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TASSO'S
'GODFREY OF BVLLOIGNE.'

(FIVE CANTOS.)

TRANSLATED BY
RICHARD CAREW, ESQ.
(1594.)

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

Sixty-two Copies only.

PRINTED FOR THE SUBSCRIBERS.
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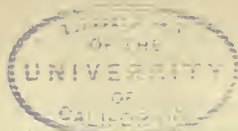
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INTRODUCTION.

THE present translation of a portion of Tasso's great poem, bears on its title-page the initials only, 'R. C.'; but the accepted bibliographic tradition is that these represented

Richard Carew of Antonie,

in Cornwall. *Certes* his translation of HUARTE (*Examination of Mens Wit*) of 1596, has only similarly 'R. C.,' and so the Epistle-dedicatory. I turned expectantly to Lord de Dunstanville's edition of Carew's acknowledged *Survey of Cornwall* (4to, 1811); but the "*Life of Richard Carew, Esq., of Antonie*. By Hugh * * * *, Esq.," gives no light on the 'Tasso,' is utterly ignorant of it as of nearly everything else. Nor does the noble Editor himself add a single scintilla. Anthony à Wood blunders un-characteristically in his small 'Memoir' in *Athenæ*—confounding father and son—and neither in him have we certainty on the 'Tasso.*' The present proprietor of 'Anthony'—representative of the ancient family of Carew—informs me that there are no *MSS.* there now, the family papers having probably perished when a Carew was seized by the Parliament in 1645. No one, so far as I can learn—spite of this shadow of uncertainty—has ever claimed another owner for the initials R. C. than Richard Carew of 'Anthonie.' And so it may be accepted that to the erudite if somewhat over-stately Typographer of Cornwall, we are indebted for the first attempt to make 'Seign. Torquato Tasso' "speak English."

This Richard Carew was born at East Anthony in 1555. He was son of Thomas Carew by Elizabeth his wife, daughter of Sir Richard Edgecombe. He was sent to Oxford in

* Wood objects to the statement that our Carew travelled, &c., on the ground that Charles Fitzgeffrey in an Epigram speaks of him as not having been before out of England. But it is to *his* son the Epigram is addressed—"Ad Richardum Caræum Ri. Filium e Galliis reducem."

1566 as a 'gentleman-commoner' of Christ Church, and had his 'chambers' at Broadgate Hall. In 1569 he held—as was the *mode*—a public 'Disputation' before the Earls of Leicester and Warwick. His opponent was no less than Sir Philip Sidney. Of this H * * * * (as before) says :

“Si quæritis hujus
Fortunam pugnae, non est superatus ab illo.
Ask you the end of this contest?
They neither had the better, both the best.” (p. x.)

In 1570 he removed to the Inner Temple. As before at the University, so in town, he resumed 'acquaintance' with William Camden—who later lauded his 'Survey,' and indeed enforced its publication—Spelman, and others. He was resident three years in the Temple. He then proceeded abroad—probably in the service of his country over and above the usual 'tour.' In 1577, he married Juliana Arundel, a Cotsworth. He was J. P. in 1581 and Sheriff in 1586 and 'King's Deputy for the Militia.' In 1598 he became a member of the precursor of our present illustrious Society of Antiquaries. Altogether—and judging from the engraved portrait in Lord de Dunstanville's edition of the 'Survey' (as before)—he seems to have been a capital specimen of the "fine old English gentlemen"—somewhat pedantic, and, as already noted, over-stately, but cultured, bookish, patriotic. He won the 'proud praise' of Sir Henry Spelman (in Epistle before his 'Tithes') and—as seen—of Camden. His 'Survey' was dedicated in a fine Epistle to his great 'kinsman' RALEIGH. He died 6th November, 1620. In Camdeni *Epistolæ* (p. 106) appears a memorial-inscription for him. A noble 'tomb' was erected over his dust.

With regard to the translation of *Tasso* now 'after so long a time' reproduced in response to many requests (led off by James Crossley, Esq., F.S.A., Manchester, *clarum et venerabile nomen*), it cannot for one moment compare with EDWARD FAIRFAX'S full translation (or transfusion). It lacks the

imaginative light, the inner melody, the richness of unerring epithet, the quaint grandeur of the great folio, that holds its own even beside George Chapman's *Homer*. But it has its own merits. The fourth canto has a rugged gnarled strength about it in its portraitures of the occupant of the 'burning throne' that inevitably arrests attention. If now and again even in the most successful places you draw a long breath in the sense of grotesque escaped just by a hair's breadth (and that's only the breadth of a hair), you equally now and again recognize that lines and *bits* might have come bodily from Richard Crashaw at his best or from Phineas Fletcher in his own English of the *Locustes*. The translator's desire to keep close to the original gives us English words but Italian constructions so as to obscure the meaning and practically render ungrammatical.

It may not be deemed superfluous to note a few of the finest touched things in this early translation, from beginning to close—a few out of many that the sympathetic student will discover.

In the outset I bring together the two opening stanzas from our Worthy and from Fairfax, to shew that the greater and later had not disdained to read his predecessor :

I sing the godly armes, and that Chieftaine,
 Who great Sepulchre of our Lord did free,
 Much with his hande, much wrought he with his braine :
 Much in his glorious conquest suffred hee :
 And hell in vaine hit selfe opposde, in vaine
 The mixed troopes *Asian* and *Libick* flee
 To armes, for heauen him fauour'd, and he drew
 To sacred enignes his fraid mates anew.

O *Muse*, thou that thy head not compassst,
 With fading bayes, which *Helicon* doth beare :
 But boue in skyes, amidst the Quyers blest,
 Dost golden crowne of starres immortall weare,
 Celestiall flames breath thou into my brest,
 Enlighten thou my Song, and pardon where,
 I faintings weaue with truth, and verse with art,
 Of pleafings deckt, wherein thou hast no part.

(st. 1, 2, p. 5.)

Fairfax.

The sacred Armies, and the godly Knight
 That the great Sepulcher of Christ did free,
 I sing ; much wrought his valour and foresight,
 And in that glorious warre much suffred he :
 In vaine against him did hell oppose her might,
 In vaine the Turkes and Morians armed be,
 His souldiers wilde (to braules and mutines prest)
 Reduced he to peace, so heau'n him blest.

O heauenly Muse, that not with fading baies
 Deckest thy brow by th' Heliconian spring,
 But sittest crown'd with starres immortal raies,
 In heauen where legions of bright Angels sing,
 Inspire life in my wit, my thoughts vpraise,
 My verse ennoble, and forgiue the thing,
 If fictions hight I mix with truth diuine,
 And fill these lines with other praise than thine.

(2nd ed. 1624.)

The description of Gabriel and his swift setting out for earth, is not without dainty touches, as thus :

So spake he : *Gabriel* himselfe adrest,
 Swift to performe the things in charge he takes,
 His shape vnfeene, with aire he doth inuest,
 And vnto mortall fence hit subiect makes,
 Mans lims, mans looke, t'apparence he possesse,
 Which yet celestiall maieftie pertakes :
 Twixt youth and childhood bounded seeme his dayes,
 His golden lockes he doth adorne with rayes.

He puts on siluer wings, yfrendg'de with gold,
 Wearilese nymble, of most plyant sway,
 With these he partes the winds, and clouds, and hold
 Doth flight with these aloft the earth and sea :
 Attyred thus, to worlds lower mould,
 This messenger of skyes directes his way :
 On Liban mountaine hou'ring first he stayd,
 And twixt his egall wings himselfe he wayd. = *equall.*

(st. 3, 4, p. 8.)

Onward — the flight of the angel-messenger is far more vividly described by

Plump downe directly leuels he his flight, (st. 1, p. 9.)

than by Fairfax's

Swiftly sped . . . with headlong flight. (st. 15.)

Another word-portrait attracts us :

What can there not be learned in schooles of loue ?
 There was she taught to waxe a warriar bolde:
 To his dear side still cleaues she, and aboue
 One destiny, his and her life doth holde :
 No blow that hurts but one, they euer proue,
 But ech wounds smart encreast is doublefold,
 And oft the one is hit, the other playnes,
 Tone bleedes at foule, the tother at the vaynes.

But youth *Rinaldo* farre furpasseth these,
 And passeth all that to the muster went,
 Most sweetly fierce, vp should you see him rayse
 His royall looke and all lookes on it spent :
 He hope oregoes, he ouergrowes his dayes,
 When bud was thought but bloome, out fruit he sent :
 To such as armes him thundring saw embrace,
Mars he did seeme : Loue, if he shew'd his face.

(st. 3, 4, p. 19.)

Occasionally lines and couplets linger in the ear, *e.g.* :

Where Chrift for mortall man bear mortall woe. (p. 25.)

So gentle seemd a while, the Snakish brood,
 That to his fierceneffe turnes as Sommer neares. (p. 26.)

But wayward bewtie, wayward hart to moue
 Serues farre vnfit, kindnes is bait of love. (p. 33.)

Most noble lye, when so embellished. (p. 33.)

And her faire face is taynted with a hew
 That doth not paleneffe, but a whiteneffe shew. (p. 34.)

So loue not louing loued he alas. (p. 35.)

Yet more bemones her that no mone doth make. (p. 39.)

The Sea whom ech at plaints, and prayers findes,
 Still deafe, sole heres it you? sole you obeyes? (p. 47.)

And her beguiled lockes this flightest wound,
 With some few drops, such wife betainted red
 As gold grows ruddie, which (some ruybes ground
 By skilfull workemen fet) doth sparkles shed. (p. 60.)

Regnold shapt fairest, noblest couraged, Fore-runnes them all, lightning takes slower flight.	(p. 62.)
An yron sleepe, and hardest quiet took.	(p. 64.)
The husband Elmes, to which the vine sometimes Leanes, and with wrythed foot to heauen climes.	(p. 71.)
Afrayd I was eu'n to difclofe my feare.	(p. 85.)

Yet again a maiden-portrait wins us :

This maide alone through preace of vulgar went,
Bewty she couers not, nor sets to fight,
Shadow'd her eyes, in vale her bodie pent,
With manner coy, yet coy in noble plight :
I note where car'de, or carelesse ornament,
Where chance, or art her fairest countnance dight.
 Friended by heau'ns, by nature, and by loue,
 Her meere neglects most artificiall proue.

(st. 4, p. 32.)

There is a rather noticeable night-picture :

Now was it night, when in deepe rest enrold
Are waues & windes, and mute the world doth flow,
Weari'd the beafts, and those that bottome hold,
Of billow'd Sea, and of moyst streames that flow,
And who are lodgde in caue, or pend in fold,
And painted flyers in obliuion low,
 Vnder their secreet horrors silenced,
 Stilled their cares, and their harts fuppelled.

(st. 2, p. 52.)

Cf. Fairfax again :

Now spread the night her spangled canopie
And summon'd euery restlesse eye to sleepe :
On beds of tender grasse the beasts down lie,
The fishes slumbred in the silent deepe,
Vnheard was serpent's hisse, and dragon's crie,
Birds left to sing, and Philomen to weepe,
 Onely that noise heaun's rolling circles kest,
 Sung lullabie, to bring the world to rest.

(B. II. st. 96.)

Carew is somewhat formless and elliptical, yet for myself he conveys better the restfulness of the night.

Surely the closing line in the following stanza is remarkable in its involute prolongation of the imitative sound? It certainly surpasses Fairfax's:

The hoarse sea waues rore hollow rocks betwixt.

Lowe accents, silent words, broken fobbings,
 And fearefull fighings of this warlike rout,
 Mingling at once both ioyes and forrowings,
 A murmur make, whirle in the aire about,
 As in thicke forrests heard are soft whistlings,
 When through the bowes the wind breathes calmely out:
 Or as amongst the rockes, or neere the shore,
 The driuen waue doth hiffe and hoarfely rore.

(st. 3, p. 54.)

I would now give a larger and noticeable passage of 'Clorinda':

Tancreds assault this while *Clorinda* plyes
 T'encounter, and in rest her Launce bestowes:
 Ech t'other beauer hits, the splints to skyes
 Vp start, and she in part difarmed showes:
 For buckles broke, foorthwith the Helmet flyes
 From off her head, (a blow whence wonder growes)
 And golden lockes vnto the wind displayd,
 She midst the field appeares a youthly mayd.

Her eyes do flash, her lookes do lighten bright,
 Sweete eu'n in wrath, in laughter then what grace
 They hold? *Tancred* whereon thinkst thou? thy fight
 Where bendst thou? knowst thou not this noble face?
 This is that visage faire whence thou in light
 Flames burnst, thy hart (her pictures shrine) the case
 Can show, this fame is she whom quenching thirst
 At folitarie spring thou sawest first.

He that of painted shield, and of her crest
 Tooke earst no keepe, now seeing her doth grow
 A stone, she bared head couers, as best
 She may, and him affayles, he gets her fro,
 And fell blade whirling makes against the rest,
 Yet at her hand peace cannot purchase so:
 But threatfull him purfewes, and turn she cries,
 And to deathes twaine at once she him defies.

Stroken this Knight, no strokes againe replyes,
 Nor so from sword himselfe to guard attends,

As to regard her cheekes and fairest eyes,
 From whence his bow, Loue uneschewed bends,
 T'himselfe he sayes, ech blow vnharmefull dyes,
 Which force of her right hand (though armed) lends,
 But neuer blow from her faire naked face
 Falles vaine, but in my heart findes lighting place.

(st. 2, p. 58. to st. 1, p. 59.)

We have now reached the 'fourth Song,' and as already stated, it shews Carew at his best as it does Tasso himself. I will not — though sorely tempted — glean "brave trans-lunary things" from it, but send the Reader thither. Some of the epithets seem to me inestimable. I limit myself to one passage containing the portrait of the sorcerer's beauty :

Within few dayes this Dame her iourney ends,
 There where the *Frankes* their large pauillions spred,
 Whose bewtie rare at his apparence lends,
 Babbling to tongues and eyes a gazing led :
 As when some Starre or Comete strange ascends,
 And in cleere day through sky his beames doth shed :
 They flocke in plumps this pilgrim faire to vew,
 And to be wizde what cause her thither drew.

Not *Argos*, *Cyprus*, *Delos* ere present,
 Paternes of shape, or bewtie could so deere,
 Gold are her lockes, which in white shadow pent,
 Eft do but glimpse, eft all disclofde appeare,
 As when new clenfde we see the element,
 Sometimes the Sun shines through white cloud vncleere,
 Sometimes frō cloud out gone his raies more bright
 He sheads abroad, dubling of day the light.

The winde new crisples makes in her loose haire,
 Which nature selfe to waues recrispelled,
 Her sparing looke a coy regard doth beare,
 And loues treasures, and hers vp wyped,
 Sweet Roses colour in that visage faire,
 With yuorie is sperft and mingelled,
 But in her mouth whence breath of loue out goes,
 Ruddy alone and single bloomes the Rose.

(st. 1, 2, 3, p. 80.)

(Cf. also p. 96, st. 1-3).

In Notes and Illustrations, at the close, a considerable number of rare words are recorded, some of them furnishing excellent examples for the great Dictionary of English of the Future. Altogether for what it is—as shewn in the quotations—intrinsically, and for its relation to Fairfax's and to the enrichment of our earlier literature by translations, I count on it that all will deem Carew's 'Tasso' an interesting addition to these Occasional Issues. I would notify one luckless misprint at page 108, st. 3, l. 8, 'Is' for 'In'—a correction easily made 'an' it please thee gentle Reader.'

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry.

Blackburn, Lancashire,

25th May, 1881.

NOTE.

On p. 12, l. 29, occurs the phrase '*I gesse*'—and I gladly avail myself of Dr. M. Schele de Vere's note in his *Americanisms: The English of the New World* (New York, 1872), on it—"There is, probably, no word in the Dictionary, that has given more occasion to animated discussion than this. Quoted almost by every writer in America as one of the most obtrusive and repulsive Americanisms, considerable pains has been taken to prove its English orthodoxy. There is no lack of evidence that the word has been in England from time immemorial, and by the best writers, in precisely the same sense in which it is now employed by Yankees. Selden, in one of his notes to Polyolbion [*sic.*=Poly-Olbion] as quoted by J. R. Lowell, writes: 'The first inventor of them (I *guess* you dislike not the addition) was one Berthold Swartz.' Spenser says, 'Amylia will be lov'd as I mote *ghesse*.' (*Faëry Queen*, Bk. iii, c. viii, v. 57.) 'If I were, I might find more cause, *I guess*, than your mistress has given

your master here.' (Vanburgh, *The Mistake*, act i, sc. 1.)
Chaucer sings :

'Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yard long, I *guess*.'—(*Heroine*.)

'He whose design it is to excel in English poetry would not, *I guess*, think that way if it was to make his first essay in Latin verse.' (Locke); and Milton says: 'Already by thy reasoning this I *guess*.' (*Paradise Lost*, viii.)" The only difference between the English and the American use of the word is, probably, that the former denotes a fair, candid *guess*, while the Yankee who *guesses* is apt to be quite sure of what he professes to doubt. As he only calculates when he has already solved his problem, so he also *guesses* when he has made sure of his fact. "*I guess* I do," is with him an expression of confident certainty. He is, however, quite as prone to go to the other extreme and to use the word without any other meaning than mere "thinking," as when he says, "*I guess* he is well," or, "*I guess* I won't go to-day." (pp. 482-3.) All this does not affect the simple matter-of-fact that the way '*I guess*' is used in America is a 'repulsive vulgarism,' especially drawled through the nose as it is. Scores of once 'gentle' and fine English-born words and constructions have been thus degraded and soiled in America. It is no vindication of your boor that he can trace his ancestry to bluest of blue blood. As a *spoken* language, English in America is perpetually deteriorating, whilst the pronunciation, as a rule, is trying to Englishmen. I must crave pardon for this indictment of the mighty Republic's English.—G.

GODFREY OF
BVLLOIGNE,

OR

The Recoverie of

HIERUSALEM.

An Heroicall poeme written in
Italian by *Seig. Torquato Tasso*,
and translated into English
by *R. C. Esquire*:

And now the first part containing
five Cantos, Imprinted in
both Languages.



L O N D O N

Imprinted by *John Windet* for
Christopher Hunt of
Exceter, 1594.



To the Reader.



Entlemen, let it be lawfull for me with your leaues to trouble you a little: It was my good hap of late to get into my hāds an English translated Copie of Seg. Taffo's Ierufalem, done (as I was informed) by a Gentlemā of good sort & qualitie, and many waies commended vnto me for a worke of singular worth, & ezcellencie: wherupon, by the aduise, or rather at the instance of some of my best friends, I determined to send it to the Presse: Wherin if my forwardnes haue fore-ranne the Gentlemans good liking; Yet let mee winne you to make me happie with the sweete possession of your fauours, for whose sakes I haue done whatsoeuer herein is done. When first I sent it to the Printer, I did not certainly know whose worke it was, and so rested deprived of al meanes to gaine his assent and good liking thereunto, and yet notwithstanding the perswasions of some that would faine haue preuailed with me: I resolued (at the motion, no doubt of some rare excellent spirit, that knew and foresaw this to be the readiest meanes to draw him to publish some of his many most excellent labours) to goe on with what I had begunne, euer assuring my selfe, and neuer doubting, but that you would like of it your selues, and intertaine it with such deere affection as it doth worthily merit: Now if



it

To the Reader.

it shall not in each part liuely resemble the absolute perfection of the doer thereof, yet is hee blamelesse, and the fault as it is mine, so I wil acknowledge it for mine: for by my haste it proues his vntimely birth, and doubtlesse miserably wanteth of that glorious beautie wherewith it otherwise would, and hereafter happily may be richly honoured withal. Now whereas I thought you should haue had all together, I must pray you to accept of the five first Songes: For it hath pleased the excellent doer of them (for certaine causes to himselfe best knowne) to command a staie of the rest till the sommer. In that which is done, I haue caused the Italian to be Printed together with the English, for the delight and benefit of those Gentlemen, that loue that most liuely language. And thereby the learned Reader shall see how strict a course the translator hath tyed himselfe in the whole work, vsurping as little liberty as any whatsoeuer, that euer wrote with any commendations. Thus (as in duetie I ought) I haue presented vnto your views the course of my whole proceedings herein, humbly praying you to censure of the work with such respectfull consideration as shalbe meete, and to amend with patience such faults as are vnwillingly escaped in the Printing. And so you shall doe what shall well beseeme you, and giue him his right that will neuer wrong you.

From Exceter the last of Februarie, 1593.

Yours C. H.





THE RECOVERIE
OF HIERSALEM OF
S^r. TORQVATO TASSO,

The first Song.



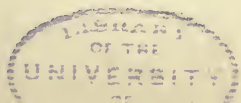
Sing the godly armes, and that
Chieftaine,
Who great Sepulchre of our
Lord did free,
Much with his hande, much
wrought he with his braine :
Much in his glorious conquest
suffred hee :

And hell in vaine hit selfe opposde, in vaine
The mixed troopes *Asian* and *Libick* flee
To armes, for heauen him fauour'd, and he drew
To faced ensignes his fraid mates anew.

O *Muse*, thou that thy head not compaffest,
With fading bayes, which *Helicon* doth beare :
But boue in skyes, amidst the Quyers blest,
Dost golden crowne of starres immortall weare,
Celestiall flames breath thou into my brest,
Enlighten thou my Song, and pardon where,
I fainings weaue with truth, and verfe with art,
Of pleasings deckt, wherein thou hast no part.

A 2

4 Thou



CANTO

Thou knowst, where luring *Parnase* most poures out
His sweetenesse, all the world doth after runne,
And that truth season'd with smoth verse, from doubt,
The waywardst (flocking) to beleue hath wonne:
So cup, his brimmes earst liquorisht about
With sweete, we giue to our diseased Sonne.
 Begulde he drinckes some bitter iuyce the while,
 And doth his life receiue from such a guile.

Thou noble minded *Alfonse*, who dost saue
From Fortunes furie, and to port dost steare
Me wandring pilgrime, midst of many a waue,
And many a rocke betoft, and drencht welneare,
My verse with friendly grace t'accept vouchsaue,
Which as in vow, sacred to thee I beare.
 One day perhaps, my pen forehalsening,
 Will dare, what now of thee tis purposing.

If euer Christians to agreement growe,
And with their Nauy, and their force by land,
A pray so great and wrong, from Turkish foe
Seeke to regaine, dew reason doth command,
That of that soyle the Scepter they bestowe,
Or of those seas, if so they pleasure stand,
 On thee, thou *Godfreys* countermate, my rime
 Attend, and armes prouide in this meane time.

Since Christian campe for high exploit to th'East
Had past, the last of fixe yeares on now ranne,
And *Nice* by force, and *Antioch* not least
Of power, by warlike policie they wanne.
Where gainst when Persians passing number preast,
In battaile bold they hit defended thanne.
 And *Tortose* gat, which done, to winters raigne
 They yeelde, and stay the comming yeere againe.

PRIMO.

The season, by his kind enclinde to weat,
Which layes vp armes, welnie his course now ends,
When Sire eternall from his loftie seat,
Which in the purest part of heauen extends,
And from the lowest hell, what space is great
To starres, so farre about the starres ascends,
 Lookes downe, and in one blinck, and in one vew,
 Comprizeth all what so the world can shew.

Ech thing he viewes, and then he fixt his eye
On *Syria*, where Christian Princes stay,
And with that sight, which percingly can spy,
What closest vp humane affections lay,
He *Godfrey* sees, who Panims lewd to fly
From sacred Citie would enforce away.

 And full of faith, and full of zeale in heart,
 All worldly wealth, rule, glory, layes apart.

But he in *Baldwyn* sees a greedie vaine,
Which bent to humane greatnesse high aspires,
He *Tancred* sees, his life hold in disdain,
So much a fond loue him afflictting fires,
And *Bozmond* he sees, for his new raigne,
Of *Antioch*, foundations deepe desires

 To ground, and lawes enacts, and orders layth,
 And arts brings in, and plants the Christen fayth.

And in this course he entred is so farre,
That ought but that, hit seemes of nought he weyes,
He skryes *Rinaldos* mind, addiēt to warre,
And working spirits, much abhorring ease,
No lust of gold in him, no thoughts there are
Of rule, but great and much enflam'd of prayse,

 He skryes, that at the mouth he hangs of *Gwelfe*:
 And old examples rare frames to himselfe.

11 When

CANTO

When inmost sense of these and other sprights,
 The King of all the world had vnfold :
 He calles him to, of the Angelicke lights,
 Him that mongst first, the second ranck doth hold :
 A faithfull Truchman, *Gabriell* that hights,
 A *Nuntio* glad, twixt Soules of better mould,
 And God to vs downe heau'ns decrees who shoes,
 And vp to heau'n who with mens prayers goes.

God to his *Nuntio* said, seeke *Godfrey* out,
 And tell him in my name, why stands he still ?
 The warres againe why goes he not about ?
 Hierusalem opprest to free from ill :
 Captaines to counsell let him call, and rout
 Of fluggards rayse, that he be chiefe I will :
 I here him chuse, and those below that are
 Tofore his mates, shall be his men of warre.

So spake he : *Gabriel* himselfe addrest,
 Swift to performe the things in charge he takes,
 His shape vnseene, with aire he doth inuest,
 And vnto mortall fence hit subiect makes,
 Mans lims, mans looke, t'apparence he possesst,
 Which yet celestiall maiestie pertakes : (dayes,
 Twixt youth and childhood bounded seeme his
 His golden lockes he doth adorne with rayes.

He puts on siluer wings, yfrendg'de with gold,
 Wearileffe nymble, of most plyant sway,
 With these he partes the winds, and clouds, and hold
 Doth flight with these aloft the earth and sea :
 Attyred thus, to worlds lower mould,
 This messenger of skyes directes his way :
 On Liban mountaine hou'ring first he stayd,
 And twixt his egall wings himselfe he wayd.

B

There

PRIMO.

There hence againe, to pastures of *Tortose*,
Plump downe directly leuels he his flight.
From easterne coast the new sunne then arose,
Part vp, but of more part waues hid the sight :
And earely *Godfrey* that mornetide bestowes
In prayre to God, as aye his vface hight.

When like the Sunne, but farre and far more cleare
Th' Angell to him doth from the East appeare.

And thus bespake, *Godfrey*, now season tides,
That best with warriours seruice doth agree :
Why thwart you lingring then, while fast it slides ?
And not Hierusalem from thraldome free ?
Do thou to counsaile call the peoples guides,
Do thou the flow their worke to finish see.

God for their Chiefetaine thee hath deemed fit,
And glad at once they shall themselues submit.

God me this message sent, and I reueale
To thee his mind in his owne name, how great
A hope of victorie to haue ? a zeale
How great, of host thy charge hooues thee to heat ?
He ceast, and vanisht flew to th'vpper deale,
And purest portion of the heauenly feat.

Godfrey those words, and that his shining bright
Daz'led in eyes, and did in heart affright.

But fright once gone, and hauing well bethought,
Who came, who sent, and what to him was said :
Of earst he wisht, he now a fire hath cought
To end the warre whose charge God on him laid.
Not for the heau'ns him sole this honour brought,
Ambitious winde puffing his stomacke swaid :

But all his will did more in will enflame,
Of his deare Lord, as sparke becomes a flame.

Then

CANTO

Then his Heroicke mates disperft about,
But not farre off, t'assemble he inuites :
Letter to letter, meffage on meffage out
He fendes, aduice with praier he vnites.
What fo may flocke or pricke a courage ftout,
What skill dull vertue to awake endites :
Seemes all he findes, with efficacie fuch,
As he enforceth, yet contenteth much.

The leaders came, the reft enfew'd alfo
Boemund alone doth from this meeting ftay :
Part campt abroad, part them in circuit ftowe,
Another part within *Tortofa* lay.
The nobles of the campe to counfell goe,
(A glorious Senate) on a folem day.
Then godly *Godfrey* thus makes filence breach,
Goodly of countenance, and as fhriU of fpeech.

Champions of God chofen by king of sky,
Of his true faith the damage to reftore,
Whom midft of armes, and midft of guiles, fafely
He rul'de and guided both at fea and fhore :
So as of rebell realmes many and many
In fo few yeares through vs him now adore.
And mongft the Nations vanquifht and fubdew'd,
His enignes are aduanft, his name renew'd.

We haue not left our pledges fweete, nor neaft
Natiue to vs (if I beleeeue aright)
Nor fold our liues to trustleffe feas beheaft,
And to the perill of farre diftant fight,
To gaine of fames fhort blaft the vulgar feaft,
Or that Barbarians land, we claime our right.
For our defeigns in ftraight bounds thẽ were pent,
Slender our hire gainft foules or bloud yfpent.

B 3

But

PRIMO.

But vtmost purpose which our thoughts did beare,
Was *Sions* noble wals by force to gaine :
And Christen brothers to enfranchize there,
From yoake vnworthy of their thralld paine,
In *Palestine* a kingdome new to reare,
Where safely plaft, might godlines sustaine.
That holy Pilgrims farre from dread of way,
That great Tombe might adore, and vowings pay.

Our deedes till this, for perill haue beene great,
For trauell more then great, for honour finall,
For our mayn purpose nought, if we as yeat
Make stop, or bent of armes elsewhere doe call.
What bootes it out of *Europe* to haue sett
Fewell of force, and *Asia* fire withall?
When as at last of these huge sturres we wend,
Not kingdomes rayf'd, but ruin'd are the end.

He buildeth not, who fo his foueraigntie
On worldly ground-plots vp to raise hath care :
Where midst vnnubred troopes of Paganie,
Strangers in faith, few of his Countrey are,
Where of the *Greekes* he hopes no loyaltie,
And westerne succours can ariue so spare.
But ruynes he procures, with which opprest,
Sole for himfelse a Sepulchrè he drest.

Turkes, Persians, Antioch, noble matters be,
In name magnificent, and in effect :
Yet workes not ours, but heauens largeffe we
Them deeme : Conquests of wonder vnexpect.
Now if the giuer them wrong turned see,
And misemployed from their course direct :
I feare h'ele reauē them quite, and honour past
So great, will waxe the peoples scorne at last.

Ah

CANTO

Ah be there none (for loue of God) that guifts
So pleasing, to bad vses turne and spill,
To web of these so high attempting drifts,
Let threed and end of worke be suited still :
Now that the season to our seruice shifts,
Now that ech passage we haue free at will,
Why to the Citie runne we not ? thats fet
Our conquest bound : who ist that can vs let ?

My Lords I do protest, and that which I
Do thus protest, the present world shall heare,
And that to come shall heare, and Saints on hie
Do heare, the time long since did ripe appeare :
And yet fits our exploit, but lie you still,
And t'will most doubtfull fall that now is cleare.
I prophesie if our course be delayde,
The *Palestine* from *Egypt* shall haue ayde.

He spake, his speech a muttring short befell :
Next after soltarie *Peter* rose,
Though priuate, mongst the princes at counsell,
As he from whom that voyage chiefly goes,
What *Godfrey* doth exhort, I say aswell,
No doubt here fals, the truth so certaine shoes,
It skryes hit selfe, he plaine demonstrance gaue,
Th'allowance longs to you, sole t'adde I haue.

If I remember well the brawles and shame,
As t'were of purpose by you made and borne,
Your froward counsels and proceedings lame,
Which midst of working made your works forlorne,
I gesse that from another head there came,
The cause of all these stops, and concord torne,
Namely th'authoritie in many wits,
And many men that equall peyzed fits.

C

Where

PRIMO.

Where onely one doth not command, from whom
Iudgement of paines and prices may depend :
From whom may offices and charges come,
There still the rule to eyther side will bend :
Ah of these members friendly ioynd, in some,
One bodie make, and make a head to wend
And guide the rest, let one the Scepter beare,
And let him rule as King and Prince he weare.

The olde man silenst here. What thoughts? what
Are shut froe thee breath sacred! heat diuine (breasts?)
Thou in the Hermite dost enspire these heasts,
And in the knights harts thou the same dost shrine,
Th'ingraft, th'inborne affections thou outwrests
Of rule, of libertie, of honours signe.
So as both *Gwelfe* and *Guillan* chiefe in place,
Did *Godfrey* first with name of Chieftaine grace.

The rest allowance gaue, henceforth must be
Their part t'aduise, the others to direct :
Conditions to the conquer'd grant shall hee,
Warre, peace, when, where he please elect,
The rest now brought to becke, earst equall free,
The charge of his commandments are t'effect.
This so agreed, the same out flies, and wide
Spreading it self through tongs of men doth glide.

To Souldiers then he goes, him worthy they
Deeme of the high estate, that giu'n they haue,
And greetings glad, and warlick showts they pay,
Which he receiues with countnance mildly graue :
Thus when to shoues of minds humble t'obay,
And deere in loue, he fitting answere gaue :
He points in field of scope muster to take,
To th'ensewing day what force the camp can make.
The

CANTO

The funne from out the east return'd againe
So bright, and fairely lightfome, as but feeld :
Whẽ with the new daies beams came forth the traine,
And vnder Ensignes splayd their weapons weeld,
At *Bullions* hands ech seeking praise to gaine,
Beyond his mates, whil'ft ring they cast in feeld :
Both horse and foote marshald in warlicke bands,
Before him on do march, where firme he stands.

Thou minde, of yeeres and of obliuion foe,
Of what so is, guardaine and steward trew :
Afford thy reafons helpe that I may showe
This camps ech Captaine, and ech band to view :
Let their old fame new found, and ample growe,
On which late yeeres the vayle of silence drew :
Adorne my speech from out thy store to fet,
What eu'ry age may heare, and none forget.

The *Franckes* did muster first, of whom tofore
Hugo had charge, a brother to their king.
From Ile of *France* issewd this warlicke store,
A foile faire, large, on foure streames bordering.
When *Hue* deceast, th'ensigne that *Lilies* bore
Of gold, *Clotared* still them conducting
They followed, who Captaine great in fame,
That none might want, possfest a royall name.

Of complet armed they are hundreds ten,
So many more of horse next them aduance,
So like the first, as twixt them none may ken,
In ordring, nature, armes, a variance :
Normands they be, and *Robert* leades the men,
Their natiue prince borne and bred vp in *France*.
Their squadrons next *William* and *Ademere*,
Two Pastors of the people mustred there.

C 3

The

PRIMO.

The tone and t'other of them who but late
An holy office in Gods seruice beare,
Now playted lockes preffing with cap of plate,
Haue manly vse of arms falne to their share.
Orenge Citie and confines of that state,
Four hundred warriors to the first do spare.
The second thofe of *Poggio* doth guide,
Equall in tale, nor lesse in value tride.

Then *Baldwyn* makes his muster next in feeld,
With *Bulleyners* tofore his brothers band,
For his good brother them contents to yeeld :
Now he on Captaines Captaine doth command :
Th'enfewing room th'Earle of *Carnute* helde,
Mightie in counsell, valiant of hand.
Foure hundred with him marche, a treble force
Vnder his Cornet *Baldwyn* leads of horse.

Gwelfe occupes the bordring circuit, one
Whofe merit his high fortune egalleth,
By *Latine* Sire, of *Eftine* graundfires gone,
A bedroll long and trew he reckoneth :
But he vnto the great house of *Gwelfon*,
Germanyn in name, and Lordship fucceedeth.
Corinthia he rules, and neere the streames
Of *Rhine* and *Isther*, *Sweue* and *Rhetian* realmes.

To this liuelode that from his mother came,
Conquests he wonned, glorious and great :
Thence brought he mē, who made (he bidding) game
To march where death they were assur'd to geat :
They winters cold by stooes to temper frame,
And with inuitings glad pertake their meat.
Fiue thousand came from home, but hardly tho
He could the thirds (the *Persians* reliques) show.

White

CANTO

White skins, and yealow locks next people haue,
Twixt *Francks* and *Germans* and the Sea bestowe,
Where bancks oreflow doth *Mose* and *Rhenish* waue,
Land that of graine and beafts, beares fruitfull lode :
Eke Iland men, whom Oceans swellings braue,
Gainst which they force vp rampires high & brode.
Ocean that not on wares alone hath power
And ships, but townes & kingdomes doth deuour.

These that a thousand are and other are,
Vnder another *Robert* make one band,
A greater Squadron is the British farre,
Committed by their king, to *Williams* hand,
His yonger sonne, their bowes these English bare,
And people bring the pole that neerer stand.
Whom *Ireland* placed at the worlds end,
Doth from his wildwoods with locks shaggy fend.

Then *Tancred* comes, there's none amongst the rout
(*Regnald* except) a brauer warriour,
Nor of a stomacke noble more or stout,
Nor countenance and conditions more faire,
If cloud of blame wrapt his deserts about
Them dimme, loues folly sole the fault must beare,
Aboue twixt battailes borne, bred of short fight,
Fed with afflictions, still accreeuing might.

Fame tells what day the *Francks* with glory great,
The *Persian* troops discomfited in fight,
After that *Tancred* in victorious heat
Chasing those runawayes, was tir'de outright,
Some cooly easfull place he sought to geat,
For his scorcht lips, and lims deuoid of might,
And drew whereas inuiting him to shade,
Closde with greene banks, a fresh spring issue made.

D

Vn-

PRIMO.

Vnthought of there appeares to him a Dame,
All faue her face in complet armour dight :
Shee was a Painim, and she also came
Like rest to gaine in like betyred plight :
Her features he beheld, he held the same
Most faire, he likes, his liking fire doth light.
Of loue, O wonder! loue then scarcely bred
Grew great, and flew and in armes triumphed.

On goes her helme, and she th'affaylers part
Had playd, faue others there by chance arriue :
The haughtie Dame doth from her thrall depart,
Who of sole force becomes a fugitiue :
But he her warlike image farre in hart
Preferued so as hit presents aliuie.
The chance, the place, how, wher she came in view,
In restlesse thought still feeding flame a new.

His looke was looke that did his folke to ware
In letters large, he burn'd of hope deuoyd,
So full of fighes he went, and so he bare
His eye-lids vayled downe and fadly cloyd :
Th'eight hundred horse which vnder-went his care,
Campanias pleasant fields tofore enioyd,
Dame natures greatest pompe, and hils that lay,
Mellow, fertill, woode by the *Tirhene* Sea.

Two hundred followed of the Greekish tong,
Who yron armour none in manner bring,
Their hooked swords vpon the tone side hong,
Their bowes and quiuers at their backes do ring,
Their light horse seruice doth to gallop long,
For trauaile tough, spare in their dyeting,
Readie t'affayle and to retire at will,
Disfordred, scattred, fled, yet fight, they still.

Latine

CANTO

Latine that Cornet led, and only he
 Of *Greece* the *Latine* armes accompanide.
 O shame! O foule misdeede! and had not ye
 O *Greekes*! these warres eu'n sticking in your side?
 Yet (as at games) sluggards you fit to see
 What issue will to these great actes betide:
 Now if a slaue thou serue, this thy bondage
 (Doe not complaine) is iustice, not outrage.

A squadron next there comes in order last,
 But first for honour, valure and for art:
 Inuict Heroick ventrers here are plaste,
Afias terrour, and *Mars* thunder dart:
 Cease *Argos*, *Arther* cease, vaine shootes you waste,
 Knights saylers, and knights errants acts t'impart,
 For old exployts comparde with these are winde.
 Where shall we then for them fit Chieftaine finde.

Dudon of *Consa* is their head, because
 Hard t'was of bloud and vertue doome to geeue,
 They all agree to vnder go his lawes,
 Who did of all know most, and most atcheeue,
 And graue of manlines and ripe of fawes:
 He showes in hoarie lockes of strength the preeue.
 He showes of wounds not foule the printed skarres,
 The worthy steps of honour wonne in warres.

Eustace is next amongst the chiefe, whose owne
 Prayse makes him great, but brother *Boglion* more,
 From stocke of *Norway* kings eke *Gernand* growne,
 On Scepters, titles, crownes, him proud he bore:
Roger of *Balnavil* mongst best is knowne:
 Old fame, and *Eugerlan* do there him score.
 Eke with the brauest they solemnize doo
 One *Genton*, one *Rambald*, and *Gerards* too.

D 3

Vbald

PRIMO.

Vbald also, and *Rosomond* is prayfd
Of Dutchy great of *Lancafter* the heire,
Nor can *Obize* the *Tuscane* downe be peyzd
By him that memories away doth beare,
Nor *Lombard* brothers three will be difseyzd,
Achilles, *Sforza*, *Palamede*, of their
Cleare fame, nor *Otto* ftrong that wonne the shield
Where Serpents mouth fends forth a naked child.

Nor *Guaſco*, nor *Rudolfo* left behinde,
Nor t'one nor th'other *Guido*, famous both,
Nor *Eurard*, nor *Gernier* muſt flip my mind,
To paſſe in grateleſſe ſilence more then loth,
Whither do you louers and ſpouſes kind?
Gildip and *Edward* hale him, now that grow'th
Of numbring wearie? O conſorts in warre!
Though dead, diſioynd you neuer ſhalbe farre.

What can there not be learnd in ſchoolles of loue?
There was ſhe taught to waxe a warriour bolde,
To his dear ſide ſtill cleaues ſhe, and aboue
One deſtiny, his and her life doth holde:
No blow that hurts but one, they euer proue,
But ech wounds ſmart encreaſt is doublefold,
And oft the one is hit the other playnes,
Tone bleedes at foule, the tother at the vaynes.

But youth *Rinaldo* farre ſurpaſſeth theſe,
And paſſeth all that to the muſter went,
Moſt ſweetly fierce, vp ſhould you ſee him rayſe
His royall looke and all lookes on it ſpent:
He hope oregoes, he ouergrowes his dayes,
When bud was thought but bloome, out fruit he ſent:
To ſuch as armes him thundring ſaw embrace,
Mars he did ſeeme: Loue, if he ſhew'd his face.

Him

CANTO

Him on the banck of *Adige* fourth brought
Sofia to *Bertold*, *Sofia* the faire,
 To *Bertold* the puiffant when newly rought
 From mothers teat, and yet vnwayn'd welneare
Maued would him haue, and nurft him, & him tought
 In princely skills, and kept him ftill with her,
 Vntill his youthly minde plight his beheaft,
 T'enfew the trump that founded from the Eaft.

Then he thrice five of yeares could fcantly skore,
 Yet fled alone and walkt through vncouth wayes,
 He pafth th'*Egean* Sea and *Greekifh* fhore,
 And at the campe arriues, where far hit ftayes,
 Moft noble flight, well worthy that once more,
 Some Nephew chiuallrous make like affayes :
 Three yeeres are fpend, and he in wars when now
 His chyns foft downe, could fcarce a beard auow.

The horfeman pafth, the mufter next doth grow
 Of men on foot, and *Reymond* leades the way,
Tholoufe he rulde, and brought his fouldiers fro
Mount Piren, *Garon* ftream, and *Ocean* Sea,
 Of thoufands foure, well arm'd, well trayn'd, a fhov
 He makes, whom toyle or want could not affray :
 Tall were the men, and led they could not be
 By one more ftrong, or better skil'd then he.

But thoufands five doth *Stephen* from *Amboife*
 And *Blois* and *Tours* vnto the feruice bring :
 Though fortified bright in armes and weapons choice,
 For ftrength or paine not worth the valewing :
 The foyle is tender, light, fhapte to reioyce,
 And like it felfe his dwellers foftering :
 In battaile firft they giue an onfett bold,
 But foone waxt faint, and in their courage cold.

E

Alcafto

PRIMO.

Alcasto commeth third (as *Thebes* by
Was *Capaneus* once) of vifage grim :
Sixe thoufande *Swizzers* commons, fierce, hardy,
From *Alpine* castles leuide come with him,
Who yron wont to plowes and clots t'apply,
To new shapes now and worthier vses trim.
And with the hand that kept the ragged heard,
Seemes kingdomes to defie, are not afeard.

He saw the loftie Standard fplayd,
With *Peters* Diademe and with his keyes,
These thoufands feu'n doth good *Camillus* lead,
Footmen in armour bright, and huge of peyze,
He glad the heau'ns fo great a charge obeyd,
There to renew his graundfires auncient prayfe,
Or shew at least that to valure *Latine*,
Or nothing lackes, or onely discipline.

But now the squadrons all in musters faire,
Were marching on, and this of all the last,
When *Godfrey* calles the greatest Captaines neare,
And by his words gaue of his meaning taste :
To morrow when the dawning shall appeare,
I will that light and prest the hoast do haste,
So as vnto the sacred Citie we
May come vnlookt, as much as much may be.

Prepare you all both to the iourney than,
And to the fight, and to the victorie :
This hardie speech of so discreet a man
Gaue ech one care, and vaunst his courage hie,
All prest march on, when the first ray began
To sprout, loth them broad day should there deskry,
But *Bollion* prouident wants not his feare,
Though close conceald it in his breast he beare.

For

CANTO

For he by newes, for certaine vnderstood
Th'*Egyptian* king was now vpon his way
To *Gaza* ward, a foretresse strong and good,
Which frontier-wise to *Sirian* kingdoms lay,
Nor could he thinke a man of restlesse mood,
In high exploits, would trifle time away,
But him sharpe foe attends: and sayeth this
To *Henryck* a true messenger of his.

Vnto some Frigate light get thee aboard,
And towards Greekish foyle no sayling flake,
There shall you meet (so haue I written woord,
From one who newes of lyes will neuer make)
A royall youth, none brauer guirt with sword,
That part with vs in warre pretends to take:
He is the Prince of *Danes*, and leades a band
From where the Pole is *Zenith* to the land.

But for the Greekish Emp'rour fraught with guile,
With him perhaps will vse his wonted art,
To turne him backe or bend his course the while,
Farre off from vs vnto some forraine part:
My messenger and counsler true as stile,
Do thou in my behalfe dispose his hart,
To our and his owne good, and bid him speed,
For stay were now his most vnseemely deed.

Come now with him thy selfe, but tarry there
With Greekish king so to procure vs ayde,
Which more then once he hath vs promised faire,
And by our league thus ought not be delayde:
So speakes he, so informes, and giues to beare
Letters, the which with greetings credence prayd.

Henryck for speed, a present congey takes,
And with his thoughts a truce time *Godfrey* makes.
E 3 Th'en-

PRIMO.

Th'enfewing day when of the lightfome east,
The gates are opned to the Sunnes approach,
The Drums and Trumpets gaue the eare no rest,
Exhorting warriours on the way t'encroch :
Thunder in heat is no such welcome gwest,
Which hope of nere showre to the world doth broch.
As all the hardy souldiers pleasing found,
Of warlicke instruments this shrilly found.

Straightway ech one pricked with great desire,
Clothed his lims with his oft-worne spoyles,
Straightway ech one mufters in complet ture,
Straightway ech one to his chieftaine recoyles,
And the well-marshald army ioyned nyre
His ensignes all displays to *Eols* broyles.
And the Emperiall Standard stately-large,
A crosse triumphant ouer all doth charge.

This while the Sunne, which in the heau'nly ground
Still vauntage winnes, and vp ascendeth hie,
On th'armour beates and flasches makes rebound,
And quaking lightnings cleere, which bleare the eye :
The air with sparckles seems enflamed round,
And shines like burning fire that vp doth flie :
And with the neighings fierce accordes the noyse
Of clashing armour and the fields accloyes.

The generall, who from the en'mies snares,
Desires his troupes in safetie may remaine,
Store of light horse from the maine armie pares,
And round to scoure the coast employes their paine,
And Pioners to fend before he cares,
So for his campe an easie march to gaine,
The pits to fil, the cragges away to take,
And passages forclosde wide ope to make.

There

CANTO

There are no Painim forces leauide yet,
No walles enuironed with trenches steepe,
No riuer broad, no combrous hill to get,
No forrest thicke their voyage backe to keepe,
Eu'n so the king of streames on priding set,
When as he growes past meafure high and deepe :
 Beyond his banckes abroad all wrackfull goes,
 And nought is found that dare it felfe oppose.

Onely the King of *Trypoli*, who kept
Within well guarded walles, coyne, men and armes,
Athwart the Frankish army might haue stept,
Yet durst he not by warre to stirre vp harmes :
But he by presents to their fauour crept,
And by his fires at home them gladly warmes.
 And such conditions of a peace doth take
 As vertuous *Godfrey* like with him to make.

There from *Mount Seyr* which vplifted hie,
Neere to the Citie stands on easterne side
Of true beleeuing wights a companie,
Mingled in age and Sexe downe flocking hide,
And Christens presents brought for victorie,
And glad them view, aud with them talking bide,
 Admiring vncouth armes, and to *Godfrey*
 They prou'd true faithfull guides to shew the way.

He euer butting on the salt-sea waue,
By wayes directest doth conduct his hoast,
Well weeting that th' associat shipping haue,
Resolu'd to fayle still hard aboard the coast,
Which course vnto his armie plenty gaue
Of vittaile, and what else was needfull most :
 For him ech Ile of *Greece* their haruest rept,
 And *Crete* and rocky *Sico* vintage kept.

F

The

PRIMO.

The bordering Sea vnder the weight did grone
Of the tall ships and of the lightest pines,
So as safe passage there was open none
In Midland Sea to any *Saracines* :
For mand out not from *Marck* and *George* alone,
In the *Venetian* and the *Gene* confines
Came fleetes : But *England, France, & Holland* some
Do fend, and some from fruitfull *Sicil* come.

And these which now together are combinde
With foundest knot of loue in one consent,
At diuers shores had loden in ech kind
What by the Campe should needfully be spent.
So when the frontire coast they freed finde
From en'mies shipping, which are close vp pent :
With canvas spread at full they thither goe,
Where Christ for mortall man bare mortall woe.

But fame foreran, the ready carrier
Of true reports, and rumours fraught with lyes,
That safe is ioyn'd the army conquerer,
And now sets forth and all delaying flies,
She of ech band, makes a perticular, (rise
She showes their names whose prayfe doth highest
She showes their vaunts, and terrible of face,
Sions vsurpers ceasles doth menace.

And ill lookt for perhaps brings greater ill,
Then selfe ill doth, when it is present, beare,
On ech vncertaine breath of rumour still
Doubtfull hangs eu'ry mind, and eu'ry eare,
Muttring confusde, within, without doth fill
The fields, and dolefull Citie all with feare.
But th'aged King neere perill of such losse,
Counsels sauage in doubtfull hart doth tosse.

Aladine

CANTO

Aladine is his name who of the realme
Newe Soueraigne liued in contiuaall thought :
A man earst cruell, but that mood extreame
His riper age part had to mildnesse wrought :
Hè that conceau'd whereat the *Latines* ayme,
Who of his towne the walles to batter fought,
 To auncient feare adioyneth new suspectes,
 And dreads his foes, as dreadeth his subiectes.

For in one Citie mingled dwellings fall,
Of people contrarie in faith, the lesse
And weaker part on Christ their Sauour call :
The great and stronger *Mahomet* professe.
And when the king first conquer'd *Sion* wall,
And there his feat to stablsh did addresse,
 From common taskes the *Painims* he fet free,
 And double lodes the *Christians* miserie.

The thought of this his natiue fauage mood,
Which couched lay, and languisht cold with yeares,
Angring encigres and it makes new wood,
That thirst of bloud now more then aye appeares :
So gentle seemd a while, the Snakish brood,
That to his fiercenesse turnes as Sommer neares.
 And so the tamed Lion takes againe
 His natiue fury, if he wrong sustaine.

I see, sayes he, of new conceiued ioy,
Vndoubted signes in this vnfaithfull race :
What their sole good that proues our chiefe annoy,
Sole they do laugh in this our common cafe
Of woe, and now perhaps their wits employ
To guile and treason, and discourse apace,
 How me to slay, or to conformed mates,
 Mine enemies, how they may d'ope the gates.

F 3

But

PRIMO.

But soft not so, I will prevent (I trow)
Their wicked purposes, I'll glut my will,
I'll hew them downe, I'll sharpe examples show,
I'll sucklings in their mothers bosoms kill,
I'll fire in ech their house and temples throw,
Such funerals shall their death rights fulfill :
I'll offer on that Sepulchre of theirs,
Their Priests for sacrifice amid their Preyrs.

So did this tyrant reason in his mind,
But thought so ill conceiu'd tooke no successe :
Yet if these innocents a pardon finde,
Base hart, not pittie doth him thereto presse.
For if one feare to crueltie him tinde,
Another greater doubt bridles no lesse.
He dreads all ways of concord to debarre,
And arms of conqu'ring foes t'incense too farre.

This fellow then his mad rage tempereth,
Or rather seekes elsewhere the same to wrake,
The countrey houses downe he ruyneth,
And places well manur'd, a pray doth make
To flames : Nought leaues he whole or sound unneath,
Where any Franck may food or lodging take :
The springs and brooks he soyles, & waters found
With deadly poysons he doth all confound.

He spitefull warie is, ne ought foreslackes
Hierusalem with new force to supply,
On three sides strong before no helpe it lackes,
Onely the North part least assur'd doth lye,
But from his first suspect the same he backes,
On that his weaker flank with rampires hye,
And numbers great of Souldiers cul'd in haste,
Hirelings and subiects by him there are plaste.
The end of this first Song.



THE SECOND SONG
OF THE RECOVERIE
OF HIERUSALEM.



Hile thus the Tyrant doth pro-
uide to arme,

Ifmen one day comes to him all
alone,

Ifmen that from the Tombs can
draw, and warme

Life, breath, and fence giue corps
whence they were gone :

Ifmen that by the found of mumbled charme,
Can *Pluto* in his Court cast feare vpon :

And all his Diuels employ in charges bad,
And bind, and looze, as if them slaues he had.

Mahound he serues, that once did Christ professe,
Yet former rites wholly can not forgo,
But oft to vse of foulest wickednesse,
Confounds both lawes, though wel he neither know :
And now from caues where farre off common presse :
He wents in hidden arts his time bestow :

He comes, in publicke perill of his Lord,
To wicked king a Counsler more abhord.

G

My

S E C O N D O .

My Liege (he sayes) the Campe doth hither speede
His march, that conquering hath so difmayd :
But let vs do what vs to do may fteede,
The skyes, the world, will giue the hardy ayd.
Tis well that Kings, and Captaines store at neede
You haue, and for all wants foreorder layd.

If that all other ply their charges so,
This land for Sepulchre shall serue your foe.

As for my selfe I come my helpe t'impart,
Compagnion both of perill, and of paine,
What counsell best lyes stor'd in aged hart,
What Magicke skill I promise eu'ry graine.
I will constraîne to beare of toyle their part,
Th'angels earst banisht from the heau'nly raine.

But how I meane these my enchantments frame,
And by what meanes, now will I shew the same.

An altar hid in Christian Temple lyes,
Lowe vnder ground and her caru'd picture there,
On whom as Goddesse vulgar fort relies,
And mother that their bury'd God did beare :
Wrapt in a vayle it is, nor euer dyes,
The Lamp that shines before the image cleare.

A long in rankes there hang hit round about,
The offred vowes of credulous deuout.

This Image now from them bereft away,
I will that you transport with your owne hand,
And in your great *Meschita* safe vplay,
Then I by charme will shape so sure a band,
That whiles it there doth dewly guarded stay,
By it ech gate shall fatall fenced stand,

Your Empire so twixt walles impregnable,
This rare new secret shall make durable.

He

CANTO

He sayd, and fwayd : then with impatience
The King vnto the house of God him hyes,
And forst the Priests, and voyde of reuerence,
On that chafst picture, feyz'd in rau'ning wife,
And bare hit to that Church, whereof offence
Of fond and wicked rites prouokes the skyes :
 On faced image in that place profane,
 Th'enchauter whispered his blasphemous bane.

But when new dawning peered in the sky,
The Sexten who this Temple (most vnclene)
Receiꝝ'd in guard, the image cannot spy,
Nor where he fought, nor where it plaft had beene :
Straight he enformes the king, whom egerly
This so vnwelcome newes incenst with teene :
 And tooke conceipt t'was stolne by some of those,
 Who Christ profest, and now conceale it close.

Were it the deede of some beleeuing wight,
Or wear't the heau'n that here his power displayd :
And for his Queene, and Goddesse tooke despight,
In so vile place to see her image layd :
(For fame as yet vncertaine doth endight,
Where this, or mans, or Gods worke may be sayd)
 Godly it is that zeale and godlinesse,
 Of man giue place, and hit heau'ns deede confesse.

The King doth cause with searsh importunest,
Ech house, ech Church, view'd and review'd to bee,
And him that hides, or maketh manifest
The theefe, or theft, proffers great paine, and fee :
Th'enchauter giues to all his arts no rest,
To hunt the truth, but all in vaine hunts hee,
 Frō where from heau'n or earth the practife came,
 Heau'n close it kept, to this Enchaunters shame.

G 3

But

SECONDO.

But when the cruell king saw venefpyde,
That which he deem'd the faithfulls only feat,
Gainst them a fellow hate he tooke, and fryde
In wrath, and age immoderate and great,
Respect he quite forgets, what so betyde,
Vengeance he'l take, and quench his furies heat :
Th'vnknown theefe (sayth he) shall yet be slaine
In common wracke, nor my wrath tane in vaine.

So that the guiltie be not fau'd, let die
The iust and innocent, but which is iust ?
Ech blame deserues, nor mongst them all see I
So much as one, whom we as friend may trust :
If some with this new fault haue none ally,
It serues old faults abuy new penance must,
Vp vp my loyals, vp in hand goe take
Both fire & sword, burn, & huge slaughter make.

So he his folke bespake, when forth ech where,
Straightwayes this fame amongst the faithfull flies,
Who grew astonisht, so doth them the feare
Of death in eye now present quite surpryze,
Nor is there one that dew excuse, or preyre,
Or iust defence, or flight, once dares or tryes.
But these so faint, and vnresolu'd of mind,
Where least they hoped, did their safetie find.

Amongst them was a mayd of maidenhed
To ripenessse growne, of high and noble thought :
Of bewtie rare, but bewtie valewed,
Or nought or sole, for it to vertue brought
Accompt, most priz'd because straight cabyned,
Twixt wals her prices great to hide she fought.
And of her wooers vnbepranct and sole,
Both from the laud, and from the lookes she stole.

But

CANTO

But guard is none that wholly can conceale,
Bewtie of worth likt and admirde to be,
Nor loue consent will giue, but it reueale
Vnto a young mans hote desires doth hee
Loue that now blinde, now *Argos*, now with vaile
Dost blind thine eyes, now open wide dost see,
Thou through a thousand watchers into chaff
Maides lodgings others fight conueyed haft.

Sofronia shee, *Olindo* he hath name,
One Citie both, and one faith both they haue,
For modest he, for faire she carries fame,
Desire much, little hope, nought he doth craue,
Nor can it show, or dares not do the same,
And she or scornes, or feeth not, or gaue
No semblance, so till then par thrall he peakt,
Or not seene, or ill knowne, or smally reakt.

This while runnes out the bruit, how there is prest
A wretched slaughter of this feely flocke :
Shee that is equall noble and honest,
Bethinkes what way to shield them from the shocke
Valiance her great minde moues, shame it arrest,
And maidens modestie doth thwart a blocke.
Valiance orecomes, rather accordes, whiles she
Shamefast her selfe, shame valiant makes to be.

This maide alone through preace of vulgar went,
Bewty she couers not, nor sets to fight,
Shadow'd her eyes, in vayle her bodie pent,
With manner coy, yet coy in noble plight :
I note where car'de, or carelesse ornament,
Where chance, or art her fairest countnance dight.
Friended by heau'ns, by nature, and by loue,
Her meere neglects most artificiall proue.

H

Lookt

SECONDO.

Lookt on by ech the stately Ladie goes,
But lookes on none, and to the King she came,
Nor for he angry feemes, one steppe she flowes,
But his grim fight fearlesse endures the Dame.
I come my Lord, sayeth she, (your wrath forclofe
The while I pray, and your people reclame)
I come to shew, and to you bound to gieue
The wight you seeke, and did you so aggriue.

At t'honest boldnesse, at the vnforethought
Glympes of her bewtie, stately and diuine,
As if confusde, as conquer'd he were cought,
He bridles rage, and sterne looke doth incline :
Had he a mind ; or she a countnance brought
Ought lesse seure, loue had him snar'd in line.
But wayward bewtie, wayward hart to moue
Serues farre vnfit, kindnes is bait of loue.

T'was stonishment, 'twas rarenesse, t'was delite,
If t'were not loue that stir'd his villaine hart :
Declare (says he) the whole, no farder smite
Shall any sword to Christen peoples smart :
Then she here standes the guiltie of thy spite,
This hande (O King) did play this theeuish part,
Th'image I tooke away, and I am she,
That so thou seekst, and punisht ought to be.

Thus to the publicke fate her hautie hed
She offered, and sole on her it tooke :
Most noble lye, when so embellished,
As thee t'exceede, can truth selfe euer looke ?
Suspenst a while and not so sodaine led
To wrath, this Tyrant fierce patience forfooke,
Then he reioyns thereto, I will thou shew,
Who did aduise, and who did helpe bestow.

Of

CANTO

Of this my glorie I would not pertake
One onely myte to any else (ſhe fayd)
My ſelfe I ſole did hereto priuie make,
My ſelfe ſole counſaile gaue, ſole gaue I ayde :
Then on thee ſole (he out replying brake)
Shall all the wrath of my reuenge be layde :
 Tis iuſt (quoth ſhe) to me it ſo pertaynes,
 At honour ſole, ſole will I be in paynes.

Freſh rage in Tyrant then beginnes accrew,
And asketh her : where is the image hid ?
Not hid (quoth ſhe) but I in fire it threw,
To fire the fame moſt prayſefull deeme I did :
For ſo at leaſt, that myſcreants hands a new
Might worke it farder wrong, all feare I rid.
 Seeke you the theefe, or ſeeke you (Sir) the theft,
 Her here you ſee, that aye from fight is reſt.

Albe nor mine is theft, nor theefe am I,
Tis iuſt regayn'd, that wrongfully was got :
The hearing this doth force the Tyrant gry,
With threatfull ſound, and raynes to wrath allot :
Noble viſage, hart ſhamefaſt, ſtomach hye,
Now out may hope of finding pardon blot :
 And loue in vaine againſt ſo cruell wrake,
 Of deintie bewtie ſeekes a ſhield to make.

Arreſted, and condemned is that faire
Dame, by that fellow King, in flames to die,
And now her vayle and mantle chaſte they teare
Away, and with hard wythes armes tender tye :
She ſilent ſtands, and ſtill ſtout hart doth beare,
No whit diſmayd, though ſomewhat moou'd therby,
 And her faire face is taynted with a hew,
 That doth not paleneſſe, but a whitneſſe ſhew.

H 3

Now

SECONDO.

Now this great case is knowne, and thither packt
Huge peace of people, and *Olindo* came :
The person doubtfull is, certaine the fact,
He came as deeming it might be his Dame,
When as the prisoner faire he found in act
Not of accusde, but cast to be the fame.

And Sergeants busie bout hard office spide,
Therewith he headlong shooues the presse aside.

And cries (O King) she is not guiltie, she
Not of this theft, through folly vaunts she it,
She thought it not, she durst it not : who see
Did e're lone woman, and vnskild commit
Such act ? could watch by her beguiled be ?
Had she to steale the sacred image wit ?

If yes, tell how ? my Lord, my self it was,
So loue not louing loued he alas.

He added then, I there where aire, and day,
Your stately builded *Meschite* in doth let,
By night vp clammer'd, and ech vncouth way
Assaying, through that narrow hole did get :
Mine only is this prayse, me onely slay
You ought, nor she vsurpe my penall det,

Mine are these chaines, for me you are too light,
These flames, this pile, is none but mine of right.

Sofronia mildely lifting vp her sight,
With eyes of pittie looketh him vpon,
Whereto comest thou, O wretched guiltles wight ?
What counsaile, or what furie leades thee on ?
Or draws thee foorth ? without thee want I might,
To beare the waight of humaine wrath alone ?

I eke haue hart that thinkes for once to die,
It selfe can ferue and craues no companie.

She

CANTO

She louer so bespake, but not dispofe
Him can, t'vnfay his words, or change his minde :
Oh rare example where contention growes
Twixt noble vertue, and a loue as kinde,
Where winners onely price is life to lofe,
And harme of vanquifht is fafetie to finde,
 But feller waxt the king that ſhe and he,
 Ech to condemne themfelues fo conſtant be.

He thinks himfelfe ſcorned by them to fee,
Who for deſpiting him, deſpife the paynes :
Beleeue we both (he ſayes) both I agree,
Shall winne, but couqueſt ſuch as beſt pertaynes :
To Sergeants then he beckes, that readie bee
The youth to binde with their prepared chaynes.
 Both to one ſtake they tye, and fo them place,
 As backe to backe is turn'd, not face to face.

Then was the pile fram'd vp above them round,
And now the bellowes kinde ginnes the flame,
When as the youth to layes of dolefull ſound
Brake, and bespake his fellow tyed Dame,
Is this the cord I hoped ſhould haue bound
Vs two copemates of life? and is this fame
 The fire I deemed ſhould in ech our hart,
 An equall heat of equall flames impart?

Flames other, other knots loue promifed,
But diffrent much, our hard lot doth prepare,
Farre, ah too farre, it earſt vs fundered,
And bitter now conioynes in dying care,
It likes me yet ſince I am deſtyned,
So ſtrange a death, this ſtake with thee to ſhare :
 That bed I did not, thy fate forrow I,
 And not mine owne, ſince by thy ſide I die.

I

And

S E C O N D O .

And oh most happy death that could betide !
Oh fortunate these sweetest torments mine !
If I obtaine that breast to breast allyde,
My foule breath out into that mouth of thine,
And thee with me, so deaths selfe instant guyde,
As thy last sighes thou into me resigne :

So sayd he playning, she againe replies
Sweetly, and with these words doth him aduise.

Friend other thoughts, and plaints of other kind,
For cause more vrgent this time doth require,
Bethinke you of your sinnes, and call to mind
What God he is, who good giues ample hire,
Suffer for him, so paynes sweet shall you find,
And glad to the supernal feat aspire :

Behold how faire heau'n showes, the sunne behold
You seemes t'inite, and comforts to vnfold.

The Painims left their playning voyce aloft,
And faithfull plaine, but in a lower found,
I wot nere wot vnused earst, and soft,
To kings hard hart, seemes hath a passage found,
Him it foretels, and scornes, nor will be broft
To bend, but turnes his eyes, and left the ground,
Thou sole *Sofronia* dost not pertake
This common dole, nor plaint dost playned make.

In such their plight a Knight comes ryding loe,
(For so they gheffe) of goodly worth and port,
Whom stranger by the armes and tire they tro,
That from farre parts, now thither made resort :
The Tygre which on helme for crest doth show,
Drawes on ech eye, as badge of rare report,
Abridge in battaile by *Clorinda* vsde,
They think it's she, nor is their thought abusde.

Of

CANTO

Of womens fashions and their vsuall guise,
Eu'n from her greenest years she takes disdaine,
Proud doth with *Arachnes* worke despise,
With Spindle, or with needle it selfe to staine :
Gay clothing, and close cabbanes eke she flies,
For goodnes eu'n in fields may safe remaine :
 She armes with pride her looke, and holds a bent,
 Sterne it to make, yet sterne it doth content.

Tender as yet with daintie hand she straines,
And slips the raines vnto some courser braue,
She handles speare, and sword in armes she traines,
Enduring breath, and lims enur'd to haue :
Then through the wildest woods, and on mountaines
Chafe to the Lions fierce, and Beares she gaue,
 She warre ensewes, in which, and in forreasts,
 Men sauage her, man her deeme sauage beafts.

From *Persian* Realmes she hither iourneyed,
That Christens to her power resist she may,
Albe tofore their members scattered
She had in fields, and mixt their bloud with sea,
Now here arriu'd, first fight was offered
Of those, who debt to death were prest to pay,
 Willing to see, and know what fault did force
 Them to such end, she forward spurres her horse.

The preace giues place, she doth some stay pretend,
The tyed paire more neerely to suruay :
She markes t'one silent, t'other sighes out send,
And sexe lesse strong more courage to display :
She sees him wayle, as one that pittie bends,
Not dole, or dole not for himselfe doth sway.
 And silent her, with eyes so fixt on sky,
 As parted hence, she seemes before she dy.

S E C O N D O .

Clorinda moody grew, and grieffe doth take
 For both their fakes, and teares her visage taint,
 Yet more bemones her that no mone doth make,
 The filence moues her more, leffe the complaint :
 Without long stay a man she thus bespake,
 Whose haire old age did with new colour paint,
 Ah tell me what are these, and to this death
 What fate, or fault of theirs them conducteth ?

So him she prayd, and he short answered,
 But full exprest what she to learne was bent :
 She wonders much, and soone imagined,
 That both these wights were equall innocent :
 Straight to forbid their death she purposed,
 So farre as prayre, or force could make extent,
 She nyres the flame, she bids take it away,
 (That fast approacht) and doth to Sergeants say :

Not one amongst you once so hardy bee,
 This office hard, yet harder to pursue,
 Till with the King I speake, and trust you mee,
 This lingring shall none your annoyance brew :
 The Sergeants yeeld, as moued much to see,
 That her so stately port, and royall hew,
 Then to the king she goes, and met him there
 Midway, he going likewise towards her.

I am (quoth she) *Clorinda*, you my name
 Perhaps haue heard, and for defence
 Of our beliefe, and of your raygne I came
 Like prest for ech exploit : do you dispence
 What I shall vndertake, I neither shame
 The base, nor dread of highest daunts my fence,
 Will you in open field, or will you vse
 My seruice clofde in walles ? I none refuse.

She

CANTO

She peac'd: what land so wide, the king replies,
 From *Asia* standes, or from the course of Sunne,
 Where (glorious maide) thy honour great not flies,
 Or where thy fame hath not arriuell wonne?
 Now that thy sword his edge with mine allyes,
 My feare is past, and comfort is begunne,
 Not if an armie great my part should take,
 My hope more fured could that army make.

Now now, me seemes, *Godfrey* beyond his dew
 Protractes the time, and where you please, demaund
 Employd to be, sole fit I deeme for you
 Exploites, where hazard hath most honour pawnd,
 To you the charge of all my martiall crew
 I here assigne: tis law what you commaund:
 So spake the king, the courteous money payes,
 Of thanks for praife, and then thus farder sayes.

A strange case may it seeme to ech ones sense,
 That seruice vnperform'd should guerdon haue:
 Your bounty yet me cheeres, for recompence
 Of seruice ment, those two condemn'd I craue:
 Though if the fault do want sure euidence,
 T'was cruell reason that such iudgement gaue:
 But this I silence, and I silence signes
 Expresse, through which their innocency shines.

I only say ech one holdes vaine to doubt,
 That Christians haue this image stolne away,
 But from you I dissent, ne am without
 Sound reason, whereon this my gheasse I stay:
 Th'enchancer, who this practife went about,
 A pranke vnreu'rend gainst our law did play,
 It not befeemes to make our Church a neast
 For Idols, and for others Idols leaft.

K

To

S E C O N D O .

To *Mahound* rather I impute about
 This straungy miracle, and he it wrought,
 To shew into his temples did behouue,
 No new defilde religion be brought :
 Let *Ismen* his enchauntments vtmost prooue,
 He that in stead of armes with charmes hath fought :
 To handle steele is of vs Knights the scope,
 This is our trade, this is our only hope.

This sayd, she ceast, and though an irefull hart
 To pittie hardly can be drawne, yet would
 The King her gratifie, and reason part
 Perfwades, part sway of her intreatie could
 Him moue : haue they of life, and freedome mart,
 (Quoth he) no nay, finde such an asker should.
 Be it pardon, or be it iustice dew,
 Guiltlesse I quit, guiltie I giue them you.

So were they looz'd of all haps happiest,
 The fate was certes, that *Olinda* prou'd :
 What act could shew that in a noble brest,
 Loue in the end another loue hath mou'd ?
 From stake to wedding goes he, Spowse adrest,
 Of one condemn'd, not fole of louer lou'd :
 He would with her haue dyed, her will doth giue,
 Since with her he dyed not, with him to liue.

But this suspitious King doth parlous iudge,
 So great vnited vertuous neighbour-hed :
 And giues straight charge that both to exile trudge,
 Beyond the bounds that *Iury* lymited :
 Then following his earst resolued grudge,
 Some faithfull he confines, some banished :
 Oh ! how the auncient fyres, furpryz'd with woe,
 Their tender younglings, and sweete beds forgoe ?

A

CANTO

(A feu'rance hard) he driues them sole away,
 That strong of bodie, and are stout of mind,
 But pawnd as hostages, doth force to stay
 The milder Sexe, and weaker yeares behind :
 Many went wandring, some the rebels play,
 Whō more then feare could quench, anger doth tind,
 These ioynd with *Frankes*, and them encountered,
 Selfe-day when they *Emaus* entered.

Emaus is a Citie, which small space
 Doth from royall *Hierusalem* depriue,
 And he that for his pleafure walkes soft pace,
 Parting at morne, may there at nine arriue :
 Oh! how to *Frankes* this newes seemes full of grace,
 Oh! how their longing doth to hasting driue ?
 But for the Sunne was now from South decline,
 The Captaine there to pitch his tents afignde.

And pitcht they were, and *Phebus* fostring light,
 From Ocean were remou'd but little space,
 When two great Barons in strange vesture dight,
 And of a port as strange, approach in place :
 Their fashions framed to a peacefull plight,
 Witneffe of Captaines friends they beare a face :
 Ambaffadours from great Egyptian king,
 They come, and store of Squires, and Pages bring.

Aletes is the one, from worthles rabble
 Mongst basest commons dregs who vp did spring :
 Yet him to kingdoms higheft honours able,
 Did these : a speech, fly, currant, carrying
 Fashions pliant, demeanure variable,
 In faining prompt, skilfull in coufening :
 A biter at the backe by such quaint wayes,
 As when he carpeth most, he seemes to prayse.

S E C O N D O .

The tother is *Circassian Argant* cald,
Who stranger first, did court of *Egypt* haunt,
But now is mongst th'imperiall nobles stald,
And may of martiall chiefe preferments vaunt :
Vntreatable, vnpatient, vnappald,
In armes linelesse, and peerelesse valiaunt :
 Despiser of ech God, alike as one
 That law and right sets in his sword alone.

These crauing audience, straight vnto the fight
Of famous *Godfrey*, by admittance drew,
Whom on low feat, and in meane vesture dight,
Sitting amidst his Coronets they view :
But very valure, though in recklesse plight,
Doth to it selfe sufficing grace accrew.
 Argant a signe but flight of honour sparde,
 As one of great estate, and small reguarde.

But right hand layd *Aletes* on his brest,
And bow'd his head, and cast to ground his eyes,
And honour'd him in eu'ry fort at best,
As of his nation can import the guise :
Then he began, and from his mouth sweetest
Riuers of eloquence flow hony-wife.
 And for the *Frankes*, now *Sirian* speech had learnd,
 That which he sayd, was perfectly discernd.

O worthy sole, whom deigne may to obey
This famous troop of ech Heroicke Knight,
Who conquests past, & Realmes that now they fway,
Knowledge as your, and your aduices right,
Within *Alcides* boundes your name to stay
Brookes not, but eu'n mongst vs takes farder flight,
 And fame hath through ech part of *Egypt* spred
 The tidings cleare of your great manlihed.

Nor

CANTO

Nor of so many any one not lent,
(As men to maruailes vse) hath listning eare,
But them, my king, not with astonishment
Alone, but with like great delight doth heare,
And glad in their report oft time hath spent,
Louing in you, what they enuy and feare.

He loues your valure, and doth free elect
With you to ioyne in loue, if not in sect.

So faire occasion him doth onward guide,
With you of friendship and of peace to treat,
And that ech sure may rest to other tyde,
If faith cannot, let vertue worke it yeat :
But for he learnes, you force of armes prouide,
His friende to chafe from out his royall feat.

He chose ere any farder harm might growe,
We should you make his mind at full to knowe.

His mind is this, if pleasde you will remaine,
With what the warre already yours hath made,
Nor *Iury* seeke, nor th'other parts t'obtaine,
Which he with fauour of his raigne doth shade :
He promise plights you to assure againe,
Your yet not fettled rule, if double blade

Of yours be ioynde, the hope is out of date,
For *Turkes* or *Persians* to regaine estate.

My Lord, great things in smal space haue you wrought
Which in obliuion long age cannot cast,
Armies, Cities vanquisht, destroyd to nought,
Wayes earst vntrode, distresses ouerpast :

So by your fame to fright, and stoyning brought
Are Realmes about, both farre and neerely plast.

And though more kingdomes rest as yet to gaine,
To gaine more glory you aspire in vaine.

L

Your

S E C O N D O .

Your glory higheft top hath wonne, tis dew
Henceforth you fly of warre the doubtful chaunce,
By winning you can onely ftate accrew,
But no way more your glory ought aduance,
Where all is loft that earft you did fubdew,
And honour too, if Fortune looke askaunce :
 Tis game of Fortune, fond and bold away,
 Gainft fmall vncertaine, certaine much to play.

But fomes aduice, whom it perhaps imports,
That others farder conquets theirs affure,
And end to ech attempt that lucky forts,
And that inflinēt which feruent doth enure,
High flaming harts to more and more efforts,
Whereby thral'd people may their yoke endure :
 Will (peradventure) make you fly as farre
 From hauing peace, as others do the warre.

They will exhort you to enfew the way,
That is by fate fo largely opened,
And not afide this famous fword to lay,
Whofe edge hath conquett ftill afcertained,
Till *Mahounds* feēt be brought to full decay,
Till *Asia* be quite abandoned :
 Sweete things to heare, entrappings very sweet,
 Which yet not feel'd extreameft dammage meet.

But if that courage blindfold not your fight,
Nor in you darken reaſons cleareft ray,
You ſhall perceiue in making choice to fight,
Well feare of much, but little hope you may :
For Fortune here below oft changeth plight,
While haps now good, now bad do ioy or fray.
 And thoſe who ouer high and haſty flye,
 To ſteepeft downefals come the ſooner nye.

Tell

CANTO

Tell me if to thy dammage *Egypt* rise,
 In gold, in armes, in counsell great of might,
 If *Persian*, *Turke*, *Cassans* sonne likewise
 Conspirde in one, hap to renew the fight,
 What force gainst such a fury can suffize?
 What place giue scape to such a parlous plight?
 May be you on the Greekes lewd king affie,
 Whom sacred league of cou'nants doth allie.

Who knoweth not in Greeks what faith there raines?
 Yet by one treason ghesse the residew,
 Nay by a thousand, for with thousand traines
 Brewd hath your bane, that myser faithlesse crew,
 Then who to stop your passage earst tooke paines,
 Prepares he now his life to spend for you?
 Who bare high wayes common to all that liue,
 Denide, will he his proper bloud you giue?

May be you placed haue your hope alone
 In bandes, of which this circuit maketh showe,
 And whom disperst you vanquisht, knit in one,
 Now eke affoone to ouercome you trowe,
 Though of your troopes that store is scald and gone
 Through wars and want, your selfe do see and knowe.
 And though new foes against you still encrease,
Egyptians, *Persians*, *Turkes*, a hugy prease.

But as thing fatall grant we this pretence,
 That neuer weapon shall your force subdew,
 Graunt that the heau'ns thereof giue euidence,
 And as your selfe expound, so be it trew,
 Yet famine shall you vanquish: what defence?
 What refuge gainst this iil (for God) haue you?
 Against this set your lance in rest, go trie
 Your sword, and faine your selfe the victorie.

L 3

The

S E C O N D O .

The fields about burnt and destroy'd to nought,
Hath the inhabitants fore-seeing hand,
And to closde walles, and to high turrets rought,
And stowd their fruites ere you approacht the land,
Now you that (hardy) haue them hither brought,
Whence hope you feede, ech foot and horfed band ?
 Yoo'll fay our Nauy shall vs vittailles fend,
 And doth your liuing then on windes depend ?

And doth your fortune then commaund the windes ?
And bind and looze them, as you best may please ?
The Sea whom ech at plaints, and prayers findes,
Still deafe, sole heres it you ? sole you obeyes ?
Or when a league the *Turke*, or *Persian* bindes
With warlicke force of ours, then cannot these
 Assembly make of such a mightie fleete,
 As is t'oppose against your Nauie meete ?

My Lord, a double victorie you neede,
If you expect the honour of this warre,
Whereas one onely losse will doubtles breede
Great shame to you, but dammage greater farre,
For if then yours, our Nauie better speede,
Foordwith in Campe you hunger-starued are :
 And if your losse light on the land, in vaine
 Your shipping shall a fruitlesse conquest gaine.

Now if in this estate you yet refuse
A peace and truce with great *Egyptian* King,
(Pardon and truth) to other your vertues
This your counsaile is no way answering :
But heau'ns vouchsafe that newer thoughts you chuse
If old liktwarre, and diuers end they bring,
 That *Asias* waylments so take breath at last,
 And of your conquests you the fruit may tast.

Nor

CANTO

Nor you, who of the perill and the paines,
 And of the glory are with him comfort,
 Be not so farre mis-led by fortunes traines,
 That to new warres she powerfull you exhort :
 But like the Pilot, who from sea, where raignes
 Mis-hap, hath brought his ship to wished port :
 So strike you now the sayles you hoysed hie,
 And do no more in ruthlesse flouds affie.

Aletes peac'd, his speech doth straight ensue,
 A murmur soft of that Heroicke race,
 And well their actions disdainefull shew,
 How much against their bent his tale did trace :
 The generall about him castes his view,
 And his lookes thrice or fouretimes in the face,
 And then his eye on tothers countnance stayd,
 Who answerd did attend, and thus he sayd.

Your Kings message sweetly you haue exprest,
 Part with a milde, and part with threatfull grace,
 If I in loue, or deedes in price doe rest
 With him, t'is kinde, and I his loue embrace :
 But where (Ambassadour) you do protest
 Vnited warre of Painims in this case,
 I answerd will, as still mine vse affordes,
 Franke senses in as single meaning wordes.

Know that till now, thus much we suffered
 At sea, on land, by day, and in the night,
 Only a way to haue recouered,
 To sacred walles of most respected fight,
 That merit might with God be faouered,
 Of freeing them from such hard thralled plight :
 Nor can he grieuous seeme for so good end,
 This worldly honour, life, and raigne to spend.

M

For

SECONDO.

For no ambitious bent or couetife
To this exployt edgde on, or vs adrest :
Purge from our breasts, O father of the skies,
So dismall plague if it in any nest,
Ne suffer it may spread infecting wise
Sweete venom, which bids death, as pleasures ghueft,
But let his hand that hardest harts gently
Doth pierce, them both vnstone and mollifie.

This hand vs rayfd, this hath vs forward led,
From perils vs, from vs remouing staves,
This playnes the hils, and dries ech riuers bed,
The Summers heat and Winters cold allayes,
Calmes flouds of Sea, with tempests billowed,
This fast and loose with windes in Lybume playes :
From it are highest walls pierft and reuerft,
From it the armed rankes slaine and disperft.

Courage from it, from it our hope doth breed,
Not from our forces, frayle and tyred out,
Not from our Nauie, nor from those, whom feed
Doth *Greece*, nor from the armes of Frankish rout :
Let that not faile, nor vs forsake at neede,
All other wants we lesse then nothing doubt :
Who knowes how this defends, and how it strikes,
Like this no succour for his perill likes.

But if through secreet iudgement he denie,
Or for our sinnes the aide from him we craue,
Who ist of vs will there a buriall flie ?
Where earft our God his bodie layd in graue ?
Die will we, nor the liuing ought enuie,
Die will we, nor our death vnuenged haue,
Nor *Asia* shall at our mischance reioice,
Nor ours our death, mone with one wailing voice.
Thinke

CANTO

Thinke not that we flie farre from peacefull ease,
 As mortall warre-men fled and feared see :
 Much would the friendship of your king vs please,
 Nor with him to ally ought grieuous bee,
 But where or no, *Iury* his rule obeyes,
 You know, why then thereof such care hath hee ?
 Strange Realmes to winne let him vs not gaine say,
 And his safe, glad, in peace long mote he sway.

So answer'd he, and this his answer knowne,
 Pearst *Argants* hart with pricking furious,
 Nor it conceald he, but with lips vp blowne,
 Forth to the Captaine steps, replying thus :
 Who list not peace, warre take he as his owne,
 For store of brawles was neuer penurous :
 And well you shew that farre from peace you flie,
 Since our first speech you cannot pacifie.

Then by the edge he doth his mantle take,
 He bowes it, plaites it, reacheth towards him
 The plait, and to these farder speeches brake,
 More than tofore, of visage spitefull grim :
 O thou that scorne of hardest brunts doth make !
 I peace and warre bring in this plaited brim,
 Thine be the choice, thy self well counsell now,
 And staileffe take, which thou dost best allow.

At this fierce act, and speech they all betooke
 Themselues to call for warre, conioyn'd in cry,
 Nor stay could for their noble Chiefetaine brooke,
 That *Godfrey* in his owne words might reply :
 He fell vnfoldes the plait, and mantle shooke,
 And sayd, to mortall warre I you desye :
 He sayd it in so fierce and fellon fort,
 That seem'd he op'ned *Ianus* Temple port.

M 3

Seem'd

S E C O N D O .

Seem'd he the plait op'ning, thence haled came
Befotted rage, and discord cruellest,
And in his skowling eyes bigge torches flame,
Of hags *Alecto* and *Megea* reft,
That Giant earst, who rayfd that loftie frame
Of errour gainst the heauens, may such be ghest :
 And in such semblant him saw *Babel* great
 Vaunce vp his forehead, and the starres to threat.

Godfrey adioynes, now to your King resort,
And bid him come, and bid him hast a pace,
For we except your threatned warres effort,
And if he come not, looke he in short space
For vs at *Nyle*, in milde and gratefull fort,
Them licence giue, and with choice guifts them grace
 He doth, *Aletes* hath a helme of price,
 Which mongst the bootie he had wonne at *Nice*.

A sword he *Argant* giues of gold and stone,
The hilts and pommell wrought so curiously
By workmans skill, that valew there is none
In that rich substance, if with forme it try :
When his long busie fight had skand vpon
The temper, richnesse, tryimming thoroughly,
 Argant to *Bolleyn* sayd, foone shall you newes
 Heare, how your guift I haue the skill to vse.

Then leaue receiu'd he to his fellowe spake,
Now will we ech of vs a diuers way,
I to *Hierusalem*, you t' *Egypt* take,
You with new Sunne, I with the nightly ray,
My letter or my prefence nothing make,
Ought needfull whither you are faring may :
 Beare you the answer backe, hence I depart
 Will not where is of arms proclaymd a mart.

Thus

CANTO

Thus of a messenger he growes a foe,
Be it timelesse, or a ripened haft,
Where law of Nations he offend or no,
Or old vse breake, no doubts he list to cast,
Answere not reakt : friended by silence so
O twinkling starres, of those high walles he past,
Brooking no stoppe, the t'other eke that stayd,
What ere might linger, makes as ill apayd.

Now was it night, when in deepe rest enrold
Are waues & windes, and mute the world doth show,
Weari'd the beafts, and those that bottome hold,
Of billow'd Sea, and of moyft streames that flow,
And who are lodgde in caue, or pend in fold,
And painted flyers in obliuion low,
Vnder their secreet horrors silenced,
Stilled their cares, and their harts suppelld.

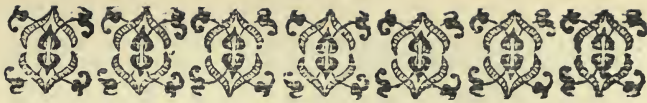
But neyther faithfuls Campe, nor Francks Chieftaine
Betake themselues to sleepe, nor t'ease apply,
So much they long to see once shine againe
Th'expected gladfome dawning in the sky :
That it may show the way, and guide the traine
To towne, where doth of their great passage lye
The bound, now and now prying if there peere
One ray, or darke of night beginne to cleere.

The end of the second Song.



The

N



THE THIRD SONG.



Awnyng th'Embassadrefse was
ris'ne from bed,
Tydings to beare, how now grey
morne annies,
The whiles she trimmes her felse
and golden hed
Beslowres with Rofes culd in Pa-
radize,

When from the Campe to armes which buskelled,
Doth voice of murmur shrill and loftie rise,
And Trumpets blast preuents, Trūpets now found
Then earft, more cheerfull & more cleare of found.

Th'aduifed Chieftaine with a gentle bit
Guideth, and seconds their fo bent desire
To turne the courfe more easie seemeth hit,
Of winding waue that rous *Caribdis* nire,
Or *Boreas* when at Sea he ships doth flit,
Or scoures *Mount Penine* backe to make retire.

He rancks them, leades them, & alone them fwayes
Swiftly, but swiftnes such as order staves.

Winges to ech heart, winges to ech heele are tide,
Nor his so speedie march the Souldier knowes,
But when the Sunne with glowing beames had fride
The chapped fields, and now to height arose :
Behold *Hierusalem* t'appare is spide,
Behold *Hierusalem* ech finger showes,

Behold in one a thousand voices meete,
And all *Hierusalem* are heard to greete.

So

CANTO

So hardy ging of Marriners forth blowne,
In venture to deskry some fraungy shore,
Who in wild Seas, and vnder Pole vnknowne,
Proue waues deceitfull, and windes faithles more :
If eye at last the coast desirde can owne,
With glad showt gre'th it, their approach tofore,
 And t'one to t'other shoves it, and forgets
 Old noyse, the while and all orepassed lets.

To pleasure great which fight thus first affixt,
Did breath most sweetly into eu'ry brest,
Succedes a deepe contrition, that doth mixt
With fearfull, reuerend affection rest,
Scarce dare they looke vp now and then betwixt,
To towne which Christ as his choice bowre possest.
 Where he deceast, where he was buried,
 Where he with limmes himselfe new paralleled.

Lowe accents, silent words, broken fobbings,
And fearefull fighings of this warlike rout,
Mingling at once both ioyes and sorrowings,
A murmur make whirle in the aire about,
As in thicke Forrests heard are soft whistlings, (out :
When through the bowes the wind breathes calmly
 Or as amongst the rockes, or neere the shore,
 The driuen waue doth hisse and hoarsely rore.

Bare footed ech, him to the way addrest,
For Dukes example mooues the residew :
Trimming of filke or gold, proud plume, or crest,
Not one there is, who not from head withdrew :
All do their hearts of stately thoughts deuest,
And cheekes with skalding teares deuout embrew :
 Yet as to plaint foreclosed were the way,
 Ech gainst himselfe doth this accusall lay.

N 3

Then

TERZO.

Then where thou with a thousand streames, O Lord,
Bloody didst leaue the earth besprinkelled,
Of bitter plaints at so grieuous record,
Leaft wise two quicke-springs now can I not shed,
O frozen hart! these eyes thou hast not gord,
And into drops of teares thy selfe melted! (thou?)
Hard heart of mine why splintst? why breakst not
Wayle motst thou aye, if thou waile nothing now.

This while one in the Citie, who descries
Both hils and plaines, an high Towre guarding there
Markes from below, a dust vpward to rise,
So as it seemes great cloud to print in aere,
It seemes that cloud lightens and burns in guife,
As flames and flashe it did childing beare:
Then he the shining of the mettall cleare
Discernes, and tryes both men and horse appeare.

And loud he cryes, O what a dust I vew,
Spread in the aire! Oh how it seemeth bright!
Arme, arme to your defence you Citie crew,
Ech speede to armes, and to the walles you dight,
The en'my comes, and then he cryes anew,
Ech one make haste, ech furnisht be to fight:
The en'my (see) is come, the dust behold,
Vnder-yon horrid cloud the sky to fold.

Then feely children, and vnarmed old,
And womens rout of feare ypaled hew,
To strike or fend, who can no weapons hold,
Sad and suppliant to ech *Meschite* drew:
The rest more firme of lims and stomacke bold,
Tofore on backe hasty their armour threw:
Some runne to gates, and some vnto the wall,
King goes about, and fees and carkes for all.

He

CANTO

He order giues, and then retires them fro,
 Where twixt two gates a Turret doth arise :
 So neere he is at neede, and thence more low,
 The playnes and mountaines round about he skries,
 With him he would there should *Erminia* go :
Erminia faire, whom he in courteous wife
 Receiu'd to Court, when Christian squadrons gaine
 Did *Antioch*, and King her Sire was flaine.

This while *Clorinda* gainst the Frankes is hide,
 Store with her goes, and she before them all,
 But at a posterne gate on t'other side,
Argant for reskons stands at readie call :
 The noble Dame her followers affide,
 With words and with a looke that scornd to pall :
 By some braue onfet, vs behooues (quoth she)
 This day the hope of *Asia* founded be.

While she her men bespake, not farre she spyes,
 A band of Frankes their rusticke prayes driuing,
 Who coast for bootie skourde (as is the guyse)
 Were now to Campe with flocks and heards turning.
 She towards them, and towards her there hyes
 Their Captaine, who her saw to him comming :
Gard is the Captaine nam'd, a mightie man,
 But might not such as her resist he can.

This fierce encounter *Gardo* ouerthrowes
 In sight of Frankes, and Painims on the plaine,
 Who all one outcry made, so lucky showes
 This token of the warre, yet proued vaine,
 Then with the rest in spurring gins she close,
 Her hand the price from thousand hands doth gaine,
 Her men her follow, by the way she made
 Plaine with her shockes, and open with her blade.

O

Soone

TERZO.

Soone from the prayer she doth pray retake,
 The troope of *Frankes* now step by step retire,
 Till on the top of hill a stand they make,
 Where place to armes, new forces gan acquire :
 Then as a tempest doth resoluing crake,
 And from the clouds downe falles the airy fire :
 Good *Tancred* so at *Godfreys* bidding prest,
 His Squadron moues, and maine yard doth arrest.

So strong great lance he beares, and in such guyse
 This youth comes on, both fierce and faire in fight :
 That King who from aloft his port descryes,
 Him deemes amongst the best a chosen Knight,
 And sayes to her, who in next feat him nyes,
 And now her hart feeles in a panting plight :
 Through so long vse you may to me declare
 Ech Christen, though in armes they closed are.

What then is he that doth so seemely frame
 Himselfe to iust, and so fierce semblance beare :
 Vnto the Ladie for an answere came,
 On lips a sigh, and in her eyes a teare,
 But breath and weeping backe she doth reclame,
 Though so as yet they make some muster theare,
 For her swolne eyes, a purple circle faire,
 Tainted, and hoarse halfe fight brake forth to aire.

Then sithen she contriues, and seekes to hide
 Another longinge vnder cloke of hate,
 Alas I know him well, cause doth betide,
 Why mongst a thousand I should know his state :
 For oft the fields, and oft deep dikes I skride,
 Him fill with bloud of vassals mine of late :
 Ah how in striking fell he is? to wound
 He giues in herbes, or spels no helpe is found.

The

CANTO

The Prince *Tancred* it is, ah once that hee
 My prifner were, but yet aliue, not fleine
 I would him haue, that fierce defire in mee
 Of sweete reuenge might fo some comfort geine :
 This fayd ſhe, and her words by hearers bee
 Wrong turned from right fence, as ſhe did meane.
 And this laſt ſpeech a mingled figh out brought,
 Which to ſuppreſſe, but all in vaine ſhe fought.

*Tancred*s affault this while *Clorinda* plyes
 T'encounter, and in reſt her Launce beſtowes :
 Ech t'others beauer hits, the ſplints to ſkyes
 Vp ſtart, and ſhe in part diſarmed ſhowes :
 For buckles broke, foorthwith the Helmet flies
 From off her head, (a blow whence wonder growes)
 And golden lockes vnto the wind diſplayd,
 She midſt the field appeares a youthly mayd.

Her eyes do flaſh, her lookes do lighten bright,
 Sweete eu'n in wrath, in laughter then what grace
 They hold? *Tancred* whereon thinkſt thou? thy fight
 Where bendſt thou? knowſt thou not this noble face?
 This is that viſage faire whence thou in light
 Flames burnſt, thy hart (her pictures ſhrine) the caſe
 Can ſhow, this fame is ſhe whom quenching thirſt
 At ſolitarie ſpring thou ſaweſt firſt.

He that of painted ſhield, and of her creſt
 Tooke earſt no keepe, now ſeeing her doth grow
 A ſtone, ſhe bared head couers, as beſt
 She may, and him aſſayles, he gets her fro,
 And fell blade whirling makes againſt the reſt,
 Yet at her hand peace cannot purchaſe ſo :
 But threatfull him purſewes, and turn ſhe cries,
 And to deathes twaine at once ſhe him deſies.

O 3

Stroken

TERZO.

Stroken this Knight, no strokes againe replies,
Nor so from sword himselfe to guard attends,
As to regard her cheekes and fairest eyes,
From whence his bow, loue vneschewed bends,
T'himselfe he sayes, ech blow vnharmefull dyes,
Which force of her right hand (though armed) lends,
 But neuer blow from her faire naked face
 Falles vaine, but in my heart findes lighting place.

Last he resolues, though pittie hope he none,
As louer hid, not silent to decease,
That she her prisner strikes, to her make knowne
He will, trembling, vnarm'd, sewing for peace,
And sayes, O thou, that for thy foe alone
Seem'ft me to take among so great a preace :
 Let vs forfake this thrust, so may aside
 My force with thine, thy force with mine be tride.

So better shall be seene if my prowesse
Thine counteruaile : she th'offer not gain-faid,
And as she were of wanted helme recklesse,
Forth bold she goes, on followes he dismaid :
Now to the combat had this wariouresse
Plighted her selfe, and on some blowes now laid,
 When he sayes stay, and of the fight lets make
 The cou'nants, ere we vs to fight betake.

She stops and him of fearfull earft, hardy
Now makes, a loue conuerted to dispaire :
The cou'nants are (quoth he) since so you fly,
All peace with me that out my hart you teare,
My heart, no longer mine which glad will dy,
If of his farder life dislike you beare :
 Long time it hath beene yours, now time is fit
 The same you reauce, forbid I may not it.

Behold

CANTO

Behold mine armes downe held you I present,
 Fencelesse my brest, why stay you it to cleaue?
 Will you dispatch the worke? now, now content
 Of curets go, if corps that bare I leaue,
 You bid *Tancred* with threedes of more lament,
 His woe (poor wretch) perhaps preparte to weaue:
 But presse vntimely that still fast arriu'd,
 Some his, some Painims farder time depriu'd.

The Palestines by Christens chaced, gan
 Giue ground, were it for guile, or were it feare,
 When of the chacers an vnmanly man
 Wau'd by the wind, skrying her sparckled heare,
 Lifts vp his hand as at her backe he ran,
 And where she naked shew'd, stroke at her there:
 But *Tancred* cryed out thereof aware,
 And with his sword that great blow off he bare.

Yet all in vaine not lights, but on the bound
 Her hitt, twixt whitest necke and fairest hed,
 And her beguiled lockes this flightest wound,
 With some few drops, such wife betainted red,
 As gold growes ruddie, which (some ruybes ground
 By skilfull workemen fet) doth sparkles shed:
 But furious grew this Prince, and onward made
 Against this villaine, and drew out his blade.

T'other avoides, and wrath enkindled hee
 Pursues, they go through aire as arrow-fares:
 Suspenst, she stayes a while and both doth see,
 Now parted farre, nor them to follow cares:
 But backe retires with those of hers that flee,
 And now shoves face, nor Frankes t'affaile she spares,
 Now turnes she, now returns, now fight, now flight
 She makes, nor chac'd, nor chacer term'd aright.

P

Right

TERZO.

Right so fierce Bull sometimes in market place,
 If hornes to dogges he turne, from whence he fled,
 They there retire, and if to flight he pace,
 Ech makes returne to chace emboldened :
 At backe *Clorinda* (whiles she flight doth trace)
 High holds her shield, and guards thereby her hed :
 Defenced in *Monseo* pastimes so,
 From balles against them throwne, the flyers go.

Which they purfew, and those purfewed fly
 To the high walles, they now approaching drew,
 When on the sodaine with a ghastly cry
 Vnprayde, backe on them comes the Painim crew :
 First wheeling farre aloofe, then turning ny,
 At backe and sides return'd they fight renew :
 Meane space *Argante* downe the mountaine led,
 His band t'affault them also on the hed.

The fierce *Circassian* from the troupe out went,
 That his blow first the enemy might gall :
 And whom he strooke he topsie-turuie hent
 To ground, in plumpe both man and horse withall :
 And ere his lance was into shivers rent,
 Many claim'd fellowship in th'others fall : (come,
 Then draws his sword, and where it home doth
 Still killes or felles, or least-wife woundeth some.

Clorind his countermate of life reaued
Ardelio strong, who farre in yeares did creepe,
 But of old age, as yet vnmastered,
 And fenst by two bigge sonnes, who safe him keepe
 Could not, for him his fathers care fundred
 Th'eldest *Alcandro* was, by wound full deepe,
 And *Poliferno* who neere him abid,
 Could scarce and scarce himfelfe from perill rid.

But

CANTO

But *Tancred* when he could not ouer-get
That villaine, who his horſe had ſwifter pac'd,
Lookt backe and ſaw his hardy men had fet
Too farre a courſe, while ſole headlong they chac'd :
He ſaw them hemd, he ſpurres to courſer fet,
Turning the raynes, and thither ſpeedes in haſte :
Nor he alone brought ſuccour to his band,
But eke that troupe which made for neede a ſtand.

That troupe aduenturer which *Dudon* led,
Heroicke flowre, the Campes ſinewes and might,
Regnold thapt faireſt, nobleſt couraged,
Fore-runnes them all, lightning takes flower flight,
Erminia ſoone his port, ſoone th'azured
Shield had deſkryde with ſiluer Eagle dight :
And ſayes to King that on him fixt his eye,
Ther's he that beares on braueſt maſtery.

For trenchant blade he hath of equall prize,
Or few or none, yet but a child in age,
If but ſuch fixe were mongſt our enemies,
Ere now had *Syria* ſtoupt to ſeruiceage,
Ere now had neighbour-realmes, where Sun doth riſe,
And Realmes that Southmoſt lye, endur'd bondage :
And *Nile* perhaps in vaine, from yoke ſhould hide
His head farre diſtant, nor as yet deſkride.

Regnold he's called, and his wrathfull hand
More then all engines forced the walles do feare,
Now turne your eyes where I am pointing, and
Mark him whoſe armes greene with gold mixed beare,
That's *Dudon*, and by him is led this band,
This band which hath to name th'Aduenturer :
A warrior who well borne and well expert,
Exceedes in yeeres, nor wanteth in deſert.

P 3

That

TERZO.

That great one seene with blacke becouered so,
Germand he hight, brother to *Norway* King,
 A prouder man the whole earth cannot shoe,
 This sole the price of his acts shadowing,
 Those two, who thus in one conioyned goe,
 And parrell white, white haue their furnishing,
Gildip and *Edward* loues, and spoufes are
 In loyaltie, and martiall prowesse rare.

So spake she, and they saw downe on the plaine,
 How slaughter still encreaseth more and more,
 For *Tancred* and *Reynold* brake through the traine,
 That thicke of men and armes enringde tofore,
 And then the band which *Dudon* led, amaine
 Comes in, and on them likewise chargeth fore,
Argant, *Argant* himfelse at shocke such wise,
Reynold orethrew that scant he could arise.

Nor had he ris'ne perhaps, saue that the horse
 Of *Bertolds* sonne, that instant tooke a fall,
 And hauing vnder-caught his foot, did force
 For plucking it thereout some stay withall:
 The Painim troope this while seekes to endorce,
 Defeated, flying, chac'd the Citie wall:
 Sole *Argant* and *Clorinda* bancke and barre,
 Gainst fury that at backe orefloweth, are.

Last rancke they guard, & brunt at heeles some space,
 Vpon them makes a stay, and is represt,
 So as those folke with lesse endaunger'd case
 Might fly, who first to flight themselues address:
Dudon fierie through victorie giues chase
 To flyers, and the fierce *Tygran* opprest,
 With shocke of horses & then with drawne blade,
 His bodie headlesse kisse the ground he made.

Nor

CANTO

Nor *Algazzar* good of tough Corflet tooke,
 Nor mightie *Corban* of his strong Helmet,
 For in the nape and backe them he so strooke,
 That wound the face and brest did passage get :
 And by his hand eke their sweet lodge forsooke
 The foules of *Amurate* and *Mehemet*,
 And of fell *Almansor*, nor great *Circasse*,
 One step by him can vnannoyed passe.

Argant frets to himfelfe, and eft he makes
 A stand, and turnes, and then retires againe,
 At last so suddaine turnd, to him he rakes,
 And rought his fide with a reuerfe so maine,
 That deepe the blade it bathes therein, and takes
 Life by that blow from Frankish Capitaine :
 He falles, and eyes that scarce could open looke,
 An yron sleepe, and hardest quiet tooke.

Thrice he them opens, and the heau'ns sweete rayes
 Sought to enioy, and on his arme arose,
 And thrice he fell, and on his eyne ouer-layes
 A darksome vayle : in th'end wearid they clofe,
 His limmes diffolue, dead, cold, a sweat displayes,
 And sensibly a fencelesse stifnes growes,
 Vpon the corps (now dead) no longer stay
 Fierce *Argant* brookes, but hies forth on his way.

Yet for all that though going keepe no stay,
 He turned to Frankes, and (O ye Knights) he cride,
 This bloudie sword is that, with which the day
 Last past your Lord in guift me gratitude :
 Tell him how now thereof I tooke assay,
 For glad he would this newes be certifide :
 And deere must take it that his Present faire
 Is knowne by prooffe, so great a worth to beare.

Q

Tell

TERZO.

Tell him henceforth account he looking make,
In his owne guts the fame more sure to proue,
And if t'affaile no ouer speede he take,
I'le come vnlookt, be he the ground aboute :
The Christians angred at so fell a crake,
From all sides with all hands against him moue,
But mongst the rest he was too safety ronne,
And for his guard had wall befriending wonne.

The guarders busie, straight themselues addresse,
To haile downe stones aloft from garrets so,
And with such fast supply the numberlesse
Quiuers with arrowes stuffed eu'ry bow,
That to retrait forst is of Frankes the presse,
And *Saracins* into the Citie go.

But *Reynold* now from groueling horses side,
His foot out hauing pluckt, was thither hide.

He came on the *Barbarian* homicide,
A sharpe reuenge for *Dudons* death to take,
And being come to his, aloud he cride,
What looke ye for? what lingering ist you make?
Since slaughtered lies the Knight that was our guide,
Why running haste we not his death to wrake?

In so great cause of iust displeasure can
A brittle wall thwart vs a stoppage than?

No not if double ire or Adamant,
This walling high not to be pierced were,
From higher prowesse yours, that fierce *Argant*
With begged safetie should him nestle there :
Goe we vnto th'affault, and selfe instant,
Before the rest (so said) first doth he steare,
For his vndaunted courage ought affright,
Nor arrowes showre, nor storme all stony might.

He

CANTO

He tossing his stout head lifts vp his face,
 Full of so terrible an hardiment,
 That to the hearts of those, who guard the place,
 An ycy cold of feare vnwonted went :
 Whiles some he cheeres, and some he doth menace,
 In commeth one, who flakes his eger bent :
 For *Godfrey* to them sent the good *Sigiere*,
 Of his graue charges messenger feure.

Who in his name their ouer-hardineffe
 Vncries, and straight to turne doth straight impose,
 Returne he faves, for to your wrathfulnesse
 Nor place serues fit, nor season tidie growes,
Godfrey commaunds it you this word expresse,
Regnold now raines, who earst was spurre to those :
 Though inward much he frets, and out reueald
 More signes then one of anger ill conceald.

Backe turne the bandes, nor their returne at all
 Was by the counterwayting foe distrest,
 Nor *Dudons* corps of his last funerall,
 In any portion did defrauded rest :
 Vpon their kindest armes his friends loyall
 Him beare, a burden deere and nobellest,
 Bulleyn the while viewes from an higher part
 Of that strong Citie both the site and art.

Hierusalem vpon two hils is set,
 Of height vneuen, and turnde front to frount,
 His middle part a lowly vale doth fret,
 Which it deuides and t'one from t'other mount,
 Three sides are coasted with a combrous let,
 Fourth easie way, nor to ascend they count :
 But with high rayfed walles it selfe defends,
 The playner part which gainst the North extends.

TERZO.

Within the Citie fundry Cesterns are,
Raine to receiue, and brookes and liuing springs :
Without the earth about of grasse is bare,
Fountaines or lakes (barraine) none forth it brings :
Nor is it feene gladfome, or proud to fare
With trees, nor yeelds gainst Suns rayes shadowings :
 Saue where some fixe miles off a wood vpgrowes
 With noysome bugbears, that dark ghastly showes.

That side where rising first appears the day
The noble waue of happy *Jordan* flankes,
And on the westerne part of *Midland* Sea,
It butts vpon the sandy strowed bankes,
The North *Betel* (to golden calfe, where they
An alter rayfd) and eke *Samaria* rankes :
 Bethlem is plaft where South brings showry cloud,
 Whose hap was carft in lap great birth to shrowd.

While *Godfrey* now both of the towne, and land
The loftie rampires, and the site surueyes,
And him bethinkes where best his campe may stand,
And where foes weakeft wall t'affaile with ease,
Erminia skryes him, and with stretched hand
Him points to Painim King, and farder fayer :
 That *Godfrey* is, who clad in purple pall,
 Beares port so king-like and maiesticall.

He (certes) borne seemes a Soueraigne,
So th'arts to rule, and to command he knowes :
Nor is he meaner Knight then Capitaine,
But all the points of double valure owes,
Nor man more warlike this so great a traine
Mongst all then him, nor more aduised showes :
 In counsel *Raymond* sole, and sole in warre
 Reynold and *Tancred* his coegals are.

The

CANTO

The Painym King replies, him well I beare
 In minde, as earst feene at great Court of *France*,
 When I *Egyptian* messenger was there,
 In noble iusts I saw him ply his lance, (were,
 And though his yeeres, which then young springing
 No tire of downe did on his cheekes aduance :
 Yet both his words, & workes, and semblant braue
 Of greatest hopes eu'n then foretoken gaue.

Foretoken ah too true, with that troubled
 Ey-lids downe clines he, then them reares anew,
 And faves, tell me ; whats he coat-armoured,
 Whom weare, and t'others match to march we vew,
 Oh how by this he is refembelled !
 Though seemes to want a part of stature dew,
 Thats *Baldwyn* answerd she, to him shoves he,
 Brother by face, but more by facts to be.

Next marke the man on t'other side in guise,
 That stands of one who counsaile doth endite,
 He *Reymond* hights, whom I to you for wife,
 Did so commend, a man all hoary white,
 Skild to contriue more warlicke policies :
 Theres neither *Frankish* nor *Italian* sprite,
 But he that with guilt-helme doth farder stand
 Good *William* is, Kings sonne of *British* land.

With him is *Gwelfe* and equall friues to goe,
 In braue deeds, in great bloud, in high calling,
 Full well by those square shoulders him I knowe,
 And by that breast whole cheasted vp ryfing,
 But mongst these squadrons mine owne greatest foe
 (Though wide I looke) to fight I cannot bring :
 I meane that *Boemund*, that murderer,
 Of my bloud royall cruell rauiner.

R

So

TERZO.

So talked they, the whiles the Capitaine,
 When he the walles had viewd, to his descends,
 And for he deemes the Citie should in vaine
 Assault receiue, where steeopenesse most ascends :
 Against the Northerne gate, he on the plaine,
 That with it ioynes, his pitched tents extends :
 And thence proceeding neere the towre below,
 Cald *Angolar*, the rest he doth bestow.

The circuit of the Campe might neere comprize
 The Cities third part, or but little lesse,
 For to encloue it round the same suffize
 At full could not, such was her hugynesse :
 But all the wayes (at least) which might supplies
 Afford, *Godfrey* to stop gan him adresse :
 And causeth to be feiz'd ech passage fit,
 That seru'd to come, and go too and from it.

A charge he giues his Tents should fortefide
 With ditches deepe, and with strong trenches bee :
 Which it from Townesmens sallyes on th'oneside,
 And straunge assaults might on the tother free :
 Then after these dew workes to end were hide,
Dudons carcasse he tooke a mind to see,
 And thither went where that good Capitaine ded,
 With sad and tearefull troupe was compassed.

His faithfull friends adorned his great Beare
 With noble pompe, where plaft aloft he lyes :
 When *Godfrey* enters, and the people reare
 More dolefull playning and more tatling cryes,
 But with a looke nor troubled nor yet cleare,
 Good *Bulleyn* bridles his affects, and tyes
 His tongue, then when his sight on him had stayd,
 Fixed in muse somewhile at last he sayd.

To

CANTO

To thee nor plaint, nor dole are dew, for death,
 If world thee sent, heu'n giues thee birth againe,
 And here where off thou threwest thy mortall sheath,
 Steps of thy glory printed deepe remaine :
 Thou liu'dst as Champion of the Christen faith,
 And so thou did'st, now ioyest thou, and faine
 In God doth feede thine eyes, O soule of blisse,
 And crownd, and palmd thy well deseruing is.

Blessed liue thou for our condition,
 Not thy mis-hap inuites these teares to fall :
 Sith at thy parting parts a portion
 Of vs, most worthy and most strong withall :
 But if from vs an earthly aide is gon,
 Depriu'd by that, which death the vulgar call :
 An heu'nly aide for vs that suit may gaine,
 For mongst th'elect thee heu'n doth entertaine.

And as we saw for our aduantage thee,
 Earst mortall man, these mortall armes to weeld,
 So (sprite diuine) our hope assures to see,
 With fatall armes of heu'n thou wilt vs shield :
 Learne now the prayers to receiue which wee
 Thee send, and succour to our euils yeeld :
 Thence conquest I denounce, deuout we will
 Triumphant vowes at Church to thee fulfill.

So spake he, and by this the Euening darke
 Had quenched all the rayes of lightsome day,
 And with obliuion of ech noyfome carke,
 Did truce on teares, and on lamentings lay :
 But *Godfrey* warlicke engins want doth marke,
 Which vnsupplide, t'were vaine the wals t'affay :
 He casts where beames to get, and how to make
 The engins frames, and small rest can he take.

R 3

Vp

TERZO.

Vp with the Sunne he rose, and follow will
 Himselfe the pompe of solemne funerall,
 To *Dudon* at the foot of ryfing hill,
 A Sepulchre of Cipresse sweete they stall,
 Their Barricados neere, and highest spill
 Of Palme tree, with his boughs orespreads it all :
 There was he layd, the whiles the Priestly throng,
 Rest to his foule do pray for in their song.

Amongst the boughes, where hang'd vp here & there
 Ensignes, and prifond armes of diuers fort,
 From *Syrians* and *Persians* that were
 Earst wonne by him, with better sped effort :
 The armes and curets which he vsde to weare,
 Did cloth the tronke, and tronke did them support :
 Where after was ygrau'd : Here lyes *Dudon*,
 Yeeld honours dew to this braue Champion.

But godly *Bulleyn* hauing brought to end
 This worke so dolorous and so devout,
 The Carpenters of all the Campe doth send,
 With souldiers conuoy to the forrest out :
 It lyes twixt valleyes hidden, and a friend
 Of *Syria* made it knowne to *Frankish* rout :
 March thither they to cut downe engines take,
 Gainst which the Citie no defence may make.

Ech on his mate to fell the plants doth call,
 And gainst the wood to worke vnusde outrage :
 Hewne by the yrons piercing edge, downe fall
 The sacred Palme-trees, and th'Asbes sauage,
 The Maples, Pines, the Cipresse funerall,
 High Firres, Beeches, and Holmes of thicke bowage :
 The husband Elmes, to which the vine sometimes
 Leanes, and with wrythed foot to heauen climes.
Somes

CANTO

Somes strokes in Ewes, some are in Okes enchac'd,
Which haue a thousand times their lockes renewd,
And thousand times (at ech encounter fast)
The wrath of windes repulfd and subdewd :
And some on rattling wheelles the burdens plac'd,
Of Ornes and Ceders with sweete sent imbewd :
At found of armes, at diuers cry the beasts,
And birdes forfake their caues, and fly their neasts.

The end of the third Song.



The



THE FOVRTH SONG.

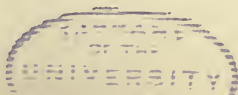


Hilft on so faire employtes they
bend their mind,
Which to effect vse may employ
with haste,
He that ground foe was aie to hu-
maine kind,
His wannish eyes doth on the
Christians cast :

Whom for they ioyfull and contented find,
Both lips through rage he champs, and gnaweth fast :
And his fell griefe, as some begoared Bull,
Roaring and fighting, out he belkes at full.

Then hauing tossed ech deuise in braine,
Which might the Christians wrap in wretched case,
He gives commaund that gathred be his traine :
(A ghaftly Senate) to his royall place,
As t'were, O foole, attempt of easie paine,
Against the will diuine t'oppose thy face :
Foole, that compares with heauens, and forgeates
How Gods incenst right hand doth thūder threats.

The dwellers of th'eternall shades he calles,
By hellish trumpet of hoarse iarring sound,
At such a dynne the wide darke vaulted walles,
All quake, the misty thicke aire gan rebound :
Nor whistling so the flash downe euer falles
From vpper regions of the sky to ground,
Nor fhogged earth so euer bideth throwes,
When bigge in wombe she doth the vapours close.
The



CANTO

The Deities of the deepe from all about,
 In diuers troupes soon meet at t'haughty gates,
 How strangy shapen them (oh) how vgly clout?
 What dread, what death in their fell eyes amates?
 With sauage insteps some the soyle bestrou,
 With lockes of wrythed snakes some tire their pates :
 A Dragging hugy tayle their croupper bindes,
 Which as a rod oft foldes and oft vnwindes.

There thousands vncleane *Harpyes* might you vew,
 And thousands *Centaures*, *Sphinges*, *Gorgons* pale,
 And gullyfy *Scillaes* an huge barcking crew :
 There *Serpents* hisse, and *Hidras* whistle bale,
 And footie sparckles vp *Chimeras* spew :
 Ere *Gerions*, *Poliphems* an vgly tale :
 And in new monsters not earst heard or seene,
 Confusde and mixt in one hewes sundry beene.

Part on the right, part on the left this band
 Siedgeth it felse, their wreakfull king before,
Pluto sits in the mids, and with right hand
 His rustie waightie Scepter vp he bore,
 Not rocke in fea so mvch, nor cragge at land,
 Nor *Calp* or *Atlas* great high vaunceth more :
 Yea matcht with him they but as hillockes shoe,
 So his great front, so his great hornes vp goe.

In his fierce looke an horred maieftie
 Encreaseth terrour, and more proud it makes,
 Ruddy his eyes and plaguefull venomy :
 His countenance as luckleffe *Comete* flakes,
 A beard bigge, bushy, knotted gristelly :
 Frō wrapped muzzle down his rough bosom strakes,
 And as a gulfe where bottome none is vewd,
 He yawnes his iawes, with clottie bloud embrewd.

S 3

Like

Q V A R T O .

Like as the sulphure fumes encroaching flame,
And stinke, and thunder vp from *Etna* steeme,
From his fell mouth such blacky belches came,
And such the sent, and such the sparckles seeme,
The helhounds barcking (while he spake) became
Silent, his voice mute made men *Hidra* deeme,
 Cocytus flowed backe the deepes appall,
 When his loud roarings to these speeches fall.

You hellish powres, whose birth-right shold aduance,
High boue the Sun your there deferued troane,
And whom from realmes so blest that great mischance
Earst to this ghastly denne with me hath throwne :
Both others old suspects and fierce vengeance,
And our braue on-fet ouer well are knowne,
 At pleasure now on starres empyreth he,
 And we as rebell soules condemned be.

And in the lieu of faire and clearest day
Of gold-bright Sunne, and of the faring starres,
In this darke depth he vs confines to stay,
And from aspiring to earst honour barres,
Then (ah this thought how heauie doth it way :
This tis which sharpely wounds a new my skarres)
 To those faire heauenly feats he man hath cauld,
 Vile man from vilest durt on earth ycauld.

Nor this suffizde, but did his Sonne betake
In pray to death to worke our greater skath,
He came, and downe th'infernall gates he brake,
And in our kingdomes durst new tread a path,
And fetcht the soules which lot our owne did make,
And so rich spoyles to sky conueyed hath,
 Triumphant victour, and vs to vpbrayd
 Of vanquisht hell, th'ensignes he there displayd.

But

CANTO

But why do I by speech reuiue my woe ?
Who hath not earft told of our wrongs the skore ?
Where was the place ? or who the time can fhoe ?
When euer he his vfed pranke forbore :
Our thoughts no longer backe to th'old muft goe,
But caft to cure more then one prefent fore :
 Ah ! fee you not hither his drifts to fall,
 That eu'ry Nation on his name may call ?

Shall we ftill fluggards then wafte day and howre ?
Nor any worthy carke our courage wake ?
And fhall we brooke that hourelly greater powre
His faithfull people may in *Afia* take ?
That *Iury* he fubdew ? that his honour,
And that his name more large and great he make ?
 That other tongs it found ? that other verfe
 It write ? new braffe and marble it reherfe ?

That all our Idols downe to th'earth be throwne ?
To him our alters by the world be turned ?
To him the vowes vp-hand ? to him alone
All incenfe burnt ? gold and myrrhe offered ?
That where to vs earft clofde was temple none,
Now to our artes no way reft opened ?
 That of fo many foules the wonted pay
 Ceafte ? and an emptie Realme *Dan Pluto* fway ?

Ah be it farre, of that firft woorth as yet
In you the fprites quite are not vnder brought,
When round with fteele, and haughty flames befet,
Against celeftial empire earft we fought,
We could (I not deny) no conqueft get,
Yet valure did adorne fo great a thought :
 Be what it will that victory him gaue,
 Of hearts inuict we yet the glory haue.

T

But

Q V A R T O .

But why thus linger I? oh you my crew!
Goe trusty on, oh you my power and might!
Goe haftie on, and these catiues subdew,
Ere their stout forces rise to higher flight,
Ere whole consumed be the Realme *Hebrew*,
Of this encroaching flame quench out the light:
 Amongst them preace, and to their vtter harme,
 Now heds with wiles, now häds with forces arme.

My will shall dest'ny be disperft, let some
A wandring walke, let slaughter some vprake,
Let some with carkes of fond loue ouercome,
A sweete glance, a coy smile, their Idoll make,
Let weapons some against their leader clomme,
Let them grow mutinous, and parties take:
 Let Campe with losse, and ruine be accloyd,
 And eu'n his markes rest with it selfe destroyed.

Gods rebell foules stay could no longer barre,
That these last words might fort vnto an end,
But flying forth a new to viewe ech starre,
From their deepe plunged might abroad they wend,
Much like the stormes of broylly whistling iarre,
Whom natiue caues forth from their intrayls fend,
 To darke the welkin and a warre to band,
 Against the great Realmes, both of sea and land.

Full soone to fundry coasts with wings displaide,
These thorough the world made their diuers starts,
And of entrappings straunge, and new they laid,
Sly framed plots, and gan apply their arts:
But of their first annoyes (O Muse) me aide,
To show how source they tooke, and from what parts,
 Thou wotst it well, fame brings thus farre vnneath,
 Of great workes to vs a feeble breath.

A fa-

CANTO

A famous noble wifard *Hidraote*
Ruled *Damascus*, and the Cities neere,
Who from his youth to arts of vncouth note
Addict, did day by day them more endeere :
But whereto booted this, if they ne mote
Of these vncertaine broyles the issue cleere ?
Nor of the fixt or wandring starres th'aspect ?
Nor hels swart cunning could to truth direct ?

His iudgement led, ah blindest humaine minde !
How vaine and wrested wrong thy iudgements are ?
That to the Campe of westerne armes combinde
The sky sole death, and ruines did prepare,
So deeming Palme for this attempt assignde,
Should in the end fall to th'*Egyptians* share :
He fought a portion on his people might,
Of victory and gaines, and glory light.

But for *Frankes* valure high he holds in price,
And armes of bloodie victorie doth feare,
He casts his penworths by some queint deuce,
The Christians force peecemale-wise to impaire,
So as them downe more easly at a trice,
His and th'*Egyptians* armes vnite may beare :
In this conceit the Angell blacke him neeres,
And more him pricks, & more him onward steeres.

He counsel lendeth, and affords the meanes,
Which may to this exploit giue easie passe :
There dwelt a wench whose peereles bewty steines
Ech easterne Ladie, and his Niece she was :
The cunningst spels, and fardest fetched treines,
Of witch or womans skill well couth the lasse :
He her doth call, he her of counsell makes,
And vnto her the whole charge he betakes.

T 3

My

Q V A R T O.

My deere he faves, who vnder golden haire,
And with a looke so delicate in flow,
Doft aged wit, and manly stomacke beare :
And in mine owne skils farre my selfe outgo,
Thy fecunding my huge conceiu'd affeyre,
Will to our hopes caufe glad successes flow.

Weaue thou the web begun by my deuce,
Of warie age as bold executrice.

Goe to the en'mies Campe, and there employ
Ech womans wile, which loue may ferue to flocke,
Let plants with prayres bedewd beare sweet alloy,
Let broken wordes with deepe sighes enter flocke,
Let dolefull bewties pityed annoy,
Winne to thy will eu'n harts of stiffest blocke :

Thy too much boldnes shadow vnder shame,
And cloake of truth vnto thy leazings frame.

Catch (if it may be) *Godfrey* with the traine
Of thy sweete lookes, and of thy speeches faire,
That warre begun, the mans befotted braine
May loath, and it diuert some other where :
If this faile others of the greatst enchaine,
And leade where all returne they may despeire :

Then he his counfels forts, and endeth thus,
For faith and countrey nought misseemeth vs.

The faire *Armida* priding in her hew,
And in th'endowments of her sexe and age,
This charge takes on her, and as eu'ning drew,
Doth part, and to close wayes her steps engage :
Stout harts she hopes, and arm'd hands to subdew
With her tresses, and wenchs equippage :

But of her parting diuers tales are spred
By fet deuce, to'amuze the peoples hed.

Within

CANTO

Within few dayes this Dame her iourney ends,
 There where the *Frankes* their large pauillions spred,
 Whose bewtie rare at his apparence lends,
 Babling to tongues and eyes a gazing led :
 As when some Starre or Comete strange ascends,
 And in cleere day through sky his beames doth shed :
 They flocke in plumps this pilgrim faire to vew,
 And to be wizde what cause her thither drew.

Not *Argos*, *Cyprus*, *Delos* ere present,
 Paternes of shape, or bewtie could so deere,
 Gold are her lockes, which in white shadow pent,
 Eft do but glimpse, eft all disclofde appeare,
 As when new clenfde we see the element, (cleere,
 Sometimes the Sun shines through white cloud vn-
 Sometimes frō cloud out gone his raies more bright
 He sheads abroad, dubling of day the light.

The winde new crisples makes in her loose haire,
 Which nature selfe to waues recrispelled,
 Her sparing looke a coy regard doth beare,
 And loues treasures, and hers vp wyped, pell,
 Sweet Rofes colour in that visage faire,
 With yuorie is sperst and mingelled,
 But in her mouth whence breath of loue out goes,
 Ruddy alone and fingle bloomes the Rose.

Her bosome faire musters his naked snow,
 Whence fire of loue is nourisht and reuiues,
 Her pappes bitter vnripe in part doth show,
 And part th'enuious weede from sight depriues,
 Enuious, but though it close passage so
 To eyes, loues thought vnstaid yet farder striues :
 Which outward bewty taking not for pay,
 Eu'n to his secrets hid endeeres a way.

V

As

Q V A R T O.

As through water or Christall found the ray
Passeth, and diuides or parteth not,
So piercing through her closed robe a way,
His daring thought to part forbidden got,
It roameth there, there true it doth furuay,
Of so great maruailes part by part the plot :
Then to desire it tels, and it descruies,
And in his breast the flames more quick reuiues.

Eyed and prayfd *Armida* past the while
Through the desirefull troopes, and wist it well,
But makes no show, though in her heart she smile,
And there descignes of spoiles and conquests swell,
As thus some guide she craues with doubtfull stile,
For her safe conduct to the Coronel :
Eustace her meetes, who claymes a brother-hed
In him, that chiefe those armed forces led.

As Fly at flame, so he about turned
At the brightnes of this bewtie diuine,
And neere those lights to view he coueted,
Whom modest fashion sweetly can encline,
And caught great flame, and close it fostered,
As neered tinder doth the sparckle shrine :
And to her sayd : for hart and hardiment
The heat of yeares, and loue vnto him lent.

Lady, if you at least so base a name
Besteeme, who nothing earthly represent,
Nor euer skyes on daughter of *Adame*,
Of their faire light so large a treasure spent.
What ist you seeke ? whence is it that you came ?
What fortune yours, or ours you hither bent ?
Make me know who you are, make me not misse
To yeeld you right, and do what reason is.

Your

CANTO

Your prayse too loftie mounts, she answering sayth,
 Nor to such height our merit can arriue :
 You see one Sir, not subiect sole to death,
 But dead to ioy, onely to woe aliue :
 My hard mis-hap me hither carryeth,
 A pilgrim mayden poore and fugitiue :
 I seeke good *Godfrey*, and in him affy,
 Such fame about doth of his bountie fly.

Doe you to Captaine mine accessse obtaine,
 If kinde and courteous (as you seeme) you be,
 That to the one the t'other brothers paine
 You guide, and him entreat : tis meete, quoth he,
 Faire maide you haue not made recourse in vaine,
 Nor in the meanest grace he holdeth me :
 At your best liking all is yours to spend,
 What so his Scepter, or my sword may fend.

He ends and guides her where good *Bulleyn* stald
 Twixt Worthies great, stolne from the vulgar was,
 Lowly she bendeth, and with shame appald,
 No word from out her lips could winne a passe :
 But those blushings the Champion recald
 To boldnes, and from feare assurde the lasse ;
 So as conceiu'd harmes she vnfoldes at last,
 With tune which senses in sweete fetters cast :

Victorious Prince (she sayd) whose greatest name
 With so rich furniture adorned flies,
 That Kings and Countries, whom subdew and tame
 Thou dost in warre it as their glory prayse :
 Well is thy valour knowne, and as the same
 Is lou'd and praysd eu'n by thine enimies :
 So it affies, and them inuites againe
 Aide at thy hands to beg and to obtaine.

V 3

And

Q V A R T O .

And I borne in a faith so wide from thine,
As it thou quaylft, and now feek'ft to opprefse ;
Yet hope by thee that noble feat of mine ;
And parents royall mace to repoffeffe :
And where kynnes, and others to craue encline
Gainft ftrangers fury, which workes their diftreffe :
I, fince in them dew pittie beares no ftroke,
Against my bloud mine en'mies armes inuoke.

On thee I call, in thee I hope alone,
In height (whence I was thrown) thou canft me place
Nor ought thy right hand fhew it felfe leffe prone,
Me to vp rayfe, then others to abafe,
Nor yet leffe prayfe doth vaunt of pittie owne,
Then when triumphant thou gieu'ft en'my chace :
And as thou couldft their realmes from many rend,
So mine reftord will equall glory lend.

But if our diuers faith perhaps thee moue
Mine honeft prayre to fcorne, let faith profest
Sole on thy pitie to relie approue
My fuit, twere hard it fhould deluded reft,
Witneffe (O God) like good to all aboue,
Your iufter aide to none was euer preft :
But that the whole may in your knowledge fall,
Here my mif-haps, and others fraudes withall.

I daughter am to *Arbylan*, that raygn'd
On faire *Damafcus*, though of meanely race :
But he *Cariclia* faire to fpowfe obtain'd,
And ſhe him graced with th'imperiall mace :
On her fell death well neere the maſtry gain'd,
Ere I had birth, for ſhe did it embrace,
As I forfooke her wombe : one fatall day
Doth death to her and me to life conuay.

But

CANTO

But the fifth yeare had scarce fulfilled his date,
From time that she her mortall vayne off threw,
When as my father yeelding vnto fate,
In heau'n perhaps with her allyde anew,
Leauing the charge of me, and of the state
To brother, whom he bare a loue so trew :
As if goodnes in mortall breast remaine,
He might be sure of his true faith againe.

He then thus to my gouernment ordaynd,
Of my well-doing mustred such a care ;
As price and prayse he wanne of faith vnstaynd,
And of a fathers loue and kindnesse rare ;
Wear that his inward thought with malice staynd,
Then vnder other cloake conceyld he bare ;
Or that his will as yet iust meaning led,
Because he ment me with his sonne to wed.

I grew, and his sonne grew, but neuer ought
Of knightly parts, or noble artes he reakes,
Nothing thats rare, no gentlemanlike thought
Befide his head, nor too much wit it breakes,
Vnder deform'd shape he a mind of nought,
And proud hart bare, addiēt to gluttish freakes,
In clownish acts, and fashions such an elfe,
As sole for vices he could match himselfe.

Now my good gardein, with so brave a mate
In wedlockes bondes resolues me fast to knit,
And him of bed, and of my royall state
Confort to make, and oft he told me it :
He vsde his tongue, and traines he vsde his pate,
That wisht effect might to his purpose fit :
Yet could he neuer me to promise sway,
But sowre still held my peace, or gaue a nay.

X

At

Q V A R T O .

At last he parts with looke darke clouded fo,
As cleere there through his fellow hart shined,
And well the story of my future woe,
In his forehead (me seem'd) I written red,
Then were my night refts, when to couch I goe,
With strange dreames still and bugbeares troubelled,
And in my soule a fatall horror pight,
Was of my harmes a halfner ouer right.

My mothers ghoast did oft it selfe present,
A paly image, and of dolefull plight,
Alas! how farre from that hew different?
Which elswhere purtrayd earst had pleasd my sight:
Fly daughter, fly thy now, now imminent
And cruell death, (she sayd) make speedy flight:
I see (loe poyson) to thy wracke preparede
By the fell tyrant, and his weapon barde.

But what auaylde it? ah! that such pefage
Of neering perill warning gaue my mind,
If that surprizde with feare my tender age,
All vnresolued could on nothing bind,
My flight to wilful exile engage,
And naked leaue my natiue Realme behind:
So grievous seem'd as lesse I reckoned
Eyes there to close, where first I opened.

Alas! I feared death, and yet (who ere
Wist of the like) had not the hart to fly?
Afrayd I was eu'n to disclofe my feare,
Leaste haste might life sooner to death affy;
So restlesse and turmoyld my dayes out weare
In neuer ceasing martyrdome did I,
Like him that lookes ech stond with bared necke,
When cruell axe shall his liues warrant checke:

In

CANTO

In such my state, were it my friendly hap,
Or that for worfe, me on my destiny led,
One, whom in Court, eu'n from his mothers lap,
In neere seruice my father vp had bred,
To me bewrayes that of my fatall clap
Approcht the time, by tyrant limited,
 And that selfe day he promised had the beast
 By poysoning me to complish his behest.

And farder addes, that of my running dayes,
I onely could prolong the course by flight :
And since I hopte for aide none other wayes,
Prompt his owne paines vnto my helpe he plight,
Whose comforts so my drooping courage rayse,
As bit of feare lost his restrayning might :
 And I resolu'd that night with him to go,
 Flying mine Vnckle and my Countrey fro.

Vprose the night more darke then wonted was,
Whose well befriending shadowes vs protect,
So safely forth with damfels twaine I passe,
For my downe fallen fortune mates elect,
But backe to Countrey walles mine eyes alas !
Bayned with teares, I turning oft direct :
 Nor euer of my natiue foyle the fight,
 Me thoroughly fatisfie at parting might.

The eye and thought both walked backe that way,
The foot much gainst his liking forward went,
Like ship from loued shore, where safe it lay,
Which some fierce sodaine storme hath wrackful rent,
That night we farde, and all th'ensewing day,
Through couerts where step earst was neuer bent :
 And to a castle we arrived at last,
 Vpon the confines of my kingdome plast.

X 3

Aront

Q V A R T O.

Aront the Castle ownd, *Aront* his name
Was, who me drew and kept this perill fro :
But when the traytour saw the deadly frame
Of his wiles falne, and me escaped so,
Kindled with rage his owne deserued blame,
On our two backes he labours backe to throw :
 And vs to charge with that mis-doing fought,
 Which he himselfe against me wold haue wrought.

He sayes how *Aront* I with gifts did bribe,
To spice his cup with iuyce enuenomed,
That he once gone, none might thenceforth prescribe
A law, or raine my will vnbridelled ;
And then would hoyting wanton to a tribe
Of loues my body haue abandoned ;
 Ah! first let flame from sky on me descend,
 Sacred vertue, ere I thy lawes offend.

That hungry teene of gold, and thirst withall
Of mine vnharmefull bloud her fell hath cougth,
It forely grieues, yet more my hart doth gall,
That my cleere honour he to blemish fought,
The wretch whom feares of peoples brunt appall,
With such embellishment his leafings wrought,
 That doubtful of the troth, and in suspence,
 The toyne rose not in armes for my defence.

Nor for he now is stalled in my feate,
And on his crowne my royall Crowne doth shine.
An end vnto my shame and armes so great,
His still on pricking fiercenes will assigne ;
But *Aront* in his fort to burne doth threat,
Vnlesse in prison up himselfe he shine ;
 And to my comforts, and poore soule to me,
 Not warre, but wracks, and deaths denounceth he.
This

CANTO

This he pretends to do, as if he thought,
So from his face to wash away the shame ;
And to restore dew place, whence I it sought,
To th'onour of my blood and princely name :
But feare it caused, least Scepter might be caught,
Him fro, I being true heire to the same :
For onely if I fall, a fetled stay
Plant on my ruines for his rayne he may.

And eu'n such end will iump with fell desire,
Whereto the tyrants mind is fully bent,
And by my blood shall quenched be his ire,
Which at my teares would neuer yet relent :
If thou let not, to thee I fly (O Sire)
A wench, a wretch, orphane, and innocent :
Let this plaint, which mine eyes shed at thy feet,
Wayle me that blood from vaines not also fleet.

By these legs which the proud and lewd down tread,
By this hand which assisteth aie the right,
By thine high victories, and by the aide,
Thou hast, and dost those holy temples plight,
Do thou my suit, that sole art able, stead,
Let both to life, and Realme thy pittie dight ;
One helpe for all yet voyde let pittie bee ;
If right and reason also moue not thee.

Thou whom the sky graunted, and gaue in fate
To will whats iust, and what thou will t'obtaine,
Mayst faue my life, and winne thy selfe a state,
For thine it shall be, if it I regaine,
Ten onely Champions of the brauest rate,
I seeke to cull amidst so great a traine :
For with my fathers friends and subiectes trew,
The'yll ferue to roost me in my nest a new.

Y

Yea

Q V A R T O.

Yea more one of the chiefe, whose loyaltee
With guard is trusted of a secret port :
It promifeth by night to d'ope, and mee
Into his pallace let, and doth exhort
That only fome small aide I begge of thee ;
And thereon more rely for found comfort :
Then if I had huge troop of other freakes,
So much thine enfigne, and sole name he reakes.

This fayd, the peac'd, and his answere attends,
In act which filent doth both speake and pray :
Godfrey his doubtfull minde tossing fuspends
Twixt diuers thoughts, ne wots which fide to fway ;
He dreads *Barbarians* wiles, and well comprehends ;
Man findes no faith where God receiues a nay :
But t'other fide a milde ruth him awakes,
Which in a worthy minde sleepe neuer takes :

Nor sole his natiue pitie vfde tofore,
Willeth that her of helpfull grace he deygne,
But profit moues him eke for profit ftore,
T'will bring that in *Damascus* fuch do reygne,
As may on him depend, and ope the dore,
And plaine the path to euery his difeigne :
And men may minifter, and armes, and gold
Against th'*Egyptians*, and his party hold.

Whilft doubtfull thus his looke on ground he bends,
And in deepe thought reuolues, and toffeth carkes,
The Dames fixt eye on his countnance depends,
And all his acts obserues, and heedy markes,
And for delay time past her deeming fpendes,
With feares and fighes fhe for his answere harkes :
At laft the craued grace he her denies,
But th'answere gauē in kind and gentle wife.

If

CANTO

If in Gods feruice, who vs thereto chose,
Our swords were not employed here to be ;
On them you safely might your hope repose,
And you not pittie sole, but aide would we :
But till that these his flockes, and till that those
Oppressed walles we turne to libertie,
It is not iust that forces sent away,
On course of victory we thwart a stay.

I promise, yet do you my faith receiue
As noble pawne, and safe thereon rely ;
If euer you may yoake vnworthy reauē
From those walles sacred, and most deere to sky,
As pitie bids vs we no care will leaue,
To winne againe your forlorne soueraigntie :
But pitie now my pietie would blot,
If first his right to God I render not.

At this speech downe the Lady cast, and stayd
Her eyes on th'earth, and stood vnmou'd a space,
Then them bedewed, vp she lifts, and sayd,
Accompanying her plaint with ruefull grace :
Ah wretch on whom hath sky els euer layd
A life so grieuous, and vnchange to trace ?
That others nature rather change, and mind,
Then my hard fortune should a changing find.

No farder hope is left, I wayle in vaine,
In humaine brest prayers haue no longer force :
How may I thinke the tyrant fell my paine
Will rew, which could in thee worke no remorse ?
Yet will I not of thy hard hart complaine,
Which from my helpe doth this small aide diuorse :
But plaint gainst heauen my harms cause addressse,
Which makes in thee eu'n pitie pitileffe.

Q V A R T O .

Not you my Lord, not such is your bountie,
But tis my dest'ny, which me aie denies ;
Dest'ny difmall, fell fatall destinie,
Yeeld eke my hated life to death a prize :
Was it (aye me) a slender iniurie,
To clofe in youthes flowre my deere parents eyes ?
That thou must also see my kingdome rest ?
And thrald to th'axe as sacrifice me left ?

For since of vertues, law the dew respect
Brookes not, that here I trifle longer stay,
Where shall I fly the while ? who shall protect ?
What ah yeeld refuge gainst the tyrant may ?
No place is vnder sky so closely deckt,
Which gold not opes : then why do I delay ?
Death preast I see, which since to fly is vaine,
This hand shall go, and fetch and entertaine.

There silenc'd she, and seemed a disdaine
Royall, and noble flamed in her face :
Then turning steps, she showes to part againe,
With porte all framde to sad despiteous grace,
Her ceaselesse mone in such a tune doth plaine,
As is begot when wrath and woe embrace :
And her new borne teares for they to see,
Gainst sunny rayes, Christall and pearle bee.

Her cheekes with those life humours sprinckelled,
Which trickling dropt downe on her vestures hemme,
Seem'd entermingled roses white and red ;
If so a dewy cloud do water them,
When to calme breath their closed lap they spread,
What time first peered dawning takes his stemme,
And morne which them beholds & in them ioyes,
Proud with their ornament her lockes accoyes.

But

CANTO

But that cleere humour which embellisheth
 Her bosome and faire cheekes with drops so thicke,
 Workes the effect of fire, and close creepeth
 Into a thousand breasts, and there doth sticke :
 O miracle of loue ! which sparckes draweth
 From teares, and harts in water kindles quicke
 With flames, past nature still his powre extends,
 But in her vertue boue it selfe ascends.

This fained sorrow drew from many a freake
 True teares, and harts vnstoand most hardened,
 Ech with her walles, and to himselfe doth speake,
 By *Godfreys* ruth if thy suit be not sped,
 His nurse some raging Tygre was, and eake
 On rugged *Alpes* some hideous cragge him bred ;
 Or some sea waue which breakes, & froth vpcastes,
 Fell man that broyles, and such a bewtie wastes.

But *Eustace* gallant youth, whom fierie brand
 Of pitie and of loue, more seruent fride ;
 Whiles ech else mutters, or doth silent stand,
 Steps forth, and tongue to these bold words allide :
 My Lord and brother, with too straight a band
 Your stiffe minde is to your first purpose tide,
 If ioynt consent, which doth intreat and pray,
 To plyant bent, it somewhat cannot sway.

I say not that the Princes, who their care
 Owe to these troopes, as they to them their awe,
 Should from this sledge with steps backe-turned fare,
 Or from their duetie their regard withdrawe :
 But mongst our felues, who Knights aduentrous are,
 Deuoyde of proper charge, nor bent to lawe,
 That others vnderly you safely might
 Cull out some ten to patronize her right.

Z

For

Q V A R T O.

For from Gods seruice not bereft is hee,
Who doth a Virgin innocent defende,
And deere those spoyles vnto the heauens bee,
Which of a slaughtered Tyrant any fende :
If then to this attempt the profit mee
Not fwayd, which thence assured we attende :
Yet duetie would me moue by duties right,
Our order doth our aide to Ladies plight.

Ah be it farre (for-god) that any fay,
In *Fraunce* or wher-so else raignes courtesie,
That for a cause, which on a ground doth stay
So iust, and good, perill or paine we fly,
My selfe here downe my helme and currets lay ;
Here I my sword vngird, nor more will I
My Courser manage, nor beare armes in fight,
Nor eare henceforth vsurpe the name of Knight.

So spake he, and with him his fellowes all,
Concording iangle in a shrilly found,
And his aduice bootfull and good they call,
And Captaine presse with prayers, and around :
I yeeld, then sayd he, me vanquish shall
So manies concourse, so together bound :
Graunt we her boon, if so you will encline,
But be it your aduice, and none of mine.

But if that *Godfreys* credit ought you prize,
Some measure yet on your affections place :
This sole he spake, and this can them suffize,
For what he graunted, ech gan foone embrace :
Now what worke not a faire Dames pewling eyes ?
And in tongue amarous words hony grace ?
From her sweet lips issues a golden chaine,
Which foules doth captiue, and at pleasure raine.
Eustace

CANTO

Euface her calleth backe, and ccase (he fayes)
Lady of bewtie, this your drooping cheere,
For we will yeeld fuch, and within few dayes,
As for your feare shall more then iust appeare :
Armida then vnshrowdes her cloudie rayes,
And countnance doth with fuch a smile endeere,
As her bewtie enamoureth the skyes,
Whilst with her precious vayle she wipes her eyes.

Her selfe then yeeldes she in notes deerey sweet,
Gratefull for so large graces they bestow,
Which printed in her hart thence neuer fleet ;
But them for euer shall the world know :
And what the tongue t'expresse appeares vnmeet,
Dumbe eloquence doth in her gestures show,
And close she hideth vnder borow'd looke,
That thought whereof no one suspition tooke.

Then seeing fortune fauour with a smile
The great beginning of her fraudfull parts,
Ere her concept be forst to vary stile,
This wicked worke she'll end, and more then th'arts
Of *Circe* or *Medea* could beguile :
Her sweet shoves and faire lookes shall beizle harts,
And with well tuned voyce of *Syrens* kind,
A slumber cast on the most wakefull mind.

The wench ech hart employes so to infold
Some new-come louer with out-spreaded net,
Nor alwayes, nor withall selfe looke doth hold,
But change on face, and grace in season set,
Sometimes her basht eye seemes by shame controlld,
Sometimes with wishfull roules abroad to iet,
With these the rod, with those she plyes the bit,
As for their swift or slow loue seemeth fit.

Z 3

When

Q V A R T O .

When any foule she from her loue espies
Retire, and thoughts to bridle by despeires,
To him kinde smile she opes, to him her eyes
Sweet blink, loues meffage cleare and cheery beares,
The daftard fluggardly defires thus wyfe
She spurres, and doubtfull hope t'affiance reares,
And kindling flames in wils enamored,
Thaweth the yce by frozen feare ybred.

Againe to some who hardly ouergo
Dew bounds, led by their Chieftaine rash and blind,
Sweet lookes and louely words more sparely flow,
Whilst feare to reu'ence doth them prentise bind,
Yet when difdaine her countnance changed so,
Glimpfing therethrough some ray of pitie fhind,
That feare they may, but not despaire they need,
And she more longing doth more stately breed.

Somewhile she gets her selfe elsewhere a part,
And fashions frames, and doth a vifage faine,
As woe begunne, and from her eyes out-start
Forst teares full oft, which in she drawes againe,
The whiles to weepe in deede by such her art,
A thousand simple foules she does conftaine,
And shafts of loue seasons in pitie fire,
That armes so strong may hart giue death to hire.

Then as she would stealing away beguile
Those thoughts, and new hope did awake her mind,
Towards her louers bent she steps and stile,
And in ioyes seemely weede her face she shrinde,
And her bright hew and faire ceftiall smile,
Seem'd as a double Sunne, that gleaming fhinde,
On thicke and myftie cloudes of sorrow sad,
Which bout their breasts tofore it gathred had.

But

CANTO

But whiles she sweetly speakes, and laughes sweetly,
And with this two-fold sweetnes luls the sense,
Well neere she makes the foule from bodie fly,
As gainst so rare delites voyde of defence,
Ah cruell loue that slayth vs equally,
Where wormewood thou or hony do dispence,
 And equall deadly at all seasons bee
 Mischiefes and medicines, which proceede of thee.

Twixt tempers crossing thus in frost and flame,
In plaint and laughter, and midst hope and feare,
The wylie wench them makes her gleefull game,
And more her state doth to assurance reare,
And if some one dare tongue all trembling frame,
With hoarse voyce witnesse of his paynes to beare,
 She faines as one vnskilld in louers trade,
 Not see the mind whose words it ouert made.

Or she her shamefast, and downe clyned eyes
With tye and taint of honesty embowres,
So as her gayest verdure vayled lyes
Vnder the Rose, which her faire face beflowres,
As at first birth we see the morning ryse,
In his fresh blooming, and betimely howres,
 And blush of scorne fellowd with that of shame,
 Forth both at once, mixt and confused came.

But if she any by his fashions spy,
Bent to reueile his harts in burning paine,
Now steale and fly him fro, now meanes supply
Of speech she doth, and straight them reaues againe,
So tyrde and skornd all day he treads awry,
And at the last his hope she chops a twayne,
 Like hunter that at eu'ning leefeth vew
 Of Deere, whom long in chace he did pursew,

A a

These

Q V A R T O .

These were the arts, with which she could surprize
A thousand thousand foules by theeuiſh trade,
Rather the armes with which in robbing wiſe,
To force of loue then humble ſlaues ſhe made ;
What maruaile then if fierce *Achilles* lyes,
Or *Hercules* or *Theſeus* to blade,
Of loue a pray, if who for Chriſt it draw ;
The naughtie-packe ſometimes do catch in paw.

The end of the fourth Song.





THE FIFTH SONG.



Hile as *Armida* treacherous,
thuf-wife

The Knight entyceth her lous
maze to tread,

Nor on the promifde ten alone
relyes,

But trusts her stealth fould more
a gaddling lead :

On whom to charge this daung'rous enterprize,
Which fhe muft guide, *Godfrey* wift not a read :

For ventrers ftore, and worth in generall
Breedes doubt, nor leffe their bent in fpeciall.

At laft he orders with well-ware foresight,
That choyce of one from out themfelues they take,
Who fould fuccede to noble *Dudons* right,
And this election at his pleafure make,
That fo no one with iuft exception might
Complaine, or he their caufefull wrath awake :

And fhew withall, how this moft worthy band
With him, in price doth of high valew ftand.

Then he them to him cals, and gan to fay,
You haue already vnderftood my minde,
Which for the Damsels aide gaue not a nay,
But to a riper feafon it affignde,
This I propound a new, and well it may
A dew affent of your opinions finde :

For in the world light and chaungeable,
T'is conftance oft t'enfew thoughts variable.

A a 3

But

QVINTO.

But if yet still you deeme it foully stainē
This your degree, such perils to refuse,
And if your noble courage seeme disdainē,
What so a counsell ouersafe enfewes,
I will you not against your wils retaine,
Nor calling backe my graunt, my faith abuse :
 But with you be it, as to be is right,
 The bridle of our rule gentle and light.

To go then or to stay, content I rest,
That on your pleasure freely it depend,
Yet will, that first you make to Duke deceit
New successeur, who may your charge attend,
And mongst you ten out-cull, as likes him best,
But take of ten expirde the choice shall end :
 For herein I referue my sou'raignty,
 In all els, franke be his authority.

So *Godfrey* spake, and th'answere to impart,
Ech ones consent vpon his brother threw :
Like as (O Captaine) this farre seeing art
Of lingring vertue best beseemeth you,
So vigour of the hand and of the hart
Of vs is lookt, as debet by vs dew :
 And that ripe firmeness, which in others case
 Is prouidence, in vs were vilety base.

And since light harmes, which from this perill grow,
Weyd with the profit, make the balance rise :
Your liking had, the chosen ten shall go
With this Damfell to that braue enterprise :
Thus he concludes, and with guile tyred so,
Seekes close to vayle the minde, which inly fries
 With colour'd zeale ; honours desire did moue
 The rest (as seem'd) but t'was desire of loue.

But

CANTO

But youngest *Bulleyn* with repining eye
Vpon the Sonne, who of *Sophia* leeres,
Whose vertue he admires enuioufly,
Which in fine feature more it selfe endeeres,
His mateship nould, and futtle ieaoufly,
Wary conceits vp in his fancie steeres,
 Whence he his counterstriuer drawne apart,
 Arraifons him with this befmoothering art.

O of great Sire, thou greater Sonne that art!
Who young in price of armes beart highest fame
Of this braue band, whereof we make a part,
Who shall be graced with commanders name?
I that to famous *Dudon*, scarce my hart
Sole for the honour of his age could frame
 T'obey, I *Godfreys* brother cannot see,
 Whom I should yeeld to faue alone to thee.

Thee whose high lynage egals all the rest,
Whose glory me, and merit hath out-gon,
Nor lesse himselfe, in price of martiall quest
To hold, disdaynes the greater *Boglion* :
Thee I for Captaine craue, if in thee nest
No will to be this Squadrons Champion,
 Ne thinke I thou wilt for that honour carke,
 Which may proceed from deeds obscure & darke.

Nor here wants place where you may bewtify
Your haughtie valour with fames brighter ray,
Now I'll procure (if you it not deny)
This chiefe honour, the rest on you shall lay,
But for I wot not well, what way to ply
My hart, which plants in doubts his fickle stay :
 Let me obtaine that *Armide* at my will
 I follow may, or with thee tarry still.

B b

Here

Q V I N T O .

Here *Eustace* held his peace, nor vttered
 These later accents without blushing face,
 And his hot burning thoughts ill couered
 T'other well spide, and smiled at the case :
 But for loues slower stroakes, scarcely perced
 The vtter rinde, which did his brest embrace,
 Nor at a countermate he takes offence,
 Nor to purfew the wench he makes pretence.

But deeply grau'd in holdfast thought abides
Dudons sharpe death, whom long to ouer-lieue,
 That it audacious *Argent* so betides,
 He counts will blemish of dishonour giue,
 And part into his eares with pleasing slides
 This speech, which him doth to dew honour driue :
 And his young courage ioyes and well appayes,
 In the sweet found of his true tuned prayfe.

Whence thus he answerd, I hold more desire,
 Chiefe places to deferue then to obtaine,
 And if I may to vertues height aspire,
 Enuy I neede not others haughty raigne,
 Yet to this honour, as my fitting hire,
 If you me call, I will not curchy straine,
 But deere repute, that you so plaine a signe
 Expresse, how your good wils to me encline.

Thus I it not desire, not yet refuse,
 And I made Duke, you shall be of th'elect,
 So *Eustace* leaues him, and gins trauaile vse,
 This with his mates good liking to affect :
 But for selfe roome Prince *Gernand* hotly sewes,
 Whom though *Armidas* poisoned shafts enfect,
 Yet in proud hart, lesse Ladies loue preuailles,
 Then thirst of honour, which more sharpe assailes.

From

CANTO

From *Norway* great Kings *Gernand* came of yore,
Who many Realmes swayd with Emperiall blade ;
Which store of Crownes, and royall Scepters store
Of Sire and Grandfires, him much haughtie made :
Th'other on his owne worth him haughtie bore,
More then on acts of elders noble trade,
 Albe of hundred yeares many a leace,
 They were renound in warre, & knowne in peace.

But the *Barbarian* Lord, who meafur'de fole,
So farre as gold and rule can stretch the line,
And deem'd ech vertue darke as quenched cole,
Wherein fome royall title did not shine,
In no wife brookes that to the craued gole,
The Knights like merit should their courfe combine :
 And growes fo teasty, that by teeny ffight,
 Past reasons bounds he is transported quite.

So as the fprite malignant of the deepe,
Who open in him faw this largy gate,
Into him gan with couert filent creepe,
And in the helme of thoughts fleeing fate,
And there his wrath ginnes more in hate to fteepe,
And more his hart to pricke, and more to grate,
 And worketh fo that in his foule ftill founds
 A voice, which reasons fuch to him propounds.

Doth *Reynold* iuft with thee ? beares his vaine ranke
Of elder worthies fuch Nobilitie ?
Then let him show (fince thee he mates fo cranke)
The Nations thralld to his foueraigntie,
Shew he his Realmes, his dead ones let him flanke,
With thine that liue in royall dignitie,
 Ah how this Lord prefumes of worthleffe rate !
 Lord borne in *Italy* of thrald eftate !

B b 3

Winne

QVINTO.

Winne he or leefe he, he is victor yet,
Eu'n since he was thy coutermate at first,
What will the world say (and saying fet
His prayse a flaunt) with *Gernand* match he durst,
That roome to thee some fame and credit get
Well might, which noble *Dudons* glory nurst :
 But yet thy selfe wouldst it no lesse a grace,
 Where he by crauing it, doth it abase.

And if they, who no longer breath or speake,
To our affaires their knowing thoughts apply,
Into what noble flame of wrath out breake
Doth good old *Dudon* (thinke you) boue in sky ?
Whiles he aduifeth this, our copy freake,
And on his sawcy boldnesse bends his eye,
 Who eu'n with him (scorning his worth and age)
 Dares to compare fond ouer-weening Page.

Yea dares, and it attempts, and beares away
In lieu of chastisement, honour and laud,
And some there are, who for him do and say,
(O common shame) and vnto him applaud :
But if *Godfrey* it see, and pleasde appay,
That of what is thy dew he thee defraud,
 Bear't not, nor it to beare it is thy part,
 But shew him what thou canst, and who thou art.

At such a speeches found vpflames disdaine,
And as a toffed brand in him it growes,
Nor stufte and swollen heart it can containe,
But out through eyes, and at the tongue it goes,
What so blamefull, vndew, he deemes may staine
Rinaldos honour, he doth all disclose :
 Him proud and vaine he faines, and his manhood
 He termes by name of rashnes, fond and wood.

And

CANTO

And what fo of a great and haughty hart,
 Of loftie, and of noble, in him fhinde,
 All this (fhading the truth with euill art)
 He blames, as it were vice, and fault doth finde :
 And prateth fo, as fame it gan impart
 To counter-knight by vulgars blabbing winde :
 Nor yet his wrath he flakte or bridelled (wed.
 The blindfold bent, which should to death him

For that lewd feend, who mouing rulde his tong,
 In fteede of breath and all his words did frame,
 Him made renew ech his outrageous wrong,
 Still beeting fewell, to his bosomd flame,
 Wide place there was in Camp, where seemly throng
 Of choicest perfons euer flocking came :
 Where ioynd in wrastling and in turneyment,
 More vigour, and more skill, their lims they bent.

Now there what time thickest encreast the preace,
 He (as his dest'ny gaue) *Reynold* accusde,
 And like keene shaft, against him gan addresse
 His tongue, inuenom of *Auerne* infusde,
 And of his speech *Reynold* was my witnesse,
 Nor longer could restraine his wrath vnusde,
 But cryes thou lyeft, and on him sets amaine,
 And in right hand doth naked weapon straine.

His voice a thunder seemd, lightning his blade,
 Which tidings bringeth of the falling flash,
 He quakes, nor sees how fly, or how euade
 He may deathes present vneshewed lash,
 Yet since the whole Campe witnesse stood, he made
 Semblant, as nought him could difmay or bash :
 And his great foe attends, and weapon barde
 (Close fetled for defence) he lyes at warde.

C c

Scene

QVINTO.

Seene fiery fwords wel-neere a thousand are
That time at once to flame, for there around
In flockt, and shoou'd and prest of folke vnware
A diuers troope, and through the aire rebound
And whirle of voices that vncertaine fare,
And of confused accents doth the found :
As at sea shore is heard when wind and waue,
Murmures diuers in one confounded haue.

But not a whit for others voices flakes,
Th'offended Warriour eyther brunt or ire,
Fences and cryes he scornes, or what so brakes
A stop, and to reuenge doth whole aspire :
And through the men, & through their armes he rakes,
And whirles about his sword of flashy fire :
So as to thousand guarders shame all lets
Away he thrusts, and on *Gernando* sets.

And with a hand, eu'n angry skild in fight,
A thousand blowes, quartring on him layes,
Now in the brest, now in the head, now right,
Now left side, busie he to wound assayes :
And his right hand so wimble was and wight,
That eyes and art came short of his fly wayes :
So as vnseene, and vnaduifde it lights,
And strikes, & foines, where least his feare affrights.

Nor euer ceast, till in his brest plunged,
Once and againe he had his fierce Morglay :
The wretch fals grouelling on his wound, and shed
Foorth foule and spirits, by that dubble way :
The vanquisher his sword yet sprinckelled
With blood, vpsheathes, nor there brooks longer stay :
But turnes elsewhere, and casteth off withall
His cruell mood, and his incensed gall.

Good

CANTO

Good *Godfrey* to this tumult drawne the while,
 Findes difmall fight of vnexpected cafe,
Germand out stretcht his haire, and mantle vile,
 And moyft with bloud, and full of death his face :
 He heares the fighes and plaints, and diuers ffile
 Of moanes, for Warriour flauhtred in the place :
 Stonifht he queres, here where tis moft forbid,
 Who ift that fo much durft, and fo much did ?

Arnalt one deereft to the Prince deceaft,
 The cafe tels, and it telling gan augment,
 How *Reynold* flew him, and how thereto preft
 He was, by flight caufe of a braine-ficke bent :
 And how the fword which guirded was to queft
 Of *Chrifti* gainft *Chriftan Champions* now he hent,
 And how he fcornde his rule, and fore-reftaint,
 And how herewith all did themfelues acquaint.

And that death to his guilt by law is dew,
 And ought (as was proclaimde) be punifhed,
 Both for the fault felfe beares a heynous hew,
 As for in fuch a place it happened,
 For if his errour fuch pardon accrew,
 More by his fample will be couraged,
 And that the wronged will to vengeance band
 Themfelues, which now th'attend at Iudges hand.

Which difcord will beget, and bring forth blowes,
 Twixt fuch as part with tone and tother take,
 The dead mans merits vp he rips and fhowes,
 What fo may pitie or difdaine awake,
 But *Tancred* it denies, and doth oppofe
 Himfelfe, and skufing forth accused fpake :
Godfrey liftneeth, and with a face feueare,
 Small caufe affords of hope, but more of feare.

Q V I N T O.

Tancred then addes, my wife Lord, please it you,
What and who *Reynold* is, in mind to call,
What honour in his owne regard is dew,
Both for his stocke renowned, and royall,
And for his Vnckle *Guelfe*, nor ought ensfew,
From rulers doome, on ech a paine equall :

In diuers callings, one offence appeeres
Diuers, and eu'neffe fole is iust with pheeres.

The lower shall (answerd the Captaine) learne,
By sample of the higher to obay,
Tancred, you counsell ill, and ill discerne
To thinke, Ile bear with greats vnruely sway,
What were my rule, if fole with vulgar sterne,
On none but base, and vile commaund I may ?

A powrelesse Scepter, a charge full of flame,
If such law gaue it, I renounce the fame.

But franke and awfull it was giuen mee,
Nor this authoritie shall any bate,
And well I know, where, and when ought to bee
Now price and paines, imposde of diuers rate,
Now keeping tenour of equalitee,
Not lowest feuer'd from the highest state :

So spake he, t'other answere none affords,
As vanquisht by the reu'rence of his words.

Raymond a follower of the feure,
And sterne antiquitie, his speech commends,
With these arts (fayes he) who so well doth beare
His rule, the subjects to his reu'rence bends :
For discipline is neuer foundest, where
The guilty pardon more then paine attends :

Downe fals ech Realme, ech mercy ruineth,
Which on the base of feare not fasteneth.

So

CANTO

So spake he, and *Tancred* did well aduise
 These words, nor there time longer spent,
 But to *Rinaldo*-ward foorthwith him hies
 On steed, who seemed winged as he went :
Reynold, when from fierce foe he had thuswife
 Reft pride and foule, returned to his tent :

There *Tancred* found him, and makes full report,
 What sayd and answerd was, in eu'ry fort.

Then he adioynes, albe no outward shew,
 As faithfull witnes of the hart I prize,
 For in too inward part, and too hollow
 The thought of mortall wights concealed lies :
 Yet dare I vouch by that on sight I know,
 In the Chieftaine (nor it he whole denies)

That to the common law for guilt ordaind,
 He'll have you thrald, and in his power restrainde.

Rinaldo somewhat smilde, and with a face,
 In which twixt laughter, flashd a disdaine,
 Let him (quoth he) in bonds go plead his cace,
 Thats bond, and fit for bondage hath a graine,
 I free was borne, and liue, and free in place
 Will die, ere base cord hand or foot astraine :

Vfde to my sword, and vsed Palmes to beare,
 Is this right hand, and scornes vile gyues to weare.

But if for my deserts such recompence
Godfrey will yeeld, and me in prison cast,
 As I of vulgar were, and beare pretence
 In common fetters to vptie me fast,
 Then let him come or send, I will not hence :
 Twixt vs shall chance, and armes be Iudges plast,

Ile of a dismall Tragedy the shooe
 Present for pastime to our forraine foe.

D d

This

QVINTO.

This said, he calls for armes, and head and brest
In steele of finest choice most seemely shrines,
And with his waighty shield his arme he prest,
And fatall blade vnto his side combines,
And with a semblant braue and nobellest,
(As lightning wonts) he in his armour shines,
Mars he resembles thee, when from fift heau'n
Thou comst down guirt with ire & ghaftly leau'n.

Tancerd this while his fierce sprites doth procure,
And hart vpswolne with pride to mollifie :
Inuicst young man (he sayes) to your valure,
I know, ech hard and tough event will plie
With ease, I know, that euer most secure
Midst armes and terrour stands your vertue hie :
But God forbid you make it such appeere,
So cruelly to our annoyance heere.

Tell me, what meane you do ? will you go staine
Your yet cleane hands in bloud of ciuill warre ?
And with Christens vnworthy wounds, againe
Peirce Christ, of whom we part and members are ?
And shall respects of fading honour vaine ?
(Which like sea waues soone flow, and ebbe as farre)
Worke more with you, then either faith or zeale ?
Which glory bring of heauens endlesse weale ?

Ah no (for God) conquer your selfe, and kill
This fiercenesse of your ouer haughty minde,
Giue place, it is no feare but holy will :
For Palme is to your giuing place assignde,
And in my yeeres of young vnripened skill,
If any way futewoorth example finde,
I also was prouokt, yet neuer grew
Gainst faithfull fierce, but did my selfe subdew.

For

CANTO

For when *Cilicia* Realme, by mine effort
 I wanne, and Christan Enignes there addrest,
Baldwyn comes on, and in vnworthy fort
 It straightwayes feizd, and made a bafe conquest :
 Whilft bearing of a friend ech way the port,
 At his so greedy bent I neuer ghest,
 Yet seeke thereof recovery by fight
 I nould, though it perhaps performe I might.

And if you also prifonment refuse,
 And fetters fly, as waight vnmoble fro,
 And th'ufes rather and th'opinions chufe,
 On which men name of honours lawes beftow,
 Let me alone, Ile you to Captaine skufe,
 Do you to *Boemund* at *Antioch* goe,
 That he you out in this firft brunt may beare,
 So gainft his fentence fafe bide fhall you theare.

Soone will it hap, if the *Egyptian* ftate,
 Or other Painim troope againft vs warre,
 That clearer much your valour of high rate
 Will fhine, while that from hence it bideth farre,
 And Campe will feeme (you wanting) out of date,
 As corps whose arme and hand off chopped are :
 Here *Guelfe* comes in, & doth this fpeech approue,
 And wils that thence he speedily remoue.

To their aduifes the difdainefull hart,
 Of this audacious youth, beturning plies,
 So as foorthwith from thence afide to ftart,
 To fuch well-willers he no more denies,
 Friends ftore (the while) flocke in from euery part,
 And with him craue to goe, in earnest wife,
 He thanks them all, and for attendants chofe
 Two only Squires, and fo to horfe he goes.

D d 3

He

Q V I N T O .

He parts, and of high glory a large bent
Pertakes, the spurre and rod of noble sprite :
His hart all vowd t'exploits magnificent,
Doth none but workes of rarest price endite,
Midst foes (as champion of the faith) he ment,
That Palme or Cypresse should his paines acquite :
He'll *Egypt* scoure, and pierce eu'n to the hole,
Where from his vncouth spring *Nile* doth outrole.

But *Guelfe*, when as the fierce young man thus wife,
Prest to depart, had bid them all adew :
There brookes no longer stay, but speedy hies,
Where guesse might *Godfrey* sooneft yeeld to vew,
Who spying him, with voyce of higher size,
Said (*Guelfe*) this very time I wisht for you,
And sent but late to sundry wheres about,
Some of our Herhaults to enquire you out.

Then makes all els withdraw, and turning low,
Begins with him a graue speech to contriue,
Your Nephew verily (my friend *Guelfo*)
To headlong runnes, where heats his courage driue,
And of his deede (I deeme) can hardly shew
Some cause, that may to iust pretence arriue :
Deere would I hold that so it might befall,
But *Godfrey* stands an equall Duke withall.

And will, of what so lawfull is and right,
In ech case gardeine and defender bee,
Preferuing still from tyrant passions might,
His vnsudewed hart in iudging free,
Now if that *Reynold* by constraint him dight,
To wrong th'edict, and sacred maifestee
Of discipline, as some alleage, beehooues
He can, and take our doome, & make his prooues.
Come

CANTO

Come he to his restraint in liberty,
 What may be to his merits I consent,
 But if he this disdain, and stand stiffely,
 (Well wot I his vntamed hardiment)
 Do you to bring him your best care apply,
 Least he force one of slow and gentle bent,
 Seuere auenger be of his Empire,
 And of the lawes, as reason doth require.

So did he speake, and *Guelfe* replied thus,
 No minde that shames what iustly may defame,
 Can speeches heare of scorne iniurious,
 And not repulfe them backe from whence they came,
 If wrongers slaughter then the wrong discusse,
 Who ist that bounds can to iust furie frame?
 Who can his blowes, and what to fault is dew,
 In heat of bickring wey, and measure trew?

But that the youth should come in, and obey,
 Your sou'raigne iudgement, as you now require,
 Me greeues, it cannot be, so farre away
 He straight his steps did from the hoast retire,
 Yet this right hand a gage of prooffe I lay,
 Gainst him that blew this false accusals fire,
 Or who so els beares like malicious hed,
 That shame vniust, he iustly punished.

I say, with reason he *Gernando* hault,
 Downe forst the hornes of his stout pride to bend,
 Your broken charge (if any) was his fault,
 This sole I sorrow, nor will it commend:
 He peac'd, let him (quoth *Godfrey*) fetch his fault,
 And brawles beare other where, nor I intend,
 That you more feede here of new quarrels sow,
 Ah no (for-God) let old strifes also go.

E e

This

QVINTO.

This while her proffred succour to procure,
The lewd deceitfull wench no time forflowes,
All day she spends in prayres, and puts in vre,
What helpe from art, or wit, or bewtie growes,
But when the night spreading her robe obscure,
The day light in the West gan vp to close,
Twixt her two Knights, and matrons twaine aside,
Where her paultion pitched was, she hide.

But though for art of wiles the price she bare,
And kind her port were and her manners quent,
And she so faire as neuer greater share
The heauen's tofore on any woman spent,
So as in Campe most of the Champions rare,
She with a strong and holdfast pleasure hent,
Yet on the bayt of any her delite,
No tycing could good *Godfrey* winne to bite.

In vaine she fought to flocke, or with mortall,
Sweetnings t'enroll him in *Cupidos* pay :
For as a gorged Hawke stoupes not at call
Of Faulkners lure, vpon his traine to pray ;
So he full of the world, frayle pleasures all
Scornes, and mounts to the sky by vncouth way :
And what so snares, vnfaithfull loue contriues,
Gainst his faire flight he of effect depriues.

Nor any let could make his steps retrace
From path which God points holy thoughts t'ensew,
With him a thousand arts she tryes, and face
Of thousand formes him showes (as *Prote* new)
Well might her gestures sweet, and seemely grace
Wake loue, where cold sleepe did it most imbew :
But here (mercy the Lord) ech proffer vaine
Proued, ne bootes it to beginne againe.

The

CANTO

The faire Dame who to kinde did suppose
 Ech chaf[t]est hart with onely blinke of eye :
 O how she haultnes (now) and pride forgoes !
 How this her spite with meruaile gan ally,
 At last, where lesse doubt of gaineftriuing shoes,
 She new resolues her forces to apply,
 Like tyred Captaine, who leaues fiedge of fort
 Impregnable, and makes elsewhere resort.

But gainst this wenches armes his hart no lesse
 Inuict to be, *Tancredi* will approue,
 For other longings his whole brest possesse,
 Nor any new heat may the old remoue,
 For as one venom vseth to repressse
 The tothers force, so tone doth tother loue,
 These sole, not much or little could she gaine,
 Ech els, her fairest fire enflamde amaine.

She though it greeu'd that not a thorow fway,
 Fortune allowd her purpose and her art,
 Yet of so many Champions a pray
 So noble, somedeale comforteth her hart :
 And ere some one her fraudes discouer may,
 Thinkes to conduct them to a safer part :
 Where them she will in other chaines enfold
 Then those, wher with thẽ thral she now doth hold.

So when the terme was present come, that dayd
 The Captaine had, some succour her to yeeld,
 Before him reu'rent she appeares, and sayd,
 Time out doth date (Sir) of your promise weeld,
 And if fell Tirant learne, that vnder ayd
 Of these your armes, I seeke my selfe to sheeld,
 He will prepare his forces for defence,
 Nor we shall easily compasse our pretence.

E e 3

Then

QVINTO.

Then ere the newes hereof, some certaine spy
Him beare, or flying flames vncertaine winde :
Let of your valiant men by your pittie,
Some few with me to march be straight affignde :
For if the heaun's view not with froward eye
Mens workes, nor innocence cast out of minde,
I shall my Realme regaine, and Towne and field,
In peace and warre shall you still tribute yeeld.

So said she, and the Captaine to her woordes
Graunteth what could not [to her] be denyde,
Though wiles to parture she no stay affoordes,
He sees himselfe to his election tyde,
But of the ten, ech one the number boordes,
And with strange instance to be chofen plyde :
And emulation, which in them awakes,
More in the suit importunate them makes.

She, that in them wide open sees the hart,
It hauing feene, takes a new argument,
And iealoufies grim feare lasheth a part
On her haunches, as scourge of dire torment ;
Well weeting that at last without such art,
Loue waxeth old and flow, and flaketh bent,
Much like a Steede who neuer gallops swift,
Vnlesse some after, some tofore him shift.

And in such wise she can her words allot,
And her entycing looke and louely smile,
That none there is, who t'other enuies not,
Nor so they feare, but, that they hope the while,
Thus the fond rout of ech inamourd sot,
Spurd on by show of hew all shapte to guile,
Vnbridled runs, nor shame restraines them ought,
And Captaine backe to rayne them vainly fought.

He

CANTO

He that to please ech partie doth aspire,
 With equall bent, and leans to neither side,
 Though fomewhat now with shame, & now with ire,
 At these his Knights such peeuishnes he fride :
 Yet since so obstinate grew their desire,
 On a new fetch (t'accord them) he relide,
 Write you your names, and in a vessel place
 Me them, (quoth he) and lots shall try the cace.

Foorthwith then ech ones name is papered,
 And in small pitcher cast, and all too shooke,
 And drawne by hap, and first that issued,
Artemedoro was, Earle of *Pembrooke*,
 Next *Gherards* name fild eares that listened,
 And passage after these *Wincelay* tooke,
 Wincelay who so graue and fage tofore,
 Now old is loue, and a princox hore.

Oh how these three that first were chosen, haue
 Their countnance mery, and their eyes with child
 Of ioy, which doth from brinefull hart out-waue,
 Fortune (loues friend) speede eu'ry plot they build,
 The rest whose names the pitcher held in graue,
 Showd doubt, and iealousie were not exilde,
 And at his mouth they hang, whose had forth drew
 The opned briefes, and red the residew.

Guaasco the fourth came forth, to whom succedes
Ridolfo, and to *Ridolfe*, *Olderick*,
 Then of *Ronciglio* he *Gulielmo* reedes,
 And *Eurard* the *Bauier*, and *Francke Henrick*,
Rambaldo, was the last, who changing creedes,
 Made choice gainst *Iesus* damned foe to kick,
 Eu'n so much loue could do, termes number he
 There closed vp, the rest excluded be.

F f

Which

Q V I N T O .

Which rest with wrath, enuie and iealousy
Enflamde, fortune vniust, and brothell call,
And blame thee loue that didst her not deny,
Within thy Realme her iudgement throne to stall :
But for engrafted in mankind we try,
That most forbidden most we covet all :
 In spite of fortune many them dispoſe,
 To follow her when darke the welkin growes.

They will her follow still, in Sunne and shade,
And for her (fighting) hazard life and foule,
She spares some becks, & with chopt words that wade
Halfe-way, and with sweet sighes them on doth toule :
And that them left, her parture must be made,
With tone and tother eft she gan condoule :
 Buskled in armes this while, them readie make
 The ten Knights, and of *Godfrey* congey take.

This wife man ech one monisheth a part,
How Painims faith vncertaine is and light,
And ill assured pledge, and by what art
Men snares may shunne, and haps of heauy plight :
But with the wind his words away do start,
For loue brookes counfell of aduised wight :
 At last he giues them licence, and the Dame
 Stayes not her parting till the morrow came.

The conquereſſe departs, and her before,
Those riuals she in Triumph marshalled,
As prifoners, and to harmes hugy store,
The rest of all her loues abandoned,
But vnder wings, when night out iffew'd, bore
Silence, and sweums roaming idlehed,
 Then secretly (as loue them counfell lent)
 Tracing *Armidas* steps, full many went.

Eustace

CANTO

Eustace her followes first, who scarce abide
 Could, till nights shadow day-light had yfhrinde,
 But hasty hyes where him best pleasd to guide,
 Through blind darkenes, a Chieftaine all as blind :
 That faire coole night his wandring way he plide,
 But when the ioyous light appearing fhinde,
 Armide appeared likewise with her troope,
 Where a burgage had beene their lodging coope.

To her-ward fast he fares, and by his crest
Rambaldo soone him knowes, and asking cryde,
 Why there he came, and what he had in quest :
 I come to follow (answered he) *Armide*,
 Nor (if vnscornd) lesse shall mine aide be prest,
 Nor lesse my faith be in her seruice tryde :
 T'other replies, so great honour to proue,
 Who hath thee chofen ? and he reioyned, loue.

Loue chused me, thee Fortune, now decree
 Who choicest right, from iustest chuser hath :
 Quoth *Rambalt* then, nothing auayleth thee,
 This title false, these arts are way to skath,
 Nor mongst her lawfull Champions, mayst thou bee
 Allow'd to trace this royall Virgins path,
 Seruant of lawlesse rate : and who (replies
 The youth now waxeth hoat) it me denies :

I it forfend, then answer'd he againe,
 And with that word against him marching went,
 And holding will of equalling disdaine,
 T'other him moues with equall hardiment,
 But here her hand out stretcht a twixt them twaine,
 Steps their soules Tyrant midst their furious bent,
 And sayes to th'one, ah, this your grudging cease,
 That you compagnion I a champion crease.

F f 3

If

QVINTO.

If you my safety loue, why me deprive,
In fuch neede, do you of this new fupply?
Then faves to him, you fit and thankt arriue,
On whofe defence my fame, my life, rely,
No reason would that I fhould packing driue
So welcome and fo noble company:

Thus talking, whiles on way they vantage win,
Some new come Champion hourelly droppeth in.

Some come from thẽce, & fome frõ hence, ne knowes
Tone of the tother, but ech lookes a skance,
She glad them entertaines, and all ſhe ſhowes,
For fuch their comming, mirth and iouyffance,
But when the dimmy ayre now cleerer growes,
Godfrey gate of their parture cognifance,
And his mind (which their damage did foregeeue)
At ſome their future ill, ſeem'd to agreeue.

Whilft more hereon he caſts, there doth appeere
A meſſenger, duſty, panting, with grace
All ſad, and port, which newes of heauy cheere
Brings, and beares forrow written in his face;
My Lord (quoth he) there will at ſea appeere
Th'*Egyptain* great fleete within little ſpace:
William (to whom the *Gene* ſhips ſubiect bee)
This freſh aduiſo fendeth you by mee.

He addes, whiles a conuoy was conducted
Of vittailles to the Campe-ward from the fleet:
Their horſe and Camels heauy burdened,
Amidſt the way a grieuous cumber meet:
So as guarders all flau'd, or ſlaughtered
In fight, none could his fellowes ſafety greet,
And that th'*Arabian* theeues, at front and backe,
Then in a vale affayling, wrought this wracke.

And

CANTO

And how the mad rage and licent ioufnesse
 Of those *Barbarian* rogues, so greatly grow,
 That like a hugy floud past all redresse,
 Around they spred and ech place ouer-flowe :
 Whence needs (to th'end some awe may thē repressē)
 A band of men gainst them be sent to go :
 Who from the sands of *Palestina* sea,
 Scowring, may to the Campe assure the way.

From one to th'other language straight the fame
 Hereof passeth, and soone extendeth wide,
 And common Souldier to himfelse doth frame
 Great feare of famine, which will soone betide :
 The Generall discrete, who findes now lame
 The haughtie courage wont in them to bide,
 Doth by this cheerefull looke and words, procure
 Their drooping to reuiue and reassure.

Oh you that with me past haue here and there
 A thousand perills, and a thousand woes,
 Champions of God, whom his faith to repaire
 Euen from his birth, deere Christians he chose,
 You that *Greeke* guiles, and *Persian* armes ech where
 Vanquisht, and hills, and seas, and winter throwes,
 And thirst, and pinching famines hard distresse,
 Shall daunting feare your spirits now possesse ?

Can then the Lord, who doth stirre and guide,
 Well knowne earst in oft more grieuous case,
 Not now assure you ? as if turn'd aside
 His hand of mercy were, or holy face ?
 One day t'will ioy to thinke what harmes betide
 Vs did, and voves, to pay to th'eauenly grace,
 Now hold couragious on, and keepe I pray,
 Your selues to fortune of a better day.

G g

With

QVINTO.

With these words he their minds, tofore dismaide
Comforts, and with a cleere and cheerefull looke,
But yet amid his brest, in heapes vplaide
A thousand sad sharpe cares their lodging tooke,
How he so many men may feed and aide,
Twixt want & dearth his thoughfull minde it shooke :
How he may fleete at Sea withstand, and how
Th'*Arabian* robbers he may breake or bow.

FINIS.



NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Title page — see Introduction.

Epistle 'To the Reader,' p. 3, l. 7, '*done (as I was informed)*'—it may be inferred from this that the Writer C. H., *i.e.*, Christopher Hunt of Exeter (see title-page), was unknown to Carew.

Page 4, l. 10, '*till the sommer,*'—this shews Carew had meant to translate the remainder; l. 11, '*I have caused the Italian to be Printed*'—*i.e.*, the Publisher Hunt, not the translator himself; l. 18, '*cenfure*' = judge.

THE FIRST SONG.

Page 5, opening stanza. See Introduction; l. 5, '*hit selfe*'—the luckless 'h' occurs many times in the poem, as noted in the places; l. 16, '*pleasings*' = pleasures, delights.

„ 6, l. 6, '*diseafed*' = sick, sad; l. 15, '*forehalsfening*' = fore-shortening? l. 19, '*pray*' = prey; l. 23, '*countermate*' = encounter mate? l. 30, '*hit*' = it.

„ 7, l. 1, '*weat*' = wet, *r.g.*; l. 13, '*Panims*' = Paynims, heathens; l. 26, '*hit*' = it, as before; l. 27, '*skryes*' = describes.

„ 8, l. 5, '*Truchman*' = interpreter; *ibid.*, '*hights*' = is named or called; l. 13, '*rout*' = company; l. 16, '*To fore*' = heretofore, hitherto; l. 20, '*hit*' = it, as before.

„ 9, l. 6, '*hight*'—given. So *Faerie Queen*, "What better dowre can to a dame be hight" (v., iv., 9); l. 20, '*hooues*' = behoves; l. 21, '*vpper deale*' = upper building? l. 27, '*cought*' = caught, *r.g.*

„ 10, l. 5, '*flocke*' = slack, or qu. sloken (Scotice) = quench (as thirst with water); l. 9, '*ensew'd*' = followed.

„ 12, l. 8, '*let*' = hinder; l. 23, '*skryes*' = reveals; *ibid.*, '*hit*' = it, as before; l. 29, '*I gesse*'—one of many early uses of the verb. See Introduction on it; l. 32, '*peyzed*' = poised.

„ 13, l. 2, '*paines*' = painstaking; *ibid.*, '*prices*' = prizes; l. 9, '*silensf*' = became silent or ceased.

„ 14, l. 2, '*feld*' = seldom; l. 4, '*splayd*' = displayed; l. 15, '*fet*' = fetch; l. 17, '*tofore*.' See p. 8, l. 16; l. 21, '*Hue*' = Eve?

„ 15, l. 1, '*tone*' = the one. So p. 17, l. 27; l. 8, '*tale*' = number, reckoning; l. 18, '*egalleth*' = equalleth; l. 25, '*liuelode*' = livelihood, inheritance; l. 29, '*flooues*' = stoves.

„ 16, l. 2 (from bottom), '*whereas*' = whereto.

„ 17, l. 14, '*hit*' = it; l. 20, '*cloyd*' = filled up. Cf. on p. 23, l. 24; l. 24, '*woode*' = wooded.

„ 18, l. 11, '*Inuict*' = unconquered; l. 22, '*preeu*' = proof.

- Page 20, l. 3, '*rough't*'=wrought, *i.e.*, weaned; l. 10, '*uncouth*'=unfrequented, strange; l. 12, '*hit*'=it, as before; last l., '*cold*'=cooled.
- „ 21, l. 5, '*clots*'=clods.
- „ 22, l. 2 (from bottom), '*consey*'=bow of salutation.
- „ 23, l. 6, '*broch*'=broach, give tidings of—from pulling out the spigot of a cask; l. 24, '*acloyes*'=fills. Cf. on p. 17, l. 20.
- „ 24, l. 23, '*uncouth*'=strange; last l., '*rocky fico*'=Scio—ehéu! ehéu! shattered by earthquakes as I write these Notes and Illustrations. How solid and secure the lovely island looked as I explored it four years ago!
- „ 25, l. 5, '*mand*'=manned.
- „ 26, l. 19, '*enigres*'=eneagers, energizes; *ibid.*, '*wood*'=mad (with rage.)
- „ 27, l. 13, '*tinde*'=kindled; l. 20, '*well manur'd*'=cultivated; l. 21, '*unneath*'=beneath; l. 31, '*cul'd*'=gathered or collected.

THE SECOND SONG.

- Page 28, l. 9, '*Mahound*'=Mahomet, but applied to Satan (as in *Tam o' Shanter*).
- „ 29, l. 14, '*raine*'=reign; l. 23, '*hit*'=it, as before.
- „ 30, l. 1, '*swayd*'=bowed, stooped; l. 5, '*hit*'=it, as before; l. 14, '*teene*'=rage; l. 24, '*hit*'=it, as before; l. 25, '*importuneß*'=most importunate; l. 28, '*paine*'=painstaking.
- „ 31, l. 1, '*venespyde*'=unespied; l. 14, '*abuy*'=purchase; l. 30, '*prices*'=prizes.
- „ 32, l. 15, '*par*'=equal; *ibid.*, '*peakt*'=picked, *r.g.*; l. 16, '*smally reakt*'=reckoned very little; l. 22, '*thwart*'=threaten? last line, '*artificiall*'=artful.
- „ 33, l. 17, '*stonishment*'=astonishment; l. 19, '*farder*'=farther. So p. 34, l. 14; l. 17, '*albe*'=albeit. So p. 38, l. 19; l. 19, '*gry*'=grin?
- „ 35, l. 2, '*preace*'=press.
- „ 36, l. 22, '*copemates*'=partners.
- „ 37, l. 21, '*broft*'=brought, *r.g.*; l. 27, '*tro*'=trail, *r.g.*
- „ 38, l. 5, '*cabbanes*'=cabins?
- „ 39, l. 2, '*taint*'=tint, *r.g.*; l. 15, '*nyres*'=nears.
- „ 40, l. 1, '*peac'd*'=held her peace or ceased. So p. 48, l. 9.
- „ 41, l. 1, '*Mahound*.' See on p. 28, l. 9, and also p. 45, l. 21; l. 9, '*irefull hart*'=full of ire; l. 25, '*parlous*'=perilous, and p. 46, l. 6.
- „ 42, l. 6, '*tind*'=kindle.
- „ 43, l. 6, '*linelefs*'=measureless? last l. '*manlied*'=manhood, bravery.
- „ 44, l. 29, '*floyning*'=stoning?
- „ 45, l. 7, '*fond*'=foolish.
- „ 46, l. 7, '*affie*'=reply or make affiance with, and cf. p. 48, l. 8; l. 12, '*myfer*'=miserable.
- „ 47, l. 3, '*rough't*'=reached; l. 21, '*then*'=than.

- Page 48, l. 3, 'traines' = traps, stratagems; l. 28, 'To'—qu. 'The'; last l., 'worldy' = worldly.
- „ 50, l. 8, 'mote' = must; l. 14, 'penurous' = penurious, scanty; l. 27, 'brooke' = bear or endure; l. 29, 'fell' = fierce; last l., 'port' = gate.
- „ 51, l. 8, 'Vaunce' = advance; l. 11, 'except' = expect—qu. misprint?
- „ 52, l. 8, 'apayd' = satisfied.
- THE THIRD SONG.
- Page 53, l. 2, 'annies' = draws nigh; l. 5, 'buskelled' = busked, *r.g.*; l. 11, 'hit' = it, as before.
- „ 54, l. 1, 'ging' = gang. See Nares, *s.v.*; l. 6, 'gre'th' = greeteth; l. 8, 'lets' = obstacles, hindrances, or dangers; l. 16, 'parelled' = apparelled; last line, 'accusall' = accusation.
- „ 55, l. 4, 'quicke-springs,' *i.e.*, of the two eyes; l. 8, 'most'—mightest; l. 14, 'childing' = travailing (as in child-birth); l. 19, 'crew'—in the good sense in which it is still applied to a ship's company; last line, 'carkes' = cares.
- „ 56, l. 12, 'reskous' = rescues? l. 14, 'pall' = pale; l. 30, 'price' = prize; last line, 'shockes' = buttings, strong strokes?
- „ 57, l. 1, 'prayer' = plunderer; *ibid.*, 'pray' = prey; l. 18, 'iust' = joust; l. 24, 'sight' = sigh; last line, punctuate comma (,) after 'giues' and after 'spels.'
- „ 60, l. 4, 'of curets' = off cuirasses.
- „ 61, l. 19, 'topse-turvie' = confusedly, but see Nares, *s.v.*; *ibid.*, 'hent' = seize, take; l. 20, 'plumpe' = hard blow; l. 25, 'counter-mate' = encounter-mate, as before?
- „ 62, l. 3, 'fet' = fetched.
- „ 63, l. 6, 'parrell' = equal or parallel? l. 21, 'endorce'—see Nares, *s.v.*, endors; l. 25, 'brunt' = the brunt; l. 31, 'shocke.' See p. 56, last line and note.
- „ 64, l. 9, 'eft' = oft; l. 12, 'rought' = reached; *ibid.*, 'maine' = mighty, strong.
- „ 65, l. 7, 'too' = to; l. 22, 'wrake' = wreck.
- „ 66, l. 2, 'hardiment' = courage, as in *1 Henry IV.*, i. 3; l. 6, 'bent' = disposition? l. 12, 'tidie' = well-disposed; l. 29, 'coafled' = bordered; *ibid.*, 'let' = hindrance, obstacle.
- „ 67, l. 12, 'buts' = abuts; l. 13, 'Betel' = Bethel; l. 23, 'pall' = covering? last line, 'coegals' = co-equals.
- „ 68, l. 4, 'iusts' = jousts, as before; l. 6, 'tire' = attire; l. 16, 'fact's' = deeds; last line, 'rauiner' = plunderer.
- „ 69, l. 25, 'Beare' = bier; l. 28, 'talling' = idle? l. 30, 'affects' = affections; last line, 'muse' = musing or meditation.
- „ 70, l. 1, 'dole' = lamentation; l. 6, 'did'β = diedst.
- „ 71, l. 5, 'spill' = spoil; l. 13, 'curets' = cuirasses, as before; l. 30, 'Holmes' = small islands.
- „ 72, l. 1, 'Ewes' = yews; l. 6, 'Ornes' = horns, tusks?

THE FOURTH SONG.

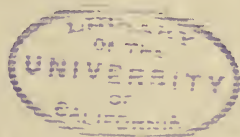
- Page 73, l. 8, '*belkes*' = belches.
 ,, 74, l. 3, '*clout*' = clothe; l. 4, '*amates*' = daunts, terrifies; l. 5, '*bestvout*' = be-strut or stride; l. 7, '*croupper*' = crupper; l. 10, '*Sphinxes*' = sphinxes; l. 22, '*vaunceth*' = advanceth; l. 30, '*strakes*' = strikes, or qu. strokes.
 ,, 75, l. 10, '*troane*' = throne, *r.g.*; l. 29, '*lot*' = the lot.
 ,, 76, last line, '*inwicl*' = unconquered.
 ,, 77, l. 15, '*acloyd*' = filled up, as before; l. 20, '*might*'—qu. misprint for 'night'? l. 31, '*vnneath*' = beneath, as before.
 ,, 78, l. 3, '*uncouth*' = strange, as before; l. 4, '*Addict*' = addicted; l. 29, '*treines*' = stratagems, traps.
 ,, 79, l. 16, '*leazings*' = lyings; l. 17, '*traine*', see on p. 84, l. 29.
 ,, 80, l. 7, '*plumps*' = crowds; l. 8, '*wizde*' = made wise, informed; l. 17, '*crisples*' = curls; l. 28, '*weede*' = dress.
 ,, 81, l. 14, '*Coronel*' = Colonel.
 ,, 82, l. 7, '*affy*' = affiance.
 ,, 84, l. 11, '*price*' = prize; l. 18, '*reakes*' = reckons, cares for; l. 29, '*traines*' = stratagems, as before.
 ,, 85, l. 7, '*pight*' = pitched; l. 8, '*halfner*' = halver; l. 27, '*affy*' = betroth, as before.
 ,, 86, l. 22, '*Bayned*' = bathed. Cf. *Fairy Queen*, I., vii., 3.
 ,, 87, l. 13, '*hoyting*' = riotously mirthful; l. 17, '*teene*' = rage.
 ,, 88, l. 9, '*iump*' = agree; l. 13, '*let*' = hinder; l. 16, '*Vayle*' = avail.
 ,, 89, l. 2, '*post*' = gate; l. 7, '*freakes*' = friends, *r.g.*, as before; l. 9, '*peac'd*' = held her peace, as before.
 ,, 91, l. 13, '*deckt*' = covered as with a deck? last line, '*accoyes*' = disheartens, subdues.
 ,, 92, l. 9, '*freake*' = friend, as before.
 ,, 93, l. 9, '*for-god*' = fore or before God; l. 13, '*curets*' = cuirasses; l. 19, '*bootfull*' = advantageous; l. 29, '*pewling*' = puling, tear-wet; last line, '*raine*' = reign.
 ,, 94, l. 22, '*beizle*' = embezzle; l. 29, '*basht*' = abashed; l. 30, '*iet*' = prance, caper.
 ,, 96, l. 16, '*ouert*' = open or manifest.

THE FIFTH SONG.

- Page 98, l. 4, '*gaddling*' = gadding? l. 6, '*a read*' = judge.
 ,, 99, l. 22, '*debet*' = debit, debt; l. 24, '*vilety*' = vileness, *r.g.*
 ,, 100, l. 5, '*would*' = would not, and so p. 110, l. 8; l. 8, '*Arraisons*' = arraigns; l. 17, '*egals*' = equals.
 ,, 101, l. 15, '*appayes*' = satisfies, as before; l. 22, '*curchy*' = courtesy?
 ,, 102, l. 15, '*teeny*' = rageful.
 ,, 103, l. 4, '*a flaunt*' = displayed; l. 13, '*copy freake*' = resembling friend? word unknown to Editor; last line, '*wood*' = mad.
 ,, 104, l. 30, '*basst*' = abash, as before.
 ,, 105, l. 21, '*wimble*' = nimble; *ibid.*, '*wight*' = wise, skilful. So 'Wal-

- lace wight'; l. 24, '*foines*' = pushes, but see Nares, *s.v.*; l. 26, '*Morglay*' = deadly weapon.
- Page 106, l. 22, '*sample*' = example.
- „ 107, l. 6, '*doome*' — judgment; l. 8, '*pheeres*' = equals.
- „ 108, l. 22, '*aftraine*' = restrain; l. 24, '*Is*' — misprint for 'In.'
- „ 109, l. 8, '*leauen*' = lightning; l. 11, '*Inuict*' = unconquered; l. 30, '*futewoorth*' = worth-suit?
- „ 110, l. 6, '*bent*' = disposition, as before, so p. 112, l. 6; l. 10, '*vnmobile*' = unmoveable; l. 26, '*beturning*' = returning.
- „ 111, l. 9, '*vnouth*' = strange, unknown; l. 16, '*Herhaults*' = messengers? last l., '*prooues*' = proofs.
- „ 112, l. 16, '*bickring*' = fighting; *ib.*, '*wey*' = weigh.
- „ 113, l. 3, '*vre*' = use; l. 9, '*price*' = prize; l. 10, '*quent*' = quaint; l. 28, '*Prote*' = Proteus.
- „ 114, l. 3, '*haultnes*' = haultens, halts; l. 14, '*tone*' = the one; l. 20, '*somedale*' = somewhat; l. 25, '*dayd*' = appointed for a set 'day'; last l., '*pretence*' = what we stretch to.
- „ 115, l. 13, '*boordes*' — see Nares, *s.v.*
- „ 116, l. 6, '*fetch*' = trick; *ibid.*, '*accord*' = harmonize, make of one mind; l. 16, '*princox hore*' = a pert forward youth, though 'hoary' headed; l. 19, '*brinefull*' = brimfull — surely a misprint?
- „ 117, l. 12, '*toule*' = toll, ring; l. 14, '*tone*' = the one, as before; l. 16, '*congey*' = bow of salutation; l. 30, '*feweums*' = noises?
- „ 118, l. 8, '*burgage*' = burgh, but see Nares, *s.v.*; *ib.*, '*coope*' = hiding place? l. 25, '*forfend*' = forbad; l. 32, '*crease*' = increase, add to the ten.
- „ 119, l. 14, '*gate*' = gat.
- „ 120, l. 15, '*this*' = what follows — not 'his.'

A. B. G.





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