will equal have;
Shipwreck'd and drown'd among the rocks most rude,
To fishes and the birds o'th sea you gave;
And she, who long since ought to have been food
To the worms under ground, you take to fave,
Ten years or twenty, more than you should do,
To give more burthen to my grievous woe.
Canto 20.

Zerbino thus spoke, nor to be lefs in pain,
By words and by his semblance did appear,
From this his new and his so odious gain,
Than for the los of her, her lady dear:
Th' old woman, tho' the ne'er did sight attain
Of Zerbino, yet by what he did declare,
That this was he, she plainly does perceive,
Of whom Galician Isabel did notice give.

If you remember what you once did hear,
This woman from the cavern came away,
Where Isabel, who th' am'rous wound did bear
From Zerbino, captive was for many a day:
To her she often times us'd to declare,
How she from her paternal shore did stray,
And how, by tempest w'k'd th' briny wave,
She near Rochell on shore herself did fave.

And of Zerbino describ'd fo frequently
The lovely face and features did recount,
That now him seeing speak, and yet more nigh
Raising her eyes more fully on his front;
She knows 'tis him, for whom in misery
Isabel's heart was, in the hollow mount:
When for not seeing him she more did moan
Than, 'mongst the gang of thieves, for freedom gone.

While the old chorne to th' words did ear apply,
Which Zerbino pour'd with sorrow and disdain,
She well perceiv'd, h' ad falce credulity,
That Isabel was wreck'd and drown'd i' th' main:
And tho' she knowledge had of certainty,
Yet, not to give him joy, she inhumane,
Of that which him would cheer, still held her peace,
And only told him what did him displeafe.

Hear you, says she, yourself so proud who show,
That you despise me, and with scorn thus treat,
If the news, I have of her, did know,
Whom dead you mourn, you'd fondly me intreat;
But sooner than I'll tell, I'd undergo
You choak me, or to thoufand pieces beat:
Whereas, had you more gentlenefs display'd,
Haply to you this secret I had open lay'd.

Just as the maffiff, who in rage does fly
Upon the thief, is quickly pacify'd,
If he or cheefe or bread to him apply,
Or other such enchantment does provide;
So became Zerbino humble suddenly,
Eager the reft she from him would not hide:
For the old woman him had tokens shewn,
She news could tell of her, he did as dead bemoan.
E volto à lei con più piacevol faccia
La supplica, la prega, e la scongiura
Per gli uomini e per Dio, che non gli taccia
Quanto ne foppia, è buona, è via ventura.
Cosa non udrai, ohe pro ti faccia
Diffo la vecchia pertinace, e dura.
Non è Isabella, come credi, morta:
Ma viva, fi, ch'a morti invia la porta.

E' capitata in questo pochi giorni
Che non n'udissi, in man di più di venti;
Si che quel' ora anco in man tua ritorni
Ve', se sperar di corri il fior convieni.
Ab vecchia maladetta! come adormi
La tua menzogna; e tu sai pur fe menti.
Se ben in man di venti ella era fatta;
Non l'avea alcun però mai violata.

Dove l'avea veduto domandolole
Zerbin, e quando, ma nulla n'involta:
Che la vecchia olimata più non volle
A quel, ch'ha detto, aggiungere parola.
Prima Zerbin le fece un parlar molf, e
Poi minacciolle di tagliar la gola.
Ma tutto è in van ciò, che minaccia e prega;
Che non può far parlar la brutta strega.

Lasciò la lingua à l'ultimo in riposo
Zerbin, poi ch' el parlar gli giovò poco:
Per quel, ch'udito avea, tanto geloso,
Che non trovava il cuor nel petto loco;
D'Isabella trovar si disso,
Che faria per vederla ino nel fuoco.
Ma non poteva andar, più che volefse
Colesi, poi ch'aba Marfìa lo promesse.

E quindi per folingo, e strano calle,
Dove à lei piacque, fu Zerbin condotto;
Ne però poggia monte, o scender valle,
Ma fi guardar in faccia, o fi fer molto.
Ma poi, ch'al mezzo di valle le fappi
Il vago Sol, fu il lor silenzio rotto
Da un cavalier, che nel cammin scontrava;
Quel, che segni, ne l'altro canto è chiaro.

And turning to her with more pleasing air,
He does request, conjure, and supplicate,
By men and Gods, she'd not, to tell, forbear
The whole she knew, or good or ill the fate:
Nothing, that good may do you, you shall hear,
Says the old woman, hard and obstinate:
Dead is not Isabel, as you believe;
But such way, as the dead to envy, she does live.

She's fall'n, since you have heard, some few days past,
Of more than twenty men in flavery;
So that should she return to you at last,
Suits it you hope for her virginity?
Ah! curs'd old woman, in what way you've gra'd
This your false tale! and yet you know you lye:
Tho' she had been in fully twenty's pow'r,
None of them did attempt her to deflow'r.

Where her sh'ad seen, to tell does her intreat
Zerbin, and when; but from her nothing got;
For never would th'old woman obstinate
To what before sh'ad utter'd, add a jot:
Zerbin, at first, made speech in softest rate,
Then threaten'd her, that he would cut her throat;
But all he threaten'd, or implor'd, was vain;
For the curs'd witch to speak he can't constrain.

At last Zerbin in quiet leaves his tongue,
Seeing his speech but little him redres'd:
By what he heard, with jealousy he's flung,
That no place could his heart find in his breast.
To seek out Isabel in with so strong,
He her to see, would thro' the fire have pref't;
But could not farther go, than as the will'd,
Seeing his promise to Marphise must be fulfill'd.

And thence, by strange and solitary track,
Where-ever the inclin'd, the Zerbin took;
Nor climbing hill, or as by th' vale they make,
Look'd in each other's face, or word they spoke;
But when to the mid-day now turn'd his back
The radiant fun, was this their silence broke
By cavalier, who met them on the way:
What follow'd, 't other canto does display.
Canto XXI.

No twisted cord does its round burden wind,
No nail so fastens wood, it is my thought,
As that strict faith which spotless soul does bind
With it's so firm, indissoluble knot.
It seems not that the ancients e'er design'd
In other vestment sacred Faith to put
Than in white veil, cov'ring her totally;
Which by the smallest spot would blemish'd be.

2.
No falsify on faith should e'er obtrude,
Or giv'n to thousands, or to one alone;
Within the dark recesses of grot or wood,
At distance far from city, and from town;
As at tribunal, in a multitude
Of witnesses, or law's injunction:
Without an oath, or clearer signal shown,
Suffices it, the promise forth is gone.

3.
As was his duty, in each enterprise,
This did obvius, Zerbin the cavalier,
And here demonstrated, he it did prize,
When from his proper road he forth did bear
To go with her, who to him trouble is,
As if he to him a disease had near,
Or rather death itself; but more force had
Than this desire, the promise he had made.

4.
Of him I did relate, who her to view
Under his conduct, his heart grieved so,
He frets and rages, nor her spake unto,
And both together mute and silent go;
I said, this silence after was broke thro',
When his hind wheels the sun to earth did show,
By an adventure-seeking errant knight,
Who on their road bore up to them fore-right.

5.
The woman old, who knew the cavalier
Who name Hermonides of Holland bore,
Who did for ensign a shield fable wear,
With bend vermilion crossways charged o'er:
Her pride and lofty semblance did forbear,
And Zerbin's aid submissively did implore,
And him reminded of the promise made
To th' warriors, who her into his hand convey'd.

6.
6. Perché di lei nimico, e di sua gente
Era il guerrier, che contra lor venia
Ucciso ad effa avea il padre innocente,
E un fratello, che solo al mondo avea,
E tutta volta far del rimanente,
Come de gli altri, il traditor diesa.
Fin, ch’a la guardia tua, donna, mi senti,
Dicea Zerbino, non vo, che tu paffasti.

7. Come piu presso il cavalier si specchia
In quella faccia, che si in odio gli era;
O di combatter meco s‘apparecchia
Gridò con voce minacciosa, e fiera;
O lascia la difesa de la vecchia,
Che di mia man secondo il merto perra.
Se combatti per lei, rimarrai morto:
Che cosi avviene a chi s’appiglia a torto.

8. Zerbino cortesemente a lui risponde,
Che gliì desì di bafia, e mala forte,
Ed à cavaleria non corrisponde,
Che cerchi dare ad una donna morte.
Se pur combatter vuol, nun si nasconde:
Ma che prima confideri ch’importa,
Che un cavaliere, com’èra egli, gen tile,
Voglia por man nel sangue femminile.

9. Queste gli disse, e più parole in vano;
E fu bisogno al fin venir à fatti.
Poi che presò à bastanza ebbon del piano,
Tornarì incontro à tutta brigia ratti.
Non van si presi i razi fior di mano,
Ch’al tempo son de le allegrezze tratti.
Come andron veloci i duo deftrieri
Ad incontrar insieme i cavalieri.

10. Ermonide d’Olanda segno bafso,
Che per passare il deftro fiano attefe:
Ma la sua debol lancia andò in fratici,
E poco il cavaliere di Scozia offese.
Non fu già l’altro colpo vano e cafso;
Ruppe lo fcento; e fi la spalla prese,
Che la forò da l’uno à l’altro lato,
E riverfar fe Ermonide sul prato.

11. Zerbino, che si pensò d’avervlo ucciso,
Di pietà vinto fese in terra prezzo,
E levò l’elmo da lo sinistro vijo:
E quel guerrier, come del fono defso,
Sentì parlar guardò Zerbino figlio,
E poi gli dife; Non m’e già moleato,
Che sì da te abbattuto; ch’à i femailani
Molti offer fior de cavalieri erranti.

6. For ’gainst her and her race did hate maintain
This warrior, who advance towards them made;
He the fire innocent of her had slain,
And only brother in the world she had:
And like to do to all that did remain,
As unto those, the traitor would be glad.
Since, Lady, you are trusted to my care,
Zerbino reply’d, I would not you should fear.

7. When was observ’d, by the now nearer knight,
That face which he did hold in such vast hate,
Either prepare yourself with me to fight,
He with exalted voice, and fierce, did threat;
Or the defence of that old woman quit,
That from my hand she find deferred fate:
If you for her should combat, you’ll be slain;
As to those happens, who the wrong maintain.

8. Zerbino him did anfwer courteously,
That his desire was mean, of evil kind,
Nor suitable to laws of chivalry,
That thus to kill a dame he had design’d;
Yet if he’d fight; away he would not fly:
But firm should th’import ponder in his mind,
That a knight, who Such gallant semblance shou’d,
Should will, his hands t’imbrue in female blood.

9. These words he spoke, and many more, in vain,
And need there was, to come to deeds at laft;
When they’d sufficient distance of the plain,
Turning, full speed they ’gainst each other hate;
Such swiftnefs rockets don’t from hand obtain,
The which at a rejoicing time are caf’t,
As preval on the two war-horfes fleet,
That dreadfully the knights each other meet.

10. Hermonides of Holland low aim took,
As he intends t’other’s right flank to smite;
But his weak lance all into shivers broke;
And little did offend the Scottish knight:
Vain, ineffectual, was not t’other’s stroke;
It broke his shield, and so his shoulder hit,
That it from one side to the other pierc’d,
And caus’d Hermonides fall on the grafs revers’d.

11. Zerbino, who that h’ad slain him, fansied,
O’erpow’r’d by pity, down to earth quick press’d,
And the helm lifted from his face half dead:
The warrior, as jufi raised up from reft,
Zerbino without speaking fift survey’d;
Then said to him, It does not me molest,
That I’m by you beat down; for your brave look
The flow’t of errant cavaliers bespoke.
Ma ben mi duol, che questo per cagione
D'una femmina perfida m'avviene:
A cui non so, come tu sia campione,
Che troppo al tuo valor si disconviene,
E quando tu s'aposti la cagione,
Ch'ad vendicarmi di costei mi vene,
Avresti ognor, che rimembrasi, affanno,
D'aver per campar lei fatto a me danno.

Se il spirto a bastanza avrov nel petto,
Ch'io potessi dir, ma del contrario temo,
Io ti farò veder, c'è in ogni effetto
Scelretà è costei più ch'è in fretmo.
Io ebbi gia un fratelo, che giovineetto
D'Olinda si partì, d'onde noi sanno;
E si fece d'Eratlo cavaliero,
Ch'è allor tena de' Greci il sommo impero.

Survei divenne intrinseco, e fratello
D'un cortese Baron di quella corte,
Che ne i confin di Servia aveva un castello
Di fiato ameno, e di muragl'ia forte.
Nonofi Argeo colui, di ch'io favello,
Di questa iniqua femmina conforse;
La quale egli amò sì, che passò il segno,
Ch'a un um' on mi convenia, come lui degno.

Ma costei più volubile, che foglia,
Quando l'Autunno è più privo d'umore;
Ch'il freddo vente gli alberi ne spoglia,
E la fojilla dinanzi al suo furore.
Verso il marito cangiò tosto voglia,
Che fi so qual che tempo ebbe nel core;
E volse ogni pensiero, ogni desio
D'acquistar per amante il fratelo mio.

Ma né si saldi a l'impeho marino
L'Acroceraun d'infeato nome;
Nè si duro incontro Boreia il pino,
Che rinovato ha più di cento chiome:
Che, quanto appar fuor de lo secoho Alpino,
Tanto sortiera ha le radici; come
Il mio fratello a prigioni di costei
Nido di tutti i vizzi infardi e rei.

Or, come avviene a un cavalier ardito,
Che cerca briga, e la ritrova spesso;
Fu in una impresa al mio fratelo ferito
Molto al castello del suo compagno appresso:
Dove venire fenza aspettare invito
Soleta, fosse; o non fosse Argeo con effo,
E dentro a quel, per ripor fer mossi
Tanto, che del suo mal libero fosse.

But much it grieves me, this should on me light,
On the account of woman treacherous;
For whom I know not how you came to fight,
As to your valour it ill fuiting shows:
And soon as you shall know the reason right,
Which, vengeance to perfue, did me dispo;
Each hour you it remember, you will grieve
That you've done hurt to me, her to relieve.

If in my breast my spirit does suffice
To tell you, but the contrary I fear,
That in all other things more base he is
Than even in this last, I'll make appear:
I once a brother had, a stripling this,
From Holland who departed, whence we are;
And made himself Heraclius' cavalier,
Who then of Greece did the vast empire bear.

A brotherly acquaintance here he made
With a brave Lord, who did to court belong;
In Servia's confines who a castle had,
Of pleasant situation, walls most strong:
Argeo, his name, of whom I this have said,
Confort of her, who fo delights in wrong,
Whom he so lov'd, that it the bounds did pass
Sutling a man, who like him worthy was.

But the, more voluble by far than leaves,
When autumn them does most of sap deprive;
Of which the chilly blast the trees bereaves,
And them before it's furious rage does drive;
Change tow'rs her husband soon in mind conceives,
Who in her heart did late fo fixed live;
And turned all her thought, all her desire,
My brother for her lover to acquire.

But not fo steady 'gainst the rage marine
Acroceraun, name with dishonour stain'd;
Nor stands fo hard 'gainst Boreas the pine,
Which foliage has an hundred times regain'd;
Which, much as it shows 'bove the rock Alpine,
So much beneath the earth it's roots deprec;
As proof my brother 'gainst her prayers was;
Neft of all vices, infamous and base.

Now as of valiant knight is oft the case,
Who quarrel seeks, and finds it frequently;
In an emprize my brother wounded was,
To his companion's castle very nigh;
Where, if with him, or not, he Argeo has,
He without invitation us'd to hie;
And to repose within this tarried
So long, till from his illness he was fixed.

Vol. I.
18. 'Twas necessary, while he here did lie,
Argeo on certain his affairs should go;
My brother foon, the shameless came to try,
And did, according to her custom, do:
But good so base determin'd faithfully
He, that no further should his side pierce thro';
And to preserve his faith, he choice did make
Of many evils, what was least to take.

19. 'Mongst many evils this to choose thought he,
To leave th' acquaintance old of Argeo;
To go so far, his name conceal'd might be,
That even that she wicked might not know;
Tho' this was hard, yet h'ad more honestly
Than her unjust will to comply with so,
Or to accuse the wife to her own Lord,
Whom he, with his own heart, alike ador'd.

20. And from his former wounds, as yet but weak,
Arms himself, from the caffle does depart,
And does firm settled resolution make
Ne'er to return again into that part.
But what avails it? his designs does break,
His escape fortune hinders with new art:
Behold, the husband does mean time return,
And finds his wife, who grievously did mourn;

21. Difhevell'd, with her face of crimfon dye;
He ask'd why thus she was in troubled way?
Ere she could be persuaded to reply,
She, more than once, permitted him to pray;
All the while thinking how to gratify
On him her vengeance, who did from her stray;
And well it suits her temper, apt to range,
That she her love to sudden hate should change.

22. Ah, at last said, why don't I crime reveal,
Which in your absence I, my Lord, have done:
Which tho' I could from the whole world conceal,
Yet from my conscience I can't keep unknown:
The soul, which it's own crime impure does feel,
Beneath such inward penance vaft does groan,
That it exceeds of body ev'ry pain,
That for my fault from any one I could sufain.

23. If that a fault is, we by force endure;
But be it what it will, you it shall know:
Then with your sword from forth it's bark impure,
Let the immaculate white spirit go;
And to eternity my eyes obfcure,
That after such disgrace, to keep them low
For ever, there at least no need may be,
And that I blush with shame at ev'ry one I see.
My honour's stain'd by your companion;
This body he by force did violate:
And as he fear'd to you I'd make all known,
Hence went the villain, nor for leave did wait.
She by these words, whom moft he doated on
Above all others, forced him to hate;
Argeo believes, nor does for aught delay,
But takes his arms, for vengeance haftes away.

And he, who knew the country round about,
Came up with him, before he far was gone
My brother, void of all suspicious thought,
And sick and weak, travell'd but lowly on;
And in a short time, in a place remote,
Into his vengeful hand by this was thrown
No excuse valid could my brother find,
As fully for the battle Argeo is inclin'd.

The one was well, and full of fresh disdain;
The other weak, and friend, as ufually:
So that my brother could but ill sustaine
Against companion, made his enemy.
Philander, worthy better fate t'obtain,
(Of th' unhappy youth to you speake I)
So was he call'd, who could but ill maintain
Such fierce encounter, captive did remain.

Forbid it, Heavn! by the just rage I bear,
And your demerits, I should e'er be mov'd,
To him said Argeo, to be murderer
Of you I lov'd, and surely me you lov'd;
Tho' base to me, at laft, your deeds appear,
To the whole world I'd have it clearly prov'd,
That as I was, when in our friendly state,
So now I'm your superior, tho' in hate.

I this your fault will punish other way;
Not in your blood t'imbrue my hands dispos'd:
Thus saying, on a horfe he caus'd them lay
A bier, which was of verdant boughs compos'd;
And upon this did him as dead convey
Into his castle, in a tow'r enclos'd;
Where he for ever, for his punishment,
Pris'n'er to lay, condemn'd the innocent.

Not that here any thing he wanting bad,
Except of going hence, the liberty;
In all things else on them commands he lay'd,
And made obey him, as if friend and free:
But the desire not being yet allay'd
Of this base wretch, her thought to gratify,
Almost each day she to the prifon goes,
Having the keys to ufe, at her dispofe.
And still my brother with attacks did ply,
And, than at first with boldness greater far,
Said, What avails this your fidelity,
Since it does perfidy throughout appear?
O what rare triumphs, glorious, and high!
O what proud spoils, of prey how rich a share!
O how, at last, your merit does result,
If, as a traitor, all do you insult!

How usefully, at honourable rate,
You with my ardent wishes might comply;
Of this your cruelty so oblique
Take, what you've gain'd, the recompence most high;
In prison be, nor fancy out to get,
If this your hardnefs first don't mollify;
But if you gratify me, plot I'll weave,
That you again shall liberty and fame retrieve.

No, no, Philander said, no hope conceive,
That my true faith, as usual, will not be;
Altho' unjustly does my fate arrive,
That this hard recompence should fall on me,
And that the world of me should ill believe:
Suffice it, before him, who all does fee,
And with eternal grace can me repay,
My innocence itself does clear display.

If enough 'tis not, I'm in prison shut,
Let Argeo take from me this tiresome life;
Perhaps heav'n will not my reward dispute
For the good action, which excites your grief,
Perhaps he who has me th'offender thought,
When shall this soul from troubles find relief,
Shall then perceive he to me wrong has done,
And mourn his faithful dead companion.

Thus frequently the flamelefs dame did try
Philander, and successefs came away;
But her blind wish, which strove to gratify
Her wicked love, and ne'er at rest did lay,
Within does search, not superficially,
Her vices old, and o'er the whole does stray;
A thousand thoughts in ways successive made,
Ere she, on any of them fixing, stay'd.

Six months the tarry'd, nor e'er fet her foot
Within the prison, as before fh'ad done;
From whence Philander wretched hop'd, and thought
That for him fh'ad no more affection:
Lo! Fortune, prone to evil, did work out
For this base woman fit occasion
With memorable mischief end to put,
And her irrational blind passion glut.
Canto 21.

ORLANDO FURIOUSO.

36.
Antica nimicizia avea il marito
Con un Baron, detto Morando il bello,
Che non o'essendo Argeo, spesso era avvito
Di corver solo, e fin dentro il castello.
Ma 'r Argeo vera, non tenea l'orto,
Nè s'accostava ad dieci miglia a quello.
Or per poterlo indur, che ci venisse,
D'ire in Gerusalem per voto difse.

37.
Disse d'andare, e partiti, cb'ogn'uno
Lo vedette, e fa di ciò sparger le gridas.
Nè il suo pensier, fuor che la moglie, alcuno
Puote sapere, che sol di lei si fida.
Torna poi nel castello a l'aur bruno,
Nè mai, se non la notte, ivi s'ammida;
E con muttate insigne al nuovo albo
Senza vederlo alcun, sempre ecco fiuore.

38.
Se ne va in questa, e in quella parte errando,
E volgessiando al suo castello intorno;
Pur per veder, s'el credulo Morando
Voleffe far, come solea, ritorno.
Stava il di tutto a la foresta: e quando
Ne la marina vedeva a caso il giorno;
Venia al castello, e per nafcose porte
Lo togliea dentro l'insidio consorte.

39.
Crede ciascun, fuor, che l'unica moglie,
Che molte miglia Argeo lantat si truove,
Dunque il tempo opportuno ella si toglie,
Al fratel mio va con malizie nuove;
Ha di lagrime a tutte le fie voglie;
Un nembo, da gli occhi al fen le piuove;
Dove potra', dicea, trovare aiuto,
Che in tutto l'onor mio non sia perdito?

40.
E col mio quel del mio marito insieme,
Il quale se fozze qui, non temerei?
Tu conocii Morando, e s'ai se teme,
Quando Argeo non ci fente, uomini e Dei.
Questi or pregando, or minacciando, estreme
Prunoie fa tuttavia: né alcun de mei
Lafcia, che non contaminis per trarmi
A suoi des: né fa s'io potra' aitarmi.

41.
Or, c'ha inteso il partir del mio conforta,
E ch'al ritorno non fara' i preste,
Ha avuto arvar d'entrar ne la mia corte
Senza altra scusa, e senza altro pretesto;
Che se ci fosse il mio Signor per forse?
Non sol non avria audacia di far questo.
Ma non si terria ancor per Dio sonro
D'appeassarsì a tre miglia a questo nuro.

Her husband had an ancient enmity
With a Lord, who was nam'd Morand the fair;
Who, Argeo being abscent, frequently
E'en to the castle boldly would repair;
But where'er Argeo was at home, then he
Would keep away, nor come by ten miles near:
Now to induce him to come here, he said,
He to Jerusalem would go, as vow h'ad made.

37.
Gave out he'd go, and goes; that ev'ry one
Saw him, and of it spread the rumour wide;
Nor could by any but his wife be known
His thought, for sole in her he did confide:
Then home return'd, when th' air was dusky grown;
Nor ever there, except at night, he hy'd,
And with chang'd ensigns, at the break of day,
All flight escaping still, he went away.

38.
Wand'ring to this part, and to that he goes,
And does around his castle wheeling stray,
To see whether Morando credulous
Would here return, as was his usual way:
All day i' th' wood he stay'd, and when incluse
Itself within the sea he view'd the day,
Came to his castle, and by gate unseen
His faithles' confort let him enter in.

39.
Except his wicked wife each person thought,
Many miles off did Argeo now remain:
She therefore did time opportune allot,
With malice she my brother saw again;
All at command the show'rs of tears has got,
Which from her eyes down to her bosom rain;
Where can I ever, said she, find out aid,
That quite my honour may not be betray'd.

40.
And with my own that of my husband's too,
Who if he present was, I should not fear:
You know Morand, and if he dreads, you know,
Or men or Gods, if Argeo is not near
Now does with threats, intreaties now, perfue,
And tries all ways my people to ensnare,
Nor has left one unbought, t' have me betray'd
To 's wish, nor know I how myself to aid.

41.
Now, that my husband's gone, as he did hear,
And his return would not be very soon,
He to my court to come did boldly dare,
Without the least excuse or pretext shone;
Whereas if, by good luck, my Lord was here,
He not alone had trembled this t'have done,
But had not thought himself secure at all,
Within three miles if he approach'd this wall.
E quel, che già per messi ha ricercato,
Oggi me l'ha richiesto a fronte a fronte:
E con t'ai modi, che gran dubbio è stato
Di lo avvenirmi disonore, ed onte:
E se non che parlare dolce gli ho ufato,
E finto le mie voglie a le sue pronte
Saria a forza, di quel, suo rapace;
Che pria aver per mie parole in pace.

Profero gli ho, non già per offervargli:
Che fatto per timor nullo è il contrasto.
Ma la mia intenzion fu per vietargli
Quel, che per forza avrebbe allora fatto.
Il caso è qui: tu solo puoi rimediargli.
Del mio nuor alterimenti sarà tratto,
E di quel del mio Argeo: che già mi hai detto
Aver o tanto, o più chell' proprio a petto.

E se questo mi neghi, io dico dunque,
Ch' in te non sia la fe, di che ti canti:
Ma, che fu sol per crudelia, qualunque
Volta hai frezzati i mici supplici piani;
Non per rispetto alcun d'Argeo; quantunque
M'hai fatto scudo ogni ora opposto inanti.
Saria fatta tra noi la cosa occulta,
Ma di qui aperta infamia mi risulsa.

Non si convien, diffe Filandro, tale
Prologo a me per Argeo mio disposto.
Narrami pur quel, che tu vuoi; che quale
Sempre fui, di sempre esser ho proposto.
E ben, ch'a torto io non repriemale;
A lui non ho questo peccato imposto.
Per lui son pronto andare unco à la morte,
E fiammi contro il mondo, e la mia forte.

Rispose l'empia: Io neghio che tu spenga
Colui, ch'el nostro disonor procura.
Non temer, ch'alcuna mal di ciò è avvenega;
Ch'io te ne mostrerò la via sicura.
Debba egli à me tornar, come vivenga
Sà l'ora terza la notte più sicura;
E fatto un fegno, di ch'io l'ho avverrerto,
Io l'ho à forza, che non sia tentito.

A te non graverà prima asestarmi
Ne la camera mia, dove non laca,
Tanto, che dipoglar gli faccia l'arme,
E quasi nudo in man te lo conduca.
Così la moglie conducesse parme
Il suo marito à la tremenda buca.
Se per dritto colei moglie s'appella,
Più, che furia infernal crudele, e fella.

And what by means he hitherto has sough,
Did to my face to day petition,
And in such way, that there remains no doubt
That shame, dishonour, may to me be done:
And with sweet words had I not on him wrought,
And feign'd my will obedient to his own,
He upon that had not forborne to seize,
Which from my words he hop'd to have in peace.

My promise forth, not to be kept, is gone;
For that no contract is, that's made thro' fear:
To hinder him was my intention,
From what he did, by force to do, prepare.
Thus things are: this you can prevent alone:
Otherwise of my honour I depair,
And of my Argeo's, which you me have told,
Dear as your own, or dearer, you did hold.

And if you this deny me, I'll declare,
That, what you boul't, that faith not in you is,
But that 'twas cruelty alone, whene'er
You did my suppliant complaints despise;
Not thro' respect you did to Argeo bear,
Tho' to me, as a shield, you held out this:
The matter between us had been occult;
But hence will open infamy refult.

Such prologue suits but ill, Philander fays,
To me for my dear Argeo so dispos'd;
Tell me your will, for as I ever was,
So ever to remain I have propos'd:
And tho' I suffer ill in wrongful cause,
Him author of this ill I've not suppos'd:
For him I'm ready even death to bear,
Altho' the world and my own fate against me are.

I will, you murder him, the wretch reply'd,
Who our dishonour seeketh to procure;
Nor fear from this that harm shall you betide,
As to you I will shew a way secure:
He by his promise of return will bide,
At the third hour, when night is most obscure;
And signal made, of which I'm advertis'd,
I'm so to let him in, that none may be appriz'd.

Let not displeasing be to you to wait
Within my chamber, where there is no light,
Till all his armour from him off I get,
And naked him into your hand commit:
The wife, it seems, conducted at this rate
Her husband into this tremendous pit;
If of a wife the name she justly has,
More, than infernal fury, cruel, base.
48. Soon as the guilty night did now arrive,  
With arms in hand forth was my brother ta'en,  
And she in chamber dark did him receive,  
Till should the wretched Lord return again:  
The whole fell out, as the th' account did give,  
As evil counsel rarely turns out vain;  
So by Philander was good Argeo struck,  
As, in his thought, him for Morand he took.

49. His head and neck were with one blow clefht down,  
As neither helmet, nor defence, was there:  
Argeo, without emitting the least groan,  
Of wretched life came to an end severe:  
And he kill'd him, he never thought upon,  
Nor e'er could have believ'd; O c'afe most rare!  
That seeking to afflift, he that did do  
To friend, than which he could not worse to foe.

50. When down had fallen Argeo, yet unknown,  
My brother to Gabrina does convey  
The sword: Gabrine she's call'd, who, ev'ry one  
Falls in her hands, was born but to betray;  
She to this hour who ne'er the truth had shew'n,  
Will'd, should approach Philander, to survey,  
With light in hand, him dead by guilt his own,  
And shews him Argeo his companion:

51. And after threats him, if he'd not consent  
Unto her amorous, long-fix'd desire;  
To all, what he has done, to show she's bent,  
Nor to deny the fact could he aspire;  
And that she'd caufe, with shameful punishment,  
He like affassin, traytor, should expire:  
And still reminds him, he should not despise  
His fame, tho' he his life might little prize.

52. Replete with grief, replete with horror, s'ay'd  
Philander, when his dread mistake he view'd;  
Him his first fury did almost persuade  
To kill her, and some time he doubtful flood:  
And were it not his reason did him aid,  
And that he was in hostile mansion shew'd;  
Finding in hand no other arms he bore,  
He with his teeth had her to pieces tore.

53. As sometimes vesel in the sea profound,  
Which by two winds is finote, and overborne,  
Which now before the one does forward bound,  
Now to it's place with t'other does return;  
And they it's prow and poop have turn'd around,  
Till off, at last, 'tis by the strongest borne;  
Such way Philander, 'midst the contest high  
Of two designes, to that least evil does apply.
54. Reafon does to him shew the peril grand,
Befides his death, end foolish, scandalous,
If th' murder thro' the caftle should expand;
And now for thinking is the term too close:
Willing, or not, at laft he is contraint'd
That down his throat the bitter potion goes:
So finally, in his afflicted thought,
Fear, stronger than his resolution, wrought.

55. The fear of punishment bafe, infamous,
Made him with thousand adjurations vow
He'd to Gabrine's whole will himself dispose,
If they secure could get from this place now:
Thus of her wishes reap'd she impious
By force the fruit, then from these walls both go;
Thus unto us Philander made return,
Leaving behind in Greece his infamy and scorn:

56. And fix'd in heart did his companion bear,
Whom this way he so foolishly had flain,
That a Medea, Progne dire, might share,
By his vail detriment, her impious gain:
And if his faith, the strict oath he did swear,
And a curb prefting did not him refrain,
When he secure was, she had met her fate,
But moft he could, he bore her furious hate.

57. He from that time was ne'er seen smile to shew;
All his discourse was form'd of mournful gloom;
Still burst his sighs from breast, which still did rue;
And he a new Orfeites was become;
When mother he and good Ægyptus flew,
And tortur'd was by fury's vengeful doom:
And ceafeles him afflicted, at such rate,
This grief, it fix'd him to his bed in sickly state.

58. Now this fame strumpet, who had full conceit
How little grateful to this spouse she'd be,
Changes the flame of her love, once fo great,
To burning ire, and raging enmity;
Nor 'gainst my brother flam'd she at less rate
Than had 'gainst Argeo done this wicked she;
And to take out the world she does dispoze,
As once her first, so now her second spouse.

59. She a phyfician found, of fraudul't skil,
Able and fit fuch work to undertake,
Who better knew, with poison, how to kill,
Than he, by cordials, could restore the weak;
And promis'd him, before, ask what he will,
Be't more or lefs, she'd him fuch prefent make,
Soon as he should fuch deadly juice prepare,
As for her from her figh her Lord would bear.
Canto 21.

O R L A N D O F U R I O S O .

60. Now, in my presence, and more persons by,
   Came th' old man wicked, who the poison brought;
   Saying, it was a foul'ign remedy,
   That would again my brother render stout;
   But now Gabrine, who some new plot to try,
   Ere that his taffe the sick man did pollute,
   To take from her him conscious of the deed,
   Or not to give the fee she had agreed;

61. Seiz'd on his hand, the infant he inclin'd
   To give the cup, where hid the poison lay,
   Saying, Unjust 'tis, if you take unkind,
   I fear for him, I've lov'd in such a way:
   I will be sure, that drink of evil kind,
   Or poifon'd juice, you don't to him convey:
   Therefore it's fit you should not caufe him take
   This beverage, ere first you trial make.

62. How think you, Sir, did all the while remain
   The old man wretched, with disturbed face?
   The shortness of the time did him restrain,
   He could not think what the best method was;
   But left they thence should more suspicion gain,
   He chose, without delay, to taffe the vafe,
   And the sick man, who on such faith rely'd,
   Took all the rest, which he to him apply'd.

63. As hawk, that in it's gripping claw has got
   The partridge, and to feed thereon prepares,
   By th' dog, whom the companion faithful thought,
   Is greedily approach'd, and part he tears;
   So the physician, who vile profit sought,
   Whence he affliction hop'd, reverence now shares;
   Hear sample rare of impudence elate:
   Such of each other mifer be the fate!

64. This being done, the old man does apply
   To get away, and haunt to his house,
   And ufe some medicine, immediately,
   To save him from that draught pestiferous;
   But this Gabrine does to him deny,
   Saying, that he his going disallows,
   Ere in his stomach should the juice digest,
   Whence it's effect might be made manifest.

65. Nor offer'd premium, pray'srs nought signify,
   That she from thence should suffer him to go:
   The depp're rate, when he fees for certainty
   His death so nigh, which he cannot forego,
   Lay'd the thing open to the tstanders-by,
   Nor fully to conceal it did the know:
   And fo, what he to others oft had done,
   The good physician did at laft in cafe his own.
And with his soul the other did perfure,
That of my brother now before was gone:
We flanders-by, who had the story true
From th' old man heard, which partly he had shown,
Seiz'd this wild beaft abominable, who
More cruel was, than e'er in forest known;
And her confin'd within a gloomy place,
Her to condemn to the deferred blaze.

This said Hermonides, and would relate
More, how from prifon she herself convey'd;
But his wound griev'd him at so painful rate,
That pale upon the grafs revers'd he lay'd:
Mean while two squires, who did upon him wait,
With bougs, of thickness great, a bier had made;
Herein Hermonides they caus'd to lay;
For thence they could not hear him other way.

Zerbin himself unto the knight excus'd,
That he was griev'd, him he had done offence;
But, as 'mongst cavaliers was cufrom us'd,
For her, who with him came, he made defence;
That otherwise his faith had been confus'd,
Seeing that he to guard her made pretence,
And promis'd, to fave her, he'd do his beft,
'Gainft any one should come, her to molest.

And could he him oblige in other kind,
Offers t' his will himself most readily:
The knight reply'd, he with'd him bear in mind,
Only, that from Gabrine he would get free,
Before he did some machinations find
Which he'd in vain repent, and griev'd would be:
Gabrine all the while held down her eyes;
For ill the guilty against truth replies.

Thence Zerbin, with th' old woman, went away,
Unto the journey now by promise due,
And in himself did curfe her all the day,
Who caus'd him to this Baron outrage shew'd:
And now, by the great ill, he did display,
Who knew it well, of her instructed true,
If h' ad before disgust, anxiety,
Now her he hates fo, her he can't endure to fee.

She, who'of Zerbin fully knew the hate,
Nor in ill-will inclin'd to be out-done,
Of this bore tow'rsd him not a smaller weight,
Rather on her we might the odds impone;
Within her heart rank poifon did enfate,
And in her look was other colour shown:
So in such fine agreement, as I've told,
They kept their way amidst a forest old.
Ecco volgendo il Sol verso la sera
 Udiron gridi, e frepiti, e percoffe;
 Che facean segno di battaglia serena:
 Che quanto era il rumor, vicina fosse,
 Zerbin per vedur la cofa, ch'era,
 Verso il rumore in gran fretta si moffe.
 Non fu Gabrina lenta a seguitarlo,
 Di quel, ch'auvenne, a l'altro canto io parlo.

Lo, while the sun roll'd on towards the night,
They clamours great perceiv'd, and noise, and blows;
Which gave them signal of some furious fight,
The which, how near it was, the rumour shows:
Zerbin, what might the case be, to have fight,
Tow'rd's the disturbance in vaft hurry goes;
Nor was Gabrina slow, him to perfue:
I' th'other canto I relate what did enflue.

CANTO XXII.

1. O rtefi donne, e grate al noster amor amante,
 Vol, che d'un solo amor sete contente,
 Come, che certo sia fra tante, e tante,
 Che rarijime stette in quella mente:
 Non vi dispiacque quel ch'io dissi intante,
 Quando contra Gabrina fui si ardente;
 E'l amor son per spendervi alem verso
 Di lei biasinando l'animo perverso.

2. Ella era tale; e come impose fummi
 Da chi puo in me, un perferis del vero
 Per questo io non osuro gli oror fummi
 D'una, e d'un'altra, ch'abbia il cuor sincero.
 Quel, ch'el maestro suo per tanta nummi
 Dicde a Giudei, non noque a Giannì, a à Piero;
 Né d'Ipermeistra è la fama men bella;
 Se ben di tante inique era sorella.

3. Per una, che biasinar cantando ardisco,
 Che l'ordinata iforia cosi vuole;
 Lodarne cento incontrava offerisco,
 E far lor virini chiara più chel Sole.
 Ma tornando al lavor, che vario ardisco,
 Ch'a molti (lor merce) grato effor vuole;
 Del cavalier di Scozia io vi dica,
 Ch'un alto grido approfo udito avea.

4. Fra due montagne entrò in un frettto calle,
 Onde affitta il grido: e non fulo molto inante;
 Che giunse, dove in una chiusa valle
 Si vide un cavalier morto davante.
 Chi sia dito; ma prima dar le spalle
 A Fran'sia volgìo, e gir'mine in Levante
 Tanto, ch'io trovai Astolfo Paladin,
 Che per Ponente avea preso il caminuo.

5. He 'twixt two hills enter'd a narrow track,
Whence the cry issu'd, and not far did bear,
Ere to a vale enclos'd he way did make,
And faw hard-by a murder'd cavalier:
Who 'twas I'll tell; but first will turn my back
To France, and unto the Levant will steer,
Until I find Astolfo the Paladin,
Who had the road perfu'd, did tow'rds the west in...
5.
Io lo lasciato ne la città crudele,
Onde col suon del formidabil corno
Avea cacciato il popol infedele,
E gran perigio toltesi d'intorno:
Ed a compagni fatto alzar le vele,
E dal lido fuggir con grave scorno:
Or seguendo di lui, dico, che prese
La via d'Armenia, e usfi di quel paese.

6.
E doppo al quanti giorni in Natalia
Trovossi, e inverfa Brufia il cammin tenne.
Onde continuando la sua via
Di guà dal mare in Thracia fe ne venne.
Lungo il Danubio andò per l'Ungheria,
E come avesse il suo deftrier le penne,
1 Moravii, e i Boemi passò in meno
Di venti giorni, e la Franconia, e il Reno.

7.
Per la selva d'Armenia in Aquifgrana
Giiunte in Barbante, e in Fiandra al fin s'imbarca:
L'aura, che foitta verfo Tramontana,
La veia in guifa in su la proa carca,
Ch' a mezzo giorno Adolf non lontana
Vede Inghiilserra, ove nel lito varca;
Saltà a cavallo: e in tal modo lo purge,
Ch' a Londra quella sara ancora giunge.

8.
Quivi sentendo poi, ch'el vecchio Ottone
Già molti mesi innanzi era in Parigi,
E che di nuovo quasi ogni Barone
Avea imitato i suoi degni vestigi;
D'andar jubilo in Francia fi dispone;
E così torna al porto di Tamigi.
Onde con le vele alte uscendo fuora,
Verfo Callesio fe dirizza la prora.

9.
Un ventolin, che leggiernemente a forza
Ferendo avea adestato il legno à Ponda:
A poco à poco cresce, e si rinforza;
Poi vien fi, che al vecchier ne soprado bonda.
Che li volti la poppa al fine è forza,
Se non gli caccierà sotto la sponda.
Per la sebiena del mar tien diritto il legno
E fa il cammin diverso à fuo disegno.

10.
Or corre à destra, or à sinistra mano
Di quà, di là, dove Fortuna spinge,
Piglia terra al fin presso à Romo:
E come prima il dolce lito attinge,
Fà rimetter la fella à Rabciano:
E tutto s'arma, e la spada fi cinge.
Prende il cammino; ed ha fero quel corso
Che gli val più, che mille uomini inusurro.

5.
I in the cruel city him did leave,
Whence, of his horn with the difmaying found,
The faithlefs people he away did drive,
And danger great took from his friends around;
Tho' his companions made their fails to heave,
And fly with great disdain from off this ground:
Of him recounting now, I say, he took
Armenia's road, this country then forfook.

6.
And some days after to Natalia
Came, and his road to Brufia did perfue;
Whence he, still keeping on his deflin'd way
This side the sea, Thracia came unto:
Went by the Danube to Hungaria,
And, just as if with wings his war-horse flew,
Moravia he in les than twenty days,
Bohemia, and Franconia, and the Rhine, did pas.

7.
Thro' th' forest of Arden to Aquifgran
Came, and Brabant, and Flanders; then ship took:
The wind, which blew to the parts Tramontane,
The fails beat to'w'ards the prow, with fo great shock,
That at mid-day Aelfol discover'd plain
England hard-by, where he the ship forfook;
Leap'd on his horse, and him such way did smite,
That he at London did arrive that night.

8.
Here he news hearing, was to Paris gone
His father Otho many months before,
And that anew the Barons ev'ry one
On his so worthy footsteps forward bore;
For France makes sudden disposition,
And therefore turns him unto Thames's shore;
From whence, with hoifted fails, he off did go,
And unto Calais turn'd direct his prow.

9.
A breeze, which lightly on the starboard bore,
And did the ship into the waves entice,
Did by degrees increase, and gather'd pow'r,
Till it for th' pilot more than did suffice;
That, if him he'd not drive beneath the shore,
For him the prow to turn he forced is:
O'er the squall sea with ship direct he stood,
And course against his first design perfu'd.

10.
Now runs to starboard, now to larboard side,
Now here, now there, as do the squalls command,
And to the shore, at left, near Roan he ply'd;
And soon as e'er he touch'd the pleasing strand,
'To Rabican caus'd faddle be apply'd,
And arm'd himself compleat, put on his brand,
His road perfu'd, and with him th' horn did take,
Which more defence than thousand men could make.
Canto 22.

And, traversing a forest, did arrive
At a clear spring hard-by a mountain’s foot,
Just at the hour when sheep their feeding leave,
Within an hollow rock or cabin shut:
And that he might his painful thirst relieve,
‘Oercome by heat, his helmet off he put,
Amidst the thickest boughs his horse does try,
And the cool wave to drink does then apply.

Scarcely to the water were his lips convey’d,
Than a young shepherd, who was hid hard-by,
Bouls from a brake, and takes away his feed,
Upon him leaps, and with him off does fly:
Aftolf the rumour hears, and rais’d his head;
And when he saw so plain his injury,
The fountain leaves, without drink fatiate,
Perfusing, all he can, at swiftest rate.

The thief away did not on full speed get,
As then he would have vanish’d instantly;
But loosing now, now pulling in his bit,
Now with a gallop, now good trot, did fly:
After a long pursuit, the wood they quit,
And thither each of them at last did die,
Where many noble Barons did remain,
Without a prison, in a worse than prisoners chain.

The countryman the palace with this feed
Enter’d, whose course could far the wind outdo;
Needs must Aftolf, whom did his shield impede,
His helm and other arms, far off perfue;
Now he came too; of what he’d followed
Each trace away did vanish from his view;
He sees no more the thief, or Rabican,
And turns his eyes, and hastens on in vain.

He hastens on, and searching goes in vain
The lodges, and the chambers, and the hall;
But of the treach’rous villain flight to gain.
All his fatigue does not the least avail;
He knows not where he has hid Rabican
His horse, swift bove each other animal;
And without profit searching, all the day
Above, below, within, around, does stray.

With going round so long, tir’d and confus’d,
That this place was incantated, did conceive;
And of the book, to carry he was us’d,
Which Logiftil in India did him give,
That when by new enchantment he’s abus’d,
Remember’d how himself he might relieve;
Turn’d to the index, and did soon find out
Upon what page the remedy was wrote.
Of the enchanted palace did explain
Largely the book, and the means written were
To make the forcerer confus’d remain,
And looie the chains of ev’ry prifoner :
The threshold did beneath it spright retain,
Who did these arts and these deceits prepare ;
And the stone raifing, where he bury’d lay,
He’d make the palace fly in smoke away.

Greatly desirous was the Paladin
To finifh this fo glorious enterprize ;
Nor longer slay’d, than did his arm decline,
To try of how great weight the marble is : When Atlant faw his hand near, with design To render ufeless all his forceries, Being fuppicious of what might enfue, Goes to attack him with enchantments new.

By the infernal forms he did prepare, He made him feem diff’rent to what he was ; To fome a giant, fome a villager, To fome a cavalier of dreadful face ; Each in that form, which in the wood did bear The forcerer, the Paladin furies : So to regain what did from them purloin The forcer’er, each attack’d the Paladin.

Gradaffo, Hirol, Bradamant, Ruggier, Prafildo, Brandimart, and others too,
By this new error led, advancing were ; And, fierce inflam’d, would the Duke’s death perfue : But he his horn did quick in mem’ry bear, [low ; Which foon their haughty minds did bring down Him had not this dire found with aid supply’d, The Paladin muft, without fail, have dy’d.

But foon as to his mouth his horn he put, And round, the horrid noife forc’d them to hear, Like unto pigeons, when a gun is fhot, Himfelf to flight betook each cavalier : No lefs was flight o’ th’ forcerer the lot, No lefs from forth his denifu’d with fear Pallid, difmay’d ; and fo far off he flew, The horrid noife could not fo far perfue.

The keeper with his pris’ners fled, and then Numbers of fleeds fled from their falls away : Need was for more than ropes, them to retain ; And followed their Lords thro’ diff’rent way : Nor rat, nor mothe, did in the hone remain, At found, which feem’d Fall on, Fall on, to fay : Rabinoc too had with the others gone, But, rushing forth, to the Duke’s hand he run.
Asolfo poi, che ebbe cacciato il mago;
Levò di su la foglia il grave sasso;
E vi ritrovò sotto altra imago,
Ed altre cose, che di scrivere lasso.
E di distruggerv quello incanto, vago;
Di sù, che vi trovò, fece fracasso,
Come gli mostra il libro, che far debbia;
E sì sciolse il palazzo in fumo, e in nebbia.

Quivi trovò, che di cattiva avviso
Di Ruggiero il cavallo era legato,
Parlò di quel, che l'ingegnante Moro
Per mandarlo ad Alcina gli avea dato:
A cui poi Logistilla fe il lavoro
Del freno, ond'era in Francia ritornato,
E girato d'India a Luggibiserra
Tutto avea il lato destro de la terra.

Non so, se vi ricordò, che la briglia
Lasciò attaccata a l'arbore quel giorno,
Che nuda da Ruggier spari la figlia
Di Gelafrone, e li fe l'alto giorno.
Fei il volante destro, con maraviglia
Di chi la vide, ai maffo fuo ritornò;
E con lui fette infino al giorno sempre,
Che de l'incanto fur rotti le tempe.

Non potrebbe esser stato più giacchino
D'altra avventura Asolfo, che di questa;
Che per cercar la terra, e il mar, secondo
Ch'avea desir, quel ch'a cercar gli restò.
E girar tutto in pochi giorni il mondo
Troppa veniva questo Ippogrifo a fissa.
Sapea egli ben, quanto a portarlo era atta,
Che l'avea altrove affai provato in fatto.

Quel giorno in India lo provò, che tolto
De la savia Melisia fu di mano
A quella felicata, che travolto
Gli avea in mesto il verso il viso umano.
E ben vide, e notò, come raccontò
Gli fu sotto la briglia il capo vano
Da Logistilla; e vide come il frutto
Fosse Ruggier di farlo andar per tutto.

Fatto disegno l'Ipogrrifo torso,
La sella sua, ch'approfò avea, gli messe:
E gli fece, levando da più morfi
Una coasa, ed un'altra, un che lo-messe;
Che da i destrier, ch'in fuga erano corsi,
Quivi attaccate eran le briglie stesse.
Ora un penfier di Rabicano solo
Lo fa tardar, che non si leva a volo.
29. D'amor quel Rabican avea ragion, 
Che non v'era un miglior per correr lancia: 
E l'avea da l'estrema regione 
Da l'India cavalcatos insù in Francia. 
Pensa egli molto, e in somma si dispone 
D'ormai più tosto ad un suo amico mance; 
Che lasciandolo qui sì in sù la strada 
Se l'abbia il primo, ch'ad passarvi accada. 

30. Stava mirando, se vedeva venire 
Pel bosco o cacciatore, o alcuni villano; 
Da cui far si potesse indi seguire 
A qualche terra e trarvi Rabicano. 
Tutto quel giorno, fin'ad Pappaprinire 
De l'altro fette riguardando in vano. 
L'altro mattin, che era ancor a'er fosca, 
Veder gli parve un cavalier pel bosco. 

31. Ma mi bisogna; s'io vo dirvi il resto, 
Ch'io trovi Ruggier prima, e Bradamante. 
Poi che si racque il corno, e che da quello 
Loco la bella coppia eran distante; 
Guardò Ruggiero, e fu a conoscer preso 
Quel, che fin qui gli aveva nascosto Atlante. 
Fatto avea Atlante; che fin'a quell'ora 
Tra lor non s'eran consiuti ancora. 

32. Ruggier riguarda Bradamante ed ella 
Riguarda lui con alta maraviglia; 
Che tanti di l'abbia offuscasto quella 
Illusione f'èi' animo, e le ciglia. 
Ruggier abbraccia la sua donna bella, 
Che più che rosa ne divien vermeiglia; 
E poi di su la bocca i primi fiori 
Cogliendo vien de' suoi beati amori. 

33. Tornaro ad iterar gli abbracciamenti 
Mille fiate, ed à tenerfi stetti 
I duo felici amanti, e si contenti, 
Ch'apreva i gaudi lor capiano i petti. 
Molto lor dolo, che per incantamenti 
Mentre, che far ne gli errabondi tetti, 
Tra lor non s'eran mat riconosciuti: 
E tanti lieti giorni eran perduti. 

34. Bradamante disposta di far tutti 
I piaceri, che far vergine fugga 
Debbia ad un suo amator, se che di tuttii 
Senza il suo onore offender, il sottaggia, 
Dice a Ruggier, se à dar gli ultimi frutti 
Lei non vuol sempre aver dura, e selvaggia, 
La faccia domandar per buoni mezzi 
Al padre Amon, ma prima si batterzzi.
Canto 22.  

Ruggier, who would, to gain her love thereby,  
Relieve not only to turn Christian,  
As was his fire and grand fire anciently,  
And of his ancestors the noble train;  
But, her to pleasure, would have instantly  
Giv’n up that share of life that did remain,  
Said, Not in water only, but in fire,  
To put my head, would little be, your love t’acquire.

So to baptized be, then for his spouse  
To have the lady, Ruggier took his way,  
Leading his Bradamante to Vallombrosa,  
For so a monastery called they;  
Beautiful, rich, nor less religious;  
And courteous to whoever there did stray;  
And found, as from the forest they did go,  
A dame, whose visage express great woe.

Ruggier, who ever courteous and humane  
To each one was, but most so to the fair,  
As he perceiv’d her tears flow down amain,  
Her face bedewing delicate and rare;  
Had pity on her, and to know her pain  
Desirous was, and up to her did bear,  
And decently saluting, begg’d to know  
Why she in tears her face did moisten so?

Her humid beauteous eyes she raising soon  
Answer’d him in manner most humane,  
And of her cruel woes th’occasion,  
As he had ask’d, she wholly did explain;  
Said, Courteous Lord, to you it shall be known,  
That are these checks with tears thus over-run  
Thro’ pity, which to a young man I bear,  
Who muft to-day die at a castle near.

Loving a damsel both genteel and fair,  
Daughter unto his Spanish Majesty,  
Under white veil a female drefs did wear,  
Feigning the voice and turning of the eye,  
Every night he did repose with her;  
Nor gave subspection to the family:  
But no one ever can so secret be,  
But, at long-run, some one will mark and see.

One found out this, and did to two dis-play;  
Those two to more, till to the King known ’twas made:  
A faithful of the King’s came yesterday,  
And had the lovers taken in their bed;  
And in the fort confin’d, in dismal way,  
To lodgings separate has both convey’d;  
Nor think I that of this one day the space,  
Before the youth in torments dies, will pafs.
Fuggita me ne son per non vedere
Tal crudeltà, che vivo l’arderanno:
Né cosa mi potrebbe più dolere
Che faccia di sé bej giovine il damno.
Né potrò aver gianumai tanto piacere,
Che non si volga subito in affanno,
Che de la crudel fiamma mi rimembri,
Ch’abbia arsi i belli, e i delicati membri.

Bradamante ode; e par ch’abbai le prema
Questa novella, e molto il cuor l’annoi:
Né par, che men per quel dannato tema,
Che se fosse uno de’ fratelli suoi.
Né certo la paura in tutto feema
Era di causa, come io dirò poi.
Si voltò ella a Ruggiero, e disse: Parme,
Ch’è in favor di colui sien le nostre arme.

Ed alla donna, à cui da gli occhi cade
Un rio di pianto, dice, Or che s’aperta?
Soccorrer qui, non lagrimate accade;
Fa, ch’ove è questo tuo, pur tu ci metta.
Di mille lance tràr, di mille spade
Te’l promettiam, pur che ci menti in fretta.
Ma studia l’affo più, che puoi: che tarda
Non sia l’aiuto, e intanto il fuoco l’ardua.

L’alto parlar, e la siera sembianza
Di quella coppia à maraviglia ardita
Ebben de tornar forza la speranza
Colà, d’and’era già tutta fuggita.
Ma perch’ancor più che la lontananza
Temeva il ritrovau la via impedita;
E che fari per questo indarno prefa;
Stava la donna in fe tutta sofpea.

Poi disse lor: Facendo noi la via,
Che dritta, e piano va fin’a quel loco,
Credo ch’a tempo vi si giungeria,
Che non sarebbe ancora acceso il fuoco;
Ma gir convien per cofì torta, e tira,
Ch’èl termine d’un giorno faria poco
A rinfrière: e quando vi saremo,
Che troviamo morto il giovine, mi temo.

I now am fled away, not to perceive
Such cruelty, for him alive they’ll burn;
Neither could any thing me fo much grieve,
As should this fine youth suffer death, forlorn;
Nor so great pleasure shall I e’er receive,
Which into torment will not sunder turn,
When I shall call to mind the cruel flame
Which must burn up those limbs of curious frame.

Bradamant heard, and does disturb’d appear
With this sad news, and much is grieved her heart;
Nor seems the les for the condemn’d to fear,
Than if one of her brothers bore that part;
And purely did too good foundation bear
This her alarm, as I shall soon impart:
Turn’d to Ruggier, she said, It seems to me,
That for this youth our arms employ’d should be.

And, to her weeping, You I comfort, said;
See in the walls you for us entrance gain:
As yet by them if the youth is not dead,
That him they shall not kill, secure remain:
Ruggier the heart benign discovered
Of his dear lady, and her thoughts humane;
So felt himself all burning with desire,
To save the youth, that he should not expire.

And to the dame, of whom fell from each eye
A stream of tears, said, Why now do we wait?
Now to assist there need is, not to cry;
Contrive, that, where your friend is, we may get:
From thousand lances, thousand swords, will I Free him, if thither you conduct us straight;
But to find out the way, your pow’r employ,
Left aid be late, and him mean time the fire destroy.

The fierce appearance, and the fiction high
Of these, who courage wonderful display,
Was of such pow’r, with hope it did supply
Her heart, from whence ‘twas wholly fled away;
But since much more, than that it far did lie,
She interrupted fear’d to find the way,
And that thro’ this their emprize would be vain;
The dame did in herself suspense’d quite remain.

Then said to them, If we the road peruse,
Which does direct and smooth lead to that place,
I think we there might come in season due;
So that the fire might not be set in blaze:
But way so crabb’d, bad, we must go thro’,
That a whole day is but a little space,
Thither to get; and when we are come there,
That we may find the young man dead, I fear.
47.
E perché non andiamo, dice Ruggiero,
Per la più corta? e la d'una risposte:
Perché un castel de' Conti da Pontiero
Tra via si trovò: ove un costume pole,
Non son tre giorni ancora, iniquo e fiero
A cavalieri, e à donne avventurose,
Pinabello, il peggior uomo che visva,
Figlivol del Conte Anselm d'Altariva.

48.
Quindi nè cavalier, nè donna passa,
Che se ne vada senza injuria, e danni.
L'uno, e l'altro a p'ie' ressa; ma vi lassa
Il guerrier l'arme, e la donnella i panni
Miglior cavalier lancia non abbaa;
E non abbaa in Francia gia molt'anni
Di quattro, che giurato anno al castello
La legge mantener di Pinabello.

49.
Come l'usanza, che non è più antiqua
Di tre di, comincio, vi vu narrare;
E sentirete se fu dritta, o obliqua
Cagion, che i cavalieri fece giurare.
Pinabello ha una donna così iniqua,
Così beffal, ch'al mondo è senza pare.
Che con lui, non fo dove, andando un giorno
Ritrovo un cavalier, che le fe scorno.

50.
Il cavalier, perché da lei buffato
Fu d'una vecchia, che portava in groppa
Giostrò con Pinabello, ch'era dotato
Di poca forza, e di superbia troppa:
Ed abbattello; e lei s'montar nel prato
Fece, e provò s'andava dritta, o zoppa.
Lasciolla a pie'; e fe de la gonnella
Di lei vestir l'antica damigella.

51.
Quella, ch'à p'ie' rinafe, dispettofa
E di vendetta ingorda, e fribonda;
Congiunta à Pinabel, che d'ogni cosa
Dove sia da mal far, ben la seconda;
Nè giorno mai, nè notte mai ripesa,
E dice, che non sia mai più gioconda;
Se mille cavalieri, e mille donne
Non mette à piedi, e lor talle arme, e gonne.

52.
Giungfero il di medesmo, come accade,
Quattro gran cavalieri à un folo loco;
L'ajunari di rivolissiome contrade
Venuti à queste parti eran di poco:
Di tal valor, che non hai nostra erade
Tant' altri buoni a bellicofo gioco.
Aquilante, Grifone, Sanfonetto,
Ed un Guidon Selvaggio giovineo.

47.
And wherefore by the shortest, said Ruggier,
Should we not go? The damsel answered,
Because a castle of the Count Pontier
Is in the way; where has a custom made
Not three days past, for ev'ry cavalier,
For ev'ry vent'rous dame, cruel and bad,
Pinabel, far the vilest wretch alive,
The son of Count Anselm of Altarive.

48.
Hence nor does cavalier nor lady pass,
Who hurt and los' off with them do not bear;
All are dismounted, and leave in the place
The knights their arms, ladies the cloaths they wear:
No better cavalier does lance abase,
Nor has asab'd in France this many a year,
Than four, who at the fort their oaths have ta'en,
The law of Pinabello to maintain.

49.
How cuftom such, no older than three days,
Did firft commence, to you I will declare;
And, if unjust, or right, th' occasion was,
You may perceive, which forc'd the knights to swear.
A lady Pinabello has, so base,
So brutifh, in the world is not her pair;
Who with him going once, I know not where,
Found, who affronted her, a cavalier.

50.
The cavalier, as scoff the at him made
For an old chrine, did on his crupper ride,
Tilted with Pinabel, whose talent lay'd
In little provess, and in too much pride;
Beat him to ground, unhors'd her in the mead,
And if erect or lame she walked, try'd;
Left her on foot, and with the gown she had,
He caus'd the ancient woman to be clad.

51.
She, who on foot remain'd, in spiteful way,
And for revenge thristing and gluttonous,
With Pinabel, who favours would convey
On each, who evil action would propose;
Never could quiet be, or night or day,
And said, ne'er more she should enjoy repose,
Till she did thousand knights and dames unhorse,
And from them did their cloaths and armour force.

52.
As it fell out, there came that very day
Four gallant knights to palace, where they live;
Who out of countries distant far away
Unto these parts but lately did arrive;
Of valour such, that our age can't display
As many more, in war with them can strive;
Sanfonet, Aquilante, and Grifon,
And a youth call'd Selvaggio Guidon.
Pinabel, at the fort I mentioned,
Received them with semblance courteous,
And, the night after, feiz'd them all in bed,
And held them captive; nor did first unloose,
Till here a year and month, them swear he made,
(This is exact the time he did impose)
They would remain, and of their arms deprive
All the knights errant, that should here arrive.

And force the damfels, that might with them go,
To trudge on foot, and take their cloaths away;
So did they swear, and were obliged so,
The law, tho' griev'd and forry, to obey:
It seems not that 'gainst them, e'en until now,
Any can tilt, and on his saddle stay;
And yet here a great number has arriv'd,
Who have gone off on foot, of arms depriv'd.

It is the order with them, who by lot
 Goes out the first, runs in the tilt alone:
But if he finds his enemy so stout
To stay on foot, and he to earth is thrown;
The rest are forc'd together to come out,
And until death to push the emprize on.
Judge now, if each of valour has such share,
What they must be, when all together are.

Ill suits it to our vast necessity,
Which does forbid, we let should undergo,
You should one moment stop this tilt to try,
And that you e'en may conquer, I allow,
As does demonstrate your appearance high;
But this not work is, in an hour to do; [man.
And there's great doubt, burnt will be the young
If this whole day your succour you detain.

Ruggier said, No regard to this let's bear;
Let all our utmost pow'r be now effay'd;
Let, who rules heav'n, of the event take care,
Or fortune, if from him on her 'tis lay'd:
It by this tilting shall be shown you clear,
If we are stout enough to give him aid,
Who for so flight occasion, as you say,
So very trilling, must be burnt to-day.

The damfels, without anfw'ring, did dispose
Herself to take what was the shortest way;
They travell'd not above three miles, when close
Unto the bridge and gate arrived they;
Where many do their cloaths and armour lose,
And do their lives to danger great betray:
Upon their first appearance, on the fort
One, on the bell twice striking, gave report.
Canto 22.

59.
Ed ecco de la porta con gran fretta
Trottando s'un rosazio un vecchio uscio;
E quel venia gridando, Aspetta aspetta:
Restate, oh là, che qui fi paga il fio.
E fe l'usanza non v'è fatta detta,
Che qui fi tien, or ve la vo dirio.
E contar lor incominci di quello
Costume, che servir fa Pinabello.

60.
Poi seguitò, volendo dar configli,
Com'era ufatò, a gli altri cavalieri.
Fate sfogliar la donna, dicea, fiigli;
E voi l'arme lasciateci, e i destrieri;
E non vogliate mettervi à perigli
D'andare incontro à tai quattro guerrieri.
Per tutto vestì, arme, e cavalii s'hanno;
La vista fol mai non ripara il danno.

61.
Non più, disse Ruggier, non più, ch'è fono
Del tutto informatifimo; e qui venni
Per far prova di me, fe cos'è buono
In fatti fom, come nel cuor iuveni.
Arme, vesti, e cavallo altrui non dono,
S'altrò non fento, che miraccio, e cenni.
E non ben certo ancor, che per parole
Il mio compagno le fùe dar non vuole.

62.
Ma per Dio fa, ch'io vegga tofo in fronte
Quel, che ne voglion torre arme, e cavallo;
Ch'abbiamo da passar amc quel monte,
E qui non fi può far troppo intervallo.
Ripofe il vecchio; Eccoti fuor del ponte
Chi vien per farlo, e non lo difse in fallo;
Ch'un cavalier no'fci, che sopravvive
Vermigli avea di bianchi fior contefe.

63.
Bradamante pregò molto Ruggiero,
Che le lasciassì in cortesia l'affunto
Di giftar de la fella il cavaliero,
Ch'avea di far il bel vestir trapunto.
Ma non puote impetrarlo, e fu mefiero
A lei far ciò, che Ruggier volse à punto.
Egli vol't l'imprefa tutta avere,
E Bradamante fi fteffe à vedere.

64.
Ruggiero al vecchio domandò chi foffe
Questo primo, ch'ufcia fuor de la porta,
E Sanfonetto, difse, che le roffe
Veste conofce, e i bianchi fior che porta.
L'un no di quà, l'altro di là fi mofe
Senza parlarsi, e fu l'induca corta:
Che s'andarò à trovar co i ferri bagli,
Molto affettando i lor deftrimi i passa.

59.
And lo, in hurry vaft from forth the gate,
On a poor nag, an old man illued;
And he advanced bauling out, Waif, wait,
Stop, holla! here a forfeit must be paid;
And if you have not th' ufage of this state
Heard of, to you by me it shall be faid:
And of that cuftom did begin to tell,
Which had been settled there by Pinabel.

60.
Then willing to give counsel, thus went on,
As he had us'd to other cavalier;
Stripp'd let the dame be, you, and you my fon,
And you your horses and your arms leave here,
And seek not thus in peril to be thrown,
And against four fuch warriors to bear:
Cloaths, horses, arms, you may have ev'ry where
The loss of life alone we can't repair.

61.
No more, reply'd Ruggier, no more, for I
Full information have of all receiv'd,
And hither am I come, in fact to try
If I'm as brave, as I in heart conceiv'd:
Arms, cloaths, and horfe, to all I still deny,
If, but advice and threats, I nought perceiv'd;
And am quite certain too, that words alone
Can work no more on my companion.

62.
But, for heav'n's fake, soon let me fee the front
Of those, who arms and horfe would take away;
For we obliged are to pas yon mount,
And here we muft not make too long delay;
The old man anfw'er'd, Lo, from forth the pont
One for that purpofe comes; and truth did say;
For a knight illud out from thence, who wore
A red furtout, with flowers white embroider'd o'er.

63.
Much Bradamante did intreat Ruggier,
He'd kindly let the emprize on her reft,
From out his feat to throw the cavalier,
Who had with flow'rs embroder'd o'er his veft;
But could not this obtain, and unto her
That was strict law, what'er Ruggier expreff;
He will'd, the whole emprize on him should be,
And Bradamante should stand by to fee.

64.
Ruggier of the old man enquired, who
This firt was, who did from the gate repair:
'Tis Sanfonet, he anfw'er'd, for I know
The red furtout and white flow'rs he does bear.
From hence did one, from thence the other go
Without a word, and little tarry'd, ere
Fufhing to meet, their lances they abafe,
And of their fteeeds much haften on the pace.
Mean time from forth the castle did repair
With Pinabello a great many foot,
Ready and quick the armour off to bear
Of knights, who from their saddles were thrown out;
To meet, push’d on each valiant cavalier,
Fixing upon their refts their spears moft flout,
Of native oak, which two full palms were round,
Which almost equal were to iron found.

Not above ten of such immensity
From off their living flocks had cans’d be cut
Sanfonet, at a wood, that was hard-by;
And hither to the tilt two of them brought:
His shield and his cuirafs, of proof moft high,
He needs must have, whom their strokes damag’d not:
Soon as he came, he cans’d them present make
Of one to Ruggier, one himself does take.

With these, which might pierce even anvils thro’,
The Steel upon the points fo firm was fet,
This side and that, they the shields pointing to,
I’ th’ middle of the course together met:
That of Ruggier but little fear’d the blow,
Which had the naked Demons caus’d to sweat;
I of that shield would speak, which Atlant made,
Of which the force how vast, before I’ve said.

To you before I’ve said, with such vault might
The eyes does this enchanted splendour strain;
At it’s discovery decays all fight,
And men it causes almost dead remain:
Therefore, unlefs greatly distrust’d in fight,
With a veil cover’d he did it retain:
’Twas thought too, ’twould impenetrable prove;
As it did not at such encounter move.

The other, by lesser skilful artiff made,
Bore not the blow, which fell so heavily;
Sudden, as touch’d by stroke of thunder dread,
Gave the steel place, ’twas midft did open fly;
Gave the steel place, and him did sharp invade
Beneath the arm, cover’d unguardedly;
So that by it was wounded Sanfonet,
And spite of him was thrown from out his seat.

And he of these was firt companion,
While they did here the custom base maintain,
Who the spoils had not of the others won,
Who in the tilt from forth his feat was ta’en.
Who sometimes laughs, must sometimes too bemean,
And find in fortune a rebellious vein.
He from the fort, repeating now his blow,
Unto the other knights the news did show.
Sera accostato Pinabello intanto
A Bradamante per sapere chi fusse
Colui che con prodezze e valor tanto
Il cavalier del suo castel percuise.
La giusizia di Dio, per dargli quanto
Era il merito suo, vi lo conduce.
Sì quel desiderio medesimo, ch'interi
Toito avea per inganno a Bradamante.

Fornito appunto era l'ostativo meze,
Che con lei ritrovandosi a cammino,
Se' l'è ricordato, questo Maganzece,
La gisso ne la tomba di Merlino;
Quando da morte un ramo la difese
Che feco cadde, anzi vi suo bun destino:
E trascine, credendo, ne lo speco
Che'lla fusse sepolta, il desider sico.

Bradamante conosce il suo cavallo,
E conosce per lui l'iniquo Conte;
E poi ch'è de la voce, e vicino hallo
Con maggiore attenzion mirato in fronte;
Questo è il traditore, disse, senza fallo,
Che procacciò di farmi oltraggio, ed onte:
Ecco il pescato suo, che l'ha condotto,
Ove avrà de' suoi merti il premio tutto.

Il minacciare, e il por mano alla spada
Fu tutto a un tempo, e lo avventarsi a quello,
Ma innanzi tratto gli levò la frada,
Che non potè fuggir verso il castello.
Tolto è la speme, che a salvar si nuda,
Come volpe a la tana, Pinabello.
Egli gridando, e senza mai far testa,
Fuggendo si cacciò ne la foresta.

Pale, e sbigottito il mi'fer sponza,
Che posto ha nel fuggir l'ultima speme.
L'animofà donzella di Dordona
Gli ba il ferro a i fianchi, e lo percuote, e preme.
Vien con lui sempre, e mai non l'abbandona:
Grande è il romore, e il bofco intorno gene.
Nulla al castel di questo ancor s'intende;
Però, ch'ognuno a Ruggier solo attende.

Gli alti tre cavalier de la fortezza
Intanto erano usciti in su la via;
Ed avean fegno quella male avvezza,
Che v'avea posa la cofuma via.
A ciascun di lor tre, che lor morir prezza
Più, ch'aver vita, che con biasmo sia;
Di vergogna arde il vito, e il cor di duolo,
Che tanti ad afflar vadano un solo.

Mean time himself did Pinabel address
To Bradamante, who it was to know,
Who with such prowess, valour to express,
O'ercame the knight, who from his fort did go:
Him forward there does heaven's justice prefs,
On him, what he does merit, to bestow;
Upon the self-fame horse, which he before
From Bradamante off by fraud had bore.

Exactly now eight months were at an end,
That meeting with her on the road did go
This Maganzece, (if you've in mind retain'd)
And her did to the cave of Merlin throw;
What time a bough did her from death defend,
Which with her fell, rather fate kind did shew;
And with him took her war-horse, in the den
Imagining that she had bury'd been.

This her own palfrey Bradamante knew,
And by him also knew the wicked Count;
And when she heard the voice, and near did view
Him with more close attention in the front;
This, without doubt, the traitor is, said, who
Me bar'rouly to murder made account:
Lo! his own sin, which him conducted has,
To have the full reward of his demerits bafe.

Her threatening, and drawing of her blade,
Were all at once, and up to him she flew,
But got before, his way enclosed made,
That he the castle could not fly unto:
The hope is ta'en away, Pinabel had,
Like fox to den, to home in safety go;
He crying out, without e'er making head,
Throughout the forest, in vaft hurry, fled.

Pale and dismay'd, he wretched spurred on,
As his hope ultimate was plac'd in flight;
The fo courageous damfel of Dordone
Has at his fides her steel, does press and smite;
Comes up with him, nor lets him e'er alone;
Great is the rumour; the wood groans at it:
This at the fort to none as yet was known,
Intent on Ruggier only e'ry one.

Mean time from forth the fortresses issu'd
T'other three cavaliers upon the way,
And with them had her ill-conditioned,
Who on them did the wicked cuffom lay;
Of each of these, who rather had been dead,
Than to have life, for which disgrace must pay,
With shame the face, with grief the heart did flame,
That to th' attack of one so many came.
Canto 22.

77.

La crudel meretrici, ch'avea fatto
Por quella iniqua sfanza, ed esservarla;
Il giuramento lor ricordà, e il patto,
Che sì fatti l'auean di vendicarla.
Se sol con quefìa lancia te gli abbatto.
Perché mi voli con altre accompagnarla?
Dica Guidon Selvaggio, e s'io ne mento,
L'evami il capo poi, ch'io fon contento.

78.

Così dicea Grifon, così Aquilante:
Giovar da sol a sol volea ciascuno;
E prefo, e marto rimanere inante,
Ch'infedele un fol volere andar più d'uno.
La donna dicea loro: A che far tante
Parole qui senza proftito alcuno?
Per torre a colui l'arme io vola qui tratti;
Non per far nuove loggi, e nuovi patti.

79.

Quando io v'avea in prigione, era da farne
Quefìa seue, e non era, che fon tarde.
Voi dovete il prefo ordine servirme;
Non vostre lingue far vano, e bugiarde.
Ruggier gridava lor: Eccoli l'arme;
Ecco il deftrier, ch'ha nuova e fella, e barde;
I panni de la donna eccorsi ancora;
Se li vollete, a che più far dimora?

80.

La donna del castel da un lato preme
Ruggier da l'altro li chiamà, e rampogna.
Tanto, ch'a forza sì spiccaro insieme,
Ma nel vifo inflammati di vergogna.
Dinanzi appare l'uno, e l'altro feme
Del Marchefò onorato di Borgogna.
Ma Guidon, che più grave ebbe il cavallo,
Venìa lor dietro con poco intervallo.

81.

Con la medesima affa, con che avea
Sanfonetto abattuto, Ruggier viene
Coperto da lo scudo, che foletà
Atlante aver sì i monti di Pyrene:
Dico quel incantato, che splendea
Tanto, ch'umana vifà non sofjene.
A cui Ruggier per l'ultimo foccjò
Ne i più gravi perigli avea ricorjò.

82.

Benche sol tre fiate bisognolì,
E certo in gran perigli, farne il lume.
Le prime due, quando da i regni molli
Si trasse a più laudevole cofume.
La terza quando i denti molli
La fchio de l'Orc a le marine fumi;
Che dovean decorar la bella nuda,
Che fu à chi la campò poi co' crucia.

83.

This cruel strumpet, who had them enjoin'd
To make, and with this custom base comply,
Of th' oath agreed upon put them in mind,
Which they took to revenge her injury.
If with this lance t' unhorfe him means I find,
Why force you on me other company?
Said Guidon Savage; if in this $ lie,
Strike off my head; I am content to die.

79.

When I imprison'd you, you should have made
These your objections, not now, they're too late:
You must preserve the rules established,
Not break your word, and to no purpose prate.
Ruggier, Behold my armour, loudly said;
Behold my horse, which has new bit and feat;
See too, you may the damsel's cloaths survey;
If these you'll have, why do ye thus delay.

80.

The lady of the fort urg'd on one side,
On t'other calls them, them insults Ruggier;
Till they per force together forward ride,
But with shame blazing did each face appear;
Both of the sons more forward were defcry'd
O' th' Marquifs of Borgogna, of honour rare;
But Guidon, who was on a heavier steed,
Some little space behind them did proceed.

81.

With the same spear with which he had beat down
Sanfonet, is Ruggier advancing seen
With the shield cover'd, which Atlant did own,
And us'd to have upon the hills Pyrene:
I mean that one enchanted which so thone,
No human eye the brightness could fuffiane;
To which, as ultimate refource, Ruggier
In greatest dangers only would repair.

82.

Altho' but three times only he had need,
In peril imminent, to use this blaze:
The first two when from the soft realms he treed
Himself, returning to far better ways;
The third, when he the teeth without their feed
Left of the Orc within the foaming seas;
Who was about, the naked fair to eat,
Who afterward so ill did her releafe treat.
Canto 22.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

83.

Furor, che queste tre volte, tutto'il reso
Lo tenea sotto un velo in modo asoso;
Che d'isoprirlo offr potee ben presto,
CHE del suo aiuto fosse bifogno.
Quivi a la giostra ne venia con questu;
Come io v'ho detto ancor; così animoso
Che quei tre cavalier, che vedea inanti,
Manco tenea, che pargolletti infantii.

84.

Ruggier scontra Grifon, ove la penna
De lo scudo à la visii sì congiunge;
Quel di cader da ciascun lato accenna;
Ed al fin cade, e refla al deftrier lunge.
Mette à lo scudo à lui Grifon l'antenna:
Ma pel travagio, e non pel dritto giunge;
E perché lo trovò forbido, e netto;
L'andò strisciando, e fe contrario effetto.

85.

Rolle lo velo, e squarcio, che gli copria
Lo spavento, ed incanato lampo.
Al ci splendor cader sì conveniva.
Con gli occhi ciechi, e non v'era alcun fosco.
Aquilante, ch'ab par feco venia,
Stracciò l'avanzo, e fe lo feudo lampo.
Lo splendor ferì gli occhi à i due fratelli;
Ed à Guidon, che corre di quelqu.

86.

Chi di qua, chi di là cade per terra,
Lo scudo non puro gli occhi abbarbaglia,
Ma fa, che ogni altro senso attionato erra.
Ruggier, che non sia il fin de la battaglia,
Volta il cavallo; e nel voltar afferra
La spada fua, che gli bene punge, e taglia:
E nesun vede, che gli sia à l'incontro;
Che tutti eran caduti à quello sccontro.

87.

I cavalieri, e insieme quei, ch'è piede
Eran usciti, e cosi le donne anco;
E non meno i defrieri in guisa vede,
Che par, che per morir battano il fianco:
Prima si maraviglia, e poi s'avvede,
Che'lo velo ne pendea dal lato manco,
Dico il velo di feta; in che sola
Chiuder la luce, di quel cafo rea.

88.

Preso all'volse: e nel moltar cercando
Con gli occhi va l'amata sia guerriera.
E vien la dove era rimasa, quando
La prima giostra cominciata s'era.
Penfa, ch'andata sia non la trovando,
A victar, che quel giovine non pera;
Per dubbio, ch'ella ba forza; che non s'arda
In questo mezzo, ch'à giostrar s'i tarda.

89.

All other times, except thee only three,
Beneath a veil he kept it such way hid,
That to unveil it he could ready be,
If he of it's assistance stood in need.
Hither with this unto the tilts came he
So very bold, as you before might read,
That the three knights, who 'gainst him did appear,
He, than the small infant, lefs did fear.

84.

Ruggiero struck Grifon, where did conjoin
The vizer to the border of the shield:
He to each side as falling did incline,
And far from his horse at last sinks to the field:
Grifon his beam to t'other's shield did join,
But it transverfely, not direct did weild;
And, as it found it smooth and polished,
It hiffing went, and effect different had.

85.

It broke, and tore the veil which covered
The fear-inspiring and enchanted blaze:
All by this light must needs on earth be lay'd
With darken'd eyes; here no escaping was:
Aquillant, who with him course equal made,
Tears off the ref, the naked shield displays;
The brightnes vail the brothers' eyes strikes blind,
And those of Guidon too, who came behind.

86.

Some here, some there, to the earth tumbling, lay;
This shield does dazzle not their eyes alone;
But makes each other sense bewilder'd stray:
Ruggier, who knew not that the fight was done,
Wheels round his horse, and wheeling does display
His naked blade, whose stab and cut ipares none;
And no one fees, who 'gainst him could make head,
As by this stroke all upon earth were lay'd.

87.

The cavaliers, and they too who on foot
Were iffu'd out, and e'en the ladies too,
Horfes no lefs, in this distref were put,
Who, their fides beating, just as dying shew:
At first he wonder'd, afterward did note,
That his left fide the veil hung not unto,
I mean the filken veil, us'd to prevent
The light from causing fuch-like accident.

88.

He quickly turns, and in his turning view'd,
Sight, of his warriores belov'd, to gain;
And thither comes where she before had stood,
When the firt tilting twixt them was began:
Not finding her, he thinks the has perfu'd
Her way, from death to rescue the young man,
'Tho' doubt, perhaps she has, he burnt may be,
While in this tilt so long delayed he.
89.
He sees the dame who lay 'mongst many more,
The dame who him unto this place did guide;
Asleep he takes her on his horse before,
And, all confusion, off with her does ride:
Then with a cloak, which o'er her gown she wore,
Again the shield enchanted he did hide;
And to her fenes brought her back, as soon
As he had hid the light, so hurtful shone.

90.
Ruggier with blushing cheeks off with her mov'd,
Nor dare he raise his face, thro' shame that glows:
He thought that he by each might be reprovd,'
His victroy be deem'd less glorious.
What amends can I make? whence can remot'd
Be from me this fault, so opprobrious?
As they will call the victories I've won,
Not by my valour, but enchantments done.

91.
While thus he thinking in himself went on,
He happ'd to hit upon that which he fought;
For on his journey he arrived soon,
Where was a well most deeply hollow'd out:
The cattle here, in scorching heat of noon,
Retire, when they their paunches full have got:
Ruggier said, Now it's needful I provide,
From you, O shield, no further shame may me betide.

92.
You to my shame with me no more shall stay,
Be this the laft i' th' world I e'er receive!
Thus saying, he dismounted in the way,
And does a maffy stone, of vaft weight, heave;
To the shield ties it, and sends both away
Thro' the deep well, to th' bottom to arrive;
And said, Be you now bury'd in this place,
And ever with you hid my disrace.

93.
The well is deep, brim-full of water too;
Heavy the shield is, heavy is the stone;
Nor flopt they, till they bottom got unto:
The soft light liquor them did close upon:
A deed so noble, of such worth did shew,
The babbler Fame, and shortly made it known,
And fill'd with rumour, by her trumpet's found,
France, Spain, and all the provinces around.

94.
When this, one voice to others did convey,
That thro' the world th' adventure strange had got;
To search did many warriors come away,
Both from adjacent parts, and those remote;
But knew not whereabout the forest lay,
Where in the well th' enchanted shield was put;
For that the dame, who made the action known,
The well would never, nor the country own.

95.
Canto 23.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

95.
When from the castle did depart Ruggier,
When he with contest small had conquered,
Who like to men of straw had made appear
Of Pinabello the four champions dread:
The shield too gone, that light did with it bear,
O'er fight and minds which fuch confusion spread;
All they, who now were lying as if dead,
Full of amazement great, recovered.

96.
Nor talk aught else amongst them that whole day,
But of this strange adventure, on them fell;
And how it happen'd, that with such dismay
This horrid dazling all of them did quell;
The news arriv'd, while they discours'd this way,
That now come to his end was Pinabel:
That Pinabel is dead, the news does say;
But does not tell them who 'twas, him did slay.

97.
The valiant Bradamant the mean time had
Overtaken Pinabel at a straight place,
And full an hundred times 'bove half her blade
Into his sides thor'o' his breast did pass:
When from the world this filth she had convey'd,
By which infected the whole country was,
She to the conscious wood did turn her back
With th' horfe the villain from her once did take.

98.
She would return, where she had left Ruggier,
But knew not how, ever to find the way;
Now thro' the valleys, now o'er hills does steer,
O'er the whole country does as searching stray;
But cruel fortune ne'er permitted her
The road to take, whence find Ruggier she may:
I to th' ensuing canto him invite,
Who from my history receives delight.

CANTO XXIII.

1.
Studis ognun giovare altret, che rade
Volse il ben far senza il suo premio sia:
E sè pur senza; almen non te ne accade
Morte, nè dannno, nè ignominia via.
Chi nuoce altret, tardi, o per tempo cade
Il debito a scontar, che non s'obblia.
Dice il proverbio, ch'è trovar si vanno
Gli uomini spesso; e i monti fermi stanno.

1.
Let each strive others to assist; for rare
'Tis, doing good without reward we see:
And if not so, at least you shall not share
Or death, or los, or bafe ignominy.
Who hurts another, soon or late beware
To find his due, which 'cape not memory:
The proverb says, Men oft go out to find
Each other, hills alone are to their spot confin'd.
2.
Or non S'ira, ch'abbia Di Spefbb Contemplando Oilmen Parte Sotto Nf Che Parts Dove Che- La Che Volfe Che Gia Che Anfelmo, Gli Credette Ma Vicina Del Salvo Or Diffy pfntimente, faper daper donna, vedì Jappiendo notte ch'avea per la benti Talti la lei ta tornare findegna le ritrovarfi di mirando penfava dicea ci frafche fuggir h e^uelt donna, Pinabel in munta, di mano, e diuert efferfi padre, d'ogni tornare findegna di morta, Pinabello ch' erbe la profondo veglt, Jostiene (fun difginnta. Giove, Jt il di Saturno, di mezzo donde gli alcurf a gli fermo l'ttette e diuert veniva il di per fua moth b dorma, (pe/fo- mons Mounts, di vino, e ufci a diuert efferfi e diuert Iostiene il di per fua moth b dorma, (pe/fo- mons Mounts, di vino, e ufci a diuert efferfi e diuert Iostiene il di per fua moth b dorma, (pe/fo-)}
8.

Queste, ed altre parole ella non tacque,
E molto piu ne ragionò col core.
Il vento intanto di sospiri, e lacrime
Di pianto facean pioggia, e di dolore;
Dopo una lunga aspettazione, pur nacque
In Oriente il desirato Albore.
Ed ella prese il suo desirier, ch’intorno
Giva pasiendo, ed andò contrà il giorno.

9.

Nel molto andò, che si trovò à l’usigna
Del bosco, ove pur dianzi era il palagio:
La dove molti di l’avea schernita
Con tanto errore l’incantator malvagio.
Ritrovò quivi Astolfo, che fornita
La briglia à l’ippogrifo avea à grand’agio.
Ed era in gran pensier di Rucabanco
Per non sapere à chi lasciarlo in mano.

10.

A caso si trovò, che furor di tefta
L’elmo allor s’avea tratto il Paladin.
Si che tosto ch’usì de la foresta,
Bradamante coñobbe il suo cugino.
Di lontan falatello, e con gran festa
Gli corse, e l’abbraccio poi piu vicino;
E nominò, ed alzo la vifera,
E chiaramente fe veder ch’ella era.

11.

Non potea Astolfo ritrovar persona;
A chi il suo Rabican meglio lasciassè;
Perche doveva averne guardia buona,
E renderglielo poi come tornasse;
De la figlia del Duca de Dordonia;
E parvegli, che Dio gli la mandassè.
Vederla volentier sempre sola;
Ma pel bisogno o piu, ch’egli n’avea.

12.

Di poi, che due, e tre volte ritornati
Fraternamente ad abbracciar si foro;
E si fur l’uno à l’altro domandati
Con molta affezzation de l’esser loro;
Astolfo disse: Ormai, se de i penatì
Vol paìse cercar, troppo dimoro;
Ed aprendo à la donna il suo pensiero
Veder le fece il volator destriero.

13.

A lei non fu di molta maraviglia
Veder spiegare a quel destriier le penne;
C’altra volta reggendoli la briglia
Atlante incantator contra le venne;
E le fece doler gli occhi, e le ciglia,
Si sì ò ò di volar le tenne.
Quei giorno, che da lei Ruggier lontano
Portato fu per cammin longo, e strano.

8.

These, and such kind of words, she ne’er forbears,
And many more the ponder’d in her breast:
The wind mean time of sighs, and waves of tears,
A storm of lamentation sore exprest:
After an expectation long, appears
The so much wish’d for dawning in the east;
And she her palfrey takes, which there did feed,
And with the day did on her road proceed.

9.

Nor went far ere the pafs she did attain
Out of the wood, where stood the palace, late,
Where many days her baffled did detain
The wicked forcerer, in error great:
There found Astolfo, who, with little pain,
The bit for Hippogriff had made compleat,
And in deep thought of Rabican did stand,
Not know-ing how to leave him, in whose hand.

10.

By chance she found him; for from off his head
Jut then the Paladin his helmet threw,
That when she from the forest issu’d,
So soon fair Bradamant his kinman knew;
From far salutes him, with vaft joy she fled
To him, embracing when the nearer drew,
Decler’d her name, and lifted from her face
Her vizor, and discover’d who she was.

11.

Astolfo could not have met with any one
Whom to leave Rabican with more content,
That they of him should take good caution,
And to him, on return, again present,
Than to the daughter of the Duke Dordonia;
And it seem’d, to him, heaven her had fent.
Her with good-will he ever us’d to fce,
But much more now, in fuch neceffity.

12.

While earneftly they there together stand,
Their brotherly embraces to repeat,
And each one of the other made demand,
With an intenfe affection, of their state;
Astolfo said, If of the winged band
I would the country seek, too long I wait,
And, to the lady op’ning his intent,
His flying fleed did to her view present.

13.

To her it did no wonder great remain,
To fee this mighty fleed his wings unfold,
As heretofore, him ruling with the rein,
The forcerer Atlante towards her rovel’d,
And caus’d her fight and eyelids fluer pain,
Which she so fix’d, his flying to behold,
That day wherecon, far off from her, Ruggier,
He, thorough way so long and strange, did bear.
Aftolfo disse a lei, che le volea
Dar Rabican, che si nel corpo affretta.
Che se scoccando l'arco si movea,
Si sola lasciar dietro la fassetta.
E tutte l'arme ancor, quanto n'avea:
Che vol, che a Montalban gli le rimette;
E gli lo ferbi fin al tuo ritorno,
Che non gli fanno or di bifogna intorno.

Volendosene andar per l'aria a volo
Aveasi a far, quanto potea, più leve.
Tieni la spada, 'l corno, ancor che solo
Basta argli il corno ad ogni rigo deo.
Bradamante la lancia, che'l fivigvolu
Portò di Gelafrone, anto riceve:
La lancia, che di quanti ne percuote,
Fa le selle restar fubitamente.

Salito Aftolfo sul defterier volante
Lo fa muover per l'aria lento leuto;
Indi lo caccia fi, che Bradamante
Ogni vista ne perde in un momento.
Così si parte col pilota inante
Il nocchier, che gli s'ogni tene, e'l vento:
E poi che'1 porto, e i siti addietro laffa,
Spiega ogni vela, e innanzi à i venti passa.

La donna poi, che fu partito il Duca,
Rimase in gran travaglio de la mente;
Che non fa, come a Montalban conduca
L'armatura, e il defterier del suo parente.
Però che'1 cuor le cuoce, e le manuca
L'ingorda voglia, e l'efpediero ardente
Di riveder Ruggier, che fe non prima,
A Vallombrofa ritrovarlo fima.

Stando quivi fighessa, per ventura
Si vede innanzi giungere un villano;
Dal qual fa raffettar quella armatura,
Come si poete, e por sù Rabicano:
Poi di menarsi dietro gli die' cura
I duo cavalli, un carco, e l'altro à manu.
Ella n'avea duo primè; che'avea quello,
Sopra il qual levò l'altro à Pinabello.

Di Vallombrofa pensò far la frada;
Che trov'ar quivi il suo Ruggier ha fmenu:
Ma quel più breve, o quel miglior vi vada,
Poco difierne; e d'ire errando tene.
Il villan non avea de la contrada
Pratica molta; ed erroranno insieme.
Per andar à ventura ella fi messi,
Dove pensò, che'1 loco effer dovüsse.

Aftolfo, mounted on his winged steed,
Made him move, softly, gently, thro' the air;
But, after, drove him on, with so much speed,
He from her sight did sudden disappear:
Such way sets out, when pilot does precede,
The mariner, who rocks and storms does fear;
But, when he shore and haven leaves behind,
Crouds all his falls, and flies before the wind.

The lady, soon as e'er the Duke was gone,
Remains of mind in mighty discontent;
Nor knows to Montalban how to lead on
Her kinman's horse, with his arms different;
Seeing her ardent wish, strong will inclin'd,
Gnaw'd on her heart, and her did so torment,
To see Ruggier; for him she did supposè,
If not before, to find at Vallombrofe.

Here standing in suspense, by accident
She sees before her come a countryman,
Whom to adjust she caus'd th' arms different,
Well as he could, and put on Rabican;
Then gave him charge to bring, where then she went,
Both speeded, one loaded, one in hand to train:
Ere this she two had; for th' ad that before,
She rode, when th' other off from Pinabel the bore.

To make the way for Vallombrofe she meant,
As she had hope she there might find Ruggier;
But whether best or shortest way she went,
Little discern'd, and does, to wander, fear:
The countryman but seldom did frequent
These quarters; and they both together est:
Yet, at a venture, forward journey'd she,
Where she conceiv'd that the place needs must be.
20. Di qua, di là si volse: né persona
Incontrò mai da domandar la via.
Si trovò uscir del bosco in su la nona,
Dove un cavall poco lontan si spron,
Il qual la chia a un monticel corona.
Lo mira: e Montalban le par che sia;
Ed era certo Montalbano, e in quello
Avea la madre, ed alcuni suoi fratello.

21. Come la donna conosciuto ha il loco;
Nel tuor s'attrista, e piu ch'io non so dire.
Sarà scoperta, se lì ferma un poco;
Nè più le sarà lecito a partire.
Se non si parte, l'amoroso foco
L'ardera, che la farà morire:
Non vedrà più Ruggier; nè sarà cosa
Di quel, ch'era ordinato a Vallombrosa.

22. Stette alquanto a pensar: poi si risolle
Di voler dar a Montalban le spalle,
E verso la Badia pur si rivolse:
Che quindì ben spera qual'era il calle.
Ma sua fortuna è buona, è trista volse,
Che prima, ch'ella uscisse de la valle,
Scontrasse Alardo, un de' fratelli suoi;
Nè tempo di celarsi ebbesi da lui.

23. Veniva da partir gli alloggiamenti
Per quel contado a Cavalieri, e a Fantì;
Ch'ad infanzia di Carlo nuove genti
Fatto avea de le terre circostanti:
I saluti, e i fraterni abbracciamenti
Con le grato accoglienze andaro inanzi;
E poi di molte cose a parò a parò
Tra lor parlando in Montalban tornaro.

24. Entrò la bella donna in Montalbano;
Dove l'avea con lagrimose guancie
Beatrice molto dèssata in vano,
E fattone cercar per tutta Francia.
Or quivi i baci, il gunger mano a mano
Di madre, e di fratelli estimò ciancia
Verso gli avuti con Ruggier complessi,
Ch'averà ne l'alma eternamente impressi.

25. Non potendo ella andar, sece pensiero;
Ch'à Vallombrosa altri in suo nome andasse
Immanitamente ad avvisar Ruggiero
De la cagion, ch'andar lei non la ciasce.
E lui pregar, s'era pregar meffiero,
Che quivi per suo amor si battezzafe;
E poi venisse a far, quanto era detto,
Si che si desse al matrimonio effetto.

26. This side and that she turns: nor any one
She ever meets, of whom to ask the way,
Finds she gets out the wood, about the noon,
Where near, a captive did itself display,
Which summit of a little mount did crown.
She look'd: thought Montalban she did survey.
And surely Montalban it was, and there
Some of her brothers and her mother were.

27. Soon as the dame had knowledge of the place,
She griev'd in heart, and more than I can shew:
She'll be found out, if here a while she stays;
Nor will it decent be, thence soon to go:
If thence she does not go, the am'rous blaze
Will cause her suffer death, 'twill burn her so:
She'll see Ruggier no more, nor aught dispose
Of what had been ordain'd at Vallombrosa.

28. A little stands to think: then fix'd in mind,
That she to Montalban would turn her back,
And to'wards the mona'ry her course would wind;
For she from thence well knew which was the track:
But her fate will'd, or lucky or unkind,
That she, ere she the valley did forfake,
Should, of her brothers one, Alardo meet;
Nor had the time her from him to secrete.

29. He came from, where he did the quarters set,
Throughout the country, of the horse and foot,
Which he, at th' order of King Charles, did get,
New levies, from the land which lay about:
With their embraces brotherly they met,
And with reception grateful they saluted;
With many things each other entertain
In chat, while they proceed to'wards Montalban.

30. The lovely dame entered Montalban,
Where Beatrice, with a tear-besprinkled cheek,
Her for a long time had defir'd in vain;
And her throughout all France had made them seek;
Now here the kisles, hands alternate ta'en,
Of mother, kinfmen, she thinks dalliance weak,
When with Ruggier's embraces they compare,
Which flamp'd upon her mind she'll ever bear.

31. Unable she to go, her thought did lead,
To fend one, in her name, to Vallombrofe,
To give Ruggier advertisement, with speed,
What was the cause, her coming did oppose:
And to intreat, if to intreat were need,
He'd, for her love, to be baptiz'd dispofe;
And then, come to perform all that they spake,
So that the marriage quick effect might take.
By the same messenger, she then design'd
To fend away to Ruggier his own steed,
Which he was us'd to hold to dear in mind,
As worthy to be dear to him indeed:
For he could not thro' all the kingdom find
O' th' Saracen, or that of France's head,
More beauteous horse than this, of courage more,
Except alone Baiard and Brigliador.

Ruggier, that day, when he did mount too bold
On Hippogryph, and did tow'rd's heav'n repair,
Left Frontin; Bradamant of him laid hold,
Frontin the name is, which the horse does bear,
Sent him to Montalban, nor did with-hold
Expence to have him kept, and rode him ne'er,
Save for a distance small, at gentle rate,
So that he's now than e'er more sleek and fat.

Her ladies all, each damsel, soon she fet
To work with her: with labour'd nicety
Caus'd, upon silk of white and violet,
Of finest gold to weave embroidery;
And bridle, saddle cov'ring, trimm'd with it,
Of the brave steed: then one of them chose she,
Daughter of Callitrefia, wh'ad nurs'd,
Her faithful confident, in all her secrets vers'd.

How much impress'd was on her heart Ruggier,
To her a thousand times she did relate;
His beauty, valour, manners, did prefer
Often to her, above th'immortal's state:
Call'd her, and said, A better messenger
I could not choose out, in my need so great;
For a more faithful, wife embassadresf
Than you, Hippalca dear, I don't posses.

Hippalca was the name the maid did bear:
Go, says she, and instructed her the way;
And when sh'ad giv'n her information clear,
Wholly, of what she to her Lord should say,
And make excuse, that she did not repair
To th' monall'ry; nor was thro' lye her stay;
But that to fortune, which more power has
O'er us, than we ourselves, he this must place.

She caus'd her mount small nag, and the rich rein
Of Frontin did into her hand convey;
And if she one so daring or infane
Should meet, who it from her would take away;
Him, at a word, to make of sober train,
That she, whose was the horse, should only say:
For she knew not to hold a cavalier,
Who at the name won't tremble of Ruggier.
32. A many things her with instructions shew'd,  
Where-on with Ruggier, in her head, to treat;  
Which, when Hippalca fully understood,  
She sets upon her way, nor more does wait:  
By roads, by fields, and thick and gloomy wood,  
A many miles she rode, at easy rate;  
For none there came to give her discontent,  
Nor even ask'd of her, what way she went.

33. At the mid-day, descending from a mount,  
In narrow way, and inconvenient,  
It chanc'd to her, to meet with Rodomont;  
A little dwarf, on foot, arm'd, with him went:  
The Moor rais'd up tow'ards her his haughty front,  
And to the heav'ly host a curse he sent,  
Seeing that horse so fine, adorn'd so bright,  
He found not in possession of some knight.

34. He oath had made, that the first horse he'd take,  
By force, that he should meet with in his route.  
Now this the first was, and of finest make,  
Fittest for him, that e'er was found, he thought;  
But crime it seems, to seize from damsel weak;  
Yet he to have it wish'd, and stood in doubt:  
Admires, contemplates it; says, frequently,  
Ah! why is not the owner of it by?

35. Ha! were he here, to him Hippalca reply'd,  
How he, perhaps, would make ye change your mind:  
Than you, much flouter he, this horse does ride,  
I' th' world no warrior match to him you'll find.  
Who's this, the Moor said, that does so bestride  
All other's honour? Ruggier, she subjoin'd:  
And he reply'd, Then I this horse will have;  
Seeing I take it from Ruggier, that champion brave.

36. Should this be truth, as you have spoken now,  
That he's so stout, 'bome others all in might;  
Not the horse only, but the carriage too,  
'Twill suit me give him, at price he thinks right.  
That I am Rodomont, you'll let him know;  
And if with me he is inclin'd to fight,  
He'll find me; for where-e'er I go, or stay,  
Me own lustre ever does display.

37. Where-e'er I go, such horrid tracks remain,  
That thunder don't behind it leave more great:  
Thus speaking, he had turn'd the golden rein  
Over the forehead of the war-horse fleet.  
Upon him leaps: in tears, and woful pain,  
Hippalca stays; and, push'd by sorrow's weight,  
Cries flame on him, and threatens Rodomont:  
He heads her not, and soon ascends the mount.  

C c c
38.
Per quella via, dove lo guida il nano
Per trovar Mandricardo, e Doralice.
Gli viene Ippalca dietro da lontano,
E lo boscemmona sempre, e maledice.
Cioè che di questo avvenne, altrove è piano.
Turpin, che tutta questa storia dice,
Va qui digresso, e torna in quel paese,
Dove fu dianzi morto il Maganzese.

39.
Dato avea à pena à quel loco le spalle.
La figliuola d'Amon, ch'è in fretta gia;
Che d'arrivò Zerbin per altro calle
Con la fallace vecchia in compagnia;
E giacer vide il corpo ne la valle
Del cavaliere, che non si gia che sia:
Ma come quel, che 'era cortese e pio,
Ebbe pieta del caso acerbo e rio.

40.
Giaceva Pinabello in terra spento
Versando il sangue per tante ferite,
Cheoffer doveano assai, se più di cento
Spade in sua morte si feisser unite.
Il cavaliere di Scozia non fu leno
Per l'orone, che di fresco eran spolite
A porsi in avventura, se potega
Saper chi l'omicidio fatto avea.

41.
Ed à Gabrina dice, che l'aspette,
Che senza indugio à lei farà risorno,
Ella presso al cadavero si mette,
E fussamente gli por gli occhi intorno:
Perché se' co'ba'ba', che le dilette,
Non vuol ch'ei un morto invan più ne sia adorno.
Come colui, che fu tra l'altre note,
Quanto avara esser più femmina puote.

42.
Se di portarne il furto afcolamente
Avesse avuto modo, o alcun' frase;
La soprafessa fatta ricamemente
Gli avrebbe tolto, e le bell'arme insieme;
Ma quel, che può celarsi agevolmente,
Si piglia; e il refo fu al cor le prime;
Vra l'altre spoglie un bel cinto levomne;
E se ne legò i fianchi infra due gonne.

43.
Poco dopo arrivò Zerbin, ch'ava
Seguito in van di Bradamante i passi,
Forch'ebbe trovò il senz'ar, ch'è torcea
In molti rami, ch'èvano alti, e bassa
E poco omai del giorno rimanea,
Nè voale al buio far fra quelli sassi;
E per trovare allergo die le spalle
Con l'empia vechia à la funesta valle.

38: Along that way, where him the dwarf does guide,
To find out Doralice and Mandricard;
Far off Hippalca after him does ride,
Curving him still, and uttering wishes hard:
What of this happen'd is elsewhere supply'd;
Turpin, who this whole story has declar'd,
Here makes digression, and returns again
'To th' country where before was the Maganzese slain.

39: From this same place scarcely had turn'd her back
Duke Amon's daughter, who went hastily,
When Zerbin there arriv'd, by other track,
The false old woman in his company,
And fees i' th' vale body, which life did lack,
Of knight, nor knew he yet who this might be;
But, as a man who pious, tender was,
Had pity of the wicked, cruel cafe.

40: Pinabel lifeless on the earth was lay'd,
The blood still pouring by so many' a wound,
That were enough, if more than hundred blade
Had in his slaughter been united found:
The Scottish cavalier no more delay'd,
Thoro' the tracks fresh mark'd upon the ground,
Himself to rilk, if he could make it known
Who it might be, this mur'drous act had done.

41: And to Gabrina said, Wait for me here:
That he'd return to her without delay.
To the dead body she herself' drew near,
And round attentive does the corpse survey;
That if he aught might have, which the held dear,
She will'd the dead not vainly deck'd such way:
As she, 'mongst other marks of infamy,
Was covetous; no woman more could be.

42: If she, her theft to bear off secretly,
Had any means, or hope could entertain,
The upper vest, which was wrought fumptuously,
Together with his arms, fit'ad from him ta'en;
But what she could conceal quite easily,
She takes; and what she left, her heart did pain:
'Mongst other spoils, the took a girdle fine, [entwine.
Which round her wairt, betwixt two gowns, she did

43: But little after came Zerbin, in vain
Who after Bradamante's footsteps went,
Seeing a path he found, which turn'd again
In many branches, up and down which bent:
And now of day but little did remain,
Nor 'midst these stones, i'th' dark to stay content,
But to seek out a lodging, he turn'd tail,
With th' impious woman, from the mournful vale.

44: 
Canto 23.

O R L A N D O F U R I O S O.

44.
Quindi presso à duo miglia ritrovato
Un gran castel, che fu detto Astariva:
Dove per far la notte si fermaro,
Che già à gran volo inversò il ciel saliva.
Non vi fior molto; ch'un lamento amaro
L'orechjè d'ogni parte lor feriva:
E veggono lagrime da tutti gli occhi,
Come la cefa à tutto il popol tocchi.

45.
Zerbino domandò, e gli fu detto,
Che ven't'era al Conte Anselmo avvisò,
Che fra duo monti in un fiumero strettino
Giasce il suo figlio Pinabelo ucciso.
Zerbino per ne dar di fe fpettò
Di ciò si finge nuovo, e abbaflà il vifo.
Ma pensa ben, che fenza dubbio sia
Quel, ch'egli trovò morto in sì la via.

46.
Dopo non molto la bara funèbre
Giunse à splendor di torcì, e di facelle
 Là, dove fece le fride più crebre
Con un batter di man giere à le stelle;
E con più vena fior de le palpebre
Le lagrime inondar per le maefelle.
Ma più del Paltrc nabìfò, ed atre
Era la faccia del miofò patre.

47.
Mentre apparecchiò si facea folenne
Di grandi effajè, e di funèbri pompe,
Secondo il modo, ed ordine, che tenne
L'usanza antica, e ch'ogni età corrompe
Da parte del Signor un bando venne,
Che tofò il popolar fprezzo rompe;
E promette gran premio à chi dia avviso,
Chi fia, che gli abbia il figlio ucciso.

48.
Di voice in voice, e d'unà in un'à altra orecchia
Il grido e'l bando per la terra fcorse;
Fin, che l'udi la fcelerata vecchia,
Che di rabbia avanzò le tigri, e l'orfe:
E quasi à la ruina s'apparecchia
Di Zerbino; o per l'adio, che gli ha forse;
O per vantarsi pur, che sola priva
D'umanitate in umano corpo viva.

49.
O foffe pur per guadagnarfi il premio,
A ritrovare ndà ò quel Signor mefto;
E dopo un verifìmil fuo premio
Gli difse, che Zerbino fatto avea quello,
E quel bel cinto fe levò di gremio;
Che'l mifer padre à riconfer prefto
Appresso il testimonio, e triftò ufficio
De l'empia vecchia ebbe per chiaro indizio,

44.
From thence they, near at two miles distance, light
On castle grand, which was call'd Altarive:
Where they now stop, to carry there the night,
Which now with swifhtest speed to heau'n did drive:
They froid not long, ere moan, in bitter plight,
From ev'ry quarter round their ears did rive:
They see the tears pour forth from all their eyes,
As if the cafe each to himfelf applies.

45.
Zerbino enquir'd hereof, and they relate,
That news to Count Anfelm was convey'd;
Between two mountains, in a paffage straight,
That murder'd his fon Pinabel was lay'd:
Zerbio, thence no fpicion to create,
Feign'd, this was new, and look'd with grief dismay'd;
But fully thinks, 'tis him, without all doubt,
Whom dead, but now, he on the way found out.

46.
A little after comes the fun'r al bier,
Where blaze the flambeaux, and the torches glow,
There where united more the shricks they hear,
With beatings of the hands, to heau'n which go;
And from the brows the ceafless-falling tear
With a more copious vein their cheeks o'erflow;
But far more gloomy, black, than all the reft,
Appear'd the vifage of the fire diftrefs'd.

47.
While the folemnity they ready got
O' th' fun'r al pomp, and the grand exequies,
In order, and in way, as did allot
Old ufage, which each age to alter tries;
On the Lord's part an edict there is brought,
Which fudden interrupts the people's cries;
Promifing premium great to him, who'd shew
Who it had been his fon beloved flew.

48.
From voice to voice, from one to other ear,
Throughout the land, the cry o' th' edict flew,
Until the vile old woman it did hear,
Who bear and tyger could in rage outdo;
And thence to th' ruin does herfelf prepare
Of Zerbino, whether hate to him she'd shew;
Or else to boaft, that the alone, depriv'd
Of all humanity, in human body liv'd.

49.
Or were it that she the reward would share:
She to find out the mournful Lord does go,
And after speech that did truth's semblance bear,
Then told him, 'twas Zerbino, the fact did do;
And from her breast the pull'd the girdle fair,
Which, ready now, the wretched fire, to know,
Join'd with the evidence and office faid
Of the base woman, for fure token had.
E lagrimando al ciel levò le mani,
Che'l figliuol non sarà senza vendetta.
Fa circondar l'albergo à i terrazzoni;
Che tutto'l popol s'è levato in fretta.
Zerbin, che gli nimiti aver lontani
Si crede, e questa ingiuria non affetta,
Dal Conte Anfelm, che si biami offeso;
Tanto da lui, nel primo sanno è preso;
E quella notte in tenebro'a parte
Incatenato, e in gravi ceppi messo.
Il Sole ancor non ba le luci sparrè,
Che l'ingiusto supplicio è già commesso;
Che nel loco medesimo si sbarre,
Dove fu il mal, s'han fatto imprudent ed affetto.
Altra efamina in ciò non si facea;
Bastava, che'l Signor cofi credea.

51.
Poi, che l'altro mattin la bella Aurora
L'aer seren fe bianco, e roffo, e giallo;
Tutto'l popol gridando, Mora, Mora.
Vien per punir Zerbin del, non suo fallo.
Lo scotto vulgolo accompagnà con 
Senz' ordine chi à piede, e chi à cavallo,
E'l cavalier di Scozia à capo chino.
Ne viene legato in un picciol ronzino.

52.
Ma Dio, che spesso gl'innocenti aiuta,
Nè lascia mai, ch'in sua bontà si fida;
Tal d'èsa gli avea già proveduta,
Che non viè dubbio più, che oggi s'uccida.
Quivi Orlando arrivò, la cui venuta
A la via del suo campo gli fu guida;
Orlando giù nel pian vide la gente,
Che traeà a morte il cavalier duello.

53.
Era con lui quella fanciulla; quella,
Che vitovro ne la selvaggia grotta
Del Re Galego la figlia Isabella
In poter già de'maandrin condotta.
Poi che lasciato avea ne la procida
Del trucculento mar la nave rossa.
Quella, che più vicina al cuore avea
Questo Zerbin, che l'almà, onde vivea.

54.
Orlando fe l'avea fatta compagnia,
Poi che de la caverna la riçoia.
Quando coflei li vide à la compagnia,
Domando Orlando chi la turba riçoia.
Non so', differel; e poi in la montagna
La ciulle; e verso il pian ratto si messe.
Guardo Zerbin, ed à la vista prima
Lo giudicò Baron di molta stima.

55.
And, weeping, up to heav'n his hands he throws,
That his son without vengeance should not be;
And caus'd th' inhabitants surround the house,
For all the people were rais'd suddenly.
Zerbin, who thought he was far off from foes,
Nor had conception of such injury,
By Count Anfelm, who so much inveigh'd
As wrong'd by him, in his first sleep was priser made.

51.
And in a place obscure, that very night,
He's cast, with heavy fetters, and enchain'd:
The fun, as yet, had not difpers'd his light,
Ere was this punishment unjust ordain'd;
He 's to be quarter'd, on the self-fame site
Where th' ill was done which was against him feign'd.
In this no more enquiry was perceiv'd:
Suffice it, that Anfelm such way believe'd.

52.
Soon as, next morn, Aurora beauteously
Seren'd the air, with yellow, red, and white;
The vulgar ran, all hooting. Let him die,
To punish crime, Zerbin did not commit:
The stupid crowd forth him accompany,
On horse some, some on foot, disorder'd quite:
The Scottish cavalier, 'with head bow'd down,
Bound to a little, forry nag, came on.

53.
But heav'n, that often aids the innocent,
Nor leaves them, in it's goodness who confide,
Defence so great now unto him had fent,
That he dies not to-day, was certify'd:
Orland came there, whole coming did prefent
The method, which to his escape did guide;
Orland the throng down on the plain did view,
The mournful cavalier to death who drew.

54.
With him in company he had that lads
Whom he discover'd in the savage grot, 
Isabel of the King Galego's race;
Then in the power of the robbers got,
When the the veefel left, which shipwreck'd was,
By storm in the dire ocean cast about;
That lady, who held to her heart more nigh
This Zerbin, than her soul, which did her life supply.

55.
Orlando still had kept her company,
From what time her h'ad from the cavern ta'en:
When she the people in the vale did fee,
She ask'd Orlando what that crowd might mean?
I know not, answers, and then her left he
Upon the hill, and swift mov'd tow'rd's the plain;
Oberves Zerbin, and, at the first look,
For Baron of high merit he took.
E fattoegli appresso, domandollo
Per che cagion, e dove il menin preso
Levò il dolente cavaliere il colto;
E meglio avendo il Paladin inteso,
Rispose il vero; e così ben narrarlo,
Che merito dal Conte esser difeso.
Bene avea il Conte a le parole giorto,
Ch'era innocente, e che moriva a torto.

E poi ch'intese, che commesso questo
Era dal Conte Anfelm d'Altarive;
Fu certo, ch'era torto manifesto,
Ch'altro da quel sullon mai non derivò.
Ed oltre a ciò, l'uno era a l'altro infeso
Per l'antiquisimo odio, che bolliva
Tra il sangue di Maganza, e di Chiaramonte
E tra lor eran morti, e danni, ed onte.

Slegate il cavalier, gridò, cantiglia,
Il Conte a mafradieri, o ch'io v'uccido.
Chi è colui, che si gran colpi taglia?
Rispose un, che parer volle il piu fido.
Se di cera noi fosson, o di paglia
E di fuoco egli, assai fora quel grido;
E venne contra il Paladin di Francia.
Orlando contra lui chinò la lancia.

La lucente armatura il Maganze, che
evera la notte avea a Zerbin,
E postasela indaff, non disse
Contro l'aspro incontrar del Paladin.
Sopra la destra guancia il ferro presse;
L'elmo non passò già, perché era fine.
Ma tanto fu de la percoffa il crolo,
Che la vita gli tolse, e roppè il collo.

Tutto in un corso senza tar di reffa
La lancia, passò un'altro in mezzo il petto.
Quivi lasciolla, e la mano ebbe pressa
A Durindana, e nel d'appel più fretto
A chi face due parti de la testa,
A chi levò dal basto il capo netto.
Fora la gola à molti; e in un momento
N'uccise, e mefse in rota più di cento.

Più del terzo n'ha morto; e'l resto caccia
E taglia, e fendè, e fere, e forà, e tronca.
Chi lo fidò, e chi l'elmo che 'mpaccia,
E chi lefia lo fiedo, e chi la renca;
Chi al lungo, chi a traverso il cammin faccia;
Altres' appiattìa in bocdo, altri in spelomba.
Orlando di pieta questo di privo
A suo poter non vuol lasciarne un vivo.

And, him approaching, did to know request
On what account, where, him they pris'ner led:
His head now rais'd the cavalier diftrust'd,
And better knowing what the warrior said,
Reply'd the truth, and that so well express'd,
That of the Count defence he meritèd:
Well had the Count from his discourse descry'd
That he was innocent, that wrongfully he dy'd.

As soon as e'er committed was, he knows,
This by the Count Anfelm of Altarive,
That wrong it was, it manifestly shows;
For nought else from that villain could derive:
And, beside this, they're to each other foes;
Thro' ancient hate, which boiling did survive,
Betwixt Maganza's blood and Claramont,
[front:
And 'mongst them still had pafs'd deaths, injury, af-

Unbind the cavalier, ye confoundels, cry'd
The Count to th' troop of guards, or ye I'll flay.
Who is this man, that cuts such strokes of pride?
Reply'd one, who moft boldnes would display:
If our make were with wax and fraw supp'y'd,
And his with fire, this were too much to say:
And comes against the Paladin of France,
Orlando against him declines his lance.

The shining armour, which he had put on,
And he that night had taken from Zerbin,
Can't give the Maganze'se protection,
'Gainst sharp encounter of the Paladin:
Now his right cheek the weapon seiz'd upon,
But yet pierc'd not the helmet, for 'twas fine;
But such the craft was of the mighty stroke,
It took his life away; his neck it broke.

All at one run, nor e'er fro' th' reft convey'd,
The lance he pafs'd quite thro' another's breast,
There left it, and his hand he ready made.
To Durindan, and, in the crowd most pres'ed,
He in two parts for some divides their head,
Others their buts does of the whole divest;
Of many pierc'd the throats, and instantly
He 'bove an hundred flew, or routed caus'd to fly.

More than a third he kill'd, the rest off drovè, [cleaves:
And cuts, and bores, and hews, and wounds, and
This shield, that helmet, which their hindrance prove;
And this his sword, and that his hatchet, leaves:
This forward, that across the roads does rove;
These hide themselves in woods, those in the caves:
That day Orland, void of compassion,
By his good will had left alive not one.
Canto 23.

Di cento venti, che Turpin s'attrasse
Il conto, ottanta ne periro almeno.
Orlando finalmente si ritrasse,
Dove a Zerbin tremava il cor nel seno.
S'al ritornar d'Orlando s'allegrafe;
Non fi potria contare in vero a pieno.
Se gli faria per onorar prostrato;
Ma fi trovò sopra il ronzin legato.

Mentre, ch'Orlando, poi che lo discolse,
L'aiutava a ripor l'arme suo intorno,
Ch'al capitan de la sbirraglia tolfe,
Che per suo mal fe n'era fatto adorno,
Zerbin gli occhi ad Isabella volse;
Che sopra il colle avea fatto soggiorno;
E poi, che de la pugna vide il fine,
Portò le sue bellezze più vicine.

Quando apparir Zerbin vi vide appresso
La donna, che da lui fu amata tanto,
La bella donna, che per fallo messo
Credia sommerfa, e n'ebbe più volte pianto;
Com'un ghiaccio nel petto gli sia messo,
Sente dentro aggelarsi, e triema alquantato:
Ma tosto il freddo manca, ed in quel loco
Tutto s'avumpa d'amoroso foco.

Di non tosto abbracciarla lo ritiene
La riverenza del Signor d'Anglante;
Perché fi pesa, e senza dubbio ti ne,
Ch'Orlando fia de la donnella amante.
Cosi cadendo va di pene in pene,
E poca dura il gaudio, ch'ebbe ivanze.
E vederla d'altrui, peggio supporta,
Che non fe, quando nelli, ch'ella era morta.

E molto più gli duol, che fia in padessa
Del cavaliere, a cui cotanto deve;
Perché volerla a lui levar, nè onesta,
Nè forse impres'a facile farebbe.
Nessuno altro da fe laisser con questa
Prega partire senza rumor vorrebbe;
Ma verso il Conte il suo debito chiede,
Che fe lo lasci por sul collo il piede.

Giussero taciturni ad una fonte;
Dove smontaro, e fer qualche dimora:
Traftedi elma il travagliato Conte,
Ed a Zerbin lo fece trarre ancora.
Vede la donna il suo amator in fronte;
E di subito gaudio fi sciora.
Poi torna, come fiore umido firole
Dopo gran pioggia, a l'apparir del Sole.

62.
Of six score men, for Turpin up did cast
The reck'ning, of them fourscore fell, at least:
Himself withdrew Orlando, at the last,
Where Zerbin's heart was trembling in his breast:
If at Orlando's return he joy had vait,
In verses cannot fully be express'd;
To honour him, himself 'd ad prostrate thrown;
But that he was unto the nag ty'd on.

63.
Mean while Orhand, his bonds first off him shook,
Him, to replace his armour on, did aid,
Which the commander of the soldiers took,
With which ill-fated, fine himself he made;
Zerin tow'rds Isabella turn'd his look,
Who on the summit of the hill had stay'd,
And, when she saw the fight was at an end,
Thither more near did with her beauties tend.

64.
Soon as Zerbin perceiv'd approach more nigh
The lady, whom he lov'd so vehement,
The lovely maid, who, from false embass,
He thought was drown'd, and did so oft lament;
Juft as if ice into his breast did fly,
Feels himself freeze within, with shiv'ring rent:
But soon the chill went off, and, in it's place,
He glows all over with the am'rous blaze.

65.
From sudden her embracing, him refrains
The rev'rence, to the Lord Anglant he paid;
Because he thinks, and without doubt remains,
That lover was Orlando of the maid:
So still keeps on falling, from pains to pains,
And little tafts the joy, before he had;
He her to see another's worse does bear,
Than did he, c'en that she was dead, to hear.

66.
And it him much more grieves, in pow'r of knight
That she should be, whom he so much does owe;
For, to with her from him to take, nor right,
Nor easy emprise hapy was to do:
No other, with much prey, he would admit,
Without disturbance great, from him to go;
But from the Count demands this mighty debt,
On his own neck he suffer him his foot to let.

67.
'They without speaking came unto a font,
Where they difmounted, and make some delay:
From him took off his helm the weary'd Count,
And caus'd Zerbin abide his alfo lay:
The lady gaz'd her lover in the front,
And soon, 'thro' joy, her colour fades away,
And then return'd; as does the humid flow'r,
When shines the sun, after a heavy show'r.
Canto 23: ORLANDO FURIOUS.

68. E senza indugio, e senza altro rispetto
Corre al suo caro amante, e il collo abbraccia;
E non può trar parola fuor del petto,
Ma di lagrime il sen bagna, e la faccia.
Orlando attento à l'amoroso effetto
Senzà, che più chiarezza fe gli faccia,
Vide à tutti gli indizi manifesto,
Ch'altro esser, che Zerbin non potea questo:

69. Come la voce aver pote Iabella;
Non bene sfinita ancor l'umida guancia,
Sol de la molta cortèsia favella,
Che l'avea usata il Paladín di Francia.
Zerbin, che tenea questà donzella
Con la sua vita pare à una bilancia;
Si getta à pie del Conte, e quello adora,
Come chi ha due viste date à un'ora.

70. Molti ringraziamenti, e molte offerte
Erano per seguir tra i cavalieri;
Se non uddan faron le vie coperte
Da gli arborei, di fronde o'furii, e neri.
Prefi à le tese lor; ch'eran scoperte;
Posero gli elmi, e presero i destrieri;
Ed ecco un cavaliere, e una donzella
Lor sopra vien, ch'appena erano in sella.

Era questo guerrier quel Mandalicardo,
Che dietro Orlando in fretta si condusse
Per vendicar Alzird, e Manllardo,
Che'l Paladin con gran valor percuße;
Quantounque poi fe seguì più tardo,
Che Doralice in suo poter riduè:
La quale avea con un troncon di cerro
Tolto à cento guerrier carrichi di ferro.

71. Non sarea il Saracin però, che questo;
Ch'egli seguia; fosse il Signor d'Anglante,
Ben n'avea indicio, e fe' segno manifesto.
Ch'esser dovea gran cavaliero errante.
A lui mirò più, ch'à Zerbin; e preffò
Gli acqua con gli acchi dal capo à le piante;
E i dati contra segni rivisendo
Diffe, Tu fè colui, che io vo cercando.

72. Son omai dieci giorni, gli foggiani,
Che di cercar non lascio i tuoi vestigi:
Tanto la fama stimolomi, e punse,
Che di te venne al campo di Parigi;
Quando à fatica un vivo sol vi giunse;
Di mille, che mandafi à i Regni Stigi;
E la frase contò, che da te venne
Sopra i Norici, e quei di Tremifenne.

And, without more respect, without delay,
Ran, and embrac'd th' neck of her lover dear;
Nor from her bosom could she words convey,
But bath'd his breast and face with many a tear,
Orland intent their fondnefs does survey,
And, without being to him made more clear,
By all these tokens, he did plainly fee,
That other, than Zerbin, this could not be.

69. Soon as could Iabel her voice regain,
As yet her humid cheek from tears not dry,
O' th' Knight of France alone she did explain,
Who us' d tow' rds her fuch wond'rous courtsey.
Zerbin, who this his damf el did retain
With his own life in ballance equally,
Cafts him at the Count's feet, does him adore,
As he two lives had giv'n him, in one hour.

70. Many acknowledgments, and offers rare,
The knights betwixt them had perfu'd to make;
But that the cover'd ways refrand they hear,
Soon the trees with leaves obscure and black;
They put their helmets, and their steeds they take,
And lo, a cavalier, with him a maid,
Upon them comes, scarce on their feet convey'd.

71. This was the warrior, that fame Mandalicard,
After Orlando who set out in haste,
So to avenge Alzird and Manlardo,
Whom smote the Paladin with prowess vaft,
Tho' he more slow perfu'd him afterward;
For Doralice he in his pow'r got faft,
Whom he had feiz'd, with stull of oaken tree,
From hundred warriors armed cap-a-pie.

72. The Saracin hitherto not known,
That twas the Lord Anglant whom he perfu'd,
Tho' to him tokens manifest he shown,
He must be errant knight with force endu'd:
Looks at him more than at Zerbin, and soon
From head to foot repeatedly him view'd;
And, when the given signals he found out,
Said, You 're the man, whom I fo long have fought.

73. 'Tis now ten days, to him he then says on,
That I your footsteps to seek out frequent;
So much excited, stung me your renown,
Which, to our camp, from Paris, of you went:
When scarce of thousands one there came alone:
Alive, whom to the Stigian realms you sent,
And of the slaughter an account was brought,
Which on Noritians, Tremifens you wrought.
74. I was not, knowing this, slow to perfude
And to see you, and make proof of you near:
And as o' th' garniture inform'd true
You've o'er your arms, know, you the perfon are:
And if you had it not, and from my view
'To hide yourfelf 'mongst hundreds should take care,
Your fierce appearance would caufe me to fee
In manner plain, that you the man must be.

75. It can't be said (to him Orland reply'd)
'That you fhou'd not be knight of valour high,
Since with fo glorious never could reside,
In humble heart, I hold for certainty.
If me to fee was what you here did guide,
I will, without, within, you me efpy,
I, from my temples, will my helm lay by,
That you your wish may fully gratify.

76. But, when my face you've seen sufficiently,
'To th' other your defire alo attend:
It refts, that you the reafon satisfy,
Which makes you, after me, by this way bend,
That you may fee, if suits my bravery
To that fierce semblance, which you fo commend.
Come on, the Pagan said, to what's behind:
I to the firft full satisfaction find.

77. The Count, mean while, from head to foot, apply'd
His eyes, as he the Pagan well survey'd,
His faddle, flanks obferving, nor efpy'd,
Or here or there, hang either mace or blade:
Asks him, what arms he would himself provide,
If haply froke with th' lance in vain be made:
T' other reply'd: Of that take you no care;
Ev'n this way many others I have cauf'd to fear.

78. An oath I've made, never a sword to wear
Till Durindan I've taken from the Count;
And feking him, thro' ev'ry road I bear,
Wherefore for num'rous pofts I can account:
I swore it, if it pleafe you this to hear,
What time I plac'd this helmet on my front,
Which, with all other arms I carry now,
Was Hec'tor's, dead a thousand years ago.

79. The sword alone is to thofe arms so fine
Wanting, how 'fohn it was, I can't relate:
It feems, now wearing that, the Paladin,
Thence happens, he is of fuch courage great:
I fully think, if him I once could join,
To make him give up what he ill did get:
I seek him too, as I t' avenge defire:
The famous Afrigan, who was my fire.
Canto 23.

80. Orlando à tradimento gli dic' morte, 
Ben se, che non possa farlo altramente. 
Il Conte più non tace; e gridò forte, 
E tu, e qualunque il dic, se ne mente. 
Ma quel che cerchi, 't è venuto in forte: 
Io sono Orlando; e uccisì giustamente; 
E questa è quella spada, che tu cerchi, 
Che tua farà, se con virtù la merchi.

81. Quantunque fa debitamente mia; 
Tra noi per gentilezza si contenta; 
Né voglio in questa pugna; ch'ella sia 
Più tua che mia, ma a 'n arvore s'appenda. 
Levala tu liberamente viva; 
S'avvien che tu m'uccida, o che mi prenda. 
Così dicendo, Durindana prefe; 
E'n mezzo il campo a un arcanfei l'appese.

82. Già l'un da l'altro è dipartito lunge. 
Quanto farebbe un mezzo tratto d'arco. 
Già l'uno contra l'altro il deftrier punge, 
Né de le lente redini gli è parco. 
Già l'uno, e l'altro di gran colpo aggiunge, 
Dove per l'eluvo la veduta ha varco. 
Pronun l'aste al romperfi di gelo, 
E in mille sfeghie andar volando al cielo.

83. L'una, e l'altra asfa è forza, che si spezzi, 
Che non voglion piegarfi i cavalieri. 
I cavalieri, che tornano co i pezzi, 
Che non reflati apprefo i calci intieri. 
Quelli, che sempre fur nel ferro avzezzi; 
Or, come due villani per fdegnò fieri 
Nel partir acquè, à termini de' prati, 
Fan crudel mufa di duo pali armati.

84. Non fiano l'aste à quattro colpi salde; 
E mancan nel furor di quella pugna, 
Di quà e di là si fan l'ire più salde; 
Né da ferir lor resta altro che pugna. 
Sciabdano piafre, e fraccian maglie, e falde; 
Per che la man, dove s'aggraffi, giunga, 
Non defideri alcun, perché più vaglia 
Martel più grave, è più dura tanagli.

85. Come può il Saracin ritrovar fello 
Di finir con su' onore il fiero invito? 
Pazza farebbe il perder tempo in questo; 
Che nuoce al feritor più ch'al ferito. 
Andò à le frettete l'uno, e l'altro; e presso 
Il Re Pagano Orlando ebbe sghermano: 
Lo stringe al petto; e crede far le prove, 
Che sopra Anteo fe gia il figlvol di Giuve.

86. Orlando gave him death, by treachery, 
I know he could not do 't by other way. 
The Count no more held peace, but loud did cry, 
Both you and each one lies, who this does say; 
But what you seek, to you comes luckily; 
I am Orland, and him did justly play; 
And this the sword is, which you would attain; 
And shall be yours, if you, by valour, it can gain.

87. Altho' moft justly it belongs to me, 
'Twixt us in gallant manner let 's dispute: 
Nor will I, in this fight, more mine it be, 
Than yours, but to this tree be 't pendant put: 
You bear it then away, at liberty, 
If, that you kill, or take me, it fall out: 
Thus speaking, he his Durindana took, 
And, 'midst the field, on a small bough did hook.

88. Now one from th' other was the distanze gone 
As might be fromt the midway from a bow: 
Now gainst each other each his fteel spurr'd on; 
And they their loofen'd reins at freedom throw: 
Now thro' their helmets, where pafs for fght was shown, 
They at each other aim with mighty blow; 
Their lances, in their fracture, seem like ice, 
And fly, in thousand splinters, to the skies.

89. To bits must need be broken either spear, 
As neither knight would the leaff jot retire; 
The knights then with the pieces forward bear, 
Which near the ferrels yet remain entire: 
They, to their swords which still accuftom'd were, 
Now, like two ruffick hides enfam'd with ire 
For parting of a fream or bound of mead, 
With their arm'd slaves, to cruel fght proceed.

90. The lances did not hold out sound, four blows, 
Deficient for the fury of such fght; 
This fide and that, still more their anger glows, 
Nor aught remains them, but their fifts to fmitte: 
They tear their coats of mail, plates, folds unfold; 
Where-e'er they 'd grapple, if their hand but light, 
They do not need, as that's of force more great, 
Pincers more hard, or hammers of more weight.

91. How can the Saracin the means apply, 
His honour safe, this challenge fierce to end? 
To lofe the time in this were foolery, 
Which fmiter more than smitten does offend: 
Now to clofe grafh both come, and inftantly 
The Pagan round Orland does arms extend; 
He claps him to his breast, and thinks to prove, 
What on Antæus did the son of Jove.
86.
Olanda Furioso.
Canto 23.

Athwart he takes him, with a force immense;
Now pushes him, now draws him back again;
And he, immers'd in choler so intenfe,
Minds little, where his bridle did remain:
Orland collected in himself, from thence
Moves to his 'vantage, victory to gain;
And puts his artful hand upon the brows
Of t'other's horse, and down the bridle throws.

87.
The Saracino his utmost pow'r apply'd
To choak him, or from out his saddle get;
The Count, fill as he push'd, close-knee'd did ride,
Nor on this side, or that, would yield a whit:
By pulling, such way as the Pagan try'd,
The girls the saddle were constrain'd to quit;
Orland's on earth, and scarcely it descries; [thighs.
I' th' stirrups keeps his feet, still pressing close his.

88.
With noise, as fack of arms falls to the ground,
The Count refounds, soon as the earth he hit:
The horfe, his head in freedom who now found,
He, from whole mouth juft taken was the bit,
Of woods or ways considering no bound,
Stumbles about in his destructive flight,
This way and that, push'd on by his blind fear,
And Mandricardo along with him does bear.

89.
Now Doralice, who perceives her guide
Go from the field, and getting out her fight,
And ill to stay without him does confide,
Had push'd her palfrey after him in flight.
The Pagan to his horfe in fury cry'd,
And him with hands and feet does often fmite,
And threatens him, as tho' he were not beaft,
That he should stop; he still the faster pref'd.

90.
The beaft, which tim'rous was, and full of dread,
His feet ne'er heeding, way reverfe still went;
Had ran three miles, and farther would have fled,
Were not a fof oppo'd to fuch intent;
Which, without having either quilt or bed,
Receives them both, as in, revers'd, they went:
On earth fell Mandricardo with cruel stroke,
But was not bruis'd, nor yet his bones were broke.

91.
At this place stops the running fleed, at laft,
But could not guided be, having no rein:
The Tartar by the forelock feiz'd him faft,
And, all o'er fill'd with fury and diſtain,
He thinks; nor what to do, could he Forecast.
From my horfe let this bit for him be taken,
The lady said, for mine will gentle be,
Whether a bridles he has on, or free.
Canto 23.  

ORLANDO FURIOUSO.  

92.  

Al Saracín parea disforsa  
La profèrta accedtò di Doralice;  
Ma sien gli farà aver per altra via  
Fortuna, à ūs defi molto faurice.  
Questi Gabrìna felerata invidia;  
Che poi, che di Zerbin fu tradirice.  
Fuggìa, come la lupa, che lontani  
Oda venire il cacciatore, e i cani.  

93.  

Ella avea ancora indofò la gonnella,  
E quei medesmi giovani ornati,  
Ch'e furo à la vezzosa damigella  
Di Pinabel, per lei uèfir, levatti;  
Ed avea il palafreno anco di quella  
De i buon del mondo, e de gli avvantaggiati.  
La vecchia sopra il Tartaro trovöe;  
Ch'è ancor non 'era accorta che vi fosse.  

94.  

L'abito giovinil moife la sigla  
Di Stordïano, e Mandricardo à rifo;  
Vedendo à coeli, che raffiniglia  
A un babùino, à un bertuccione in viso.  
Disegnà il Saracín torle la briglia  
Pel suo defiriero; e viuï à pòlifie.  
Tolsgli il morfo, il palafreno minaccia;  
Gli gridà, lo spaventa, e in fuga il caccia.  

95.  

Quel fugge per la selva; e seco porta  
La quaçi morta vecchia di paura,  
Per valli, e monti, e per via dritta, e torta  
Per foffi, e per pendaçi à la ventura.  
Ma il parlar di cofei fi non m'importa,  
Ch'io non debba d'Orlando aver più cura;  
Ch'è à la sua fella ciò, ch'èra di guasto  
Tutto ben raccontà senza contrasto.  

96.  

Rimontà s'il deftiriero, e sè gran pezza  
A riguardar ch'è Saracín tornàffer.  
Nel vedendo apparir, volse da sezzo  
Egli offer quel, ch'à ritrovarlo andasse.  
Ma come ceflimato, e bene avvezzo;  
Non prima il Paladin quindi si trasse,  
Che con dolce parlar grato, e cortese  
Buona licenza da gli amanti prese.  

97.  

Zerbin di quel partir molto sì dolse:  
Di tenerezza ne piagó Isabella.  
Voleano ir seco, ma il Conte non volse  
Lor compagna; ben ch'èra buona, e bella;  
E con quella ragion s'è ne difficultà;  
Ch'à guerrier non è infamia sopra quella;  
Che quando teci un suo nemico, prende  
Compagno, che l'aiuti, e ch'èl difenda.  

98.  

The Pagan thought, ill manners 'twould betray  
T'accept the proffer Doralice made;  
But Fortune will bellow him, other way,  
A bridle, who his with did greatly aid:  
Here she Gabrìna impious did convey,  
Who, soon as e'er she Zerbin had betray'd,  
Flew, like the-wolf, who does, at distance far,  
The huntman and the dogs approaching hear.  

99.  

She even now the very gown did wear,  
In the fame youthful ornaments was dres'd,  
Which had been taken from the damsel fair  
Of Pinabel, therewith her to invest;  
And had her fed, on earth not one more rare  
Could have been found, improv'd in method best:  
Th'old woman near the Tartar was arriv'd,  
Before, that he was there, she had perceive'd.  

100.  

The youthful dres did unto laugher move  
Mandricard, and she of Stord'ìano's race;  
It on her seeing, who so like did prove  
To a baboon or monkey in the face:  
The Pagan schem'd her bridle to remove,  
For his own horfe; and his design took place;  
Pulls off the bit, and, menacing the steed,  
Frightens him, shouts, and drives him off, full speed.  

101.  

He thro' the forest flies, and off conveys  
The ancient woman, almost dead with fear,  
By valleys, mountains, trait and crooked ways;  
By fôfs, by cliffs, where fortune chanc'd to flée:  
But her to speak of, not so on me lays,  
That of Orland I should not more take care,  
Who what hurt to his saddle had been done,  
He let all right, with expedition.  

102.  

Remounts his steed, and a long time does flay  
Whether the Saracín would turn, to view:  
Nor seeing him appear, without delay,  
Would show he perfon was, who 'd him perfue:  
But, as he's us'd, good manners to displaie,  
Not firft the Paladin from thence withdrew,  
Ere, in fweet, courteous way, he grateful spoke,  
And of the lovers fuing farewell took.  

103.  

Zerbin this parting greatly did lament,  
And Isabel, thro' tendernefs, did cry:  
They with the Count would go, who 'd not content,  
Tho' good and pleafing was their company;  
And difengag'd him, with this argument,  
That 'is for warrior higheft infamy,  
When he seeks out his foe, a friend to take  
To aid him, or for him defence to make.
98.

Then them intreated, that if, casually,
The Saracin, before him, with them met,
They'd tell him, that Orlando, here, hard by,
Within these bounds, would tarry three days yet;
But, after, that he on his way should he
To th' ensign of gold lilies fair to get;
That he with Charles's army might be join'd,
That he might find him there, if so inclin'd.

99.

They promis'd him, they ready this would do,
And this and ev'ry thing he should command;
The knights by different roads their journeys go,
This way Zerbin, and that way Count Orland:
The Count, ere he did other tracks perfuse,
From the tree takes, and now puts on his brand:
And, where he thought most likely it might prove
To meet the Pagan, did his war-horse move.

100.

Th' unusual course, by which the Pagan's fled
Kept on, in wood, thro' which no way did lie,
Caus'd for two days Orland in vain proceed,
Nor found he him, nor of him could have spy:
He to a crystal river came, where mead,
Enrich'd with flow'r's, adorn'd the borders nigh,
With native colours painted fine and gay,
And many trees their beauteous tints display.

101.

The mid-day pleasing, the cooling wind,
To th' unclad shepherd, and the herd oppress'd;
So that Orland some relief did find,
Who had his helmet, shield, in armour dress'd:
Here enters he, there to repose inclin'd,
And lodging painful had, with pangs distress'd,
And situation worse, than I can say,
That so unfortunate, that hapless day.

102.

There turning, all around inscrib'd he spies
A many trees, upon the shady shore;
As soon as he had steady fix'd his eyes,
He's sure, 'tis hand of her he does adore:
This one was o' th' foremention'd privacies
Whither repeatedly came, with Medor,
As from the shepherd's house but little way,
The lovely nymph, who Queen was of Catal.

103.

In hundred knots, Medor, Angelica,
Together ty'd, in hundred places found;
The letters all fo many nails are they,
With the which love his heart does strike and wound:
He seeks in thought a thousand different way,
Not to believe, what to believe he's bound;
Strives to believe 'tis n't Angelica the fame,
Who written has, upon this bark, her name.
104. Then says, but yet these characters I knew; 
Such I've been us'd to see, and to peruse: 
She this Medoro from her fancy drew, 
Perchance, or this name 'stead of mine does use: 
With such opinion quite remote from true, 
Using against himself deceit, perfumes, 
Under that hope, Orland ill satisfy'd, 
Which for himself he struggled to provide.

105. But still the more enflames, and more revives, 
His doubt severer the more to quench he tries: 
As the incautious bird, when she perceives 
She's caught i' th' net, or into birdlime flies; 
The more she beats her wings, the more she strives 
To disengage herself, she falteries. 
Orlando comes, where hollow'd is the mount 
In shape of arch, upon the brilliant font.

106. This place, at th' entrance in, did decorate, 
With twifled feet, ivy, and wand'ring vine; 
Herein did ufe, in mid-day's scourching heat, 
The happy lovers, in embrace to join: 
Their names, behind, about, at fuller rate, 
Than other parts around, they here did sign: 
Some were, with coal, some chalk, in writing put; 
With points of knives were some impressions cut.

107. The mournful Count here does on foot alight, 
And see's, juft at the entrance of the grot, 
A many words, which Medor did endite 
With his own hand, which seem'd at that time wrote 
When in the cave he took such vaft delight: 
This sentence into verfes he had brought, 
In his own tongue which grav'd was, I believe, 
And such the sense, which it in ours does give.

108. Ye limpid streams, gay plants, and verdant grasfs; 
Grateful with cooling fhide, well-shelter'd cave; 
Where fair Angelica, who daughter was 
Of Gelafron, whom many loved have 
In vain, oft fondly lay in my embrace: 
For the afflictance kind which here you gave, 
I poor Medor no recompence can show, 
By other way, than ever praising you.

109. And, that each Lord and cavalier, I pray, 
And damfels, lovers all, and ev'ry one, 
Or natives here, or travellers this way, 
By their own will, or fortune, here brought on, 
[lay. 
That to your grasfs, fhide, cave, fstream, plants they'd 
Benignant may you find both fun and moon; 
And that the choir of nymphs may still take heed, 
No shepherd e'er his flock to you may lead.
Era scritto in Aramico, ch'el Conte
Intendea cosi bon, come Latino.
Fra molte lingue, e molte, s'avea pronte,
Prontissima avea questa il Paladino.
E gli febbro piu volte e danni, ed onte;
Che si trovò tra il popol Saracino.
Ma non si vanti, se giun'ebbe frutto:
Che un danno or n'ha, che può scouterli il tutto.

Tre volte, e quattro, e sei lese lo scritto
Quello infelice, e pur cercando in vano;
Che non vi fusse quel, che s'era scritto.
E sempre lo vedea piu chiaro, e piano.
Ed ogni volta in mezzo il petto afflito.
Stringersi il cor sentia con fredda mano.
Rimase al fin con gli occhi, e con la mente
Fissi nel sasso, al sasso indifferente.

Fu allora per uscir del sentimento;
Si tutto in preda del dolor si lasci.
Credette a chi' ha fatto esperimento;
Che quello è duolo, che tutti gli altri passa.
Caddo gli era sopra il petto il mento;
La fronte priva di baldanza, e bafia.
Nè potè aver, che'duol l'occupò tanto;
A le querelle voce, umore al piano.

L'imputrosa doglia entro rimase;
Che voltea tutta uscir con troppa fretta;
Cosi veggiarì restar l'acqua nel vaso;
Che largo il ventre, e la bocca abbia fretta;
Che nel vostar, che si fa in lìa la bale,
L'umor, che varria uscir, tanto s'affretta;
E ne l'angusta via tanto si intrica.
Ch'a goccia a goccia fuore esce a fatica.

Poi ritorna in se alquanto, e pensa, come
Posa offe熟, che non sia la cofa vera;
Che veglia alcun così infamare il nome
De la sua donna, e creda, e brama, e spera;
O gravar lui d'insoportabile fome
Tanto di gelosa, che fe ne pera;
Ed abbia quel, sia chi si veglia stante,
Molto la man di lei bene imitato.

In così poca, in così debol freme
Sveglià gli spiri, e gli rifranca un poco.
Indi al suo Brigliadoro il doppo preme,
Dando già il Sole à la sorella loco.
Non molto va, che da le vie suprema
De i testi uscir vedere il vapor del fuoco,
Sente cau abbaia, mugger armento;
Viene à la villa, e piglia alloggiamento.

'Twas wrote in Arabic, tongue underflood
By th' Count, as well as it had Latin been: [good,
'Mongst many tongues, wherein h' ad knowledge
In this most ready was the Paladín:
And oft hereby he shame and wrong withflood,
When travelling amongst the Saracín;
But boast he not, this did to good amount;
For one ill, now, does all the reft discount.

The writing q'er and o'er, to read address'd
The haplesfs wretch, and still he fought in vain,
That what was written, was not as express'd,
And still discover'd it more clear and plain;
And ev'ry time, 'midt his afflicted breast,
He feels, as 'twere, cold hand his heart restrain:
With mind and eyes at last remains intent
Fix'd on the stone: from stone not different.

He's ready now to go out of his mind,
Himself he leaves fo fully prey to woe;
Let him, who has made trial, credence find,
That this is grief, all other does outgo:
His chin upon his breast was quite declin'd;
That front, depriv'd of courage, now funk low;
Nor could he have, fo overwhelm'd with grief;
Voice for his plaints, or tears for his relief.

The grief impetuous within him flays,
As it would iffue at too hafty rate:
So, we fee, water tarries in the vace,
Which a large belly has, and mouth that's straight.
For, in the turning uppermost the base,
The liquor, which fo presst, out to get,
Does in the narrow passage fo much fop,
That out it dribbles, scarcely, drop by drop.

Some time reflecting then, does ruminate,
That it may be, all this was falfities,
That some with infamy the name would treat
Of his dear nymph ; his with fuch thought supplies:
Or load him with intolerable weight
Of fo much jealousy, by which he dies;
And that he, howfo'er the cafe might fland,
Of her had imitated well the hand.

With fo minute a hope, fo very flight,
His spirits he awakes, and somewhat frees;
Thence on his Brigliador again does light,
What time before his filter Phoebus fées:
Not far he goes, ere from the houses height
A smoke, that iffues from the fires, he fées;
Hears the dogs barking, and the herd that lows;
Comes to a vill; and to get lodgment goes.
Canto 23.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

116. Languid dismounts, and leaves his Brigiadoro
To youth discreet, who might of his take care:
Some him disarm, some the gold spurs he wore
Pull off, to clean his armour some prepare:
This was the very house, wherein Medor
Lay wounded, and had his adventure rare;
To refund, Orland requir'd, and not to eat;
With grief, and not with other food, replete.

117. By how much he contrives to find repose,
So much he more finds toll and misery;
For ev'ry wall the hateful writing throw's;
He ev'ry door, each window fill'd, does fee:
He would enquire; but then his lips keeps close,
Fearing he'll gain but small tranquillity:
Too clear the cafe, o'er which a cloud he'd throw
To darken it, that it lets hurt may do.

118. Him little helps, fraud tow'rds himself to use;
For, without asking, one does it declare:
The shepherd, who him thus dejected views
With his diftrusts, which off from him he'd bear,
The story, known to him, which oft he shews
Of these two lovers, to whose would hear,
As hearing it, to many gave delight,
Without reserve, began now to recite:

119. How he, at fair Angelica's request,
Unto his mansion had convey'd Medor,
Who sorely wounded was; and how she drest'd
The wound, and, in few days, did him restore;
But that with greater far than that impress'd,
Love smote her heart, which still increasing more,
From a small spark such scouring fire became,
It kept no bounds, and she was all in flame.

120. And having no regard, the daughter was,
Throughout the whole Levant, o'th' greatest King,
By too much love constrain'd, came to such pafs,
Herself to poor foot-hold marrying:
At last the story this conclusion has,
The shepherd causes them, the jewels bring,
Giv'n for reward, what time the went away,
For her good lodging by Angelica.

121. This sad conclusion did the hatchet prove,
That, at one stroke, did head from neck divide:
When is the executioner, fell love,
With strokes innumerable, satisfy'd?
Orlando, to conceal his sorrow, strove,
Yet it so forc'd him, ill he it could hide;
By sighs and tears out from his mouth and eyes;
Whether he would or not, at length it flies.
Soon as he could give freedom to his woe,
Being alone, and no one now to heed,
From out his eyes, and down his cheeks, did flow
Of tears a river, which his breast o'erspread:
He sighs, he groans, and wheels round to and fro,
This side and that, rumaging o'er his bed,
More hard than stone, and of more pungent kind
Than if of nettles made, he it does find.

In this fore trouble, to his mind it came,
That in the self-fame bed, on which he lay,
Many a time muft his ungrateful dame
With her galant herself to rest convey:
Now he abhors this couch, in way the fame,
Nor with less halfe does from it start away,
Than from the graf, the hind, who does apply
To close his eyes, and fees a serpent nigh.

This bed, this house, this shepherd, instantly
To him become now objects of such hate,
That neither moon, nor dawning in the sky,
Which springs before new day, he will await:
He takes his arms, his feeted, and out does fly
Thoro' the wood, to the most dark retreat;
And, soon as he perceives himself alone,
With howling cries gives op'ning to his morn.

From grieving never retis with ceaseles cries,
Nor ever comfort takes he, night or day:
From city, town, he to the forest flies;
On the hard ground, expos'd to th' air, does lay:
At himself wonders, how his head supplies
A fountain, which io lively stream does play,
And how he such continual groans can vent;
And this way to himself does oft lament:

These are no longer tears, I suffer flow
From forth my eyes, with so immense a vein;
Nor would my tears suffice to end my woe;
For scarce mid-way is rifen yet my pain:
The vital juice, which fire nowforth does throw,
Flies by this way; pafs thro' my eyes does gain;
And this 'tis pours, and with it will convey,
In my laft moments, grief and life away.

These, that give tokens of my tortur'd mind,
By no means sighs are; sighs are no such thing:
Those have a paufe, sometimes; that I ne'er find:
For my breast lefens ne'er it's suffering.
Love, that burns up my heart, raises fuch wind,
While round the fire he beats about his wing:
O Love! what miracle doft thou prepare;
In flame to hold it, and consume it ne'er?
Canto 23.

Non son, non sono io quel, che parlo in vifo:
Quel ch'era Orlando, è morto, ed è sotterra;
La sua Donna ingratisima l'ha uccifo;
Sì, mandando di fe, gli ha fatto guerra.
Io son lo spiro suo da lui diviso,
Ch'in questo inferno tormentando erro
Acciò con Polbra sia, che sola avanza,
Esempio a chi in Amor pone speranza.

Pel bosco errò tutta la notte il Conte;
E a lo ifpuntar di la tiurna flamma
Lo tornò il suo defìni sopra la fonte,
Dove Medoro infiiffi l'epigramma.
Vedr l'ingiuria sua scritta nel monte
L'accefe, che in lui non restò dramma,
Che non foffe odio, rabbia, ira, e furore,
Né più auguÌò, che traflle il brando fuore.

Tagliò lo scritto, e la fassa; e infìn al cielo
A volo alzar fe le minute fegge.
Infelice quell'autro, ed ogni fielo,
In cui Medoro, e Angelica fi legge.
Cofi reciat quel dî, ch'è ombra nè gelo
A pastor mai non duran piú, nè d'aggegze;
E quella fonte già fi chiara, e pura,
Da cotanta ira fu poco fcura;

Che rami, e ceppi, e tonchi, e fassi, e zolle
Non celfì di giarar ne le bell'onde,
Fin che da sommo ad ino fi turbolle
Che non furo mai piú chiare, nè monde;
E fiano al fin, e al fin di fudor molte,
Poi che la lenta vinta non riponde
A lo fdegno, al grave odio, a l'ardente ira,
Cade fàl prato, e versò il ciel fpira.

Afflitto, e fiano al fin cade ne l'erba;
E ficca gli occhi al cielo, e non fi masta.
Senza sibo, e dormir cofi fi ferba,
Che'l Sole efe tre volte, e torna sotto.
Di creciòr non celfì la pena acerba.
Che fuor del fenuo al fin l'ebbe condotto,
Il quarto di da gran furore commosso,
E maglie, e piefìo fi stracchi di dofo.

Qui riman il clmo, e là riman lo scudo,
Lontan gli arne, piú lontan l'usbergo.
L'arme fue tutte in somma vi conclufo,
Avvene pel bifoche differente albero.
E poi fi squarciò i panni, e moftro ignudo
L'ispido ventre, e tutto'l petto, e l'ergo.
E cominciò la gran follia fi orrenda,
Che del piu non sarà mai, ch'intenda.

I'm not, I am not, what my look does feign:
What was Orland is dead, in earth is lay'd:
His moft ungrateful lady him has slain,
Who, void of faith, against him war has made,
I am his spirit, which is from him ta'en
In this infernal, which in torments stray'd:
That with my ghost thus I alone may prove
Sample to him, who puts his hope in love.

Along the wood wander'd all night the Count,
And, at the start of the diurnal flame,
His deflpyr conducta him to the font
Where had Medoro gràv'd the epiagram;
To fee his injury, wrote on the mount,
Enflames him so, in him is not a drachm,
Which was not anger, fury, rage, and hate,
That he to draw his sword no more does wait.

The stone and writing hews, and mount he made
To heavn each fragment small, as wings it bore:
Haples this cave, each tree, whereon you read
The names of Angelic, and of Medor,
Which so remain'd that day, it cooling thade
To shepherd or his flock shall ne'er give more:
And this fame fountain, once so bright and pure,
From such vaft ire but little was secure.

For boughs, and stumps, and sticks, and turf, and
He eaelefs cast into the waters fair,
From top to bottom put in motion,
So, that they never more were neat and clear:
And, tir'd at laft, at length with sweat o'er-run,
As now his breath, quite fpent, could hold no share
With his difdain, vart hate, and burning ire,
On earth he falls, and does tow'rs heav'n fuipire.

Tir'd and afflicted, on the grafs now lain,
He fix'd his eyes to heavn, nor word he said;
Without or food or sleep does thus remain,
Till Sol three times came forth, thrice hid his head:
Nor to increafe forbore his bitter pain,
Which him, at laft, from out his fenfes led:
On the fourth day, mov'd by his fury vart,
His armour torn from off his back he caft.

Here lay his helmet, there his buckler lay,
Far off his trappings, corfel yet more far;
Each part of armour, finally I say,
Did thro' the forest diff' rent quarters fhare;
And then he tears his cloaths, and does display
His brifled belly, back and breast quite bare,
And such great, horrid madness 'gan to show,
The greateft part no one shall ever know.
Into such rage, such fury vast he got,
That darken'd he remain'd in ev'ry sense:
To take his sword in hand he never thought,
Or acts h'ad done of wond'rous violence;
But that, or axe or hatchet needed not,
Where vigour was already so immense:
Here he gave infance of his prowess rare,
At first craft lofty pine he up did tear:

And, after that, numbers of others tears,
As they were fennel, dill, dwarf-eelder, each;
So does with oaks and elms, immense with years,
With fir-trees, chefnuts, and the holm and beech.
That which the fowler does, when he prepares
To clear away the field, his nets to stretch,
With furze and nettles, and with rushes flight,
He did with trees of ancient growth and height.

The shepherds, who had heard the ruin vast,
Leaving their flocks about the forest free,
From this side and from that, in utmost haste,
Come thither, what the matter is, to see.
But to the point I'm come, which if 'tis past'd,
Irksome to you may prove my history;
And rather to postpone it I desire,
Than, by the length, be likely you to tire.

The Reader, whole attention must have been on the stretch, in contemplation of this last piece of machinery, this exquisitely-finish'd scene of madness, which the Author thought of dignity sufficient to give the title to his divine poem, may not be displease'd with this casual interval, wherein he may re-call to mind the various parts of workmanship, so naturally conducted as to seem almost inartificial; and as it were inspect minutely each screw and spring, each internal fibre of operation.

But, before we enter thereon, it may not be improper to remark, what vast sagacity the poet shews in giving his readers a high impression of his Orlando. As his malady is the effect of love, he exhibits him superior to all other attacks: he describes him not only of immense prows of body in several previously-recited actions; but of great coolness of mind, a quality ever attendant on true courage, in this last terrible conflict with Mandricard: in the heat of which he voluntarily submits to his adversary's feizing him with the utmost violence, that he may, rather by finesse, than exertion of his vigour, render his opponent incapable of detaining him from his pursuit. Pretty and unexpected cast of the poet for ending such a formidable combat! [St. 85. Gli pon la cauta man, &c.] at the same time setting forth the remarkable sang froid, as the French term it, of his hero: and, still, to heighten his character, takes occasion to display his delicacy in the points of honour; when Zerbin, th'o' most grateful friendship, offers to attend him, he declines his company, [St. 97. Benevra buona e bella] not without politeness. [---e con questa ragione, &c.] But Ariosto must re-touch this capital figure; so, let his departure might be impeach'd, Orlando requests Zerbin to do him justice in his adversary's judgment: Fatal embafl! [St. 98. Li preso poi, &c.] What elegant strokes to render the minds of his readers most susceptible of compassion, in the succeeding narrative!
It is well known, that invented descriptions of madness have been deem'd enterprizes of great difficulty: and, when well scrutiniz'd, rarely successful. That of Shakespeare's King Lear is confessedly the highest of our writers: my partiality to my countryman makes me avoid comparison, which can scarcely be made here, and, if made, must be to his disadvantage. Let us remark the nicety of gradations, which the Italian throws before us. It is but too certain, many will be apt to say, No such clue is wanting for their guidance; but, I can affert my being present, when multitudes of the beauties of the ingenious Mr. Hogarth's pictures have been overlook'd, even by nice observers; tho' in themselves infinitely more conspicuous than those we are treating of; till some candid and friendly perfon of the company has pointed out, what the artist's decent reserve caus'd him decline the hinting of. Therefore, to proceed by continuance of the last-cited stanza. Orlando, gallantly supposing, upon reflection, that this was not a right and honourable way of quitting his adversary, defares his friend to inform him, That he will wait in those parts for the space of three days, but that then his duty will call him to his King, where he may be sure of finding him. [St. 99. Quelli promiser, &c.] This, Zerbin readily affur'd him of, performing, whose gratitude would make all commands acceptable. They part: Orlando takes his sword from off the tree, and then sets out to meet his foe. [St. 100. Lo strano corfo, &c.] Mandricard's horse, ungovernable, without bridle, flies far, Orlando cannot see or hear of him: (ibid.) Orlando comes to a rivulet; (the Parsee) as sweet a description as judiciously concise on the occasion [St. 101. Il Meriggi, &c.] The fultry mid-day— as well to describe the glowing landscape, with the paling cattle, and the shepherds having cast off their garments, (incidents worthy the pencil of a Claude de Lorrain) as to mark in matterly contrast Orlando's weariness and exhausted spirits, thus loaded with armour, which must prompt him to seek repose within this shady grove: And woeful, says the poet, was the rest he got. [St. 102. Valgendo, &c.] Here looking round, he sees various trees inscrib'd: How must the curiosity of even an indifferent perfon be rais'd, by such a new and unexpected object? This was one of the amorous spots of the rendezvous of the two lovers, being near the shepherd's cot. [St. 103. Angélica e Medor.] In a hundred knots he sees their names cypher'd together, in hundreds of places: all the letters are like so many nails, which Love drives thro' his heart: He strives, a thousand ways, not to believe, what, in his spite, he must: he fain would force himself, to think, that it might be some other lady, who had engrav'd her name upon the bark. [St. 104. Poi dice, contauanur, &c.] Glorious emotions of a torment'd mind! In his folio quary, reason too sure, that he has seen and read her hand: then deludes himself, (natural and charming fluctuation!) that she, whose heart, he might flatter himself, he had gain'd by such numerous and important services, might, in amorous sport, have substitut'd this other name, in kind remembrance of his own: with this fallacious thought he rises into hope, which he would cherish. [St. 105. Ma sempre più raccende.] But still, the more he strives to extinguish his fire of doubt, the more it scorches him: as the bird taken in the net, or birdlime, only tears and hurts itself, by struggling to get free. He advances to the rock, wherein is hollow'd out a grotto over a bright fountain. What lively pictures throughout this passage, as are the rest, indeed, thro' the whole book. We see each image, [St. 106. Aveva nolù l'entrata, &c.] The entrance adorn'd with vines and ivy, with their twisting feet. Here the happy lovers us'd to retire, hid from the intruding fun. Here, all about, more than in other places, they had inscrib'd their names with chalk or coal, and some with points of knives. [St. 107. Il me/lo Conta a pie' guoi di/serve.] Solemn description! Who views not the very perfon and attitude? He sees, at entrance of the grotto, numberless scripts by Medor, when encrupt'd: one particular piece Ariofo gives us in Italian, [St. 108. Lieto piante, &c.] What Italian! Here I would take an ancient Commentator's short, but proper, Eulogy.—Of golden lines conjunct with diamond links! Who observes, with no less warmth than justice, No pen, save that the poet us'd himself, can give encomium adequate to these two fianzas; and where is that pen to be found? [St. 110. Era scritto in Arabico.] 'Twas in the Arabian tongue, which the Count perfectly understood, &c.; but let him not boast his knowledge, thus so severely suffering by it. What fine remarks the poet makes, whenever he speaks in perfon! [St. 111. Tre volte, &c.] What suitable and grand solemnity! Tries to disbelieve his own eye-fight in vain. The fifth and sixth lines make one shudder! At length, reduced, by his repeated agitations of soul, falls into a stupidity. [St. 112. Era allora, &c.] Then the pungency of his grief awakens him to such a degree, as to be ready to run distracted... Then follows the delicious apothecary of the poet, in the character of a lover himself. Now having brought the imagery of Orlando's mind to almost the highest pitch, he describes the disposition of his body in unparalleled grandeur, [St. 113. L'impetuosia doglia, &c.] Then with prodigious art, to shift from too much of the descriptive, gives—Such a simile! So adapted! So phras'd! The very words are significant, which is most earnestly aim'd at in the copy. [St. 114. Poi ritorna, &c.] Then comes to himself a little; flirts a possibility of some one doing this to defame his nymph, and torture him with jealousy. But—admits
admits her hand well copy'd. [St. 115. In cosi poca, &c.] By dint of this flight hope, gets strength to mount his Brighiatore: evening just come on: goes forward to the—charmingly-describ'd—village. [St. 116. Languido fnonta.] Languid dismounts. Oh! fine! Where, indeed, is it not? He gets to the fatal house; wants no refreshment,—but that of sleep. [St. 117. Quanto piu cerca.] In vain he uses means to get repose, for reasons gloriously assign'd; dares not ask, too much he dreads the truth. [St. 118. Poco gli giuova usar fraude.] In vain he tries all arts: The importunate shepherd, to chace away his melancholy, tells him the direful tale. Natural and noble contrivance! [St. 119. Come efl'o a preghi, &c.] Artfully circumstantial! [St. 120. Senza aver ripiattato.] Tormenting narrative! Then shows the bracelet. Who would not run mad? The very procés, tho' fictitious, hurts one's brain. [St. 121. Questa conclusion, &c.] What a noble metaphor, from an executioner, whose awkward performance is the name as cruelty to the sufferer. Then he struggles, in grandeur of soul, to conceal his torture; but 'twill burst forth. [St. 122. Poich' allargare, &c.] When alone, gives scope to his lamentations, on the so well depicted bed; [St. 123. In tanto affpro, &c.] which he recollects must be of detestable fort, and quits it in a surprizingly fine manner. [St. 124. Quel letto, quella casa, &c.] O most glorious impetuosity! What a final couplet! Who can forbear his tears? [St. 125. Di pianger mai, &c.] What gloom, what horror! [St. 126, 127, 128.] Be it permitted to say, heart or tongue can't conceive or utter any thing more sublime, than the Poetical Philosophy, if such expression be allow'd, of these stanzas at the juncture between his obfcur'd possession, and total deprivation of sense. [St. 129. Per bofeo, &c.] Now he runs wild thro' the woods to the fountain; [St. 130. Taglia lo scritto.] destroys all; then follows the delicious turn of speech in order to becalm the reader's mind, to give more force to his [St. 131. Che rami, &c.] glorious precipitation! suitable verification. Then the poor wretch sinks; but in what position? [St. 132. Affitto e stanco, &c.] Can one read, and not see? and not feel? and not weep? Then starts into another fury. [St. 133. Qui riman, &c.] Inimitably pictureque confusion! now he's reduced to the utmost pitch of madness: [St. 134. In tanta rabbia. &c.] thoughtles of his usual weapon; tears the trees up by the roots. [St. 135.] What a lovely simile! [St. Ult.] The poet seems to think he wanted some groups of figures for the back-ground of this his so highly-finish'd piece: most grandly introduces them. What an artfully polite end, with a modest apology! I could wish the annotator flood in as little need of one, for permitting his transport, to load, in so unreasonable a manner, this superfluous paper.

E.N.D of the F.I.R.S.T V.O.L.U.M.E.