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JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

AN

HEROIC POEM.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

PHYSICS 439

LECTURE 11

*Jane Anne Macklin*  
*from M M*

JERUSALEM DELIVERED;

AN

HEROIC POEM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

ITALIAN OF TORQUATO TASSO,

By JOHN HOOLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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WITH NOTES.

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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XI.

VOL. II.

B

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## THE ARGUMENT.

THE Christians make a solemn procession, and, with public prayers, implore the assistance of Heaven. The next morning a general assault is given to the city; and numbers are slain on both sides. A breach is made in the wall; Godfrey, preparing to enter first, is wounded by an arrow from Clorinda, and obliged to retire from the field. The day then seems to change in favour of the Pagans, Solyman and Argantes signalize themselves. In the mean time Godfrey, being conveyed to his tent, is miraculously healed by an angel. He returns to the walls, and renews the attack, till night puts an end to the battle.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## BOOK XI.

THE Christian leader now, with cares oppress'd,  
The near assault revolv'd within his breast :  
But, while he hastes his vast machines to frame,  
Before his presence reverend Peter came ;  
The hermit sage apart the hero took,  
And thus sedate with awful words bespoke.

You, mighty Prince ! terrestrial arms prepare,  
But first another duty claims your care.  
To Heaven your thoughts be turn'd, your vows be paid,  
And call the angels and the saints to aid :  
With public prayers their succour seek to gain,  
So may your arms the wish'd success obtain.  
Then let the priesthood in procession move,  
And humbly supplicate the powers above :

And you, O chiefs! the vulgar herd inspire, 15  
 And kindle in their souls devotion's fire.

Severely thus the holy hermit said;  
 Th' observant leader his advice obey'd.  
 O servant, lov'd of JESUS! (he replied)  
 Well pleas'd I follow where thy counsels guide.  
 While I the chieftains of the camp invite,  
 Call thou the people's pastors to the rite,  
 William and Ademar, a reverend pair!  
 To adjust the sacred pomp, be thine the care.

Soon as th' ensuing morning's light arose <sup>a</sup>,  
 The hermit with the priests assembled goes,  
 Where in a vale, to worship sacred made,  
 The Christians oft their pure devotions paid.  
 Robes, white as snow, the priestly band enfold;  
 The pastors shone in mantles rich with gold,  
 That hung divided on their breasts before,  
 And hallow'd wreaths around their brows they wore.

First Peter leads, and waves aloft in air  
 The sign which faints in Paradise revere:

<sup>a</sup> *Soon as th' ensuing morning's light arose.*] History relates that, before the general assault, the Litany was chanted with a solemn religious procession. I have elsewhere observed, and I believe the reader will agree with me, that the following passage, for solemnity of description, is equal to any part of the poem.

Next in two ranks, with solemn steps and flow, 35  
The tuneful choir in lengthen'd order go :  
Then, side by side, the holy chiefs appear,  
William and Ademar, and close the rear :  
Next Godfrey comes, like one of high command,  
Alone and foremost of his martial band.  
By two and two the field the leaders tread ;  
Then, sheath'd in arms, the warrior-host succeed.  
Thus from the trenches move the pious train,  
Sedate and silent stretching o'er the plain ;  
Nor clang of arms, nor trumpet's sound is heard,  
But holy hymns from humble hearts prefer'd.  
Thee FATHER ! first, omnipotent, they sung,  
Thee, SON, coequal ! from the FATHER sprung !  
Thee, SPIRIT ! in whose influence both combine ;  
Thee, Virgin-mother of the man divine !  
And you, ye leaders ! who in heaven above <sup>b</sup>,  
Th' effulgent bands in triple circles move :  
And thee, whose hand baptiz'd th' incarnate God  
With the pure stream in Jordan's hallow'd flood.

<sup>b</sup> *And you, ye leaders!—*] The angelical orders thus classed by the theological writers of that time, seraphim, cherubim, thrones, dominations, principalities, and powers; virtues, angels, and archangels. Thus Milton :

Thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers !

Thee, Peter! too, they hail in songs of praise, 55  
The rock on which Heaven fix'd his church to raise;  
Where now thy great descendant holds the place,  
To unclose the gates of pardon and of grace:  
And all the nunciates of th' ethereal reign,  
Who testified the glorious death to man;  
With those, the martyrs for the truth, who stood  
To seal the precious doctrine with their blood:  
And those, whose words or writings taught the way  
To the lost regions of eternal day:  
And her, the damsel true, of Christ below'd,  
Whose pious choice the better life approv'd:  
The virgins chaste, in lonely cells enclos'd,  
By mystic nuptial rites to heaven espous'd:  
With every other name in torments tried,  
Whose zeal the nations and their kings defied!

Thus chanting hymns devout, the numerous train,  
In ample circuit, mov'd along the plain:  
Their pensive march to Olivet they frame;  
Fruitful in olives, whence it bears the name;  
Eastward it rises from the sacred town,  
A mount by fame through every region known.  
So pass the tuneful bands with cadence sweet,  
The hollow vales the lengthen'd notes repeat;

The winding caverns and the mountains high 79  
A thousand echoes to the sounds reply.

Meantime, in wonder fix'd, the pagan band<sup>d</sup>  
All hush'd and silent on the ramparts stand;  
Struck with their solemn pace, their humble tone,  
The pomp unusual, and the rites unknown.  
But when their wonder ceas'd, th' ungodly crew  
From impious tongues blaspheming curses threw  
With barbarous shouts they shake the bulwarks round;  
The hills and vallies to the noise resound!  
But not their course the Christian powers refrain,  
Nor cease their ritual or melodious strain;  
Fearless they march, nor heed the clamours more  
Than cries of birds loquacious on the shore.

Then on the summit of the hill they rear'd  
A splendid altar, for the priest prepar'd;  
On either side, refulgent to behold,  
A beamy lamp was plac'd of burnish'd gold!  
There William now, in costlier robes array'd,  
His reverend homage at the altar paid;  
There, with low voice, his humble suit prefers,  
And supplicates with vows and holy prayers.

<sup>c</sup> *Their pensive march to Olivet they frame.*

<sup>d</sup> — the pagan band

*All hush'd and silent—*] All these circumstances are taken from the history.

Devoutly hush'd the near assistants stand; 101

With eyes intent behold the distant band.

But when complete the mystic rites were ceas'd,

The sacred fire th' attending train dismiss'd,

And with his priestly hand the squadrons bless'd.

The pious troops return (this duty o'er)

And tread the path their feet had trod before :

'Till, at the vale arriv'd, their ranks they broke ;

When to the tents his way the hero took :

With smiles he parted from the vulgar band,

But there the captains of his host detain'd

To due repast ; and full before him plac'd

Thoulouse's valiant earl with honours grac'd.

The call of thirst and hunger now repress,

The chief of chiefs his leaders thus address'd,

Soon as the morn ascends her early throne,

Rise all in arms to assault Judea's town :

Be that the day to invade our impious foe ;

The present hours to needful tasks bestow.

This said, the chiefs depart : with trumpet's sound

Th' obedient heralds send his mandates round ;

And bid each ardent warrior rise to fight,

Array'd in armour, with the dawning light.

In different works the tedious day they waste,

And various thoughts revolve in every breast,

Till welcome night, that irksome care relieves, 126

A grateful truce to mortal labour gives.

Aurora still with doubtful lustre gleams,  
Scarce has the dawn display'd her orient beams ;  
No stubborn ploughs the yielding furrows tear,  
No watchful shepherds to the meads repair ;  
Each bird secure his peaceful slumber takes ;  
Nor hound nor horn the silent forest wakes :  
When now the trumpet's echoes rouse the morn,  
To arms ! to arms ! the vaulted skies return ;  
To arms ! to arms ! with universal cry  
A hundred legions to the notes reply.  
First Godfrey rose, but now neglects to bear  
His ponderous cuirass, oft approv'd in war ;  
A slight defence the fearless hero chose,  
And o'er his limbs the lighter burthen throws ;  
Arm'd like the meanest of the martial name ;  
When aged Raymond to his presence came :  
Soon as he view'd the chief, his thoughts divin'd  
What deed the leader's secret soul design'd.  
Where is thy corslet's massy weight (he cry'd)  
Where all thy other arms of temper try'd ?  
What dost thou seek ? a private palm to gain,  
To scale the walls amongst the vulgar train ?

Think not this task a general's sword demands : 150  
 Such dangers leave to less important hands.  
 Resume thy arms : regard thy safety most,  
 And save a life, the spirit of our host.

He ceas'd. The generous leader thus replied :  
 When holy Urban girded to my side<sup>e</sup>  
 This sword in Clarmont ; and when first 'twas given  
 To Godfrey's hand to wage the wars of heaven,  
 To God I vow'd my social arms to wield,  
 A private warrior in the dangerous field.  
 Since I have every duty now display'd  
 As fits a chief by whom the host is led ;  
 It next remains (with justice shalt thou own)  
 To march in equal arms to assault the town.  
 Thus shall I keep the faith to Heaven I gave ;  
 His hand shall lead me, and his power shall save.  
 This said ; his brethren soon th' example took ;  
 Each knight of France his heavy arms forfook ;  
 The other chiefs less cumbersome harness chose,  
 And boldly march'd on foot to assail the foes.

<sup>e</sup> *When holy Urban girded to my side*

*This sword in Clarmont—*] Pope Urban went in person to the council of Clarmont, a city of France, where he appointed numbers to the crusade, and among the first, Godfrey ; giving to each adventurer the sacred badge of the expedition.

Alike prepar'd the pagan troops ascend 170  
Where tow'rds the north the crooked ramparts bend;  
And where the west surveys the rising towers,  
Of least defence against th' invading powers :  
For, well secur'd on every part beside,  
The town th' attempts of all their host defied.  
Nor here alone the tyrant's watchful care  
Had plac'd the best and bravest of the war;  
But, summon'd in this utmost risque of state,  
Old age and childhood share the toils of fate :  
These to the brave supply (as time requires)  
Sulphur, and stones, and darts, and missile fires.  
With vast machines and arms the walls they stow,  
Whose rising height commands the plain below.  
There from aloft, the foldan strikes the eyes,  
In form a giant of stupendous size !  
There on the ramparts, flaming from afar,  
The fierce Argantes towers with threatening air :  
And where the highest fort its summit rears,  
The fam'd Clorinda o'er the rest appears,  
And stor'd with darts her deadly quiver bears.  
Already in her hand the bow she tries,  
Now strains the nerve, and now the shaft applies.  
Eager to strike, the lovely archer stands,  
And waits, with longing eyes, the hostile bands.

So feign'd of old, from heaven's ethereal height, 195  
The Delian virgin dealt a feather'd flight.

The hoary king, forgetful of his state,  
Within the city moves from gate to gate ;  
Renews again his orders on the wall,  
And breathes a hope and confidence in all ;  
Here adds supplies of men, and there provides  
Fresh store of arms, and o'er the whole presides.  
But to the fanes the matrons sad repair,  
And seek their fabled god with fruitless prayer.

O! hear our vows! thy righteous arm advance,  
And sudden break the Christian robber's lance!  
And him who dares thy hallow'd name offend,  
Now prone beneath the lofty gates extend!

While thus the city bends her different cares,  
The pious chief his arms and troops prepares :  
And first he leads the foot, a numerous train,  
In skilful order marshall'd on the plain :  
Then in two squadrons he divides his powers  
To attack, on either side, the hostile towers.  
The huge balistæ in the midst appear,  
And every dreadful implement of war ;  
Whence on the walls, like thunderbolts, are thrown  
Enormous darts, and crags of ponderous stone.

The heavy arm'd the weaker foot sustain ;      219  
The lighter horse are sent to scour the plain.  
At length the word is given, the signals sound ;  
The bows are bent, the slings are whirl'd around :  
Their deathful rage the mighty engines pour,  
And gall the pagans with a rocky shower :  
Some quit their posts, and others headlong fall,  
And thinn'd appear the ranks that guard the wall.

The Franks, impatient now to prove their force,  
More near the walls advance with eager course.  
Some, shield to shield in closest texture laid,  
Above their heads an ample covering made :  
And some, beneath machines, in safety move,  
A sure defence from falling stones above.  
And now the fosse th' advancing soldiers gain,  
And seek the depth to level with the plain.  
The bottom firm a safe foundation show'd,  
This soon they fill'd, a late impervious road !  
Adraftus foremost of the troop appears,  
And 'gainst the walls a scaling-ladder rears :  
Boldly he mounts, while round his head they pour  
The stones and sulphur in a mingled shower :  
The fierce Helvetian wond'ring crowds survey,  
Who now had finish'd half his airy way :

When lo! with fury sent, a rugged stone, 243  
With rapid force as from an engine thrown,  
(Sent by the vigour of Circassia's knight)  
Struck on his helm, and hurl'd him from his height.  
Nor wound ensu'd, nor mortal was the stroke,  
Yet prone he tumbled, senseless with the shock.  
Then thus Argantes with a threatening cry :  
Fall'n is the first : who dares the second try ?  
Behold, I fearless stand before your fight,  
Why, warriors ! draw ye not to open fight ?  
Think not those sheds can fence your dastard train,  
For you, like beasts, shall in your caves be slain !

He said : yet not for this the Christians stay ;  
But in their coverts still pursue their way :  
While others on their fencing bucklers bear  
The storm of arrows, and the rattling war.  
Now to the walls the battering rams drew nigh,  
Enormous engines, dreadful to the eye !  
Strong iron plates their massy heads compose :  
The gates and ramparts fear th' approaching blows.  
'Gainst these a hundred hands their force apply,  
And roll vast beams and ruins from on high ;  
The ponderous fragments thunder on the fields ;  
At once they break the well-compacted shields,  
And the crush'd helmet to the fury yields !

The plain is strewn with arms, and cover'd o'er 268  
With shatter'd bones, and brains, and mingled gore!

The fierce assailants now, for bolder fight,  
Forth from their covert rush'd to open light :  
Some place their ladders, and the height ascend ;  
Against the ramparts some their engines bend,  
The rams begin to shake the batter'd wall,  
The nodding bulwarks threat a sudden fall.  
But, watchful, from the town the foes prepare  
Each various method of defensive war :  
And where the forceful beams impetuous drove,  
A mass of wool, suspended from above,  
(Whose yielding substance breaks the dreadful blows)  
The wary pagans 'gainst the storm oppose.

While thus, with dauntless hearts, the warrior-train  
Against the walls the bold attack maintain ;  
Seven times her twanging bow Clorinda drew,  
As oft her arrow from the bow-string flew ;  
And every shaft that to the plain she sped,  
Its steel and feathers dy'd with blushing red.  
The noblest warriors drench'd her weapons o'er,  
She scorn'd to dip their points in vulgar gore.

The first who, 'midst the tumult of the war,  
Felt her keen darts, was England's youngest care ;

Scarce from his fence his head appear'd in view, 292  
When, wing'd with speed, the vengeful arrow flew :  
Swift thro' his better hand it held its course,  
Nor could the steely gauntlet stop the force.  
Disabled thus, with grief he left the plain,  
And deeper groan'd with anger than with pain.  
Then, near the fosse, the earl of Amboise fell :  
Clotharius mounting found the deadly steel.  
That, pierc'd from back to breast, reluctant died :  
This headlong fell, transfix'd from side to side.  
The Flemish chief the battering engine heav'd,  
When his left arm the sudden wound receiv'd :  
He stay'd, and furious strove to draw the dart,  
But left the steel within the wounded part.  
To reverend Ademar, who, plac'd afar,  
Uncautious stood to view the raging war,  
The fatal reed arriv'd, his front it found ;  
He try'd to wrench the weapon from the wound ;  
Another dart, with equal fury sent,  
Transfix'd his hand, and thro' his visage went.  
He fell, and falling, pour'd a purple flood,  
And stain'd the virgin-shaft with holy blood.  
As Palamede to scale the bulwarks strove,  
In his right eye the fatal arrow drove,

Through all the optic nerves its passage tore,      316  
And issu'd at his nape besmear'd with gore :  
At once he tumbles with a dreadful fall,  
And dies beneath the well-contested wall !

While thus the virgin round her shafts bestows,  
With new devices Godfrey press'd his foes :  
Aside he brought against a portal near,  
The largest of his huge machines of war ;  
A tower of wood, stupendous to the sight,  
Whose top might mate the lofty ramparts height :  
Its ample womb could arms and men contain,  
And, roll'd on wheels, it mov'd along the plain.  
Near and more near the bulk enormous drew,  
While from within the darts and javelins flew.  
But, from the threaten'd walls, the wary foes  
With spears and stones th' advancing pile oppose :  
Against the front and sides their strokes they bend,  
And heavy fragments on the wheels they send.  
So thick, on either side, the javelins pour,  
The air is darken'd with the missile shower :  
Cloud meets with cloud ; and, clashing in the sky,  
Back to the senders oft the weapons fly.  
As from the trees are torn the shatter'd leaves,  
What time the grove the stormy hail receives

As ripen'd fruit from loaded branches falls :      340  
 So fell the pagans from the lofty walls ;  
 While others that surviv'd, with deep dismay,  
 Fled from the huge machine's tremendous sway.  
 Not so the foldan : fearless he remain'd,  
 And with him many on the height detain'd.  
 Then fierce Argantes thither bent his course,  
 And seiz'd a beam to oppose the hostile force :  
 Firm in his hand th' enormous weight he held,  
 By this his mighty strength the tower repell'd  
 And kept aloof. With these the martial <sup>f</sup> fair  
 Appear'd, their glory and their toils to share.  
 Meanwhile, with scythes prepar'd, the Franks divide  
 The cords to which the woolly fence is tied ;  
 No more sustain'd, at once on earth it falls,  
 And undefended leaves the threaten'd walls.  
 Now from the Christian tower more fierce below,  
 The thundering ram redoubles every blow.  
 A breach is made : when, fir'd with martial fame,  
 The mighty Godfrey to the bulwarks came :  
 His body cover'd with his amplest shield,  
 (A weight his arm was seldom wont to wield)  
 He saw, as round he cast his careful view,  
 Where from the walls fierce Solyman withdrew,  
 And swift to guard the dangerous passage flew ;

<sup>f</sup> CLORINDA.

While still Clorinda and Circaffia's knight      365  
Maintain'd their station on the rampart's height.  
He fees, and instant from Sigero's hands  
A lighter buckler and his bow demands.  
Myself (he cries) will first the deed essay  
Thro' yon disjointed stones to force the way :  
'Tis time to show some act that merits praise,  
That may to either host our glory raise.

Then, changing shields, he scarce the word had said,  
When from the wall a vengeful arrow fled :  
The destin'd passage in his leg it found,  
Where strong each nerve, and painful is the wound.  
The deadly shaft from thee, Clorinda ! came,  
To thee alone the world ascribes the fame :  
This day, preserv'd by thy unerring bow,  
Thy pagan friends to thee their safety owe.  
But still his troops the dauntless leader fires,  
Still o'er the works his daring foot aspires :  
'Till now he feels the wound's increasing pains ;  
No more the leg his sinking bulk sustains ;  
To noble Guelpho then a sign he made :  
Behold compell'd I leave the field (he said)  
Thou, in my place, a leader's task sustain,  
And, in my absence, head my social train.

Soon will I turn, the combat to renew — 389

He said, and on a courser thence withdrew,

Yet not unnoted by the pagan crew.

Thus parts th' unwilling hero from his post,

And with him fortune quits the Christian host :

While on the adverse side their force increas'd,

And hope, rekindling, dawn'd in every breast.

In every Christian heart new terrors rose,

And chilling fears their former ardour froze :

Already flew their weapons slow to wound,

And their weak trumpets breath'd a fainter sound.

Now on the ramparts height again appear

The bands, so late dispers'd with coward fear.

Incited by Clorinda's glorious fires,

Their country's love the female train inspires :

Eager they run to prove the tasks of war,

With vestments girded and dishevell'd hair :

They hurl the dart ; nor fear, where danger calls,

To expose their bosom for their native walls.

But that which most the Franks with doubts oppress'd,

And banish'd fear from every pagan breast,

The mighty Guelpho, 'midst the rage of fight,

Fell by a wound, in either army's fight :

Amongst a thousand fates, on earth o'erthrown, 412  
Sent from afar he felt the missile stone.  
Another stone alike on Raymond flew,  
And prone to earth the hoary warrior threw.  
While in the fosse the brave Eufatius stood,  
A weapon deeply drank his generous blood.  
This hour (ill fated for the Christian train)  
No pagan weapon flies, that flies in vain.  
Fir'd with success, and swell'd to loftier pride,  
The fierce Circassian rais'd his voice and cried.

Not Antioch this; nor now the shades extend,  
The shades of night that Christian frauds befriend:  
A wakeful foe ye view, an open light,  
Far other forms, far other tasks of fight!  
No sparks of glory now your soul inflame,  
No more ye thirst for plunder or for fame;  
Do ye so soon from weak attacks refrain?  
O! less than women, in the shape of men!

He spoke, and scorn'd, in narrow walls confin'd,  
To hide the fury of his daring mind:  
With eager bounds he seeks the wall below,  
Where gaping stones a dangerous passage show.  
While dauntless there to guard the pass he flies,  
To Solyman, who stood beside, he cries.

Lo! Solyman, the place, the destin'd hour, 436  
 In danger's field to prove our martial power :  
 Why this delay? O! rouze thy noble fire ;  
 Who prizes fame must here to fame aspire.

He said : and either warrior's ardour grows :  
 At once they issue where the combat glows,  
 And, unexpected, thunder on the foes.  
 Beneath their arms what numbers press the ground,  
 What broken shields and helms are scatter'd round !  
 What rams and ladders cleft in ruins fall,  
 And raise new ramparts for the shatter'd wall !

Now those, who lately hop'd the town to gain,  
 Can scarce in arms the doubtful fight maintain.  
 At length they yield, and to the furious pair  
 Resign their engines and machines of war.  
 The pagan chiefs, as native fury sway'd,  
 With dreadful shouts invoke the city's aid :  
 Now here, now there, they call for fiery brands,  
 And arm with flaming pines their dreadful hands ;  
 Then on the tower with headlong speed they bend :  
 So from the black Tartarian gates ascend  
 Pluto's dire ministers, (tremendous names !)  
 With hissing serpents and infernal flames !

Tancred, no less with thirst of fame inspir'd,  
 In other parts his hardy Latians fir'd,

When now the spreading carnage he beheld, 461  
And saw the torches blazing o'er the field,  
He left the walls, and turn'd his rapid course  
To oppose the Saracens' impetuous force :  
He comes, he turns the scale of victory ;  
The vanquish'd triumph, and the victors fly !

Thus stood the war, while from the martial band  
His lofty tent the wounded leader gain'd.  
Baldwin and good Sigero near him stood,  
And round of mourning friends a pensive crowd.  
He strove to draw the shaft with eager speed,  
And broke within the flesh the feather'd reed :  
Then swift he bade explore the wounded part,  
And bare a passage for the barbed dart.  
Restore me swift to arms (the hero cries)  
Ere rising night th' unfinish'd strife surprize.  
Now old Erotimus to assist him stood,  
Who drew his birth by Po's imperial flood ;  
Who well the power of healing simples knew,  
The force of plants and every virtuous dew ;  
Dear to the muse : but, pleas'd with lowly fame,  
He gain'd by private arts an humbler name.  
His skill could mortals from the grave relieve ;  
His verse could bid their names for ever live.

All unconcern'd the godlike chief appears, 485  
While every pale assistant melts in tears.  
The sage physician for the task prepares,  
He girds his vesture, and his arm he bares ;  
With lenient med'cine bathes th' afflicted part,  
And with a gentle hand attempts the dart ;  
With pincers next the stubborn steel he strains,  
Yet fix'd it stands, and mocks his utmost pains.  
What means shall next his baffled art devise,  
Since fortune thus her favouring aid denies ?  
Full soon the chief th' increasing anguish found,  
And fleeting life seem'd doubtful in the wound.  
But now the guardian angel, touch'd with grief,  
From Ida's summit brought the wish'd relief ;  
A branch of dittany, of wondrous power,  
Whose downy foliage bears a purple flower :  
By nature taught (th' instructress of their kind)  
The mountain goats its secret virtue find,  
What time they feel the winged dart from far,  
And in their wounded sides the arrow bear.  
With this, tho' distant thence the region lies,  
The pitying angel in a moment flies :  
Unseen, with this, the vase prepar'd he fills,  
And odoriferous panacy distills.

The leech anoints the part, and, (strange to tell!) 509  
Loos'd from the wound, the shaft spontaneous fell :  
The blood forbore to flow, the anguish ceas'd,  
And strength, return'd, in every nerve increas'd.  
Then thus Erotimus with wonder cries :  
No skill of mine thy sudden cure supplies :  
A greater power his timely aid extends,  
Some guardian angel from his heaven descends :  
I see celestial hands!—To arms! to arms!  
Return, and rouse again the war's alarms!

He said; and Godfrey, eager for the fight,  
Soon o'er his thighs dispos'd the cuishes bright;  
He shook his ponderous lance, his helmet lac'd,  
And his forsaken shield again embrac'd.  
He moves: a thousand on his steps attend;  
Thence to the town their rapid march they bend:  
With clouds of dust the face of heaven is spread,  
Wide shakes the earth beneath the warrior's tread.  
The foes behold the squadron drawing near,  
And feel their blood congeal'd with chilling fear.  
Thrice on the field his voice the hero rear'd;  
Full well the welcome sound his people heard;  
The sound that oft was wont to cheer the fight;  
Then, fir'd anew, they rouse their fainting might.

Still at the walls, the haughty pagan pair,                    533  
Plac'd in the breach, support the dangerous war ;  
Firm in the pass a bold defence maintain,  
'Gainst noble Tancred and his valiant train.

Now, sheath'd in arms, the glorious chief drew nigh,  
Disdain and anger flashing from his eye :  
On fierce Argantes all his force he bends,  
And 'gainst the foe his lance impatient sends.  
Not with more noise some stone enormous flies,  
Sent by an engine through th' affrighted skies ;  
Through sounding air its course the javelin held ;  
Argantes, fearless, lifts th' opposing shield :  
The riven target to the force gives way,  
Nor can the corslet's plates the fury stay :  
Through shatter'd armour flies the missive wood,  
And dips its thirsty point in pagan blood.  
Swift from his side the lance Argantes drew,  
And to its lord again the weapon threw ;  
Receive thine own, he cried—but, stooping low,  
The wary Christian disappoints the foe :  
The deadly point the good Sigero found,  
Full in his throat he felt the piercing wound :  
Yet with a secret joy he sunk in death,  
Pleas'd in his sovereign's stead to yield his breath.

A craggy flint the raging foldan threw ; 557  
Resistless on the Norman chief it flew ;  
Stunn'd with the dreadful blow he reel'd around,  
Then sudden tumbled headlong to the ground.  
No longer Godfrey now his wrath repell'd,  
Grasp'd in his hand the flaming sword he held ;  
And now to nearer fight his foes defied :  
What deeds had soon been wrought on either side !  
But night, to check their rage, her veil display'd,  
And wrapt the warring world in peaceful shade :  
Then Godfrey, ceasing, left th' unfinish'd fray,  
So clos'd the dreadful labours of the day !

But, ere the chief retired, with pious care,  
He bade the wounded from the field to bear :  
Nor would he leave (a welcome prey) behind  
His warlike engines to the foes resign'd.  
Safe from the walls he drew the loftiest tower,  
Tho' broke and crush'd with many a horrid shower.  
So seems a ship from seas and tempests borne,  
Her planks all shatter'd and her canvas torn,  
When, 'scap'd from furious winds and roaring tides,  
Within the port she scarce securely rides.  
The broken wheels no more the tower sustain,  
Heavy and slow it drags along the plain,  
The weight supported by th' assisting train,

And now the workmen haste, with ready care, 582  
To search the pile, and every breach repair :  
So Godfrey bade, who will'd that morning light  
Should view the wonderous tower renew'd for fight.  
On every side his watchful thoughts he cast,  
And guards around the lofty engine plac'd.  
But, from the walls, their speech the Pagans hear,  
And strokes of hammers breaking on the ear :  
A thousand torches gild the dusky air,  
And all their purpose and their toils declare.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

Argantes and Clorinda undertake by night to burn the tower of the Christians. Arfetes, who had brought up Clorinda from her infancy, endeavours to dissuade her from the enterprize, but in vain: he then relates to her the story of her birth. The two adventurers fall from the town, and set fire to the tower: the Christians take arms: Argantes retreats before them, and gains the city in safety; but the gates being suddenly closed, Clorinda is left amongst the enemy. Tancred, not knowing her, pursues her as she is retiring towards the walls. They engage in a dreadful combat: Clorinda is slain, but, before she dies, receives baptism from the hand of Tancred. His grief and lamentation.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

### BOOK XII.

'T WAS night; but neither host, with cares oppress'd,  
Forgot their labours yet in balmy rest:  
Here, under covert of the gloomy hour,  
The Christians now repair'd their batter'd tower;  
And there the Pagans, press'd with equal care,  
Review'd their bulwarks tottering from the war,  
And propp'd the walls. Alike on either side,  
The warriors' wounds each skilful leech employ'd.  
These tasks perform'd, the Franks and faithless train,  
O'erwatch'd at length, from further toil refrain;  
Till deeper darkness brooded on the ground,  
And many an eye was clos'd in sleep profound:  
But not in slumber sunk the ♀ martial dame,  
Whose generous bosom ever pants for fame:

♀ CLORINDA.

With her Argantes join'd the watch partook ; 15  
Then thus in secret to her soul she spoke.

What wondrous praise has Solyman obtain'd !  
What, by his deeds to-day, Argantes gain'd !  
Alone, amidst yon numerous host to go,  
And crush the engines of the Christian foe !  
While I (how poor the vaunted fame I share !)  
Here plac'd aloft maintain'd a distant war :  
'Tis true my shafts may boast successful aim :  
And is this all a woman's hand can claim ?  
'Twere better far in woods and wilds to chace  
And pierce with darts remote the savage race,  
Than here, when manly valour braves the field,  
Appear a maid in feats of arms unskill'd.

She said ; and now revolving in her breast  
Heroic deeds, Argantes thus address'd.

Long has my soul unusual ardour prov'd,  
And various thoughts this restless bosom mov'd :  
I know not whether GOD th' attempt inspires,  
Or man can form a God of his desires.  
See ! from yon vale the Christian's glimmering light  
My mind impels me, this auspicious night,  
To burn their tower ; at least the deed be tried,  
And for th' event let Heaven alone provide.

But should it chance (the fate of war unknown) 39  
Yon foes forbid me to regain the town ;  
I leave my damsel-train thy care to prove,  
And one that loves me with a father's love :  
Protect them, chief! and safe to Egypt send  
My mourning virgins, and my aged friend :  
O grant my prayer!—This duty from thy hands  
Those claim by sex, and this by age demands.

With wonder fill'd, Argantes heard the dame,  
And caught the kindling sparks of generous flame.  
Then shalt thou go, and leave me here behind,  
Despis'd (he cried) among th' ignoble kind?  
Think'ft thou that I secure with joyful eyes,  
Shall view afar the curling flames arise?  
No—if in arms I ever grac'd thy side,  
Let me this night thy doubtful chance divide ;  
I too can boast a heart despising death,  
That prizes honour, cheaply bought with breath!

O generous chief! (reply'd the fearless maid)  
In such resolves thy virtue stands display'd :  
Yet here permit me to depart alone,  
A loss like mine shall ne'er distress the town :  
But (Heaven avert the omen!) should'ft thou fall,  
What hand shall longer guard Judea's wall?

In vain is each pretence (the knight rejoin'd) 63  
 For fix'd remains the purpose of my mind :  
 Behold I tread the path thy feet shall lead,  
 But if refus'd, myself will dare the deed.

This said, they fought the careful king, who fate  
 In nightly council for the public state :  
 There midst the brave and wife (an awful train)  
 They came, and first Clorinda thus began.

Vouchsafe awhile, O king ! to bend thine ear,  
 And what we proffer with acceptance hear :  
 Argantes vows (nor vainly boasts the power)  
 With vengeful flames to burn yon hostile tower :  
 Myself will aid—our course alone we stay,  
 Till added toil the foes in slumber lay.

To heaven his trembling hands the monarch rears,  
 His wrinkled cheeks are wet with joyful tears :  
 All praise to thee, O guardian power ! (he cries)  
 Who still thy people view'st with gracious eyes !  
 Long wilt thou yet preserve my threaten'd reign,  
 When souls like these the town's defence maintain.  
 For you, ye pair ! what praises can I find ?  
 What gifts to equal your heroic mind ?  
 Fame shall to distant times your worth proclaim,  
 And earth aloud repeat each glorious name.

Your deed be your reward—to this receive      87  
Such recompense as fits a king to give.

Thus Aladine ; and, as he spoke, he press'd,  
Now this, now that, with transport to his breast.  
No more the listening foldan could controul  
The generous emulation in his soul :  
Think not (he cried) in vain this sword I wear,  
This hand with you shall every labour bear.  
Then let us issue all (the maid rejoin'd)  
Should'st thou depart, who dares remain behind ?  
And now, with envy fill'd and jealous pride,  
Argantes his consent had here denied ;  
But straight the word Judea's monarch took,  
And mildly thus the chief of Nice bespoke.  
Intrepid warrior ! whom no dangers fright,  
Nor toil can weary in the day of fight :  
Full well I deem that, issuing on the foe,  
Thy deeds would worthy of thy courage show :  
But much unmeet it seems, that, parting all,  
None, fam'd in arms, remain within the wall.  
Nor would I these permit th' attempt to dare,  
(So high their safety and their lives I bear)  
Were this a work of less important kind,  
Or meaner hands could act the part design'd,

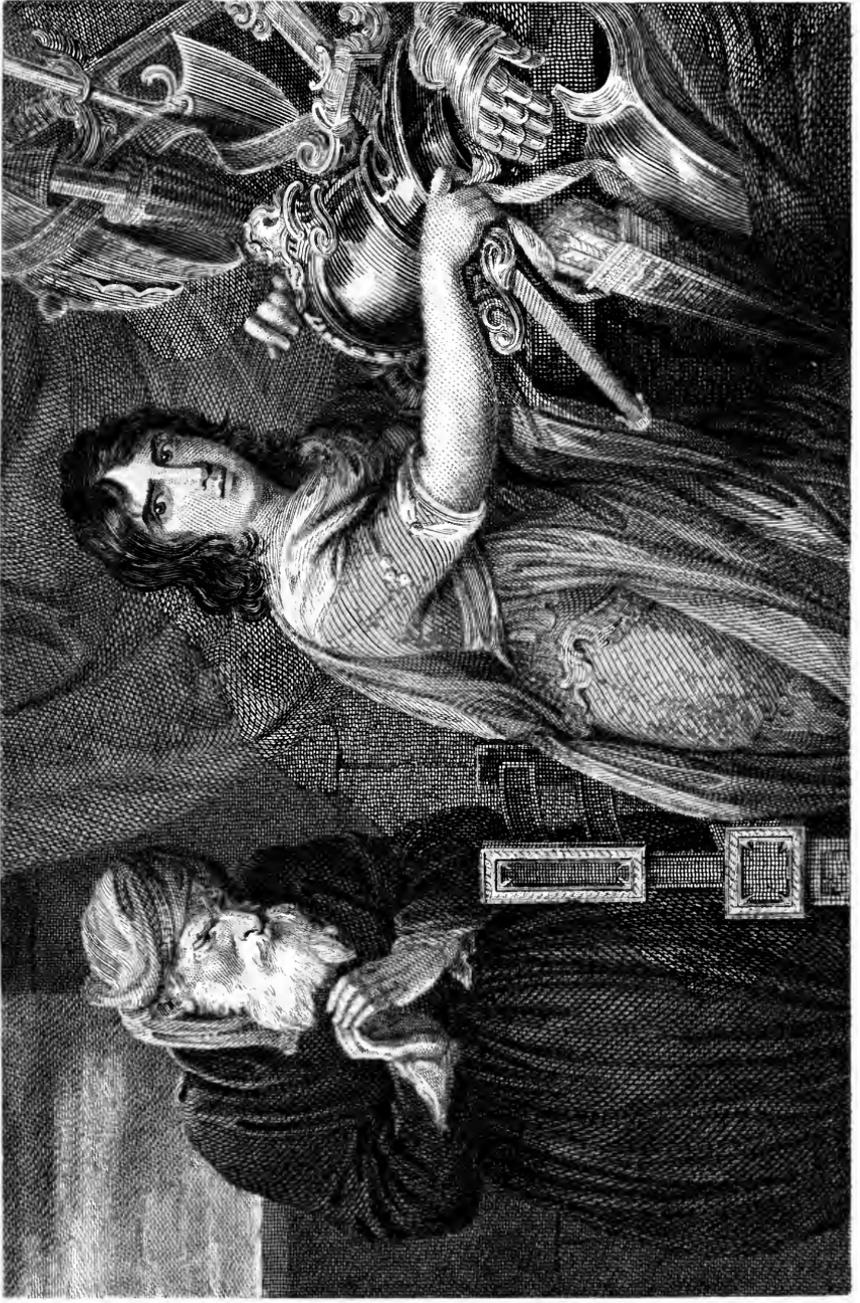
But since, so well 'gainst every chance dispos'd, 111  
 The lofty tower is round with guards enclos'd,  
 No little force can hope the pass to gain ;  
 Nor must we issue with a numerous train ;  
 Let these who claim the task, this valiant pair,  
 Oft prov'd before in every risk of war,  
 Let these alone depart, in happy hour,  
 Whose strength is equal to a legion's power ;  
 While thou, as best befits thy regal state,  
 Here with the rest remain within the gate.  
 And when (so fate succeed the glorious aim)  
 These shall return, and wide have spread the flame,  
 If chance a hostile band pursue their course,  
 Then haste and guard them from superior force.

So spoke the king ; nor aught the Turk rejoin'd,  
 Though discontent lay rankling in his mind.

Then thus Ismeno : You who boldly dare  
 Th' adventurous task, awhile th' attempt forbear ;  
 'Till various mixtures, cull'd with art, I frame,  
 To burn the hostile tower with fiercer flame :  
 Perchance the guards, that now the pile surround,  
 May then be lost, in friendly slumbers drown'd.

To this they yield ; and each, apart retir'd,  
 Expects the season for the deed desir'd.





C. Turner del.

J. H. Wallis sculp.

And now Clorinda threw her vest aside, 135  
With silver wrought; her helmet's crested pride:  
For these (ill omen!) fable arms she wore,  
And fable casque that no plum'd honours bore.  
She deem'd it easier, thus disguis'd to go,  
And pierce the watchful squadrons of the foe.  
The eunuch, old Arfetes, near her stay'd,  
Who from her childhood bred the warrior-maid;  
Who all her steps with faithful age pursu'd,  
And near her now a trusty guardian stood.  
He saw the virgin change her wonted arms;  
Her rash design his anxious breast alarms:  
He weeps, adjures her oft with earnest prayers,  
By his long service, by his silver hairs,  
By the dear memory of his former pains,  
To cease th' attempt; but she unmov'd remains.  
To whom he said: Since, bent on future ill,  
Thou stand'st resolv'd thy purpose to fulfill;  
Since neither helpless age, nor love like mine,  
Nor tears, nor prayers, can change thy dire design,  
Attend—my tongue shall wondrous things reveal,  
Nor longer now thy former state conceal.  
That done, no more I strive thy thoughts to shake;  
Resume thy purpose, or my counsel take.

He said; with eyes intent the virgin stood,      159  
While thus the hoary sire his speech purfu'd.

In Ethiopia once Senapus reign'd,  
(And still perchance he rules the happy land)  
Who kept the precepts given by Mary's SON,  
Where yet the fable race his doctrines own.  
There I, a pagan liv'd, remov'd from man,  
The Queen's attendant midst the female train.  
Though native gloom was o'er her features spread,  
Her beauty triumph'd through the dusky shade.  
Her husband lov'd—but ah! was doom'd to prove  
At once th' extremes of jealousy and love:  
He kept her close, secluded from mankind,  
Within a lonely deep recess confin'd;  
While the sage matron mild submission paid,  
And, what her lord decreed, with joy obey'd.

Her pictur'd room a sacred story shows<sup>h</sup>,  
Where, rich with life, each mimic figure glows:

<sup>h</sup> — *a sacred story shows.*] This alludes to the fabulous legend of Saint George, to which the poet here seems to give a mystical sense. Thus Ariosto, Orlando Furioso, Canto xv. speaking of the spurs given by Sanfonetto to Astolpho,

Believ'd the champion's once, whose valiant deed  
The holy virgin from the dragon freed.      Ver. 716.

There, white as snow, appears a beauteous maid, 177  
And near a dragon's hideous form display'd.  
A champion through the beast a javelin sends,  
And in his blood the monster's bulk extends.

Here oft the Queen her secret faults confess'd,  
And prostrate here her humble vows address'd.  
At length her womb disburthen'd gave to view  
(Her offspring thou) a child of snowy hue<sup>1</sup>,  
Struck with th' unusual birth, with looks amaz'd,  
As on some strange portent, the matron gaz'd :  
She knew what fears possess'd her husband's mind,  
And hence to hide thee from his sight design'd,  
And, as her own, expose to public view  
A new-born infant like herself in hue :  
And since the tower, in which she then remain'd,  
Alone her damsels and myself contain'd;

<sup>1</sup> — *a child of snowy hue.*] This fiction is apparently taken from the famous romance of Heliodorus, called Theagenes and Chariclea, where Perfina, lying with her husband in a chamber painted with the story of Perseus delivering Andromeda from the monster, was delivered of a daughter of a white complexion, afterwards called Chariclea, which, fearful of incurring the jealousy of her husband, she exposed in the same manner as is here related of the mother of Clorinda.

To me, who lov'd her with a faithful mind,      193  
 Her infant charge she unbaptiz'd consign'd<sup>k</sup>,  
 With tears and sighs she gave thee to my care,  
 Remote from thence the precious pledge to bear!  
 What tongues her sorrows and her plaints can tell,  
 How oft she press'd thee with a last farewell!  
 With streaming tears each tender kiss is drown'd,  
 While frequent sighs her faltering words confound;  
 At length with lifted eyes—O GOD! (she cried)  
 By whom the secrets of my breast are tried;  
 If still my thoughts have undefil'd remain'd,  
 And still my heart its constancy maintain'd;  
 (Not for myself I ask thy pitying grace,  
 A thousand sins, alas! my soul deface!)  
 O! keep this harmless babe, to whom, distress'd,  
 A mother thus denies her kindly breast:  
 Give her from me her spotless life to frame,  
 But copy in her fate some happier name!  
 Thou, heavenly chief! whose arm the serpent brav'd,  
 And from his ravenous jaws the virgin sav'd:  
 If e'er I tapers burn'd with rites divine,  
 Or offer'd gold and incense at thy shrine;

\* ——— *unbaptiz'd*—] According to the custom of that country, the males could not be baptized till the age of fourteen, and the females till the age of sixteen.

For her I pray, that she, thy faithful maid,      215  
On thee, in every chance, may call for aid.

She ceas'd; her heart convulsive anguish wrung,  
And on her face a mortal sorrow hung.

With tears I took thee, and with care bestow'd  
Within a chest, with leaves and flowers o'erstrow'd,  
And bore thee thence conceal'd a pleasing load!  
At length remote, my lonely footsteps stray'd  
Amidst a forest thick with horrid shade;  
When lo! a tigress drawing near I view'd,  
Her threatening eyes suffus'd with rage and blood;  
Wild with affright I left thee on the ground,  
And climb'd a tree, and thence my safety found:  
The furious beast now cast her eyes aside,  
And thee deserted on the herbage spy'd:  
Intent she seem'd to gaze, and milder grew,  
'Till all the fierceness from her looks withdrew:  
Approaching nigh, she fawn'd in wanton play,  
And lick'd your infant members as you lay;  
While you secure the savage form caress'd,  
And strok'd with harmless hand her dreadful crest.  
She offer'd then her teats, and (strange to view!)  
Thy willing lips the milky moisture drew.  
With anxious fear and wonder I beheld  
A sight so new, that all belief excell'd.

Soon as she found thee fated with the food,                    240  
The beast departed, and regain'd the wood.  
Then hastening down to where on earth you lay,  
I with my charge resum'd my former way :  
'Till midst a village my retreat I made ;  
In secret there thy infancy was bred :  
And there I dwelt, 'till coursing round, the moon  
Had sixteen changing months to mortals shown ;  
'Till thy young feet began their steps to frame,  
And from thy tongue imperfect accents came,  
But sinking now, as middle life declin'd,  
To hoary age, the winter of mankind ;  
Enrich'd with gold, which with a bounteous hand  
The Queen had given me when I left the land,  
I loath'd this irksome life, with wandering tir'd,  
And to review my native soil desir'd ;  
There midst my friends to pass my latter days,  
And cheer my evenings with a social blaze.  
To Egypt then I turn'd, my natal shore,  
And thee the partner of my journey bore.  
When, lo ! a flood we gain—there thieves enclose  
My doubtful pass, and here the current flows.  
What should I do, reluctant to forego  
My dearest charge, or trust the barbarous foe ?

I take the flood ; one hand the torrent braves ; 264  
And one sustains thee while I plough the waves.  
Swift was the stream, and in its midmost course,  
A circling eddy whirl'd with rapid force :  
There round and round, with giddy motion tost,  
Sudden I sunk, in depth of waters lost ;  
Thee soon I mis'd, but thee the waters bore,  
And winds propitious wafted to the shore.  
Breathless and faint at length I reach'd the land,  
And there, with joy, my dearest pledge regain'd.

But now what time to dusky shade consign'd,  
Night spreads her veil of silence o'er mankind,  
Behold a warrior in my dream appear'd,  
And o'er my head a naked falchion rear'd.  
Hear my command ! (he cry'd with threatening air)  
What once a mother trusted to thy care ;  
Thy infant charge with sacred rites baptize ;  
Belov'd of Heaven, with me her safety lies :  
For her to ravenous beasts I pity gave,  
And breath'd a living spirit in the wave.  
Oh ! wretched thou ! if, such a warning given,  
Thou dar'st to flight the messenger of Heaven !

He ceas'd ; I wak'd, and then resum'd my way,  
Soon as the morn reveal'd her early ray.



Remote perhaps from truth.—O! yet forbear;    312  
Consent, no longer now those arms to wear:  
Suppress thy daring, and relieve my care.

He ceas'd, and wept: In deep suspense she stay'd,  
A dream, like his, her troubled soul dismay'd:  
At length her looks she clear'd, and thus reply'd:  
That faith I deem the truth, be still my guide;  
That faith, I learn'd from thee in early years,  
Which now thou seek'st to shake with causeless fears:  
Nor will I (noble minds such thoughts disdain)  
Forego these arms, or from th' attempt refrain;  
Though death, in every shape that mortals fear,  
Should undisguis'd before my eyes appear.

So spoke the generous maid, and gently strove  
To calm his anguish, and his doubts remove.  
Now came the season for the deed design'd,  
When parting thence th' expecting<sup>1</sup> knight she join'd;  
If men there to inflame each breast conspir'd  
With goading speech, that neither breast requir'd,  
And to their hands two sulphurous balls consign'd,  
With secret fire in hollow reeds confin'd.

Now through the night their silent march they bend,  
Now leave the city, and the hill descend:

<sup>1</sup> ARGANTES.

'Till near the place arriv'd, where towering high, 335  
The hostile structure rises to the sky ;  
Their daring souls can scarcely now restrain  
The warmth that breathes in every glowing vein :  
Their cautious tread the watchful guard alarms ;  
The signal these demand, and call aloud to arms.

No more conceal'd remain the generous pair,  
But boldly rushing on provoke the war.

As missile stones from battering engines fly,

As forked thunders rend the troubled sky ;

One instant sees them, with resistless hand,

Attack, and pierce and scatter wide the band.

'Midst clashing spears and hissing darts they flew,

And unrepuls'd their glorious task pursue :

Now, held in fight, the ready fires they raise :

Now near the pile the threatening vapours blaze ;

'Till on the tower the dreadful pest they bend :

On every side the curling flames ascend :

Heavy and thick the smoky volumes rise,

And shade with sable clouds the starry skies ;

Flash follows flash, the mingled blaze aspires,

'Till all the ether glows with ruddy fires !

Fann'd by the wind, the flame more furious grows :

Down falls the pile, the terror of the foes,

And one short hour the wondrous work o'erthrows !

Meanwhile with speed two Christian squadrons came,  
Who from the field had seen the rising flame: 361  
To these the bold Argantes turn'd, and vow'd  
To quench the burning ruins with their blood:  
Yet, with Clorinda join'd, retreating still,  
By slow degrees he gain'd the neighbouring hill;  
While, like a flood by sounding rains increas'd,  
Behind their steps the eager Christians press'd.

Soon was the gate unbarr'd, where ready stands  
The king, surrounded by his numerous bands,  
To welcome back (if fate th' attempt succeed)  
The pair triumphant from the glorious deed.  
Now near the town the knight and virgin drew,  
And swift behind the troop of Franks pursue;  
These Solyman dispers'd: the portal clos'd,  
But left Clorinda to the foe expos'd;  
Alone expos'd; for while the hafty bands  
Shut fast the sounding gate with ready hands,  
She follow'd Arimon, by fury driven,  
To avenge the wound his luckless arm had given:  
His life she took: nor yet Argantes knew  
That she, ill-fated! from the walls withdrew.  
All cares were lost, the tumult of the fight.  
Amaz'd the senses midst the gloom of night.

At length, her rage allay'd with hostile blood, 384  
The maid at leisure all her peril view'd :  
The numbers round, and clos'd the friendly gate,  
She deem'd her life a prey to certain fate.  
But when she finds no Christian eye descries  
The hostile warrior in the dark disguise,  
New schemes of safety in her mind arise.  
Herself securely midst the ranks she throws,  
And undiscover'd mingles with the foes.  
Then, as the wolf retires besmear'd with blood,  
And seeks the shelter of the distant wood ;  
So, favour'd by the tumult of the night,  
The dame, departing, shunn'd the prying sight.  
Tancred alone perceiv'd, with heedful view,  
Some pagan foe as near the place he drew.  
He came what time she Arimon had slain,  
Then mark'd her course, and follow'd o'er the plain :  
Eager he burn'd to prove her force in fight,  
Esteem'd a warrior worthy of his might,  
Her sex unknown. And now the virgin went  
A winding way along the hill's ascent :  
Impetuous he pursu'd, but ere he came,  
His clashing armour rous'd th' unwary dame.

Then turning swift—What bring'st thou here? (she  
cry'd) 407

Lo! war and death I bring!—(the chief reply'd)  
Then war and death (the virgin said) I give;  
What thou to me would'st bring, from me receive!  
Intrepid then she stay'd; the knight drew near;  
But when he saw the foe on foot appear,  
He left his steed to meet in equal war.

Now with drawn swords they rush the fight to wage:  
With fury thus two jealous bulls engage.  
What glorious deeds on either part were done,  
That claim'd an open field and conscious sun!  
Thou, night! whose envious veil with dark disguise,  
Conceal'd the warrior's acts from human eyes,  
Permit me from thy gloom to snatch their fame,  
And give to future times each mighty name;  
So shall they shine, from age to age display'd,  
For glories won beneath thy sable shade!  
All art in fight the dusky hour denies,  
And fury now the place of skill supplies.  
The meeting swords with horrid clangor sound:  
Each whirls the falchion, each maintains the ground:  
Alternate furies either breast inflame,  
Alternate vengeance and alternate shame.

No pause, no rest, th' impatient warriors know, 430  
But rage to rage, and blow succeeds to blow :  
Still more and more the combat seems to rise,  
That scarce their weapons can their wrath suffice ;  
Till grappling fierce, in nearer strife they close,  
And helm to helm, and shield to shield oppose.  
Thrice in his nervous arm he held the maid ;  
And thrice elusive from his grasp she fled.  
Again with threatening swords resum'd they stood,  
And dy'd again the steel with mutual blood :  
Till, spent with labour, each awhile retir'd,  
And faint and breathless from the fight respir'd.

Now shines the latest star with fainter ray,  
And ruddy streaks proclaim the dawning day :  
Each views the foe ; while, bending on the plain  
The swords revers'd their sinking bulks sustain.  
Then Tancred marks the blood that drains his foe,  
But sees his own with less effusion flow,  
He sees with joy :—O ! mortals blind to fate,  
Too soon with Fortune's favouring gale elate !  
Ah ! wretch ! rejoice not—Thou too soon shalt mourn !  
Thy boast and triumph must to sorrow turn !  
Soon shall thy eyes distil a briny flood,  
For all those purple drops of precious blood !

Thus for a while the weary warriors stay'd,      454  
And speechless each the other's wounds survey'd.  
At length the silence gallant Tancred broke,  
Besought her name, and mildly thus bespoke.

Hard is our fate to prove our mutual might,  
When darkness veils our deeds from every sight:  
But since ill fortune envies valour's praise,  
And not a witness here our strife surveys;  
If prayers from foes can e'er acceptance claim,  
To me reveal thy lineage and thy name:  
So shall I know, whate'er th' event be found,  
Who makes my conquest or my death renown'd.

Thou seek'st in vain (the haughty maid reply'd)  
To fathom what my soul resolves to hide.  
Yet, one of those thou see'st (whate'er my name)  
Who gave thy boasted tower to feed the flame.

At this with rage indignant Tancred burn'd:  
In hapless hour thou speak'st (he thus return'd)  
Alike thy speech, alike thy silence proves,  
And either, wretch! my arm to vengeance moves.

With rest refresh'd, with wrath inflam'd anew,  
Again transported to the fight they flew.  
What dreadful wounds on either side are given!  
Through arms and flesh the ruthless swords are driven.

Though faint with blood effus'd from every vein, 478  
Their staggering limbs can scarce their weight sustain;  
Yet still they live, and still maintain the strife,  
Disdain and rage withhold their fleeting life.  
So seems th' Egean sea, the tempest past,  
That here and there its troubled waters cast;  
It still preserves the fury gain'd before,  
And rolls the founding billows to the shore.

But now behold the mournful hour at hand,  
In which the fates Clorinda's life demand.  
Full at her bosom Tancred aim'd the sword;  
The thirsty steel her lovely bosom gor'd:  
The sanguine current stain'd with blushing red  
Th' embroider'd vest that o'er her arms was spread.  
She feels approaching death in every vein;  
Her trembling knees no more her weight sustain:  
But still the Christian knight pursues the blow,  
And threats and presses close his vanquish'd foe.  
She, as she fell, with moving voice address'd  
The prince; and thus preferr'd her dear request;  
Some pitying angel form'd her last desire,  
Where faith, and hope, and charity conspire!  
On the fair rebel Heaven such grace bestow'd,  
And now in death requir'd the faith she ow'd.

'Tis thine, my friend!—I pardon thee the stroke—  
O! let me pardon too from thee invoke!— 503  
Not for this mortal frame I urge my prayer,  
For this I know no fear, and ask no care :  
No, for my soul alone I pity crave ;  
O! cleanse my follies in the sacred wave !

Feebly she spoke ; the mournful sounds impart  
A tender feeling to the victor's heart ;  
His wrath subsides, while softer passions rise,  
And call the tear of pity from his eyes.  
Not distant far, adown the mossy hill  
In gentle murmurs roll'd a crystal rill :  
There in his casque the limpid stream he took ;  
Then sad and pensive hasten'd from the brook.  
His hands now trembled, while her helm he rear'd,  
Ere yet the features of his foe appear'd ;—  
He sees!—he knows!—and senseless stands the knight!  
O fatal knowledge—O distracting fight !  
Yet still he lives, and rous'd with holy zeal,  
Prepares the last sad duty to fulfill.  
While from his lips he gave the words of grace,  
A smile of transport brighten'd in her face :  
Rejoic'd in death, she seem'd her joy to tell,  
And bade for heaven the empty world farewell.



Nor would he leave (tho' deem'd of pagan kind) 550  
Her lovely limbs to hungry wolves consign'd :  
But either burthen, on their shoulders laid,  
To Tancred's tent the mournful troop convey'd.  
Thus step by step their gentle march they took,  
Nor yet the warrior from his trance awoke ;  
Yet oft he groan'd, and shew'd that fleeting life  
Still in his breast maintain'd a doubtful strife :  
While hush'd and motionless, the damsel show'd  
Her spirit parted from its mortal load.  
Thus either body to the camp they bear,  
And there apart dispose with pious care.

With every duteous rite, on either hand  
Around the wounded prince th' assistants stand.  
And now by slow degrees he lifts his sight,  
Before his eyes appears a glimmering light ;  
He feels the leech's hand, his ear receives  
The sound of speech, but doubts if yet he lives :  
Amaz'd he gazes round : at length he knows  
The place, his friends, and thus laments his woes.

And do I live !—and do I yet survey  
The hated beams of this unhappy day !  
Ah ! coward hand ! to righteous vengeance flow !  
Though deeply vers'd in every murderous blow !

Dar'ft thou not, impious minifter of death! 574  
Transfix this heart, and ftop this guilty breath?  
But haply us'd to deeds of horrid ftain,  
Thou deem'ft it mercy to conclude my pain.  
Still, fill 'tis mine with grief and fhame to rove,  
A dire example of difaftrous love!  
While keen remorse for ever breaks my reft,  
And raging furies haunt my confcious breast;  
The lonely fhades with terror muft I view,  
The fhades fhall every dreadful thought renew:  
The rifing fun fhall equal horrors yield,  
The fun that firft the dire event reveal'd!  
Still muft I view myfelf with hateful eye,  
And feek, though vainly, from myfelf to fly!—  
But ah! unhappy wretch! what place contains  
Of that ill-fated fair the chafte remains?  
All that efcap'd my rage, my brutal power,  
Perhaps the natives of the woods devour!  
Ah! haplefs maid! 'gainft whom alike confpire  
The woodland favage and the hostile ire!  
O! let me join the dead on yonder plain,  
(If ftill her beauteous limbs untouch'd remain)  
Me too thofe greedy jaws alike fhall tear,  
Me too the monster in his paunch fhall bear.

O! happy envied hour! (if such my doom) 598  
That gives us both in death an equal tomb.

And now he heard that near his tent was laid  
The lifeless body of his much-lov'd maid.  
At this awhile his mournful look he clears:  
So through the clouds a transient gleam appears,  
And from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.  
With faltering steps he thither bends his way,  
Where plac'd apart the hapless virgin lay:  
But when arriv'd he saw the wound impress'd,  
With which his hand had pierc'd her tender breast;  
And deadly pale, yet calm as evening's shade,  
Beheld her face, with every rose decay'd;  
His trembling knees had sunk beneath their load,  
But here his circling friends their aid bestow'd,  
Till thus again he vents his plaints aloud:  
O! fight! that e'en to death can sweetness give,  
But cannot now, alas! my woes relieve!  
O! thou dear hand, that once to mine was press'd,  
The pledge of amity and peace confess'd;  
What art thou now? alas! how chang'd in death!  
And what am I, that still prolong my breath?  
Behold those lovely limbs in ruin laid,  
The dreadful work my impious rage has made!

This hand, these eyes alike are cruel found ;      622  
That gave the stroke, and these survey the wound !  
Tearless survey !—since tears are here denied,  
My guilty blood shall pour the vital tide !

He ceas'd; and groaning with his inmost breath,  
Fix'd in despair and resolute on death,  
Each bandage straight with frantic passion tore :  
Forth gush'd from every wound the spouting gore :  
But here excess of grief his will deceiv'd,  
His senses fetter'd, and his life repriev'd.

Then to his bed again the knight was borne;  
His spirits to their hated home return ;  
And soon around the tongues of fame relate  
The hero's sorrow, and his hapless fate.  
Now Godfrey sought his tent ; and with him came  
Each noble chief, a friend to Tancred's name.  
But nor reproof nor soothing yields relief,  
And words are vain to calm his rage of grief.  
So when some limb a mortal wound receives,  
Each probing hand increasing anguish gives.  
But reverend Peter's care the rest transcends,  
(A shepherd thus his sickly charge attends)  
With awful words the lover's breast he moves,  
And wisely thus his wandering thought reproveth.

Unhappy prince! why thus indulge thy shame, 646  
Why thus forgetful of thy former fame?  
Why thus obscure thine eye, and deaf thine ear?—  
View honour's charms, and virtue's summons hear.  
Thy lord recalls thee to thy former post,  
And shows the path thy erring feet have lost!  
New tasks await thee in the field of fight,  
The glorious station of a Christian knight!  
Which thou hast left, by fatal love betray'd,  
Lost in wild passion for a pagan maid!  
To thee this chastening is in mercy given,  
And thou, dost thou reject the grace of Heaven?  
Think where thy errors tend; thy state survey,  
To senseless sorrow a regardless prey!  
Thy feet are tottering on the brink of death,  
Behold th' eternal gulph that gapes beneath!  
Think, Tancred, think! this impious grief control,  
That in a twofold death involves thy soul.

He ceas'd; nor here in vain the youth assail'd:  
The fear of second death o'er all prevail'd.  
His yielding heart confess'd the kind relief;  
Returning reason calm'd his raging grief:  
Yet still the frequent sighs his sorrow speak;  
Still from his tongue the mournful accents break:

With tender sound his lips invoke the fair,                   670  
Who lent perchance from heaven a pitying ear.  
On her, when sets the sun, and when returns,  
He calls incessant, and incessant mourns.  
So fares the nightingale, with anguish stung,  
When some rude swain purloins her callow young,  
Torn from the nest; all helpless and alone,  
Each night she fills the woods with plaintive moan.  
At length one morn, as sleep his eyes oppress'd,  
And o'er his sorrows shed the dews of rest;  
Lo! in a dream, with starry robes array'd,  
With heavenly charms appear'd the warrior-maid:  
She seem'd to view him with a pitying look,  
And dried his tears, and gently thus bespoke.

Behold what glories round my person shine!  
Then weep no more, thy faithful grief resign:  
Such as I am, to thee my state I owe,  
Who freed me from the vale of sin below:  
Who made me worthy, midst the faints above,  
To dwell with GOD in realms of endless love.  
There wrapt in heavenly blifs, and crown'd with grace,  
My hopes prepare for thee an equal place:  
Where thou shalt stand before th' eternal throne,  
Partake my glories, and enjoy thy own;

Unless thyself reject the mercy given, 691  
Or sensual follies spurn the grace of Heaven :  
Then live !—and know thou hast Clorinda's love,  
As far as earthly thoughts can souls immortal move.

So speaking, from her eyes the lightning came,  
And all her features glow'd with holy flame :  
Then, lost in rays, she vanish'd from his sight,  
And breath'd new comfort in the mourning knight.  
Consol'd he wak'd ; and with a temperate mind  
To skilful hands his wounded limbs consign'd.  
And next he bade to inhume, with pious care,  
The last dear relics of the breathless fair.  
Though for the tomb no costly marbles came,  
Nor hand Dædalean wrought the sculptur'd frame :  
Yet, as the time allow'd, the stone they chose,  
And o'er the grave the figur'd structure rose.  
With funeral pomp the troops the corse convey'd,  
While torches round their solemn light display'd :  
High on the naked pine her arms were plac'd,  
And every rite the martial virgin grac'd.

Now Tancred fought the tomb, his vows to pay,  
Where, cold in death, her precious relics lay :  
Soon as he reach'd the pile, in which, enshrin'd,  
Repos'd the treasure of his tortur'd mind ;

All pale and speechless for a time he stood,      718  
Awhile, with eyes unmov'd, the marble view'd :  
At length releas'd, the gushing torrents broke,  
He drew a length of sighs, and thus he spoke :

O tomb rever'd ! where all my hopes are fled ;  
O'er which my eyes such copious sorrows shed ;  
Thou bear'st not in thy womb a lifeless frame,  
There love still dwells, and lights his wonted flame !  
Still, still that form ador'd my breast inspires,  
With not less ardent, but more painful fires !  
O give these kisses, give these mournful sighs  
To that lov'd form that in thy bosom lies.  
Should e'er her spirit deign a look to turn,  
Where sleep these relics in the silent urn ;  
Would she thy pity or my tears reprove ?  
Can hate or anger touch the blest above ?  
Ah ! may she then my hapless crime forgive,  
In that dear hope my soul consents to live :  
She knows my erring hand the deed has wrought,  
My heart was guiltless of so dire a thought :  
Nor will she scorn that he who owns his flame,  
Should still, while life endures, adore her name ;  
Till death shall bid me here no longer rove,  
But join us both in mutual peace above.

Then in one tomb our mortal parts may rest ! 742  
And in one heaven our spirits may be blest.  
So shall I dead enjoy what life denied,  
O happy change ! if fate such bliss provide !

Thus he : but now the dreadful tidings flew,  
And spread in whispers thro' the hostile crew :  
At length, the certain tale divulg'd around,  
With cries and female shrieks the walls resound :  
As if the foes had every fortrefs won,  
And one vast blaze involv'd the ruin'd town.

But chief Arfetes every eye demands,  
He o'er the rest in grief superior stands ;  
No tears from him, like common sorrows flow,  
Too deep his bosom feels the frantic woe.  
With fordid dust he soils his hoary hairs,  
He strikes his aged breast, his cheeks he tears,  
While fix'd on him the vulgar held their look,  
Thus in the midst the fierce Argantes spoke.

When first I heard the city gates were clos'd,  
And midst the foes the glorious dame expos'd,  
Fain would I then have issu'd to her aid,  
And shar'd one fortune with the hapless maid !  
In vain I pray'd !—the king's command restrain'd,  
And me reluctant in the town detain'd.

O! had I issu'd then, this faithful sword 706  
 Had safe the virgin to these walls restor'd :  
 Or, where her blood now stains the purple ground,  
 My days had run their race, with glory crown'd !  
 What could I more? what means remain'd untried?  
 But men and Gods alike my suit deny'd !  
 Pale lies she now, in fatal conflict slain ;  
 Then hear what duties for this arm remain !  
 Hear, all Jerusalem ! my purpose hear !  
 And conscious Heaven be witness whilst I swear !  
 I vow dire vengeance on the Christian's head :  
 And if I fail, on me thy bolts be shed !  
 The task be mine the murderer's life to take ;  
 Ne'er shall this trusty sword my side forsake,  
 Till deep in Tancred's heart it finds a way,  
 And leaves his corse to ravenous fowls a prey !  
     He spoke : well pleas'd his speech the Syrians hear,  
 And loud applauses rend the founding air.  
 The hopes of vengeance all their pains relieve ;  
 Each calms his sorrow, and forgets to grieve.  
 O empty words ! O Heaven in vain adjur'd !  
 Far other end disposing fate ensur'd !  
 For soon subdu'd the pagan boaster dies  
 By him who now in thought beneath his prowess lies !

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIII.

## THE ARGUMENT.

ISMENO, by his enchantments, raises the Demons, and appoints them to guard the wood which supplied the Christians with timbers to carry on the siege. The workmen being sent to fell the trees are terrified, and return to the camp. Several of the chiefs successively attempt the adventure, but in vain. Tancred then undertakes it, and penetrates into the wood; but at length retires, deceived by new illusions. The Christian army is afflicted with a drought, by which it is reduced to the utmost extremity. A disaffection spreads amongst the troops, several of whom withdraw themselves under favour of the night. Godfrey invokes the assistance of Heaven, and the camp is relieved by a seasonable shower.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## BOOK XIII.

BUT scarce consum'd in smouldering ashes falls  
Th' enormous pile that shook the Pagan walls ;  
When other schemes Ismeno's arts compose,  
To save the ramparts from th' invading foes :  
He bends his thought to guard the woodland shade,  
From which the Franks their mighty beams convey'd ;  
That thus their engines they no more may rear,  
Nor Sion more the threatening fury fear.

Not far from where encamp'd the Christian bands,  
Midst lonely vales, an aged forest stands :  
Here, when the day with purest beams is bright,  
The branches scarce admit a gloomy light ;  
Such as we view from morning's doubtful ray,  
Or the faint glimmerings of departing day.

But when the sun beneath the earth descends, 15  
Here mournful night her deeper veil extends ;  
Infernal darkness broods o'er every sight,  
And chilling terrors every breast affright.

No shepherd here his flock to pasture drives ;  
No village swain, with lowing herd, arrives :  
No pilgrim dares approach ; but each dismay'd  
In distant prospect shows the dreary shade.  
Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,  
Convey'd on flitting clouds through yielding air :  
While one a dragon's fiery image bears ;  
And one a goat's mishapen likeness wears.  
And here they celebrate, with impious rite,  
The feasts profane and orgies of the night.  
Thus went the fame : untouch'd the forest stood,  
No hand presum'd to violate the wood ;  
Till now the fearless Franks its trees invade,  
From these alone their vast machines they made.

The Sorcerer hither came ; the hour he chose,  
When night around her deepest silence throws ;  
Close to his loins he girt his flowing vest,  
Then form'd his circle, and his signs impress'd :  
With one foot bare, amidst the magic round  
He stood, and mutter'd many a potent sound.

Thrice turning to the east his face was shewn ; 39  
Thrice to the regions of the setting sun ;  
And thrice he shook the wand, whose wondrous force  
Could from the tomb recall the buried corse :  
As oft with naked foot the soil he struck,  
Then thus aloud in dreadful accents spoke.

Hear you! who once by vengeful lightning driven,  
Fell headlong from the starry plains of heaven!  
Ye powers who guide the storms and wintry war,  
The wandering rulers of the middle air!  
And you, the ministers of endless woe  
To sinful spirits in the shades below,  
Inhabitants of hell! your aid I claim,  
And thine, dire Monarch of the realms of flame!  
Attend my will; these woods in charge receive;  
To you consign'd each fatal plant I leave.  
As human bodies human souls contain,  
So you inshrin'd within these trees remain.  
Thus shall the Christians fly, at least forbear  
To fell this forest, and your anger dare.  
. He said; and added many an impious spell,  
Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.  
While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night  
Th' affrighted stars withdrew their glittering light;

The moon, disturb'd, no more her beams reveal'd, 63  
But, wrapt in clouds, her silver horns conceal'd.

Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again :  
Why are ye thus, ye fiends! invok'd in vain?  
Why this delay? or do you wait to hear  
More potent words, and accents more severe?  
Though long difus'd, my memory yet retains  
Each deeper art that every power constrains :  
These lips can sound that name with terror heard,  
That awful name by every demon fear'd ;  
The name that startles hell's tremendous reign,  
And calls forth Pluto from his own domain.  
Hear! and attend!—no more th' enchanter said,  
The spell was ended, and the fiends obey'd.

Unnumber'd spirits to the grove repair,  
Of those that wander through the fields of air ;  
Of those that deep in earth's foundations lie,  
In seats far distant from the cheerful sky.  
Still in their mind they bear the high command,  
That late, from fields of fight, their host restrain'd :  
Yet each compell'd the direful charge receives,  
Invades the trunk, or lurks beneath leaves.

The Sorc'rer now, his impious purpose wrought,  
With secret joy the Monarch's presence fought.

O king! confirm thy hope, thy doubts give o'er, 87  
Behold secur'd thy throne and regal power!  
No more the Christians, as their thoughts intend,  
Can bid their towers against the town ascend.  
He said; and to th' attentive prince disclos'd  
The various spells by magic power compos'd;  
Then thus pursu'd — To what my lips have told,  
As grateful tidings let me now unfold.  
Know Mars and Sol will soon their force combine,  
To dart their mutual beams from Leo's sign:  
No fanning winds shall cool the burning ray,  
No showers or dews refresh the sultry day.  
But happy we such season here may bear,  
Reliev'd with pleasing shade and gentle air:  
This city shelter yields and plenteous streams,  
And cooling gales to check the scorching beams;  
While on the barren earth the Franks shall lie,  
And feel the fury of th' inclement sky.  
Thus, first subdu'd by Heaven, th' Egyptian train  
Shall o'er their host an easy conquest gain.  
So shall the foes, without thy labour, yield:  
Then tempt no more the fortune of the field.  
But if too high Argantes' courage glows,  
To bear, what prudence wills, a short repose:



Back from the wood with speed the camp they fought,  
And wild reports, and tales uncertain brought. 136  
The Christian warriors scorn'd their daftard fears,  
And heard their words with unbelieving ears.  
Then Godfrey next dispatch'd a squadron try'd,  
A valiant troop, that every chance defy'd,  
To succour those, and urge their fainting hands  
To act with courage what their chief commands.  
Now near they came, where midst the horrid shade  
The fiends conceal'd their impious dwelling made.  
Soon as their eyes the dreary feats behold,  
Each beating heart is numb'd with freezing cold.  
Yet on they move, while looks of boldness hide  
Th' ignoble thoughts that every breast divide.  
Arriv'd at length within the vale they stood,  
And reach'd the entrance of th' enchanted wood.  
When sudden issu'd forth a rumbling sound,  
As when an earthquake rocks the trembling ground;  
A hollow noise, like murmuring winds, they hear,  
Or dashing billows breaking on their ear:  
There serpents seem to hiss, and lions roar,  
To howl the wolf, to grunt the tusky boar:  
The trumpet's clangor sounds, the thunders roll,  
And mingled clamours echo to the pole!

At once their bloodless cheeks their thoughts display'd;  
 A thousand signs their timorous hearts betray'd: 160  
 No more could discipline their ranks sustain,  
 A secret power dismay'd the routed train;  
 At length they fled: when one, with looks confus'd,  
 To pious Godfrey thus their flight excus'd:

No more we boast, O chief! those woods to fell,  
 Impervious woods, secur'd by hidden spell!  
 Infernal furies midst the gloom resort,  
 And Pluto there has fix'd his horrid court!  
 Of triple adamant his heart is made,  
 Who unappall'd beholds the fatal shade:  
 And more than mortal he, who, free from fear,  
 Can the dire howlings and the thunders hear.

He said; and while he thus his tale pursu'd,  
 Amongst the listening chiefs Alcastus stood;  
 A man of courage rash, whose daring mind  
 Scorn'd every monster dreadful to mankind;  
 Nor storms nor earthquakes could his fear excite,  
 Nor aught that fills the world with pale affright.

He shook his head, and smiling thus reply'd:  
 By me this arduous task shall soon be try'd!  
 Alone I go yon dreaded woods to fell,  
 Where visionary shapes and terrors dwell.

No ghastly spectres shall this hand restrain, 183  
And fiends shall howl, and thunders roar in vain:  
Behold my soul each threatening power defies,  
Though hell's dire passage gape before my eyes!

Boastful he spoke: the leader gave consent:  
From thence with daring steps the warrior went.  
At length the forest to his sight appear'd,  
And from within the mingled noise was heard.  
But still the knight pursu'd his course unmov'd;  
No terrors yet his dauntless bosom prov'd.  
Now had his feet the soil forbidden trod,  
When lo! a rising fire his steps withstood:  
Wide and more wide it spread, and seem'd to frame  
Huge lofty walls and battlements of flame!  
The wonderous fence around the wood extends,  
And from the sounding axe its trees defends.  
What monsters arm'd upon the ramparts stand!  
What horrid forms compose the griesly band!  
With threatening eyes some view him from afar,  
And some, with clashing arms, the champion dare.  
At length he flies, but with a tardy flight;  
So parts a lion yielding in the fight.  
Surpris'd, his conscious heart the doubts confess'd,  
And own'd the fears that struggled in his breast.

Then, to the camp return'd, with humbled pride, 207  
From every eye he fought the shame to hide :  
No longer durst, his face with grief o'erspread,  
Among the warriors lift his haughty head.

By Godfrey summon'd now, awhile he stay'd,  
And with excuses vain the time delay'd :  
Slowly at length he came, unwilling spoke,  
And from his lips imperfect accents broke.  
Full well the leader saw his troubled mind,  
And, by his looks, the boaster's flight divin'd.

What may (he cries) these strange events portend ?  
What tales are these that nature's laws transcend ?  
Is there a man who, fill'd with glorious heat,  
Dares yet explore the forest's dark retreat ?  
Now let his courage yonder seats invade,  
Or bring more certain tidings from the shade.

So spoke the chief : and three succeeding days  
The boldest warriors, urg'd by thirst of praise,  
Assay'd the dreary wood : but, struck with dread,  
Each knight by turns the threatening terrors fled.

Now in her tomb has noble Tancred laid  
The honour'd relics of his much-lov'd maid :  
Pale are his looks, his languid limbs appear  
Too weak the cuirass or the shield to bear.

But, since the Christian cause his sword requires, 231  
Nor toil nor danger damps his generous fires;  
Heroic ardors all his soul inflame,  
And give new vigour to his feeble frame.  
With native firmness arm'd, he hastes to prove  
The secret perils of the magic grove.  
Unmov'd his eyes the gloomy shade behold:  
In vain the earthquakes rock'd, the thunders roll'd:  
At first a transient doubt assail'd his breast,  
But each unworthy thought was soon repress'd.  
Still on he pass'd, till full before his eyes  
The burning walls and flaming ramparts rise.  
At this awhile his hasty course he stay'd:  
What here can arms avail? (the warrior said)  
Shall I, where yon devouring furies wait,  
Amidst the flames attempt a desperate fate?  
Ne'er would I fly from death in glory's strife,  
When fame, when public good, demands my life.  
From useless perils yet the brave refrain;  
The warrior's courage here were spent in vain:  
Yet how will yonder camp my flight receive?  
What other forest can their want relieve?  
By Godfrey then the task will sure be try'd:  
These fires perhaps may vanish when defy'd.

But be it as it may! th' attempt I claim!— 255  
He said, and fearless rush'd amidst the flame :  
At once he leapt, and press'd unhurt the ground,  
Nor fire nor heat th' intrepid hero found :  
At once the visionary flames were fled,  
And all around a dismal darkness spread :  
Tempests and clouds arose : but soon anew  
The storms were vanish'd, and the clouds withdrew !  
Surpris'd, but dauntless, noble Tancred stood,  
And when the skies thus clear'd the warrior view'd,  
With steps secure he pierc'd th' unhallow'd glade,  
And trac'd each secret winding of the shade.  
No wondrous phantoms now his course oppos'd ;  
No burning towers the guarded wood enclos'd :  
But oft the trees, with tangled boughs entwin'd,  
Perplex'd his passage, and his sight confin'd.  
At length a sylvan theatre he found ;  
Nor plant nor tree within the verdant round ;  
Save in the midst a stately cypress rose,  
And high in air advanc'd its spreading boughs.  
To this the knight his wandering steps address'd,  
And saw the trunk with various marks impress'd :  
Like those (ere men were vers'd in scriptur'd lore)  
Mysterious Egypt us'd in days of yore.

Amidst the signs unknown he chanc'd to find 279  
These words engrav'd conspicuous on the rind.

O! valiant knight! whose feet have dar'd to tread  
These mansions sacred to the silent dead :  
If pity e'er thy dauntless breast could move,  
Forbear to violate this fatal grove.  
Revere the souls depriv'd of vital air,  
Nor with the dead an impious war declare.

These lines the knight perus'd, and lost in thought,  
He long in vain the secret meaning sought.  
Now through the leaves a whispering breeze he hears,  
And human voices murmuring in his ears ;  
That various passions in his heart instil ;  
Soft pity, grief, and awe, his bosom fill.

At length, resolv'd, his shining steel he drew,  
And struck the tree, when (dreadful to his view!)  
The wounded bark a sanguine current shed,  
And stain'd the grassy turf with streaming red.  
With horror chill'd, yet fix'd th' event to know,  
Again his arm renew'd the forceful blow :  
When from the trunk was heard a human groan,  
And plaintive accents in a female tone.

Too much on me before thy rage was bent,  
O! cruel Tancred! cease—at last relent!

By thee from life's delightful feat I fell, 303  
Driven from the breast where once I us'd to dwell.  
Why do'st thou still pursue with ruthless hate,  
This trunk, to which I now am fix'd by fate?  
Ah! cruel!—shall not death th' unhappy save?  
And would'st thou reach thy foes within the grave?  
Clorinda once was I!—nor here confin'd,  
My soul alone informs a rugged rind:  
The like mysterious fortune waits on all  
Who sink in fight beneath yon lofty wall;  
By strange enchantment here (relentless doom!)  
They find in sylvan forms a living tomb:  
These trunks and branches human sense endows,  
Nor canst thou, guiltless, lop the vital boughs.  
As one distemper'd, to whose sleeping eyes  
A dragon or chimera seems to rise,  
Attempts to fly, while yet he scarce believes  
The monstrous phantom that his sense deceives:  
So far'd the lover, doubting what he heard;  
Yet, midst his doubts, he yielded and he fear'd.  
A thousand tender thoughts his bosom pain'd,  
No more his trembling hand the sword retain'd.  
Now in his mind he views th' offended fair  
With all the sighs and tumults of despair:

Nor longer can he bear, with pitying eyes,      327  
To view the streaming bark, or hear the mournful cries!  
Thus he, whose courage every deed had try'd,  
And all the various forms of death defy'd,  
Submits his reason to delusive charms,  
And love's all-powerful name his breast disarms.

A whirlwind now arose with sudden roar,  
Which from the wood his fallen falchion bore.  
The warrior, thus subdu'd, no longer strove,  
But left th' attempt, and issu'd from the grove.  
His sword regaining, to the chief he came,  
And thus at length began his tale to frame.

Unthought-of truths, O prince! I shall reveal,  
Wondrous to know, incredible to tell!  
I heard the dreadful sounds, the fire I view'd  
That, sudden rising, in my passage stood;  
Like walls and battlements the flames were rear'd,  
Where armed monsters for defence appear'd.  
Yet free from heat I pass'd the burning towers,  
Nor found my path oppos'd by hostile powers:  
To this succeeded clouds, and storms, and night,  
But soon again return'd the cheerful light.  
More shall I speak?—A human spirit lives  
In every tree, and sense and reason gives

To every plant—deep groans assail'd mine ear, 351  
 And still I seem the mournful sounds to hear.  
 Each parted trunk pours forth a purple stream,  
 Like sanguine currents from a wounded limb !  
 I own myself subdu'd—no more I dare  
 A branch dissever, or a sapling tear.

While Tancred thus his wondrous tidings brought,  
 The leader waver'd, lost in anxious thought :  
 Uncertain if himself th' attempt to prove,  
 And try the dangers of th' enchanted grove ;  
 Or seek what other distant wood might yield  
 The planks to frame his engines for the field ;  
 But from his doubts the hermit soon relieves  
 The pensive chief, and thus his counsel gives :

Forego thy thoughts, nor yonder wood invade,  
 Another hand must pierce the fatal shade.  
 Now, now, the vessel gains the distant strand,  
 She furls her sails, she cuts the yielding sand !  
 See ! where at length th' expected hero breaks  
 His shameful bondage, and the shore forsakes !  
 Full soon will Heaven yon towering walls o'erthrow,  
 And quell the numbers of th' Egyptian foe !

While thus he spoke, inflam'd his looks appear'd ;  
 With more than mortal sound his voice was heard.

The pious Godfrey, still with cares oppress'd, 375  
New plans revolv'd within his thoughtful breast.  
But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery sign<sup>a</sup>,  
The sun, with scorching rays, began to shine :  
A direful drought succeeds ; the martial train  
No more the labours of the field sustain.  
Each gentle star has quench'd its kindly beam :  
From fullen skies malignant planets gleam ;  
Their baneful influence on the earth they shed,  
And wide through air infectious vapours spread.  
To dreadful day more dreadful night succeeds,  
And each new morn increasing terror breeds.  
The sun ne'er rises cheerful to the sight,  
But sanguine spots distain his sacred light :  
Pale hovering mists around his forehead play,  
The sad forerunners of a fatal day !  
His setting orb in crimson seems to mourn,  
Denouncing greater woes at his return ;  
And adds new horrors to the present doom,  
By certain fear of evils yet to come !

<sup>a</sup> *But now, receiv'd in Cancer's fiery sign.]* This drought with which the Christian army was afflicted, is mentioned in the history. In the particulars of the description the poet has made great use of Lucretius.

All nature pants beneath the burning sky : 395  
The earth is cleft, the lessening streams are dry :  
The barren clouds, like streaky flames, divide,  
Dispers'd and broken through the fultry void.  
No cheerful object for the sight remains ;  
Each gentle gale its grateful breath retains ;  
Alone the wind from Libya's sands respire,  
And burns each warrior's breast with secret fires.  
Nocturnal meteors blaze in dusky air,  
Thick lightnings flash, and livid comets glare !  
No pleasing moisture nature's face renews :  
The moon no longer sheds her pearly dew  
To cheer the mourning earth : the plants and flowers  
In vain require the soft and vital showers.  
Sweet slumber flies from every restless night,  
In vain would men his balmy power invite ;  
Sleepless they lie : but, far above the rest,  
The rage of thirst their fainting souls oppress'd ;  
For, vers'd in guile, Judea's impious king  
With poisonous juice had tainted every spring ;  
Whose currents now with dire pollution flow,  
Like Styx and Acheron in realms below.  
The slender stream, where Siloa's gentle wave  
Once to the Christians draughts untainted gave,

Now scarcely murmurs, in his channels dry,      419  
And yields their fainting host a small supply.  
But not the Po, when most his waters swell,  
Would seem too vast their raging thirst to quell :  
Nor mighty Ganges, nor the seven-mouth'd Nile,  
That with his deluge glads th' Egyptian soil.  
If e'er their eyes, in happier times, have view'd,  
Begirt with grassy turf, some crystal flood :  
Or living waters foam from Alpine hills,  
Or through soft herbage purl the limpid rills :  
Such flattering scenes again their fancies frame,  
And add new fuel to increase their flame.  
Still in the mind the wish'd idea reigns :  
But still the fever rages in their veins !  
Then might you see on earth the warriors lie,  
Whose limbs robust could every toil defy ;  
Inur'd the weight of ponderous arms to bear,  
Inur'd in fields the hostile steel to dare :  
Deep in their flesh the hidden furies prey,  
And eat, by slow degrees, their lives away.

The courser, late with generous pride indu'd,  
Now loaths the grass, his once delightful food :  
With feeble steps he scarcely seems to tread,  
And prone to earth is hung his languid head.

No memory now of ancient fame remains,      443  
No thirst of glory on the dusty plains :  
The conquer'd spoils and trappings once bestow'd,  
His joy so late, are now a painful load !

Now pines the faithful dog, nor heeds the board,  
Nor heeds the service of his dearer lord !  
Out-stretch'd he lies, and as he pants for breath,  
Receives at every gasp new draughts of death.

In vain has nature's law the air assign'd  
To allay the inward heat of human kind :  
What here, alas ! can air mankind avail,  
When fevers float on every burning gale !

Thus droop'd the earth, and every glory lost,  
Dire prospects terrified the faithful host :  
Complaints aloud resound from every band,  
And words, like these, are heard on either hand.

What next can Godfrey hope ? Why longer stay  
Till one sad fate sweep all our camp away ?  
Still can he think yon lofty walls to gain,  
What force is left, what engines now remain ?  
And sees not he, of all the host alone,  
The wrath of God by every signal shown ?  
A thousand signs and prodigies declare  
His will oppos'd against this fatal war.

What scorching rays the sickening land invade ! 467

Nor Ind nor Libya asks a cooler shade !

Then thinks our leader no regard we claim,

And views us as a vile, a worthless name !

That souls like ours to death must tamely yield,

So he may still th' imperial sceptre wield !

Behold ! the boasted chief, the pious nam'd,

For acts of mercy and for goodness fam'd,

Forgets his people's weal, his power to raise,

And on their ruin build destructive praise !

While thus we mourn each spring and fountain  
dry'd,

From Jordan's stream his thirst is well supply'd ;

Amidst his festive friends the prince reclines,

And mixes cooling draughts with Cretan wines.

Thus said the Franks ; but louder far com-  
plain'd

The Grecian chief, who Godfrey's sway disdain'd ;

Who with reluctance long his rule obey'd :

Why should I tamely perish here ? (he said)

And why with me on mine shall ruin wait ?

If Godfrey blindly rush on certain fate,

On him and on his Franks th' event be thrown,

Nor let us fall for follies not our own.

Thus said the chief; nor bade the host adieu, 489  
But, with his train, at evening's close withdrew<sup>b</sup>.  
Soon as the morn beheld his squadron fled,  
On other troops the quick contagion spread.  
Those that in battle Ademar obey'd,  
And brave Clothareus, now in silence laid,  
(Since death, which all dissolves, had burst the bands  
That held them subject to their lords' commands)  
Already meditate their secret flight;  
And some depart beneath the favouring night.  
All this full well observant Godfrey knew,  
Nor yet his soul would rigorous means pursue  
To oppose the ill; resolv'd the faith to prove,  
That rapid streams can stay, and rocks remove;  
The Ruler of the world with prayers implore  
The sacred fountains of his grace to pour.  
With hands conjoin'd, and eyes with zeal on flame,  
He thus aloud invoc'd th' eternal name.

<sup>b</sup> — *with his train, at evening's close withdrew.*] History mentions, that in the famine which the Christians suffered before Antioch, the Grecian commander departed, under pretence of seeking assistance from the emperor at Constantinople, and that he returned no more. The poet feigns this circumstance to have happened before the walls of Jerusalem.

O King! and Father! if thy pitying hand      507  
E'er shed thy manna in the desert land;  
If e'er thy will to man such virtue gave,  
From veins of rock to draw the gushing wave;  
Be now for these thy wondrous power display'd:  
But if their merits little claim thine aid,  
O! let thy grace, to veil their faults, be given,  
Still may thy warriors feel the care of Heaven!

These righteous prayers, in humble words express'd,  
On eagle-wings to heaven their flight address'd;  
There full before the throne of God appear'd:  
Th' Eternal Father with complacence heard:  
His awful eyes he bent on Syria's lands,  
And view'd the labours of his faithful bands:  
He saw their sufferings with a gracious look,  
Then thus, with mild benevolence, he spoke.

Lo! to this hour, on earth my camp below'd  
Has various woes and dreadful perils prov'd!  
The world, in arms, resist their glorious toils,  
And hell obstructs their course with all its wiles.  
Now, chang'd the scene, a happier fate attends:  
From favouring clouds the friendly shower descends:  
Their matchless hero comes to exalt their name,  
And Egypt's host arrives to crown their fame.

Th' Almighty ceas'd: heaven trembled as he spoke;  
The stars and every wandering planet shook;      532  
The air was hush'd, the sea was calm'd to rest,  
And every hill and cave its awe confess'd.  
Swift to the left the lightning's blaze appear'd;  
At once aloft the thunder's noise was heard.  
The troops transported view the lowering skies,  
And hail the rolling sound with joyful cries.  
Now thickening clouds their gloomy veil extend:  
Not these in vapours from the earth ascend  
By Phœbus' warmth; but heaven the deluge pours,  
And opens all the sluices of its stores.  
The torrents fall impetuous from the skies;  
Above their banks the foamy rivers rise.  
As on the shore, when heats have parch'd the plain,  
The cackling breed expect the kindly rain;  
Then greet the moisture with expanded wings,  
And sport and plunge beneath the cooling springs:  
The Christians thus salute with joyful cry  
The grateful deluge from the pitying sky.  
These on their locks or vests the stream receive;  
From helmets or vases those their thirst relieve:  
Some hold their hands beneath the cooling wave;  
Their faces some, and some their temples lave:

While earth, that late her gaping rifts disclos'd, 555  
And fainting lay to parching heat expos'd,  
Receives and ministers the vital showers  
To fading herbs, to plants, to trees and flowers:  
Her fever thus allay'd, new health returns,  
No more the flame within her bosom burns ;  
Again new beauties grace her gladden'd soil,  
Again renew'd her hills and vallies smile.

Now ceas'd the rain ; the sun restor'd the day,  
And shed with grateful warmth a temper'd ray :  
As when his beams benign their influence bring  
To unlock, with genial power, the welcome spring.  
O wondrous faith ! that, trusting Heaven above,  
Can purge the air, and every ill remove ;  
Can change the seasons, and reverse their state,  
Subdue the stars and stop impending fate !

life of the nation, and the history of the world, is a subject of great importance, and one which has attracted the attention of many of the most distinguished writers of the age. The history of the world, as it is now understood, is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the most distinguished writers of the age. The history of the world, as it is now understood, is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the most distinguished writers of the age. The history of the world, as it is now understood, is a subject which has attracted the attention of many of the most distinguished writers of the age.

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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XIV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**GODFREY** is admonished in a dream to recall Rinaldo to the camp. **Guelpho** pleads for his nephew's return, and Godfrey consents to it. **Ubald** and **Charles the Dane** are appointed the messengers for that purpose; these, by the directions of **Peter**, proceed to **Ascalon**, where they are entertained by a **Christian magician**, who shews them many wonders. He gives them a particular relation of the manner in which **Rinaldo** was insnared by **Armida**, and then instructs them fully how to deliver him from the power of the enchantress.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## BOOK XIV.

Now from her mother's antient lap arose  
Indulgent night, befriending sweet repose ;  
Soft breezes in her train attendant flew,  
While from her robe she shook the pearly dew :  
The fluttering Zephyrs breath'd a grateful wind,  
And sooth'd the balmy slumbers of mankind.

Now, every thought forgot, the peaceful host  
Their cares and labours in oblivion lost :  
But, ever watchful o'er his creatures' state,  
In light eternal Heaven's Almighty fate :  
His looks he turn'd, and view'd, from upper skies,  
The Christian leader with benignant eyes :  
To him, with speed, he sent a mystic dream,  
To speak the purpose of the will supreme.

Not far from where the sun, with eastern ray,      15  
Through golden portals pours the beamy day,  
A crystal gate there stands, whose valves unfold  
Ere yet the skies the dawning light behold.  
From this the dreams arise, which heavenly power  
To pious mortals sends in gracious hour :  
From this to Godfrey's tent the vision fled,  
And o'er the chief his radiant pinions spread.  
No slumber e'er such pleasing scenes display'd,  
As now the hero, in a trance, survey'd ;  
That brought the starry mansions to his eyes,  
And open'd all the secrets of the skies :  
Then full reflected to his sense was shown  
The happy state, by righteous spirits known.  
    He seem'd aloft to realms of glory rais'd,  
Where beams on beams with mingled lustre blaz'd.  
There, while he, wondering, view'd the feats around,  
And heard the sacred choir their hymns resound,  
Begirt with rays, and cloth'd with lambent flame,  
Full in his sight a graceful warrior came.  
His tuneful voice no sounds can reach below,  
And from his lips these gentle accents flow :  
Then will not Godfrey own this face again,  
And is thy friend, thy Hugo, seen in vain ?

To whom the chief reply'd : That form divine, 39  
Where circling beams of dazzling glory shine,  
So far my feeble mortal sense obscur'd,  
That scarcely yet my memory stands assur'd.  
He said; and thrice with eager arms essay'd  
With pious love to clasp the friendly shade :  
And thrice the phantom mock'd his fruitless care,  
And fled like empty dreams or fleeting air.

Think not (the vision cry'd) thine eyes behold  
A mortal substance of terrestrial mould :  
A naked spirit stands before thy sight,  
A citizen of this celestial light.  
Behold GOD's temple ! here his warriors rest,  
With these shalt thou reside, for ever blest.  
When comes that happy hour ? (the chief replies)  
Ah ! now release my soul from earthly ties !

Soon shalt thou (Hugo thus return'd again)  
Partake the triumphs of th' immortal train :  
But first thy warfare claims new toils below ;  
In fields of fight thy courage yet must glow.  
'Tis thine to free from impious pagan bands  
The sacred empire of Judea's lands ;  
And, firmly fix'd, the Christian throne to place,  
The feat thy brother is decreed to grace.

But, that thy breast may feel a holier fire, 63  
 And purer pleasures purer thoughts inspire :  
 Contemplate well this place, these starry rays,  
 Where Heaven's Almighty pours the boundless blaze!  
 Hark ! how th' angelic choir their hymns prolong,  
 And warble to the lyre celestial song !  
 Now cast thy sight to yonder globe below,  
 See ! all that earth on mortals can bestow !  
 Behold what vileness there obscures mankind ;  
 Say, what rewards can there the virtuous find.  
 A naked solitude, a narrow space  
 Confines the senseless pride of human race.  
 Earth, like an isle, is round with waves embrac'd ;  
 Survey yon sea, the mighty and the vast !  
 Which here can no such glorious titles claim,  
 A pool unnoted, and a worthless name !  
 He said ; and Godfrey downward bent his eyes,  
 And view'd the earth with pity and surprize :  
 He smil'd to see the numerous nations' boast,  
 Lands, floods, and oceans, in an atom lost ;  
 Amaz'd that man, with sensual follies blind,  
 Should there, immers'd in smoke, in gloom confin'd,  
 Pursue vain empire, and an airy name,  
 Nor heed the call of Heaven, and virtue's lasting fame.

Then thus he said : Since 'tis not GOD's decree, 87  
From mortal prison yet my soul to free ;  
O ! be my guide ! Vouchsafe the path to show,  
Amidst the errors of the world below.

The path before thee (HUGO then reply'd)  
Pursue, nor from the track remove aside.  
This only counsel from thy friend receive ;  
From exile brave Bertoldo's son reprieve.  
For if to thee th' Almighty King of heaven  
The sovereign guidance of the host has given ;  
'Tis his decree no less, th' intrepid knight  
Should execute thy high commands in fight :  
'Tis thine the foremost duties to sustain,  
To him the second honours must remain :  
To him alone 'tis given the woods to fell,  
So deeply guarded by the fiends of hell ;  
From him the troops, that seem a lifeless host,  
Their numbers weaken'd, and their courage lost ;  
That inly meditate a shameful flight,  
Shall gain new vigour for th' approaching fight :  
So shall they teach yon haughty walls to yield,  
And rout the eastern armies in the field.

He said, and ceas'd ; when Godfrey made reply :  
The knight's return would fill my breast with joy :

Thou know'st (and thou my secret thought canst prove)  
That in my soul he meets a brother's love. 112

But say, what offers must I make? and where.

To seek him shall the messengers repair?

How suits it with my state, the youth to greet,

To exact obedience, or with prayer entreat?

To whom the shade: Th'Eternal King, whose grace  
To thee has given on earth a leader's place,

Decrees that those o'er whom he gave thee sway,

To thee, their head, should rightful homage pay:

Request not then—(thou canst not, void of blame,

With fervile prayers debase a general's name)—

But when thy friends beseech, thine ears incline;

The part be theirs to entreat, to yield be thine:

To thee, inspir'd by Heaven, shall Guelpho plead,

And ask forgiveness for Rinaldo's deed.

Though now far distant from th' abandon'd host,

He lives, in love and ease inglorious lost;

A few short days will bring the youth again,

To shine in arms amidst his social train:

For holy Peter can thy envoys send

Where certain tidings shall their search attend:

They shall be taught the arts, and given the power,

The knight to free, and to the camp restore.

Thus all thy wandering partners of the war      135  
Shall Heav'n at length reduce beneath thy care.

Yet, ere I cease, one truth I shall reveal,  
Which well I know thy breast with joy shall fill:  
His blood shall mix with thine, and thence a race  
Of glorious names succeeding times shall grace!

He ended here; and pass'd like smoke away,  
Or fleeting clouds before the solar ray.

Then sleep, departing, left the hero's breast  
At once with wonder and with joy possess'd.  
The pious chief th' advancing morn survey'd,  
And straight his limbs in weighty arms array'd.  
Soon in his tent th' attending leaders met,  
In daily council where conven'd they fate;  
There every future act they weigh with care,  
And every labour of the war prepare.

Then noble Guelpho<sup>c</sup>, who, as Heaven had taught,  
New plans revolv'd within his careful thought,  
First turn'd to Godfrey midst the warrior-train:  
O! prince! for mercy fam'd (he thus began)

<sup>c</sup> *Then noble Guelpho—*] The poet here, as in the fifth book, admirably preserves the decorum of Godfrey's character, by making the request for his recall come from Guelpho.

I come to implore thy grace; thy grace dispense, 155  
Though rash the deed, though recent be th' offence:  
Hence may it seem too boldly here I stand,  
And immaturely urge the fond demand.  
But when I think to Godfrey's friendly ear,  
For brave Rinaldo I my suit prefer;  
Or view myself, of no ignoble strain,  
That intercedes thy favouring grace to gain:  
I trust thou wilt not such a boon deny,  
Which all will here receive with equal joy.  
Ah! let the youth return, retrieve his name,  
And lave, in fields of blood, his sullied fame,  
What hand but his intrepid shall invade  
The forest-gloom, and bare the fatal shade?  
Who more adventurous in the field to dare,  
Despising death, amidst the ranks of war?  
Behold he shakes the walls, the gates o'erthrows,  
Or foremost scales the ramparts of the foes!  
Restore him to the camp!—O chief! restore  
The hope of battle, and the soldiers' power.  
Restore to me a nephew well-belov'd,  
A champion to thyself, in arms approv'd:  
Nor let him in ignoble sloth remain,  
But give him to his rank and fame again:

Thy conquering banners let him still pursue, 179  
So may the gazing world his virtues view :  
Great deeds he then shall show in open light,  
While thou, his leader, rul'st the field of fight.

He ended here; and, while his suit he prefs'd,  
All join'd, with favouring murmurs, his request :  
And Godfrey now (each inward thought conceal'd)  
Seem'd to his reasons and his suit to yield.  
Can I (he cry'd) refuse the grace requir'd,  
By all expected, and by all desir'd ?  
Here rigour ends—enough your counsel moves ;  
Then be it as the public voice approves.  
Let young Rinaldo view the camp again,  
But learn henceforth his anger to restrain :  
May he, with actions equal to your praise,  
Fulfill your wishes, and his glory raise !  
Him to recall, O Guelpho ! be thy care :  
(And grateful sure the tidings to his ear !)  
'Tis thine the trusty envoy to select,  
And where the youth resides, his steps direct.

He ceas'd ; when, rising, thus the Dane began :  
An envoy if you seek, behold the man !  
Nor length of way, nor perils I decline,  
To him this honour'd weapon to resign.

So spoke the knight, with generous ardor mov'd, 203  
And noble Guelpho his desire approv'd;  
And join'd with him, the labours to divide,  
Ubalde, in every art of wisdom try'd.  
Ubalde, in youth, had many regions seen,  
Explor'd the customs and the ways of men;  
And wander'd long, with unremitting toil,  
From polar cold to Libya's burning soil;  
From different nations different arts he drew;  
Their laws, their manners, and their speech he knew:  
In age mature him Guelpho now caref'd,  
His much-lov'd friend, and partner of his breast.

Such were the men, selected midst the host,  
From exile to recall the champion lost:  
These Guelpho now instructs their course to bend  
Where mighty Bæmond's regal walls ascend:  
Since all (for thus the public fame was blown)  
Had fix'd the knight's retreat in Antioch's town:  
But here the word the reverend hermit took,  
And interposing, on their converse broke.

Ye warriors brave! attend my words (he said)  
Nor be by voice of vulgar fame misled;  
But haste to Ascalon, and seek the shores  
Where to the sea a stream its tribute pours:

There shall a sage, the Christians' friend, appear; 227  
Attend his dictates, and his counsel hear:  
Full well he knows, long since foretold by me,  
Of this your journey, fix'd by GOD's decree:  
'Tis his your steps to guide; from him receive  
Such welcome as a faithful heart can give.

The hermit said: and, as his words requir'd,  
The ready knights obey'd what Heaven inspir'd:  
Direct to Ascalon they bent their way<sup>d</sup>,  
Where breaks against the land the neighbouring sea,  
Their ears perceive not yet the hollow roar  
Of dashing billows founding on the shore:  
When now the chiefs a rapid stream beheld,  
With sudden rains and rushing torrents swell'd:  
The banks no more confine its headlong course;  
Swift as a shaft it drives with furious force.

<sup>d</sup> *Direct to Ascalon they bent their way,*] Here begins the narrative of the wonders met with by these knights, in their embassy to recall Rinaldo, and the description of the enchantments of Armida; and I have little doubt, notwithstanding the severity, and perhaps pedantry, of classical criticism, but every poetical reader will call these the finest passages of the JERUSALEM. The reader will see what use our admirable Spenser has made of these xivth, xvth, and xvith books.

While in suspense they stand, a sage appears, 243  
Of reverend aspect and experienc'd years,  
An oaken wreath furrounds his aged brows;  
In lengthen'd folds his snowy vesture flows;  
A wand he shakes; secure he treads the waves,  
And with his feet unbath'd the torrent braves.

So, near the freezing pole, the village-swains  
(When winter binds the floods in icy chains)  
Oft o'er the Rhine in fearless numbers glide  
With hissing sound, and skim the solid tide.

Now came the sage to where, in deep surprise,  
On him the silent warriors fix'd their eyes;  
Then thus: O friends! you 'tempt an arduous task,  
Your high designs uncommon guidance ask.  
What toils, what dangers still attend your way,  
What seas to pass, what regions to survey!  
Far must you search, where other suns ascend,  
Beyond the limits of our world extend.  
But first vouchsafe to view my homely cell,  
The hidden mansion where retir'd I dwell:  
There shall my lips such wondrous truths declare,  
As well befits your purpose now to hear.

He ceas'd; and bade the stream a passage yield;  
Th' obedient stream a sudden path reveal'd;

Full in the midst the parting waves divide,      267  
A liquid mountain rose on either side.  
Then by the hand he seiz'd the knights, and led  
Within the winding river's secret bed.  
There doubtful day scarce glimmers to their fight ;  
As when pale Cynthia through the groves, by night,  
Sheds from her slender horns a trembling light.  
There caverns huge they view ; from these arise  
The watery stores that yield the earth supplies,  
To run in rills, in gushing springs ascend,  
To flow in rivers, or in lakes extend.  
There might they see whence Po and Ister came,  
Hydaspes, Ganges, and Euphrates' stream :  
Whence mighty Tanaïs first derives his course ;  
And Nilus there reveals his secret source.  
Deep underneath they next a flood behold,  
Where sulphur, mix'd with living silver, roll'd :  
Till these, by Sol's enlivening rays refin'd,  
In solid gold or lucid crystal shin'd.  
Along the banks they saw, on either side,  
Unnumber'd jewels deck the wealthy tide :  
From these by fits, a flashing splendor play'd,  
And chac'd the horrors of the dusky shade.  
There shines the sapphire gay with azure bright,  
And there the jacinth gives a pleasing light :

There flames the ruby; there the di'mond beams: 292  
And milder there the verdant emerald gleams!

The warriors still purfu'd their reverend guide;  
These wonderous scenes in deep amazement ty'd  
Each various sense; till prudent Ubald broke  
The silence first, and thus the sage bespoke.  
Say, Father! what the place we now behold?  
Where do'st thou lead? and what thy state, unfold?  
Scarce can I tell, bewilder'd with surprize  
If truth I view, or dreams deceive my eyes!

Then he: Lo! here the spacious womb of earth,  
Where all productions first receive their birth:  
Nor could you thus her entrails dark explore,  
Without my guidance and superior power:  
Now to my palace I your steps convey  
(My palace shining with resplendent day.)  
A pagan was I born, but gracious Heaven  
A second life by cleansing streams has given.  
Think not these wonders, that confound your thought,  
By influence of the Stygian angels wrought.  
Heaven shield I should invoke Cocytus' shore,  
Or Phlegethon with impious arts implore:  
But well my knowledge from its source reveals  
The virtue every plant or spring conceals:

I meditate the stars, explore the cause      316  
Of nature's works, and trace her secret laws.  
Yet deem not, ever distant, from the skies,  
In subterranean seats my dwelling lies.  
For oft on Lebanon or Carmel's brow  
I make abode, and view the world below.  
There Mars and Venus to my searching eyes,  
Without a cloud, in all their aspects rise.  
Each star I know, of swift or lingering course,  
Of mild appearance, or malignant force :  
Beneath my feet the vapours I survey,  
Now dark, and now with Iris' colours gay.  
What exhalations rains and dews compose  
I mark, and how the wind obliquely blows :  
What fires the lightning, how the bolt descends,  
And through the air a dreadful passage rends.  
There, near at hand, I see the meteors stream,  
And wandering comets dart a fiery gleam !  
Elate with pride, I deem'd my art could soar  
To every height, and fathom heavenly pow'r.  
But when your Peter, in the sacred flood,  
With mystic rites my sinful soul renew'd ;  
I rais'd my thoughts, and own'd my wisdom's boast,  
Without a guide divine, in darkness lost !

The minds of men, in truth's immortal ray,                    340  
Appear like birds of night before the day.  
Inly I smil'd my follies past to view,  
From which so late my empty pride I drew:  
Yet (so your pious hermit gave command)  
I still my former magic arts retain'd:  
But all my knowledge now obeys his word,  
'Tis his to bid, my teacher and my lord?  
He now vouchsafes with me (a worthless name!)  
To entrust a task more righteous hands might claim:  
To me he gives to call from distant lands  
Th' unconquer'd hero to his social bands:  
Long have I stay'd, your coming to behold;  
For this event the holy sage foretold.

Thus spoke the fire; and now the knights he show'd  
Where in the lonely rock he made abode:  
The mansion like an ample cave was seen,  
And halls and stately rooms appear'd within.  
There shone whate'er th' all-breeding earth contains  
Of riches nourish'd in her fruitful veins:  
There native splendor dwells in every part,  
And nature rises o'er the works of art!  
An hundred duteous slaves obsequious stand  
To attend the guests, and wait their lord's command;

Magnificent the plenteous board is plac'd,     364  
With vases huge of gold and crystal grac'd.  
At length, the rage of thirst and hunger fled,  
The wise magician to the warriors said,

'Tis time, what most imports, should now be shown;  
To you in part Armida's arts are known :

How to the camp she came, and thence convey'd  
The bravest champions, by her wiles betray'd.  
Full well you know that these, in bonds restrain'd,  
Th' insidious dame within her tower detain'd ;  
And sent them guarded thence to Gaza's land,  
When fortune, in the way, releas'd their band.  
It now remains for me th' events to tell  
(As yet unknown) which since that time befel.

Soon as th' enchantress saw her prisoners lost,  
Her schemes defeated, and her labours crost ;  
Oppress'd with sudden grief, her hands she wrung,  
And thus exclaim'd, with raging fury stung :

Then shall he live to boast th' audacious deed,  
My guards defeated, and my captives freed !  
No—if his arms to others freedom give,  
Let him in pains and shameful bondage live :  
Nor he alone my just revenge shall claim,  
My rage shall burst on all the Christian name !

Furious she spoke, and as she spoke design'd 388  
 A new device within her fraudulent mind :  
 She fought the plain, where late Rinaldo's might  
 Her warriors vanquish'd, and dispers'd in fight :  
 The battle o'er, his mail the chief unbrac'd,  
 And on his limbs a pagan's armour lac'd.  
 Perchance he fought to veil his glorious name,  
 Conceal'd in humbler drefs unknown to fame.  
 His arms th' enchantress took <sup>e</sup>, in these enclos'd  
 A headless trunk, and near a stream expos'd ;  
 Here well she knew that, charg'd with daily care,  
 A band of Franks would from the camp repair.  
 And fast beside she stationed in the shade  
 A crafty slave in shepherd's garb array'd,  
 Instructed well suspicion's bane to spread :  
 He first amongst your troops th' infection shed ;  
 That, wide diffusing, scatter'd discord far,  
 And threaten'd direful rage and civil war.  
 Thus, as her arts design'd, the Christian train  
 Believ'd by Godfrey brave Rinaldo slain.

<sup>e</sup> *His arms th' enchantress took—*] The following passage explains fully the account given in the viiith book to Godfrey by Aliprando, of the supposed death of Rinaldo. See ver. 343 of that book.

Till soon to all confess'd the truth appear'd, 403  
And jealous doubts from every breast were clear'd.

Behold the first device Armida tried;

Now, mark what next her wily thoughts employ'd.

The forc'refs stay'd by fam'd Orontes' stream,

Till near the banks the young Rinaldo came;

Where from the main a parting riv'let glides,

And forms an island in the limpid tides.

There by the shore a little bark appear'd;

A marble pillar close beside was rear'd;

On this, as in suspense, awhile he stood,

Engrav'd in gold these words the hero view'd.

“ O thou! whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led,

“ By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread;

“ No greater wonders east and west can boast,

“ Than yon small island on its pleasing coast.

“ If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,

“ This current pass, and seek the further shore.”

Th' uncautious warrior with th' advice comply'd,

And curious turn'd, resolv'd to cross the tide;

But, for the bark could only one contain,

Alone he pass'd, and bade his squires remain.

Now, to the land th' impatient hero brought,

With eager looks, the promis'd wonders sought;

Yet nought beheld save meadows deck'd with flowers,  
Clear waters, cooling caves, and leafy bowers. 433  
Th' enticing scenes awhile the youth delay'd;  
He stretch'd his weary limbs beneath the shade;  
Then from the massy helm his brows reliev'd,  
And in his face the freshening breeze receiv'd.

But soon he heard the stream, with bubbling noise,  
Remurmuring soft, and thither turn'd his eyes:  
When midst the flood the circling waves he spy'd,  
That form'd an eddy in the whirling tide:  
Whence, rising slow, dishevell'd locks appear'd,  
And female features o'er the water rear'd;  
The snowy neck, and gently swelling breast;  
A crystal veil beneath conceal'd the rest.  
So from the parting stage is seen to rise  
A nymph or goddess to the gazer's eyes.  
This, though her form a Syren's charms display'd,  
Was but a semblance and delusive shade;  
Yet one of those she seem'd, who wont of yore,  
In faithless seas, to infect the Tyrrhene shore.  
Sweet as her looks, so sweet her tuneful voice;  
And thus she sings, while winds and skies rejoice.

O happy man! when youth reigns o'er your hours,  
And strows the paths of life with smiling flowers:

Ah! let not virtue with fallacious ray,  
Or glory, lead your tender mind astray;  
Who learns the fruit each season yields to prize,  
Who follows pleasure, he alone is wise.  
Know, this is nature's voice:—Will you withstand  
Her sacred laws, and slight her high command?  
Infernal he who wastes his bloomy prime,  
Nor takes the transient gifts of fleeting time.  
Whate'er the world may worth or valour deem,  
Is but a phantom, and delusive dream!  
Say, what is fame, that idol of the brave,  
Whose charms can thus deceiv'd mankind enslave?  
An echo—or a shade—to none confin'd;  
A shifting cloud, dispers'd with every wind!  
Then rest secure; in every offer'd joy  
Indulge your senses, and your soul employ.  
Past woes forget; nor antedate your doom  
By vain preface of evils yet to come.  
Let thunders roll, and nimble lightnings fly;  
Yet heed not you the terrors of the sky.  
This, this is wisdom: hence each blessing flows;  
This nature bids, and this the path she shows.  
Thus impious she: The soothing accents creep,  
And lull the listening knight to balmy sleep:

In vain the thunder's noise had rent the skies, 480  
 So deep entranc'd in death-like rest he lies.

Now fir'd with vengeance, issuing from the wood,  
 The false enchantress o'er the warrior stood:  
 But, when she view'd intent his manly face,  
 His features glowing with celestial grace,  
 Rapt in suspense, beside the youth she sate,  
 And, as she view'd, forgot her former hate.  
 Low-bending o'er his charms<sup>a</sup> she hangs amaz'd;  
 So once Narcissus in the fountain gaz'd.  
 Now from his cheeks she wipes the dews away;  
 Now bids the fanning breeze around him play:  
 Now thro' the meads, that smil'd with various flowers,  
 She stray'd, and wanton cropt the fragrant stores;  
 The rose and lily, with her artful hands  
 Together join'd, she forms in pleasing bands:

<sup>a</sup> *Low-bending o'er his charms—*] See the passage in Spenser where Acrasia is described with the knight in the bower of bliss.

And all the while right over him she hong,  
 With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,  
 As seeking medicine, whence she was srong,  
 Or greedily depasturing delight, &c.

With these the warrior's arms and legs enfolds, 496  
And gently thus in flowery fetters holds.  
Then, while in soft repose he senseless lies,  
She lays him on her car, and cuts the skies.  
Nor seeks she to regain Damascus' lands,  
Or where, with waves enclos'd, her castle stands;  
But, jealous of her prize, and fill'd with shame,  
In ocean's vast profound she hides her flame,  
Where from our coast no bark the billow ploughs:  
There midst circumfluent tides an isle she chose;  
Then to a mountain's lofty summit flies,  
Forlorn and wild, expos'd to stormy skies:  
She clothes the foot and sides with dreary snows,  
While on the brow eternal verdure grows.  
There, rear'd by spells, and more than mortal hands,  
Beside a lake her spacious palace stands;  
Where, in unfailing spring, and shameful ease,  
Th' imprison'd champion wastes his amorous days.  
'Tis yours the jealous forc'ers' guards to quell,  
That watch th' ascent, and near the palace dwell.  
Nor shall you want a guide your course to lead;  
Nor arms to assist you in th' adventurous deed.  
Soon as you quit my stream, your eyes shall view  
A dame, though old in years, of youthful hue;

Known by the locks that o'er her forehead play; 520  
 And changeful robes, with various colours gay.  
 'Tis hers to guide you to the task decreed,  
 With more than eagle's wings or lightning's speed;  
 'Tis hers to waft you o'er the watery plain,  
 And safe return you from the roaring main.  
 The mount ascending, on whose towering height  
 Th' enchantress dwells, remote from human sight;  
 Your eyes shall numerous savage forms behold:  
 There Pythons hiss, in dreadful volumes roll'd:  
 With horrid bristles stands the foaming boar:  
 With gaping jaws the bear and lion roar!  
 Then sudden shake this potent wand<sup>b</sup> around,  
 And all with fear shall fly the hissing sound.

<sup>b</sup> — *this potent wand*—] The palmer that accompanies Sir Guyon in Spenser, has a staff of the like virtue. Speaking of the wild beasts that attacked Sir Guyon and his guide on their coming to the bower of Acrasia, the poet thus beautifully enlarges on the fiction of the Italian author.

But soon as they approach'd with deadly threat,  
 The palmer over them his staff upheld;  
 His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat:  
 Eftsoons their stubborn courages are quell'd,  
 And high advanced crests down meekly fell d:  
 Instead of fraying, they themselves did fear,  
 And trembled, as them passing they beheld:  
 Such wondrous power did in that staff appear,  
 All monsters to subdue to him that did it bear!

But when your feet the steepy summit gain, 534  
 Yet greater perils in your way remain :  
 A fountain rises there, whose streams invite  
 Th' admiring stranger's, and the thirst excite ;

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly,  
 Of which Caduceus whilom was made ;  
 Caduceus, the rod of Mercury,  
 With which he wons the Stygian realms invade,  
 Through ghastly horror and eternal shade :  
 Th' infernal fiends with it he can assuage,  
 And Orcus tame, whom nothing can persuade,  
 And rule the Furies, when they most do rage :  
 Such virtue in his staff had eke this palmer sage.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. 12. st. 40.

<sup>c</sup> *A fountain rises there, whose streams invite*

*Th' admiring stranger,—*] Pomponius Mela writes thus  
 of such a fountain in the Fortunate Islands: “ Contra for-  
 tunatæ insulæ abundant sua sponte genitis et subinde aliis  
 “ superaliis innascentibus; nihil sollicitos alunt beatius, quam  
 “ aliæ urbes excultæ. Una singulari duorum fontium ingenio  
 “ maxime insignis, alterum qui potavere risu solvuntur in  
 “ mortem.” Petrarch likewise speaks of two fountains in the  
 Fortunate Islands.

Fuor tutti i nostri lidi  
 Nel' isole famose di fortuna  
 Due fonti ha, chi dell' una  
 Bee muor ridendo.

But, deep within, th' alluring crystal hides                    538  
A secret venom in its treacherous tides :  
One fatal draught can strange effects dispense,  
And fill with dire delight the madding sense :  
Unbidden laughter swells the panting breath,  
Till lo! the dread convulsion ends in death!  
Then far! ah, distant far with speed remove,  
Nor let your lips the deadly waters prove :  
Nor let the banks with tasteful viands grac'd,  
Invite your senses to the rich repast :  
Nor heed th' inticing dames, whose voice decoys,  
Whose beauty poisons, and whose smile destroys :  
O! fly their looks, their guileful words despise ;  
And enter where the lofty gates arise.  
Within, high walls with winding paths surround  
The secret dwelling, and the search confound :  
Maze within maze distracts the doubtful fight :  
A map shall guide your wandering steps aright.  
Amidst the labyrinth lies the magic grove,  
Where every leaf impregnate seems with love.  
There shall you view, beneath th' embowering shade,  
Th' enamour'd champion and the damsel laid.  
But when awhile th' enchantress shall depart,  
And leave behind the partner of her heart ;

Then sudden issue forth, to fight reveal'd,                    562  
And show the knight my adamantine shield:  
There shall he see, reflected to his eyes,  
His own resemblance, and obscure disguise:  
Th' ignoble fight his generous wrath shall move,  
And banish from his breast inglorious love.  
No more remains to tell; 'tis yours alone,  
To take secure the path my words have shown;  
Safe through the winding maze to bend your course,  
Nor fear th' opposing spells of magic force:  
Not ev'n Armida (such is Heaven's decree)  
Can your arrival, by her arts, foresee.  
Nor less, returning from th'e enchanted fat,  
Propitious powers shall favour your retreat.  
But now the wasting hours to sleep invite;  
The morn must see you rise with dawning light.

Thus spoke the reverend sage; and speaking led  
The knights to slumber on a downy bed:  
There, fill'd with joy and wonder, either guest  
He left: and thence himself retir'd to rest.

1793

Received of the Honble the East India Company  
the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds  
for the purchase of the following  
books

1. The History of the British Empire  
2. The History of the British Empire  
3. The History of the British Empire  
4. The History of the British Empire  
5. The History of the British Empire

6. The History of the British Empire  
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24. The History of the British Empire  
25. The History of the British Empire

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XV.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE two knights take their leave of the hermit, and embark on a vessel steered by a female pilot. Their voyage along the Mediterranean described. They pass the straits, and proceed to the Fortunate Islands. Their conversation with the pilot during the voyage. They arrive at the island of Armida, where the knights land, who overcome all the obstacles they meet with in ascending the mountain, and afterwards withstand all the various allurements of pleasure offered to their senses.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## BOOK XV.

Now rose the ruddy morn with gladfome ray,  
And waken'd mortals to the toils of day;  
When to the knights the fage the buckler bore,  
The map and golden wand of wondrous power:  
Prepare to attempt your arduous way (he cries)  
Ere yonder sun advances o'er the skies.  
These are my promis'd gifts, and these your arms,  
To quell th' enchantress, and dissolve her charms.

At once the warriors rose, and eager round  
Their limbs robust the shining armour bound.  
Thence, as the hermit led, they bent their way  
Through paths ne'er lighted by the cheerful day;  
Again their former steps returning tread:  
But when they reach'd the river's sacred bed,

I now dismiss you from my care (he cry'd): 15

Farewell! and prosperous fortune be your guide!

Soon as they came where still the parted flood

On either side a crystal mountain flood,

The waters clos'd, and from the depth upbore

The knights, and left them on the flowery shore.

So, from the branch by winds autumnal torn,

Light on the tide the scatter'd leaves are borne.

Now from the bank their eyes around they threw,

And soon beheld the promis'd guide in view.

Amidst the stream a little bark appear'd,

A virgin, at the stern, the vessel steer'd:

Depending ringlets o'er her forehead stray,

And mild benevolence her looks display:

Her lovely features beams effulgent shed,

And heavenly glories blaze around her head.

Her vesture gay a thousand colours shows,

Now flames with red, and now with azure glows:

At every turn it shifts the transient light,

And cheats with momentary hues the sight!

Such various grace the billing dove assumes,

Whose gentle neck is cloth'd with glossy plumes;

For ever new the varied feathers play,

Reflecting every tint of every ray;

While, as they move, successive beauties rise,      39  
And fill with strange delight the gazer's eyes!

Favour'd of Heaven! ascend this bark (she cry'd)  
In which secure I plough the swelling tide:  
The stormy winds their wonted rage restrain,  
While safe in this each freight may pass the main:  
From him, whose sovereign mercies wide extend,  
I come, at once your pilot and your friend.

So spoke the dame; and, hastening to the land,  
The crooked keel divides the yielding strand.  
Soon as her bark the noble pair receives,  
She quits the shore, and swift the water cleaves;  
Then gives the spreading canvas to the wind,  
And guides the vessel from the helm behind.  
So wide, so deep, the river swells its tide,  
That lofty ships might there securely ride;  
Though now a shallow stream could well suffice,  
So light the pinnace o'er the surface flies!  
Now, rising from the land, th' inspiring gales  
With prosperous breath distend the bellying sails:  
The foaming stream is white with froth before,  
Behind the stern the parted waters roar.  
At length they came where, midst its mightier waves,  
The sea's vast gulph the river's store receives.

Soon as the vessel gains the briny tides, 63  
The winds are hush'd, the angry surge subsides :  
The clouds disperse, the south forgets to blow,  
That threaten'd tempests to the world below :  
Light zephyrs only brush along the main,  
And scarcely curl the smooth cerulean plain.  
By Ascalon they pass'd ; to left they veer'd,  
And tow'rd the west the rapid vessel steer'd.  
Then gliding swift, to Gaza next they came,  
An ancient harbour, not unknown to fame,  
But now, from many a neighbouring ruin great,  
An ample city, and a potent state.  
The warriors, from the bark, beheld the shore  
With tents of various nations cover'd o'er :  
There horse and foot, along the crowded way,  
Swarm thick between the city and the sea.  
There loaded camels move in solemn state,  
And the huge elephant's unwieldy weight.  
Safe in the port they see the vessels ride,  
Or floating loose, or at their anchors ty'd.  
Some hoist their spreading sails, while others sweep,  
With level strokes, the surface of the deep.  
Then thus the guiding maid—Though here we view  
The thronging numbers of this impious crew ;

Yet these, that fill the seas and line the shore,      87  
Compose not all the mighty tyrant's power.  
These Egypt and the neighbouring lands supply:  
But other aids he waits, that distant lie.  
Far to the east extends his ample sway,  
To realms that burn beneath the southern ray;  
And hence I trust our swift return to make,  
Ere these, departing, shall their tents forsake.

While thus she spoke, as through th' aerial space  
An eagle towers above the feather'd race;  
Till, soaring in the sun, the sharpest eye  
No more can trace his progress through the sky:  
So midst the ships the bark its passage cleaves,  
And far behind the lessening navy leaves.  
Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they sail,<sup>a</sup>  
(The town that first Egyptian pilots hail  
On Syria's land) then near the shore they fly,  
And Rhinocera's barren sands espy.  
Not distant far a mountain, crown'd with wood,  
Casts a brown shadow o'er the subject flood;

<sup>a</sup> *Now, quick as thought, by Paphia's towers they sail.*] I have elsewhere observed, in my notes to Ariosto, that this voyage of Charles and Ubald through the Mediterranean, seems to be imitated from the voyage of Astolpho from the Indies to the Persian Gulph.



Now Tripoly's high rising towers espy'd, 129

Now Malta scarcely o'er the waves descry'd.

The Syrtes past; Alzerbé they beheld,

Where once the race that fed on Lotos dwell'd.

Tunis they see, whose crooked shores display,

With circumjacent arms, a spacious bay:

Tunis the rich, a place well known to fame,

No Libyan city boasts a greater name.

Near this Sicilia's fertile lands are spread;

There Lilybæum rears its lofty head.

Now to the knights the damsel-pilot show'd

The spot where once imperial Carthage stood.

Ill-fated Carthage! scarce, amidst the plains,

A trace of all her ruin'd pomp remains!

Proud cities vanish, states and realms decay,

The world's unstable glories fade away!

Yet mortals dare of certain fate complain;

O impious folly of presuming man!

From thence they see Biserta's spires arise;

Far to the right Sardinia's island lies:

They view, where once the rude Numidian swain

Pursu'd a wandering life from plain to plain,

Algiers and Bugia then they reach, the feat

Of impious corsairs: Next Oran they greet;

And now by Mauritania's strand proceed, 153  
 Where elephants and hungry lions breed :  
 Morocco here and Fez their cities rear :  
 To these oppos'd Granada's lands appear.  
 At length they came where, press'd in narrow bounds,  
 Between the capes, the boiling deep refounds.  
 'Tis feign'd, that first Alcides forc'd a way,  
 And gave this passage to th' indignant sea.  
 And here perchance a lengthen'd tract of land  
 With one continu'd mound the flood restrain'd,  
 But now the furious main, with rushing tides,  
 From towering Calpè Abyla divides ;  
 A strait 'twixt Libya now and Spain appears,  
 Such is the force of time and change of years !  
     Four times the east had seen the rising sun,  
 Since first the vessel had its course begun :  
 Nor sheltering bays, nor ports its speed delay,  
 It shoots the strait, and leaves the midland sea.  
 But what are seas to ocean's vast profound,  
 Whose circling arms the spacious earth surround ?  
     Soon from the sight, amid the waves, are lost  
 The fertile Gades, and each neighbouring coast.  
 Behind, the lessening shores retreating fly ;  
 Sky bounds the ocean, ocean bounds the sky.

Then Ubald thus began : Say, thou! whose power  
Gives us these endless waters to explore ;                    178  
Did ever prow before these seas divide,  
Do mortals here in distant worlds reside ?  
He ceas'd ; the virgin pilot thus reply'd.

When great Alcides had the monsters slain,  
That wafted Libya and the realms of Spain ;  
Your lands subdu'd, at yonder strait he stay'd ;  
Nor durst old Ocean's surgy gulphs invade.  
He fix'd his pillars there, in vain design'd  
To curb the searching spirit of mankind :  
Urg'd by desire new regions to explore,  
Ulysses scorn'd the confines of the shore :  
He pass'd the bound'ry, loosening to the gales,  
Amidst the wider flood, his daring sails :  
But all his skill in naval arts was vain,  
He sunk entomb'd beneath the roaring main :  
And those, by tempests forc'd amidst the waves,  
Have ne'er return'd, or found untimely graves.  
Hence undiscover'd still the seas remain,  
That numerous isles and mighty states contain.  
Inhabitants abound on many a coast ;  
The lands, like yours, their fertile produce boast ;  
Where, not ungrateful to the labourer's toil,  
The sun prolific warms the pregnant soil.

Then Ubald—Of those climes, remov'd afar, 202  
The manners and religious rites declare.  
Various their lives (the virgin thus rejoin'd)  
Their speech, their customs, are of various kind:  
Some worship beasts, the stars, or solar power;  
And earth, the common parent, some adore.  
There are who stain their feasts with human blood,  
And load their dreadful board with horrid food;  
And every land, from Calpè's towering heights,  
Is nurs'd in impious faith and cruel rites!

Will then that pitying GOD (the knight reply'd)  
Who came with heavenly truths mankind to guide,  
Leave, far excluded from the sacred light,  
So large a portion of the world in night?

O no! the faith of CHRIST shall there be spread,  
(She cry'd) and science rear her laurell'd head.  
Think not this length of ocean's whelming tide  
Shall from your future search those climes divide:  
The time shall come, when sailors, yet unborn,  
Shall name Alcides' narrow bounds in scorn:  
Lands now unknown, and seas without a name,  
Shall then through all your realms extend their fame:  
Perils untry'd succeeding ships shall brave,  
And cut, with daring course, the distant wave;

Through all the flood's unfathom'd currents run, 226

Gird the vast globe, and emulate the sun.

From fair Liguria see th' adventurer rise,

Whose courage first the threatening passage tries.

Nor raging seas, by furious whirlwinds tost,

Nor doubtful prospects of th' uncertain coast,

Shall, in the straits of Abyla confin'd,

Detain the ardour of his dauntless mind!

'Tis thou, Columbus, to another pole

Shalt rear the mast, and o'er the furling roll;

While, with a thousand wings, and thousand eyes,

Fame scarce pursues thy vessel as it flies!

Let Bacchus or Alcides claim her praise,

Thy worth, in future time, her trump shall raise:

Thy deeds shall last in storied annals long,

The copious subject of some poet's song.

She said, and westward steer'd before the wind,

Then gently tow'rd the south her sails inclin'd.

Now in their front they see the sun descend,

And now the morn behind her beams extend:

But when Aurora, from her radiant head,

Had all around her pearly moisture shed;

Before their eyes a mountain huge appear'd,

That midst the clouds its lofty summit rear'd.

Near as they came, the fleeting clouds withdrew, 250  
 And like a pyramid it show'd to view;  
 From whence black curling smoke was seen to rise;  
 As where 'tis feign'd th' Ætnean<sup>c</sup> giant lies  
 Transfix'd, and breathes eruptions to the skies.  
 By day thick vapours from the mouth expire,  
 By night terrific flames of ruddy fire.

Then other islands midst the main they 'spy'd,  
 And lands less steepy rising o'er the tide.  
 Delightful isles, renown'd of ancient date  
 And styl'd, by tuneful bards, The Fortunate.  
 'Twas said, that Heaven to these such grace allow'd,  
 No shining share the fable furrows plough'd.  
 The lands untill'd could plenteous crops produce;  
 And vines, unprun'd, supply nectareous juice.  
 Here olives bloom'd with never-fading green;  
 From hollow oaks was liquid honey seen.  
 The rivers murmuring from the hills above,  
 With crystal streams renew'd the vernal grove.  
 No sultry heat oppress'd the grateful day;  
 Soft dews and zephyrs cool'd the solar ray.  
 And here were feign'd the mansions of the blest,  
 Th' Elysian seats of everlasting rest.

<sup>c</sup> ENCELADUS.

To these her course the damsel-pilot bore : 273  
Behold, (she cry'd) our destin'd voyage o'er :  
The Isles of Fortune to your sight appear,  
Whose fame, though doubtful, yet has reach'd your ear :  
Fair is their foil ; but fame each wonder swells,  
And every truth, with added fiction tells.  
While thus she spoke, along the main they flew,  
Till near the foremost isle their vessel drew.  
Then Charles began—O ever-sacred dame!  
If this the cause permits for which we came :  
Grant that our feet a while may tread the shore,  
To view a race and land unknown before ;  
To observe their rites, and mark with curious eyes  
Whate'er may claim th' attention of the wise :  
So shall our lips declare, in future time,  
The wonders witness'd in this foreign clime.

Your suit demands my praise, (the maid replies)  
But Heaven's decree the bold request denies.  
The time arrives not yet, by GOD design'd,  
To give the great discovery to mankind :  
Nor must you, back from ocean's bosom borne,  
With certain tidings to your world return.  
To you, beyond the sailor's art, 'tis given  
To pass these billows, by the will of Heaven ;

To rouse your champion from his fatal sleep,     297  
And safe convey him o'er the watery deep :  
Let this suffice—with prouder thoughts elate,  
'Twere impious folly to contend with fate.

Thus while she spoke, the foremost isle withdrew,  
And soon the second gain'd upon the view :  
She shew'd the warriors how the islands lay,  
In order rang'd against the rising day.  
The lands with equal space the sea divides,  
And rolls between the shores its beating tides.  
In seven are seen the marks of human care,  
Where cultur'd fields and rural cots appear :  
But three a barren desert soil reveal,  
Where savage beasts in woods and mountains dwell.

Amidst these isles a lone recess they found,  
Where circling shores the subject flood surround,  
And, far within, a spacious bay enclose ;  
Sharp rocks, without, the rushing surge oppose :  
Two lofty cliffs before the entrance rise,  
A welcome sign to future sailors' eyes :  
Within, the waves repose in peace serene ;  
Black forests nod above, a sylvan scene !  
A grotto opens in the living stone,  
With verdant moss and ivy-leaves o'ergrown ;

The grateful shades a gentle murmur fills,      321  
While o'er the pavement glide the lucid rills.  
No cables need the floating ships secure,  
No bearded anchors here the vessels moor.  
To this retreat her course the pilot bore,  
And, entering, full'd her sails, and reach'd the shore.

Behold (she cry'd) where yonder structure stands  
Rais'd on the mountain, and the isle commands!  
There, lost in festive sloth, in folly lost,  
Slumbers the champion of the Christian host.  
'Tis yours, when next the sun forsakes the deep,  
With labouring feet to ascend the threatening steep:  
Meanwhile this short delay with ease be borne;  
All times are luckless save the hour of morn:  
But to the mountain's foot pursue your way,  
While yet remains the light of parting day.

Thus she; the word th' impatient warriors took,  
And, leaping from the bark, the strand forsook.  
With ready steps a pleasing road they cross'd,  
And all their toils in sweet delusion lost.  
At length th' expected hill's broad base they gain,  
(The sun yet hovering o'er the western main)  
From hence their eyes the arduous height survey,  
The pendent ruins and the rocky way,

Inclement frost the mountain's side deforms, 345  
 And all around is white with wintry storms.

The lofty summit yields a milder scene,  
 With budding flowers and groves for ever green!

There ends the frozen clime! there lilies blow,  
 There roses blush upon the bordering snow.

There youthful spring, and hoary winter here;  
 Such power has magic o'er the changing year!

Now at the mountain's foot the heroes stay'd,  
 And slept secure beneath a cavern's shade,

But when the sun (eternal fount of day!)  
 Spread o'er the laughing skies his golden ray:

At once they rose, at once their course renew'd,  
 And up the steep ascent the way pursu'd.

When lo! a serpent<sup>d</sup>, rushing from his cell,  
 Oppos'd their passage, horrible and fell!

<sup>b</sup> *When lo! a serpent,——*] Virgil and Milton have both excelled in describing the motion of this animal.

——Raptit orbes pro humum. VIRG.

——He leading swiftly roll'd

In tangles—— MILTON.

But the commentator on Milton thinks that Tasso has surpassed both in the above passage, the beauty of which can scarcely be rendered into English.

Hor rientra in se stessa, hor le nodose  
 Ruote distende e se dopo se tira.

Aloft his head and fqualid breaft he held      361  
Befreak'd with gold; his neck with anger fwell'd;  
Fire fill'd his eyes; he hid the path beneath;  
And fmoke and poifon iffu'd with his breath.  
Now in thick curls his fcaly length he wound;  
Now trail'd his opening folds along the ground.  
Such was the dreadful guardian of the place,  
Yet on the heroes prefs'd with fearless pace.  
The Dane his falchion draws, and eager flies  
To affail the fnake, when fudden Ubald cries:  
Forbear! can arms like thefe our foes repel?  
And think'ft thou thus the monster's rage to quell?

He faid; and fhook the golden wand around;  
The ferpent fled, astonish'd at the found.  
The knights proceed; a lion fierce descends,  
And, roaring loud, the dangerous pafs defends;  
He rolls his fiery eyes, his mane he rears,  
Wide as a gulph his gaping mouth appears;  
His lashing tail his flumbering wrath awakes:  
But, when his potent rod the warrior fhakes,  
Unufual fears the dreadful beaft furprife,  
Sunk is his rage, he trembles, and he flies!

Still on they pafs'd; but foon a numerous hoft  
Of monsters dire their daring paffage croft.

In various shapes the ghastly troops appear,      335  
With various yells they rend the startled ear.  
Each savage form that roves the burning sands,  
From distant Nilus to the Libyan lands,  
Here seem'd to dwell, with all the beasts that roam  
Hyrcania's woods, or deep Hircinia's gloom!  
But not their numbers could the chiefs detain;  
The powerful wand made all their fury vain.  
These dangers past; the conquering pair ascend;  
Now near the brow their eager steps they bend;  
Yet, as they tread the cliffs, the sinking snows  
And slippery ice awhile their course oppose.  
But when at length they reach'd the rocky height,  
A spacious level opens to their fight.  
There youthful spring salutes th' enraptur'd eye,  
Unfading verdure, and a gladfome sky;  
Eternal zephyrs through the groves prevail,  
And incense breathes in every balmy gale;  
No irksome change th' unvaried climate knows  
Of heat alternate, and alternate snows:  
A genial power the tender herbage feeds,  
And decks with every sweet the smiling meads;  
Diffuses soft perfumes from every flower,  
And clothes with lasting shade each rural bower:

There, rear'd aloft, a stately palace stands,      409  
Whose prospect wide the hills and seas commands.

The warriors, weary'd with the steep ascent,  
More slowly o'er th' enamell'd meadow went ;  
Oft looking back, their former toils review'd,  
Now paus'd awhile, and now their course pursu'd.  
When sudden, falling from the rocky heights,  
A copious stream the traveller's thirst excites ;  
From hence a thousand rills dispersing flow,  
And trickle through the grassy vale below :  
At length, uniting all their different tides,  
In verdant banks a gentle river glides,  
With murmuring sound a bowery gloom pervades,  
And rolls its sable waves through pendent shades :  
A cool retreat! the flowery border shows  
A pleasing couch, inviting soft repose.  
Behold the fatal spring where laughter dwells,  
Dire poison lurking in its secret cells!  
Here let us guard our thoughts, our passions rein,  
And every loose desire in bonds detain :  
A deafen'd ear to dulcet music lend,  
Nor dare the Syren's impious lays attend.  
The knights advanc'd till, from their narrow bed,  
Wide in a lake the running waters spread.

There on the banks a sumptuous table plac'd,      433  
 With rare and flavoured cates allur'd the taste.  
 Two blooming damsels<sup>e</sup> in the water lave,  
 And laugh and plunge beneath the lucid wave.

<sup>e</sup> *Two blooming damsels*—] All this beautiful passage is imitated, or rather translated, by our Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, where Guyon is described with the palmer, entering the bower of bliss.

Two naked damsels he therein espy'd,  
 Which therein bathing seem'd to contend,  
 And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide  
 Their dainty parts from view of any which them ey'd.

—      —      —      —      —  
 As that fair star, the messenger of morn,  
 His dewy face out of the sea does rear;  
 Or as the Cyprian Goddess, newly born  
 Of the Ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear;  
 Such seem'd they, and so their yellow hair,  
 Crystalline humour dropped down apace.

—      —      —      —      —  
 With that, the other likewise up arose,  
 And her fair locks, which formerly were bound  
 Up in one knot, she low adown did loose;  
 Which flowing long and thick her cloth'd around,  
 And th' ivory in golden mantle gound;  
 So that fair spectacle from him was rest,  
 Yet that which rest it, no less fair was found:  
 So hid in locks and waves from looker's theft,  
 Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. ii. c. 12. ft. 65, 67.

Now round in sport they dash the sprinkling tide; 437  
And now with nimble strokes the stream divide:  
Now, sunk at once, they vanish from the eyes;  
And now again above the surface rise!

The naked wantons, with enticing charms,  
Each warrior's bosom fill'd with soft alarms:  
Awhile they stay'd their steps, and silent view'd,  
As those their pastime unconcern'd pursu'd,  
Till one erect in open light appear'd,  
And o'er the stream her ivory bosom rear'd;  
Her upward beauties to the sight reveal'd:  
The rest, beneath, the crystal scarce conceal'd.

As when the morning star, with gentle ray,  
From seas emerging leads the purple day:  
As when, ascending from the genial flood,  
The queen of love on ocean's bosom stood:  
So seems the damsel, so her locks diffuse  
The pearly liquid in descending dews;  
Till on th' approaching chiefs she turn'd her eyes,  
Then feign'd, with mimic fear, a coy surprise:  
Swift from her head she loos'd, with eager haste,  
The yellow curls in artful fillets lac'd;  
The falling tresses o'er her limbs display'd,  
Wrapt all her beauties in a golden shade!

Thus hid in locks, and circled by the flood, 461  
With side-long glance, o'erjoy'd, the knights she view'd.  
Her smiles amid her blushes lovelier show ;  
Amid her smiles, her blushes lovelier glow !  
At length she rais'd her voice with melting art,  
Whose magic strains might pierce the firmest heart.

O happy strangers ! to whose feet 'tis given  
To reach these blissful seats, this earthly heaven !  
View here those rapturous scenes so fam'd of old,  
When early mortals view'd an age of gold.  
No longer wear the helm, the falchion wield,  
The cumbrous corslet, or the weighty shield ;  
Here hang your useless arms amidst the grove,  
The warriors now of peace-inspiring love !  
Our field of battle is the downy bed,  
Or flowery turf amid the smiling mead.  
Then let us lead you to our sovereign's eyes,  
From whose diffusive power our blessings rise.  
She shall amongst those few your names receive,  
Elected here in endless joys to live.  
But first refresh your limbs beneath the tide,  
And taste the viands which our cares provide.

She ceas'd ; her lovely partner join'd her prayer,  
With looks persuasive, and enticing air.

So, in the scene, the active dancers bound,      485  
And move responsive to the tuneful sound.  
But firmly steel'd was either champion's heart,  
Against their fraudulent strains and soothing art :  
Or, if forbidden thoughts a wish inspire,  
And wake the slumbering seeds of wild desire ;  
Soon to their aid assisting reason came,  
And quench'd the infant sparks of kindling flame.

    Their arts in vain the vanquish'd damsels view'd :  
The warriors thence their fated way pursu'd :  
These seek the palace; those indignant hide  
Their shameful heads beneath the whelming tide.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVI.

## THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES and Ubald enter the palace of Armida. The gardens are described. Rinaldo is seen with his mistress. At the departure of Armida, the two knights discover themselves; and Ubald reproves Rinaldo for his sloth and effeminacy. The youthful hero, filled with shame, abandons those seats of pleasure, and follows the guidance of his deliverers. Armida pursues him, and makes use of every argument to move him, but in vain: He endeavours to pacify her: she then breaks out into bitter reproaches, till, her strength being exhausted, she falls into a swoon. The three warriors go on board their vessel, and set sail for Palestine. Armida, recovering, finds her lover gone: She then gives herself up to rage, and, resolving on revenge, destroys her enchanted palace, and takes her flight to Egypt.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## BOOK XVI.

**I**N circling form the costly structure rose;  
And deep within the wondrous walls enclose  
A beauteous garden, whose delightful scene  
Eclips'd the fairest boast of mortal men.  
The fiends had bent their skill a pile to raise,  
Perplex'd with secret rooms and winding ways;  
And in the centre lay the magic bowers,  
Impervious to the search of human powers.

Now through the loftiest gate the warriors pass'd,  
(A hundred gates the spacious structure grac'd)  
With sculptur'd silver, glorious to behold,  
The valves on hinges hung of burnish'd gold!  
Surpris'd they saw, excell'd in every part,  
The rich materials, by the sculptor's art.



Behold (while doubtful yet remains the fight) 39

Behold where Cleopatra takes her flight.

See! Anthony, of fame forgetful, flies,

No more his hopes to glorious empire rise :

Yet o'er his soul no servile fear prevails ;

Her flight alone impels his yielding fails.

Contending passions all his soul inflame,

Disdain and rage, and love, and conscious shame ;

While, with alternate gaze, he views from far

Her parting vessel, and the dubious war.

Now Nile receives him on his watery breast ;

There, in his mistress' arms, he sinks to rest ;

There seems, resign'd, the threatening hour to wait,

And soften, with her smiles, the stroke of fate.

With storied labours thus the portals grac'd,

The heroes view'd, and thence intrepid pass'd.

And now they try'd the labyrinth's winding maze :

As fam'd Meander moves a thousand ways ;

Now rolls direct, now takes a devious course,

Now seems to seek again his native source :

The frequent turnings so their eyes deceiv'd :

But soon the faithful map their doubts reliev'd ;

Display'd each various passage to their sight,

And led through paths oblique their steps aright.

The garden then unfolds a beauteous scene, 63  
With flowers adorn'd and ever-living green.  
There silver lakes reflect the beaming day;  
Here crystal streams in gurgling fountains play:  
Cool vales descend, and funny hills arise,  
And groves, and caves, and grottoes, strike the eyes.  
Art shew'd her utmost power; but art conceal'd,  
With greater charms the pleas'd attention held.  
It seem'd as Nature play'd a sportive part,  
And strove to mock the mimic works of art!  
By powerful magic breathes the vernal air,  
And fragrant trees eternal blossoms bear:  
Eternal fruits on every branch endure;  
Those swelling from their buds, and these mature.  
There, on one parent stock, the leaves among,  
With ripen'd figs, the figs unripen'd hung.  
Depending apples here the boughs unfold;  
Those green in youth, these mellow'd into gold.  
The vine luxuriant rears her arms on high,  
And curls her tendrils to the genial sky:  
There the crude grapes no grateful sweet produce,  
And here impurpled yield nectareous juice.  
The joyous birds, conceal'd in every grove,  
With gentle strife prolong the notes of love.

Soft zephyrs breathe on woods and waters round; 87  
The woods and waters yield a murmuring found :  
When cease the tuneful choir, the wind replies ;  
But, when they sing, in gentle whispers dies :  
By turns they sink, by turns their music raise,  
And blend, with equal skill, harmonious lays.

Amongst the rest, with plumes of various dyes,  
And purple beak, a beauteous songster flies ;  
Wondrous to tell, with human speech indu'd,  
He fills with vocal strains the blissful wood :  
The birds attentive close their silent wings,  
While thus the fair, the soothing charmer sings.

Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose <sup>a</sup>,  
When scarce the leaves her early bud disclose :

<sup>a</sup> *Behold how lovely blooms the vernal rose.*] This song is closely translated by Spenser ; but, as it has been observed very well, our poet has judiciously omitted the fanciful circumstance of a bird singing these words, which has been the subject of Voltaire's ridicule.

Ah ! see the virgin rose, how sweetly she  
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,  
That fairer seems, the less you see her may ;  
Lo ! see soon after, how more bold and free  
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;  
Lo ! see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

When, half inwrapt, and half to view reveal'd, 101  
 She gives new pleasure from her charms conceal'd.  
 But when she shows her bosom wide display'd,  
 How soon her sweets exhale, her beauties fade!  
 No more she seems the flower so lately lov'd,  
 By virgins cherish'd, and by youths approv'd!  
 So, swiftly fleeting with the transient day,  
 Passes the flower of mortal life away!  
 In vain the spring returns, the spring no more  
 Can waning youth to former prime restore:  
 Then crop the morning rose, the time improve,  
 And, while to love 'tis given, indulge in love!

He ceas'd: th' approving choir with joy renew  
 Their rapturous music, and their loves pursue.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,  
 Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,  
 Ne more doth flourish after first decay,  
 That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower,  
 Of many a lady and many a paramour:  
 Gather therefore the rose, whilst yet in prime,  
 For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:  
 Gather the rose of love, whilst yet in time,  
 Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.

He ceas'd, and then 'gan all the quire of birds  
 Their diverse notes t' attune unto his lay,  
 As in approvance, &c.



Her wandering eyes confess'd a pleasing fire,      133  
 And shot the trembling beams of soft desire.  
 Now, fondly hanging o'er, with head declin'd,  
 Close to his cheek her lovely cheek she join'd;  
 While o'er her charms he taught his looks to rove,  
 And drank, with eager thirst, new draughts of love.  
 Now, bending down, enraptur'd as he lies,  
 She kiss'd his vermil lips and swimming eyes;  
 Till from his inmost heart he heav'd a sigh,  
 As if to hers his parting soul would fly!

All this the warriors from the shade survey,  
 And mark, conceal'd, the lovers' amorous play.  
 Dependent from his side (unusual sight!)  
 Appear'd a polish'd mirror, beamy bright:  
 This in his hand th' enamour'd champion rais'd;  
 On this, with smiles, the fair Armida gaz'd.  
 She in the glass her form reflected 'spies:  
 And he consults the mirror of her eyes:  
 One proud to rule, one prouder to obey;  
 He bless'd in her, and she in beauty's sway.  
 Ah! turn those eyes on me (exclaims the knight)  
 Those eyes that bless me with their heavenly light!  
 For know, the power that every lover warms,  
 In this fond breast Armida's image forms.

Since I, alas ! am scorn'd ! here turn thy sight, 157  
 And view thy native graces with delight :  
 Here on that face thy ravish'd looks employ,  
 Where springs eternal love, eternal joy !  
 Or rather range through yon celestial spheres,  
 And view thy likenefs in the radiant stars.

The lover ceas'd ; the fair Armida smil'd,  
 And still with wanton toys the time beguil'd.  
 Now in a braid she bound her flowing hair ;  
 Now smooth'd the roving locks with decent care :  
 Part, with her hand, in shining curls she roll'd,  
 And deck'd with azure flowers the waving gold.  
 Her veil compos'd, with roses sweet she dress'd  
 The native lilies of her fragrant breast.  
 Not half so proud, of glorious plumage vain,  
 The peacock sets to view his glittering train :  
 Not Iris shews so fair, when dewy skies  
 Reflect the changeful light with various dyes.  
 But o'er the rest her wondrous cestus<sup>c</sup> shin'd,  
 Whose mystic round her tender waist confin'd.

<sup>c</sup> — her wondrous cestus —] The idea of this girdle is from the cestus of Homer, which Juno borrows of Venus.

In this was every art, and every charm,  
 To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :

Here unembod' d spells th' enchantress mix'd, 177  
 By potent arts, and in a girdle fix'd :  
 Repulses sweet, soft speech, and gay desires,  
 And tender scorn that fans the lover's fires ;  
 Engaging smiles, short sighs of mutual bliss,  
 The tear of transport, and the melting kifs.  
 All these she join'd, her powerful work to frame,  
 And artful temper'd in th' annealing flame.

Now with a kifs, the balmy pledge of love,  
 She left her knight, and issu'd from the grove.  
 Each day, awhile apart, the dame review'd  
 Her magic labours, and her charms renew'd ;  
 While he, deep-musing, in her absence stray'd,  
 A lonely lover midst the conscious shade.  
 But when the silent glooms of friendly night  
 To mutual bliss th' enamour'd pair invite ;  
 Beneath one roof, amid the bowers they lay,  
 And lov'd, entranc'd, the fleeting hours away.

Soon as Armida (so her arts requir'd)  
 From gentle love to other cares retir'd :

Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,  
 The kind deceit, the still-reviving fire,  
 Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,  
 Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.

POPE'S ILLIAD, B. xiv. ver. 247.

The warriors, from their covert, rush'd to fight, 197  
In radiant arms that cast a gleamy light.

As when, from martial toil, the generous steed  
Releas'd, is given to range the verdant mead ;  
Forgetful of his former fame he roves,  
And woos in slothful ease his dappled loves :  
If chance the trumpet's sound invade his ears,  
Or glittering steel before his sight appears,  
He neighs aloud, and, furious, pants to bear  
The valiant chief, and pierce the files of war.  
So fares Rinaldo, when the knights he 'spies :  
When their bright armour lightens in his eyes :  
At once the glorious beams his soul inspire ;  
His breast rekindles with a martial fire.  
Then sudden, forth advancing, Ubald held  
Before the youth his adamantine shield :  
To this he turn'd, in this at once survey'd  
His own resemblance full to view display'd :  
His sweeping robes he saw, his flowing hair  
With odours breathing, his luxurious air.  
His sword, the only mark of warlike pride,  
Estrang'd from fight, hung idly at his side ;  
And, wreath'd with flowers, seem'd worn for empty show ;  
No dreadful weapon 'gainst a valiant foe.

As one, whom long lethargic slumber ties,      221  
 Recovers from his sleep with wild surprize :  
 So from his trance awakes the Christian knight,  
 Himself beholds, and sickens at the sight ;  
 And wishes opening earth his shame would hide,  
 Or ocean veil him in its whelming tide.

Then Ubald thus began—All Europe arms,  
 And Asia's kingdoms catch the loud alarms.  
 Now all that cherish fame, or CHRIST adore,  
 In shining armour press the Syrian shore ;  
 While thee, Bertoldo's son ! from glory's plains,  
 A narrow isle in shameful rest detains ;  
 Alone regardless of the voice of fame,  
 Th' ignoble champion of a wanton dame !  
 What fatal power can thus thy sense control ?  
 What sloth suppress the vigour of thy soul ?  
 Rise ! rise !—thee Godfrey, thee the camp incites :  
 'Tis fortune calls, and victory invites !  
 Come, fated warrior ! bid the fight succeed ;  
 And crush those foes thou oft has made to bleed ;  
 Now let each impious sect thy vengeance feel,  
 And fall extinct beneath thy conquering steel.

He ceas'd : awhile the youth in silence mus'd,  
 All motionless he stood, with looks confus'd ;

Till shame gave way, and stronger anger rose ; 245

(A generous anger, that from reason flows)

O'er all his face a nobler ardour flies,

Flames on his cheek, and sparkles from his eyes.

Now, hastening from the bower, their way they hold,  
And safely pass the labyrinth's winding fold.

Meanwhile Armida view'd, with deep dismay,

Where, breathless at the gate, the keeper lay<sup>d</sup> :

Then first suspicion in her bosom grew ;

And soon her lover's flight too well she knew :

Herself beheld the darling hero fly :

O direful prospect to a lover's eye !

Where wouldst thou go, and leave me here alone ?—

She strove to say ; but, with a rising groan,

Too mighty grief her feeble words suppress'd,

Which deep remurmur'd in her tortur'd breast.

Ah wretched fair ! a greater power disarms,

A greater wisdom mocks thy frustrate charms !

<sup>d</sup> *Where, breathless at the gate, the keeper lay.*] There is an obscurity in this passage, for no mention has been made before by the poet of such a circumstance.

In tanto Armida de la regal porta  
Mirò giacere il fier custode estinto.

This sees the dame, who every art applies 263  
To stay his flight : in vain each art she tries.  
Whate'er the witches of Theffalia's strain  
E'er mutter'd to the shades with lip profane,  
That could the planets in their spheres control,  
Or call from prisons drear the parted soul,  
Full well she knew ; but all in vain essay'd ;  
No hell, responsive, her commands obey'd.  
Abandon'd thus, she next resolv'd to prove  
In suppliant beauty more than spells could move.  
See ! where, regardless of her former fame,  
All wild with anguish runs the furious dame.  
She who so late the laws of love despis'd,  
Who scorn'd the lover, though the love she priz'd ;  
Whose conquering eyes could every heart subdue ;  
Behold her now a lover's steps pursue !  
With soft persuasive grief her look she arms,  
And bathes with tears her now neglected charms.  
O'er rocks and snows her tender feet she plies,  
And sends her voice before her as she flies.  
O thou ! who bear'st away my yielding heart,  
Who robb'st me of my best, my dearest part,  
O ! give me death—or once again restore  
My murder'd peace—thy hasty flight give o'er !

Hear my last words—I ask no parting kifs ;      287  
For happier lips reserve that mighty blifs :  
What canst thou fear, ah cruel ! to comply,  
Since still with thee remains the power to fly ?

Then Ubald thus—Awhile thy speed forbear,  
And lend her woes, O Prince ! a courteous ear :  
The praise be thine thy virtue to retain,  
And hear unmov'd the vanquish'd Syren's strain :  
So Reason shall extend her sacred sway,  
And teach the subject passions to obey.

He said ; Rinaldo stay'd ; and sudden came,  
Breathless, o'erspent with haste, the hapless dame.  
Deep sorrow spread o'er all her languid air ;  
Yet sweet in woe and beautiful in despair :  
Silent on him her eager look she bent ;  
Disdain, and fear, and shame her speech prevent ;  
While from her eyes the knight abash'd withdrew,  
Or snatch'd, with wary glance, a transient view.

As fam'd musicians, ere the notes they raise  
To charm the listening ear with tuneful lays,  
In accents low, with prelude soft, prepare  
The rapt attention for the promis'd air :  
So she, yet mindful of her fraudulent art,  
Would soften, ere she spoke, the hearer's heart ;

First breath'd a sigh to melt the tender breast; 311  
Then thus, at length, these plaintive words address'd.

Ah cruel! think not now I come to prove  
The prayers that lovers might to lovers move!  
Such once we were!—But if thou scorn'st the name,  
Yet grant the pity foes from foes may claim.  
If me thy hate pursues, enjoy thy hate;  
I seek not to disturb thy happy state!  
A Pagan born, I every means employ'd  
To oppress the Christians and their power divide.  
Thee I pursu'd, and thee secluded far,  
In distant climates, from the sound of war.  
But more, which deeper seems thy scorn to move,  
Add how I since deceiv'd thee to my love.  
O foul deceit!—to yield my virgin flower,  
To give my beauties to another's power!  
To let one favour'd youth that gift obtain,  
Which thousands fondly sought, but sought in vain!  
These are my frauds; let these thy wrath engage;  
Such crimes may well demand a lover's rage!  
So may'st thou part without one tender thought,  
And be these dear abodes at once forgot!  
Haste!—pass the seas!—thy flying sails employ,  
Go, wage the combat, and our faith destroy!—

*Our* faith, alas!—Ah, no!—*my* faith no more; 335  
I worship thee, and thee alone adore!  
Yet hence with thee deceiv'd Armida bear;  
The vanquish'd still attends the victor's car:  
Let me be shown, to all the camp display'd,  
The proud betrayer by thy guile betray'd.—  
Wretch as I am! shall still these locks be worn,  
These locks that now are grown a lover's scorn?  
These hands shall cut the tresses from my head,  
And o'er my limbs a fervile habit spread:  
Thee will I follow midst surrounding foes,  
When all the fury of the battle glows.  
I want not soul, so far at least to dare,  
To lead thy courser, or thy javelin bear.  
Let me sustain, or be myself thy shield;  
Still will I guard thee in the dangerous field.  
No hostile hand so savage can be found,  
Through my poor limbs thy dearer life to wound:  
Soft mercy even may fell revenge restrain,  
And these neglected charms some pity gain—  
Ah, wretch! and dare I still of beauty boast,  
My prayers rejected, and my empire lost!  
More had she said; but grief her words withstood,  
Fast from her eyes distill'd the trickling flood:

With suppliant act she sought to grasp his hand, 359  
She held his robe; unmov'd the chief remain'd :  
Love found no more an entrance in his breast,  
And firm resolves the starting tears suppress'd.  
Yet pity soften'd soon his generous soul ;  
Scarce could he now the tender dew control :  
But still he strove his secret thoughts to hide,  
Compos'd his looks, and thus at length reply'd.

Armida ; thy distress with grief I see ;  
O ! could I now thy labouring bosom free  
From this ill-omen'd love !—Ah ! hapless fair !  
No scorn I harbour, and no hatred bear :  
I seek no vengeance ; no offence I know ;  
Nor canst thou be my slave, nor art my foe.  
On either side I fear thy thoughts have stray'd,  
As love deceiv'd thee, or as anger sway'd.  
But human frailties human pity claim ;  
Thy faith, thy sex, thy years, acquit thy fame.  
I too have err'd : and shall I dare reprove  
Thy tender bosom with the faults of love ?  
Hence ever shall thy dear remembrance rest,  
In joy and grief the partner of my breast !  
Still must I be thy champion—thine as far  
As Christian faith permits, and Asia's war.

But ah! let here our mutual weakness end;      383  
No further now our mutual shame extend:  
Here from the world, on this extremest coast,  
Be all our follies in oblivion lost!  
Midst all my deeds in Europe's clime reveal'd,  
O! still be these, and these alone, conceal'd!  
Then let no rash ignoble thoughts disgrace  
Thy worth; thy beauty, and thy royal race.  
With me thou seek'st in vain to quit the land;  
Superior powers thy fond desire withstand.  
Remain or seek some happier place of rest,  
And in thy wisdom calm thy troubled breast.

As thus the warrior spoke, the haughty dame  
Scarce held her rage, now kindling to a flame;  
Awhile she view'd him with a scornful look,  
Then from her lips these furious accents broke.

Boast not Bertoldo's nor Sophia's blood!  
Thou sprung'st relentless from the stormy flood:  
Thy infant years th' Hyrcanian tigers fed;  
On frozen Caucasus thy youth was bred!—  
See! if he deigns one tender tear bestow,  
Or pay one sigh in pity to my woe!  
What shall I say, or whither shall I turn?  
He calls me his!—yet leaves me here in scorn.

See how his foe the generous victor leaves, 407  
 Forgets her error, and her crime forgives !  
 Hear how sedate, how sage, his counsels prove ;  
 This rigid cool Zenocrates in love !  
 O Heaven !—O Gods !—and shall this impious race  
 Your temples ravage, and your shrines deface ?  
 Go, wretch—Such peace attend thy tortur'd mind  
 As I, forsaken here, am doom'd to find !  
 Fly hence !—be gone !—but soon expect to view  
 My vengeful ghost thy traiterous flight pursue :  
 A fury arm'd with snakes and torch I'll prove,  
 With terrors equal to my former love !  
 If fate decree thee safe to pass the main,  
 Escap'd from rocks, to view th' embattled plain,  
 There shalt thou, sinking in the fatal strife,  
 Appease my vengeance with thy dearest life :  
 Oft shalt thou then by name Armida call  
 In dying groans, while I enjoy thy fall !

She could no more ; as these last words she spoke,  
 Scarce from her lips the sounds imperfect broke.  
 She faints ! she sinks ! all breathless pale she lies  
 In chilly sweats, and shuts her languid eyes.  
 Dost thou, Armida ! now thy eyelids close ?  
 Heaven envies sure one comfort to thy woes.

Ah! raise thy sight; behold thy deadly foe: 431  
See down his cheek the kindly sorrows flow.  
O! could'st thou now, ill fated lover! hear  
His sighs soft breaking on thy raptur'd ear!  
What fate permits (but this thou canst not view)  
He gives, and pitying takes the last adieu.  
What should he do?—thus leave her on the coast,  
'Twixt life and death her struggling senses lost?  
Compassion pleads, and courtesy detains;  
But dire necessity his flight constrains.  
He parts:—and now a friendly breeze prevails,  
(The pilot's tresses waving in the gales)  
The golden sail o'er surging ocean speeds,  
And from the sight the flying shore recedes.

But when, recover'd from her trance, she stood,  
And all around the land forsaken view'd:  
And is he gone?—Has then the traitor fled?  
Left me in life's extremest need? (she said)  
Would he not to my hapless state dispense  
One moment's stay, or wait returning sense?  
And do I love him still? still here remain,  
And unreveng'd in empty words complain?  
What then avail these tears, these female arms!  
Far other arts are mine, and stronger charms.

I will pursue—nor hell th' ingrate shall shield, 455  
Nor heaven shall safety from my fury yield :  
Now ! now I seize him ! now his heart I tear,  
And scatter round his mangled limbs in air !  
He knows each various art of torture well,  
In his own arts the traitor I'll excel !—  
But ah ! I wander !—O ! untimely boast !  
Unblest'd Armida, whither art thou tost ?  
Then should'st thou to thy wrath have given the rein,  
When he lay captive in thy powerful chain.  
Then did the wretch no less thy hatred claim ;  
Too late thy rage now kindles to a flame !  
O beauty scorn'd ! since you th' offence sustain'd,  
Be yours the due revenge your wrongs demand.  
Lo ! with my person shall his worth be paid,  
Who from the battle brings that hated head.  
Ye gallant youths ! whom faithful love inspires,  
A dangerous, glorious task my soul requires !  
Even I, to whom Damascus' realms shall bow,  
The price of vengeance with myself bestow.  
But, if, contemn'd, I must not this obtain,  
Then nature gave these boasted charms in vain :  
Take back th' unhappy gift !—myself I hate,  
My birth, my being, and my regal state.

One soothing hope alone can comfort give ;      479  
For sweet revenge I still consent to live !

Thus with wild grief she ran her frenzy o'er,  
Then turn'd her footsteps from the desert shore :  
Her fiery looks her stormy passions show ;  
Loose in the wind her locks dishevell'd flow ;  
And in her eyes the flashing sparkles glow !

Now, at her dome, she calls with hideous yell,  
Three hundred deities from deepest hell :  
Soon murky clouds o'er all the skies are spread ;  
Th' eternal planet hides his sickening head.  
On mountain-tops the furious whirlwinds blow ;  
Deep rocks the ground ; Avernus groans below.  
Through all the palace mingled cries resound ;  
Loud hissings, howls, and screams are heard around.  
Thick glooms, more black than night, the walls en-  
close,

Where not a ray its friendly light bestows ;  
Save that, by fits, sulphureous lightnings stream,  
And dart through fullen shades a dreadful gleam !  
At length the night dispers'd ; and faintly shone,  
With scarce recover'd looks, the doubtful sun :  
No longer now the stately walls appear'd ;  
No trace remain'd where once the pile was rear'd.

Like cloudy vapours of the changing skies, 502  
 Where towers and battlements in semblance rise,  
 That flit before the winds or solar beam,  
 Like idle phantoms of a sick-man's dream :  
 So vanish'd all the pile, and nought remain'd  
 But native horrors midst a rocky land !

Then swift th' enchantress mounts her ready car,  
 And, girt with tempests, cleaves the fields of air.  
 Declining from the pole, where distant lie  
 Nations unknown beneath the eastern sky ;  
 Alcides' pillars now she journeys o'er ;  
 Nor seeks Hesperia's strand, nor Afric's shore ;  
 But o'er the subject seas suspended flies,  
 Till Syria's borders to her view arise.

She seeks not then Damascus' regal dome,  
 But shuns her once-lov'd seats and native home ;  
 And guides her chariot to the fatal lands,  
 Where, midst Asphaltus' waves, her castle stands.  
 There, from her menial train and damsels' eyes,  
 All pensive, in a lone retreat she lies :  
 A war of thought her troubled breast affails ;  
 But soon her shame subsides, and wrath prevails.

Hence will I haste, (she cry'd) ere Egypt's king  
 To Sion's plains his numerous force can bring :



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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XVII.

VOL. II.

N

### THE ARGUMENT.

THE Egyptian troops and auxiliaries are mustered before the Caliph, seated on his throne. Armida unexpectedly appears with her forces: she enflames the leaders of the army with her beauty, and proffers her hand in marriage to any champion that shall kill Rinaldo. A contest, thereupon, ensues between Adraustus and Tisaphernes; but the Caliph, interposing, puts a stop to it. Rinaldo and the two knights return to Palestine. On their landing, they are met by the hermit, who had before entertained Charles and Ubald: he gives Rinaldo counsel for his future conduct, presents him with a suit of armour, and explains to him the actions of his ancestors that are represented in the shield. He then conducts the three warriors within sight of the camp, and dismisses them.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## B O O K , XVII.

PLAC'D where Judea's utmost bounds extend  
Tow'rds fair Pelusium, Gaza's towers ascend :  
Fast by the breezy shore the city stands,  
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,  
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep,  
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep ;  
That scarce th' affrighted trav'ler, spent with toil,  
Escapes the tempest of th' unstable foil.

Th' Egyptian monarch holds this frontier town,  
Which from the Turkish powers of old he won :  
Since opportunely near the plains it lies,  
To which he bends his mighty enterprize ;  
He left awhile his court and ancient state,  
And hither now transferr'd his regal feat ;

And hither brought, encamp'd along the coast, 15  
From various provinces a countless host.

Say, muse! what arms he us'd, what lands he sway'd,  
What nations fear'd him, and what powers obey'd:  
How from the south he mov'd the realms afar,  
And call'd the natives of the east to war:  
Thou only canst disclose the dire alarms,  
The bands and chiefs of half the world in arms.

When Egypt 'gainst the Grecian sway rebell'd,  
The faith forsaking which her fathers held,  
A warrior, sprung from Macon, seiz'd the throne,  
And fix'd his seat in Cairo's stately town,  
A Caliph call'd; from him each prince who wears  
Th' Egyptian crown the name of Caliph bears.  
Thus Nile beheld succeeding Pharaohs shine,  
And Ptolemies enroll'd from line to line.

And now revolving years their course pursu'd,  
And well secur'd the empire's basis stood;  
O'er Libya wide and Asia spread its power,  
From far Cyrene to the Syrian shore;  
Where seven-fold Nile o'erflows the fatten'd land,  
And where Syenna's sun-burnt dwellings stand;  
Where proud Euphrates laves Assyria's fields;  
Her spicy stores where rich Maremma yields:

And far beyond extends the potent sway, 39  
To climes that nearer greet the rising day.

Vaft in itfelf the mighty kingdom fhew'd,  
But added glories now its Lord beftow'd :  
Of blood illuftrious, and by virtues known,  
The arts of peace and war were all his own.  
Againft the Turks' and Perfians' force engag'd,  
With various fortune mighty wars he wag'd ;  
Succefs and lofs by turns ordain'd to meet,  
In conqueft great, but greater in defeat.  
At length, with creeping age his ftrength decay'd,  
Reluctant at his fide he fheath'd the blade :  
For yet his foul retain'd the martial flame,  
The thirft of empire and the luft of fame.  
His chiefs, abroad, their fovereign's wars maintain'd,  
While he, at home, in regal fplendor reign'd.  
His name the realms of Afric trembling heard,  
And furtheft Ind his diftant rule rever'd :  
Some fent their martial bands, a willing aid,  
And fome, with gold and gems, their tribute paid.  
Such was the man who drew his various force  
From climes remote, t' oppofe the Chriftians' courfe :  
Armida hither came, in happy hour,  
What time the king review'd his numerous power.

High on a stately throne himself was plac'd 63  
Th' ascent a hundred steps of ivory grac'd :  
A silver canopy o'erspread his feat,  
And gold and purple lay beneath his feet :  
Around his head the snow-white linen roll'd,  
His turban form'd of many a winding fold :  
The sceptre in his better hand was seen,  
His beard was white, and awful was his mien.  
His thoughtful brow sedate experience shows,  
Yet in his eye-balls youthful ardor glows,  
Alike maintain'd, in every act, appears,  
The pomp of power, or dignity of years.  
So when or Phydias' or Apelles' art  
To lifeless forms could seeming life impart ;  
In such a shape they show'd to mortal eyes  
Majestic Jove when thundering from the skies.  
Beside the Caliph, waits on either hand  
A mighty peer, the noblest of the land ;  
This holds the seal, ministrant near the throne,  
And bends his cares to civil rule alone :  
But greater that, the sword of justice bears,  
And, prince of armies, guides the course of wars.  
Beneath, with thronging spears, a circling band,  
In deep array his bold Circassians stand :

The cuirass-plates their manly breasts defend, 87  
And crooked sabres at their sides depend.

Thus fate the monarch, and from high beheld  
Th' assembled nations marshall'd on the field ;  
While, as the squadrons pass'd his lofty feat,  
They bow'd their arms and ensigns at his feet.

First march'd the forces drawn from Egypt's lands,  
Four were their chiefs, and each a troop commands.  
Two came from upper, two from lower Nile,  
Where ocean's waters once o'erspread the soil :  
Now lie far distant from the briny flood  
Those fields which once the coasting sailor view'd.

First of the squadrons mov'd the ready train  
That dwell in Alexandria's wealthy plain ;  
Along the land that westward far declines,  
Whose wide extent with Afric's border joins.  
Arapes was their chief, who more excell'd  
In close device than action in the field.  
The troops succeed, on Asia's coast who lie,  
Against the beams that gild the morning sky :  
These leads Aronteus, not by virtue fir'd,  
But with the pride of titles vain inspir'd :  
No massy helm, ere this, had press'd his brows,  
Nor early trump disturb'd his soft repose :

But now from ease to scenes of toil he came, 111  
By false ambition lur'd with hopes of fame.  
The next that march'd, appear'd no common band,  
But a huge host that cover'd all the land :  
It seem'd that Egypt's fields of waving grain  
Could scarce suffice their numbers to sustain :  
Yet these within one ample city dwell'd ;  
These mighty Cairo in her circuit held.  
From crowded streets she sends her sons to war ;  
And these Campfones brings beneath his care .  
Then, under Gazel, march'd the troop who till'd  
The neighbouring glebe with generous plenty fill'd ;  
And far above, where loud the river roars,  
And from on high its second cataract pours.  
No arms but swords and bows th' Egyptians bear,  
Nor weighty mail, nor shining helmets wear :  
Their habits rich, not fram'd to daunt the foe,  
But rouze to plunder with the pompous show.  
Next Barca's tawny sons, a barbarous throng,  
Beneath their chief, Alarcon, march'd along :  
Half arm'd they came : these, long to plunder train'd,  
A hungry life on barren sands sustain'd.  
Zumara's king a fairer squadron leads ;  
To him the king of Tripoly succeeds :

Both weak in steady fight, but skill'd to dare      135  
In sudden onset, and a flying war.

Then those whose culture each Arabia claim'd,  
The stony that, and this the happy nam'd.

The last ne'er doom'd (if fame the truth declare)  
The fierce extremes of heat and cold to bear.

Here odoriferous gums their sweets diffuse;

Th' immortal phœnix here his youth renews;

Here, on a pile of many a rich perfume,

Prepares at once his cradle and his tomb!

Less costly these their vests and armour wore;

But weapons, like the troops of Egypt bore.

To these succeed the wandering Arab train,

Who shift their canvas towns from plain to plain:

Their accents female, and their stature low;

A sable hue their gloomy features show,

And down their backs the jetty ringlets flow.

Long Indian canes they arm with pointed steel,

And round the plain their steeds impetuous wheel:

Thou wouldst have thought the winds impell'd their  
course,

If speed of winds could match the rapid horse.

Arabia's foremost squadron Syphax leads;

Before the second bold Aldine proceeds.

The third have Albiazar at their head ; 158  
 A chief in rapine, not in knighthood, bred.  
 Then from the various Islands march'd a train,  
 Whose rocks are 'compass'd by th' Arabian main :  
 There were they wont, in arts of fishing skill'd,  
 To draw rich pearls from ocean's watery field.  
 And join'd with those, the neighbouring lands that lie  
 Beside the Red-sea shore, their aids supply.  
 Those Agricaltes, these Mulaffas guides,  
 Who every faith and every law derides.  
 Next march'd the swarthy troops from Meroe's soil,  
 That dwell 'twixt Astaborn and fruitful Nile ;  
 Where Ethiopia spreads her fultry plains,  
 Whose vast extent three different states contains :  
 Two Assimirus and Canarius sway'd ;  
 These Macon's laws and Egypt's rule obey'd,  
 And 'gainst the Christian host their forces led.  
 The third, whose sons the pure religion knew,  
 Mix'd not its warriors with the Pagan crew.  
 Two tributary kings their squadrons show,  
 That bear in fight the quiver and the bow.  
 Soldan of Ormus one, a barren land,  
 Where the vast gulph of Persia laves the strand.  
 One in Boëcan held his regal place,  
 Whose kingdom oft the rising tides embrace ;

But when the ebbing waves forsake the shore, 183  
With feet unbath'd the pilgrim passes o'er.

Not thee, O Altamorus! from the plain  
Thy faithful spouse could in her arms detain :  
She wept, she beat her breast, she tore her hair,  
And begg'd thee oft thy purpose to forbear.  
Dost thou to me prefer, unkind! (she cry'd)  
The dreadful aspect of the stormy tide?  
Are weapons gentler burthens to thy arms,  
Than thy dear son, who smiles in infant charms?

Samarcand's realms this powerful king obey ;  
No subject crown, no tributary sway :  
In fields he shone, conspicuous in the fight,  
And stood supreme in courage as in might.  
The cuirafs on their breast his warriors brace ;  
Their side the sword, their saddle bears the mace.

Next from the seats of morn, beyond the shores  
Of Ganges' stream, Adraftus brings his powers :  
Around his limbs a serpent's skin he drew,  
Diversify'd with spots of fable hue ;  
While for his steed he pres'd (tremendous fight!)  
A mighty elephant of towering height.

Then came the regal band, the Caliph's boast,  
The flower of war and vigour of the host :

All arm'd in proof, well furnish'd for the field,    207  
On foaming steeds their rapid course they held.  
Rich purple vestments gleam upon the day,  
And steel and gold reflect a mingled ray!  
Alarcus here and Hidraótes came;  
Here Odemarus rode, a mighty name!  
Here, midst the valiant, Rimedon appear'd,  
Whose daring soul nor toil nor danger fear'd.  
Tigranes here and Ormond fierce were found;  
Ripoldo, oncé for piracy renown'd:  
And Marlabustus bold, th' Arabian nam'd,  
Since late his might the rebel Arabs tam'd.  
Here Pirgas, Arimon, Orindus shone;  
Brimartes, fam'd for many a conquer'd town:  
Syphantes, skill'd the bounding steed to rein:  
And thou, Aridamantes! form'd to gain  
The prize of wrestling on the dusty plain!  
Here Tisaphernes, with a dauntless air,  
Tower'd o'er the rest, the thunderbolt of war!  
Whose force in battle every force excell'd,  
To lift the javelin or the falchion wield.  
O'er these the sway a brave Armenian bears,  
Who left the Christian faith in early years  
For Pagan lore; his former name estrang'd,  
To Emirenes then was Clement chang'd:

Yet was he well esteem'd for faith sincere,                    232  
And far o'er all his fovereign held him dear.

No more remain'd; when now, to fudden view,  
The fair Armida with her Squadron drew.  
High on a stately car, the royal dame  
In martial pomp (a female archer!) came:  
A slender belt her flowing robe restrain'd;  
Her side the shafts, her hand the bow sustain'd.  
Even sweet in wrath, her charms the gazer move,  
And while she threatens her threatening kindles love!  
Her radiant car, like that which bears the sun,  
Bright with the jacynth and pyropus shone.  
Beneath the golden yoke, in pairs constrain'd,  
Four unicorns the skilful driver rein'd.  
A hundred maids, a hundred pages, round  
Attend; the quivers on their shoulders found:  
Each in the field bestrides a milk-white steed,  
Practis'd to turn, and like the wind in speed.  
Her troop succeeds, which Aradine commands,  
And Hidraótes rais'd in Syria's lands.

As when, again reviv'd; the phœnix soars  
To visit Ethiopia's much-lov'd shores,  
And spreads his vary'd wings with plumage bright,  
(Sky-tinctur'd plumes that gleam with golden light!)

On either hand the feather'd nations fly 256  
And wondering trace his progress through the sky:  
So pass'd the fair, while gazing hosts admire  
Her graceful looks, her gesture and attire.  
If thus her face, in awful anger arm'd,  
Such various throngs with power resistless charm'd;  
Well might her softer arts each bosom move,  
With winning glances and the smiles of love.

Armida pass; the king of kings commands  
Brave Emirenes, from the martial bands,  
To attend his will; to him he gives the post,  
O'er all the chiefs, to guide the numerous host.  
He came, his looks with grace majestic shin'd,  
And spoke him worthy of the rank design'd.  
At once the guard divides; a path is shown;  
He treads the steps ascending to the throne:  
There, on his humble knee, the ground he press'd,  
And bow'd his head low-bending o'er his breast,  
To him the king—This sceptre, chief, receive,  
To thee the rule of yonder host I give.  
Thou, Emirenes! now my place supply;  
Deliver Sion's king, our old ally:  
Swift on the Franks my dread resentment pour,  
Go—see—and conquer—in th' avenging hour

No Christian 'scape; their name no more be known,  
And bring the living, bound, before my throne. 281

The Monarch spoke; the warrior from his hand  
Receiv'd the soveraign ensign of command.

This sceptre from unconquer'd hands (he cry'd)  
I take, O King! thy fortune is my guide.  
Arm'd in thy cause I go, thy captain sworn,  
To avenge the wrongs which Asia's realms have borne:  
Nor will I e'er return, but crown'd with fame;  
Death, if I fail, shall hide a warrior's shame!  
Should unexpected ills, ye powers! impend,  
On me alone let all the storm descend:  
Preserve the host, while, victors, from the plain  
They bring their chief in glorious triumph slain.

He ceas'd; the troops with loud applause reply,  
And barbarous clangors echo to the sky.

And now departs, amid the mingled sound,  
The king of kings, with peers encompass'd round:  
These, summon'd to the lofty tent of state,  
In equal honours with the Monarch fate;  
Himself benignant every chief address'd,  
And gave to each a portion of the feast.  
There, for her arts, fit time Armida found,  
While pleasure reign'd, and festive sport went round.

The banquet o'er, the dame, who well descries 304  
That all beheld her charms with wondering eyes;  
Slow from her seat arose, with regal look,  
And thus respectful to the Caliph spoke.

O mighty King! behold with these I stand  
To guard our faith, and combat for the land.  
A damsel, yet I boast a royal name;  
Nor scorns a queen to mix in fields of fame.  
Who seeks to reign, in arts of ruling skill'd,  
By turns the sceptre and the sword must wield.  
This hand in battle can the javelin use,  
And, where it strikes, the wound the strokes pursues.  
Hast thou not heard how once I prisoners made  
The bravest knights whose arms the Cross display'd?  
These overcome, in rugged chains confin'd,  
To thee a glorious present I design'd:  
So had thy powers (their bravest champions lost)  
With sure success o'erthrown the Christian host.  
But fierce Rinaldo, who my warriors slew,  
Releas'd, in evil hour, the captive crew.  
'Tis he! the wretch of whom I wrong'd complain,  
And unreveng'd these wrongs I yet sustain.  
A just resentment hence my bosom warms,  
And fires with added zeal my soul to arms.—

But what my wrongs hereafter times shall speak; 328  
Let this suffice—a great revenge I seek!  
Revenge be mine!—and sure, not sent in vain,  
Some pointed shaft may fix him to the plain.  
Heaven oft from righteous hands directs the dart,  
And guides the weapon to the guilty heart.  
But should some knight, by thirst of glory led,  
Bring me, from yonder field, the Christian's head,  
These eyes with joy the welcome gift shall view;  
The victor chief shall find a victor's due:  
My hand in marriage shall the hero gain,  
With ample dowry and a large domain.  
Say—is there one who will the prize regard,  
And dare the peril meet for such reward?

While thus the damsel spoke, with longing eyes  
Adrastus views her, and at length replies.

Forbid it, Heaven! that e'er Rinaldo's heart  
Should feel the vengeance of Armida's dart:  
Shall such a wretch to thee resign his breath,  
And sweetly perish by an envy'd death?  
In me thy minister of wrath survey,  
His forfeit head before thy feet I'll lay;  
This hand shall rend his breast, and scatter far  
His mangled body to the fowls of air.

While thus the Indian proud Adraftus spoke, 352  
These haughty words from Tisaphernes broke.

And what art thou, whose empty pride can dare  
Before our Monarch thus thy vaunts declare?  
Know many a chief (though silent here) exceeds  
Thy boasted valour with his martial deeds.

To him his rival with indignant scorn:  
Lo! one for action, not for vaunting, born:  
And elsewhere hadst thou dar'd our wrath provoke,  
Thy last of words, insensate! hadst thou spoke.

Thus furious they; but with his awful hand,  
Their common lord the growing strife restrain'd;  
Then to Armida thus—Thy manly mind  
Seems far exalted o'er thy softer kind:  
With thee remains the power, transcendent dame!  
To calm these warriors, and their rage reclaim;  
'Tis thine, at will, to bid their fury glow  
With nobler vengeance on the public foe:  
Then shall each champion's valour stand confess'd,  
While emulation breathes from breast to breast.

This said, the Monarch ceas'd; and either knight  
Vow'd in her cause to wield the sword in fight.  
Nor these alone; but all, whom glory warms,  
Now vaunt their courage and their force in arms:

All to the damsel proffer certain aid,      376  
All vow deep vengeance on Rinaldo's head.

While thus against the hero, once belov'd,  
Such various powers, such mighty foes she mov'd,  
He, whom her hate pursu'd, the land forsook,  
And through the main his prosperous voyage took.  
The wind, that late impell'd the pilot's sails,  
Now favour'd her return with western gales.  
The knight the pole and either Bear survey'd,  
And all the stars that gild night's sable shade:  
He view'd the foamy flood, the mountains steep,  
Whose shaggy fronts o'er shade the silent deep:  
Now of the camp he asks, and now enquires  
Of different nations, and their rites admires.  
Thus through surrounding waves the warriors fly,  
Till the fourth morning paints the eastern sky;  
And when the setting sun to sight was lost,  
The rapid vessel gain'd the destin'd coast.  
Then thus the virgin—Here our voyage ends,  
Here Palestine her welcome shore extends.

The heroes land, and from their wondering eyes  
The mystic pilot in a moment flies.  
Now o'er the prospect eve her mantle threw,  
And every object from the sight withdrew.

Uncertain midst the sandy wilds they stray,                    400  
No friendly beam to guide them on their way.  
At length the pale-orb'd queen of silent night,  
Slow rising, streak'd the parting clouds with light :  
Sudden the chiefs a distant blaze behold,  
With rays of silver, and with gleams of gold.  
Approaching then, they radiant arms survey'd,  
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.  
Thick set as stars, with many a costly stone,  
The golden helm and polish'd cuirass shone.  
An aged tree the massy burden held :  
Against the trunk was hung the mighty shield ;  
Mysterious forms emblaz'd its spacious field.  
Beneath the branches from his rustic seat  
A courteous hermit rose, the knights to meet.  
When now the Dane and Ubald nearer drew,  
In him their friend their ancient host they knew :  
At once they greet the sage with glad surprise,  
The sage with mild benevolence replies ;  
Then tow'rds Rinaldo, who with wonder view'd  
His reverend form, he turn'd, and thus pursu'd.  
For thy arrival, chief! and thine alone,  
I here have stay'd in desert shades unknown.  
In me thy friend behold—let these relate  
How far my care has watch'd thy former state.

These, taught by me, th' enchantress' power defy'd,  
And freed thy soul, in magic fetters ty'd. 426  
Attend my words, nor harsh their tenour deem,  
Though far unlike the Syren's wanton theme :  
Deep in thy heart repose each sacred truth,  
Till holier lips instruct thy listening youth.  
Think not our good is plac'd in flowery fields,  
In transient joys which fading beauty yields :  
Above the steep, the rocky path it lies,  
On virtue's hill, whose summit cleaves the skies :  
Who gains th' ascent must many toils engage,  
And spurn the pleasures of a thoughtless age.  
Wilt thou, dismay'd, the arduous height forego,  
And lurk ignobly in the vale below ?  
To thee a face erect has Nature given  
And the pure spirit of congenial heaven,  
That far from earth thy generous thoughts might rise,  
To gain, by virtuous deeds, th' immortal prize.  
She gave thee courage, not with impious rage  
To oppress thy friends, and civil combats wage ;  
But that thy soul with noble warmth might glow,  
In fields of fight against the common foe.  
Wisdom to proper objects points our ire,  
Now gently cools, now fans the rising fire.

He spoke: with downcast eyes the hero stood, 449  
 While thus the words of truth resistless flow'd.  
 Full well his secret thoughts the hermit view'd;  
 Now lift thine eyes, O son! (he thus pursu'd)  
 See in that shield thy great forefathers shown,  
 Whose mighty deeds to distant times are known:  
 Wilt thou the glories of thy line disgrace,  
 And lag behind in honour's sacred race?  
 Rise! gallant youth! and while thy sires I name,  
 From their example catch the generous flame.

He said; with eager gaze the knight beheld  
 The sculptur'd stories to his sight reveal'd.

There, in a narrow space, the master's mind,  
 With wondrous art, a thousand forms design'd:  
 There shone great Estè's race, whose noble blood  
 From Roman source<sup>a</sup> in streams unfully'd flow'd.  
 With laurel crown'd the godlike chiefs appear'd;  
 The sage their honours and their wars declar'd.  
 Caius he show'd<sup>b</sup>, who (when th' imperial sway  
 Declining fell to alien hands a prey)

<sup>a</sup> *From Roman source—*] The house of Estè was said to be descended from Actius, related by the mother's side to Augustus.

<sup>b</sup> *Caius he show'd—*] At the time of the emperors Arcadius and Honorius, anno 403, Stilico, incited by ambition to weaken

A willing people taught to own his power,      469  
 And first of Estè's line the sceptre bore.  
 When now the Goth<sup>c</sup> (a rude destructive name!)  
 Call'd by Honorius, big with ruin, came;  
 When Rome, oppress'd and captive to the foe,  
 Fear'd one dire hour would all her state o'erthrow;  
 He show'd how brave Aurelius from the bands  
 Of foreign foes preserv'd his subject lands.  
 Foretus then he nam'd<sup>d</sup>, whose noble pride  
 The Huns, the tyrants of the north, defy'd:

Honorius, who ruled in the west, invited into Italy Alaric and Radagasso, kings of the Goths and Vandals; at which time this Caius Actius governed in Estè in the name of the emperor, where the Barbarians committing every kind of outrage, and the emperor taking no measures against them, Actius was by general consent elected absolute sovereign, in order to defend the country from these invaders.

<sup>c</sup> *When now the Goth—*] When Honorius, exasperated with the Romans, transferred the imperial seat to Ravenna, and invited Alaric again into Italy, who had been before invited by Stilico, Aurelius conducted himself so artfully, that the Goths, in their march towards Rome, with design to destroy that city, passed through his territories without committing the least depredations.

<sup>d</sup> *Foretus then he nam'd—*] Attila, king of the Huns, in the year 450, through an irreconcilable hatred to the Christians,

Fierce Attila their lord, of savage mien, 479  
 By him subdu'd in single fight was seen.  
 See next the patriot chief, with ceaseless care,  
 For Aquileia's strong defence prepare;  
 Th' Italian Hector in the task of war!  
 But ah! too soon he ends his mortal state,  
 And with his own includes his country's fate.  
 Then Acarinus<sup>e</sup> to his father's fame  
 Succeeds, the champion of the Roman name.  
 Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields<sup>f</sup>,  
 And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds<sup>g</sup>:

prepared to march to the attack of Aquileia, as the key to Italy; and was several times defeated by Forestus, the son of Aurelius, with the assistance of the forces of Gilio, king of Padua, his relation. Forestus is said to have fought with Attila hand to hand.

<sup>e</sup> *Then Acarinus—*] Acarinus succeeded his father Forestus in the government of Estè and Monfelice, and gained many victories over Attila.

<sup>f</sup> *Not to the Huns, but Fate, Altinus yields.*] The forces of Altinus met with such continued ill success with Attila, that their misfortunes seemed to have been the immediate dispensation of Providence; and hence the poet says, that Altinus gave way to Fate, and not to the Huns.

<sup>g</sup> *And, far retir'd, a surer kingdom builds.*] It was under the conduct of Acarinus that Aventino, Anzio, Trento, and other

Deep in the vale of Po his city rose, 490  
 (A thousand scatter'd cots the town compose)  
 Which distant ages shall with pride proclaim  
 The feat of empire of th' Estensian name.  
 Th' Alani quell'd<sup>h</sup>, Acarius, in debate  
 With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate<sup>i</sup>:  
 For Italy he bravely yields his breath,  
 And shares paternal honour in his death.  
 With him the gallant Alphorifius dies:  
 To exile Actius<sup>k</sup>, with his brother, flies;  
 But soon return'd (th' Erulean king<sup>l</sup> o'erthrown)  
 Again in council and in arms they shone.

neighbouring villages, were reduced into the form of a city, and defended by a mole against the floods of the Po; and this was the foundation of the future town of Ferrara.

<sup>h</sup> *Th' Alani quell'd*—] At this time Acarinus was captain of horse, anno 463.

<sup>i</sup> *With Odoacer, meets the stroke of fate.*—] Acarius, and Alphorifius his brother, opposed king Odoacer, one of the chiefs in the army of Attila, who had made a descent into Italy, with many others, the remains of the forces of that barbarian.

<sup>k</sup> *To exile Actius*—] Actius and Constantius, sons of Acarinus, being invaded by Odoacer, were despoiled of all their possessions, and obliged to abandon Italy.

<sup>l</sup> *Th' Erulean king.*] Odoacer, who was three times defeated by Theodoric Amal, king of the Ostrogoths, and two years

Next, as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel<sup>m</sup>, 502  
 A second brave Epaminondas fell :  
 See! where with smiles he seems his life to yield,  
 Since Totila is fled, and safe his shield.  
 His son Valerian emulates his name,  
 And treads the footsteps of paternal fame :  
 Scarce yet a man<sup>n</sup>, of manly force possess'd,  
 His daring hand th' encroaching Goth repress'd.

befieged in Ravenna, and at last killed, after Aëtius and Constantius had recovered their possessions.

<sup>m</sup> —as his eye receiv'd the barbed steel.] By the title of second Epaminondas is meant Bonifacius. This event happened in the year 556, when Narfetes, sent by the emperor Justinian, overcame Totila, king of the Goths; in which battle Bonifacius being present, was shot in the right eye by an arrow, which passed through the nape of his neck; he was carried on his shield into his tent, where he soon expired. The poet compares him to Epaminondas, the Theban general, of whom it is related, that, at the battle of Mantinea, being carried mortally wounded into his tent, he demanded if his shield was safe, and being told it was, he ordered it to be brought to him, and having kissed it with great apparent satisfaction, immediately died.

<sup>n</sup> Scarce yet a man—] At the death of his father this youth was only fourteen years of age, and at that time was with Narfetes at the overthrow of the Goths.

Near him with warlike mien Ernestus rose<sup>o</sup>,      510  
 Who routs in field the rough Sclavonian foes.

With these intrepid Aldoard<sup>p</sup> is shown,  
 Who 'gainst the Lombard king defends Monfcelce's  
     town.

Henry and Berengarius<sup>q</sup> then appear'd,  
 Who serv'd where Charles<sup>r</sup> his glorious banners rear'd:  
 Then Lewis follow'd<sup>s</sup>, who the war maintain'd  
 Against his nephew that in Latium reign'd.

<sup>o</sup> *Ernestus rose.*] Ernestus, son of Eribert of Estè, performed many great actions in Dalmatia; which, from the name of Schlavi, took the name of Slavonia: he defeated the Sclavonians so effectually in 711, that they were never again able to make head.

<sup>p</sup> *With these intrepid Aldoard—*] Agilulpho, by his marriage with Theodolinda, became king of the Lombards, and, making peace with France, invaded Italy, and took Padua, at first defended by the princes of the house of Estè; and he endeavoured to do the same by Monfcelce.

<sup>q</sup> *Henry and Berengarius—*] Henry, son of Ernestus: Berengarius, son of Henry.

<sup>r</sup> *Who serv'd where Charles—*] Charles the Great, served with great valour by Henry and Berengarius.

<sup>s</sup> *Then Lewis follow'd—*] After the death of Charles, Berengarius entered into the service of his son Lewis, who was created

Next Otho with his sons<sup>1</sup>, a friendly band,                    518  
 Five blooming youths around their father stand.  
 There Almeric<sup>2</sup>, Ferrara's Marquis, came,  
 (Ferrara, plac'd by Po's majestic stream)  
 See! where he lifts to heaven his pious eyes;  
 Beneath his care what hallow'd fanes arise!  
 The second Actius<sup>3</sup> fill'd a different side,  
 Who bloody strife with Berengarius try'd;

emperor, and carried on a war against Bernardo the son of Pepin, the other son of Charles, who had been by his father made king of Italy: he was defeated by Berengarius, taken prisoner, and afterwards stripped of his kingdom and deprived of his fight, anno 819.

<sup>1</sup> *Next Otho with his sons—*] Otho, brother to Berengarius: his five sons were Marino, Sigifredo, Uberto, Hugo, and Amizono.

<sup>2</sup> *There Almeric—*] Almeric was son of Amizono: through the favour of Hugo king of Italy, by whom he was greatly esteemed, Almeric was called to the government of Ferrara, where he ruled with sovereign authority, and obtained the title of Marquis: he gave a considerable part of his revenues to the maintenance of churches and abbeys, and employed his private fortune in building others, amongst which was the church of Saint George, afterwards the principal one of Ferrara.

<sup>3</sup> *The second Actius—*] He carried on a war with Berengarius II. king of Italy, anno 950.

But, after many various turns of fate, 526  
Subdu'd his foe, and rul'd th' Italian state :  
Albertus now appear'd, his valiant son,  
Who from Germania mighty trophies won ;  
Who foil'd the Danes ; and to his nuptial bed,  
With ample dowry<sup>y</sup>, Otho's daughter led.  
Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd<sup>z</sup>,  
And o'er the Tuscan lands dominion held.  
Tedaldo then<sup>a</sup> ; and now the sculpture show'd,  
With Beatrice where Bonifacius stood<sup>b</sup>.

*y Who foil'd the Danes; and to his nuptial bed*

*With ample dowry—*] He obtained from the emperor Otho his daughter Adelaide to wife, with the dowry of Friburg, in Germany, and several places in Italy, anno 973.

*z Next Hugo, who the haughty Romans quell'd.]* This Hugo performed many exploits against the Romans, in behalf of pope Gregory, and the emperor Otho, about the year 995.

*a Tedaldo then—*] Son of Actius II. duke of Ferrara and marquis of Estè, count of Canossa, lord of Lucca, Placentia, Parma, and Rheggio, anno 970.

*b With Beatrice where Bonifacius stood.]* There were two of the name of Bonifacius, one son of the beforenamed Albertus, and the other son of Tedaldo, duke of Ferrara ; this last succeeded to



Henry she crush'd<sup>f</sup> (the fourth that bore the name)  
 And with his standards<sup>g</sup> to the temple came;      545  
 Then in the Vatican, with honours grac'd,  
 In Peter's chair the sovereign Pontiff plac'd.  
 See the fifth Actius<sup>h</sup> near her person move,  
 With looks of reverence and of duteous love.  
 Actius the fourth<sup>i</sup> a happier race has known;  
 Thence Guelpho issues, Kunigunda's son;

<sup>f</sup> *Henry she crush'd—*] The emperor Henry IV. a bitter enemy to the church: he endeavoured to deprive her of the right of creating bishops, and persecuted the legitimate popes, and twice created antipopes.

<sup>g</sup> *And with his standards—*] This happened in Canossa 1081, at the time Gregory IX. was besieged there by Henry. This religious and magnanimous woman replaced two pontiffs in the papal chair; the one was Alexander II. who had been driven out by Giberto of Parma, sent by the emperor Henry IV. into Italy, which Henry favoured Candalo, who probably by his means was made antipope; the other was Gregory IX. persecuted by the same Henry.

<sup>h</sup> *See the fifth Actius—*] This, according to Pigna, was second husband to Matilda, after the death of her first husband Gottifredo Gibbofo: but it being afterwards discovered that they were related, the marriage was annulled, and they were divorced by command of the pope.

<sup>i</sup> *Actius the fourth—*] This Actius was more fortunate in point of children than Bonifacius, who left only Matilda to succeed

Retiring, to Germania's call he yields, 552  
 By fate transplanted to Bavarian fields :  
 There on the Guelphian tree, with age decay'd,  
 Great Estè's branch its foliage fair display'd :  
 Then might you soon the Guelphian race behold  
 Renew their sceptres and their crowns of gold.  
 From hence Bertoldo rose<sup>k</sup>, of matchless fame ;  
 Hence the sixth Actius, bright in virtue, came.

Such were the chiefs whose forms the shield  
 express'd ;

And emulation fir'd Rinaldo's breast :  
 In fancy rapt, each future toil he view'd,  
 Proud cities storm'd, and mighty hosts subdu'd.  
 Swift o'er his limbs the burnish'd mail he throws,  
 Already hopes the day, and triumphs o'er the foes.

And now the Dane, who told how Sweno fell  
 In fatal fight beneath the Pagan steel,

him; but this Actius had for his son Guelpho, by Kunigonda, daughter of Guelpho IV. duke of Bavaria.

\* *From hence Bertoldo rose—*] Bertoldo, son of Actius V. by Judith, born of Conrado II.; and of her was born Actius VI. This Bertoldo was father of Rinaldo; so that this shield contained all his progeny from the first original.

To brave Rinaldo gave the destin'd blade ;                    568  
In happy hour receive this sword (he said)  
Avenge its former lord, whose worth demands,  
Whose love deserves this vengeance at thy hands.

Then thus the hero—Grant, O gracious Heaven!  
The hand to which this fated sword is given,  
With this may emulate its master's fame,  
And pay the tribute due to Sweno's name.

So they. But now the fage without delay  
Impell'd the warriors on their purpos'd way:  
Haste, let us seek the Christian camp (he cry'd)  
Myself will through the waste your journey guide.

He said; and straight his ready car ascends;  
(Each knight obsequious at his word attends)  
He gives the steeds the rein, the lash applies:  
Swift to the east the rolling chariot flies.

Again the hoary hermit silence broke,  
And sudden, turning to Rinaldo, spoke.

To thee 'twas given the ancient root to trace,  
Whence sprung the branches of th' Estensian race:  
Still shall that stock succeeding years supply,  
Nor, damp'd with age, the pregnant virtue die.  
O! could I now, as late the past I told,  
The future ages to thy view unfold,

Succeeding heroes should thy wonder raise, 592  
Great as the first in number as in praise :  
But truths like these are hidden from my sight,  
Or seen through dusky clouds with doubtful light.  
Yet hear, and trust to what my words disclose ;  
Since from a purer source this knowledge flows ;  
(From him <sup>a</sup>, to whose far-piercing mind 'tis given  
To view, unveil'd, the deep decrees of Heaven)  
Thy sons, the heroes of the times to come,  
Shall match the chiefs of Carthage, Greece, or Rome !  
But o'er the rest shall rise Alphonso's fame,  
Alphonso, second of the glorious name !  
Born when an age corrupt, to vice declin'd,  
Shall boast but few examples to mankind :  
He, while a youth, in mimic scenes of war,  
Shall certain signs of early worth declare ;  
In forest wilds shall chace the savage train,  
And the first honours of the list obtain ;  
In riper years in war unconquer'd prove,  
And hold his subjects in the bands of love.  
'Tis his to guard his realms from all alarms,  
Midst mighty powers and jarring states in arms :  
To cherish arts, bid early genius grow,  
And splendid games and festivals bestow ;

<sup>a</sup> PETER the hermit.

In equal scales the good and bad to weigh ;      616  
And guard with care for every future day.  
O ! should he rise against that impious race,  
Whose deeds shall then the earth and seas deface,  
Who, in those times, shall hold mankind in awe,  
And give to more enlighten'd minds the law ;  
Then shall his righteous vengeance wide be known,  
For shrines profan'd, and altars overthrown :  
In that great hour, what judgment shall he bring  
On the false sect, and on their tyrant king !  
The Turk and Moor, with thousands in their train,  
Shall seek to stop his conquering arms in vain :  
Beyond the climate where Euphrates flows,  
Beyond Mount Taurus, white with endless snows,  
Beyond the realms of summer, shall he bear  
The Cross, the Eagle, and the Lily fair ;  
The secret source of ancient Nile shall trace,  
And in the faith baptize the sable race.

He spoke : and transport fill'd the warrior's breast,  
To hear the glories of his line express'd.

Now had the light proclaim'd the dawning day,  
And the east redder'd with a warmer ray ;  
When high above the tents they saw from far  
The streaming banners trembling in the air.

Then thus the reverend fire began anew: 640  
Before our eyes the sun ascending view,  
Whose friendly rays discover wide around  
The plains, the city, and the tented ground.  
Hence may you pass without a further guide:  
A nearer prospect is to me deny'd.

He said; and instant bade the chiefs adieu;  
And these, on foot, their ready way pursue.  
Meanwhile the news of their arrival came  
To all the camp, divulg'd by flying fame;  
And Godfrey, rising from his awful feat,  
With speed advanc'd, the welcome knights to meet.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

**JERUSALEM DELIVERED.**

**BOOK XVIII.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO returns to the camp, and is graciously received by Godfrey. After offering his devotions on Mount Olivet, he enters upon the adventure of the enchanted wood. He withstands all the illusions of the Demons, and dissolves the enchantment. The Christians then build new machines: In the mean time Godfrey has intelligence of the approach of the Egyptian army to raise the siege. Vafrino is sent as a spy to the Egyptian camp. Godfrey attacks the city with great resolution: The Pagans make an obstinate defence. Rinaldo particularly signalizes himself, and first scales the walls. Usmeno is killed. The archangel Michael appears to the Christian general, and shews him the celestial army, and the souls of the warriors, that were slain in battle, engaged in his cause. Victory now declares for the Christians: Godfrey first plants his standard on the wall, and the city is entered on all sides.

# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## BOOK XVIII.

AND now they met: Rinaldo first began,  
And thus sincere address'd the godlike man.

O prince! the care to efface my honour's stain  
Impell'd my vengeance on the warrior slain:  
But, late convinc'd, the rash offence I own;  
And deep contrition since my soul has known.  
By thee recall'd, I seek the camp again;  
And may my future deeds thy grace obtain!

Him lowly bending, with complacent look  
Godfrey beheld, embrac'd, and thus bespoke.

No more remembrance irksome truths shall tell;  
The past shall ever in oblivion dwell:  
Lo! all th' amends I claim—thy weapons wield,  
And shine the wonted terror of the field.

'Tis thine to assist thy friends, dismay thy foes, 15  
And the dire fiends in yonder wood oppose,

Yon wood, from whence our warlike piles we made,  
Conceals deep magic in its dreadful shade;  
Horrid it stands! of all our numerous host,  
No hands to fell th' enchanted timbers boast,  
Then go!—'tis thine the mighty task to try;  
There prove thy valour, where the valiant fly.

Thus he. In brief again the warrior spoke,  
And dauntless on himself th' adventure took.  
Then to the rest he stretch'd his friendly hand,  
And gladly greeted all the social band.

Brave Tancred now and noble Guelpho came,  
With each bold leader of the Christian name.  
The vulgar next he view'd with gracious eye,  
And affable receiv'd the general joy.

Nor round him less the shouting soldiers press'd,  
Than if the hero, from the conquer'd east,  
Or mid-day realms, enrich'd with spoils of war,  
Had rode triumphant on his glittering car.

Thence to his tent he pass'd; there plac'd in state,  
Encircled by his friends, the champion fate.

There much he answer'd; much to know desir'd;  
Oft of the war and wondrous wood enquir'd.

At length, the rest withdrawn, the hermit broke      39  
His silence first, and thus the youth bespoke.

O chief! what wonders have thy eyes survey'd!  
How far remote thy erring feet have stray'd!  
Think what thou ow'st to him who rules on high:  
He gave thee from th' enchanted seats to fly:  
Thee, from his flock a wandering sheep, he sought,  
And; now recover'd, to his fold has brought:  
By Godfrey's voice he calls thee to fulfill  
The mighty purpose of his sacred will.  
But think not yet, impure with many a stain,  
In his high cause to lift thy hand profane:  
Nor Nile, nor Ganges, nor the boundless sea,  
With cleansing tides, can wash thy crimes away.  
Sincere, to GOD thy secret sins declare,  
And forrowing seek his grace with fervent prayer.

He said; and first the prince, in humble strain,  
Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain<sup>a</sup>:  
Then low before the sage's feet he kneel'd,  
And all the errors of his youth reveal'd.  
The pious hermit then absolv'd the knight,  
And thus pursu'd—With early dawn of light,

<sup>a</sup> *Bewail'd his senseless love and rage as vain:*] His love for Armida, and his rage exercised against Gerlando.

On yonder mount thy pure devotion pay, 61  
That rears its front against the morning ray.  
Thence seek the wood whose monsters thou must quell;  
Let no vain frauds thy daring steps repel:  
Ah! let no tuneful voice, nor plaints beguile,  
Nor beauty win thee with enticing smile:  
Sternly resolv'd, avoid each dangerous snare,  
And scorn the treacherous look and well-diffembled  
prayer.

So counsel'd he. The youth obsequious heard,  
And eager for th' important deed prepar'd:  
In thought he pass'd the day, in thought the night;  
And, ere the clouds were streak'd with glowing light,  
Enclos'd his limbs in arms, and o'er him threw  
A flowing mantle of unwonted hue.  
Alone, on foot, his silent way he took,  
And left his comrades, and the tents forfook.  
Now night with day divided empire held,  
Nor this was fully ris'n, nor that expell'd:  
The cheerful east the dawning rays display'd,  
And stars yet glimmer'd through the western shade.  
To Olivet the pensive hero pass'd,  
And, musing deep, around his looks he cast,

Alternate viewing here the spangled skies,      83  
And there the spreading light of morning rise.

Then to himself he said—What beams divine  
In heaven's eternal sacred temple shine!  
The day can boast the chariot of the sun,  
The night the golden stars and silver moon!  
But ah! how few will raise their minds so high!  
While the frail beauties of a mortal eye,  
The transient lightnings of a glance, a smile  
From female charms, our earthly sense beguile!

While thus he mus'd, he gain'd the hill's ascent,  
There low on earth with humble knee he bent:  
Then on the east devoutly fix'd his eyes,  
And rais'd his pious thoughts above the skies.

Almighty Father, hear!—my prayers approve!  
Far from my sins thy awful sight remove:  
O let thy grace each thought impure control,  
And purge from earthly dross my erring soul!

Thus while he pray'd, Aurora, rising bright,  
To radiant gold has chang'd her rosy light:  
O'er all his arms th' increasing splendor plays;  
The hallow'd mount and grove reflect the rays.  
Full in his face the morn her breeze renews,  
And scatters on his head ambrosial dews:

His robe, with lucid pearls besprinkled o'er,      107  
Receives a snowy hue unknown before.  
So with the dawn the drooping floweret blooms;  
The serpent thus a second youth assumes.

    Surpris'd his alter'd vest the warrior view'd,  
Then turn'd his steps to reach the fatal wood.  
And now he came where late the bands retir'd,  
Struck with the dread the distant gloom inspir'd:  
Yet him nor secret doubts nor terrors move,  
But fair in prospect rose the magic grove.  
While, like the rest, the knight expects to hear  
Loud peals of thunder breaking on his ear,  
A dulcet symphony his sense invades,  
Of Nymphs or Dryads warbling through the shades:  
Soft sighs the breeze, soft purls the silver rill,  
The feather'd choir the woods with music fill:  
The tuneful swan in dying notes complains;  
The mourning nightingale repeats her strains:  
Timbrels and harps and human voices join;  
And in one concert all the sounds combine.

    In wonder wrapt awhile Rinaldo stood,  
And thence his way with wary steps pursu'd:  
When lo! a crystal flood his course oppos'd,  
Whose winding train the forest round enclos'd,

On either hand, with flowers of various dyes,      131  
The smiling banks perfum'd the ambient skies.  
From this a smaller limpid current flow'd,  
And pierc'd the bosom of the lofty wood:  
This to the trees a welcome moisture gave,  
Whose boughs, o'erhanging, trembled in its wave.

Now here, now there, the ford the warrior try'd,  
When sudden rais'd a wondrous bridge he 'spy'd;  
That, built of gold, on stately arches stood,  
And show'd an ample passage o'er the flood:  
He trod the path, the further margin gain'd;  
And now the magic pile no more remain'd:  
The stream so calm, arose with hideous roar,  
And down its foamy surge the shining fabric bore.

The hero, turning, saw the tide o'erflow,  
Like sudden torrents swell'd with melting snow.  
Then new desires incite his feet to rove  
Through all the deep recesses of the grove.  
As, searching round, from shade to shade he strays,  
New scenes at once invite him and amaze.  
Where'er he treads, the earth her tribute pours  
In gushing springs, or voluntary flowers:  
Here blooms the lily; there the fragrant rose:  
Here spouts a fountain; there a riv'let flows:

From every spray the liquid manna trills;      155  
 And honey from the softening bark distills.  
 Again the strange, the pleasing sound he hears  
 Of plaints and music mingling in his ears:  
 Yet nought appears that mortal voice can frame,  
 Nor harp nor timbrel whence the music came.

As fix'd he silent stands in deep surprise,  
 And reason to the sense her faith denies;  
 He sees a myrtle near, and thither bends,  
 Where in a plain the path far-winding ends:  
 Her ample boughs the stately plant display'd  
 Above the lofty palm or cypress' shade;  
 High o'er the subject trees sublime she stood,  
 And seem'd the verdant empress of the wood.

While round the champion cast a doubtful view,  
 A greater wonder his attention drew:  
 A labouring oak a sudden cleft disclos'd,  
 And from its bark a living birth expos'd;  
 Whence (passing all belief!) in strange array,  
 A lovely damsel issu'd to the day.  
 A hundred different trees the knight beheld,  
 Whose fertile wombs a hundred nymphs reveal'd.  
 As oft in pictur'd scenes we see display'd  
 Each graceful goddess of the sylvan shade;





With arms expos'd, with vesture girt around,      179  
With purple buskins, and with hair unbound :  
Alike to view, before the hero stood  
These shadowy daughters of the wondrous wood ;  
Save that their hands nor bows nor quivers wield ;  
But this a harp, and that a timbrel held.  
Now, in a circle form'd, the sportive train  
With song and dance their mystic rites began ;  
Around the myrtle and the knight they sung ;  
And in his ear these tuneful accents rung.

All hail! and welcome to this pleasing grove,  
Armida's hope, the treasure of her love !  
Com'ft thou! (O long expected!) to relieve  
The painful wounds the darts of absence give ?  
This wood, that frown'd so late with horrid shade,  
Where pale despair her mournful dwelling made,  
Behold at thy approach reviv'd appears,  
At thy approach a gentler aspect wears !

Thus they—Low thunders from the myrtle rose,  
And straight the bark a cleft wide-opening shows ;  
In wonder wrapt have ancient times survey'd  
A rude Silenus issuing from the shade ;  
A fairer form the teeming tree display'd.  
A damsel thence appear'd, whose lovely frame  
Might equal beauties of celestial name ;

On her Rinaldo fix'd his heedful eyes, 204  
And saw Armida's features with surprize ;  
On him a sad, yet pleasing look she bends ;  
And in the glance a thousand passions blends.

Then thus—And art thou now return'd from flight,  
Again to blefs forlorn Armida's fight?  
Com'ft thou the balm of comfort to bestow,  
To ease my widow'd nights, my days of woe?  
Or art thou here to work me further harms,  
That thus thy limbs are sheath'd in hostile arms?  
Com'ft thou a lover or a foe prepar'd?  
Not for a foe the stately bridge I rear'd :  
Not for a foe unlock'd th' impervious bowers,  
And deck'd the shade with fountains, rills, and flowers.  
Art thou a friend?—That envious helm remove ;  
Disclose thy face, return the looks of love :  
Press lips to lips, to bosom bosom join ;  
Or reach at least thy friendly hand to mine !

Thus as she spoke, she roll'd her mournful eyes,  
And bade soft blushes o'er her features rise :  
Unwary pity here, with sudden charm,  
Might melt the wisest, and the coldest warm :  
While, well advis'd, the knight no longer stay'd,  
But, from the scabbard bar'd the shining blade ;

Then, swift advancing, near the myrtle drew : 228  
With trembling haste to guard the plant she flew ;  
The much-lov'd bark with eager arms enclos'd,  
And, with loud cries, the threatening stroke oppos'd.

Ah! dare not thus with savage rage invade  
My darling tree, the pride of all the shade!  
O cruel!—lay thy dire design aside,  
Or through Armida's heart the weapon guide!  
To reach the trunk, this bosom shall afford  
(And this alone) a passage to thy sword!

But, deaf to prayers, aloft the steel he rear'd ;  
When lo! new forms, new prodigies appear'd!  
Thus, oft in sleep we view, with wild affright,  
Dire monstrous shapes, the visions of the night!  
Her limbs enlarge ; her features loose their grace ;  
The rose and lily vanish from her face :  
Now, towering high, a giant huge she stands,  
An arm'd Briareus with a hundred hands.  
With dreadful action fifty swords she wields,  
And shakes aloft as many clashing shields ;  
Each nymph, transform'd, a horrid Cyclop stood ;  
Unmov'd the hero still his task pursu'd ;  
Against the tree redoubled strokes he bent ;  
Deep groans, at every stroke, the myrtle sent :

Infernal glooms the face of day deform ;                    252  
And winds, loud roaring, raise a hideous storm :  
With thunders hoarse the distant fields resound,  
And lightnings flash, and earthquakes rock the ground.  
But not these horrors can his force restrain,  
And not a blow his weapon aims in vain:  
Now sinking low, the nodding myrtle bends :  
It falls—the phantoms fly—th' enchantment ends.

The winds are hush'd, the troubled ether clears,  
The forest in its wonted state appears :  
No more the dark retreat of magic made,  
Though awful still, and black with native shade.  
Again the victor tried if aught withstood  
The lifted steel to lop the spreading wood :  
Then smiling thus he said—O phantoms vain!  
Shall these illusions e'er the brave restrain ?

Now to the camp with hasty steps he press'd ;  
Meanwhile the hermit thus the bands address'd :  
Already freed I see th' enchanted ground !  
Behold the chief returns with conquest crown'd !  
He said: when from afar, confess'd to fight,  
In dazzling arms appear'd the victor-knight :  
High on his crest the silver eagle shone,  
And blaz'd with brighter beams against the sun ;

The troops salute him with triumphant cries ; 276  
 From man to man the spreading clamours rise.  
 Then to his valour pious Godfrey pays  
 The willing tribute of unenvied praise :  
 When to the leader thus Rinaldo said :  
 At thy command I fought yon dreadful shade ;  
 The deep recesses of the grove I view'd,  
 The wonders saw, and every spell subdu'd :  
 Now may thy train the region safe explore,  
 No magic charms shall vex their labours more.

Thus he ; and straight the band the forest fought,  
 Whence mighty timbers to the camp they brought.  
 O'er all their work an able chief presides ;  
 William, Liguria's lord, the labour guides.  
 But late the empire of the seas he held,  
 Till forc'd before the Pagan fleets to yield ;  
 With all their naval arms the sailor train  
 He brings, to increase the forces on the plain.  
 To him superior knowledge Heaven imparts :  
 A searching genius in mechanic arts !  
 A hundred workmen his commands obey,  
 Their tasks performing as he points the way.  
 Vast battering rams<sup>b</sup> against the city rise,  
 And missive engines of enormous size.

<sup>b</sup> *Vast battering rams*—] The account of these military engines and towers is according to the history.

Of timbers huge he built a spacious tower :                    300  
A hundred wheels the mighty fabric bore :  
With junctures strong he fix'd the solid sides,  
And 'gainst the fire secur'd with moisten'd hides.  
Suspended from below, with horned head,  
The ram resistless on the bulwarks play'd ;  
While from the midst a bridge was form'd to fall,  
That join'd th' approaching engine to the wall :  
And from the top was seen at will to rise  
A lesser tower, high-pointing to the skies.  
The gazing throngs admire in every part  
The strange invention and the workman's art :  
Soon, like the first, two other piles they frame,  
The same their figure and their height the same.

Thus they : While from the walls the Pagan spies  
Observ'd the Christian camp with heedful eyes ;  
They saw the pines and elms in many a load  
Drawn to the army from the friendly wood :  
They saw them rise in warlike structures high,  
But scarce could thence their distant forms descry.  
They too machines compose with equal care,  
Their ramparts strengthen, and their walls repair.  
Ismeno midst the rest his engines brought,  
From Sodom's lake, with fatal sulphur fraught,

From hell's black flood, whose waters foul and flow  
Nine times enfold the realms of endless woe!      325  
Horrid with these, a fiery pest he stood,  
Resolv'd to avenge his violated wood.

While thus the city and the camp prepar'd,  
This to assault, and that the works to guard,  
High o'er the tents, in all the army's view,  
An airy dove with rapid pinions flew;  
Now, from the lofty clouds declining down,  
With nearer flight approach'd the sacred town:  
When lo! a falcon chac'd her from above,  
And threatening to the high pavilion drove:  
Just as his claws the trembling bird oppress'd,  
She shelter sought in pious Godfrey's breast:  
The pitying chief the dove from fate repriev'd,  
Then round her neck a slender band perceiv'd:  
Beneath her wing a tablet hung conceal'd,  
Which, open'd, to his sight these words reveal'd:

“ To thee th' Egyptian chief his zeal commends,  
“ And health to great Judea's Sovereign sends.  
“ Fear not, O Monarch! still thy towers defend,  
“ Till the fifth morn her welcome light extend:  
“ Then shall our arms relieve your threaten'd wall;  
“ Sion shall conquer, and the Christians fall.”

Such was the secret in the tablet seal'd, 348  
 In barbarous phrase and characters reveal'd.  
 These winged heralds thus the mandates bear  
 Of eastern nations through the fields of air.

The prince now set the captive dove at large,  
 But she (a guiltless traitress to her charge)  
 As conscious of th' event, no more return'd,  
 But distant from her lord in secret mourn'd.

The leader then conven'd the princely train,  
 The tidings straight disclos'd, and thus began.

Behold, O friends! how heaven's high Monarch shows  
 Th' important secrets of our wily foes.

No more delay—this present time demands  
 Our boldest hearts and most experienc'd hands.

Be every toil, be every peril try'd,

The way to conquer on the southern side.

There, well by nature fenc'd on every part,

The forts are less secur'd by works of art:

There, Raymond, let thy strength resistless fall,

There, with thy engines, shake the doubtful wall:

While I, upon a different side, prepare,

Against the northern gate, the storm of war.

So may the foes their forces thither bend,

And there deceiv'd, our chief assault attend.

From thence convey'd, shall then my lofty tower 372  
On other parts unlook'd-for vengeance pour.  
Near me, Camillus, thou the toils shalt share,  
And the third pile be trusted to thy care.

He ceas'd: when Raymond, pondering in his breast  
The public welfare, Godfrey thus address'd.

So well for all, O chief! thy cares provide,  
Nor aught can be retrench'd, nor aught supply'd.  
Yet let me wish some artful spy were sent  
To Egypt's camp, to sound their deep intent;  
Who to our host might all their motions tell,  
And certain tidings of their force reveal.

Then Tancred spoke: A faithful 'squire is mine,  
Who seems well form'd to further your design;  
He every wile, with ready wit, prepares;  
He dares all perils, yet with caution dares.  
Swift in the race he lightly skims the field;  
His pliant tongue in every speech is skill'd:  
He shifts his mien, his action and his tone,  
And makes the modes of various climes his own.

The 'squire, now call'd, before th' assembly stands,  
And cheerful hears the task his lord demands:  
Then smiling thus: To me consign the care,  
This instant see me for th' attempt prepare:

Swift will I reach (an unexpected spy) 396  
The distant land where Egypt's forces lie ;  
There pierce the swarming vale at noon of day,  
And every man and every steed survey.  
I promise soon (nor vain esteem my boast)  
To bring the state and numbers of their host ;  
To penetrate their leader's secret thought,  
And view each purpose in his bosom wrought.  
Thus bold Vafrino spoke ; nor more delay'd,  
But swift in vesture long his limbs array'd :  
He bar'd his neck, and round his forehead roll'd  
A turban huge in many a winding fold :  
His back the Syrian bow and quiver bore,  
And all his looks a foreign semblance wore.  
The wondering crowds admir'd his ready tongue,  
On which each nation's different accent hung ;  
That Egypt well might claim him for her own,  
Or Tyre receive him as her rightful son,  
Now from the camp he issu'd on a steed  
That scarcely bent the grass beneath his speed.  
Ere yet they view'd the third succeeding day,  
The Franks, industrious, gain'd the rugged way.  
In vain the rolling hours to rest invite,  
They join to day the labours of the night :

Till all is for the great assault prepar'd, 420  
 And nought remains that can their schemes retard.

The Christian chief, on pious thoughts intent,  
 In humble prayer the day preceding spent,  
 And bade the faithful host their sins confess,  
 And take, from sacred hands, the bread of peace.  
 He then began his vast machines to show  
 On divers parts, to amuse the thoughtless foe.  
 The foe, deceiv'd, with joyful looks descry'd  
 His force directed on their strongest side.

But, soon as evening stretch'd her welcome shade,  
 He thence with ease his warlike pile convey'd:  
 This tow'rd the ramparts' weaker parts he brought,  
 Where less expos'd his hardy soldiers fought.  
 Experienc'd Raymond with his lofty tower  
 Against the southern hill his forces bore:  
 And, with the third, the brave Camillus prefs'd  
 Against the side declining to the west.

When now the cheerful harbinger of day  
 Had ting'd the mountains with a golden ray;  
 The foes the mighty tower with terror view'd  
 Far distant from the place where late it stood;  
 And all around, till then unseen, beheld  
 Enormous engines thickening o'er the field.

With every art the wary Pagans form 444  
 Their best defence against th' approaching storm.  
 No less intent, the prudent chief, who knew  
 That nearer now th' Egyptian army drew  
 Each pass secures; and, calling from the bands  
 Guelpho and either Robert, thus commands.

You watchful on your steeds in arms remain,  
 While I attempt yon hostile wall to gain,  
 Where least defence appears: be yours the care  
 To guard our rear from unexpected war.

He ceas'd: and breathing courage man to man,  
 Three fierce assaults the Christian powers began.  
 Then hoary Aladine, with cares decay'd,  
 In arms, long since diffus'd, his limbs array'd;  
 Trembling with feeble feet and tottering frame,  
 The aged king oppos'd to Raymond came.  
 Stern Solyman for Godfrey stood prepar'd;  
 And fierce Argantes good Camillus dar'd.  
 Here Tancred, led by fate, approach'd the wall,  
 Where by his arms his daring foe might fall.

The ready archers now their bows apply;  
 In deadly poison drench'd their arrows fly;  
 The face of heaven is all in darkness lost,  
 Such clouds of weapons issue from the host.

With greater force the mural engines pour 468  
Their sudden vengeance in a mingled shower.

Hence, sheath'd with iron, javelins huge are thrown;  
Hence rocky fragments thunder on the town.

Not in the wound the javelins lose their force,  
But furious hold their unremitting course;

Resistless here their bloody entrance find,  
And issuing there, leave cruel death behind!

Where'er the stones alight, with dreadful sway  
Through men and arms they force their horrid way;  
Sweep life before 'em, crush the human frame,  
And hide at once the figure and the name!

Still unappall'd the Pagan troops remain,  
And boldly still the bold assault sustain:  
Already had they spread with heedful care  
Their woolly fences 'gainst the threatening war;  
And where expos'd the thickest ranks they 'spy,  
With missile weapons send a fierce reply:  
Yet undismay'd the brave assailants press,  
Nor from the threefold charge, intrepid, cease.  
Some under vast machines securely move,  
While storms of arrows hiss in vain above.  
Some wheel th' enormous engines near the foes:  
The Syrians, from the walls, th' attempt oppose.

Each ready tower to launch its bridge essays ; 492  
Its iron head each ram incessant plays.

Meanwhile in generous doubt Rinaldo stands,  
No vulgar deeds his glorious arm demands :  
He rolls his ardent eyes ; his thoughts aspire  
To tempt the pass from which the rest retire.  
Then to the warriors, late by Dudon led,  
Th' intrepid hero turn'd, and thus he said :

O shame to fight ! while here our squadrons press,  
Behold yon fortress still remains in peace !  
No perils e'er can brave designs control,  
All deeds are open to the dauntless soul.  
Haste, let us thither march, and 'gainst the foes  
A sure defence, with lifted shields, oppose.

He spoke : The warriors with one soul obey'd,  
And o'er their heads extend an ample shade,  
The bucklers join'd secur'd the moving train,  
While from on high the ruins roll in vain.  
Now to the walls they came : with eager haste  
A scaling-ladder bold Rinaldo plac'd ;  
A hundred steps it bore, the hero's hand  
Aloft with ease th' enormous weight sustain'd.  
Spears, beams, and rafters from the ramparts pour ;  
Dauntless he mounts amid the ponderous shower :

Nor toils nor death the daring youth could dread, 516  
Though pendent rocks had nodded o'er his head.  
His ample shield receiv'd a feather'd wood;  
His back sustain'd a falling mountain's load:  
This arm the bulwarks shook; and that before  
His towering front the fencing buckler bore.  
His great example every warrior fir'd;  
Each gallant chief to scale the works aspir'd.  
But various fates they prove: some headlong fall;  
And some are slaughter'd ere they mount the wall;  
While he, ascending still, securely goes,  
His friends encourages, and threats his foes.  
The thronging numbers, with collected might,  
Attempt in vain to hurl him from his height:  
Still in th' unequal combat firm he stands,  
And bears alone th' united furious bands.  
And now his sword the spacious rampart clears,  
And frees the passage for his brave compeers.  
To one the hero gave a wish'd relief,  
(Eustatius, brother to the pious chief)  
With ready hand he stopp'd his fatal fall,  
And friendly guarded while he gain'd the wall.  
The Christian leader, on a different side,  
With various perils various fortune try'd:

Nor men with men alone the combat fought, 540  
There pile with pile, with engine engine, fought.  
Above the walls a trunk the Syrians raise;  
(A vessel's towering mast in ancient days)  
To this athwart a massy beam suspend;  
Thick iron plates the solid head defend:  
This with strong cables back the Pagans drew,  
Then, swift recoiling, on the tower it flew.  
The yielding timbers with the fury shook,  
The joint gave way before the frequent stroke:  
But soon the tower its needful arms supplies:  
Two scythes prepar'd are rais'd of mighty size,  
That, closing, with their sharpen'd edge divide  
The twisted cords to which the beam is ty'd.  
As, loos'd by time, or by rude tempests torn,  
A rock's huge fragment from a mountain borne,  
Impetuous whirling down the craggy steeps,  
Woods, cots, and herds before its fury sweeps:  
So drew the dreadful engine, in its fall,  
Arms, men, and ruins, from the shatter'd wall.  
The tower's vast summit nodded from on high,  
The bulwarks tremble, and the hills reply!  
Victorious Godfrey now, advancing on,  
Already deem'd the hostile ramparts won:

When from the foes, with roaring thunders, broke  
Whirlwinds of flame and deluges of smoke! 565  
Not Ætna from her raging womb expires  
Such pois'nous streams and suffocating fires;  
Not such dire fumes the clime of India yields,  
When noxious vapours taint her fultry fields.  
Thick sulphur pours and burning javelins fly;  
Dark clouds arise, and intercept the sky.  
The tower's strong planks the scorching mischief meet;  
The moisten'd hides now shrivel in the heat:  
Around ascends a black and sanguine flame,  
And the last ruin threatens the mighty frame.

Before the rest the glorious leader stood,  
With looks unchang'd the growing danger view'd,  
And on the pile commands his troops to pour  
The cooling waters in a copious shower.  
Now deep distress the troubled host affails;  
The fire increases, and the water fails;  
When from the north a sudden wind arose,  
And turn'd the raging flames against the foes:  
The blazing fury on the Pagans falls,  
Where numerous works were rais'd to guard the walls.  
The light materials catch! the sparks aspire;  
And all their fences crackle in the fire.

O favour'd chief! the Almighty's care approv'd: 589  
 By him defended, and by him belov'd :  
 Heaven in thy cause auxiliar arms supplies,  
 And at thy trumpet's call the winds obedient rise!

But dire Ismeno, who the flames beheld  
 By Boreas' breath against himself repell'd,  
 Resolv'd once more to prove his impious skill,  
 And force the laws of nature to his will.  
 With two magicians, that his arts pursue,  
 The dreadful forcerer towers in open view:  
 Black, squalid, foul! he rises o'er the bands :  
 So 'twixt two furies Dis or Charon stands.  
 And now the murmuring of the words was heard  
 By Phlegethon and deep Cocytus fear'd :  
 Already now the air disturb'd was seen,  
 The sun with clouds obscur'd his face serene :  
 When from an engine flew with hideous shock,  
 A ponderous stone, the fragment of a rock,  
 Through all the three<sup>c</sup> its horrid passage tore,  
 Crash'd every bone, and drench'd their limbs in gore :

<sup>c</sup> *Through all the three*—] Though the particular character of Ismeno is entirely the invention of the poet, yet history relates the death of certain magicians, that had placed themselves on the walls of Jerusalem, in order to oppose the machines of the Christians.

With groans the sinful spirits take their flight 608  
 From the pure air and seats of upper light,  
 And seek th' infernal shades of endless pain :  
 O' mortals! hence from impious deeds refrain.

At length the tower, preserv'd from threaten'd flame  
 By friendly winds, more near the ramparts came ;  
 Now, from the midst, the bridge was seen to fall,  
 And now was fix'd upon the lofty wall :  
 But thither Solyman intrepid flies,  
 And there to cut the bridge his falchion tries :  
 Nor had he tried in vain, but, sudden rear'd,  
 Another tower upon the first appear'd :  
 Above the loftiest spires was seen on high  
 The wondrous fabric rising to the sky.  
 Struck with the sight th' astonish'd Pagans stood,  
 While far beneath the pile the town they view'd.  
 But still the fearless Turk his post maintain'd,  
 Though on his head a rocky tempest rain'd ;  
 Nor yet despairs to part the bridge, and loud,  
 With threats and cries, incites the timorous crowd.

To Godfrey then<sup>d</sup>, unseen by vulgar eyes,  
 Appear'd th' Archangel Michael from the skies,

<sup>d</sup> *To Godfrey then,—*] This fiction seems to be taken from miracles recorded in the history of the crusade. The archbishop

In glorious panoply, divinely bright, 630  
 More dazzling than the sun's unclouded light.

Lo! Godfrey (he began) the hour at hand  
 To free from bondage Sion's hallow'd land :  
 Decline not then to earth thy looks dismay'd :  
 Behold where Heaven assists with heavenly aid!  
 I now remove the film, and teach thy sight  
 To bear the presence of the sons of light.  
 The souls of those, now heavenly beings, view,  
 That champions once for CHRIST their weapons drew :  
 With thee they fight, with thee they come to share  
 The glorious triumph of the sacred war.  
 There, where thou seest the dust and smoke on high  
 In mingled waves, where heaps of ruin lie,  
 There, wrapt in darkness, Hugo holds his place,  
 And heaves the bulwark from its lowest base.

of Tiro relates, that the Christians being engaged with the Infidels, and nearly defeated, a soldier was seen to descend from Mount Olivet, bearing a shield of wonderful lustre, who encouraged the Christians to renew the battle with double vigour, and immediately disappeared. It was likewise said, that, at the siege of Antioch, Pyrrhus, a Turk, saw an infinite army of soldiers on white horses, with white arms and vestments, who fought on the side of the Christians. These afterwards disappeared, and were supposed to be angels and the souls of the blessed, sent from God to succour the Christians.

See! Dudon, arm'd against the northern towers, 646  
 With fire and sword celestial vengeance pours.  
 Yon sacred form that on the mount appears,  
 Who solemn robes with wreaths of priesthood wears,  
 Is Ademar<sup>e</sup>; a faint confess'd he stands;  
 See! still he follows, blesses still the bands.  
 But higher raise thy looks, behold in air  
 Where all the powers of heaven combin'd appear.

The hero rais'd his eyes, and saw above  
 A countless army of celestials move.  
 Three squadrons rang'd<sup>f</sup> the wondrous force display'd,  
 Three fulgent circles every squadron made,

<sup>e</sup> *Is Ademar*;—] The archbishop of Tiro gives the following extraordinary account. "That day Ademar, bishop of Poggio, a man of exemplary virtue and piety, who lost his life near Antioch, was seen by numbers in the holy city: and numbers, whose testimony is worthy of credit, affirmed that they saw him among the first to scale the walls, and inciting others to enter the town." All these traditions were authority sufficient for the beautiful machine with which Tasso has adorned his poem; the whole passage of which is taken from the sublime fiction of Virgil, in the 2d Æneid, where Æneas sees the gods of Greece engaged in the destruction of his native city.

<sup>f</sup> *Three squadrons rang'd*—] The Italian commentator explains these to mean the three celestial hierarchies, each divided into three orders: the first, seraphim, cherubim, and thrones; the second, dominations, principalities, and powers; the third, virtues, angels, and archangels. This opinion is according to

Orb within orb; by just degrees they rose, 658  
 And nine bright ranks the heavenly host compose\*.

St. Gregory and St. Bernard, from which other authors have differed.

\* *Orb within orb; by just degrees they rose,  
 And nine bright ranks the heavenly host compose.*] Some theologians have said that these circles diminished till they came to an indivisible point, wherein was centered the essence of Divinity. This abstruse and whimsical doctrine is mentioned by Dante, which passage may not be unpleasing to the curious reader; where he speaks of these nine choirs or orders in the following manner.

Un punto vidi, che raggiava lume  
 Acuto sì, che'l viso ch'egli affoca,  
 Chiuder convienfi per lo forta acume:  
 Distante intorno al punto un cerchio d'igne  
 Si girava sì ratto, ch'avria vinto  
 Quel moto che più tosto il mondo cigne,  
 E questo era d'un altro circondato  
 E quel del terzo e'l terzo poi dal quarto  
 Dal quinto il quarto, e poi dal sesto il quinto  
 Sovra seguiva il settimo sì sparto  
 Già di larghezza che'l mezzo di Giuno  
 Intero a contenerlo farebbe arto.  
 Così l'ottavo, e'l nono: e ciascheduno  
 Più tardo sì movea, secondo ch'era,  
 In numero distante, più da l'uno.

PARADISO, Canto xxviii.

His sense no more sustain'd the blaze of light, 660  
And all the vision vanish'd from his sight.  
Then round the plain his martial bands he 'spy'd,  
And saw how conquest smil'd on every side.  
With brave Rinaldo numbers scale the wall;  
Before his arms in heaps the Syrians fall:  
No longer Godfrey then his zeal restrain'd,  
But snatch'd the standard from Alfiero's hand;  
And, rushing o'er the bridge, the passage try'd.  
The furious Turk all passage there deny'd:  
A little space is now the glorious field  
Where valour's deeds a great example yield!  
Here let me nobly fall! (the Pagan cries)  
Be glory mine, let life the vulgar prize.  
O burst the bridge! and me alone expose;  
I shall not meanly sink beneath the foes.  
But now he sees th' affrighted numbers fly,  
And now beholds the dread Rinaldo nigh:  
What should I do? (the wavering Soldan said)  
If here I fall, in vain my blood is shed.  
Then, other schemes revolving in his mind,  
He slowly to the chief the pass resign'd,  
Who threatening follow'd, with impetuous haste,  
And on the wall the holy standard plac'd.

The conquering banner, to the breeze unroll'd, 684  
Redundant streams in many a waving fold :  
The winds with awe confess the heavenly sign,  
With purer beams the day appears to shine :  
The swords seem bid to turn their points away,  
And darts around it innocently play :  
The sacred mount the purple cross adores,  
And Sion owns it from her topmost towers.

Then all the squadrons rais'd a shouting cry,  
The loud acclaim of joyful victory !  
From man to man the clamour pours around :  
The distant hills re-echo to the sound.  
And now, incens'd, impatient of delay,  
Against Argantes Tancred forc'd his way ;  
At once he launch'd his bridge, the passage made,  
And straight his standard on the walls display'd.

But tow'rds the south where aged Raymond fought,  
And 'gainst the Pagan king his forces brought ;  
There deeper toil engag'd the Christian power,  
There rocky paths delay'd the cumbrous tower.  
At length th' assailants and defenders hear  
The echoing shouts of conquests from afar.  
To Aladine and Raymond soon 'tis known,  
That tow'rds the plain are Sion's ramparts won :

Then thus the earl aloud—O hear, my friends! 708  
Before the Christian arms the city bends!  
And does she, when subdu'd, our courage dare?  
Shall we alone no glorious triumph share?

But soon the Syrian king withdrew his force,  
Nor longer strove to oppose the victor's course;  
Retreating thence a lofty fort he gain'd,  
From which he hop'd their fury to withstand.

Now all the conquering bands, oppos'd no more,  
Swarm o'er the walls and through the portals pour.  
The thirsty sword now rages far and wide,  
Death stalks with grief and terror at his side:  
Blood runs in rivers, or in pools o'erflows,  
And dead and dying, heap'd, a horrid scene compose!

THE HISTORY OF THE  
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TO THE PRESENT TIME  
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# JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

## BOOK XIX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

TANCRED and Argantes retire together from the walls, and engage in single combat: after an obstinate defence, the latter is slain; and Tancred himself, weakened by the loss of blood, falls into a swoon. In the mean time Rinaldo pursues the Infidels, and compels many of them to take refuge in Solomon's temple. Rinaldo at length bursting open the gate, the Christian troops enter, and make a terrible slaughter. Solyman and Aladine fortify themselves in David's tower. Solyman defends the pass with great intrepidity, but at last retires within the fort at the appearance of Godfrey and Rinaldo. Night puts an end to the operations on both sides. Vafrino enters the Egyptian camp, where he meets with Erminia. In their way to the Christian tents, they find Tancred in appearance dead: Erminia's lamentation; she recovers Tancred from his swoon, and, at his desire, he is conveyed with the body of Argantes to the city. Vafrino gives an account to Godfrey of the discoveries he has made; upon which the general determines to hold his army in readiness to encounter the Egyptian forces.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

### BOOK XIX.

Now wide-destroying death, or pale affright,  
Remov'd the Pagans from their ramparts' height :  
Alone, still fix'd to triumph or to fall,  
Argantes turns not from th' abandon'd wall ;  
Secure he stands, his front undaunted shows,  
And singly combats midst a host of foes :  
Far more than death he dreads a sullied name,  
And, if he dies, would close his days with fame.

Before the rest intrepid Tancred flies,  
And lifts his falchion, and the chief defies :  
Well, by his mien and arms confess'd to view,  
His plighted foe the fierce Argantes knew.  
Thus dost thou, Tancred ! keep thy faith ? (he cry'd)  
Late art thou come our battle to decide :

We meet not here as heroes heroes dare ;                    15  
 Thou com'st a base artificer of war!  
 Those engines are thy guard, those troops thy shield;  
 Thou bring'st strange weapons to disgrace the field!  
 Yet hope not from this hand, in dreadful strife,  
 (Thou woman's murderer!) now to 'scape with life!

He said; and Tancred, smiling with disdain,  
 In words indignant thus reply'd again.

Late am I come?—Suppress thy senseless scorn;  
 Soon shalt thou find too speedy my return;  
 When thou shalt wish, to ease thy doubtful soul,  
 That 'twixt us Alps might rise, or oceans roll;  
 And know, by fatal proof too well display'd,  
 Nor fear detain'd my arms, nor sloth delay'd.  
 Come, glorious chief! thou terror of the plain,  
 By whom are heroes quell'd and giants slain!  
 With me retire, and prove thy boasted might,  
 The woman's murderer dares thee to the fight!

Then to his troops—Withhold your wrathful hands,  
 This warrior now my sword alone demands;  
 No common foe; by challenge him I claim;  
 By former promise mine, and mine by fame.  
 Descend (again the proud Circassian cry'd)  
 Or singly, or with aid, the cause decide:

The place frequented or the desert try;      39  
With every odds thy prowess I defy!

The stern convention made, at once they move,  
With mutual ire, the dreadful fight to prove.  
Already Tancred hopes the glorious strife,  
And burns with zeal to take the Pagan's life:  
He claims him wholly, all his blood demands,  
And envies even a drop to vulgar hands.  
He spreads his shield, forbids the threatening blow,  
And guards from darts and spears his mighty foe.  
They leave the walls, impatient of delay,  
And through a winding path pursue their way.  
At length, amid surrounding hills, they view'd  
A narrow valley, black with shady wood;  
That seem'd a sylvan theatre, design'd  
For chace or combat with the savage-kind.  
Here both the warriors stopp'd; when pensive grown,  
Argantes turn'd to view the suffering town.  
Tancred, who saw his foe no buckler wield,  
Straight cast his own at distance on the field;  
Then thus began—What means this sudden gloom?  
Think'st thou, at last, thy destin'd hour is come?  
If such foreboding thoughts a doubt create,  
Too late thy prescience, and thy fears too late.

Yon city fills my mind (the chief reply'd) 63  
The queen of nations, and Judea's pride,  
That vanquish'd now must fall, while I in vain  
Attempt her sinking ruins to sustain :  
How poor a vengeance can thy life afford,  
Thy life by Heaven devoted to my sword!

He ceas'd; then wary each to combat drew :  
For each his adverse champion's valour knew.  
Tancred was light, his joints were firmly knit,  
Swift were his hands, and ready were his feet.  
Argantes tower'd superior by the head,  
With larger limbs, with shoulders broader spread.  
Now Tancred wheels, now bends to elude the foe,  
Now, with his sword, averts th' impending blow.  
But high, erect, the bold Argantes stood,  
And equal art, with different action, show'd :  
Now here, now there, impetuous from above,  
Against the prince the brandish'd steel he drove.  
That, on his art and courage most relies ;  
This, on his mighty strength and giant size.  
Two vessels thus their naval strife maintain,  
When no rude wind disturbs the watery plain :  
Their bulk though different, equal is the fight,  
In swiftness one, and one excels in height.

But while the Christian seeks to reach the foe, 87  
And shuns the sword that seems to threat the blow,  
Full at his face the point Argantes shook ;  
Then swift, as Tancred turn'd to ward the stroke,  
He pierc'd his flank, and, loud exulting, said :  
Behold the crafty now by craft betray'd!

With rage and shame indignant Tancred burn'd,  
And all his thoughts to glorious vengeance turn'd ;  
Then with his falchion to the boast replies,  
Where to his aim the vizor open lies.

Argantes breaks the blow : with shorten'd sword  
On him intrepid rush'd the Christian lord :  
The Pagan's better hand he seiz'd, and dy'd  
With many a ghastly wound his bleeding side,  
Receive this answer (loud the hero cries)  
The vanquish'd to his victor thus replies!

The fierce Circassian foams with rage and pain,  
But strives to free his captive arm in vain :  
At length, dependent from the chain<sup>a</sup>, he leaves  
The trusty falchion, and his hand reprieves.  
Each other now in rude embrace they press'd,  
Arms lock'd in arms, and breast oppos'd to breast.

<sup>a</sup> ——— *from the chain,*—] In Ariosto it is frequently mentioned, that the sword was fastened to the wrist by a chain, though this is the only passage where such a custom is alluded to by Tasso.

Not with more vigour, on the sandy field, 109  
Great Hercules the mighty giant held.  
Such is their conflict, so the warriors strain,  
Till both together, sidelong, press the plain,  
Argantes, as he fell, by chance or skill,  
Bore high his better arm releas'd at will:  
But Tancred's hand, that should the weapon wield,  
Was held beneath him prisoner on the field.  
Full well the Frank th' unequal peril view'd,  
And, soon recovering, on his feet he stood.

More slow the Saracen the ground forsook,  
And, ere he rose, receiv'd a sudden stroke.  
But as the pine, whose leafy summit bends  
To Eurus' blast, at once again ascends:  
So from his fall arose the Pagan knight  
With equal wrath and unabated might.  
Again, with flashing swords, the war they wag'd:  
Now less of art and more of horror rag'd.  
From Tancred's wounds appear'd the trickling blood;  
But from Argantes pour'd a crimson flood:  
Tancred full soon his feeble arm beheld  
Slow and more slow the weighty falchion wield:  
All hatred then his generous breast forsook,  
And, back retreating, mildly thus he spoke.  
Yield, dauntless chief! enough thy worth is shown;  
Or me, or fortune, for thy victor own:

I ask no spoils, no triumph from the fight,      135  
Nor to myself reserve a conqueror's right.

At this with rage renew'd the Pagan burn'd :  
Use what thy fortune gives—(he fierce return'd)  
And dar'st thou then from me the conquest claim ?  
Shall base concessions stain Argantes' fame ?  
Alike thy mercy and thy threats I prize ;  
This arm shall yet thy senseless pride chastise.  
As, near extinct, the torch new light acquires,  
Revives its flame, and in a blaze expires :  
So he, when scarce the blood maintain'd its course,  
With kindled ire recruits his dying force ;  
Resolv'd his last of days with fame to spend,  
And crown his actions with a glorious end.  
Grasp'd in each hand, his vengeful steel he took :  
In vain the Christian's sword oppos'd the stroke :  
Full on his shoulder fell the deadly blade,  
Nor, deaden'd there, its eager fury stay'd,  
But, glancing downward, deeply pierc'd his side,  
And stain'd his armour with a purple tide.  
Yet Tancred's looks nor doubt nor fear confess'd ;  
For Nature's self had steel'd his dauntless breast.  
A second stroke the haughty Pagan try'd ;  
The wary Christian now his purpose 'spy'd,  
And slipt, elusive, from the steel aside.

Then, spent in empty air thy strength in vain, 160.  
Thou fall'st, Argantes ! headlong on the plain :  
Thou fall'st ! yet (unsubdu'd alike in all)  
None but thyself can boast Argantes' fall !

Fresh stream'd the blood from every gaping wound,  
And the red torrent delug'd all the ground :  
Yet on his arm and knee the furious knight  
His bulk supported, and provok'd the fight.  
Again his hand the courteous victor stay'd :  
Submit, O chief ! preserve thy life (he said :)  
But, while he paus'd, the fierce insidious foe  
Full at his heel directs a treacherous blow,  
And threats aloud : Then flash from Tancred's eyes  
The sparks of wrath, while thus the hero cries :  
And dost thou, wretch ! such base return afford  
For life so long preserv'd from Tancred's sword ?

He said ; and as he spoke, no more delay'd,  
But through his vizor plung'd th' avenging blade.  
Thus fell Argantes ; as he liv'd he dy'd ;  
Untam'd his soul, unconquer'd was his pride :  
Nor droop'd his spirit at th' approach of death,  
But threats and rage employ'd his latest breath.

Then Tancred in the sheath his sword bestow'd,  
And paid to GOD the thanks his conquest ow'd :

But dear his triumph has the victor cost : 184

His senses fail, his wonted strength is lost.

Again he strives to pass the valley o'er,

And tread the steps his feet had trod before.

Not far his tottering knees their load sustain,

His utmost strength he tries, but tries in vain.

Now, laid on earth, his arm supports his head,

(His arm, that trembles like a feeble reed)

Each object swims before his giddy sight ;

The cheerful day seems chang'd to dusky night ;

He faints—he swoons ! and scarce to mortal eyes

The victor differing from the vanquish'd lies.

While these, inflam'd with private hate, engag'd,

The wrathful Christians through the city rag'd.

What tongue can tell the woes that then were known,

And speak the horrors of a conquer'd town !

Each part is fill'd with death, with blood defil'd ;

The ghastly slain appear in mountains pil'd.

There on th' unbury'd corse the wounded spread ;

The living here interr'd beneath the dead.

With flowing hair pale mothers fly distress'd,

And clasp their harmless infants to the breast :

The spoiler here, impell'd by thirst of prey,

Bears on his laden back the spoils away :

The foldier there, by lust ungovern'd fway'd,      203  
 Drags by her graceful locks th' affrighted maid.

But tow'rds the mountain where the temple stood,  
 The bold Rinaldo drove the trembling crowd :  
 Nor helm nor buckler could his force withstand ;  
 Th' unarm'd alone escap'd his vengeful hand.  
 He fought the brave, but scorn'd with great disdain  
 To wreak his fury on a helpless train.  
 Then might you wondrous deeds of valour view,  
 How these he threatening chac'd, and those he slew ;  
 How with unequal risk, but equal fear,  
 The arm'd and naked fugitives appear.

Already, mingled with th' ignobler band,  
 A troop of warriors had the temple gain'd,  
 That, oft o'erthrown, and oft consum'd by flame,  
 Still bears its antient founder's glorious name.  
 Great Solomon the stately fabric rear'd,  
 Where marble, gold, and cedar once appear'd :  
 Less costly now ; but 'gainst the hostile powers  
 Secur'd with iron gates, and guarded towers.

Rinaldo rais'd his threatening looks on high,  
 And view'd the fortrefs with an angry eye :  
 Now here, now there, he seeks some pass to meet,  
 And twice surrounds it with his rapid feet.

So when a wolf, beneath the friendly shades, 232  
With hopes of prey the peaceful fold invades ;  
He traverses the ground with fruitless pain,  
Licks his dry chaps, and thirsts for blood in vain.  
The chief now paus'd before the lofty gate,  
The Pagans, from above, th' encounter wait.  
While thus the hero stood, by chance he 'spies  
A beam beside him of enormous size ;  
(Whate'er the use design'd) so high, so vast,  
The largest ship may claim it for a mast :  
This in his nervous arms aloft he shook,  
And with repeated blows the portal struck :  
Not the strong ram with greater fury falls,  
Nor bombs more fiercely shake the tottering walls.  
Nor steel nor marble could the force oppose ;  
The fence gives way before the driving blows :  
The bars are burst, the sounding hinges torn,  
And hurl'd to earth the batter'd gates are borne.  
Swift through the pass, the victor to sustain,  
Fierce as a torrent rush th' exulting train.

Then, dire to see ! the dome devote to God,  
With carnage swell'd, and pour'd a purple flood.  
O ! sacred justice of th' Almighty, shed,  
Tho' late, yet certain, on the guilty head !

Thy awful providence now stands confess'd,      256  
And kindles wrath in every pious breast.

The Pagan with his blood must cleanse from stain  
Those sacred shrines which once he durst profane.

But Solyman, meanwhile, to David's tower <sup>a</sup>  
Retreated with the remnant of his power ;  
His troops with sudden works the fort enclose,  
And stop each entrance from th' invading foes,  
And Aladine the tyrant thither flies ;  
To whom aloud th' intrepid Soldan cries.

Come, mighty monarch! haste! the fortrefs gain,  
Whose strength shall yet preserve thy threaten'd reign ;  
Here may'st thou still defend thy life, secur'd  
From the dire fury of the wasting sword.

Ah me! relentless fate (the king reply'd)

O'erturns the city, levels all her pride!—

My days are run—my empire now is o'er—

I liv'd—I reign'd—but live and reign no more!

'Tis past!—we once have been! behold our doom—

The last, th' irrevocable hour is come!

To whom with generous warmth the Soldan said :

Where, prince! is all thy antient virtue fled?

<sup>a</sup> *David's tower*] The citadel of Jerusalem was so called.

Though of his realms by fortune dispossest'd, 278

A monarch's throne is seated in his breast.

But come, and, here secur'd from hostile rage,

Refresh thy limbs decay'd with toils and age.

Thus counsel'd he; and straight, with careful haste,

The hoary king within the bulwarks plac'd.

Himself to guard the dangerous pass appear'd,

With both his hands an iron mace he rear'd:

He girt his trusty falchion to his side,

And all the forces of the Franks defy'd.

On every part his thundering weapon flew,

And these he overturn'd, and those he slew.

All fled the guarded fort, with wild affright,

Where'er they saw his mace's fury light.

Now, led by fortune, with his dauntless train,

The fearless Raymond rush'd the pass to gain:

Against the Turk in vain he aim'd the blow;

But not in vain return'd his haughty foe:

Full in his front the reverend chief he found,

And stretch'd him pale and trembling on the ground.

Again the vanquish'd breathe, the victors fly,

Or in the well-defended entrance die.

The Soldan then, who, midst the vulgar dead,

Beheld on earth the Christian leader spread,

Incites his followers, with repeated cries, 302  
 To drag within the works their prostrate prize.

All spring to take him (a determin'd band)  
 But toils and dangers their attempt withstand.  
 What Christian can his Raymond's care forego ?  
 At once they fly to guard him from the foe.  
 There rage, here piety, maintains the fight ;  
 No common cause demands each warrior's might ;  
 For Raymond's life or freedom they contend ;  
 And those would seize the chief, and these defend.  
 Yet had the Soldan's force at length prevail'd,  
 For shields and helms before his weapon fail'd ;  
 But sudden, to relieve the faithful band,  
 A powerful aid appear'd on either hand ;  
 At once the chief of chiefs <sup>b</sup>, resistless, came,  
 And he <sup>c</sup>, the foremost of the martial name.

As when loud winds arise, and thunders roll,  
 And glancing lightnings gleam from pole to pole,  
 The shepherd-swain, who sees the darkening air,  
 Withdraws from open fields his fleecy care ;  
 And, thence retreating, to some covert flies  
 To shun the fury of th' inclement skies ;  
 And with his voice and crook his flock constrains ;  
 Himself, behind them, last forsakes the plains.

<sup>b</sup> GODFREY.

<sup>c</sup> RINALDO.

So the fierce Pagan, who the storm beheld,      326  
That like a whirlwind swept the dusty field,  
Who heard the shouts of legions rend the air,  
And saw the flash of armour from afar,  
Compell'd his troops within the sheltering tower;  
Himself, reluctant, from superior power  
Retires the last, with unabated heat,  
In caution brave, intrepid in defeat.

Scarce were they enter'd, when, with headlong haste,  
Rinaldo o'er the broken fences pass'd:  
Desire to vanquish one so fam'd in fight,  
His plighted vows the hero's soul excite:  
For still he keeps his solemn oath in view,  
To take the warrior's life who Sweno slew.  
Then had his matchless arm the walls assail'd,  
Then had their strength to shield the Soldan fail'd:  
But here the general bade surcease the fight,  
For all th' horizon round was lost in night.  
There Godfrey straight encamp'd his martial train,  
Resolv'd at morn the hostile fort to gain.  
Then cheerful thus his listening host he warms:  
Th' Almighty favours now the Christian arms:  
At early dawn yon fortress shall be ours;  
The last weak refuge of the faithless powers.

Meantime your thoughts to pious duties bend,     350  
The sick to comfort, and the wounded tend.  
Go—pay the rites those gallant friends demand,  
Who purchas'd with their blood this fated land ;  
This temper better suits the Christian name,  
Than souls with avarice or revenge on flame.  
Too much, alas ! has slaughter stain'd the day ;  
Too much has lust of plunder borne the sway.  
Then cease from spoil, each cruel deed forbear ;  
And let the trumpet's sound our will declare.

He said ; and went where, scarce repiev'd from death,  
Still Raymond groan'd with new-recover'd breath.  
Nor Solyman less bold, his friends address'd,  
While in his thought the chief his doubts suppress'd.  
O warriors ! scorn the change of fortune's power ;  
Still cheerful hope maintains her blooming flower ;  
Safe is your king, and safe his chosen train :  
These walls the noblest of the realm contain.  
Then let the Franks their empty conquest boast ;  
Swift fate impends o'er all th' exulting host :  
While rage and plunder every soul employ,  
And lust and murder are their savage joy :  
Amidst the mingled tumult shall they fall,  
And one destructive hour o'erwhelm them all ;

If Egypt's troops, now hastening to our aid,      374  
With numerous force their scatter'd bands invade.  
From hence our missile weapons can we pour,  
To whelm the city with a rocky shower;  
And with our engines from afar defend  
The paths that to the sepulchre ascend.

While deeds like these were wrought, Vafrino goes;  
A trusty spy, amidst a host of foes:  
The camp he left, his lonely way he took,  
What time the sun the western sky forfook;  
By Ascalon he pass'd, ere yet the day  
Shed from his orient throne the golden ray:  
And when his car had reach'd the midmost height,  
The hostile camp appear'd in open sight.  
There, pitch'd around, unnumber'd tents he sees,  
Unnumber'd streamers waving to the breeze.  
Discordant tongues assail his wondering ears;  
Timbrels and horns and barbarous notes, he hears.  
The elephant and camel mix their cries;  
The generous steed, with shriller sound, replies.  
Surpris'd he sees such numerous forces join'd,  
Where Asia's realms and Afric's seem combin'd.

Now here, now there, his watchful looks he throws,  
And marks what different works the camp enclose;

Nor seeks in unfrequented parts to lie; 398  
Nor shuns the observance of the public eye;  
But boldly to each high pavilion goes,  
And fearless communes with th' unconscious foes:  
Wife were his questions, well his answers made,  
And deepest prudence all his actions sway'd.  
The warriors, steeds, and arms, attract his view;  
Full soon each leader's rank and name he knew.  
At length, as wandering through the vale he went,  
Chance led his footsteps to the general's tent:  
There, while immers'd in deepest thought he stay'd,  
His searching eyes a friendly gap survey'd;  
From this each voice within distinct was heard,  
Through this reveal'd th' interior parts appear'd.  
There watch'd Vafrino, while he seem'd employ'd  
To mend the torn pavilion's opening side.

Bare-headed there he saw the chief confess'd,  
With limbs in armour sheath'd, and purple vest:  
Two pages bore his helmet and his shield;  
His better hand a pointed javelin held;  
He view'd a warrior, who beside him stood,  
Of limbs gigantic, and of semblance proud.  
Vafrino stay'd, intent their words to hear,  
And sudden Godfrey's name assail'd his ear.

Think'st thou (the leader thus the knight bespoke)  
That Godfrey sure shall fall beneath thy stroke? 423

Then he: He surely falls! and here I swear  
Ne'er to return, but victor from the war.  
This hand my fellows' swords shall render vain;  
And let my deed this sole reward obtain;  
A glorious trophy of his arms to raise  
In Cairo's town, and thus inscribe my praise:  
"These from the Christian chief, whose force o'er-run  
"All Asia's lands, in battle Ormond won;  
"And fix'd them here, that future times might tell  
"How, by his prowess vanquish'd, Godfrey fell."

Think not our grateful king (the leader cries)  
Will view th' important act with thankless eyes:  
Full gladly will he yield to thy demand,  
And crown thy service with a bounteous hand.  
But now with speed the vests and arms prepare;  
The approaching day of combat claims thy care.  
All, all is now prepar'd—the knight reply'd:  
And here the converse ceas'd on either side.

Thus they: A stranger to the hidden sense,  
The words Vafriño heard in deep suspense;  
Of-times debating, in his anxious mind,  
What arms were purpos'd, and what wiles design'd.

He parted thence, and sleepless pass'd the night, 446  
And watch'd impatient for the dawning light ;  
But when the camp, as early morning shin'd,  
Unfurld the waving banners to the wind,  
Mix'd with the rest he went, with these he stay'd ;  
And round from tent to tent uncertain stray'd.

One day he came to where, in regal state,  
Amidst her knights and dames Armida fate :  
Pensive she seem'd, with various cares oppress'd,  
A thousand thoughts revolving in her breast :  
On her fair hand her lovely cheek she plac'd,  
And prone to earth her starry eyes she cast,  
All moist with tears : Full opposite he saw  
Adrastus motionless with silent awe :  
Fix'd on her charms, he gaz'd with fond desire,  
And with the prospect fed his amorous fire.  
But Tisaphernes both by turns beheld,  
While different passions in his bosom swell'd :  
His changing looks a quick succession prove,  
Now fir'd with hatred, now inflam'd with love.  
From thence Vafirino cast his sight aside,  
And midst the damsels Altamorus 'spy'd ;  
Who curb'd the licence of his roving eyes,  
Or snatch'd his wary glances by surprize ;

Her hand, her face, with secret rapture view'd, 470  
And oft, by stealth, a sweeter search purfu'd,  
To explore the passage where th' uncautious vest  
Reveal'd the beauties of her ivory breast.

At length her downcast looks Armida rears,  
While through her grief a transient smile appears.  
O brave Adraftus! in thy glorious boast,  
I feel (she cries) my former anguish lost :  
And soon I trust a sweet revenge to find ;  
For sweet is vengeance to an injur'd mind.

To whom the Indian—Bid thy sorrows cease,  
O royal fair! compose thy soul to peace.  
Doubt not to view (ere many days are fled)  
Cast at thy feet Rinaldo's impious head ;  
Else shall he come, if so thy will ordains,  
To servile dungeons, and eternal chains.

To Tisaphernes smiling then she said :  
And wilt not thou, O chief! Armida aid ?

It suits not me (he taunting thus reply'd)  
With such a knight to combat side by side.  
But I more slow, in fields of battle new,  
Must far behind thy champion's steps pursue.

Sternly he said ; the word the monarch took,  
And straight incens'd with pride ungovern'd spoke :

'Tis thine, indeed, a distant war to wage, 494  
 Nor dare like me in nearer fight engage.

Then Tisaphernes shook his haughty head :  
 O were I master of this arm ! (he said)  
 Could I at will this faithful falchion wield,  
 We soon should see who best could brave the field :  
 Fierce as thou art, thy threats with scorn I hear !  
 Not thee, but Heaven and tyrant love, I fear.

He ceas'd : Adraftus stern his force defy'd ;  
 But here Armida interpos'd, and cry'd :

O warriors ! wherefore now, your promise vain,  
 Will you so soon resume your gift again ?  
 My champions are ye both—let this suffice  
 To bind your jarring souls in friendly ties :  
 At my command, this rash contention cease ;  
 He meets my anger first who wounds the peace.

Thus she : At once the rage their breast forsook,  
 And hearts discordant bow'd beneath her yoke.

Vafrino, present, all their converse knew,  
 Then, pensive, from the lofty tent withdrew ;  
 He saw, though deeply yet in clouds enshrin'd,  
 Some treason 'gainst the Christian chief design'd :  
 He question'd oft, resolv'd each means to try  
 To bear the secret thence, or bravely die.

In vain his search—till chance at length display'd 518  
The treacherous snares for pious Godfrey laid.  
Again he fought the tent, and viewed again  
The princess seated midst her warrior train :  
Then near a damsel with familiar air  
He drew, and sportive thus address'd the fair.

I too would gladly draw th' avenging blade,  
Th' elected champion of some lovely maid :  
Perhaps this arm Rinaldo's self may feel,  
Or Godfrey breathless sink beneath my steel.  
Ask from this hand (to me that service owe)  
The head devoted of some barbarous foe.

So spoke the squire ; and smiling as he spoke,  
A virgin view'd him with attentive look :  
Sudden her eyes his well-known face confess'd,  
Beside him soon she stood, and thus address'd.

From all the train I here thy sword demand,  
Nor ask ignoble service at thy hand :  
I choose thee for my champion ; hence retire,  
I now thy converse, as my knight, require.

She said ; and drew him from the throng aside :  
I know thee well, Vafrino ! (then she cry'd)  
Know'st thou not me ?—Confus'd the Christian stood,  
Till with a smile he thus his speech renew'd.

Ne'er have I seen thy charms, exalted fair, 542  
 Nor is the name thou speak'st the name I bear:  
 Born on Biferta's shore, my birth I claim  
 From Lesbini, and Almanzor is my name.

Long have I known thee (thus the maid reply'd)  
 Then seek no more in vain thyself to hide:  
 Dismiss thy fear—thou seest a faithful friend  
 For thee prepar'd her dearest life to spend.  
 Behold Erminia! born of royal kind,  
 And once with thee in Tancred's service join'd:  
 Two happy moons, a blissful captive there,  
 I liv'd in peace beneath thy gentle care.

Then on her face he bent his earnest view,  
 And soon the features of Erminia knew.

Rest on my faith secure (the damsel cries)  
 I here attest the sun and conscious skies!  
 Ah! let me now thy pitying aid implore;  
 Erminia to her former bonds restore!  
 In irksome freedom since my hours were led,  
 Care fills my days, and slumber flies my bed.  
 Com'st thou the secrets of the host to spy?  
 In happy time—on me thou may'st rely:  
 I shall at full their purpos'd frauds explain,  
 Which thou, perchance, had'st long explor'd in vain.

Thus she; while doubtful still Vafrino mus'd 566  
In silent gaze, with various thoughts confus'd:  
He call'd Armida's former arts to mind:  
Woman's a changeful and loquacious kind:  
A thousand schemes their fickle hearts divide,  
Insenate those that in the sex confide!  
At length he spoke: If hence you seek to fly,  
Haste, let us go—your trusty guide am I.  
Be this resolv'd—but let us yet beware,  
And further speech, till fitter time, forbear.

Thus having said, they fix'd without delay,  
Before the troops decamp'd, to take their way.  
Vafrino parted thence; the cautious maid  
Awhile in converse with the damsels stay'd,  
Amus'd them with her champion lately gain'd,  
And with a plausive tale each ear detain'd:  
Till at th' appointed time the squire she join'd;  
Then mounts her steed, and leaves the camp behind.

The Pagan tents were vanish'd from the view;  
And near an unfrequented place they drew;  
When bold Vafrino spoke—Now, courteous fair!  
The treason, fram'd for Godfrey's life, declare.

Eight knights (she cry'd) the dire adventure claim,  
But Ormond fierce excels the rest in fame:

These, urg'd by hatred, or inflam'd with ire, 590  
In murderous league against your chief conspire :  
Then hear their arts—what time on Syria's plain  
Th' embattled host contend for Asia's reign ;  
These on their arms the purple Cross shall bear,  
Disguis'd as Franks in white and gold appear,  
Like Godfrey's guard, amid the mingled war.  
But on his helm, shall each a signal show,  
Which, in the thickening fight, their friends may know.  
These shall the Christian leader's life pursue,  
And deadly venom shall their steel imbrue.  
To me 'twas given each false device to frame ;  
Compell'd to act what now I loath to name !  
Hence from the camp I fly with just disdain,  
From the dire mandates of an impious train :  
I scorn my thoughts with treason to defile,  
To assist the traitor, and partake the guile.  
For this—yet nor for this alone, I fled—  
She ceas'd ; and ceasing blush'd with rosy red :  
Declin'd to earth she held her modest look,  
And half again recall'd what last she spoke.  
But what her virgin scruples strove to hide,  
He sought to learn, and gently thus reply'd :

Why wilt thou strive thy sorrows to conceal,      613  
Nor to my faithful ear thy cares reveal?

She breath'd a sigh that instant from her breast,  
Then, with a faltering voice the squire address'd.

Farewell, ill-tim'd reserve! no more I claim  
The modesty that fits a virgin's name.  
Such thoughts should long ere this my heart have  
    swey'd;

But ah! they suit no more a wandering maid.  
That fatal night, my country's overthrow,  
When Antioch bow'd before the Christian foe;  
From that, alas! my following woes I date,  
The early source of my disastrous fate!  
Light was a kingdom's loss, an empire's boast,  
For with my regal state myself I lost.  
Thou know'st, Vafirino! how I trembling ran,  
Midst heaps of plunder and my subjects slain,  
To seek thy lord and mine, when, first in view,  
All sheath'd in arms he near my palace drew:  
Low at his feet I breath'd this humble prayer:  
Unconquer'd chief! a helpless virgin hear!  
Not for my life I now thy mercy claim!  
But save my honour, guard my spotless fame!  
Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took,  
And rais'd me from the earth, and courteous spoke:

O lovely maid! in vain thou shalt not sue;                   637  
In me thy friend, thy kind preserver, view.  
He said; a sudden pleasure fill'd my breast,  
A sweet sensation every thought possess'd,  
That, deeply spreading through my soul, became  
A wound incurable, a quenchless flame!

He saw me oft; he gently shar'd my grief;  
With words of comfort gave my woes relief.  
To thee (he cry'd) thy freedom I resign;  
Nor aught of all thy treasures shall be mine,  
O cruel gift! O bounty vainly shown!  
For, giving me myself, myself he won!  
And while he thus restor'd th' ignobler part,  
Usurp'd the sovereign empire o'er my heart,  
Alas! in vain I sought to hide my shame—  
How oft with thee I dwelt on Tancred's name!  
Thou saw'st the tokens of a mind distress'd,  
And said'st—Erminia! love disturbs thy breast.  
Still I deny'd, but still deny'd in vain:  
My locks, my sighs, reveal'd my secret pain.  
At length, resolv'd my wishes to pursue,  
Love all respect of fear and shame o'erthrew.  
To seek my lord I went, in luckless hour:  
(He gave the wound, and he alone could cure.)

But lo! new dangers in my way I met, 661  
A band of barbarous foes my steps beset:  
From these I scarce with life and freedom fled:  
Thence to the distant woods my course I sped;  
There choose with shepherd-swains retir'd to dwell,  
A humble tenant of the lonely cell.  
But when my flame, awhile by fear suppress'd,  
Once more, returning, kindled in my breast;  
Again I sought the paths I sought before;  
Again was cross'd by fickle Fortune's power:  
A troop of spoilers in my way I found;  
(Egyptian forces, and to Gaza bound)  
Me to their chief they led: with gentle ear  
Their chief vouchsaf'd my mournful tale to hear:  
So was my virtue safe preserv'd from stain,  
Till plac'd in safety with Armida's train.  
Behold me thus (so changing fate decreed)  
Now made a captive, now from bondage freed:  
Yet thus enslav'd, and thus releas'd again,  
I still am held in fond affection's chain.  
O thou! for whom such soft distress I prove,  
Repulse not with disdain my proffer'd love;  
But to a maid a kind reception give,  
And to her bonds a wretch forlorn receive.

Thus spoke Erminia. All the night and day 685  
They journey'd on, and commun'd on their way.

Vafrino shunn'd the beaten track, and held  
His course through shorter paths, and ways conceal'd.

Now near the town they came at evening light,

What time the shade foretold th' approach of night:

When here they saw the ground distain'd with blood,

And, stretch'd on earth, a slaughter'd warrior view'd:

His face was upward turn'd, with dauntless air,

His aspect menac'd, ev'n in death severe.

In him, as near the squire attentive drew,

Some Pagan warrior by his arms he knew.

Not far from thence another prone was seen,

His garb was different, different was his mien.

Behold some Christian there (Vafrino said).

Then mark'd his well known vest with looks dismay'd:

He quits his steed, the features views, and cries—

Ah me! here slain unhappy Tancred lies!

    Meanwhile th' ill-fated maid behind him stood,

And with attentive gaze the Pagan view'd:

But soon her ear the cruel sounds confess'd,

As if a shaft had pierc'd her tender breast.

At Tancred's name she starts in wild despair,

No bounds can now restrain th' unhappy fair:

She sees his face with paleness all o'erspread,      709  
She leaps, she flies impetuous from her steed ;  
Low-bending o'er him, forth her sorrow breaks ;  
And thus, with interrupted words, she speaks.

Was I for this, by fortune here convey'd ?  
O dreadful object to a love-sick maid !  
Long have I fought thee with unweary'd pain,  
Again I see thee :—yet I see in vain !  
Tancred no more Erminia present views ;  
And, finding Tancred, I my Tancred lose !  
Ah me !—and did I think thou e'er should'st prove  
A sight ungrateful to Erminia's love ?  
Now could I wish to quench the beams of light,  
And hide each object in eternal night !  
Alas ! where now are all thy graces fled !  
Where are those eyes that once such lustre shed !  
Where are those cheeks, replete with crimson glow !  
Where all the beauties of thy manly brow !  
But senseless thus and pale thou still canst please !  
If yet thy gentle soul my sorrow sees,  
Yet views, not wholly fled, my fond desires,  
Permit th' embolden'd theft which love inspires :  
Give me (since fate denies a further bliss)  
From thy cold lips to snatch a parting kiss :

Those lips from which such soothing words could flow,  
To ease a virgin's and a captive's woe! 734

Let me, at least, this mournful office pay,  
And rend in part from death his spoils away.  
Receive my spirit ready wing'd for flight,  
And guide from hence to realms of endless light.

She said; her bosom swell'd with labouring sighs,  
And briny torrents trickled from her eyes.

At this the knight, who seem'd of sense depriv'd,  
Wash'd with her tears, by slow degrees reviv'd;  
A sigh he mingled with the virgin's sighs;  
He sigh'd, but rais'd not yet his languid eyes.

His breath, returning, soon the dame perceiv'd;  
A dawn of hope her fainting soul reliev'd.

See, Tancred! see! (exclaim'd the tender maid)

The mournful rites by dear affection paid.

Behold I come, thy fortune to divide—

Thus will I sink, thus perish by thy side!

Yet, yet awhile thy fleeting life retain—

O! hear my last request, nor hear in vain!

Then Tancred strove to view the cheerful light,

But soon again withdrew his swimming sight:

Again Erminia vents her tears and sighs;

Again she mourns—Forbear! (Vafrino cries)

Still, still he breathes, be then our care essay'd 757  
To heal the living ere we weep the dead.

He straight disarms the chief, she trembling stands,  
And to the office lends her friendly hands;  
Then views the hero's wounds with skilful eyes,  
And feels new hopes within her bosom rise:  
But midst those deserts nought the fair can find,  
Nought but her slender veil, his wounds to bind;  
Yet love, inventive, every scheme ran o'er;  
Love taught her various arts untry'd before,  
Her locks she cut, with these she gently dry'd  
The clotted blood; the bandage these supply'd.  
Though there nor dittany nor crocus grew,  
Yet different herbs of lenient power she knew.  
Already now, his mortal sleep dispell'd,  
The languid prince again his eyes unseal'd:  
He view'd his squire, he saw th' attending maid  
In foreign vesture clad, and faintly said;  
From whence, Vafrino! dost thou hither stray?  
And who art thou, my kind preserver! say?  
She doubtful still, 'twixt joy and sorrow, sighs;  
Then blushes rosy red, and thus replies:  
All shalt thou know; but now from converse cease:  
Hear my commands, and calm thy thoughts to peace.

I, your physician, will your health restore : 781  
Be grateful for my care—I ask no more.

Then in her lap his head she gently laid :  
In anxious doubt awhile Vafriño stay'd,  
How to the camp his wounded lord to bear,  
Ere dewy night advanc'd to chill the air :  
When sudden near a band of warriors drew,  
And soon his eyes the troops of Tancred knew ;  
Who hither came, by happy fortune brought,  
As fill'd with fear their absent chief they fought.  
These rais'd th' enfeebled hero from the field,  
And gently in their faithful arms upheld.

Then Tancred thus:—Shall brave Argantes slain  
Be left, a prey to vultures, on the plain ?

Ah no!—forbid it, Heaven! nor let him lose  
A foldier's honours, or sepulchral dues.

I wage no battle with the silent dead ;

In fight the glorious debt he boldly paid :

Then on his worth the rightful praise bestow ;

'Tis all the living to the lifeless owe.

So he. Obsequious to their lord's command,

His breathless foe they rear'd from off the land.

Behind they bore him, while with guardian care

Vafriño rode beside the royal fair.

Then spoke the prince, as thus they journey'd on: 805  
Seek not my tents, but seek th' imperial town:  
What chance foe'er this mortal frame shall meet,  
There let me find it in that holy feat:  
From thence, where CHRIST a prey to death was given,  
My soul may wing her readier flight to heaven:  
So shall I then my pilgrimage have made;  
And the last vows of my devotion paid.

He said: to Sion's walls the train address'd  
Their ready course: There soon the warrior prefs'd  
The welcome couch, and sunk to gentle rest.  
And now Vafrino for the virgin-fair  
A secret place provides with silent care:  
That done, to Godfrey's fight with speed he goes;  
And enters boldly, (none his steps oppose)  
Where fate the leader, bending o'er the bed  
On which the wounded Raymond's limbs were spread;  
And round their prince (a great assembly!) stand  
The best, the wisest, of the Christian band.  
All gaz'd in silence, with attentive look,  
While thus Vafrino to the general spoke.

O sacred chief! thy high commands obey'd,  
I fought the faithless crew, their camp survey'd.

But here my skill, to tell their number, fails; 828  
I saw them hide the mountains, fields, and vales :  
Their thirst the copious streams and fountains dries ;  
And Syria's harvest scarce their food supplies.  
But many a troop of horse and foot, in vain,  
Unskill'd in battle, load th' encumber'd plain :  
Nor order these obey, nor signals hear,  
Nor draw the sword, but wage a distant war :  
Yet some are forces prov'd, not new to fame,  
Who once beneath the Persian standards came :  
But chief o'er all those mighty warriors stand,  
Th' Immortal Squadron call'd, the Monarch's chosen  
band.

The ranks unthinn'd no slaughter can deface ;  
Still, as one falls, another fills his place.  
Brave Emirenes leads the numerous host ;  
And few can equal skill or courage boast ;  
And him, in every art of battle skill'd,  
The Caliph trusts to draw thee to the field.  
Ere twice returning morn the day renew,  
Expect to find th' Egyptian camp in view.  
But thou, Rinaldo! most thy life defend ;  
For which, ere long, such warriors shall contend :  
For this the noblest champions wield their arms ;  
With rival hate each breast Armida warms :

For with her beauty shall his deed be paid,      852  
Who from the battle brings thy forfeit head.  
Midst these, the noble chief from Persia's lands,  
Samarcand's monarch, Altamorus stands.  
Adraftus there is seen, of giant size,  
Whose kingdom near Aurora's confines lies:  
No common courser in the field he reins;  
His bulk a towering elephant sustains.  
There Tifaphernes boasts his glorious name,  
Who bears in hardy deeds the foremost fame.

Thus he; Rinaldo, fill'd with generous ire,  
Darts from his ardent eyes the sparkling fire:  
He burns with noble zeal to meet the foes,  
And all his soul with martial ardour glows.

Then to the chief the squire his speech renew'd:  
Yet more remains to speak (he thus pursu'd);  
For thee the Pagans deeper wiles prepare;  
For thee has treason spread its blackest snare.  
He said; and to the listening peers explain'd  
The fatal purpose of th' insidious band;  
Fierce Ormond's boast and proud demand disclos'd,  
And all the murderous fraud at full expos'd.

Much was he ask'd; and much again reply'd:  
Short silence then ensu'd on every side.

At length the leader, lost in various thought,      876  
From hoary Raymond's wisdom counsel fought.

Then he: Attend my words—at morning hour,  
With forces deep enclose yon hostile tower;  
And let the troops awhile recruit their might,  
And rouse their vigour for a greater fight.  
Thou, as shall best beseem, O chief! prepare,  
For open action, or for covert war.

Yet this I most o'er every care commend,  
In every chance thy valu'd life defend:  
Thou giv'st success to crown our favour'd host;  
And who shall guide our arms, if thou art lost?  
That all the Pagan fraud may stand confess'd,  
Command thy guard to change their wonted vest:  
So shall the traitors through the field be known.  
And on their heads their impious treason thrown.

O still the same! (the leader thus replies)  
Thou speak'st the friend, and all thy words are wise!  
Now hear the purpose in our thoughts decreed:  
Against the foe our battle will we lead:  
In walls or trenches ne'er shall basely rest  
A camp triumphant o'er the spacious east!  
'Tis ours to meet yon barbarous troops in fight,  
And prove our former worth in open light.

Before our swords shall fly the trembling train:      900

Thus shall we firmly fix our future reign:

The tower shall soon our stronger force obey,

And, unsupported, yield an easy prey.

He ceas'd; and to his tent his steps address'd;

For now the sinking stars invite to rest.

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

1870  
The first of the year  
was a very successful one  
and the business was  
very good. The  
profits were very  
large and the  
company was  
very well  
off.

The second of the year  
was also a very successful one  
and the business was  
very good. The  
profits were very  
large and the  
company was  
very well  
off.

JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

BOOK XX.

## THE ARGUMENT.

THE Egyptian army arrives; the generals, on both sides, prepare for the battle. The speeches of Godfrey and Emirenes. The Christians make the onset: Gildippe signalizes herself and engages Altamorus, who had made great havock of the Christians. Ormond is killed by Godfrey, and his associates are all cut to pieces. Rinaldo attacks the Moors and Arabs, and defeats them with great slaughter: He passes by Armida's chariot; her behaviour on that occasion. Solyman, from the tower, takes a prospect of the battle, and, fired with emulation, leaves his fortrefs: Aladine, and the rest of the Pagans, accompany him. Raymond is felled to the ground by Solyman, but Tancred, hearing the tumult, issues from the place where he lay ill of his wounds, and defends him from the enemy. Aladine is slain by Raymond. The Soldan, having forced his way through the Syrians and Gascons that surrounded the tower, enters the field of battle. The deaths of Edward and Gildippe. Adrastus is killed by Rinaldo, and Solyman falls by the same hand. Emirenes endeavours, in vain, to rally his troops. Tisaphernes performs great actions, till he is slain by Rinaldo. Armida flies from the field; Rinaldo pursues her: The interview between them. Godfrey kills Emirenes, and takes Altamorus prisoner. The Pagans fly on all sides; and Godfrey enters the temple victorious, and pays his devotions at the tomb.

## JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

### BOOK XX.

THE sun had rous'd mankind with early ray,  
And up the steep of heaven advanc'd the day :  
When from the lofty tower the Pagans 'spy  
A dusty whirlwind, that obscur'd the sky,  
Like evening's shade : At length reveal'd to fight,  
Th' Egyptian host appear'd in open light :  
The numerous ranks the spacious champaign fill'd,  
Spread o'er the mountains, and the plains conceal'd.  
Then sudden, from the troop besieg'd ascends  
A general shout, that all the region rends.  
With such a sound the cranes embody'd fly  
From Thracian shores, to seek a warmer sky ;  
With noise they cut the clouds, and leave behind  
The wintry tempest, and the freezing wind.

Now hope, rekindling, fires the Pagan band;      15  
 Swells every threat, and urges every hand.  
 This soon the Franks perceiv'd, and instant knew  
 From whence their foes' recover'd fury grew.  
 They look'd; and midst the rolling smoke, beheld  
 The moving legions that o'erspread the field.  
 At once a generous rage each bosom warms;  
 At once each valiant hero pants for arms:  
 Around their chief with eager looks they stand,  
 And loud the signal for the war demand.

But, well advis'd, the prudent chief denies  
 To wage the battle till the morn arise:  
 He rules their ardour, he controls their might,  
 And points a fitter season for the fight.  
 They hear, observant, and his voice obey,  
 But burn impatient for the dawning ray.

At length, high seated on her eastern throne,  
 The breezy morn with welcome lustre shone;  
 Wide o'er the skies she shed her ruddy streams,  
 And glow'd with all the sun's enlivening beams;  
 While heaven, serene and cloudless<sup>a</sup>, would survey  
 The glorious deeds of that auspicious day.

<sup>a</sup> *While heaven, serene and cloudless,—*] The history relates, that the morning on which the armies engaged was uncommonly fine.

Soon as the dawn appears, with early care, 37  
His army Godfrey leads in form of war ;  
But leaves, to enclose the foes' beleaguer'd tower,  
Experienc'd Raymond with the Syrian power,  
That from the neighbouring lands auxiliar came,  
And hail'd with joy their great deliverer's name ;  
A numerous throng!—nor these alone remain,  
To these he adds the hardy Gascon train.

Now tower'd the leader, with exalted mien,  
While certain conquest in his eyes was seen,  
With more than wonted state he seem'd to tread ;  
A sudden youth was o'er his features spread :  
Celestial favour beam'd in every look,  
And every act a more than mortal spoke.

Now near advanc'd, the pious hero view'd  
Where, deeply throng'd, th' Egyptian squadrons stood ;  
And straight to seize a favouring hill he sends,  
Whose height his army's left and rear defends.  
His troops he rang'd ; the midst the foot contain'd ;  
In either wing the lighter horse remain'd.  
The left, that to the friendly hill was join'd,  
The chief to either Robert's care consign'd :  
The midst his brother held ; himself the right,  
Where open lay the dangers of the fight :

Here mix'd with horse, accusom'd thus t' engage, 61  
A distant war on foot the archers wage.

Behind, th' advent'ers to the right he led,  
And plac'd the bold Rinaldo at their head.

In thee, intrepid warrior! (Godfrey cries)  
Our strong defence, our hope of conquest, lies.  
Behind the wing awhile remain conceal'd :  
But when the foes advance to invade the field,  
Assail their flank, as vainly they contend  
To wheel around us, and our rear offend.

Then on a rapid steed, in open view,  
From rank to rank, 'twixt horse and foot, he flew :  
From his rais'd helm his piercing looks he cast ;  
His eyes, his figure, lighten'd as he pass'd !  
The chearful he confirm'd, the doubtful rais'd,  
And, for their former deeds, the valiant prais'd.  
He bade the bold their antient boasts regard ;  
Some urg'd with honour's, some with gold's reward.  
At length he stays where thickening round him stand  
The first, the bravest of the martial band :  
Then from on high his speech each hearer warms,  
Swells the big thought, and fires the soul to arms.  
As from steep hills the rushing torrents flow,  
Increas'd with sudden falls of melting snow :

So from his lips, with swift effusion, pours  
Mellifluous eloquence in copious showers.

O you, the scourge of JESUS' foes profess'd,  
O glorious heroes! conquerors of the east!  
Behold the day arriv'd, so long desir'd,  
The wish'd-for day to which your hopes aspir'd!  
Some great event th' Almighty sure designs,  
Who all his rebels in one force combines:  
See! in one field he brings your various foes,  
That one great battle all your wars may close.  
Despise yon Pagans, an ungovern'd host,  
Lost in confusion, in their numbers lost!  
Our mighty force can troops like these sustain;  
A rout undisciplin'd, a straggling train!  
From sloth or servile labours brought from far,  
Compell'd, reluctant, to the task of war!  
Their swords now tremble, trembles every shield;  
Their fearful standards tremble on the field.  
I hear their doubtful sounds, their motions view,  
And see death hovering o'er the fated crew.  
Yon leader fierce and glorious to behold,  
In flaming purple and refulgent gold,  
Might quell the Moorish and Arabian train,  
But here his valour, here his worth is vain;

Wife though he be, what methods shall he prove 109  
To rule his army, or their fears remove?  
Scarce is he known, and scarce his troops can name,  
Nor calls them partners of his former fame:  
We every toil and every triumph share,  
Fellows in arms, and brothers of the war!  
Is there a warrior but your chief can tell  
His native country, and his birth reveal?  
What sword to me unknown? What shaft that flies  
With missile death along the liquid skies?  
I ask but what I oft have gain'd before;  
Be still yourselves, and Godfrey seeks no more.  
Preserve your zeal! your fame and mine attend:  
But, far o'er all, the faith of CHRIST defend!  
Go—crush those impious on the fatal plain:  
With their defeat your sacred rights maintain.  
What should I more?—I see your ardent eyes!  
Conquest awaits you!—seize the glorious prize.  
He ceas'd; and instant, like a flashing light,  
When stars or meteors stream through dusky night,  
A sudden splendor on his brow was shed,  
And lambent glories play'd around his head.  
All wondering gaze! and some the sign explain,  
A certain omen of his future reign,

Perchance (if mortal thoughts so high may soar, 133  
Or dare the secrets of the skies explore)  
From heavenly seats his guardian angel flew,  
And o'er the chief his golden pinions threw.

While Godfrey thus the Christian host prepares ;  
Th' Egyptian leader, press'd with equal cares,  
Extends his numerous force to meet the foes :  
The midst the foot, the wings the horse compose :  
Himself the right ; the midst Mulassés guides :  
There, in the central war, Armida rides.  
In pomp barbaric near the leader stand  
India's stern king, and all the regal band :  
There Tisaphernes lifts his haughty head ;  
But where the squadrons to the left were spread,  
(A wider space) there Altamorus brings  
His Afric Monarchs, and his Persian Kings :  
From thence their slings, their arrows they prepare,  
And all the missile thunder of the war.

Now Emirenes every rank inspires,  
The fearful raises, and the valiant fires :  
To those he cry'd—What mean your looks depress'd?  
What fear unmanly harbours in your breast?  
Our near approach shall daunt yon hostile train,  
Our shouts alone shall drive them from the plain.

To these—No more delay, ye generous bands! 157  
Redeem the pillage from the spoilers' hands.  
In some he 'waken'd every tender thought,  
Each lov'd idea to remembrance brought :  
O! think by me your country begs (he cries)  
And thus, adjuring, on your aid relies !  
Preserve my laws, preserve each sacred fane,  
Nor let my children's blood my temples stain :  
Preserve from ruffian force th' affrighted maid ;  
Preserve the tombs and ashes of the dead !  
To you! oppress'd with bending age and woe,  
Their silver locks your hoary fathers show :  
To you, your wives, your lisping infants sue ;  
All ask their safety, and their lives from you.

He said, and ceas'd; for nearer now was seen  
Th' advancing powers, and small the space between.  
Now front to front in dreadful pause they stand,  
Burn for the fight, and only wait command.  
The streaming banners to the wind are spread,  
The plumage nods on every crested head ;  
Arms, vests, devices, catch the sunny rays,  
And steel and gold with mingled splendor blaze !  
Each spacious host on either side appears  
A steely wood, a grove of waving spears.

They bend their bows, in rest their lances take, 181  
They whirl their slings, their ready javelins shake.  
Each generous steed to meet the fight aspires,  
And seconds, with his own, his master's fires;  
He neighs, he foams, he paws the ground beneath,  
And smoke and flame his swelling nostrils breathe!

Even horror pleas'd in such a glorious fight,  
Each beating bosom felt severe delight:  
While the shrill trumpets, echoing from afar,  
With dreadful transports animate the war.  
But still the faithful bands superior stood,  
More clear their notes, more fair their battle show'd;  
Their louder trumpets rous'd a nobler flame,  
And from their arms a brighter lustre came!

The Christians found the charge; the foes reply;  
And the mix'd clangors rattle in the sky:  
Strait on their knees the Franks the foil adore,  
And kiss the hallow'd earth, and Heaven implore.  
And now between the troops the space is lost;  
With equal ardour joins each adverse host.

What hero first, amidst the Christian name,  
Gain'd from the faithless bands a wreath of fame?  
'Twas thou, Gildippe! whose resistless hand  
O'erthrew Hircanes, who in Ormus reign'd:

(Such glory Heaven on female arms display'd) 205  
Deep in his breast the spear a passage made ;  
Headlong he falls ; and, falling, hears the foe  
With joyful shouts applaud the forceful blow.  
Her javelin broke, her trusty sword she drew,  
The Persians pierc'd, and Zopyrus she slew ;  
Cleft where the circling belt his armour bound,  
He falls, divided, on the purple ground.  
Through fierce Alarcus' throat her weapon hew'd  
The double passage of the voice and food ;  
Then Artaxerxes in the dust she laid,  
And through Argeus thrust her furious blade.  
At Ishmael's arm her rapid steel she guides,  
And the close juncture of the hand divides :  
The sever'd hand at once the rein forsook ;  
Above the startled courser hiss'd the stroke ;  
He rear'd aloft, and, seiz'd with sudden fright,  
Broke through the ranks, and discompos'd the fight.  
All these, and numbers more, her fury feel,  
Whose names in silence distant years conceal :  
But 'gainst her now the thronging Persians came,  
And Edward ran to assist the matchless dame.  
With force united then, the faithful pair  
Undaunted bore the rushing storm of war.

Neglectful of themselves amidst the strife, 229  
 Each guards, with pious care, the other's life <sup>b</sup>.  
 Her ready shield the warlike damsel spread,  
 And turn'd the weapons aim'd at Edward's head.  
 He, o'er his spouse, his fencing buckler throws:  
 Each seeks for each the vengeance on the foes.  
 By him the daring Artaban was slain,  
 Who in Boëcan's island held his reign:  
 By him his infant fate Alvantes found,  
 Who durst at fair Gildippe aim the wound.  
 Then Arimontes' brow she cleft in two,  
 Who, with drawn sword, against her consort flew.  
 While these resistless midst the Persians rag'd;  
 More dire Samarcand's king the Franks engag'd.  
 Where-e'er he turn'd his steed, or drove his steel,  
 The horse and foot before his fury fell:  
 And those that 'scape the falchion's milder death,  
 Beneath the courser's feet groan out their struggling  
     breath!

<sup>b</sup> *Each guards, with pious care, the other's life.*] The circumstance of a male and female warrior, so tenderly connected with each other, makes a beautiful and affecting picture, and adds variety to the poem: it seems to have been first introduced by Tasso, and has already been observed to have its foundation in history. See note to Book i. ver. 424.

By Altamorus on the dreadful plain, 247  
Brunello strong, Ardonio huge, was slain :  
Of that the helm and head the sword divides ;  
The gory visage hangs on equal sides.  
This pierc'd where laughter first derives its birth,  
And the glad heart dilates to pleasing mirth,  
(Wondrous and horrid to the gazer's eyes !)  
Now laughs constrain'd, and as he laughs he dies !  
With these Gentonio, Guasco, Guido dy'd :  
And good Rosmondo swell'd the crimson tide.  
What tongue can tell the throng depriv'd of breath,  
The wounds describe, or dwell on every death ?  
None yet appear'd, of all the warring band,  
Who durst sustain his valour hand to hand.  
Alone Gildippe 'gainst the monarch came ;  
No fear could damp her generous thirst of fame.  
Lest bold on fair Thermodoön's winding shore,  
Each warlike Amazon her buckler bore,  
Or rear'd her axe ; than now, with glorious heat,  
Gildippe rush'd the Persian's rage to meet.  
She rais'd her sword, and struck the regal crown  
That round his helm with pomp barbaric shone.  
The glittering honours from his brows she rent ;  
Beneath the force the mighty warrior bent.

The king with shame the powerful arm confess'd, 271  
And swift to avenge the blow his steel address'd:  
Full on her front so fierce the dame he struck,  
That sense her mind, and strength her limbs forsook.  
Then had she fall'n, but near with ready hand  
Her faithful lord her sinking weight sustain'd,  
No more the lofty foe his stroke pursu'd,  
But with disdain an easy conquest view'd:  
So the bold lion, with a scornful eye,  
Scowls on the prostrate prey, and passes by.

Meantime fierce Ormond, who, with murderous care,  
Had spread for Godfrey's life the fatal snare,  
Disguis'd, was mingled with the Christian band,  
And near their chief his dire associates stand.  
So prowling wolves an entrance seek to gain,  
Like faithful dogs, amongst the woolly train;  
They watch the folds when welcome shades arise,  
And hide their quivering tails between their thighs.  
Th' insidious band advanc'd, and now in view  
Near pious Godfrey's side the Pagan drew.  
Soon as the prince the white and gold survey'd,  
(The certain token which their wile betray'd)  
Behold the traitor there confess'd (he cries)  
Who veils his treason with a Frank's disguise!

At me his followers aim the deadly blow— 295  
 He said, and rush'd against the treacherous foe:  
 On Ormond swift th' avenging blade he rais'd;  
 Th' astonish'd wretch, without resistance, gaz'd:  
 And, while a sudden terror froze his blood,  
 With stiffening limbs, a senseless statue stood.  
 Each sword was turn'd against the fraudulent crew,  
 At these the shafts from every quiver flew:  
 In pieces hewn their bodies strew the plains;  
 And not a single corse entire remains!

Now, stain'd with slaughter, Godfrey bent his course  
 To where the valiant Altamorus' force  
 His squadrons pierc'd, that fled with timorous haste,  
 Like Afric sands before the southern blast.  
 Loud to his troops th' indignant hero cry'd,  
 Stay'd those that fled, and him that chac'd defy'd.

Between those mighty chiefs a fight ensu'd,  
 More dire than Ida or Scamander view'd.  
 Meanwhile betwixt the foot the battle bled;  
 Those Baldwin rul'd, and these Mulaffes led.  
 Nor less, in other parts, the conflict rag'd,  
 Where, next the mountain, horse with horse engag'd.  
 There Emirenes dealing fate was found;  
 There fought the two<sup>c</sup> in fields of death renown'd.

<sup>c</sup> ADRASTUS and TISAPHERNES.

Two Roberts there the Pagan force defy'd ;      319  
With Emirenes one the combat try'd,  
While conquest yet declar'd on neither side :  
But one, with armour pierc'd and helmet hew'd,  
In harder conflict with Adraftus stood.  
Still Tifaphernes finds no equal foe  
To mate his strength, and measure blow for blow ;  
But rushes where he sees the thickest train,  
And with a mingled carnage heaps the plain.

Thus far'd the war ; while neither part prevails,  
And hope and fear are pois'd in equal scales.  
O'erspread with shatter'd arms the ground appears,  
With broken bucklers, and with shiver'd spears.  
Here swords are stuck in hapless warriors kill'd,  
And useless there are scatter'd o'er the field.  
Here, on their face, the breathless bodies lie ;  
There turn their ghastly features to the sky !  
Beside his lord the courser press'd the plain ;  
Beside his slaughter'd friend the friend is slain ;  
Foe near to foe ; and on the vanquish'd spread  
The victor lies ; the living on the dead !  
An undistinguish'd din is heard around,  
Mix'd is the murmur, and confus'd the sound :  
The threats of anger, and the soldiers' cry,  
The groans of those that fall, and those that die.

The splendid arms that shone so gay before,      344  
Now, sudden chang'd, delight the eyes no more.

The steel has lost its gleam, the gold its blaze:  
No more the vary'd colours blend their rays:  
Torn from the crest the sullied plumes are lost,  
And dust and blood deform the pomp of either host!

Now, on the left, with Ethiopia's train,  
The Moors and Arabs wheel around the plain.  
The slingers next, and archers from afar,  
Pour'd on the Franks a thick and missile war:  
When lo! Rinaldo with his squadron came,  
Dire as an earthquake, swift as lightning's flame!  
From Meroë, first of Ethiopia's bands,  
Full in his passage Affimirus stands:  
Rinaldo reach'd him, where the fable head  
Join'd to the neck, and mix'd him with the dead.  
Soon as his sword the taste of blood confess'd,  
New ardour kindled in the hero's breast.  
Through all the throng the dreadful victor storm'd,  
And deeds, transcending human faith, perform'd.  
As, when th' envenom'd serpent shoots along,  
Furious he seems to dart a triple tongue:  
At once the chief appears three swords to wield,  
And hurl a threefold vengeance round the field.

The swarthy kings, the Libyan tyrants die;      368  
Drench'd in each other's blood confus'd, they lie.  
Fierce with the rest his following friends engage,  
His great example animates their rage.  
Without defence th' astonish'd vulgar fall;  
One universal ruin levels all!  
'Twas war no more, but carnage through the field;  
Those lift the sword, and these their bosoms yield.  
No longer now the Pagans sink, oppres'd  
With wounds before, all honest on the breast;  
Loft are their ranks, they fly with headlong fear,  
And pale confusion trembles in their rear:  
Behind, Rinaldo pours along the plain,  
And breaks and scatters wide the timorous train.  
At length his generous arm from slaughter ceas'd,  
And 'gainst a flying foe his wrath decreas'd.  
So when high hills or tufted woods oppose,  
With double force the wind indignant blows;  
No more oppos'd, no more its rage prevails,  
But o'er the lawn it breathes in gentle gales.  
So midst the rocks the sea resounding raves,  
But, unconfin'd, more calmly rolls its waves.  
Next on the foot the warrior bent his force,  
Where late the Afric and Arabian horse

The squadrons flank'd ; but now dispers'd around, 392  
They take their flight, or gasp upon the ground.  
Swift on th' unguarded files Rinaldo flew ;  
As swift behind his brave compeers pursue :  
Spears, darts, and swords, in vain his might withstand,  
Whole legions fall beneath his dreadful hand !  
Not with such rage a bursting tempest borne,  
Sweeps o'er the field, and mows the golden corn.  
The streaming blood in purple torrents swell'd,  
And arms and mangled limbs the earth conceal'd :  
There, uncontrol'd, the foaming courfers tread,  
Bound o'er the plain, and trample on the dead !

Now came Rinaldo where, with martial air,  
Appear'd Armida in her glittering car.  
A train of lovers near her person wait,  
A glorious guard, the nobles of the state !  
She sees ! she knows !—conflicting passions rise,  
Desire and anger tremble in her eyes.  
A transient blush the hero's visage burns ;  
But heat and cold possess her heart by turns.  
The knight declining from the car, withdrew,  
Not unregarded by the rival crew ;  
Those lift the sword, and these the lance pretend ;  
Even she prepares her threatening bow to bend ;

She fits the shaft, disdain her thoughts impell'd, 416  
But love awhile the purpos'd stroke with-held ;  
Thrice in her hand the missile reed she tries ;  
And thrice her faltering hand its strength denies.  
At length her wrath prevails, she twangs the string,  
And sends the whizzing arrow on the wing :  
Swift flies the shaft—as swiftly flies her prayer,  
That all its fury may be spent in air !  
She hopes, she fears, she follows with her eye,  
And marks the weapon as it cuts the sky.  
The weapon, not unfaithful to her aim,  
Against the warrior's stubborn corselet came :  
Harmless it fell ; aside the hero turn'd :  
She deem'd her power despis'd, her anger scorn'd :  
Again she bent her bow, but fail'd to wound,  
While love with surer darts her bosom found.

And is he then impervious to the steel,  
And fears he not (she cry'd) the stroke to feel ?  
Does tenfold adamant his limbs invest,  
That adamant which guards his ruthless breast ?  
So well secur'd, that safely he defies  
The sword of battle, or the fair one's eyes ?  
What further arts for wretched me remain ?  
Attempt no more—for every art is vain !

Arm'd or disarm'd an equal fate I know, 440

Alike contemn'd, a lover or a foe!

Where now, alas! is every former boast?—

Behold my warriors faint!—my hopes are lost!

Against his valour every strength must fail;

Nor courage can withstand, nor arms avail!

While thus she thought, her champions round the  
view'd

O'erthrown, or ta'en, or weltering in their blood.

What should she do?—alone, unhelp'd remain?

Already now she dreads the victor's chain:

Nor dares (the bow and javelin at her side)

In Pallas' or Diana's arms confide.

As when the fearful cygnet sees on high

The strong-pounc'd eagle stooping from the sky,

Trembling she cowers beneath th' impending fate;

So seem'd Armida, such her dangerous state.

But Altamorus, who from shameful flight

Still held the Persians, and maintain'd the fight,

Her peril view'd, and, careless of his fame,

His troops forsook, and to her rescue came.

With rapid sword he breaks amid the war,

And wheels around her, and defends the car;

While dire destruction rages through his bands,

O'erthrown by Godfrey and Rinaldo's hands.

This sees th' unhappy prince, but sees in vain: 464  
Armida succour'd, now he turns again,  
But flew too late to assist his routed train!  
There all was lost; a general panic spread;  
Dispers'd, around the broken Persians fled.  
In other parts the fainting Christians yield;  
Two Roberts there in vain direct the field;  
One scarce escap'd with life; his wounded breast  
And bleeding front the hostile steel confess'd;  
While fierce Adrastus one his prisoner made:  
Thus equal chance the dubious battle sway'd.

But Godfrey now his hardy warriors warm'd,  
Again to fight his ready bands he form'd;  
Then bravely on the victor-forces flew:  
They join, they thicken, and the war renew.  
Each side appears distain'd with adverse gore;  
Each side the glorious signs of triumph bore.  
Conquest and fame on either part are seen,  
And Mars and Fortune doubtful stand between.

While thus the combat rages on the plain  
Betwixt the Christian and the Pagan train;  
High on the tower the haughty Soldan stood,  
From whence, intent, the distant strife he view'd;  
Struck with the fight, his breast with envy swell'd,  
He burn'd to mingle in the fatal field.

All arm'd besides, he snatch'd with eager haste, 489  
And on his head his radiant helmet plac'd :  
Rise ! rise ! (he said) no longer slothful lie—  
Behold the time to conquer or to die !  
Then, whether Heaven's high providence inspir'd  
His daring purpose, and his fury fir'd,  
That thus at once the Pagan reign might end,  
And all its glories on that day descend :  
Or whether, conscious of his death to come,  
He felt an impulse now to meet his doom :  
Sudden he bade the founding gates unbar,  
And issu'd forth with unexpected war ;  
Nor waits his following band, but singly goes ;  
Himself alone defies a thousand foes.  
But soon the rest his martial rage partook,  
Even aged Aladine the fort forsook :  
The base, the cautious, catch at once the fires ;  
Not hope excites them, but despair inspires.  
The first the Turk before his passage found,  
His valour tumbled breathless to the ground.  
So swift he thunder'd on the faithful train,  
That, ere they view th' assault, their friends are slain.  
First of the Christians, struck with panic fear,  
The trembling Syrians for their flight prepare.

But still unrouted steed the Gascon band, 513  
Though nearer these the Soldan's rage sustain'd,  
And fell in heaps beneath his slaughtering hand.  
Not with such wrath the savage beast indu'd,  
Leaps o'er the fold, and dies the ground with blood:  
Not with such fury, through th' ethereal space,  
Voracious vultures rend the feather'd race.  
Through plated steel his strength resistless drives,  
While his keen falchion drinks the warriors' lives!  
With Aladine the Pagans quit the tower,  
And furious on their late besiegers pour.

But Raymond now advanc'd with fearless haste,  
And saw where Solyman his squadron press'd;  
Nor yet the hoary chief his steps forbore,  
Nor shunn'd that arm whose force he felt before.  
Again to combat he defies the foe,  
Again his front receives a dreadful blow:  
Again he falls; in vain declining age,  
With strength unequal, would such power engage.  
Behold a hundred swords and shields display'd;  
And these defend the knight, and those invade.  
But thence with speed th' impetuous Soldan flies;  
(He deems him slain, or deems an easy prize)  
Descending, o'er the ruin'd works he goes  
To distant plains, where fiercer battle glows:

Far other scenes his barbarous rage demands, 538  
 Far other deaths must glut his cruel hands !

    Meanwhile around the late beleaguer'd tower,  
 New vigour now inspires the Pagan power ;  
 The warmth their leader breath'd they still retain ;  
 And with the Christians still their fears remain.  
 Those seek to finish what their chief began ;  
 And these, retreating, seem to quit the plain :  
 In due array the hardy Gascons yield ;  
 The Syrians wide are scatter'd o'er the field.  
 The tumult thickens near where Tancred lies,  
 He hears the din of arms, the soldiers' cries :  
 Strait from the couch his wounded limbs he rears <sup>d</sup>,  
 And lo ! at once the mingled scene appears :  
 He sees on earth th' ill-fated Raymond laid,  
 Some slowly yield, and some in flight survey'd.  
 That courage true to every noble breast,  
 Nor lost by weakness, nor by pain suppress'd,  
 Now swell'd the hero's soul ; he grasp'd his shield,  
 Nor seem'd too faint the ponderous orb to wield ;

<sup>d</sup> ——— *from the couch his wounded limbs he rears.*] Tasso seems to have caught this circumstance from an incident in Boyardo, where Sacripant, in like manner, issues forth, armed only with his sword and shield, against Agrican, who had gained an entrance into Albracca.

His right hand held unheath'd his glittering blade, 558  
Nor other arms he fought, nor more delay'd;  
But flying thus—O! whither would you fly,  
And leave your lord neglected here to die?  
Shall then these Pagans rend his arms away,  
And in their fanes suspend the glorious prey?  
Go—seek your country—to his son reveal  
That, where you fled, his noble father fell!

He said; and durst against a thousand foes  
His breast, still feeble with his wounds, oppose;  
While with his ample shield (a fencing shade,  
With seven tough hides and plates of steel o'erlaid)  
He kept the hoary Raymond safe from harms,  
From swords, and darts, and all the missile arms:  
He whirls his falchion with resistless sway:  
The foes repuls'd forego their wish'd-for prey.  
But soon the venerable hero rose,  
His face with shame, his heart with anger, glows;  
In vain he seeks the chief by whom he fell,  
Then 'gainst the vulgar turns his vengeful steel.  
The Gascons, rally'd, soon the fight renew,  
And strait their gallant leader's steps pursue:  
Now fears the troop that danger late disdain'd,  
And courage now succeeds where terror reign'd.

They chace that yielded, those that chac'd give way :  
So chang'd at once the fortune of the day ! 583  
While Raymond rag'd with unresisted hand,  
And fought the noblest of the hostile band :  
The realm's usurper, Aladine, he view'd,  
Who midst the thickest prefs the fight pursu'd ;  
He saw, and 'gainst him rais'd his fatal steel,  
Cleft through the head the dying monarch fell ;  
Prone on his kingdom's soil resign'd his breath,  
And groaning bit the bloody dust in death.  
Now various passions move the Pagan foes :  
Some 'gainst the spear their desperate breasts oppose ;  
While some, with terror seiz'd, the fight forsake,  
And in the fort their second refuge take :  
But entering, mix'd with these, the victor-train  
At once the conquest of the fortress gain.  
Now all is won—in vain the Pagans fly ;  
Within they fall, or at the portal die.  
Sage Raymond then ascends the lofty tower,  
The mighty standard in his hand he bore,  
There full in view, to either host display'd,  
The Cross triumphant to the winds he spread ;  
Unseen of Solyman, who thence afar,  
Impatient flew to mingle in the war :

And now he reach'd the fatal sanguine field,      606  
Where more and more the purple torrent swell'd.  
There death appear'd to hold his horrid reign,  
There raise his trophies on the dreadful plain.  
The Soldan seiz'd a steed, the combat fought,  
And sudden to the fainting Pagans brought  
A short but glorious aid—So lightning flies,  
And unexpected falls, and instant dies;  
But leaves in rifted rocks, with furious force,  
The tokens of its momentary course.  
A hundred warriors, great in arms, he slew;  
Yet from oblivion fame has snatch'd but two.  
O Edward and Gildippe! faithful pair!  
Your hapless fate, your matchless deeds in war,  
(If equal praise my Tuscan muse can give)  
Consign'd to distant times shall ever live!  
Some pitying lover, when the tale he hears,  
Shall grace your fortune and my verse with tears.  
Th' intrepid heroine spurr'd her steed, and flew  
To where the raging Turk the troops o'erthrew:  
Two mighty strokes her valiant arm impell'd,  
One reach'd his side, one pierc'd his plated shield:  
The furious chief her well-known vest descry'd:  
Behold the strumpet with her mate (he cry'd)

Hence to thy female tasks ! the distaff wield, 630  
Nor dare with spear and sword to brave the field.

He said, and dreadful as the words he spoke,  
His thundering weapon through her corslet broke :  
Deep in her breast the ruthless falchion drove,  
Her gentle breast, the seat of truth and love !  
Her languid hand foregoes the useless rein ;  
Approaching death creeps cold in every vein.  
To save his wife, unhappy Edward flies !  
Too late he comes—his lov'd Gildippe dies !  
What should he do?—distracting thoughts prevail,  
Pity and wrath at once his heart assail :  
That, bids his arm a kind support bestow,  
This, prompts his vengeance on the barbarous foe,  
While with his left he seeks to hold the fair,  
His better hand provokes th' unequal war :  
But vain his effort to support his bride,  
Or reach the murderous chief by whom she dy'd.  
The sword the Pagan through his arm impell'd,  
That with a fruitless grasp his comfort held.  
As when an axe the stately elm invades,  
Or storms uproot it from its native shades,  
It falls—and with it falls the mantling vine,  
Whose curling folds its ample waist entwine :

So Edward sunk beneath the Pagan steel;      654  
So, with her Edward, fair Gildippe fell.  
They strive to speak, their words are lost in sighs,  
And on their lips th' imperfect accent dies.  
Each other still with mournful looks they view,  
And, close embracing, take the last adieu:  
Till, losing both the cheerful beams of light,  
Their gentle souls together take their flight!

    Soon spreading fame the dire event declares,  
And soon the tidings to Rinaldo bears:  
Compassion, grief, and wrath at once conspire,  
And all his generous thoughts to vengeance fire:  
But first Adraustus, in the Soldan's fight,  
His passage cross'd, and dar'd him to the fight.

    Then thus the king—By every sign display'd  
Thou sure art he for whom my search is made.  
Each buckler have I long explor'd in vain,  
And oft have call'd thee through th' embattled plain.  
Now shall my former vows be fully paid,  
And justice fated with thy forfeit head:  
Come!—let us here our mutual valour show,  
Armida's champion I, and thou her foe!

    Boastful he spoke; then whirl'd his flashing steel;  
Swift on the Christian's head the tempest fell:

In vain—the temper'd casque the force withstood; 678  
But oft the warrior in the saddle bow'd :  
Rinaldo's falchion then Adraftus found,  
And in his side impress'd a mortal wound :  
Prone falls the giant-king, no more a name !  
One fatal blow concludes his life and fame !

With horror seiz'd, the gazing Pagans stood,  
While fear and wonder froze their curdling blood.  
Even Solyman surpris'd the stroke beheld,  
His alter'd looks his troubled thoughts reveal'd :  
He sees his doom, and (wondrous to relate!)  
Suspended stands to meet approaching fate.  
But Heaven's high will, for ever uncontroll'd,  
Unnerves the mighty, and confounds the bold !  
As oft the sick in dreams attempt to fly,  
What time the fainting limbs their speed deny ;  
In vain their lips a vocal sound essay,  
Nor cries nor voice can find their wonted way.  
So strove the Soldan now th' assault to dare,  
He rous'd his soul to meet the threaten'd war ;  
In vain—no more the thirst of fame prevail'd ;  
His spirits droop'd, his wonted vigour fail'd ;  
He scorn'd to yield or fly : yet, unresolv'd,  
A thousand thoughts his wavering mind revolv'd.

While thus he paus'd, the conquering chief drew nigh,  
Furious he rush'd, tremendous to the eye! 703

He seem'd to move with more than mortal course,  
And look'd a match for more than mortal force.

The Pagan scarce resists, yet even in death  
Preserves his fame, and nobly yields his breath;  
Nor shuns the sword, but, midst his ruin great,  
Without a groan receives the stroke of fate!

Thus he, who, when subdu'd by stronger foes,  
From every fall like old Antæus rose  
With force renew'd, now reach'd his destin'd hour,  
And press'd at length the earth, to rise no more.

Then fame from man to man the tidings bears;  
A doubtful face no longer fortune wears;  
No longer then the war's event suspends,  
But joins the Christians, and their arms befriends.  
Soon from the fight recede the regal band,  
The pride, the strength of all the eastern land;  
Once call'd Immortal; now the name is lost,  
And ruin triumphs o'er an empty boast!  
Th' astonish'd bearer with the standard fled,  
Him Emirenes stopp'd, and sternly said:

Art thou not he, selected from the train,  
Our monarch's glorious banner to sustain?

Was it for this (O! scandal to the brave!) 726  
 That to thy hand th' important charge I gave?  
 And canst thou, Rimedon, thy chief survey,  
 Yet basely leave him, and desert the day?  
 What dost thou seek—thy safety?—here it lies—  
 With me return—death waits for him who flies.  
 Here let him bravely fight who hopes to live;  
 Here honour's deeds alone can safety give.

He heard, and instant to the field return'd;  
 Disdain and shame his conscious bosom burn'd.  
 No less the rest th' intrepid chief retain'd,  
 These urg'd by threats, and those by force constrain'd.  
 Who dares to fly from yonder swords (he cries)  
 Who dares to tremble, by this weapon dies!  
 Thus rang'd again his routed files he view'd,  
 The war rekindled, and his hopes renew'd:  
 While Tisaphernes with resistless might  
 Maintain'd the combat, and forbade the flight.  
 Brave deeds that day renown'd the warrior's hand;  
 His single force dispers'd the Norman band:  
 By him were chac'd the Flemings from the plain,  
 And Gernier, Gerrard, and Rogero slain.  
 When acts like these had grac'd his last of days,  
 And crown'd his short but glorious life with praise,

As careless what succeeding fate might yield, 750  
He fought the greatest perils of the field ;  
He saw Rinaldo, well the youth he knew,  
Though all his arms were dy'd to sanguine hue.  
Lo! there the terror of the plain (he cries)  
May Heaven assist my daring enterprize!  
So shall Armida her revenge obtain :  
O! Macon! let my sword this conquest gain,  
And his proud arms shall hang devoted in thy fane.

Thus pray'd the knight ; his words are lost in air,  
No Macon hears his unavailing prayer.  
As the bold lion, eager to engage,  
With lashing tail provokes his native rage :  
So fares the furious warrior ; love inspires,  
Swells all his soul, and rouzes all his fires.  
He bears aloft his shield ; he spurs his steed ;  
The Latian hero rush'd with equal speed.  
At once they meet ; at once, on either hand,  
In deep suspense the gazing armies stand.  
Such skill, such courage, either champion shows,  
So swift their weapons, and so fierce their blows ;  
Each side awhile forget their wonted rage,  
And drop their arms, to see the chiefs engage.  
In vain the Pagan strikes ; secur'd from harms,  
The Christian combats in ethereal arms ;

From him more fatal every stroke descends ;      775  
 The foe from wounds no temper'd steel defends ;  
 His shield is rent away, his helm is hew'd,  
 And the plain blushes with a stream of blood.

The fair enchantress, who the fight survey'd,  
 Beheld how fast her champion's strength decay'd.  
 She saw the rest, a pale and heartless train,  
 That scarce from flight their trembling feet restrain ;  
 Till she, who late such guards around her view'd,  
 Alone, forsaken, in her chariot stood :  
 She loaths the light, and servitude she fears,  
 Of conquest or revenge alike despairs.  
 Then, leaping from her car in pale affright,  
 She mounts a steed, and takes her speedy flight.  
 But, like two hounds that snuff the tainted dew,  
 Anger and love her parting steps pursue.  
 When Cleopatra, by her fears betray'd,  
 Of old from Actium's fatal conflict fled ;  
 And left, to Cæsar's happier arms expos'd,  
 Her Roman lord<sup>c</sup> with perils round enclos'd ;  
 He soon, forgetful of his former fame,  
 Spread every sail to join the flying dame :  
 So Tifaphernes (but his foe withstood)  
 Had from the field Armida's flight pursu'd :

<sup>c</sup> MARK ANTHONY.

His fair one vanish'd from his longing eyes, 799  
The sun seem'd blotted from the cheerful skies :  
Fierce at Rinaldo then, in wild despair,  
He rais'd aloft his vengeful blade in air.  
Not with such weight, to frame the forky brand,  
The ponderous hammer falls from Brontes' hand.  
Full on his front the thundering stroke he sent :  
Beneath the force the staggering warrior bent ;  
But soon recovering, whirl'd his beaming sword :  
The thirsty point the Pagan's bosom gor'd ;  
A furious passage through his cuirass made,  
Till at his back appear'd the reeking blade :  
The steel, drawn forth, a double vent supply'd ;  
The soul came floating in a purple tide.

Rinaldo, pausing, cast around his view,  
To mark what friends to aid, what foes pursue.  
Wide o'er the field he sees the Pagans fly ;  
On earth their broken arms and ensigns lie.  
And now his thoughts recall th' unhappy fair  
Who furious fled abandon'd to despair ;  
Her woeful state might well his pity claim,  
Her love neglected, and her ruin'd fame :  
For still in mind his tender faith he bore,  
Her champion plighted when he left her shore.

Then, where her rapid courser's track he view'd, 823  
Th' impatient knight the flying dame pursu'd.

Meanwhile Armida chanc'd a vale to find  
That seem'd for dire despair and death design'd:  
Well-pleas'd herself she saw by fate convey'd  
To end her woes in such a grateful shade.  
There, 'lighting from her steed, she laid aside  
Her bow, her quiver, all her martial pride.  
Unfaithful arms! (she cries) essay'd in vain,  
Return'd unbath'd from such a sanguine plain;  
Here buried lie, and prove the field no more,  
Since you so ill aveng'd the wrongs I bore.  
If vainly thus at other hearts you fly,  
Dare you a female's wretched bosom try?  
Here—enter mine, that naked meets the blow;  
Here raise your trophies, here your triumph show!  
Love knows how well this breast admits the dart;  
Love, that so deep has pierc'd my tender heart!  
Unblest Armida! what is now thy fate,  
When this alone can cure thy wretched state?  
'The weapon's point must heal the wound of Love,  
And friendly Death my heart's physician prove.  
Fond Love, farewell!—but come, thou fell Disdain!  
For ever partner with my ghost remain;



W. H. W. & Co. N.Y.

Engraved by J. R. Smith



Together let us rise from realms below,                   947  
To haunt th' ungrateful author of my woe ;  
To bring dire visions to his fearful sight,  
And fill with horror every sleepless night!

She ceas'd; and, fix'd her mournful life to close,  
The sharpest arrow from her quiver chose ;  
When lo! Rinaldo came and saw the fair  
So near the dreadful period of despair :  
Already now her frantic hand she rear'd,  
And death already in her looks appear'd :  
He rush'd behind her, and restrain'd the dart ;  
The fatal point just bent against her heart.

Armida turn'd, and straight the knight beheld,  
(Unheard he came, and sudden stood reveal'd)  
Surpris'd she fees, and shrieking with affright,  
From his lov'd face averts her angry sight ;  
She faints! she sinks!—as falls a tender flower,  
Whose feeble stem supports the head no more :  
His arms he threw around her lovely waist,  
Her weight supported, and her zone unbrac'd ;  
While, gently bending o'er the fair distress'd,  
His sorrows bath'd her face and lovely breast.  
As, wet with pearly drops of morning dews,  
The drooping rose her wonted grace renews :

So she, recovering soon, her visage rears, 871  
All moist and trickling with her lover's tears.  
And thrice she rais'd her eyes the youth to view,  
Thrice from his face her sight averse withdrew.  
Oft from the strict embrace in vain she strove,  
With languid hand, his stronger arm to move:  
The pitying warrior still his grasp retain'd,  
And closer to his breast the damsel strain'd,  
At length, as thus in dear restraint she lay,  
Her words with gushing torrents found their way:  
Yet still on earth she bent her stedfast look,  
Nor dar'd to meet his glance, while thus she spoke.

O cruel! when thou left'st me first to mourn!  
And O! as cruel now in thy return!  
Why wouldst thou then thy fruitless cares employ  
To save a life thy perjuries destroy?  
Say, to what future wrongs, what future shame,  
What woes unknown is doom'd Armida's name?  
Full well thy wily purpose I descry—  
But she can little dare, who dares not die.  
One triumph still to grace thy pomp remains;  
A hapless princess bound in captive chains;  
At first betray'd, then made by force thy prize;  
From acts like these thy mighty glories rise!

Once life and happiness 'twas thine to give ; 895  
Now death alone my sufferings can relieve!  
But not from thee this blessing I demand ;  
All gifts are hateful from Rinaldo's hand !  
Yet, cruel as thou art, myself can find  
Some friendly way t' elude the ill's design'd :  
If to a helpless wretch in bondage ty'd,  
Are poisonous drugs and piercing steel deny'd ;  
Yet (thanks to Heaven!) a path remains to death ;  
Thou shalt not long detain this hated breath :  
Cease then thy soothing arts, thy feints give o'er,  
And move my soul with flattering hopes no more.

Thus mournful she ; while love and anger drew  
Fast from her beauteous eyes the briny dew.  
He, touch'd with pity, melts with equal woe,  
And, mix'd with hers, his kindly sorrows flow.  
At length with tender words he thus reply'd :  
Armida! lay thy doubts, thy fears, aside ;  
Live—not to suffer shame, to empire live ;  
In me thy champion, not thy foe, receive.  
Behold these eyes, if still thou doubt'st my zeal,  
Let these, the truth of what I speak, reveal.  
I swear to place thee on thy regal throne,  
The seat of splendor where thy fathers shone.

O! would to Heaven! the rays of truth as well  
Might from thy mind the Pagan mist dispel,  
As I shall raise thee to so high a state,  
No eastern dame shall match thy glorious fate.

He spoke; and, speaking, fought her breast to move  
With sighs and tears, the eloquence of love!  
Till, like the melting flakes of mountain snow,  
Where shines the sun, or tepid breezes blow;  
Her anger, late so fierce, dissolves away,  
And gentle passions bear a milder sway.

Ah me! I yield! (the soften'd fair replies)  
Still on thy faith my easy heart relies;  
'Tis thine at will to guide my future way,  
And, what thou bid'st, Armida must obey.

Thus they. Meanwhile th' Egyptian chief beheld  
His regal standard cast upon the field:  
And Rimedon all breathless press the plain,  
By one fierce stroke from mighty Godfrey slain.  
Or killed, or routed, all his troops appear,  
Yet, to the last, he scorns ignoble fear;  
And seeks, what now his hopes alone demand,  
A death illustrious from a noble hand.

He spurs his steed, and swift on Godfrey flies;  
No greater foe amid the plain he spies:

Fierce as he thunders through the ranks of war, 912  
He shows the last brave tokens of despair:  
Then to the chief he rais'd his voice on high:  
I come by thee in glorious strife to die!  
'Tis death I seek—but, ere I yield to fate,  
I trust to crush thee with my sinking weight.

Thus he. At once they rush to meet the fight:  
At once, on either side, their swords alight.  
The Pagan's steel the Christian's buckler cleaves;  
His hand, disarm'd, the sudden wound receives.  
From Godfrey next descends a mightier blow  
Full on the cheek of his unwary foe:  
Half back he fell; and, while to rise he strove,  
Deep in his groin the Frank his falchion drove.

Now, Emirenes dead, but few remain  
Of all the numbers of th' Egyptian train:  
While Godfrey these from place to place pursu'd,  
Brave Altamorus on the field he view'd,  
Who midst his foes th' unequal fight maintain'd,  
Alone, on foot, with hostile blood distain'd;  
With broken sword and shield the king appears,  
And close surrounded with a hundred spears.

Then to his warriors pious Godfrey cry'd:  
Forbear, my friends! and lay your arms aside:

And thou, O chief! no more contest the field ; 967  
Forego thy weapons, and to Godfrey yield.

He said ; and he, who till that fatal hour  
Ne'er bow'd his lofty soul to human power,  
Soon as the great, the glorious name he heard,  
(A sound from Libya to the pole rever'd)  
At once resign'd his sword to Godfrey's hands :  
I yield! (he cry'd) nor less thy worth demands :  
Thy triumph gain'd o'er Altamorus' name,  
Is crown'd no less with riches than with fame.  
My kingdom with its gold, my pious wife  
With jewels, shall redeem my forfeit life.

Heaven has not given me (thus the chief replies)  
A mind to covet gold, or jewels prize :  
Still keep what'er is thine from India's shore,  
And still in peace enjoy thy Persian store :  
No price for life, no ransom I demand ;  
I war, but traffick not, in Asia's land.

He ceas'd ; and with his guards the monarch plac'd,  
Then from the field the scatter'd remnants chac'd ;  
These to the trench in vain their flight pursue ;  
Infatiate death o'ertakes the trembling crew :  
Gigantic slaughter stalks on every side,  
And swells from tent to tent the dreadful tide :

Helms, crests, and radiant shields are purpled o'er,  
And costly trappings drop with human gore. 992

Thus conquer'd Godfrey; and as yet the day  
Gave from the western waves the parting ray,  
Swift to the walls the glorious victor rode,  
The domes where CHRIST had made his blest abode:  
In sanguine vest, with all his princely train,  
The chief of chiefs then fought the sacred fane;  
There o'er the hallow'd tomb his arms display'd,  
And there to Heaven his vow'd devotions paid.

END OF THE TWENTIETH AND LAST BOOK.

1870  
The first of the year  
was a very successful one  
and the business was  
very good. The  
profits were very  
large and the  
company was  
very successful.  
The first of the year  
was a very successful one  
and the business was  
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The second of the year  
was also a very successful one  
and the business was  
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# I N D E X.

*The Letters denote the Book, the Figures the Verse.*

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- ABYLA**, xv. 164.
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## I N D E X.

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- endeavours to dissuade Argantes from a single combat with the Christians, vi. 65.
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- L.
- Latinus*, with his five sons, attacks Solyman, ix. 209.  
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- MAGICIAN.** (See *Ismeno.*)  
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- Olderico*, one of the champions drawn by lot, to accompany Armida, v. 537. (See *Champions*.)
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- desires to suffer in her stead, *ib.* 208.
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- Otbo*, in the review, i. 417.
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 ——— his speech to them, *ib.* 227.  
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 ——— exhorts Godfrey to implore the assistance of Heaven, xi. 1.  
 ——— reproves Tancred for his excess of grief at Clorinda's  
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 ——— killed by him, *ib.* 265.  
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 ——— conveys them through the Mediterranean to the For-  
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 ——— sets the knights on shore at Armida's island, *ib.* 325.  
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 ——— his person described, *ib.* 43.  
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- QUEEN of Æthiopia confined by her husband's jealousy, xii. 168.  
 ——— is delivered of Clorinda, *ib.* 181.  
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### R.

- Rambaldo*, in the review, i. 411.  
 ——— one of the champions drawn by lot, to accompany  
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 ——— arrives with the rest of the knights at Armida's  
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 ——— endeavours to gain the pass at David's tower, xix.  
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- Raymond* is again felled by the Soldan, *ib.* 528.  
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- Ridolphus*, in the review, *i.* 419.  
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   *Armida*, *v.* 537. (See *Champions*.)  
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   *ib.* 409.  
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   to Dudon, in the command of the adventurers, *v.* 85.  
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 — kills him, *ib.* 212.  
 — arms, and determines not to surrender himself to  
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   Charles and Ubald, and is presented by him with a suit of  
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- Rinaldo* is conducted by the hermit within sight of the camp, xvi. 578.
- arrives at the camp, and is graciously received by Godfrey, xviii. 1.
- is counselled by Peter, and receives absolution from him, *ib.* 39.
- ascends mount Olivet, *ib.* 69.
- his prayer, *ib.* 97.
- enters the enchanted wood, *ib.* III.
- sees nymphs issue from the barks of trees, *ib.* 169.
- sees a nymph in the likeness of Armida, *ib.* 169.
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- leads the adventurers to the assault of the town, *ib.* 506.
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- passes by Armida's chariot, *ib.* 404.
- is attacked by her lovers, *ib.* 412.
- is shot at by Armida, *ib.* 420.
- fights with, and kills Adrastus, *ib.* 676.
- kills Solyman, *ib.* 702.
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- Rofano* killed by Godfrey, ix. 702.
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*Rofmondo* killed by *Altamorus*, xx. 248.

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*Rouffillon*, one of the champions drawn by lot, to accompany *Armida*, v. 38. (See *Champions*.)

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*Sabinus* (one of *Latinus's* sons) with his father and brothers, attacks *Solyman*, ix. 233.

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*Saladine* killed by *Argillan*, *ib.* 609.

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*Senapus*, King of *Ethiopia*, jealous of his Queen, confines her in a tower from the sight of men, xii. 161.

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SHEPHERD, with his sons, feeding sheep, on the banks of the river *Jordan*, vii. 39.

—— is accosted by *Erminia*, *ib.* 45.

—— relates to her the story of his life, *ib.* 56.

—— entertains her in his cottage, and receives her among the shepherds, *ib.* 119.

*Sigero* commands the Christians, in *Godfrey's* name, to retire from the field, iii. 402.

—— is in *Godfrey's* tent when he is wounded, xi. 466.

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—— *Rinaldo's* early virtues—to trees yielding fruit and blossoms at the same time, *ib.* 439.

—— his person—to *Mars* and *Cupid*, *ib.* 441.

—— the joy of the Christian army at the sound of drums and trumpets before their march—to that of husbandmen at the noise of thunder, which foreruns rain, *ib.* 537.

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—— *Aladine*—to a snake and a lion, *ib.* 641.

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—— *Clorinda's* hair tinged with blood from her wound—to rubies set in gold, *ib.* 230.

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- SIMILES, Clorinda flying from the Christians—to a bull pursued by dogs, iii. 142.
- Pluto's groaning—to the bellowing of a bull, iv. 67.
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 — the enchantment is dissolved by Rinaldo, *ib.* 238. (See *Demons, Forest, &c.*)

T H E E N D.

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