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T A S S O's
JERUSALEM DELIVERED:

O R

Godfrey *of* Bulloign.

AN HEROIC POEM.

Done into ENGLISH,
In the Reign of Queen ELIZABETH,
By EDWARD FAIRFAX, Gent.

The Fourth Edition,
With a GLOSSARY, and INDEX.

L O N D O N:

Printed by J. PURSER } for { J. CLARK, at the *Royal Exchange*;
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MDCCXLIX.

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[illegible]

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves putting the strategy into action and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves assessing the outcomes against the objectives and goals and identifying any areas for improvement.

T O
HIS EXCELLENCY
W I L L I A M
EARL of *Harrington*,
LORD LIEUTENANT GENERAL,
A N D
GENERAL GOVERNOR
O F
IRELAND, &c. &c.

T H I S
Fourth Edition of FAIRFAX's Translation
of TASSO's JERUSALEM

Is inscribed

By HIS EXCELLENCY's

Most humble

And obedient Servant,

The EDITOR.

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

*A*T the Council of Clermont in France, in the Year one thousand and ninety five, a War against the Turks and Saracens was unanimously agreed upon, for the Recovery of Jerusalem and the Inlargement of the Christian Faith.

Some affirm, that this was done principally at the Instance of an Hermit, named Peter, who, when a Pilgrim at Jerusalem, being prevail'd upon by the Patriarch, and encouraged by a Vision from Heaven, solicited this War at the Court of Rome: but others suspect the Hermit to have been no other, than an Hypocrite, and assert, that his Vision was but a Revelation from Pope Urban the second, to whose Policy and Ambition the War is solely to be attributed. But such was in that Age the Influence of the Pope, and the Inclination of Mankind to enrich themselves by Rapine, that within a short Time three great Armies were raised; and began their March to Jerusalem.

The first, led by Sensaver, was attacked, and routed by the Bulgarians; the second, commanded by Peter the Hermit, crossed the Bosphorus, but fell a Prey to the Turks; and the third Army, under Hugo, shared the same Fate, as the first under Sensaver, unable to resist the Bulgarians, who opposed their March.

A

But

THE PREFACE.

But the Christians, in the Year 1096, nothing discouraged by these Overthrows, which were chiefly owing to the Want of Conduct in their Leaders, form themselves into a vast Army, consisting, according to the most moderate Computation, of at least three hundred thousand Men, well disciplined, and under skill-full Commanders.

A minute Account of the Leaders of this immense Host, to which almost every Nation in Christendom sent Auxiliaries, would here be tedious and unnecessary; and with Regard to the Poem, it will be sufficient to inform the Reader, that the English and Normans were led by Robert Duke of Normandy, Brother to William Rufus, at that Time King of England — that the greatest Part of the Italians marched under Bæmond, Prince of Tarentum, and Tancred his Nephew — and that the French, who bore the largest Share in this Expedition, were led by Hugo, Brother to the King of France; Godfrey, Duke of Bouillon; Baldwin and Eustace, his younger Brothers; Stephen Earl of Blois, Father to Stephen afterwards King of England; Raimond Earl of Tholouse, and Robert Earl of Flanders: this Expedition was also honour'd with the Presence of Ademare, Bishop of Puy, and William, Bishop of Orange.

It is the received Opinion, that before the Siege of Jerusalem was undertaken, the Christian Princes unanimously elected Godfrey, on account of his many eminent Qualifications, to be Captain General of the Pil-

The P R E F A C E.

Pilgrim Army. He was Duke of Bouillon near Liege, and Earl of Bulloign in Picardy: and it is upon Record, that such was his Zeal for the Christian Cause, that he sold Mets, a chief Town in Lorraine, and also his Dutchy of Bouillon, the better to enable himself to raise Troops for the Expedition.

The first Enterprize undertaken by the Christians, at their Entrance into Asia, was the Siege of Nice, which they made themselves Masters of in twenty eight Days: they then continued their March, and with a Rapidity of Conquest got Possession of Cilicia, Lycaonia, Mesopotamia, and Comagena.

In the Year 1098 they invested Antioch, situated near the River Orontes; but this City made an obstinate Resistance, and was at last taken by Surprise.

And now at length the victorious Army arrived before the Gates of Jerusalem, and laid Siege to the holy City, which at that Time was in the Possession of the Saracens, who had lately recovered it from the Turks, after the Turks had possessed it eight Years. This Siege, which is the Subject of the following Poem, was begun on the sixth of June 1099, and continued 37 Days with various Success; but on the 15th of July following Fortune declared herself for the Christians, who in the Evening of the Day entered the City.

Godfrey, within a short Time afterwards, was by the common Suffrage elected King of Jerusalem; and the Provinces were divided among the chief Princes.

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Baldwin, *Brother to Godfrey, possessed Cilicia, Comagena, and Mesopotamia; Tancred obtained the Government of Tyberia; and Bæmond the Principality of Antioch.*

Godfrey reigned but one Year in his new erected Kingdom, and was succeeded by Baldwin, who greatly increased his Dominions by the Conquest of Antipatris, Cesarea, Ptolemais, and diverse other Cities. Baldwin reigned 18 Years, and was succeeded in the Throne by his Cousin German, Baldwin de Burgo. This Prince, during a Reign of 13 Years, experienced a great Variety of Fortune in War, yet upon the whole he preserved his Dominions intire, and maintained his regal Authority: but in the succeeding Reigns there arose great Dissention among the Christian Princes, and of this the Turks did not fail to take Advantage; and thus by Factions at home, and well-tim'd Invasions from abroad, the Power and Dominions of the Kings of Jerusalem were continually lessened, till at length, in the Year 1188, Jerusalem was retaken by the Sultan of Ægypt, after it had been 88 Years in the Possession of the Christians.

Having now finished a brief Narrative of such Facts, as may prove satisfactory in Relation to the Poem, it will not here be improper to give the Reader some Account of Tasso, the original Author, and of Mr. Fairfax, the Translator.

* Torquato Tasso was born at Sorrentum in the Kingdom of Naples in 1544, and was descended from

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* See Mr. Fenton's Observations upon Waller's Poems, p. xxx.

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a noble Family. In his Infancy he manifested an amazing Genius, which he cultivated with a Variety of all polite Literature at Padua, where he began the Plan of his immortal Jerusalem, in the twenty second Year of his Age.

He soon afterwards left Padua, and at the Invitation of Alphonso the second resided at Ferrara, where he was received with very singular Marks of the Duke's Esteem and Affection. He then determined to dedicate his Jerusalem to this Prince; and, in a short Time after, the four first Cantos of it were made public, by which the Name of Tasso became famous throughout all Italy.

In the Year 1572 he attended the Cardinal of Est, Brother to the Duke of Ferrara, into France; and such were the Honors there paid to Tasso by Charles the ninth, and the French Nation in general, that France seem'd to vye with Italy in admiring him.

At his Return with the Cardinal to Ferrara in 1573 he began to compose that celebrated pastoral Performance, called Aminta, which was represented the same Year and met with an uncommon Applause: and in the Year following the whole Poem, called Jerusalem delivered, was first published; but without the Consent of the Author, and very incorrectly: The Success of it was nevertheless prodigious; and the various Translations of this Poem, (almost at the Instant of it's Appearance) into Latin, French, Spanish, and even the Oriental Languages, sufficiently testified how universally it was admired.

And

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And now was Tasso regarded, as the Restorer of Poetry in it's two principal Branches, the Pastoral, and Epic; and upon this Account he obtained greater Honors, and a more extended Reputation, than ever fell to the Share of any living Poet. Almost all the Potentates of Europe solicited him to reside at their respective Courts; and, what is particularly remarkable, the Grand Signior of Turkey sent him an express Invitation, which was enforced, though unsuccessfully, with large Offers.

But the Time now came, when Tasso, in the 32d Year of his Age, experienced a sad Reverse of Fortune, which proved more than a Ballance to all his former Felicity; for being unfortunately engaged in a Duel, occasioned by a real or imputed Amour with the Sister of his Patron, the Duke of Ferrara, he was at the Duke's Command apprehended and imprisoned.

*In his Confinement, which continued many Years, he became beyond Measure dejected, contracted a deep Melancholly, and was at Periods totally deprived of his Understanding: * but Thuanus relates, that in his lucid Intervals, his Genius returned to him, rather strengthened than impaired, and that he then wrote, as if he was inspirited by a divine Fury.*

It is incertain whether Tasso ever recovered, so as to enjoy the regular, and uninterrupted Use of his Reason; but, when he regained his Liberty (which
was

* Vol. v. p. 503.

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was not procured without the Intercession of the Pope, and almost all the Italian Princes) he is said to have retired to Naples, and there, by the Tranquillity of his Life, to have freed himself in a great Measure from his Disorder.

In his Retirement he employed himself in composing many Pieces in Prose, as well as Verse, but more particularly in attempting to correct his Jerusalem delivered: but this Imployment, by means of the Fertility of his Genius, was soon productive of a new Poem, published under the Title of Jerusalem Conquered; which, although it is reputed far inferior to his first Work, is yet allowed to have the Merit of a correct Performance.

This second epic Poem was dedicated to Cardinal Cinthio Passero, Nephew to Pope Clement VIII, by whom, at the Instance of the Cardinal, Tasso was invited to Rome in the Year 1595, that he might there receive the Laurel with the usual Solemnities; but a Fever seized him, whilst the Pageantry was preparing, and put a Period to his Life in the 51st Year of his Age.

Mr. Edward Fairfax was the natural Son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton in Yorkshire; but the exact Time of his Birth and the Particulars of his Life are not certainly known.

He is said, besides his Translation of Tasso, to have wrote the Life of Edward the black Prince, a Book of Dæmonology, and twelve Eclogues; all which,
except

The P R E F A C E.

*except the * fourth of the Eclogues, still continue unpublished.*

His Translation of Tasso's Jerusalem was first printed in the Year 1600, and dedicated to Queen Elizabeth: a Second Edition was published 24 Years afterwards by Mr. Bill, at the special Command of King James the first, and at the Desire of Prince Charles, to whom Mr. Bill dedicated his Edition: and a third Impression of this Work appeared in the Year 1686, recommended to the Public by Sir Roger L'Estrange, who at that Time was the Licencer of the Press: but the Scarcity of the first and second of these Editions, the Incorrectness of the third, and † the Excellence of the Work itself, have given Reason to imagine, that a new Impression of it would not be unacceptable.

It now only remains to be observed, that, in the present Edition, some few Alterations have been made in such Stanzas, as seemed necessarily to require them: but, it is hoped, as this Liberty hath been used with Caution, that the Reader will find no just Cause of Complaint.

* See a valuable Collection of antient English Poetry, published by E. Cooper in 1738.

† Mr. Fenton, in his Observations upon Waller's Poems, [Page 30] says expressly, that Mr. Waller learned the Art of versifying from Fairfax: and in many Parts of his Observations he gives Instances of Passages in Waller, which are evidently copied from the Translation of Tasso. P. 24, 88, 109, 110, 126, 144.

Mr. *B I L L*'s
DEDICATION.

T O

The most illustrious and most excellent Prince,
CHARLES, Prince of *Wales*,
D U K E of *Cornwall*,
E A R L of *Chester*, &c.

S I R,

TH E Command of his MAJESTY, seconded
by your HIGHNESS, hath caused me to renew
the Impression of this Book.

The former Edition had the Honor to be dedicated to
the late Queen *Elizabeth*, of famous Memory, as ap-
peareth by a worthy Elogy, here preserved. I could

Mr. Bill's Dedication.

not leave this second Birth of so excellent an Author without a living Patron, and none could be found fitter, than your princely self, who as you have highly commended it, so it is to be presumed, you will take it into your safe and princely Protection: for the Author *Torquato Tasso*, I may say this of him, that as *Plato* hath by some been called *Moses Ethnicus*, so may he be stiled *Homerus Christianus*; and this will be as fit to be found in the Hand of a *Christian Prince*, as *Homer* was to lie under the Pillow of the *Macedonian Emperor*.

All the Ornament I could add to this Edition was to illustrate the chief Subject of the Book, that is, *Godfrey of Bullen*, the great Champion of *Christendom*, which I have done, as well as I could, by prefixing his Portrait, as it was brought from *Jerusalem*, and by a brief * Description of his Life out of the best Writers. Here is an Example of Piety and Valour, joined together to redeem one Country to the Honor of *CHRIST*, who redeemed the whole World for the Benefit of Man. Though *Godfrey* were the first in this holy Band, *Robert of Normandy* was not the last, a noble Branch of your royal Tree: and it were to be wished, that the same Spirit would in this latter Age inflame all *Christian Princes* to the like Design, that the Theater of *Mars* might be erected

* The Substance of this Treat, called the Life of Godfrey, is given in the Preface.

Mr. Bill's Dedication.

erected in the Gates of *Jerusalem* and *Constantinople*, which now is too much frequented in the Territories of *Chriftendom*. A Parallel to this Enterprife can not more fairly be given, than that of *Lepanto*, toward which though our *Northern* Princes gave no Aid, yet your Royal Father, our Sovereign, hath given a perpetual Memory, by his learned and religious Poem, worthily imitated in the *French* by *Du Bartas*; wherein *Don Juan* of *Austria* doth not better follow the Example of *Godfrey*, in the acting, than his Majesty doth *Tasso* in describing the Conquest, which the *Chriftians* obtained against the *Turks*.

They that have not Ability in the *Tuscan* Language (in which the Poem was first penn'd very curiously) may delight themselves with this Translation, which will be so much the more worthy to be read, because, besides the Story, (which must needs be acceptable to all *Chriftians*) and the Celebration of so many Heroes, the Art of the Poet is admirable, both for the Imitation, which is the Life of Poetry, and for the Allegory; for it doth not only contain the Truth of an historical Narration, sweetened with some poetical Fiction, but doth also secretly express a moral Sense, showing the practic Part of Virtue, leading to the Consummation of Felicity: so that at once the Understanding may be informed by the Story, the Fancy delighted with the Colors of Poetry, and the Will rectified with the Examples of Morality.

Such

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Mr. Bill's Dedication.

Such Ends have been aimed at in other *Epic* Poems, but never more happily attained, than in this, which offers itself at the Feet of your HIGHNESS, presenting to you a View of all the happy Success, in your noble and heroic Enterprises, which these great, and memorable Names are celebrated for, together with the humble Service of him, who hath published this Work anew,

at your HIGHNESS's Command,

as your most humble,

and devoted Servant,

JOHN BILL.

DEDICA:

DEDICATION

T O

Queen *ELIZABETH.*

T O

HER HIGH MAJESTY.

I.

WIT's rich Triumph, Wisdom's Glory,
Art's Chronicle, and Learning's Story,
Tower of Goodness, Virtue, Beauty,
Forgive me, that presume to lay
My Labors in your clear Eye's Ray;
This Boldness springs from Faith, Zeal, Duty.

II.

Her Hand, her Lap, her Vesture's Hem,
Muse, touch not, for polluting them;
All, that is hers, is pure, clear, holy:
Before her Foot-stool humble lye,
So may she bless thee with her Eye;
The Sun shines not on good Things solely.

b

III.

D E D I C A T I O N .

III.

Olive of Peace, Angel of Pleasure,
What Line of Praise can your Worth measure?
Calm Sea of Bliss, which no Shore boundeth!
Fame fills the World no more with Lies,
But, busy'd in your Histories,
Her Trumpet those true Wonders foundeth.

IV.

O *Fame*, say all the Good thou may'st,
Too little is that *all* thou say'st!
What if herself herself commended?
Should we then know (ne'er known before)
Whether her Wit, or Worth were more?
Ah no! that Book would ne'er be ended.

Your MAJESTY'S humble Subject,

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

THE

T H E

A R G U M E N T S,

translated by FAIRFAX.

B O O K I.

GOD sends his Angel to Tortosa down.
Godfrey unites the Christian Peers and Knights;
And all the Lords and Princes of Renown
Obuse him their Duke, to rule the Wars and Fights :
He musters all his Host ; whose Number known,
He leads them to the Fort, that Sion hight,
The aged Tyrant, Juda's Land that guides,
In Fear and Trouble to resist provides.

B O O K II.

Ismeno conjures, but his Charms are vain.
Al'dine will kill the Christians in his Ire.
Sophronia and Olindo would be slain
To save the rest ; the King grants their Desire.
Clorinda hears their Fate and Fortunes plain,
Their Pardon gets, and keeps them from the Fire.
Argantes, when Aletes' Speeches are
Despis'd, defies the Duke to mortal War.

B O O K III.

The Camp at great Jerusalem arrives :
Clorinda gives them Battle. In the Breast
Of fair Erminia Tancred's Love revives :
He justs with her unknown, whom he lov'd best.
Argant th' Advent'ers of their Guide deprives :
With stately Pomp they lay their Lord in Chest.
Godfrey commands to cut the Forest down,
And make strong Engines to assault the Town.

THE ARGUMENTS.

BOOK IV.

Satan his Fiends and Sprites assembleth all,
And sends them forth to work the Christians Woe:
False Hidraort their Aid from Hell doth call,
And sends Armida to intrap his Foe:
She tells her Birth, her Fortune, and her Fall;
Asks Aid, allures, and wins the Worthies so,
That they consent her Enterprize to prove;
She wins them with Deceit, Craft, Beauty, Love.

BOOK V.

Gernando scorns Rinaldo should aspire
To rule that Charge, for which he seeks and strives,
And slanders him so far, that in his Ire
The wronged Knight his Foe of Life deprives:
Far from the Camp the Slayer doth retire,
Nor lets himself be bound in Chains or Gyves.
Armide departs content; and from the Seas
Godfrey hears News, which him and his displease.

BOOK VI.

Argantes calls the Christians out to just:
Otho, not chosen, doth his Strength assay,
But from his Saddle tumbleth in the Dust,
And captive to the Town is sent away.
Tancred begins new Fight; and, when both trust
To win the Praise and Palm, Night ends the Fray:
Erminia hopes to cure her wounded Knight,
And from the City armed rides by Night.

BOOK VII.

A Shepherd fair Erminia entertains;
Whom whilst Tancredi seeks in vain to find,
He is intrapped in Armida's Trains.
Raimond with strong Argantes is assign'd
To fight; an Angel to his Aid he gains.
Satan, who sees the Pagan's Fury blind
And basty Wrath turn to his Loss and Harm,
Doth raise new Tempest, Up roar, and Alarm.

BOOK

The ARGUMENTS.

BOOK VIII.

*A Messenger to Godfrey sage doth tell
The Prince of Denmark's Valour, Death and End.
Th' Italians, trusting Signs untrue too well,
Think their Rinaldo slain. The wicked Fiend
Breeds Fury in their Breasts; their Bosoms swell
With Ire and Hate, and War and Strife forth send:
They threaten Godfrey; he prays to the LORD,
And calms their Fury with his Look and Word.*

BOOK IX.

*Alecio false great Soliman doth move
By Night the Christians in their Tents to kill;
But GOD, who their Intent saw from above,
Sends Michael down from Heaven's sacred Hill;
The Spirits foul to Hell the Angel drove.
The Knights, deliver'd from the Witch, at Will
Destroy the Pagans, scatter all their Host:
The Soldan flies, when all his Bands are lost.*

BOOK X.

*Ismen from Sleep awakes the Soldan great,
And into Sion brings the Prince by Night,
Where the sad King sits fearfull on his Seat,
Whom he imboldens, and excites to fight.
Godfredo bears his Lords and Knights repeat,
How they escap'd Armida's Wrath and Spite.
Rinaldo known to live, Peter foresees
His Off-spring's Virtue, good Deserts, and Praise.*

BOOK XI.

*With grave Procession, Songs, and Psalms devout,
Heav'n's sacred Aid the Christian Lords invoke;
That done, they scale the Wall, which kept them out;
The Fort is almost won; the Gates nigh broke:
Godfrey is wounded by Clorinda stout,
And lost is that Day's Conquest by the Stroke:
The Angel cures him, he returns to fight;
But lost his Labor, for Day lost it's Light.*

BOOK

THE ARGUMENTS.

BOOK XII.

*Clorinda bears her Eunuch old report
Her Birth, her Off-spring, and her native Land:
Disguis'd she fireth Godfrey's rolling Fort;
The burn'd Piece falls smoking on the Sand:
With Tancred long unknown in desp'rate Sort
She fights, and falls, through pierced with his Brand:
Christen'd, she dies; with Sighs, with Complaints, and Tears,
He wails her Death: Argant Revengement swears.*

BOOK XIII.

*Ismeno sets to guard the Forest old
The wicked Sprites, whose ugly Shapes affray,
And put to Flight the Men, whose Labor would
To their dark Shades let in Heav'n's golden Ray.
Thither goes Tancred, hardy, faithful, bold;
But foolish Pity lets him not assay
His Strength and Courage. Heat the Christian Pow'r
Annoys, whom to refresh GOD sends a Show'r.*

BOOK XIV.

*The LORD to Godfrey in a Dream doth shew
His Will; Rinaldo must return at last.
They have their Asking, who for Pardon sue.
Two Knights to find the Prince are sent in Haste;
But Peter, who by Vision all fore-knew,
Sendeth the Searchers to a Wizard, plac'd
Deep in a Vault, who first at large declares
Armida's Trains, then how to shun those Snares.*

BOOK XV.

*The well-instructed Knights forsake their Host,
And come, where their strange Bark in Harbour lay;
And, setting Sail, behold on Ægypt's Coast
The Monarch's Ships and Armies in Array:
Their Wind and Pilot good, the Seas in Post
They pass, and of long Journeys make short Way:
The far-sought Isle they find; Armida's Charms
They scorn, they shun her Sleights, despise her Arms.*

BOOK

The ARGUMENTS.

BOOK XVI.

*The Searchers pass through all the Palace bright,
Where in sweet Prison lies Rinaldo pent,
And do so much, that, full of Rage and Spite,
With them he goes, sad, shamed, discontent.
With Plaints and Prayers to retain her Knight
Armida strives; he hears, but thence he went:
And she, forlorn, her Palace great and fair
Destroys for Grief, and flies thence through the Air.*

BOOK XVII.

*Ægypt's great Host, in Battle-'ray forth brought,
The Caliph sends with Godfrey's Pow'r to fight:
Armida, who Rinaldo's Ruin fought,
To them adjoins herself and Syria's Might:
To satisfy her cruel Will and Thought
She gives herself to him, who kills her Knight:
He takes his fatal Arms, and in his Shield
His Ancestors, and their great Deeds beheld.*

BOOK XVIII.

*The Charms and Spirits false, therein which lie,
Rinaldo chaceth from the Forest old.
The Host of Ægypt comes; Vaseline the Spy
Enters their Camp, stout, crafty, wise, and bold.
Sharp is the Fight about the Bulwarks high,
And Ports of Sion, to assault the Hold.
Godfrey hath Aid from Heaven. By Force the Town
Is won, the Pagans slain, Walls beaten down.*

BOOK XIX.

*Tancred in single Combat kills his Foe,
Argantes strong. The King and Soldan fly
To David's Tow'r, and save their Persons so.
Erminia well instructs Vaseline the Spy;
With him she rides away; and, as they go,
Finds where her Lord for dead on Earth doth lie:
First she laments, then cures him. Godfrey bears
Ormondo's Treason, and what Marks he bears.*

BOOK

The A R G U M E N T S.

B O O K XX.

*Th' Egyptian Host arrives, and cruel Fight
Makes with the Christians and their faithful Pow'r.
The Soldan longs in Field to prove his Might;
With the old King quits the besieged Tow'r;
Yet both are slain, and in eternal Night
A famous Hand gives each his fatal Hour.
Rinald appeas'd Armida. First the Field
The Christians win, then Praise to GOD they yield.*



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K I.

I.

TH E sacred Armies, and the godly Knight,
Who the great Sepulcher of CHRIST did free,
I sing; much wrought his Valour and Foresight,
And in that glorious War much suffer'd he :
In vain 'gainst him did Hell oppose her Might,
In vain the *Turks* and *Morians* armed be :
His Soldiers wild, to Brawls and Mut'nies prest,
Reduced he to Peace, so Heav'n him blest.

II.

O heav'nly Muse, that not with fading Bays
Deckest thy Brow by th' *Heliconian* Spring,
But fittest crown'd with Stars immortal Rays
In Heav'n, where Legions of bright Angels sing,
Inspire Life in my Wit, my Thoughts up-raise,
My Verse ennoble, and forgive the Thing,
If Fictions light I mix with Truth divine,
And fill these Lines with other Praise, than thine.

III.

Thither thou know'st the World is best inclin'd,
Where luring *Parnass* most it's Sweet imparts ;
And Truth, convey'd in Verse of gentle Kind,
To read perhaps will move the dullest Hearts :
So We, if Children young diseas'd we find,
Anoint with Sweets the Vessel's foremost Parts
To make them taste the Potions sharp we give ;
They drink deceiv'd, and so deceiv'd they live.

B

IV.

2 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

IV.

Ye noble Princes, that protect and save
 The pilgrim Muses, and their Ship defend
 From Rock of Ignorance and Error's Wave,
 Your gracious Eyes upon this Labor bend ;
 To you these Tales of Love and Conquest brave
 I dedicate, to you this Work I send ;
 My Muse hereafter shall perhaps unfold
 Your Fights, your Battles, and your Combats bold :

V.

For, if the *Christian* Princes ever strive
 To win fair *Greece* out of the Tyrant's Hands,
 And those usurping *Ismaelites* deprive
 Of wofull *Thrace*, which now captived stands,
 You must from Realms and Seas the *Turks* forth drive,
 As *Godfrey* chased them from *Juda's* Lands ;
 And in this Legend all that glorious Deed
 Read, whilst you arm you ; arm you, whilst you read.

VI.

Six Years were run, since first in martial Guise
 The *Christian* Lords warraid the *Eastern* Land :
Nice by Assault, and *Antioch* by Surprise,
 Both fair, both rich, both won, both conquer'd stand ;
 And this defended they in noblest Wise
 'Gainst *Persian* Knights, and many a valiant Band :
Tortosa won, lest Winter might them shend,
 They drew to Holds, and coming Spring attend.

VII.

The fullen Season now was come and gone,
 That forc'd them late cease from their noble War,
 When GOD all-mighty, from His lofty Throne,
 Set in those Parts of Heav'n that purest are,
 As far above the clear Stars ev'ry one,
 As it is hence up to the highest Star,
 Look'd down, and all at once this World beheld,
 Each Land, each City, Country, Town and Field :

VIII.

VIII.

All Things HE view'd; at last in *Syria* staid
 Upon the *Christian* Lords HIS gracious Eye:
 That wond'rous Look, wherewith HE oft survey'd
 Man's secret Thoughts, which most concealed lye,
 HE cast on puissant *Godfrey*, who assay'd
 To drive the *Turks* from *Sion's* Bulwarks high,
 And, full of Zeal and Faith, esteemed light
 All worldly Honor, Empire, Treasure, Might:

IX.

In *Baldwin* next HE spy'd another Thought,
 Whom Spirits proud to vain Ambition move:
Tancred HE saw his Life's Joy set at nought,
 So woe-begon was he with Pains of Love:
Baemon the conquer'd Folk of *Antioch* brought
 The gentle Yoke of *Christian* Rule to prove;
 He taught them Statutes, Laws, and Customs new,
 Arts, Crafts, Obedience, and Religion true;

X.

And with such Care his busy Work he ply'd,
 That to nought else his acting Thoughts he bent:
 In young *Rinaldo* fierce Desires HE spy'd,
 And noble Heart of Rest impatient;
 To Wealth or sov'reign Pow'r he nought apply'd
 His Wits, but all to Virtue excellent;
 Patterns and Rules of Skill and Courage bold
 He took from *Guelpho*, and his Fathers old.

XI.

Thus when the LORD discover'd had and seen
 The hidden Secrets of each Worthy's Breast,
 Out of the Hierarchies of Angels shewn
 The gentle *Gabriel* call'd HE from the rest;
 'Twixt GOD, and Souls of Men that righteous been,
 Ambassador is he, for ever blest;
 The just Commands of Heav'n's eternal King,
 'Twixt Skies and Earth, he up and down doth bring;

4 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

XII.

To whom the LORD thus spake — *Godfredo* find,
And in my Name ask him, why doth he rest?
Why are his Arms to Ease and Peace resign'd?
Why frees he not *Jerusalem* distress?
His Peers to Council call, each baser Mind
Let him stir up; for Chieftain of the rest
I chuse him here; the Earth shall him allow;
His Fellows late shall be his Subjects now.

XIII.

This said, the Angel swift himself prepar'd
To execute the Charge impos'd aright;
In Form of airy Members fair imbarr'd,
His Spirits pure were subject to our Sight;
Like to a Man in Snow and Shape he far'd,
But full of heav'nly Majesty, and Might;
A Stripling seem'd he, thrice five Winters old,
And radiant Beams adorn'd his Locks of Gold:

XIV.

Of silver Wings he took a shining Pair,
Fringed with Gold, unwearied, nimble, swift;
With these he parts the Winds, the Clouds, the Air,
And over Seas and Earth himself doth lift:
Thus clad, he cut the Spheres and Circles fair,
And the pure Skies with sacred Feathers cleft;
On *Libanon* at first his Foot he set,
And shook his Wings with rory *May-Dews* wet;

XV.

Then to *Tortosa's* Confines swiftly sped
The sacred Messenger with head-long Flight.
Above the *Eastern* Wave appeared red
The rising Sun, yet scanty half in Sight;
Godfrey e'en then his Morn-Devotions said,
(As was his Custom) when with *Titan* bright
Appear'd the Angel in his Shape divine,
Whose Glory far obscured *Phœbus'* Shine.

XVI.

XVI.

Godfrey, quoth he, behold the Season fit
To war, for which thou waited hast so long!
Now serves the Time, if thou o'erstep not it,
To free *Jerusalem* from Thrall and Wrong:
Thou with thy Lords in Council quickly sit;
Comfort the feeble, and confirm the strong:
The LORD OF HOSTS their General doth make thee,
And for their Chieftain they shall gladly take thee.

XVII.

I, Messenger from everlasting JOVE,
In HIS great Name thus HIS Behests do tell;
Oh what sure Hope of Conquest ought thee move!
What Zeal, what Love should in thy Bosom dwell!
This said, he vanish'd to those Seats above,
In Height and Clearness which the rest excell:
Down fell the *Duke*, his Joints dissolv'd asunder,
Blind with the Light, and stricken dead with Wonder;

XVIII.

But, when recover'd, he consider'd more
The Man, his Manner, and his Message said,
If erst he wished, now he longed sore
To end that War, whereof he Lord was made:
Nor swell'd his Breast with uncouth Pride therefore,
That Heav'n above on him this Charge had laid;
But, for his great CREATOR would the same,
His Will increas'd; so Fire augmenteth Flame.

XIX.

The Captains, call'd forthwith from ev'ry Tent,
Unto the Rendez-vous he then invites;
Letter on Letter, Post on Post he sent;
Intreatance fair with Council he unites:
All what a noble Courage could augment,
The sleeping Spark of Valour what incites,
He used, and all their Thoughts to Honor rais'd;
Some prais'd, some pay'd, some counselled, all pleas'd.

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XX.

The Captains, Soldiers, all (save *Bæmond*) came,
And pitch'd their Tents, some in the Fields without,
And of green Boughs their slender Cabbins frame;
Some lodg'd were *Tortosa's* Streets about:
Of all the Host the chief of Worth and Name
Assembled were, a Senate grave and stout;
Then *Godfrey*, after Silence kept a Space,
Lift up his Voice, and spake with princely Grace.

XXI.

Warriors, whom GOD HIMSELF elected hath
His Worship true in *Sion* to restore,
And still preserv'd from Danger, Harm, and Scathe,
By many a Sea, and many an unknown Shore,
You have subjected lately to His Faith
Some Provinces, rebellious long before;
And, after Conquests great, have in the same
Erected Trophies to His Cross and Name:

XXII.

But not for this our Homes we first forsook,
And from our native Soil have march'd so far;
Nor us to dang'rous Seas have we betook,
Expos'd to Hazard of so far-fought War,
Of Glory vain to gain an idle Smoke,
And Lands possess, that wild and barb'rous are;
That, for our Conquests, were too mean a Prey,
To shed our Bloods, to work our Souls Decay:

XXIII.

But this the Scope was of our former Thought——
Of *Sion's* Fort to scale the noble Wall,
And *Christian* Folk from Bondage to have brought,
Wherein, alas! they long have lived thrall;
In *Palestine* an Empire to have wrought,
Where Godliness might reign perpetual,
And none be left, that Pilgrims might deny
To see CHRIST'S Tomb, and promis'd Vows to pay.

XXIV.

XXIV.

What to this Hour successively is done
Was full of Peril, to our Honor small,
Nought to our first Designment, if we shun
The purpos'd End, or here lie fixed all :
What boots it us these Wars to have begun,
Or *Europe* rais'd to make proud *Asia* thrall,
If our Beginnings have this Ending known,
Not Kingdoms rais'd, but Armies overthrown ?

XXV.

Not, as we list, erect we Empires new
On frail Foundations, laid in earthly Mold,
Where of our Faith and Country are but few
Among the Thousands stout of *Pagans* bold ;
Where nought behoves us trust to *Greece* untrue,
And *Western* Aid we far remov'd behold :
Who buildeth thus, methinks, so buildeth he,
As if his Work should his Sepulcher be.

XXVI.

Turks, *Persians* conquer'd, *Antiochia* won,
Are glorious Acts, and full of glorious Praise,
By Heav'n's meer Grace, not by our Prowess done ;
Those Conquests were achiev'd by wond'rous Ways :
If now from that directed Course we run
The God of Battles thus before us lays,
His loving-Kindness shall we lose I doubt,
And be a By-word to the Lands about.

XXVII.

Let not these Blessings then sent from above
Abused be, or spilt in profane Wise ;
But let the Issue correspondent prove
To good Beginnings of each Enterprize :
The gentle Season might our Courage move,
Now ev'ry Passage plain and open lies ;
What lets us then the great *Jerusalem*
With valiant Squadrons round about to hem ?

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Lords, I protest, and hearken all to it,
 Ye Times and Ages, future, present, past!
 Hear, all ye blessed, in the Heav'ns that fit!
 The Time for this Atchievement hastens fast;
 The longer Rest, worse will the Season fit;
 Our Sureties shall with Doubts be overcast;
 If we foreflow the Siege, I well foresee,
 From *Ægypt* will the *Pagans* succour'd be.

XXIX.

This said, the Hermit *Peter* rose and spake,
 Who sat in Council those great Lords among.
 At my Request this War was undertake,
 In private Cell who erst liv'd closed long;
 What *Godfrey* wills, of that no Question make;
 There cast no Doubts, where Truth is plain and strong;
 Your Acts, I trust, will correspond his Speech,
 Yet one Thing more I would you gladly teach.

XXX.

These Strifes (unless I far mistake the Thing)
 And Discords rais'd oft in disorder'd Sort,
 Your Disobedience, and ill managing
 Of Actions lost for Want of due Support,
 Refer I justly to a further Spring,
 Spring of Sedition, Strife, Oppression, Tort;
 I mean commanding Pow'r to sundry given,
 In Thought, Opinion, Worth, Estate uneven.

XXXI.

Where diverse Lords divided Empire hold,
 Where Causes are by Gifts, not Justice, try'd,
 Where Offices are falsely bought and sold,
 Needs must the Lordship there from Virtue slide:
 Of friendly Parts one Body then uphold;
 Create one Head the rest to rule and guide;
 To One the regal Pow'r and Scepter give,
 Who henceforth may your King and Sovereign live:

XXXII.

XXXII.

And therewith stay'd his Speech. O gracious Muse,
 What kindling Motions in their Breasts do fry!
 With Grace divine the Hermit's Talk infuse,
 That in their Hearts his Words may fructify.
 By this a virtuous Concord they did chuse,
 And all Contentions then began to dye:
 The Princes with the Multitude agree,
 That *Godfrey* Ruler of those Wars should be:

XXXIII.

This Pow'r they gave him——By his princely Right
 All to command, to judge all, good and ill;
 Laws to impose to Lands subdu'd by Might;
 To maken War both when and where he will;
 To hold in due Subjection ev'ry Wight,
 Their Valours to be guided by his Skill:
 This done, *Report* displays her tell-tale Wings,
 And to each Ear the News and Tydings brings:

XXXIV.

She told the Soldiers, who allow'd him meet,
 And well deserving of that Sov'reign Place:
 Their first Salutes and Acclamations sweet
 Received he with Love and gentle Grace:
 After their Rev'rence done with kind Regreet
 Requited was, with mild and chearfull Face,
 He bids, his Armies should the following Day
 On those fair Plains their Standards proud display.

XXXV.

The golden Sun rose from the silver Wave,
 And with his Beams enamell'd ev'ry Green,
 When up arose each Warrior bold and brave,
 Glitt'ring in filed Steel, and Armour sheen:
 With jolly Plumes their Crests adorn'd they have,
 And all tofore their Chieftain muster'd been:
 He from a Mountain cast his curious Sight
 On ev'ry Foot-man, and on ev'ry Knight.

XXXVI.

My Mind, Time's Enemy, Oblivion's Foe,
 Disposer true of each note-worthy Thing,
 Oh let thy virtuous Might avail me so,
 That I each Troop and Captain great may sing,
 That in this glorious War did famous grow,
 Forgot 'till now by Time's ill handling!

This Work, derived from thy Treasures rare,
 Let all Times hearken, never Age out-wear!

XXXVII.

The *French* came foremost, battailous and bold,
 Late led by *Hugo* (Brother to their King)
 From *France*, the Isle that Rivers four infold,
 With rolling Streams descending from their Spring;
 But *Hugo* dead, the Lily fair of Gold,
 Their wonted Ensign, they tofore them bring
 Under *Clotharius* great, a Captain good,
 And hardy Knight, isprung of Princes Blood:

XXXVIII.

A Thousand were they in strong Armours clad;
 Next whom there marched forth another Band,
 That Number, Nature, and Instruction had,
 Like them, to fight far off, or charge at Hand;
 All valiant *Normans*, by Lord *Robert* led,
 The native Duke of that renowned Land:
 Two Bishops next their Standards proud up-bear,
 Call'd rev'rend *William*, and good *Ademare*:

XXXIX.

Their jolly Notes they chanted loud and clear,
 On merry Mornings at the Mass divine;
 And horrid Helms high on their Heads they bear,
 When their fierce Courage they to War incline:
 The first four hundred Horse-men gather'd near
 To *Orange* Town, and Lands that it confine;
 But *Ademare* the *Poggian* Youth brought out,
 In Number like, in hard Affays as stout.

Book the First.

II

XL.

Baldwin his Ensign fair did next dispread
Among his *Bulldigners* of noble Fame ;
His Brother gave him all his Troops to lead,
When he Commander of the Field became ;
The Count *Carinto* did him straight succeed,
Grave in Advice, well skill'd in *Mars* his Game ;
Four hundred brought he, but so many thrice
Led *Baldwin*, clad in gilden Arms of Price.

XLI.

Guelpho next them the Land and Place possest,
Whose Fortunes good with his great Acts agree ;
By his *Italian* Sire from House of *Es*
Well could he bring his noble Pedigree ;
A *German* born, with rich Possessions blest,
A worthy Branch sprung from the *Guelphian* Tree ;
'Twixt *Rhene* and *Danubie* the Land contain'd
He rul'd, where *Sueves* and *Rhetians* whilom reign'd :

XLII.

This was his Mother's Heritage and Right,
To which he added more, by Conquest got ;
From thence approved Men of passing Might
He brought, that Death or Danger feared not :
It was their Wont in Feasts to spend the Night, ..
And pass cold Days in Baths and Houses hot ;
Five thousand late, of which now scantily are
The third Part left——such is the Chance of War.

XLIII.

The Nation then with crisped Locks and fair,
That dwell between the Seas and *Arden* Wood,
Where *Mosel* Streams and *Rhene* the Meadows wear,
A batten Soil for Grain, for Pasture good ;
Their *Islanders* with them, who oft repair
Their earthen Bulwarks 'gainst the Ocean Flood,
The Flood, elsewhere that Ships and Barks devours,
But there drowns Cities, Countries, Towns and Towers.

C 2

XLIV.

XLIV.

Both in one Troop, and but a Thousand all,
 Under another *Robert* fierce they run :
 Then th' *English* Squadron, Soldiers stout and tall,
 By *William* led, their Sov'reign's younger Son ;
 These Archers be, and with them come withall
 A People, near the *Northern* Pole that wun,
 Whom *Ireland* sent from Loughs, and Forests hoar,
 Divided far by Sea from *Europe's* Shore.

XLV.

Tancredi next, nor 'mongst them all was one
 (*Rinald* except) a Prince of greater Might ;
 With Majesty his noble Count'nance shone,
 High were his Thoughts, his Heart was bold in Fight ;
 No Shameful Vice his Worth had overgone,
 His Fault was Love, by unadvised Sight
 Bred in the Dangers of advent'rous Arms,
 And nurs'd with Griefs, with Sorrows, Woes and Harms.

XLVI.

Fame tells, that on that ever-blessed Day,
 When *Christian* Swords with *Persian* Blood were dy'd,
 The furious Prince *Tancredi* from that Fray
 Chaced his coward Foes through Forests wide,
 'Till tired with the Fight, the Heat, the Way,
 He sought some Place to rest his weary Side,
 And drew him near a silver Stream, that play'd
 Among wild Herbs beneath the green-wood Shade.

XLVII.

A *Pagan* Damsel there unwares he met,
 In shining Steel all save her Visage fair ;
 Her Hair unbound she made a wanton Net
 To catch sweet Breathing from the cooling Air :
 On her at Gaze his longing Looks he set ;
 Sight Wonder, Wonder Love, Love bred his Care ;
 O Love, O Wonder ! Love new-born, new-bred,
 Now grown, now arm'd, this Champion captive led.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Her Helm the Virgin don'd ; and, but some Wight
 She fear'd might come to aid him as they fought,
 Her Courage yearn'd to have assail'd the Knight ;
 Yet thence she fled uncompany'd, unfought,
 And left her Image in his Heart ipight ;
 Her sweet Idea wander'd through his Thought ;
 Her Shape, her Gesture, and her Place in Mind
 He kept, and blew Love's Fire with that Wind.

XLIX.

Well might you read his Sickness in his Eyes ;
 Their Banks were full, their Tide was at the flow ;
 His Help far off, his Hurt within him lies,
 His Hopes unsprung, his Cares were fit to mow :
 Eight Hundred Horse (from *Champaign* come) he guies,
Champaign, a Land where Wealth, Ease, Pleasure grow,
 Rich Nature's Pomp and Pride; the *Tirrhene* Main
 There woo's the Hills, Hills woo the Valleys plain.

L.

Two Hundred *Greeks* came next, in Fight well try'd ;
 Not surely arm'd in Steel or Iron strong,
 But each a Glave had pendent by his Side ;
 Their Bows and Quivers at their Shoulders hung ;
 Their Horses well inur'd to chace and ride,
 In Diet spare, untir'd with Labor long ;
 Ready to charge and to retire at Will ;
 'Though broken, scatter'd, fled, they skirmish still.

LI.

Tatin their Guide, and except *Tatin*, none
 Of all the *Greeks* went with the *Christian* Host ;
 O Sin, O Shame, O *Greece* accurs'd alone !
 Did not this fatal War affront thy Coast ?
 Yet satest thou an idle Looker-on,
 And glad attendest, which Side won or lost :
 Now if thou be a Bondslave vile become,
 No Wrong is that, but God's most righteous Doom.

LII. In

14 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

LII.

In Order last, but first in Worth and Fame,
 Unfear'd in Fight, untir'd with Hurt or Wound,
 The noble Squadron of *Advent'ers* came,
 Terror to all, that tread on *Asian* Ground :
 Cease, *Orpheus*, of thy *Minois*; *Arthur*, shame
 To boast of *Lanc'lot*, or thy Table round ;
 For these, whom antique Times with Laurel dress'd,
 These far exceed them, thee, and all the rest.

LIII.

Dudon of *Consa* was their Guide and Lord ;
 And, for of Fame and Birth alike they been,
 They chose him Captain by their free Accord ;
 For he most Acts had done, most Battles seen :
 Grave was the Man in Years, in Looks, in Word ;
 His Locks were grey, yet was his Courage green ;
 Of Worth and Might the noble Badge he bore,
 Old Scars of grievous Wounds receiv'd of Yore.

LIV.

After came *Eustace*, well esteemed Man,
 For *Godfrey's* Sake (his Brother) and his own :
 The King of *Norway's* Heir *Gernando* then,
 Proud of his Father's Title, Scepter, Crown :
Roger of *Balnavill*, and *Engerlan*,
 For hardy Knights approved were and known :
 Besides were number'd in that warlike Train
Rambald, *Gentonio*, and the *Gerrards* twain.

LV.

Ubaldo then, and puissant *Rosmond*
 (Of *Lancaster* the Heir) in Rank succeed :
 Let none forget *Obize* of *Tuscan* Land,
 Well worthy Praise for many a worthy Deed :
 Nor those three Breth'ren, *Lombards* fierce and yond,
Achilles, *Sforza*, and stern *Palamede* :
 Nor *Otton's* Shield, he conquer'd in those Stours,
 In which a Snake a naked Child devours.

LVI.

LVI.

Guaſcar, and *Raiſh* in Valour like there was,
The one and other *Guido*, famous both :
Gernier and *Eberard* to overpaſs,
In foul Oblivion, would my Muſe be loth :
With his *Gildippe* dear, *Edward* alas !
(A loving Pair) to War among them go'th ;
In Bond of virtuous Love together ty'd,
Together ſerv'd they, and together dy'd.

LVII.

In School of Love are all Things taught we ſee ;
There learn'd this Maid of Arms the irefull Guiſe ;
Still by his Side a faithfull Guard went ſhe ;
One true-love Knot their Lives together ties :
No Wound to one alone could dang'rous be,
But each the Smart of other's Anguiſh tries :
If one were hurt, the other felt the Sore ;
She loſt her Blood, he ſpent his Life therefore,

LVIII.

But theſe, and all, *Rinaldo* far exceeds,
Star of this Sphere, the Di'mond of this Ring ;
The Neſt, where Courage with ſweet Mercy breeds,
A Comet worthy each Eye's Wondering ;
His Years are fewer than his noble Deeds,
His Fruit is ripe, ſoon as his Bloſſoms ſpring ;
Armed, a *Mars*, might coyest *Venus* move,
And if diſarm'd, then God himſelf of Love :

LIX.

Sophia by *Adige*' flow'ry Bank him bore,
Sophia the fair, Spouſe to *Bertoldo* great,
For that rich Pearl ſit Mother ; and, before
The tender Imp was weaned from the Teat,
The Princeſs *Maud* him took ; in Virtue's Lore
She brought him up, fit for each worthy Feat ;
Till of theſe Wars the golden Trump he hears,
That ſoundeth Fame, Praise, Glory in his Ears :

LX.

And then, tho' scanty three Times five Years old,
 He fled alone by many an unknown Coast
 O'er *Ægean* Seas, by many a *Greekish* Hold,
 'Till he arrived at the *Christian* Host ;
 A noble Flight, advent'rous, brave and bold,
 Whereon a valiant Prince might justly boast !
 Three Years he serv'd in Field, when scant begin
 Few golden Hairs to deck his iv'ry Chin.

LXI.

The Horsemen past, their void-left Stations fill
 The Bands on Foot, and *Raimond* them befor,
 Of *Tholouse* Lord; from Lands near *Pirene* Hill,
 By *Garound* Streams, and salt-Sea Billows worn,
 Four thousand Foot he brought well arm'd, and Skill
 Had they all Pains and Travel to have borne ;
 Stout Men of Arms, and, with their Guide of Pow'r,
 Like *Troy's* old Town, defens'd with *Ilium's* Tow'r.

LXII.

Next *Steph'n* of *Amboise* did five Thousand lead ;
 The Men he press'd from *Tours* and *Blais* but late,
 To hard Affays unfit, unsure at Need,
 Yet arm'd to Point in well attemper'd Plate :
 The Land did like itself the People breed ;
 The Soil is gentle, smooth, soft, delicate ;
 Boldly they charge, but soon retire for Doubt,
 Like Fire of Straw, soon kindled, soon burnt out.

LXIII.

The third *Alcasto* march'd, and with him
 The Boaster brought six thousand *Switzers* bold :
 Audacious were their Looks, their Faces grim ;
 Strong Castles on the *Alpine* Cliffs they hold :
 Their Shares and Culcers broke, to Armours trim
 They change that Metal, cast in warlike Mold ;
 And with this Band, late Herds and Flocks that graze'd,
 Now Kings and Realms he threaten'd and defy'd.

LXIV.

LXIV.

The glorious Standard laſt to Heav'n they ſpread,
 With *Peter's* Keys ennobled, and his Crown;
 With it Sev'n Thouſand ſtout *Camillo* had,
 Embattail'd in Walls of Iron brown,
 In this Adventure and Occaſion glad
 So to revive the *Romans* old Renown;
 Or prove at leaſt to all of wiſer Thought,
 Their Hearts were fertile Land, although unwrought.

LXV.

But now was paſſed ev'ry Regiment,
 Each Band, each Troop, each Perſon worth Regard,
 When *Godfrey* with his Lords to Council went,
 And thus the *Duke* his princely Will declar'd;
 I will, when Day next clears the Firmament,
 Our ready Hoſt in Haſte be all prepar'd
 Cloſely to march to *Sion's* noble Wall
 Unſeen, unheard, or undeſcry'd at all.

LXVI.

Prepare you then for Travel, ſtrong and light,
 Fierce to the Combat, glad to Victory.
 And, with that Word and Warning, ſoon was dight
 Each Soldier, longing for near-coming Glory;
 Impatient be they of the Morning bright,
 Of Honor ſo them prick'd the Memory:
 But yet their Chieftain had conceiv'd a Fear
 Within his Heart, but kept it ſecret there.

LXVII.

For he by faithfull Spial was aſſur'd,
 That *Egypt's* King was forward on his Way;
 And, to arrive at *Gaza* old, procur'd
 A Fort, that on the *Syrian* Frontiers lay:
 Nor thinks he, that a Man to Wars inur'd
 Will ought foreſlow, or in his Journey ſtay;
 For well he knew him for a dang'rous Foe:
 An Herald call'd he then, and ſpoke him ſo——

LXVIII.

A Pinnacle take thee, swift as Shaft from Bow,
 And speed thee, *Henry*, to the *Greekish* Main;
 There should arrive (as I by Letters know
 From one, who never ought reports in vain)
 A valiant Youth, in whom all Virtues flow,
 To help us this great Conquest to obtain:
 The Prince of *Danes* he is, and brings to War
 A Troop with him from under th' *Arctic* Star.

LXIX.

And, for I doubt, the *Greekish* Monarch fly
 Will use with him some of his wonted Craft
 To stay his Passage, or divert awry
 Elsewhere his Forces, his first Journey left,
 My Herald good and Messenger, well try;
 See that these Succours be not us bereft;
 But send him thence with such convenient Speed,
 As with his Honor stands, and with our Need.

LXX.

Return not thou, but Legier stay behind,
 And move the *Greekish* Prince to send us Aid;
 Tell him——His Kingly Promise doth him bind
 To give us Succours by his Cov'nant made.
 This said, and thus instruct, his Letters sign'd
 The trusty Herald took, nor longer stay'd,
 But sped him thence to do his Lord's Behest;
 And thus the *Duke* reduc'd his Thoughts to Rest.

LXXI.

Aurora bright her crystal Gates unbarr'd,
 And Bridegroom-like forth stepp'd the glorious Sun;
 When Trumpets loud, and Clarions shrill were heard,
 And ev'ry one to rouse him fierce begun,
 Sweet Music to each Heart for War prepar'd;
 The Soldiers glad by Heaps to Harness run:
 So if with Drought indanger'd be their Grain,
 Poor Plowmen joy, when Thunders promise Rain.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Some Shirts of Mail, some Coats of Plate put on,
Some donn'd a Cuirass, some a Corslet bright,
An Hawberk some, some an Haubergeon ;
So ev'ry one in Arms was quickly dight :
His wonted Guide each Soldier tends upon ;
Loose waved in the Wind their Banners light ;
Their Standard Royal towards Heav'n they spread,
The CROSS triumphant on the PAGANS dead.

LXXIII.

Mean while the Car, that bears the light'ning Brand,
Upon the *Eastern* Hill was mounted high,
And smote the glist'ring Armies, as they stand,
With quiv'ring Beams, which daz'd the wond'ring Eye,
That *Phaeton*-like it fired Sea and Land ;
The Sparkles seem'd up to the Skies to fly ;
The Horses Neigh and clatt'ring Armour's Sound
Pursue the Echo over Dale and Down.

LXXIV.

Then did their Gen'ral with due Care provide
To save his Men from Ambush, and from Train ;
Some Troops of Horse, that lightly armed ride,
He sent to scour the Woods and Forests main :
His Pioneers their busy Work apply'd
To even Paths, and make the Highways plain ;
They fill'd the Pits, and smooth'd the rougher Ground,
And open'd every Strait they clos'd found.

LXXV.

No Forces gather'd by th' opposing Foe,
No Tow'rs defens'd with Rampire, Mote, or Wall,
No Stream, no Wood, no Mountain could foreflow
Their hasty Pace, or stop their March at all :
So when his Banks, the Prince of Rivers, *Po*
Doth overswell, he breaks with hideous Fall
The mossy Rocks, and Trees o'ergrown with Age ;
Nor ought withstands his Fury, and his Rage.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

The King of *Tripoly* in ev'ry Hold
 Shut up his Men, Munition, and his Treasure ;
 The stragling Troops sometimes assail he would,
 Save, that he durst not move them to Displeasure ;
 He staid their Rage with Presents, Gifts, and Gold,
 And led them through his Land at Ease and Leisure :
 To keep his Realm in Peace and Rest he chose,
 With what Conditions *Godfrey* list impose.

LXXVII.

Those of Mount *Seir*, that neighboureth by *East*
 The *holy City*, faithfull Folk each one,
 Down from the Hill descended most and least,
 And to the *Christian Duke* by Heaps they gone,
 And welcome him and his with Joy and Feast ;
 On him they smile, on him they gaze alone,
 And were his Guides, as faithfull from that Day,
 As *Hesperus*, that leads the Sun his Way.

LXXVIII.

Along the Sands his Armies safe they guide,
 By Ways secure, to them well known before :
 Upon the tumbling Billows fraughted ride
 The armed Ships, coasting along the Shore,
 Which for the Camp might ev'ry Day provide
 To bring Munition good, and Vi&tuals Store :
 The Isles of *Greece* sent in Provision meet,
 And Store of Wine from *Scios* came, and *Crete*.

LXXIX.

Great *Neptune* grieved underneath the Load
 Of Ships, Hulks, Gallies, Barks, and Brigandines ;
 In all the *Mid-Earth* Seas was left no Road,
 Wherein the *Pagan* his bold Sails untwines ;
 Spread was the huge Armado wide and broad,
 From *Venice*, *Genes*, and Towns which them confine,
 From *England*, *Holland*, *France*, and *Sicil* sent,
 And all for *Juda* ready bound and bent.

LXXX.

LXXX.

All these together were combin'd, and knit
 With surest Bonds of Love, and Friendship strong;
 Together sail'd they fraught with all Things fit,
 To Service done by Land that might belong,
 And, when Occasion serv'd, disembark'd it,
 Then sail'd the *Asian* Coasts and Isles along;
 Thither with Speed their hasty Course they ply'd,
 Where CHRIST the LORD for our Offenses dy'd.

LXXXI.

The brazen Trump of iron-winged Fame,
 That minglcth faithfull Truth with forged Lies,
 Foretold the *Heathen* how the *Christians* came,
 How thitherward the conqu'ring Army hies:
 Of ev'ry Knight it sounds the Worth and Name,
 Each Troop, each Band, each Squadron it describes,
 And threat'neth Death to those, Fire, Sword, and Slaughter,
 Who held captived *Israel's* fairest Daughter.

LXXXII.

The Fear of Ill exceeds the Ill we bear,
 For thus expected Harms oft most annoy us:
 Each Mind is prest, and open ev'ry Ear
 To hear new Tidings, 'though they no Way joy us:
 This secret *Rumor* whisper'd ev'ry where
 About the Town — these *Christians* will destroy us:
 The aged King, his coming Ill that knew,
 Did curst Thoughts in his false Heart renew:

LXXXIII.

This aged Prince, icleped *Aladine*,
 Ruled in Care, new Sov'reign of this State;
 A Tyrant erst, but now in Life's Decline
 His graver Years his Rage did mitigate:
 He heard the *Western* Lords would undermine
 His City's Walls, and lay his Tow'rs prostrate;
 To former Fear he adds a new-come Doubt,
 Treason he fears within, and Force without:

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

For Nations Twain inhabit there and dwell
 Of sundry Faith together in that Town ;
 The lesser Part in CHRIST believed well,
 The greater far were Vot'ries to *Mabown* :
 But when this King had made this Conquest fell,
 And brought that Region subject to his Crown,
 Of Burdens all he set the *Paynims* large,
 And on the *Christians* laid the double Charge.

LXXXV.

His native Wrath reviv'd with this new Thought,
 With Age and Years that weaken'd was of Yore ;
 Such Madness in his cruel Bosom wrought,
 That now, than ever, Blood he thirsteth more :
 So stings a Snake, that to the Fire is brought,
 Which harmless lay benumm'd with Cold before ;
 A Lion so his Rage renewed hath,
 Though tame before, if he be mov'd to Wrath.

LXXXVI.

I see, quoth he, some Expectation vain
 In these false *Christians*, and some new Content ;
 Our common Loss they trust will be their Gain ;
 They laugh, we weep ; they joy, while we lament :
 And more, perchance, by Treason or by Train
 To murder us they secretly consent ;
 Or otherwise, to work us Harm and Woe,
 To ope the Gates, and so let in our Foe :

LXXXVII.

But lest they should effect their cursed Will,
 Let us destroy this Serpent on his Nest ;
 Both young and old let us this People kill,
 Nor spare the Infant at his Mother's Breast ;
 Their Houses burn, their holy Temples fill
 With Bodies slain of those, who lov'd them best ;
 And on that Tomb they hold so much in Price,
 Let's offer up their Priests in Sacrifice.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Thus thought the Tyrant in his trait'rous Mind,
But durst not follow what he had decreed ;
Yet if the Innocents some Mercy find,
From Cowardise, not Ruth, did that proceed :
His noble Foes durst not his craven Kind
Exasperate by such a bloody Deed ;
For, if he need, what Grace could then be got,
If thus of Peace he broke, or loos'd the Knot.

LXXXIX.

His villain Heart his cursed Rage restrain'd,
To other Thoughts he bent his fierce Desire ;
The Suburbs first flat with the Earth he plain'd,
And burn'd their Buildings with devouring Fire :
Loth was the Wretch the *Frenchman* should have gain'd
Or Help or Ease, by finding ought intire ;
Cedron, *Bethsaida*, and each Wat'ring else
Empoison'd he, both Fountains, Springs, and Wells :

XC.

So wary wise this Child of Darkness was,
The City's Self he strongly fortifies ;
Three Sides by Site it well defended has,
That only *weak*, which to the *North* ward lies ;
With mighty Bars of long-induring Brass
The Steel-bound Doors, and Iron Gates he ties ;
And lastly, Legions armed well provides
Of Subjects born, and hired Aid besides.



TASSO's

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K II.

I.

WHILE thus the Tyrant bends his Thoughts to Arms,
Ismeno 'gan tofore his Sight appear ;
Ismen, dead Bones laid in cold Graves who warms,
And makes them speak, smell, taste, touch, see and hear ;
Ismen, with Terror of his mighty Charms,
Who makes great *Dis* in deepest Hell to fear ;
Who binds and looses Souls condemn'd to Woe,
And sends the Devils on Errands to and fro :

II.

A *Christian* once, *Macon* he now adores,
Nor could he quite his wonted Faith forsake ;
But in his wicked Arts both oft implores
Help from the LORD, and Aid from *Pluto* black :
He, from deep Caves by *Acheron*'s dark Shores,
Where Circles vain and Spells he us'd to make,
T' advise his King in these Extremes is come ;
Achitophel so counsell'd *Abfalom*.

III.

My Liege, he says, the Camp fast hither moves,
The Axe is laid unto this Cedar's Root,
But let us work, as valiant Men behoves,
For boldest Hearts good Fortune helpeth out :
Your princely Care your kingly Wisdom proves ;
Well have you labour'd, well foreseen about :
If each perform his Charge and Duty so,
Nought but his Grave here conquer shall your Foe.

IV.

IV.

From surest Castle of my secret Cell
 I come, Partaker of your Good and Ill;
 What Council sage, or Magic's sacred Spell
 May profit us, all that perform I will:
 The Sprites impure, from Bliss that whilom fell,
 Shall to your Service bow, constrain'd by Skill:
 But, how we must begin this Enterprize,
 I will your Highness thus in brief advise.

V.

Within the *Christians* Church from Light of Skies
 An hidden Altar stands, far out of Sight,
 On which the Image consecrated lies
 Of *Jesus*' Mother, call'd a Virgin bright:
 An Hundred Lamps aye burn before her Eyes;
 She, in a slender Vail of Tinsel dight,
 On ev'ry Side great Plenty doth behold
 Of Off'rings brought, Myrrh, Frankincense, and Gold.

VI.

This Idol would I have remov'd away
 From thence, and by your princely Hand transport
 In *Macon*'s sacred Temple safe it lay,
 Which then I will inchant in won'drous Sort,
 That while the Image in that Church doth stay,
 No Strength of Arms shall win this noble Fort,
 Or shake this puissant Wall——Such passing Might
 Have Spells and Charms, if they be said aright.

VII.

Advised thus, the King impatient
 Flew in his Fury to the House of GOD;
 The Image took, with Words irreverent
 Abus'd the Prelates, who that Deed forbad;
 Swift with his Prey away the Tyrant went;
 Of GOD's sharp Justice nought he fear'd the Rod,
 But in his Chapel vile the Image laid,
 On which th' Inchanter Charms and Witchcrafts said.

E

VIII.

VIII.

When *Phæbus* next unclos'd his wakefull Eye,
 Up-rose the Warden of that *Place profane*,
 And miss'd the Image, where it late did lye;
 Eachwhere he sought in Grief and Fear, in vain :
 Then to the King his Loss he 'gan descry,
 Who sore enraged kill'd him for his Pain ;
 And straight conceiv'd in his malicious Wit,
 Some *Christian* bad him this Offense commit.

IX.

But whether this were Act of mortal Hand,
 Or else the PRINCE OF HEAV'N's eternal Pleasure,
 Who of HIS Mercy would this Wretch withstand,
 Nor let so vile a Chest hold such a Treasure,
 As yet Conjecture hath not fully scann'd ;
 By Godliness let us this Action measure,
 And Truth of purest Faith will fitly prove,
 That this rare Grace came down from Heav'n above.

X.

With busy Search the Tyrant 'gan invade
 Each House, each Hold, each Temple, and each Tent ;
 To them, the bold Offender who bewray'd,
 Or hid, he promis'd Gifts, or Punishment :
 His idle Charms the false Inchanter said,
 But in this Maze still wander'd, and mis-went ;
 For Heav'n decreed thus to conceal the same,
 To make the Miscreant more to feel his Shame.

XI.

But when the angry King discover'd not
 What guilty Hand this Sacrilege had wrought,
 His ire-full Courage boil'd in Vengeance hot
 Against the *Christians*, whom he Faulters thought ;
 All Ruth, Compassion, Mercy he forgot,
 For long the faithfull to molest he sought :
 Let them all die, quoth he, kill great and small,
 So shall th' Offender perish sure withall.

XII. To

XII.

To spill the Wine with Poison mix'd who spares ?
Slay then the righteous with the faulty one ;
Destroy this Field, that yeldeth Nought but Tares ;
With Thorns this Vineyard all is over-gone :
Among these Wretches is not one, that cares
For us, our Laws, or our Religion ;
Up, up, my Subjects, Fire and Weapon take,
Burn, murder, kill these Traitors for my sake.

XIII.

This *Herod* thus would *Bethle'm's* Infants kill :
The *Christians* soon these direful News receive ;
The Trump of Death sounds in their Hearing shrill ;
Their Weapon Faith, their Fortrefs was the Grave :
They had no Courage, Time, Device, or Will
To fight or fly, Excuse or Pardon crave,
But stood prepar'd to dye ; yet Help they find,
Whence least they hope—Such Knots can Heav'n unbind.

XIV.

Among them dwelt (her Parents Joy and Pleasure)
A Maid, whose Fruit was ripe, not over-year'd :
Her Beauty was her not-esteemed Treasure ;
The Field of Love with Plow of Virtue ear'd ;
Her Labour Goodness, Godliness her Leisure ;
Her House the Heav'n by this bright Moon aye clear'd ;
For there, from Lovers Eyes withdrawn, alone
With Virgin Beams this spotless *Cynthia* shone.

XV.

But what avail'd her Resolution chaste,
Whose sob'rest Looks were Whetstones to Desire ?
Nor Love consents, that Beauty's Field lye waste ;
Her Visage set *Olindo's* Heart on Fire :
O subtil Love, a thousand Wiles thou hast,
By humble Suit, by Service, or by Hire
To win a Maiden's Heart, a Thing soon done ;
For Nature fram'd all Women to be won.

XVI.

Sophronia she; *Olindo* hight the Youth,
 Both of one Town; both in one Faith were taught;
 She fair, he full of Bashfulness and Truth,
 Lov'd much, hop'd little, and desired nought;
 He durst not speak by Suit to purchase Ruth,
 She saw not, mark'd not, wist not what he sought:
 Thus lov'd, thus serv'd he long, but not regarded,
 Unseen, unmark'd, unpity'd, unrewarded.

XVII.

To her came Message of this Murderment,
 Wherein her guiltless Friends should hopeless sterve;
 She that was noble, wise, as fair and gent,
 Cast how she might their harmless Lives preserve:
 Zeal was the Spring, whence flow'd her Hardiment;
 From maiden Shame yet was she loth to swerve,
 Yet had her Courage ta'en so sure a Hold,
 That Boldness shamefac'd, Shame had made her bold.

XVIII.

And forth she went, a Shop for Merchandise
 Full of rich Stuff, but none for Sale expos'd;
 A Vail obscur'd the Sunshine of her Eyes,
 The Rose within herself her Sweetness clos'd;
 Each Ornament about her seemly lies,
 By curious Chance, or careless Art compos'd;
 For what the most neglect, most curious prove;
 So Beauty's help'd by Nature, Heav'n, and Love.

XIX.

Admir'd of all on went this noble Maid,
 Untill the Presence of the King she gain'd;
 Nor, for he swell'd with Ire, was she afraid,
 But his fierce Wrath with fearless Grace sustain'd:
 I come, quoth she (but be thine Anger staid,
 And causeless Rage 'gainst faultless Souls restrain'd)
 I come to shew thee and to bring thee both
 The Wight, whose Fact hath made thy Heart so wroth.

XX. Her

XX.

Her modest Boldness, and that light'ning Ray,
Which her sweet Beauty streamed on his Face,
Had struck the Prince with Wonder and Dismay,
Changed his Chear, and clear'd his moody Grace;
That had her Eyes dispos'd their Looks to play,
The King had snared been in Love's strong Lace;
But wayward Beauty doth not Fancy move;
A Frown forbids, a Smile ingenders Love.

XXI.

It was Amazement, Wonder, and Delight,
(Although not Love) that mov'd his cruel Sense:
Tell on, quoth he; unfold the Chance aright;
Thy People's Lives I grant for Recompence.
Then she——Behold the Faulter here in Sight;
This Hand committed that suppos'd Offense:
I took the Image; mine that Fault, that Fact;
Mine be the Glory of that virtuous Act.

XXII.

This spotless Lamb thus offer'd up her Blood
To save the rest of CHRIST's selected Fold:
O noble Lye! was ever Truth so good?
Blest be the Lips, that such a Leasing told:
Thoughtfull awhile remain'd the Tyrant wood;
His native Wrath he 'gan a Space withhold,
And said——That thou discover soon, I will,
What Aid, what Council had'st thou in that Ill.

XXIII.

My lofty Thoughts (she answer'd him) envy'd,
Another's Hand should work my high Desire;
The Thirst of Glory can no Part'ner bide;
With my own self I did alone conspire.
On thee alone (the Tyrant then reply'd)
Shall fall the Vengeance of my Wrath and Ire:
'Tis just and right, quoth she, I yield Consent;
Mine be the Honor, mine the Punishment.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The Wretch, of new enraged at the same,
 Ask'd, where she hid the Idol so convey'd :
 Not hid, quoth she, but quite consum'd with Flame
 The Image is of that eternal Maid ;
 For so at least I have preserv'd the same
 With Hands profane from being e't betray'd :
 My Lord, the Thing thus stol'n demand no more,
 Here see the Thief, that scorneth Death therefore.

XXV.

And yet no Theft was this, yours was the Sin ;
 I brought again what you unjustly took.
 This heard, the Tyrant did for Rage begin
 To whet his Teeth, and bend his frowning Look ;
 No Pity Youth, no Grace could Fairness win ;
 Joy, Comfort, Hope, the Virgin all forfook ;
 Wrath kill'd Remorse, Vengeance stopp'd Mercy's Breath,
 Love's Thrall to hate, and Beauty doom to Death.

XXVI.

Ta'en was the Damsel, and without Remorse
 The King condemn'd her guiltless to the Fire ;
 Her Vail and Mantle pluck'd they off by Force,
 And bound her tender Arms in twisted Wite ;
 Dumb was this silver Dove, while from her Corse
 These hungry Kites pluck'd off her rich Attire ;
 And, for some-deal perplexed was her Sprite,
 Her Damask late now chang'd to purest White.

XXVII.

The News of this Mischap spread far and near ;
 The People ran, both young and old, to gaze :
Olindo also ran, and 'gan to fear
 His Lady was some Part'ner in this Case :
 But when he found her bound, stript from her Gear,
 And vile Tormentors ready saw in Place,
 He broke the Throng, and into Presence bra't,
 And thus bespake the King in Rage and Haste.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Not so, not so this Girl shall bear away
From me the Honor of a noble Feat ;
She durst not, did not, could not so convey
The massy Substance of that Image great ;
What Sleight had she the Wardens to betray ?
What Strength to heave the Goddeſs from her Seat ?
No, no my Lord, she fails but with my Wind :
Ah thus he lov'd, yet was his Love unkind.

XXIX.

He added further——where the shining Glaſs
Lies in the Light amid your Temple's Side,
By broken By-ways did I inward paſs,
And in that Window made a Poſtern wide ;
Nor ſhall therefore this ill-adviced Laſs
Uſurp the Glory ſhould this Fact betide :
Mine be theſe Bonds, mine be theſe Flames ſo pure ;
O glorious Death, more glorious Sepulture !

XXX.

Sephronia rais'd her modeſt Looks from Ground,
And on her Lover bent her Eye-ſight mild——
Tell me, what Fury, what Conceit unſound
Preſenteth here to Death ſo ſweet a Child ?
Is not in me ſufficient Courage found
To bear the Anger of this Tyrant wild ?
Or hath fond Love thy Heart ſo overgone ?
Wouldſt thou not live, nor let me dye alone ?

XXXI.

Thus ſpake the Nymph, yet ſpake but to the Wind ;
She could not alter his well-ſettled Thought :
O Miracle ! O Strife of wond'rous Kind !
Where Love and Virtue ſuch Contention wrought ;
Where Death the Viſtor had for Meed aſſign'd ;
Their own Neglect, each other's Safety fought :
But thus the King was more provok'd to Ire ;
Their Strife for Fuel ſerv'd to Anger's Fire.

XXXII.

32 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

XXXII.

He thinks (such Thoughts Self-Guiltiness finds out)
 They scorn'd his Pow'r, and therefore scorn'd the Pain :
 Nay, nay, quoth he, let be your Strife and Doubt;
 You both shall win, and fit Reward obtain.
 With that the Serjeant hent the young Man stout,
 And bound him likewise in a worthless Chain ;
 Then Back to Back fast to a Stake both ties,
 Two harmless Turtles dight for Sacrifice.

XXXIII.

About the Pile of Faggots, Sticks and Hay,
 The Bellows rais'd the newly kindled Flame ;
 When thus *Olindo* in a doleful Lay
 Begun too late his bootless Complaints to frame——
 Are these the Bonds? is this the hop'd-for Day,
 Should join me to this long-desired Dame?
 Is this the Fire alike should burn our Hearts?
 O hard Reward for Lovers kind Deserts!

XXXIV.

Far other Flames and Bonds kind Lovers prove,
 But thus our Fortune casts the hapless Die ;
Death hath exchange'd his cruel Shafts with *Love*,
 And *Cupid* thus lets borrow'd Arrows fly :
 O *Hymen*, say, what Fury doth thee move
 To lend thy Lamps to light a Tragedy?
 Yet this contents me, that I dye for thee ;
 Thy Flames, not mine, my Death and Torment be.

XXXV.

Yet happy were my Death, my Ending blest,
 My Torment easy, full of sweet Delight,
 If this I could obtain——that Breast to Breast
 Thy Bosom might receive my yielded Sprite ;
 And thine with it in Heav'n's pure Cloathing drest
 Through clearest Skies might take united Flight.
 Thus he complain'd, whom gently she reprovd,
 And sweetly spake him thus, that so her lov'd——

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Far other Plaints, dear Friend, Tears and Laments
 The Time, the Place, and our Estates require;
 Think on thy Sins, which Man's old Foe presents
 Before that JUDGE, who quites each Soul his Hire:
 For His Name suffer, for no Pain torments
 Him, whose just Pray'rs to Heav'n's high Throne aspire:
 Behold the Heav'ns, thither thine Eye-sight bend;
 Thy Looks, Sighs, Tears for Intercessors send.

XXXVII.

The *Pagans* loud cry'd out to God and Man;
 The *Cbristians* mourn'd in silent Lamentation:
 The Tyrant's Self (a Thing unus'd) began
 To feel his Heart relent with meer Compassion;
 But not dispos'd to Ruth or Mercy then,
 He sped him thence home to his Habitation:
Sophronia stood not griev'd, nor discontented;
 By all that saw her (but herself) lamented.

XXXVIII.

The Lovers standing in this doleful Wife,
 A Warrior bold unwares approached near,
 In uncouth Arms iclad, and strange Disguise,
 From Countries far but new arrived there:
 A savage Tygres on her Helmet lies,
 The famous Badge *Clorinda* us'd to bear,
 That wons in ev'ry war-like Stour to win,
 By which bright Sign well known was that fair Inn.

XXXIX.

She scorn'd the Arts that silly Women use;
 Another Thought her nobler Humour fed;
 Her lofty Hand would of itself refuse
 To touch the dainty Needle, or nice Thread;
 She hated Chambers, Closets, secret Mews,
 And in broad Fields preserv'd her Maiden-head:
 Proud were her Looks; yet sweet, 'though stern and stout;
 Her Dame a Dove thus brought an Eagle out.

XL.

While she was young, she us'd with tender Hand
 The foaming Steed with froary Bit to steer ;
 To tilt and turnay, wrestle in the Sand,
 To leave with Speed *Atlanta* in Arrear ;
 Through Forests wild, and unfrequented Land
 To chase the Lion, or the rugged Bear ;
 The *Satyrs* rough, the *Fawns*, and *Fairies* wild
 She chased oft, oft took, and oft beguil'd.

XLI.

This lusty Lady came from *Persia* late ;
 She with the *Ghrisians* had incounter'd est,
 And in their Flesh had open'd many a Gate,
 By which their faithful Souls their Bodies left :
 Her Eye at first presented her the State
 Of these poor Souls, of Hope and Help bereft :
 Greedy to know (as is the Mind of Man)
 Their Cause of Death, swift to the Fire she ran.

XLII.

The People made her Room, and on them twain
 Her piercing Eyes their fiery Weapons dart ;
Silent she saw the one, the other *plain*,
 The weaker Body lodg'd the nobler Heart :
 Yet him she saw lament, as if his Pain
 Were Grief and Sorrow for another's Smart ;
 And her keep Silence so, as if her Eyes,
 Dumb Orators, were to intreat the Skies.

XLIII.

Clorinda chang'd to Ruth her warlike Mood,
 Few silver Drops her vermil Cheeks depaint ;
 Her Sorrow was for her that Speechless stood,
 Whose Silence more prevail'd, than his Complaint :
 She ask'd an aged Man seem'd grave and good,
 Come say me, Sire, quoth she, what hard Constraint,
 What Fault, what Fate would to this Death them bring,
 And murder here Love's Queen, and Beauty's King ?

XLIV.

XLIV.

Thus she inquir'd, and Answer short he gave,
But such, as all the Chance at large disclos'd :
Then wond'ring at the Case, the Virgin brave,
That both were guiltless of the Fault, suppos'd ;
Her noble Thought cast how she might them save ;
The Means on Suit or Battle she repos'd :
Quick to the Fire she ran, and quench'd it out,
And thus bespake the Serjeants and the Rout——

XLV.

Be there not one amongst you all, that dare
In this your hatefull Office ought proceed,
'Till I return from Court ; nor take you Care
To reap Displeasure for not making Speed.
To do her Will the Men themselves prepare,
In their saint Hearts her Looks such Terror breed :
To Court she went, their Pardon would she get,
But on the Way the courteous King she met.

XLVI.

Sir King, quoth she, my Name *Clorinda* hight ;
My Fame perchance hath pierc'd your Ears ere now :
I come to try my wonted Pow'r and Might,
And will defend this Land, this Town, and you :
All hard Assays esteem I eath and light ;
Great Acts I reach to, to small Things I bow ;
To fight in Field, or to defend this Wall,
Point what you list, I nought refuse at all.

XLVII.

To whom the King——What Land so far remote
From *Asia's* Coasts, or *Phæbus'* glist'ring Rays,
O glorious Virgin, that recordeth not
Thy Fame, thine Honor, Worth, Renown, and Praise ?
Since on my Side I have thy Succours got,
I need not fear in these my aged Days ;
For in thine Aid more Hope, more Trust I have,
Than in whole Armies of these Soldiers brave.

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XLVIII.

Now *Godfrey* stays too long, he fears I ween;
Thy Courage great keeps all our Foes in Awe:
For thee all Actions far unworthy been,
But such, as greatest Danger with them draw:
Be you Commanders therefore, Princess, Queen
Of all our Forces——be thy Word a Law.

This said, the Virgin 'gan her Bever vail,
And thank'd him first, then thus began her Tale.

XLIX.

A Thing unus'd, great Monarch, may it seem
To ask Reward for Service yet to come;
But so your virtuous Bounty I esteem,
That I presume you to intreat this Groom
And silly Maid from Danger to redeem,
Condemn'd to burn by your impartial Doom:
I not excuse, but pity much their Youth,
And come to you for Mercy and for Ruth.

L.

Yet give me Leave to tell your Highness this,
You blame the *Christians*, them my Thoughts acquit;
Nor be displeas'd, I say you judge amiss,
At ev'ry Shot look not to hit the White:
All what the Inchanter did perswade you is
Against the Lore of *Macon's* sacred Rite;
For us commandeth mighty *Mahomet*
No Idols in his Temple pure to set.

LI.

To him therefore this Wonder done refer,
Give him the Praise and Honor of the Thing;
Of us the Gods benign so careful are,
Lest Customs strange into their Church we bring:
Let *Ismael* with his Squares and Trigons war,
His Weapons be the Staff, the Glass, the Ring;
But let us menage War with Blows, like Knights;
Our Praise in Arms, our Honor lies in Fights.

LII.

LII.

The Virgin held her Peace, when this was said:
 And tho' to Pity ne'er was fram'd his Thought,
 Yet, for the King admir'd the noble Maid,
 His Purpose was not to deny her Ought:
 I grant them Life, quoth he; your promis'd Aid
 Against these *Frenchmen* hath their Pardon bought;
 Nor further seek what their Offenses be;
 Guiltless, I quit; guilty, I set them free.

LIII.

Thus were they loos'd, happiest of human Kind;
Olindo, blessed be this Act of thine,
 True Witness of thy great and heav'nly Mind,
 Where Sun, Moon, Stars, of Love, Faith, Virtue shine.
 So forth they went, and left pale Death behind,
 To joy the Bliss of Marriage Rites divine:
 With her he would have dy'd, with him content
 Was she to live, that would with her have brent.

LIV.

The King (as wicked Thoughts are most suspicious)
 Suppos'd too fast this Tree of Virtue grew:
 O blessed LORD, why should this *Pharoh* vicious
 Thus tyrannize upon thy *Hebrews* true?
 Who to perform his Will, vile and malicious,
 Exiled these, and all the faithful Crew,
 All that were strong of Body, stout of Mind;
 But kept their Wives and Children, Pledge behind.

LV.

A hard Division, when the harmless Sheep
 Must leave their Lambs to hungry Wolves in Charge;
 But Virtue's Guard is Labor, Ease her Sleep;
 Trouble best Wind, that drives Salvation's Barge:
 The *Christians* fled, whither they took no Keep;
 Some strayed wild among the Forests large;
 Some to *Emmaus*, to the *Christian* Host,
 And conquer would again their Houses lost.

LVI.

LVI.

Emmaus is a City small, that lies
 From *Sion's* Walls distant a little Way;
 A Man, that early on the Morn doth rise,
 May thither walk ere third Hour of the Day :
 Oh, when the *Christian* Lords this Town espy,
 How merry were their Hearts ! how fresh ! how gay !
 But for the Sun inclined fast to *West*,
 That Night, there would their Chieftain take his Rest.

LVII.

Their canvass Castles up they quickly rear,
 And build a City in an Hour's Space;
 When lo, disguised in unusual Gear,
 Two Barons bold approachen 'gan the Place :
 Their Semblance kind, and mild their Gestures were,
 Peace in their Hands, and Friendship in their Face ;
 From *Egypt's* King Ambassadors they come,
 Them many a Squire attends, and many a Groom.

LVIII.

The first *Aletes*, born in lowly shed
 Of Parents base, a Rose sprung from a Brier,
 That now his Branches over *Egypt* spread ;
 No Plant in *Pharoh's* Garden prosper'd higher :
 With pleasing Tales his Lord's vain Ears he fed,
 A Flatterer, a Pick-thank, and a Lier :
 Curs'd be Estate got with so many a Crime ;
 Yet this is oft the Stair by which Men climb.

LIX.

Argantes called is that other Knight ;
 A Stranger came he late to *Egypt's* Land,
 And there advanced was to Honor's Height ;
 For he was stout of Courage, strong of Hand ;
 Bold was his Heart, and restless was his Sprite,
 Fierce, stern, outrageous, keen as sharp'ned Brand :
 Scornor of GOD, scant to himself a Friend,
 He plac'd his Reason on his Weapon's End.

LX.

These Two Intreatance made they might be heard,
Nor was their just Petition long deny'd ;
The Gallants quickly made the Court of Guard,
Who brought them in where sat their famous Guide,
Whose kingly Look his princely Mind declar'd,
Where Nobles, Virtue, Troth and Valour bide :
A slender Court'sy made *Argantes* bold,
So as one Prince salute another would.

LXI.

Aletes laid his Right-Hand on his Heart,
Bent down his Head, and cast his Eyes full low,
And Rev'rence made with courtly Grace and Art,
For all that humble Lore he well did know :
His sober Lips then did he softly part,
Whence of pure Rhetoric whole Streams out flow ;
And thus he said, while on the *Christian* Lords
Down fell the Mildew of his sugar'd Words.

LXII.

O only worthy, whom the Earth all fears,
High GOD defend thee with His heav'nly Shield,
And humble so the Hearts of all thy Peers,
That their stiff Necks to thy sweet Yoke may yield:
These are the Sheaves, that Honor's Harvest bears,
The Seed thy valiant Acts, the World the Field ;
Egypt the Head-land is, where heaped lies
Thy Fame, Worth, Justice, Wisdom, Victories.

LXIII.

These altogether doth our Sov'reign hide
In secret Storehouse of his princely Thought,
And prays, he may in long Accordance bide
With that great Worthy, who such Wonders wrought :
Nor this oppose against the coming Tide
Of proffer'd Friendship, that he is not taught
Your *Christian* Faith ; for, though of diverse Kind,
The loving Vine about her Elm is twin'd.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Receive therefore in that unconquer'd Hand
 The precious Handle of this Cup of Love ;
 If not Religion, Virtue be the Band
 'Twixt you to fasten Friendship, not to move :
 But, for our mighty King doth understand,
 You mean your Pow'r 'gainst *Juda's* Land to prove,
 He would, before this threaten'd Tempest fell,
 I should his Mind and princely Will first tell :

LXV.

His Mind is this — He prays thee be contented
 To joy in Peace the Conquests thou hast got ;
 Be not thy Death, or *Sion's* Fall lamented ;
 Forbear this Land, *Judea* trouble not ;
 Things done in Haste at Leisure are repented :
 Withdraw thine Arms, trust not incertain Lot ;
 For oft we see, what least we think, betide ;
 He is thy Friend 'gainst all the World beside.

LXVI.

True Labor in the Vineyard of thy LORD,
 Most puissant *Godfrey*, is already done :
 What Armies conquer'd, perish'd with thy Sword !
 What Cities sack'd ! what Kingdoms hast thou won !
 All Ears are maz'd, while Tongues thine Acts record,
 Hands quake for Fear, all Feet for Dread do run ;
 And though more Realms you may to Thralldom bring,
 No higher can your Praise, your Glory spring.

LXVII.

Thy Sun is in his Apogæon plac'd,
 And, when he moveth next, must needs descend ;
 Chance is incertain, Fortune double-fac'd ;
 Smiling at first, she frowneth in the End :
 Beware thine Honor be not then disgrac'd ;
 Take Heed thou marr not, when thou think'st to mend ;
 For this the Folly is of Fortune's Play,
 'Gainst doubtfull certain, much 'gainst small to lay :

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

Yet still we fail, while prosp'rous blows the Wind,
 'Till on some secret Rock unwares we light ;
 The Sea of Glory hath no Banks assign'd :
 They, who are wont to win in ev'ry Fight,
 Still feed the Fire ; and this inflames thy Mind
 To bring more Nations subject to thy Might :
 This makes thee blessed Peace so light to hold ;
 Like summer Flies, that fear not Winter's Cold.

LXIX.

They bid thee follow on the Path now made
 So plain and easy ; enter Fortune's Gate,
 Nor in thy Scabbard sheath that famous Blade,
 'Till settled be thy Kingdom and Estate ;
 'Till *Macon's* sacred Doctrine fall and fade,
 'Till wofull *Asia* all lye desolate :
 Sweet Words I grant, Baits and Allurements sweet ;
 But greatest Hopes oft greatest Crosses meet.

LXX.

For if thy Courage do not blind thine Eyes,
 If Clouds of Fury hide not Reason's Beams,
 Then may'st thou see this desp'rate Enterprize,
 The Field of Death, water'd with Danger's Streams :
 High State the Bed is, where Misfortune lies,
Mars most unfriendly, when most kind he seems :
 Who climbeth high, on Earth he hardest lights,
 And lowest Falls attend the highest Flights.

LXXI.

Tell me, if great in Council, Arms and Gold,
 The Prince of *Egypt* War 'gainst you prepare,
 Or if the valiant *Turks*, and *Persians* bold
 Unite their Forces with *Cassano's* Heir,
 O then, what marble Pillar shall uphold
 The falling Trophies of your Conquest fair ?
 Trust you the Monarch of the *Greekish* Land ?
 That Reed will break, and breaking wound your Hand.

LXXII.

The *Greekish* Faith is like that half-cut Tree,
 By which Men take wild Elephants in *Inde*;
 A Thousand Times it hath beguiled thee,
 As firm as Waves in Seas, or Leaves in Wind.
 Will they, who erst deny'd you Passage free,
 (Passage to all Men free by Use and Kind)
 Fight for your Sake? Or on them do you trust
 To spend their Blood, who scarce could spare their Dust?

LXXIII.

But all your Hope and Trust perchance is laid
 In these strong Troops, which thee environ round;
 Yet Foes unite are not so soon dismay'd,
 As when their Strength you erst divided found:
 Besides, each Hour thy Bands are weaker made
 With Hunger, Slaughter, lodging on cold Ground;
 Meanwhile the *Turks* seek Succours from our King:
 Thus fade thy Helps, and thus thy Cumbers spring.

LXXIV.

Suppose no Weapon can thy Valour's Pride
 Subdue, that by no Force thou may'st be won;
 Admit, no Steel can hurt or wound thy Side,
 And be it, Heav'n hath thee such Favor done;
 'Gainst Famine yet what Shield can'st thou provide?
 What Strength resist, what Sleight her Wrath can shun?
 Go, shake the Spear, and draw the flaming Blade,
 And try, if Hunger so be weaker made.

LXXV.

Th' Inhabitants each Pasture and each Plain
 Destroyed have, each Field to Waste is laid;
 In fenced Tow'rs bestowed was their Grain,
 Before thou cam'st this Kingdom to invade;
 These Horse and Foot how can'st thou then sustain?
 Whence comes thy Store? whence thy Provision made?
 Thy Ships to bring it are (perchance) assign'd;
 O that you live so long, as please the Wind!

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Perhaps thy Fortune doth controul the Wind,
Doth loose or bind it's Blasts in secret Cave;
The Sea perchance, cruel and deaf by Kind,
Will hear thy Call, and still her raging Wave:
But if our armed Gallies are assign'd
To aid those Ships, which *Turks* and *Persians* have,
Say then, what Hope is left thy slender Fleet?
Dare Flocks of Crows a Flight of Eagles meet?

LXXVII.

My Lord, a double Conquest must you make,
If you atchieve Renown by this Emprise;
For if our Fleet your Navy chace or take,
For Want of Viſuals all your Camp then dies:
Or if by Land the Field you once forsake,
Then vain by Sea were Hope of Victories;
Nor could your Ships restore your lost Estate;
For fatal Errors we repent too late.

LXXVIII.

In this Estate, if thou esteemeſt light
The proffer'd Kindneſs of th' *Egyptian* King,
Then give me Leave to ſay, this Oversight
Beſeems thee not, in whom ſuch Virtues ſpring:
But Heav'n vouchſafe to guide thy Mind aright
To gentle Thoughts, that Peace and Quiet bring,
So that poor *Aſia* her Complaints may ceaſe,
And you enjoy your Conqueſts got, in Peace!

LXXIX.

Nor ye, that Part in theſe Adventures have,
Part in his Glory, Partners in his Harms,
Let not blind Fortune ſo your Mind deceive
To ſtir him more to try theſe fierce Alarms;
But like the Sailor, 'ſcaped from the Wave,
From further Peril that his Perſon arms
By ſtaying ſafe at home, ſo ſtay you all:
Better ſit ſtill (Men ſay) than riſe to fall,

LXXX.

This said *Alates* : and a Murmur rose
 That shew'd Dislike among the *Christian* Peers ;
 Their angry Gestures with Mislike disclose
 How much his Speech offends their noble Ears.
 Lord *Godfrey's* Eye three Times environ goes
 To view what Count'nance ev'ry Warrior bears,
 And lastly on th' *Egyptian* Baron stay'd ;
 To whom the *Duke* thus for his Answer said.

LXXXI.

Ambassador, full both of Threats and Praise,
 Thy doubtfull Message hast thou wisely told :
 And if thy Sov'reign love us, as he says,
 Tell him, he sows to reap an hundred fold :
 But where thy Talk the coming Storm displays
 Of threaten'd Warfare from the *Pagans* bold,
 To that I answer (as my Custom is)
 In plainest Phrase, lest my Intent thou miss.

LXXXII.

Know, that 'till now we suffer'd have much Pain
 By Lands and Seas, where Storms and Tempests fall,
 To make the Passage easy, safe, and plain,
 That leads us to this venerable Wall ;
 That so we might Reward from Heav'n obtain,
 And free this Town from being longer thrall ;
 Nor is it grievous, to so good an End,
 Our Honors, Kingdoms, Goods, and Lives to spend :

LXXXIII.

Nor Hope of Praise, nor Thirst of worldly Good
 Inticed us to follow this Emprise ;
 The HEAV'NLY FATHER keep His sacred Brood
 From foul Infection of so great a Vice,
 And by our Zeal aye be that Plague withstood !
 Let not those Pleasures us to Sin intice !

His Grace, His Mercy, and His pow'rfull Hand
 Will keep us safe from Hurt, by Sea and Land.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

This is the Spur, that makes our Coursers run,
 This is our Harbour safe from Danger's Floods;
 This is our Beeld the bluft'ring Winds to shun,
 This is our Guide through Forests, Deserts, Woods;
 This is our Summer's Shade, our Winter's Sun,
 This is our Wealth, our Treasure, and our Goods;
 This is our Engine, Tow'rs that overthrows,
 The Spear that hurts, the Sword that wounds our Foes.

LXXXV.

Our Courage hence, our Hope, our Valour springs,
 Not from the Trust we have in Shield or Spear,
 Not from the Succours, *France*, or *Græcia* brings;
 On such weak Posts we list no Buildings rear:
 He can defend us from the Pow'r of Kings,
 From Chance of War, that makes weak Hearts to fear;
 He can these hungry Troops with Manna feed,
 And Seas make Land, if we a Passage need.

LXXXVI.

But if our Sins us of His Help deprive,
 Or His high Justice let no Mercy fall,
 Yet should our Deaths us some Contentment give,
 To dye where CHRIST receiv'd His Burial:
 So might we dye, not envy'ng them that live,
 So would we dye, not unrevenged all:
 Nor *Turks*, nor *Christians* (if we perish such)
 Have Cause to joy, or to complain too much.

LXXXVII.

Think not that Wars we love, and Strife affect,
 Or that we hate sweet Peace, or Rest deny;
 Think not your Sov'reign's Friendship we reject,
 Because we list not in our Conquests stay:
 But for it seems he would the *Jews* protect,
 Pray him from us that Thought aside to lay,
 Nor us forbid this Town and Realm to gain;
 And long in Peace and Pleasures may he reign.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

This Answer giv'n, *Argantes* wild drew near,
 Trembling for Ire, and waxing pale for Rage;
 Nor could he hold, his Wrath increas'd so far,
 But thus inflam'd bespake the Captain sage:
 Who scorneth Peace shall have his Fill of War;
 I thought thy Wisdom should thy Fury swage;
 But well you shew what Joy you take in Fight,
 Which makes you prize our Love and Friendship light.

LXXXIX.

This said, he took his Mantle's foremost Part,
 And 'gan the same together fold and wrap;
 Then spake again with fell and spiteful Heart —
 (So Lions roar inclos'd in Train or Trap)
 Thou proud Despiser of inconstant *Mart*,
 I bring thee War and Peace, clos'd in this Lap;
 Take quickly one, thou hast no Time to muse;
 If Peace, we rest; we fight, if War thou chuse.

XC.

His Semblance fierce, and Speeches proud provoke
 The Soldiers all — War, War, at once they cry,
 Nor could they tarry 'till their Chieftain spoke;
 But, for the Knight was more inflam'd thereby,
 His Lap he open'd, and spread forth his Cloke:
 To mortal Wars, he says, I you defy:
 And this he utter'd with fell Rage and Hate,
 And seem'd of *Janus*' Fane to ope the Gate.

XCI.

It seem'd, Fury, Discord, Madness fell
 Flew from his Lap, when he unfolds the same;
 His glaring Eyes with Anger's Venom swell,
 And like the Brand of foul *Alecto* flame:
 He look'd like huge *Typhæus* loos'd from Hell,
 Again to shake Heav'n's everlasting Frame;
 Or him, that built the Tow'r on *Shinaar*,
 Which threaten'd Battle 'gainst the Morning Star.

XCII.

XCII.

Godfredo then — Depart, and bid your King
 Haste hitherward, or else within short while
 (For gladly we accept the War you bring)
 Let him expect us on the Banks of *Nile*.
 He entertain'd them then with Banquetting,
 And Gifts presented to those *Pagans* vile;
Aletes had a Helmet rich and gay,
 Late found at *Nice* among the conquer'd Prey;

XCIII.

Argent a Sword, whereof the Web was Steel,
 Pommel rich Stone, Hilts Gold, approv'd by Touch,
 With rarest Workmanship all forged well;
 The curious Art excell'd the Substance much:
 Thus fair, rich, sharp, to see, to have, to feel,
 Glad was the *Paynim* to enjoy it such,
 And said; how I this Gift can use and wield
 Soon shall you see, when first we meet in Field.

XCIV.

Thus took they Congé, and the angry Knight
 Thus to his Fellow parled on the Way:
 Go thou by Day, but let me walk by Night;
 Go thou to *Ægypt*, I at *Sion* stay;
 The Answer giv'n thou can'st unfold aright;
 No Need of me, what I can do or say:
 Among these Arms I will go wreak my Spite;
 Let *Paris* court it, *Hector* lov'd to fight.

XCV.

Thus he, who late arriv'd a Messenger,
 Departs a Foe, in Act, in Word, in Thought;
 The Law of Nations, or the Lore of War
 If he transgress or no he recketh nought.
 Thus parted they, and ere he wander'd far,
 The friendly Star-light to the Walls him brought;
 Yet his fell Heart thought long that little Way,
 Griev'd with each Stop, tormented with each Stay.

XCVI.

XCVI.

Now spread the Night her spangled Canopy,
 And summon'd ev'ry restless Eye to sleep :
 'On Beds of tender Grass the Beasts down lye ;
 The Fishes slumber'd in the silent Deep :
 Unheard was Serpents Hiss, and Dragons Cry ;
 Birds left to sing, and *Philomel* to weep :
 Only that Noise, Heav'n's rolling Circles keft,
 Sooth'd mortal Cares, and lull'd the World to Rest :

XCVII.

Yet neither Sleep, nor Ease, nor Shadows dark
 Could make the faithfull Camp, or Captain rest ;
 They long'd to see the Day, to hear the Lark
 Record her Hymns, and chant her Carols blest ;
 They yearn'd to view the Walls, the wished Mark,
 To which their Journeys long they had address ;
 Each Heart attends, each longing Eye beholds
 What Beam the *Eastern* Window first unfolds.



TASSO'S

T A S S O 's
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K III.

I.

THE purple *Morning* left her crimson Bed,
And donn'd her Robes of pure vermilion Hue;
Her amber Locks she crown'd with Roses red,
In *Eden's* flow'ry Garden gather'd new;
When through the Camp a Murmur shrill was spread;
Arm, arm, they cry'd; arm, arm, the Trumpets blew:
Their merry Noise prevents the joyful Blast;
So humm small Bees, before their Swarm they cast.

II.

Their Captain rules their Courage, guides their Heat;
Their Forwardness he staid with gentle Rein;
And yet more easy haply were the Feat
To stop the Current near *Charybdis's* Main,
Or calm the blust'ring Winds on Mountains great,
Than fierce Desires of warlike Hearts restrain:
He rules them yet, and ranks them in their Haste;
For well he knows, disorder'd Speed makes Waste.

III.

Feather'd their Thoughts, their Feet in Wings were dight;
Swiftly they march'd, yet were not tir'd thereby;
For willing Minds make heaviest Burdens light:
But when the gliding Sun was mounted high,
Jerusalem (behold) appear'd in Sight;
Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy,
Jerusalem with merry Noise they greet,
With joyfull Shouts, and Acclamations sweet.

H

IV. As

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IV.

As when a Troop of jolly Sailors row
Some new-found Land and Country to descry,
Through dang'rous Seas, and under Stars unknown,
Thrall to the faithless Waves, and trothless Sky,
If once the wished Shore begin to show,
They all salute it with a joyfull Cry ;
And each to other shew the Land in Haste,
Forgetting quite their Pains and Perils past.

V.

To that Delight, which their first Sight did breed,
That pleased so the Secret of their Thought,
A deep Repentance did forthwith succeed,
Which rev'rend Fear and Trembling with it brought :
Scantly they durst their feeble Eyes dispread
Upon that Town, where CHRIST was sold and bought ;
Where for our Sins HE faultless suffer'd Pain ;
There, where HE dy'd, and where HE liv'd again.

VI.

Soft Words, low Speech, deep Sobs, sweet Sighs, salt Tears
Rose from their Breasts, with Joy and Pleasure mixt ;
For thus fares he, the LORD aright that fears ;
Fear on Devotion, Joy on Faith is fixt :
Such Noise their Passions make, as when one hears
Hoarse Sea-waves roar the hollow Rocks betwixt ;
Or as the Wind, in Holts and shady Greves,
A Murmur makes among the Boughs and Leaves.

VII.

Their naked Feet trod on the dusty Way,
Foll'wing th' Example of their zealous Guide ;
Their Scarfs, their Crests, their Plumes, and Feathers gay
They quickly doft, and willing laid aside :
Their molten Hearts their wonted Pride allay ;
Along their wat'ry Cheeks warm Tears down slide ;
And then such secret Speech as this they us'd,
While to himself each one himself accus'd.

VIII.

VIII.

Flower of Goodness, Root of lasting Bliss,
Thou Well of Life, whose Streams were purple Blood,
That flowed here to cleanse the Soul amidst
Of sinfull Man, behold this brinish Flood,
That from my melting Heart distilled is ;
Receive in Gree these Tears, O LORD most good,
For never Wretch, with Sin so over-gone,
Had fitter Time, or greater Cause to mone.

IX.

This-while the wary Watchman looked over
(From Top of *Sion's* Tow'r) the Hills and Dales,
And saw the Dust the Fields and Pastures cover,
As when thick Mists arise from moory Vales :
At last the Sun-bright Shields he 'gan discover,
And glitt'ring Helms, 'gainst Violence none that fail ;
The Metal shone, like Light'ning bright in Skies,
And Man and Horse amid the Dust descries.

X.

Then loud he cries——O what a Dust arises !
O how it shines with Shields and Targets clear !
Up, up, to Arms ; for valiant Heart despises
The threat'ned Storm of Death and Danger near ;
Behold your Foes : then further thus devises ;
Haste, haste, for vain Delay increaseth Fear ;
These horrid Clouds of Dust, that yonder fly,
Your coming Foes do hide, and hide the Sky.

XI.

The tender Children, and the Fathers old,
The aged Matrons, and the Virgin chaste,
That durst not shake the Spear, nor Target hold,
Themselves devoutly in their Temples plac'd :
The rest, of Members strong, and Courage bold,
On hardy Breasts their Harness donn'd in Haste ;
Some to the Walls, some to the Gates them dight ;
Their King meanwhile directs them all aright.

XII.

All Things well order'd, he withdrew with Speed
 Up to a Turret high Two Ports between ;
 That so he might be near at ev'ry Need,
 And over-look the Lands, and Furrows green :
 Thither he did the sweet *Erminia* lead,
 That in his Court had entertained been,
 Since Christians *Antioch* did to Bondage bring,
 And slew her Father, who thereof was King.

XIII.

Against their Foes *Clorinda* sally'd out,
 And many a Baron bold was by her Side ;
 Within the Postern stood *Argantes* stout,
 To rescue her, if ill mote her betide :
 With Speeches brave she cheer'd her warlike Rout,
 And with bold Words them hearten'd as they ride ;
 Let us by some brave Act, quoth she, this Day
 Of *Asia's* Hopes the Ground-work found and lay.

XIV.

While to her Folk thus spake the Virgin brave,
 Thereby (behold) forth past a *Christian* Band,
 Towards the Camp that Herds of Cattle drave ;
 For they that Morn had forraid all the Land :
 The fierce Virago would that Booty save,
 Whom their Commander singled Hand for Hand ;
 A mighty Man at Arms, who *Guardo* hight,
 But far too weak to match with her in Fight.

XV.

They met, and low in Dust was *Guardo* laid,
 'Twixt either Army, from his Sell down keft ;
 The *Pagans* shout for Joy, and hope-full said,
 Those good Beginnings would have Endings blest :
 Against the rest on went the noble Maid ;
 She broke the Helm, and pierc'd the armed Breast :
 Her Men the Paths rode through made by her Sword ;
 They pass the Stream, where she had found the Ford.

XVI.

XVI.

Soon was the Prey out of their Hands recover'd ;
 By Step, and Step, the *Frenchmen* 'gan retire ;
 'Till on a little Hill at last they hover'd,
 Whose Strength preserv'd them from *Clorinda's* Ire :
 When, as a Tempest, that hath long been cover'd
 In wat'ry Clouds, breaks out with sparkling Fire,
 With his strong Squadron Lord *Tancredi* came ;
 His Heart with Rage, his Eyes with Courage flame.

XVII.

Mast-great the Spear was, that the Gallant bore,
 Which in his warlike Pride he made to shake,
 As Winds tall Cedars tofs on Mountains hoar :
 The King, that wonder'd at his Brav'ry, spake
 To her, that near him seated was before,
 Who felt her Heart with Love's hot Fever quake,
 Well should thou know, quoth he, each *Christian* Knight
 By long Acquaintance, though in Armour dight.

XVIII.

Say, who is he shows so great Worthiness,
 That rides so rank, and bends his Lance so fell ?
 To this the Princess said nor more nor less ;
 Her Heart with Sighs, her Eyes with Tears did swell :
 But Sighs and Tears she wisely could suppress ;
 Her Love and Passion she dissembled well ;
 And strove her Love, that Canker-worm, to cover,
 'Till Heart with Sighs, and Eyes with Tears ran over.

XIX.

At last she spake, and with a crafty Sleight
 Her secret Love disguis'd in Cloaths of Hate ;
 Alas ! too well (she says) I know that Knight ;
 I saw his Force and Courage proved late :
 Too late I view'd him, when his Pow'r and Might
 Shook down the Pillar of *Cassano's* State :
 Alas, what Wounds he gives ! how fierce, how fell !
 No Physic helps them cure, or Magic's Spell.

XX.

XX.

Tancred he hight; O *Macon*, would he wear
 My Thrall, ere Fates him of this Life deprive!
 For to his hatefull Head such Spite I bear,
 I would him reave his cruel Heart alive.
 Thus said she; they, that her Complainings hear,
 In other Sense her Wishes Credit give:
 She sigh'd withall; they constru'd all amiss;
 And thought, she wish'd to kill, who long'd to kiss.

XXI.

This-while forth rush'd *Clorinda* from the Throng,
 And 'gainst *Tancredi* set her Spear in Rest;
 Upon their Helms they crack'd their Lances long,
 And from her Head her gilden Casque he keft;
 For ev'ry Lace he broke, and ev'ry Thong,
 And in the Dust threw down her plumed Crest;
 About her Shoulders shone her golden Locks,
 Like sunny Beams on Alabaster Rocks.

XXII.

Her Looks with Fire, her Eyes with Light'ning blaze;
 Sweet was her Wrath; what then would be her Smile?
Tancred, whereon think'st thou? why dost thou gaze?
 Hast thou forgot her in so short a While?
 The same is she, the Shape of whose sweet Face
 The *God of Love* did in thy Heart compile:
 The same that left thee by the cooling Stream,
 Safe from Sun's Heat, but scorch'd with Beauty's Beam.

XXIII.

The Prince well knew her, tho' her painted Shield,
 And golden Helm he had not mark'd before;
 She sav'd her Head, and with her Axe well steel'd
 Affail'd the Knight, but her the Knight forbore;
 'Gainst other Foes he prov'd him through the Field;
 Yet she for that refrained ne'er the more,
 But foll'wing——turn thee, cry'd in ireful Wife;
 And so at once she threats to kill him twice.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Not once the Baron lift his armed Hand
To strike the Maid, but gazing on her Eyes,
(Where lordly *Cupid* seem'd in Arms to stand)
No Way to ward, or shun her Blows he tries,
But softly says——no Stroke of thy strong Hand
Can vanquish *Tancred*; but thy Conquest lies
In those fair Eyne, which fiery Weapons dart,
That find no lighting-Place, except this Heart.

XXV.

At last resolv'd, although he hop'd small Grace,
Yet ere he dy'd, to tell how much he lov'd,
(For pleasing Words in Womens Ears find Place,
And gentle Hearts with humble Suit are mov'd)
O thou, quoth he, withhold thy Wrath a Space;
For if thou long to see my Valour prov'd,
Were it not better, from this warlike Rout
Withdrawn somewhere, alone to fight it out?

XXVI.

So singled may we both our Courage try:
Clorinda to that Motion yielded glad,
And helmlless to the Forest ward 'gan hie,
Whither the Prince right pensive went, and sad;
And there the Virgin 'gan him soon defy:
One Blow she stricken, and he wardèd had,
When he cry'd——hold, and ere we prove our Might,
First hear thou some Conditions of the Fight.

XXVII.

She stay'd, and desp'rate Love had made him bold:
Since from the Fight thou wilt no Respite give,
The Cov'nants be, he said—that thou unfold
This wretched Bosom, and my Heart out-rive,
Giv'n thee long since; and if thou cruel would
I should be dead, let me no longer live,
But pierce this Breast, that all the World may say,
The Eagle made the Turtle-Dove her Prey.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Save with thy Grace, or let thine Anger kill;
 Love has disarm'd my Life of all Defense;
 An easy Labor harmless Blood to spill;
 Strike then, and punish, where is none Offense:
 This said the Prince, and more perchance had Will
 To have declar'd, to move her cruel Sense;
 But, in ill Time, of *Pagans* thither came
 A Troop, and *Christians* that pursu'd the same.

XXIX.

The *Pagans* fled before their valiant Foes;
 For Dread, or Craft, it skills not that we know:
 A Soldier wild, careless to win or lose,
 Saw where her Locks about the Damsel flew,
 And at her Back he profers (as he goes)
 To strike, where her he did disarmed view:
 But *Tancred* cry'd——oh stay thy cursed Hand;
 And the fell Blow to ward lift up his Brand.

XXX.

But yet the cutting Steel arrived there,
 Where her fair Neck adjoin'd her noble Head;
 Light was the Wound; but through her Amber Hair
 The purple Drops down railed bloody red;
 So Rubies set in flaming Gold appear:
 But Lord *Tancredi* pale with Rage, as Lead,
 Flew on the Villain, who to Flight him bound;
 The Smart was his, tho' she receiv'd the Wound.

XXXI.

The Villain flies; he full of Rage and Ire
 Pursues; she stood, and wonder'd on them both;
 But yet to follow them shew'd no Desire;
 To stray so far she would perchance be loth;
 But quickly turn'd her, fierce as flaming Fire,
 And on her Foes she wreak'd her Anger wroth:
 On ev'ry Side she kills them down amain,
 And now she flies, and now she turns again.

XXXII.

XXXII.

As the swift Ure, by *Volga's* rolling Flood,
 Chac'd through the Plains the Mastiff Curs toforn,
 Flies to the Succour of some neighbour Wood,
 And often turns again his dreadfull Horn
 Against the Dogs, imbru'd in Sweat and Blood,
 That bite not, 'till the Beast to Flight return;
 Or as the *Moors* at their strange Tennis run,
 Defens'd, the flying Balls unhurt to shun;

XXXIII.

So ran *Clorinda*, so her Foes pursu'd,
 Untill they both approach'd the City's Wall,
 When lo the *Pagans* their fierce Wrath renew'd;
 Cast in a Ring about they wheeled all,
 And 'gainst the *Christians* Backs and Sides they shew'd
 Their Courage fierce, and to new Combat fall;
 When down the Hill *Argantes* came to fight,
 Like angry *Mars* to aid the *Trojan* Knight.

XXXIV.

Furious tofore the foremost of his Rank
 In sturdy Steel forth stept the Warrior bold:
 The first he smote, down from his Saddle sank;
 The next beneath his Steed lay on the Mold:
 Under the *Sar'cen's* Spear the Worthies shrank;
 No Breast-plate could that curst Tree out-hold;
 When that was broke, his precious Sword he drew,
 And whom he hit, he felled or he slew.

XXXV.

Clorinda slew *Ardelio*, aged Knight,
 Whose graver Years would for no Labor yield;
 His Age was full of Puissance and Might;
 Two Sons he had to guard his noble Eild;
 The first, far from his Father's Care and Sight,
 Call'd *Alicandro*, wounded lay in Field;
 And *Poliphern* the younger, by his Side,
 Had he not nobly fought, had surely dy'd.

XXXVI.

Tancred by this, who strove to overtake
 The Villain, that had hurt his Lady dear,
 From vain Pursuit at last returned back,
 And his brave Troop discomfit saw well near ;
 Thither he spurr'd, and 'gan huge Slaughter make ;
 His Shock no Steed, his Blow no Knight could bear :
 For dead he strikes him, whom he lights upon ;
 So Thunders break high Trees on *Libanon*.

XXXVII.

Dudon his Squadron of *Advent'ers* brings,
 To aid the worthy and his tired Crew ;
 Before the Res'due young *Rinaldo* flings,
 As swift as fiery Light'ning kindled new :
 His argent Eagle with her silver Wings,
 In Field of Azure, fair *Erminia* knew ;
 See there, Sir King (she says) a Knight, as bold
 And brave, as was the Son of *Peleus* old.

XXXVIII.

He wins the Prize in Just and Turnament ;
 His Acts are numberless, though few his Years :
 If *Europe* Six like him to War had sent
 Among these Thousands strong of *Christian* Peers,
Syria were lost ; lost were the *Orient* ;
 And all the Lands the *Southern* Ocean wears ;
 Conquer'd were all hot *Afric's* tawny Kings,
 And all that dwell by *Nilus'* unknown Springs.

XXXIX.

Rinaldo is his Name ; his armed Fist
 Breaks down Stone Walls, when Rams and Engines fail :
 But turn your Eyes, because I would you wist,
 What Lord that is in green and golden Mail ;
Dudon he hight, who guideth as him list
 The *Advent'ers* Troop, whose Prowess field doth fail ;
 High Birth, grave Years, with Practice long in War,
 And fearless Heart, make him renowned far.

XL.

See that big Man, that all in Brown is bound,
Gernando call'd, the King of *Norway's* Son ;
 A prouder Knight treads not on Grass or Ground ;
 His Pride hath lost the Praise his Prowess won :
 And that kind Pair, in White all armed round,
 Is *Edward* and *Gildippe*, who begun
 Through Love the Hazard of fierce War to prove ;
 Famous for Arms, but famous more for Love.

XLI.

While thus they tell their Foe-mens Worthiness,
 The Slaughter rageth in the Plain at large ;
Tancred and young *Rinaldo* break the Press ;
 They bruise the Helm, and pierce the sev'n-fold Targe :
 The Troop by *Dudon* led perform'd no less, .
 But in they come, and give a furious Charge :
Argantes self, fell'd at one single Blow,
 Inglorious, bleeding lay, on Earth full low.

XLII.

Nor had the Boaster ever risen more,
 But that *Rinaldo's* Horse e'en then down fell,
 And with the Fall his Leg oppress'd so sore,
 That for a Space there must be algates dwell :
 Mean while the *Pagan* Troops were nigh forlore ;
 Swiftly they fled, glad they escap'd so well :
Argantes, and with him *Clorinda* stout,
 For Bank and Bulwark serv'd to save the Rout.

XLIII.

These fled the last, and with their Force sustain'd
 The *Christians* Rage, that follow'd them so near ;
 Their scatter'd Troops to Safety well they train'd,
 And while the Res'due fled, the Brunt these bear :
Dudon pursu'd the Victory he gain'd,
 And on *Tigranes* nobly broke his Spear ;
 Then with his Sword head-les to Ground him cast ;
 So Gard'ners Branches lop, that spring too fast.

XLIV.

Algazar's Breast-plate of fine Temper made,
 Nor *Corban's* Helmet forg'd by magic Art,
 Could save their Owners ; for Lord *Dudon's* Blade
 Cleft *Corban's* Head, and pierc'd *Algazar's* Heart ;
 And their proud Souls down to th' infernal Shade
 From *Amurath* and *Mahomet* depart :

Not strong *Argantes* thought his Life was sure ;
 He could not safely fly, nor fight secure.

XLV.

The angry *Pagan* bit his Lips for Teen ;
 He ran, he stay'd, he fled, he turn'd again ;
 Untill at last unmark'd, unview'd, unseen,
 (When *Dudon* had *Almanzor* newly slain)
 Within his Side he sheath'd his Weapon keen ;
 Down fell the Worthy on the dusty Plain,
 And lifted up his feeble Eyes unceath,
 Opprest with Leaden Sleep of Iron Death.

XLVI.

Three Times he strove to view Heav'n's golden Ray,
 And rais'd him on his feeble Elbow thrice ;
 And thrice he tumbled on the lowly Lay,
 And three Times clos'd again his dying Eyes :
 He speaks no Word, yet makes he Signs to pray ;
 He sighs, he faints, he groans——and then he dies.
Argantes proud to spoil the Corps disdain'd,
 But shook his Sword with Blood of *Dudon* stain'd :

XLVII.

Then turning to the *Christian* Knights, he cry'd——
 Lordings, behold, this bloody, reeking Blade
 Last Night was giv'n me by your noble Guide ;
 Tell him what Proof thereof this Day is made ;
 Needs must this please him well that is betide,
 That I so well can use this Martial Trade,
 To whom so rare a Gift he did present ;
 Tell him, the Workman fits the Instrument.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

If further Proof thereof he long to see,
 Say, it still thirsts, and would his Heart-Blood drink ;
 And if he haste not to incounter me,
 Say, I will find him, when he least does think.
 The *Christians* at his Words intraged be ;
 But he to shun their Ire doth safely shrink
 Under the Shelter of the neighbour Wall,
 Well guarded with his Troops and Soldiers all.

XLIX.

Like Storms of Hail the Stones fell down from high,
 Cast from the Bulwarks, Flankers, Ports, and Tow'rs:
 The Shafts and Quarries from their Engines fly,
 As thick as falling Drops in *April* Show'rs:
 The *French* withdrew, they list not press too nigh ;
 The *Saracens* escaped all their Pow'rs.
 But now *Rinaldo* from the Earth up-lept,
 Where by the Leg his Steed had long him kept.

L.

He came, and breathed Vengeance from his Breast
 'Gainst him, that noble *Dudon* late had slain ;
 And being come, thus spake he to the rest ;
 Warriors, why stand you gazing here in vain ?
 Pale Death our valiant Leader hath oppress'd ;
 Come, wreak his Loss, whom bootless you complain :
 These Walls are weak, they keep but Cowards out ;
 No Rampier can withstand a Courage stout.

LI.

Of double Iron, Brass, or Adamant,
 Or if this Wall were built of flaming Fire,
 Yet should the *Pagan* vile a Fort'res want
 To throwd his coward Head safe from mine Ire:
 Come, follow then, and bid base Fear avant ;
 The harder Work deserves the greater Hire.
 And with that Word close to the Walls he starts,
 Nor fears he deadly Arrows, Stones or Darts.

LII.

LII.

Above the Waves as *Neptune* lift his Eyes
 To chide the Winds, that *Trojan* Ships oppress,
 And with his Count'nance calm'd Seas, Winds, and Skies ;
 So look'd *Rinaldo*, when he shook his Crest
 Before those Walls ; each *Pagan* fears, and flies
 His dreadfull Sight, or trembling stay'd at least ;
 Such Dread his awfull Visage on them cast ;
 So seem poor Doves at Goss-Hawks Sight agast.

LIII.

The Herald *Sigier* now from *Godfrey* came
 To will them stay, and calm their Courage hot :
 Retire, quoth he ; *Godfrey* commands the same ;
 To wreak your Ire this Season fitteth not :
 Though loth, *Rinaldo* stay'd, and stopt the Flame,
 That boiled in his hardy Stomach hot :
 His bridled Fury grew thereby more fell ;
 So Rivers stopt above their Banks do swell.

LIV.

The Bands retire not danger'd by their Foes ;
 In their Retreat so wise were they, and wary :
 To murder'd *Dudon* each lamenting goes ;
 From wonted Use of Ruth they list not vary :
 Upon their friendly Arms they soft impose
 The noble Burden of his Corps to carry.
 Mean while *Godfredo*, from a Mountain great,
 Beheld the sacred City, and her Seat.

LV.

Jerusalem is seated on two Hills,
 Of Height unlike, and turned Side to Side ;
 The Space between a gentle Valley fills,
 From Mount to Mount expanded fair and wide :
 Three Sides are sure imbarr'd with Crags and Hills ;
 The rest is easy, scant to rise espy'd ;
 But mighty Bulwarks fence the plainer Part ;
 So Art helps Nature, Nature strengthens Art.

LVI.

LVI.

The Town is stor'd with Troughs and Cisterns, made
To keep fresh Water ; but the Country seems
Devoid of Grasse, unfit for Plowmens Trade ;
Not fertil, moist with Rivers, Wells, or Streams :
There grow few Trees to make the Summer's Shade,
Or shield the parched Land from scorching Beams ;
Save that a Wood stands six Miles from the Town,
With aged Cedars dark, and Shadows brown.

LVII.

By *East*, among the dusty Vallies glide,
The silver Streams of *Jordan's* Crystal Flood :
By *West*, the *Mid-Land* Sea, with Bounders ty'd
Of sandy Shores, where *Joppa* whilom stood :
By *North*, *Samaria* stands, and on that Side
The golden Calf was rear'd in *Bethel* Wood :
Bethlem by *South*, where CHRIST incarnate was,
A Pearl in Steel, a Di'mond set in Brasse.

LVIII.

While thus the *Duke* on ev'ry Side descry'd
The City's Strength, the Walls and Gates about,
And saw where least the same was fortify'd,
Where weakest seem'd the Walls to keep him out,
Erminia, as he armed rode, him spy'd,
And thus bespake the *Heathen Tyrant* stout ——
See *Godfrey* there, in Purple clad, and Gold ;
His stately Port and princely Look behold.

LIX.

Well seems he born to be with Honor crown'd,
So well the Lore he knows of Regiment ;
Peerless in Fight, in Council grave and sound,
The double Gift of Glory excellent :
Among these Armies is no Warrior found
Graver in Speech, bolder in Turnament :
Raimond perchance in Council match him might,
- *Tancred*, and young *Rinaldo*, like in Fight.

LX.

LX.

To whom the King——He likes me well therefore ;
 I knew him whilom in the Court of *France*,
 When I from *Egypt* went Ambassador ;
 I saw him there break many a sturdy Lance ;
 And yet his Chin no Sign of Manhood bore :
 His Youth was forward, but with Governance ;
 His Words, his Actions, and his Portance brave
 Of future Virtue timely Tokens gave ;

LXI.

Prefages ah too true ! —— With that, a Space
 He sigh'd for Grief ; then said, fain would I know
 The Man in Red, with such a knightly Grace ;
 A worthy Lord he seemeth by his Show ;
 How like to *Godfrey* looks he in the Face !
 How like in Person ! but some deal more low.
Baldwin, quoth she, that noble Baron hight ;
 By Birth his Brother, and his Match in Might.

LXII.

Next look on him, that seems for Council fit ;
 Whose silver Locks bewray his Store of Days ;
Raimond he hight ; a Man of wond'rous Wit,
 Of *Tholouse* Lord ; his Wisdom is his Praise :
 What he forethinks, doth, as he looks for, hit ;
 His Stratagems have good Success always :
 With gilden Helm beyond him rides the mild
 And good Prince *William*, *England's* King's dear Child,

LXIII.

With him is *Guelpho*, as his noble Mate ;
 In Birth, in Acts, in Arms alike the rest ;
 I know him well, since I beheld him late,
 By his broad Shoulders and his squared Breast :
 But my proud Foe, that quite hath ruinate
 My high Estate, and *Antioch* oppress'd,
 I see not——*Bæmond*, that to Death did bring
 My aged Lord, my Father, and my King.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Thus talked they : mean while *Godfredo* went
 Down to the Troops, that in the Valley stay'd ;
 And, for in vain he thought the Labor spent
 T' assail those Parts, that to the Mountains lay'd,
 Against the *Northern* Gate his Force he bent ;
 'Gainst it he camp'd, 'gainst it his Engines play'd :
 All felt the Fury of his angry Pow'r,
 That from those Gates lies to the Corner Tow'r.

LXV.

The Town's third Part was this, or little less,
 'Fore which the *Duke* his glorious Ensign spread :
 For so great Compass had that Forterefs,
 That round it could not be invironed
 With narrow Siege (nor *Babel's* King I guess,
 That whilom took it, such an Army led)
 But all the Ways he kept, by which his Foe
 Might to or from the City come or go.

LXVI.

His Care was next to cast the Trenches deep ;
 So to preserve his resting Camp by Night ;
 Left from the City (while his Soldiers sleep)
 They might assail them with untimely Fight :
 This done, he went where Lords and Princes weep
 With dire Complaints about the murder'd Knight ;
 Where *Dudon* dead lay slaughter'd on the Ground,
 And all the Soldiers sat lamenting round.

LXVII.

His wailing Friends adorn'd the mournful Bier
 With woeful Pomp, whereon his Corps they laid ;
 And when they saw the *Bulloigne* Prince draw near,
 All felt new Grief, and each new Sorrow made :
 But he, withouten Shew, or Change of Chear,
 His springing Tears within their Fountains staid ;
 His ruthfull Looks upon the Corse he cast
 A while, and thus bespake the same at last.

K

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

We need not mourn for thee here laid to Rest ;
 Earth is thy Bed, and not thy Grave ; the Skies
 Are for thy Soul the Cradle and the Nest ;
 There live ; on Earth thy Glory never dies :
 For like a *Christian* Knight, and Champion blest,
 Thou did'st both live, and dye ; now feed thine Eyes
 With thy REDEEMER'S Sight, where crown'd with Bliss
 Thy Faith, Zeal, Merit, well deserving is.

LXIX.

Our Loss, not thine, provokes these Complaints and Tears,
 For when we lost thee, then our Ship her Mast,
 Our Chariot lost her Wheels, their Points our Spears ;
 The Bird of Conquest her chief Feather cast :
 But though thy Death far from our Army bears
 Her chiefest earthly Aid, in Heav'n yet plac'd
 Thou wilt procure us Help divine ; so reaps,
 He that sows godly Sorrow, Joy by Heaps.

LXX.

For if our GOD, the Lord omnipotent,
 Those armed Angels in our Aid down send,
 That were at *Dothan* to His Prophet sent,
 Thou wilt come down with them, and well defend
 Our Host, and with thy sacred Weapons, bent
 'Gainst *Sion's* Fort, these Gates and Bulwarks rend ;
 That so thy Hand may win this Hold, and we
 May in these Temples praise our CHRIST for thee.

LXXI.

Thus he complain'd : But now the sable Shade,
 Icled *Night*, had thick enveloped
 The Sun in Vail of double Darkness made ;
 Sleep eased Care ; Rest brought Complaint to Bed :
 All Night the wary *Duke* devising laid,
 How that high Wall should best be battered ;
 How his strong Engines he might aptly frame,
 And whence get Timber fit to build the same.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Up with the Lark the sorrowing *Duke* arose,
A Mourner chief at *Dudon's* Burial :
Of Cypress sad a Pile his Friends compose
Under a Hill, o'ergrown with Cedars tall :
Beside the Hearse a fruitfull Palm-Tree grows,
(Ennobled since by this great Funeral)
Where *Dudon's* Corpse they softly laid in Ground ;
The Priests sung Hymns, the Soldiers wept around.

LXXIII.

Among the Boughs they here and there bestow
Ensigns and Arms, as Witness of his Praise,
Which he from *Pagan* Lords, that did them own,
Had won in prosp'rous Fights, and happy Frays :
His Shield they fixed on the Bole below,
And there this Distich under-wrote, which says——
This Palm with stretched Arms doth over-spread
The honour'd Reliques of great DUDON dead.

LXXIV.

This Work performed with Advise ment good,
Godfrey his Carpenters, and Men of Skill
In all the Camp, sent to an aged Wood,
With Convoy meet to guard them safe from Ill :
Within a Valley deep this Forest stood,
To *Christian* Eyes unseen, unknown, untill
A *Syrian* told the *Duke*, who thither sent
Those chosen Workmen, that for Timber went.

LXXV.

And now the Axe rag'd in the Forest wild ;
The Echo sigh'd, in the Groves, unseen ;
The weeping Nymphs fled from their Bow'rs exil'd ;
Down fell the shady Tops of shaking Treen,
Down came the sacred Palms, the Ashes wild,
The Fun'ral Cypress, Holly ever-green,
The weeping Firr, thick Beech, and sailing Pine ;
The marry'd Elm fell with his fruitfull Vine ;

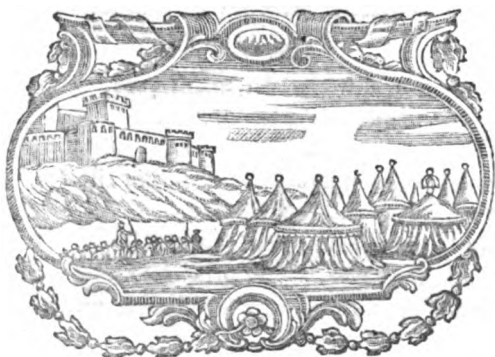
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LXXVI.

68 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

LXXVI.

The shooter Yew, the broad-leav'd Sycamore,
 The barren Platane, and the Wallnut found;
 The Myrrh, that her foul Sin doth still deplore;
 The Alder, Owner of all wat'rish Ground;
 Sweet Juniper, whose Shadow hurteth sore;
 Proud Cedar; Oak, the King of Forests crown'd:
 Thus fell the Trees; with Noise the Deserts roar;
 The Beasts their Caves, the Birds their Nests forlore.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K IV.

I.

WHILE thus their Work went on with lucky Speed,
And reared Rams their horned Fronts advance,
The antient Foe to Man and mortal Seed
His wannish Eyes upon them bent askance ;
And when he saw their Labors well succeed,
He wept for Rage, and threaten'd dire Mischance :
He chok'd his Curfes, to himself he spake ;
Such Noise wild Bulls, that softly bellow, make.

II.

At last resolving in his damned Thought
To find some Lett, to stop their warlike Feat,
He gave Command his Princes should be brought
Before the Throne of his infernal Seat :
O Fool ! as if it were a Thing of nought
God to resist, or change His Purpose great,
Who on His Foes doth thunder in His Ire ;
Whose Arrows Hailstones be, and Coals of Fire.

III.

The dreary Trumpet blew a dreadfull Blast,
And rumbled through the Lands and Kingdoms under ;
Through the wide Wastes it roar'd, and Hollows vast,
And fill'd the Deep with Horror, Fear, and Wonder :
Not half so dreadfull Noise the Tempests cast,
That fall from Skies with Storms of Hail and Thunder ;
Not half so loud the whistling Winds do sing,
Broke from the earthen Prisons of their King.

IV.

IV.

The Peers of *Pluto's* Realm assembled been
 Amid the Palace of their angry King,
 In hideous Forms and Shapes, tofore unseen,
 That Fear, Death, Terror, and Amazement bring:
 With ugly Paws some trample on the Green,
 Some gnaw the Snakes, that on their Shoulders hing;
 And some their forked Tails stretch forth on high,
 As they would storm the Regions of the Sky.

V.

There howl'd *Silenus'* foul and loathsome Rout,
 There *Sphinges*, *Centaurs* fierce, and *Gorgons* fell,
 There hideous *Scillas*, yawling round about,
 There Serpents hiss, there sev'n-mouth'd *Hydras* yell;
Chimera there spues Fire and Brimstone out,
 And *Poliphemus* blind supporteth Hell;
 Besides, ten thousand Monsters therein dwell,
 Mis-shap'd, unlike themselves, and like nought else.

VI.

About their Prince each took his wonted Seat,
 On Thrones red-hot, ibuilt of burning Brags;
Pluto in middest heav'd his Trident great,
 Of rusty Iron huge that forged was:
 The Rocks, on which the Salt-Sea Billows beat,
 And *Atlas'* Tops, the Clouds in Height that pass,
 Compar'd to his huge Person, Mole-Hills be;
 So rough his Front, his Horns so lifted he.

VII.

The Tyrant proud frown'd from his lofty Sell,
 And with his Looks made all his Monsters tremble;
 His Eyes, that full of Rage and Venom swell,
 Two Beacons seem, that Men to Arms assemble:
 His felter'd Locks, that on his Bosom fell,
 On rugged Mountains Briers and Thorns resemble;
 His yawning Mouth, that foamed clotted Blood,
 Gap'd like a Whirlpool wide in *Stygian* Flood:

VIII.

VIII.

And as Mount *Ætna* vomits Sulphur out,
 With Clifts of burning Craggs, and Fire, and Smoke,
 So from his Mouth flew kindled Coals about ;
 Hot Sparks and Smells, that Man and Beast would choke :
 The gnarring Porter durst not whine for Doubt ;
 Still were the Furies, while their Sov'reign spoke ;
 And swift *Cocytus* staid his Murmur thrill,
 While thus the Tyrant thunder'd out his Will.

IX.

Ye Pow'rs infernal ! worthier far to sit
 About the Sun, whence you your Offspring take,
 With me that whilom through the Welkin flit
 Down tumbled headlong to this empty Lake,
 Our former Glory be remember'd yet,
 Our bold Attempts, the War we once did make
 'Gainst HIM, who rules above the starry Sphere,
 For which, like Traytors, we lye damned here ;

X.

And now, instead of clear and gladfom Sky
 Of *Titan's* Brightness, that so glorious is,
 In this deep Darknes lo we helpless lye,
 Hopeless again to joy our former Bliss !
 And more (which makes my Grief to multiply)
 That sinfull Creature Man elected is,
 And in our Place the Heav'ns possels he must,
 Vile Man, begot of Clay, and born of Dust :

XI.

Nor this suffic'd, but that HE also gave
 His only Son, His Darling, to be slain,
 To conquer so Hell, Death, Sin, and the Grave,
 And Man condemned to restore again :
 HE brake our Prisons, and would aigates save
 The Souls, that here should dwell in Woe and Pain ;
 And now in Heav'n with HIM they live always,
 With endless Glory crown'd, and lasting Praise.

XII.

XII.

But why recount I thus our pass'd Harms?
 Remembrance fresh makes weaken'd Sorrow strong;
 Expulsed were we with injurious Arms
 From those due Honors us of Right belong:
 But let us leave to speak of these Alarms,
 And bend our Forces 'gainst our present Wrong:
 Ah! see you not, how HE attempted hath
 To bring all Lands, all Nations to HIS Faith?

XIII.

Then let us careless spend the Day and Night;
 Without Regard what haps, what comes or goes;
 Let *Asia* subject be to *Christians* Might,
 A Prey be *Sion* to her conqu'ring Foes;
 Let her adore again her CHRIST aright,
 Who her before all Nations whilom chose;
 In brazen Tables be HIS Lore iwrit,
 And let all Tongues, all Lands acknowledge it!

XIV.

So shall our sacred Altars all be HIS;
 Our holy Idols tumbled in the Mold:
 To HIM the wretched Man, that sinfull is,
 Shall pray, and offer Incense, Myrrh and Gold;
 Our Temples shall their costly Deckings miss,
 With naked Walls and Pillars freezing cold;
 Tribute of Souls shall End, and our Estate,
 Or PLUTO reign in Kingdoms desolate.

XV.

Oh! be not then the Courage perish'd clean,
 That whilom dwelt within your haughty Thought,
 When, arm'd with shining Fire and Weapons keen,
 Against the Angels of proud Heav'n we fought:
 I grant we fell on the *Phlegrean* Green,
 Yet good our Cause was, though our Fortune nought;
 For Chance assisteth oft th' ignobler Part;
 We lost the Field, yet lost we not our Heart.

XVI.

XVI.

Go then, my Strength, my Hope, my Spirits, go,
 These *Western* Rebels with your Pow'r withstand;
 Pluck up these Weeds, before they overgrow
 The gentle Garden of the *Hebrews* Land:
 Quench out this Spark, before it kindle so,
 That *Asia* burn, consumed with the Brand:
 Use open Force or secret Guile unspy'd;
 For Craft is Virtue 'gainst a Foe defy'd.

XVII.

Among the Knights and Worthies of their Train,
 Let some, like Out-laws, wander uncouth Ways;
 Let some be slain in Field; let some again
 Make Oracles of Womens Yeas and Nays,
 And pine in foolish Love; let some complain
 On *Godfrey's* Rule, and Mut'nies 'gainst him raise;
 Turn each one's Sword against his Fellow's Heart;
 Thus kill them all, or spoil the greatest Part,

XVIII.

Before his Words the Tyrant ended had,
 The lesser Dev'ls arose with gasty Roar,
 And thronged forth about the World to gad;
 Each Land they filled, River, Stream, and Shore:
 The Goblins, Fairies, Fiends, and Furies mad
 Ranged in flow'ry Dales, and Mountains hoar;
 And under ev'ry trembling Leaf they sit,
 Between the solid Earth, and Welkin flit.

XIX.

About the World they spread forth far and wide,
 Filling the Thoughts of each ungodly Heart
 With secret Mischiefs, Anger, Hate, and Pride;
 Wounding lost Souls with Sin's impoison'd Dart:
 But say, my *Muse*, recount whence first they try'd
 To hurt the *Christian* Lords, and from what Part:
 Thou know'st, of Things perform'd so long ago
 This latter Age hears little Truth or none.

L

XX.

XX.

The Town *Damascus*, and the Lands about
 Rul'd *Hidraort*, a Wizard grave and sage;
 Acquainted well with all the damned Rout
 Of *Pluto's* Reign, e'en from his tender Age:
 Yet of this War he could not figure out
 The wish'd Ending; or Success préface;
 For neither Stars above, nor Pow'rs of Hell,
 Nor Skill, nor Art; nor Charm, nor Devil could tell.

XXI.

And yet he thought (O vain Conceit of Man!
 Who, as thou wishest, judgest Things to come)
 That the *French* Host to sure Destruction ran,
 Condemned quite by Heav'n's eternal Doom:
 He thinks no Force withstand or vanquish can
 Th' *Egyptian* Strength, and therefore would, that some
 Both of the Prey and Glory of the Fight
 Upon this *Syrian* Folk would haply light.

XXII.

But, for he held the *Frenchmens* Worth in Prize,
 And fear'd the doubtful Gain of bloody War,
 He, that was closely false, and sily wise,
 Cast how he might annoy them most from far:
 And as he 'gan upon this Point devise,
 (As Councillors in Ill still nearest are)
 At Hand was *Satan*; ready ere Men need,
 If once they think, to make them do the Deed.

XXIII.

He councill'd him how best to hunt his Game,
 What Dart to cast, what Net, what Toil to pitch;
 A Niece he had, a nice and tender Dame,
 Peerless in Wit, in Nature's Blessings rich:
 To all Deceit she could her Beauty frame;
 False, fair and young, a Virgin and a Witch;
 To her he told the Sum of this Emprise,
 And prais'd her thus; for she was fair and wise:

XXIV.

XXIV.

Fair Niece, who underneath these Locks of Gold,
 And native Brightness of thy lovely Hue,
 Hidest grave Thoughts, ripe Wit, and Wisdom old,
 More skill'd, than I, in all my Arts untrue,
 To thee my Purpose great I must unfold;
 This Enterprize thy Cunning must pursue;
 Weave thou to End this Web, which I begin,
 I will the Distaff hold, come thou and spin.

XXV.

Go to the *Christian* Host, and there assay
 All subtil Sleights, that Women use in Love;
 Shed brinish Tears, sob, sigh, intreat and pray;
 Wring thy fair Hands, cast up thine Eyes above;
 For mourning Beauty hath much Pow'r (Men say)
 The stubborn Hearts with Pity frail to move:
 Look pale for Dread, and blush sometimes for Shame;
 In seeming Truth thy Lies will soonest frame.

XXVI.

Take with the Bait Lord *Godfrey* if thou may'st;
 Frame Snares of Looks, Trains of alluring Speech;
 For if he love, the Conquest then thou hast:
 Thus purpos'd War thou may'st with Ease impeach;
 Else lead the other Lords to Deserts waste,
 And hold them Slaves far from their Leader's Reach:
 Thus taught he her; and for Conclusion saith,
 All Things are lawfull for our Lands and Faith.

XXVII.

The sweet *Armida* took this Charge in Hand;
 A tender Piece for Beauty, Sex and Age:
 The Sun was sunken underneath the Land,
 When she began her wanton Pilgrimage;
 In silken Weeds she trusteth to withstand,
 And conquer Knights in warlike Equipage:
 Of their night-ambling Dame the *Syrians* prated,
 Some good, some bad, as they her lov'd, or hated.

XXVIII.

Within few Days the Nymph arrived there,
 Where puissant *Godfrey* had his Tents ipight ;
 Upon her strange Attire, and Visage clear,
 Gazed each Soldier, gazed ev'ry Knight :
 As when a Comet doth in Skies appear,
 The People stand amazed at the Light ;
 So wonder'd they, and each of other fought,
 What mister Wight she was, and whence ibrought.

XXIX.

Yet never Eye, to *Cupid's* Service vow'd,
 Beheld a Face of such a lovely Pride ;
 'A tinsel Vail her amber Locks did shroud,
 That strove to cover what it could not hide :
 The golden Sun behind a silver Cloud
 So streameth out his Beams, on ev'ry Side ;
 The marble Goddess, set at *Guido's* naked,
 She seem'd, were she uncloath'd, and that awaked.

XXX.

The gamesom Wind among her Tresses plays,
 And curleth up those growing Riches short ;
 Her sparefull Eye to spread his Beams denays,
 But keeps his Shot, where *Cupid* keeps his Fort :
 The Rose, and Lily on her Cheek assays
 To paint true Fairness out in bravest Sort ;
 Her Lips, where blooms Nought but the single Rose,
 Still blush, for still they kiss, while still they close.

XXXI.

Her Breasts, two Hills o'erspread with purest Snow,
 Sweet, smooth and supple, soft and gently swelling :
 Between them lies a milken Dale below,
 Where Love, Youth, Gladness, Whiteness, make their Dwelling ;
 Her Breasts half hid, and half were laid to show,
 Her envious Vesture greedy Sight repelling :
 So was the Wanton clad, as if thus much
 Should please the Eye, the rest unseen the Touch.

XXXII.

XXXII.

As when the Sun-beams dive through *Tagus'* Wave
To spy the Store-house of his springing Gold ;
Love's piercing Thought so through her Mantle drave,
And in her gentle Bosom wander'd bold :
It view'd the wond'rous Beauty Virgins have,
And all to fond Desire with Vantage told :
Alas, what Hope is left to quench his Fire,
That kindled is by Sight, blown by Desire?

XXXIII.

Thus past she, praised, with'd, and wonder'd at,
Among the Troops, who there incamped lay ;
She smil'd for Joy, but well dissembled that ;
Her greedy Eye chose out her wished Prey :
On all her Gestures seeming Virtue sat ;
Towards th' Imperial Tent she ask'd the Way ;
With that she met a bold and lovesom Knight,
Lord *Godfrey's* youngest Brother, *Eustace* hight.

XXXIV.

This was the Fowl, that first fell in the Snare ;
He saw her fair, and hop'd to find her kind :
The Throne of *Cupid* had an easy Stair ;
His Bark is fit to sail with ev'ry Wind ;
The Breach he makes no Wisdom can repair :
With Rev'rence meet the Baron low inclin'd,
And thus his Purpose to the Virgin told ;
For Youth, Use, Nature, all had made him bold.

XXXV.

Lady, if thee beseech a Style so low,
In whose sweet Looks such sacred Beauties shine,
(For never yet did Heav'n such Grace bestow
On any Daughter, born of *Adam's* Line)
Thy Name let us (tho' far unworthy) know ;
Unfold thy Will, and whence thou art in Fine ;
Left my audacious Boldness learn too late,
What Honors due become thy high Estate:

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Sir Knight, quoth *she*, your Praises reach too high,
 Above her Merit you commend so ;
 A hapless Maid I am, both born to dye,
 And dead to Joy, who live in Care and Woe:
 A Virgin helpless, fugitive pardie ;
 My native Soil, and Kingdom I forego
 To seek Duke *Godfrey's* Aid ; such Store, Men tell,
 Of virtuous Ruth doth in his Bosom dwell.

XXXVII.

Conduct me then that mighty Duke before,
 If you be courteous, Sir, as well you seem.
 Content, quoth he, since of one Womb ibore
 We Brothers are ; your Fortune good esteem
 T' incounter me, whose Word prevaieth more
 In *Godfrey's* Hearing, than you haply deem :
 My Aid I grant, and his I promise too ;
 All that his Scepter, or my Sword can do.

XXXVIII.

He led her eas'ly forth, when this was said,
 Where *Godfrey* sat among his Lords and Peers :
 She Rev'rence did, then blush'd, as one dismay'd
 To speak, for secret Wants, and inward Fears ;
 It seem'd, a bathfull Shame her Speeches staid ;
 At last the courteous *Duke* her gently cheers :
 Silence was made, and she began her Tale ;
 They sit to hear ; thus sung this Nightingale.

XXXIX.

Victorious Prince, whose honorable Name
 Is held so great among our *Pagan* Kings,
 That to those Lands, thou do'st by Conquest tame,
 That thou hast won them, some Content it brings,
 Well known to all is thy immortal Fame ;
 The Earth thy Worth, the Foe thy Praises sings ;
 And *Paynims* wronged come to seek thine Aid,
 So doth thy Virtue, so thy Pow'r persuade.

XL.

And I, though bred in *Macon's* heath'nish Lore,
Which thou opprestest with thy puissant Might,
Yet trust, thou wilt an helpless Maid restore,
And repossess her in her Father's Right:
Others in their Distress do Aid implore
Of Kin and Friends; but I in this sad Plight
Invoke thy Help my Kingdom to invade;
So doth thy Virtue, so my Need persuade.

XLI.

In thee I hope, thy Succours I invoke
To win the Crown, whence I am dispossest;
For like Renown awaiteth on the Stroke,
To cast the Haughty down, or raise th' Opprest;
Nor greater Glory brings a Scepter broke,
Than doth Deliv'rance of a Maid distress;
And since thou can'st at Will perform the Thing,
More is thy Praise to make, than kill a King.

XLII.

But if thou would'st thy Succours due excuse,
Because in CHRIST I have no Hope nor Trust,
Ah yet, for Virtue's sake thy Virtue use;
Who scorneth Gold, because it lies in Dust?
Be Witness Heav'n, if thou to grant refuse,
Thou dost forsake a Maid in Cause most just;
And, for thou shalt at large my Fortunes know,
I will my Wrongs, and their great Treasons show.

XLIII.

Prince *Arbilan*, that ~~reigned~~ in his Life
On fair *Damascus*, was my noble Sire;
Born of mean Race he was, yet got to Wife
The Queen *Carichia* — such was the Fire
Of her hot Love; but soon the fatal Knife
Had cut the Thread, that kept their Joys intire;
For so Mishap her cruel Lot had cast,
My Birth her Death, my first Day was her last.

XLIV.

XLIV.

And ere Five Years were fully come and gone,
 Since his dear Spouse to hasty Death did yield,
 My Father also dy'd, consum'd with Mone,
 And fought his Love amid th' *Elysian* Field :
 His Crown, and me (poor Orphan) left alone,
 My Uncle govern'd in my tender Eild ;
 For well he thought, if mortal Men have Faith,
 In Brother's Breast true Love it's Mansion hath.

XLV.

He took the Charge of me, and of the Crown ;
 And with kind Shews of Love so brought to pass,
 That through *Damascus* great Report was blown,
 How good, how just, how kind my Uncle was :
 Whether he kept his wicked Hate unknown,
 And hid the Serpent in the flow'ring Grass,
 Or that true Faith did in his Bosom wun,
 Because he meant to match me with his Son :

XLVI.

Which Son, within short while, did undertake
 Degree of Knighthood, as besem'd him well ;
 Yet never durst he, for his Lady's Sake,
 Break Sword or Lance, advanc'd in lofty Sell :
 As fair he was, as *Citharea's* Make,
 As proud as he, that signioriseth Hell ;
 In Fashions wayward, and in Love unkind ;
 For *Cupid* deigns not wound a curriish Mind.

XLVII.

' This Paragon should Queen *Armida* wed ;
 A goodly Swain to be a Princess' Pheer !
 A lovely Part'ner of a Lady's Bed !
 A noble Head a golden Crown to wear !
 His glosing Sire his Errand daily said,
 And sugar'd Speeches whisper'd in my Ear,
 To make me take this Darling in my Arms ;
 But still the Adder stopp'd her Ears from Charms.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

At last he left me with a troubled Grace,
Through which apparent was his inward Spite ;
Methought I read the Story in his Face
Of these Mishaps, which on me since have light :
Since that, foul Spirits haunt my resting Place,
And gaffly Visions break my Sleep by Night ;
Grief, Horror, Fear my fainting Soul did kill,
For so my Mind foresnew'd my coming Ill.

XLIX.

Three Times the Shape of my dear Mother came,
Pale, sad, dismay'd, to warn me in my Dream ;
Alas ! how far transformed from the same,
Whose Eyes shone erst, like *Titan's* glorious Beam :
Daughter, she says, fly, fly ; behold, thy Dame
Foresnews the Treasons of thy wretched Eam,
Who Poison 'gainst thy harmless Life provides :
This said, to shapeless Air unseen she glides.

L.

But what avail high Walls, or Bulwarks strong,
Where fainting Cowards have the Fort to guard ?
My Sex too weak, my Age was all too young
To undertake alone a Work so hard ;
To wander wild the desert Woods among,
(A banish'd Maid, of wonted Ease debarr'd)
So grievous seem'd, that liefer were my Death,
And there t' expire, where first I drew my Breath.

LI.

I feared deadly Evil, if I stay'd,
And yet to fly had neither Will, nor Pow'r ;
Nor durst my Heart declare it wax'd afraid,
Left so I hasten might my dying Hour :
Thus restless waited I, unhappy Maid,
What Hand should first pluck up my springing Flow'r ;
E'en as the Wretch, condemn'd to lose his Life,
Awaits the falling of the fatal Knife.

M

LII.

LII.

In these Extremes (for so my Fortune would,
 Perchance preserving me to further Ill)
 One of my noble Father's Servants old,
 That for his Goodness bore his Child good Will,
 With Store of Tears this Treason 'gan unfold;
 And said, my Guardian would his Pupil kill;
 And that himself, if Promise made be kept,
 Should give me Poison dire, ere next I slept:

LIII.

And further told me, if I wish'd to live,
 I must convey myself by secret Flight;
 And offer'd then all Succours he could give
 To aid his Mistress, banish'd from her Right:
 His Words of Comfort Fear to Exile drive;
 The Dread of Death made lesser Dangers light;
 So we concluded, when the Shadows dim
 Obscur'd the Earth, I should depart with him.

LIV.

Of close Escapes the aged Patroness
 Blacker than erst her sable Mantle spread,
 When with two trusty Maids in great Distress
 Both from my Uncle and my Realm I fled:
 Oft look'd I back, and hardly could suppress
 Those Streams of Tears my Eyes incessant shed;
 For when I looked on my Kingdom lost,
 It was a Grief, a Death, an Hell almost.

LV.

My Steeds drew on the Burden of my Limbs;
 But still my Looks, my Thoughts drew back as fast;
 So fare the Men, that from the Heaven's Brims,
 Far out to Sea, by sudden Storm are cast:
 Swift o'er the Grass the rolling Chariot swims;
 Through Ways unknown all Night, all Day we haste;
 At last (nigh tir'd) a Castle strong we fand,
 The utmost Border of my native Land.

LVI.

LVI.

The Fort *Arontes*' was, for so the Knight
Was call'd, who my Deliv'rance thus had wrought.
But when the Tyrant saw, by mature Flight
I had escap'd the Treasons of his Thought,
The Rage increased in the cursed Wight
'Gainst me, and him, that me to Safety brought;
And us accus'd, we would have poisoned
Him, but descry'd to save our Lives we fled;

LVII.

And that, in lieu of his approved Truth,
To poison him I hired had my Guide;
That, he dispatched, my unbidded Youth
Might range at Will, in no Subjection ty'd;
And that each Night I slept, O foul Untruth!
(My Honour lost) by this *Arontes*' Side:
But Heav'n I pray send down revenging Fire,
When so base Love shall change my chaste Desire:

LVIII.

Not that he sitteth on my regal Throne,
Not that he thirst to drink my lukewarm Blood,
So grieveth me, as this Despite alone,
That my Renown, which ever blameless stood,
Hath lost the Light, wherewith it always shone:
With forged Lies he makes his Tale so good,
And holds my Subjects Hearts in such Suspense,
That none take Armour for their Queen's Defense:

LIX.

And tho' he doth my regal Throne possess,
Cloathed in Purple, crown'd with burnish'd Gold,
Yet is his Hate, his Rancour ne'er the less,
Since nought asswageth Malice, when 'tis old:
He threats to burn *Arontes*' Forterefs,
And murder him, unless he yield the Hold;
And me and mine threats not with War, but Death;
Thus causeless Hatred endless is unceasing:

LX.

LX.

And so he trusts to wash away the Stain,
 And hide his shamefull Fact with mine Offense;
 And faith, he will restore the Throne again
 To it's late Honor, and due Excellence,
 And therefore would, I should be algates slain;
 For, while I live, his Right is in Suspense:
 This is the Cause, my guiltless Life is sought;
 For on my Ruin is his Safety wrought.

LXI.

And let the Tyrant have his Heart's Desire,
 Let him perform the Cruelty he meant;
 My guiltless Blood must quench the ceaseless Fire,
 On which my endless Tears were bootless spent,
 Unless thou help——to thee, renowned Sire,
 I fly, a Virgin, Orphan, Innocent;
 And let these Tears, that on thy Feet distill,
 Redeem the Drops of Blood he thirsts to spill.

LXII.

By these thy glorious Feet, that tread secure
 On Necks of Tyrants, by thy Conquests brave,
 By that right Hand, and by those Temples pure
 Thou seek'st to free from *Macon's* Lore, I crave
 Help for this Sickness none but thou can'st cure:
 My Life and Kingdom let thy Mercy save
 From Death and Ruin; but in vain I prove thee,
 If Right, if Truth, if Justice cannot move thee.

LXIII.

Thou, who do'st all thou wishest at thy Will,
 And never willest ought, but what is right,
 Preserve this guiltless Blood, they seek to spill——
 Thine be my Kingdom, save it with thy Might:
 Among these Captains, Lords, and Knights of Skill,
 Appoint me Ten, approved most in Fight,
 Who, with Assistance of my Friends and Kin,
 May serve my Kingdom lost again to win:

LXIV.

LXIV.

For lo a Knight, that hath a Gate to ward,
A Man of chiefest Trust about his King,
Hath Promise made so to beguile the Guard,
That me and mine he undertakes to bring
Safe, where the Tyrant haply sleepeth hard:
He councill'd me to undertake this Thing;
Of thee some little Succour to intreat,
Whose Name alone accomplish can the Feat.

LXV.

This said, his Answer did the Nymph attend;
Her Looks, her Sighs, her Gestures all did pray him:
But *Godfrey* wisely did his Grant suspend;
He doubts the worst, and that a while did stay him;
He knows, who fears no God, he loves no Friend;
He fears, the *Heathen* false would thus betray him;
But yet such Ruth dwelt in his princely Mind,
That 'gainst his Wisdom Pity made him kind.

LXVI.

Besides the Kindness of his gentle Thought,
Ready to comfort each distressed Wight,
The Maiden's Offer Profit with it brought;
For if the *Syrian* Kingdom were her Right,
That won, the Way were eath, by which he sought
To bring all *Asia* subject to his Might:
There might he raise Munition, Arms and Treasure,
To work th' *Egyptian* King, and his, Displeasure.

LXVII.

Thus was his noble Heart long Time betwixt
Fear and Remorse, not granting, nor denying;
Upon his Eyes the Dame her Lookings fix'd,
As if her Life and Death lay on his Saying:
Some Tears she shed with Sighs and Sobblings mix'd,
As if her Hopes were dead through his delaying;
At last, her earnest Suit the *Duke* denay'd,
But with sweet Words thus would content the Maid.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

If not in Service of our GOD we fought,
 In meaner Quarrel if this Sword were shaken,
 Well might thou gather in thy gentle Thought,
 So fair a Princess should not be forsaken ;
 But since these Armies, from the World's End brought,
 To free this sacred Town have undertaken,
 It were unfit, we turn'd our Strength away,
 And Victory, e'en in her coming, stay.

LXIX.

I promise thee (and on my princely Word
 The Burden of thy Wish and Hope repose)
 That when this chosen Temple of the LORD
 Her holy Doors shall to HIS Saints unclose
 In Rest and Peace, then this victorious Sword
 Shall execute due Vengeance on thy Foes :
 But if for Pity of a worldly Dame
 I left this Work, such Pity were my Shame.

LXX.

At this the Princess bent her Eyes to Ground,
 And stood unmov'd, though not unmark'd, a Space ;
 The secret Bleeding of her inward Wound
 Shed heav'nly Dew upon her Angel's Face.
 Poor Wretch, (quoth she, in Tears and Sorrows drown'd)
 Death be thy Peace, the Grave thy resting Place,
 Since such thy Hap, that left thou Mercy find
 The gentlest Heart on Earth is prov'd unkind.

LXXI.

Where none attends, what boots it to complain ?
 Mens froward Hearts are mov'd with Womens Tears,
 As Marble Stones are pierc'd with Drops of Rain ;
 No Complaints find Passage thro' unwilling Ears :
 The Tyrant haply would his Wrath restrain,
 Heard he these Pray'rs, that ruthless *Godfrey* hears ;
 Yet not thy Fault is this—my Chance, I see,
 Hath made e'en Pity pitiless in thee.

LXXII.

LXXII.

So both thy Goodness and good Hap denay'd me,
 Grief, Sorrow, Mischief, Care hath overthrown me;
 The Star, that rul'd my Birth-Day, hath betray'd me,
 My Genius fees his Charge, but dares not own me;
 Of Queen-like State my Flight hath disarray'd me,
 My Father dy'd, ere he Five Years had known me;
 My Kingdom lost — and lastly resteth now,
 Down with the Tree, fith broke is ev'ry Bough:

LXXIII.

And, for the modest Lore of Maidenhood
 Bids me not sojourn with these armed Men,
 Oh! whither shall I fly? what secret Wood
 Shall hide me from the Tyrant? or what Den,
 What Rock, what Vault, what Cave can do me Good?
 No, no, where Death is sure, it resteth then
 To scorn his Pow'r — and be it therefore seen,
Armida liv'd and dy'd, both like a Queen.

LXXIV.

With that she look'd, as if a proud Disdain
 Kindled Displeasure in her noble Mind;
 The Way she came, she turn'd her Steps again,
 With Gesture sad, but in disdainfull Kind:
 A Tempest railed down her Cheeks amain
 With Tears of Woe, and Sighs of Anger's Wind;
 The Drops her Footsteps wash, whereon she treads,
 And seems to step on Pearls, or crystal Beads.

LXXV.

Her Cheeks, on which this streaming Nectar fell,
 Still'd through the Limbeck of her diamond Eyes,
 The Roses white and red resembled well,
 Whereon the rosy *May*-Dew sprinkled lies,
 When the fair Morn first blusheth from her Cell,
 And breatheth Balm from open'd Paradise.
 Thus sigh'd, thus mourn'd, thus wept this lovely Queen,
 And in each Drop there bath'd a *Grace* unseen:

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Thrice twenty. *Cupids* unperceived flew
 To gather up this Liquor, ere it fall;
 And of each Drop an Arrow forged new,
 Or, as it came, snatch'd up the crystal Ball,
 And at rebellious Hearts for Wild-fire threw:
 O wond'rous Love! thou makest Gain of all;
 For if she weeping sit, or smiling stand,
 She bends thy Bow, or kindles else thy Brand.

LXXVII.

This forged Complaint drew forth unfeigned Tears
 From many Eyes, and pierc'd each Worthy's Heart;
 Each one condoleth with her, that her hears,
 And of her Grief would help her bear the Smart:
 If *Godfrey* aid her not, not one but swears
 Some Tygres gave him Suck, on roughest Part
 Midst the rude Craggs, on *Alpine* Cliffs aloft:
 Hard is that Heart, which Beauty makes not soft.

LXXVIII.

But jolly *Eustace*, in whose Breast the Brand
 Of Love and Pity kindled had the Flame,
 While others softly whisper'd under-hand,
 Before the *Duke* with comely Boldness came:
 Brother and Lord, quoth he, too long you stand
 In your first Purpose, yet vouchsafe to frame
 Your Thoughts to ours, and lend this Virgin Aid;
 Thanks are half lost, when good Turns are delay'd:

LXXIX.

And think not, that *Eustatio's* Talk assays
 To turn these Forces from the present War,
 Or that I wish, you should your Armies raise
 From *Sion's* Walls; my Speech tends not so far:
 But since we venture all for Fame and Praise,
 And to no Charge or Service bounden are,
 Forth of our Troop may Ten well spared be
 To succour her, which nought can weaken thee.

LXXX.

LXXX.

And know, they shall in GOD's high Service fight,
That Virgins innocent save and defend :
Dear will the Spoils be in the Heaven's Sight,
That from a Tyrant's hatefull Head we rend :
Nor seem I forward in this Lady's Right
With Hope of Gain or Profit in the End ;
But for I know, he Arms unworthy bears,
To help a Maiden's Cause who shuns or fears.

LXXXI.

Ah ! be it not pardie declar'd in *France*,
Or elsewhere told, where Curt'sy is in Prize,
That we forsook so fair a Chevifance,
For Doubt or Fear, that might from Fight arise ;
Else here surrender I both Sword and Lance,
And swear no more to use this martial Guise ;
For ill deserves he to be term'd a Knight,
That bears a blunt Sword in a Lady's Right.

LXXXII.

Thus parled he ; and with confused Sound
The rest approved what the Gallant said ;
Their General the Knights Incompass'd round,
With humble Grace and earnest Suit they pray'd :
I yield, quoth he, and be it happy found,
What I have granted——let her have your Aid ;
Yours be the Thanks ; for yours the Danger is,
If Ought succeed (as much I fear) amiss.

LXXXIII.

But if with you my Words may Credit find,
O temper then this Heat misguides you so.
Thus much he said ; but they, with Fancy blind,
Accept his Grant, and let his Council go :
What works not Beauty ? Man's relenting Mind
'Tis eath to move with Complaints and Shews of Woe :
Her Lips cast forth a Chain of sugar'd Words,
That captive led most of the *Christian* Lords.

N

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Eustace recall'd her, and bespake her thus :
Beauty's chief Darling, let these Sorrows be ;
 For such Assistance shall you find in us,
 As with your Need and Will may best agree.
 With that she chear'd her Forehead dolorous,
 And smil'd for Joy, that *Phæbus* blush'd to see ;
 And had she deign'd her Vail but to remove,
 The God himself once more had fall'n in Love.

LXXXV.

With that she broke the Silence once again,
 And gave the Knight great Thanks in little Speech ;
 She said, she would his Handmaid poor remain,
 So far as Honor's Law receiv'd no Breach.
 Her humble Gestures made the res'due plain,
 Dumb Eloquence persuading more than Speech :
 This Women know, and thus they use the Guise,
 T'inchant the valiant, and beguile the wise.

LXXXVI.

And when she saw, her Enterprize had got
 Some wished Mean of quick and good Proceeding,
 She thought to strike the Iron, that was hot ;
 For ev'ry Action hath it's Hour of speeding :
Medea, or false *Circe* changed not
 So far the Shapes of Men, as her Eyes spreading
 Alter'd their Hearts ; and, with her *Siren's* Sound,
 In Lust their Minds, their Hearts in Love she drown'd.

LXXXVII.

All wily Sleights, that subtil Women know,
 Hourly she us'd, to catch some Lover new :
 None kenn'd the Bent of her unsteadfast Bow ;
 For with the Time her Thoughts her Looks renew :
 From some she cast her modest Eyes below,
 At some her gazing Glances roving flew ;
 And while she thus pursu'd her wanton Sport,
 She spurr'd the slow, and rein'd the forward short.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

If some, as hopeles that she would be won,
Forbore to love, because they durst not move her,
On them her gentle Looks to smile begun,
As who say——she is kind, if you dare prove her :
On ev'ry Heart thus shone this lustfull Sun ;
All strove to serve, to please, to woo, to love her ;
And in their Hearts, that chaste and bashfull were,
Her Eye's hot Glance dissolv'd the Frost of Fear.

LXXXIX.

On them, who durst with fing'ring bold assay
To touch the Softness of her tender Skin,
She look'd as coy, as if she list not play,
And made, as Things of Worth were hard to win ;
Yet temper'd so her 'dainfull Looks alway,
That outward Scorn shew'd Store of Grace within :
Thus with false Hope their longing Hearts she fir'd ;
For hardest gotten Things are most desir'd.

XC.

Alone sometimes she walk'd in secret, where
To ruminate upon her Discontent ;
Within her Eye-lids sat the swelling Tear,
Not poured forth, though sprung from sad Lament :
And with this Craft a Thousand Souls well near
In Snares of foolish Ruth and Love she hent,
And kept as Slaves ; by which we fitly prove,
That witless Pity breedeth fruitless Love.

XCI.

Sometimes, as if her Hope unloosed had
The Chains of Grief, wherein her Thoughts lay fetter'd,
Upon her Minions look'd she blith and glad ;
In that deceitfull Lore so was she letter'd :
Not glorious *Titan*, in his Brightness clad,
The Sunshine of her Face in Luster better'd ;
For when she list to chear her Beauties so,
She smil'd away the Clouds of Grief and Woe.

XCII.

Her double Charm of Smiles and sugar'd Words
 Lulled asleep the Virtue of their Senses ;
 Reason small Aid 'gainst those Assaults affords,
 Wisdom no Warrant from those sweet Offences :
Cupid's deep Rivers have their shallow Fords,
 His Grievs bring Joys, his Losses Recompences ;
 He breeds the Sore, and cures us of the Pain,
Achilles' Lance, that wounds, and heals again.

XCIII.

While thus she them torments 'twixt Frost and Fire,
 'Twixt Joy and Grief, 'twixt Hope and restless Fear,
 The sly Inchantress felt her Gain the nigher ;
 These were her Flocks, that golden Fleeces bear ;
 But if some one durst utter his Desire,
 And by complaining make his Grievs appear,
 He labour'd hardest Rocks with Plaints to move ;
 She had not learn'd the *Gamut* then of Love.

XCIV.

For down she bent her bashfull Eyes to Ground,
 And donn'd the Weed of Womens modest Grace ;
 Fast from her Eyes the round Pearls welled down,
 Upon the bright Enamel of her Face :
 Such Honey Drops on springing Flow'rs are found,
 When *Phæbus* holds the crimson *Morn* in chase :
 Full seem'd her Looks of Anger and of Shame,
 Yet Pity shone transparent through the same.

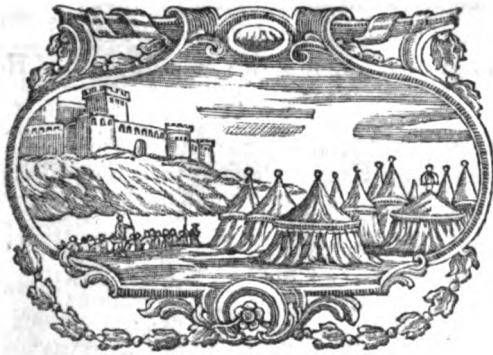
XCV.

If she perceived by his outward Chear,
 That any would his Love by Talk bewray,
 Sometimes she heard him, sometimes stopt her Ear,
 And played fast and loose the live-long Day :
 Thus all her Lovers kind deluded were,
 Their earnest Suit got neither Yea nor Nay ;
 But like the Sort of weary Huntsmen fare,
 That hunt all Day, and lose at Night the Hare.

XCVI.

XCVI.

These were the Arts, by which the captive led
A thousand Souls of young and lusty Knights;
These were the Arms, wherewith Love conquered
Their feeble Hearts, subdu'd in wanton Fights:
What Wonder, if *Achilles* were mis-led,
Or great *Alcides*, at their Ladies Sights,
Since these true Champions of the LORD above
Were Thralls to Beauty, yielden Slaves to Love?



TASSO's

T . A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B o o k V.

I.

WHile thus *Armida* false the Knights mis-led
In wand'ring Errors of deceitfull Love,
And thought, besides the Champions promised,
The other Lordings in her Aid to move,
In *Godfrey's* Thought a strong Contention bred
Who fittest were this Hazard great to prove ;
For all the Worthies of th' *Advent'ers* Band
Were like in Birth, in Pow'r, and Strength of Hand.

II.

But first the Prince by grave Advice decreed,
They should some Knight chuse at their own Election,
That in his Charge Lord *Duden* might succeed,
And of that glorious Troop should take Protection ;
So none should grieve, displeased at the Deed,
Nor blame the Caufer of their new Subjection :
Besides, *Godfredo* shew'd by this Device,
How much he held that Regiment in Price.

III.

He call'd the Worthies then, and spake them so :
Lordings, you know, I yielded to your Will,
And gave you Licence with this Dame to go,
To win her Kingdom, and that Tyrant kill ;
But now again I let you further know,
In following her it may betide you ill ;
Refrain therefore, and change this forward Thought ;
For Death unsent for, Danger comes unsought :

IV.

IV.

But if to shun these Perils, fought so far,
 May seem disgracefull to the Place you hold,
 If grave Advice and prudent Council are
 Esteem'd Detractors from your Courage bold,
 Then know, I none against his Will debar,
 Nor, what I granted erst, I now withhold ;
 But be mine Empire, as it ought of right,
 Sweet, easy, pleasant, gentle, meek, and light.

V.

Go then or tarry, each as likes him best ;
 Free Pow'r I grant you on this Enterprife :
 But first, in *Dudon's* Place, now laid in Chest,
 Chuse you some other Captain, stout and wise ;
 Then Ten appoint among the worthiest ;
 But let no more attempt this hard Emprife :
 In this, content you, that my Will I have ;
 For Pow'r constrain'd is but a glorious Slave.

VI.

Thus *Godfrey* said, and thus his Brother spake,
 And answer'd for himself, and all his Peers :
 My Lord, as well it fitteth thee to make
 These wise Delays, and cast these Doubts and Fears,
 So 'tis our Part at first to undertake ;
 Courage and Haste beseem our Might and Years :
 And this proceeding with so grave Advice
 Wisdom in you, in us were Cowardise.

VII.

Since then the Feat is easy, Danger none,
 All try'd in Battle and in hardy Fight
 Do thou permit the chosen Ten to gone,
 And aid the Damsel : thus devis'd the Knight,
 To make Men think the Sun of Honor shone
 There where the Lamp of *Cupid* gave the Light :
 The rest perceive his Guile, and it approve,
 And call that Knighthood, which was childish Love.

VIII.

VIII.

But loving *Eustace*, who with jealous Eye
 Beheld the Worth of *Sophia's* noble Child,
 And his fair Shape did secretly envy,
 Besides the Virtues in his Breast compil'd,
 And, for in Love he would no Company,
 He stor'd his Mouth with Speeches smoothly fil'd;
 Drawing his Rival to attend his Word,
 Thus with fair Sleight he laid the Knight aboard.

IX.

Of great *Bertoldo* thou far greater Heir,
 Thou Star of Knighthood, Flow'r of Chivalry,
 Tell me, who now shall lead this Squadron fair,
 Since our late Guide in Marble cold doth lye?
 I, that with famous *Dudon* might compare
 In all, but Years, hoar Locks, and Gravity,
 To whom should I, Duke *Godfrey's* Brother, yield?
 Unless to thee, the *Christian* Army's Shield.

X.

Thee, whom high Birth makes equal with the best,
 Thine Acts prefer both me and all beforen:
 Nor, that in Fight thou both surpass the rest,
 And *Godfrey's* worthy self, I hold in Scorn:
 Thee to obey then am I only prest;
 Before these Worthies be thine Eagle borne:
 This Honor haply thou esteamest light,
 Whose Day of Glory never yet found Night.

XI.

Yet may'st thou further by this Means display
 The spreading Wings of thy immortal Fame;
 I will procure it, if thou say'st not nay,
 And all their Wills to thine Election frame:
 But, for I scanty am resolv'd, which Way
 To bend my Force, or where imploy the same,
 Leave me, I pray, at my Direction free
 To help *Armida*, or serve here with thee.

XII.

This last Request (for Love is ill to hide)
 Impurpled both his Cheeks with conscious Red :
Rinaldo soon his Passions had descry'd,
 And gently smiling turn'd aside his Head ;
 And, for weak *Cupid* was too feeble-ey'd
 To strike him sure, the Fire in him was dead ;
 So that of Rivals was he nought afraid,
 Nor car'd he for the Journey, or the Maid.

XIII.

But in his noble Thought revolv'd he oft
Duden's high Prowess, Death and Burial ;
 And how *Argantes* bore his Plumes aloft,
 Praising his Fortune for that Worthy's Fall :
 Besides, the Knight's sweet Words and Praises soft
 To his due Honor did him fitly call,
 And made his Heart rejoyce ; for well he knew,
 Though much he prais'd him, all his Words were true.

XIV.

Degrees, quoth he, of Honors high to hold,
 I would them first deserve, and then desire ;
 Nor, were my Valour such as you have told,
 Would I for that to higher Place aspire :
 But, if to Honors due you raise me would,
 I will not of my Works refuse the Hire ;
 And much it glads me, that my Pow'r and Might
 Ipraised are by such a valiant Knight.

XV.

I neither seek it, nor refuse the Place,
 Which if I get, the Praise and Thanks be thine.
Eustace (this spoken) hyed thence apace
 To know, which Way his Fellows Hearts incline :
 But Prince *Gernando* coveted the Place,
 Whom though *Armida* sought to undermine,
 'Gainst him yet vain did all her Engines prove ;
 His Pride was such, there was no Place for Love.

XVI.

Gernando was the King of *Norway*'s Son,
 That many a Realm and Region had to guide;
 And, for his Elders Lands and Crowns had won,
 His Heart was puffed up with endless Pride:
 The other boasts more what himself had done,
 Than all his Ancestors great Acts beside;
 Yet his Forefathers old, before him, were
 Famous in War and Peace Five Hundred Year.

XVII.

But this aspiring Prince, who vainly thought,
 That Bliss in Wealth and kingly Pow'r doth lye,
 And in Respect esteem'd all Virtue nought,
 Unless it were adorn'd with Titles high,
 Could not indure, that to the Place, he sought,
 A simple Knight should dare to press so nigh;
 And in his Breast so boiled fell Despite,
 That Ire and Wrath exiled Reason quite.

XVIII.

The hidden Dev'l, that lies in close Await
 To win the Fort of unbelieving Man,
 Found Entry there, where Ire undid the Gate,
 And in his Bosom unperceived ran;
 It fill'd his Heart with Malice, Strife, and Hate;
 It made him rage, blaspheme, swear, curse and ban;
 Invisible it still attends him near,
 And thus each Minute whispers in his Ear:

XIX.

What, shall *Rinaldo* match thee? dares he tell
 Those idle Names of his vain Pedigree?
 Then let him say, if thee he would excell,
 What Lands, what Realms his Tributaries be:
 If his Forefathers, in their Graves that dwell,
 Were honoured like thine, that live, let see;
 O how dares one so mean aspire so high,
 Born in that servile Country, *Italy*?

XX.

XX.

Now if he win, or if he lose the Day,
Yet is his Praise and Glory hence deriv'd ;
For that the World will to his Credit say,
Lo, this is he, that with *Gernando* striv'd :
The Charge some deal thee haply honour may,
That noble *Dudon* had, while here he liv'd ;
But laid on him, he would the Office shame ;
Let it suffice, he durst desire the same.

XXI.

If, when this Breath from Man's frail Body flies,
The Soul take Keep, or know the Things done here,
Oh, how looks *Dudon* from the glorious Skies !
What Wrath, what Anger in his Face appear,
On this proud Youngling while he bends his Eyes,
Marking how high he doth his Feathers rear,
Seeing his rash Attempt, how soon he dare
(Though but a Boy) with his great Worth compare !

XXII.

He dares not only, but he strives, and proves ;
Where Chastisement were fit, there wins he Praise :
One councils him, the Speech him forward moves ;
Another Fool approveth all he says :
If *Godfrey* favour him more than behoves,
Why then he wrongeth thee an hundred Ways ;
Nor let thy State so far disgraced be,
But what thou art, and can'st, let *Godfrey* see.

XXIII.

With such false Words the kindled Fire began
Through ev'ry Vein it's pois'nous Heat to reach ;
It swell'd his scornfull Heart, and forth it ran
At his proud Looks, and too-audacious Speech :
All that he thought blame-worthy in the Man,
To his Disgrace that would he each where preach ;
He term'd him proud, and vain ; his Worth in Fight
He call'd Fool-hardice, Rashness, Madness right.

XXIV.

All that in him was rare or excellent,
 All that was good, all that was princely found,
 With such sharp Words, as Malice could invent;
 He blam'd; such Pow'r hath wicked Tongue to wound:
 The Youth (for ev'ry where those Rumors went)
 Of these Reproaches heard sometimes the Sound;
 Nor did *Gernando* his rash Fault amend,
 Until it brought him to his wofull End.

XXV.

The cursed Fiend, that set his Tongue at large,
 Still bred more Fancies in his idle Brain;
 His Heart with Slanders new did over-charge,
 And still it sooth'd him in his angry Vein:
 Amid the Camp a Place was broad and large,
 Where one fair Regiment might eas'ly train;
 And there in Tilt, and harmless Turnament,
 Their Days of Rest the Youths and Gallants spent.

XXVI.

There, as his Fortune would it should betide,
 Amid the Press *Gernando* 'gan retire
 To vomit out his Venom unesp'y'd,
 Wherewith foul Envy did his Heart inspire:
Rinaldo heard him, as he stood beside,
 And, for he could not bridle Wrath and Ire——
 Thou lye'st, cry'd he loud; and with that Word
 About his Head he tost his flaming Sword.

XXVII.

Thunder his Voice; and Light'ning seem'd his Brand;
 So fell his Look, so furious was his Chear:
Gernando trembled, for he saw at Hand
 Pale Death, and neither Help nor Comfort near;
 Yet, for the Soldiers all to Witness stand,
 He made proud Sign, as though he nought did fear;
 But bravely drew his little-helping Blade,
 And valiant Shew of strong Resistance made.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

With that a Thousand Blades of burnish'd Steel
Glitter'd on Heaps, like Flames of Fire in Sight ;
Hundreds, that knew not yet the Quarrel well,
Ran thither, some to gaze, and some to fight :
The empty Air a Sound confus'd did feel
Of Murmurs low, and Out-cries rais'd high ;
Like rolling Waves, and *Boreas'* angry Blasts,
When roaring Seas against the Rocks he casts.

XXIX.

But not for this the wronged Warrior staid
His just Displeasure, and incens'd Ire ;
He car'd not, what the Vulgar did, or said ;
To Vengeance did his Courage fierce aspire :
Among the thickest Weapons Way he made,
His thund'ring Sword made all on Heaps retire ;
So that of near a Thousand stay'd not one,
But Prince *Gernando* bore the Brunt alone.

XXX.

His Hand, too quick to execute his Wrath,
Performed all, as pleas'd his Eye and Heart ;
At Head and Breast oft-times he stricken hath,
Now at the Right, now at the other Part :
On ev'ry Side thus did he Harm and Scathe,
And oft beguil'd his Sight with nimble Art ;
For no Defense the Prince from Wounds acquits ;
Where least he thinks, there most *Rinaldo* hits.

XXXI.

Nor ceased he, 'till in *Gernando's* Breast
He sheathed once or twice his furious Blade :
Down fell the hapless Prince with Death oppress'd,
A double Way to his weak Soul was made :
The Victor sheath'd his Sword unwip'd, undrest,
Nor longer by the slaughter'd Body stay'd,
But sped him thence, and soon appeas'd hath
His Hate, his Ire, his Rancour, and his Wrath.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Call'd by the Tumult *Godfrey* drew him near,
 And there beheld a sad and ruefull Sight;
 The Signs of Death upon the Prince appear,
 With Dust and Blood his Locks were loathly dight;
 Sighs and Complaints on each Side might he hear,
 Made for the sudden Death of that great Knight:
 Amaz'd he ask'd, who durst and did so much?
 For yet he knew not, whom the Fault would touch.

XXXIII.

Arnoldo, Minion of the Prince thus slain,
 Augments the Fault in telling it, and saith,
 This Prince is murder'd for a Quarrel vain,
 By young *Rinaldo* in his desp'rate Wrath;
 And with that Sword, which should CHRIST's Law maintain,
 One of CHRIST's Champions bold he killed hath;
 And this he did in such a Place and Hour,
 As if he scorn'd your Rule, despis'd your Pow'r.

XXXIV.

And further adds; that he deserved Death
 By Law, and Law should be inviolate;
 That none Offense could greater be uneath,
 And yet the Place the Fault did aggravate:
 If he escape, that Mischief would take Breath,
 And flourish bold, in Spite of Rule and State;
 And that *Gernando's* Friends would venge the Wrong,
 Although to Justice that should first belong.

XXXV.

And by that Means should Discord, Hate, and Strife
 Raise Mutinies, and what thereof ensu'th:
 Lastly he prais'd the Dead, and still had rise
 All Words, he thought could Vengeance move or Ruth:
 Against him *Tancred* argued for Life,
 With honest Reasons to excuse the Youth:
 The *Duke* hear'd all, but with such sober Cheer,
 As banish'd Hope, and still increased Fear.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Grave Prince, quoth *Tancred*, set before thine Eyes
Rinaldo's Worth and Courage, what it is ;
 How much our Hope of Conquest in him lies ;
 Regard that princely House, and Race of his :
 He, that correcteth ev'ry Fault he spies,
 And judgeth all alike, doth all amiss ;
 For Faults, you know, are greater thought or less,
 As is the Person's Self, that doth transgress.

XXXVII.

Godfredo answer'd him : If high and low
 Of sov'reign Pow'r alike should feel the Stroke,
 Then, *Tancred*, ill you council us, I trow,
 If Lords should know no Law, as erst you spoke ;
 How vile and base our Empire were you know,
 If none but Slaves and Peasants bore the Yoke :
 Weak is the Scepter, and the Pow'r is small,
 That such Proviso brings annex'd withall :

XXXVIII.

But mine was freely giv'n, ere it was fought ;
 Nor, that it lessen'd be, I now consent :
 Right well know I, both when and where I ought
 To give condign Reward and Punishment :
 Since you are all in like Subjection brought,
 Both high and low — Obey, and be content.
 This heard, *Tancredi* wisely staid his Words ;
 Such Weight the Sayings have of Kings and Lords.

XXXIX.

Old *Raimond* prais'd his Speech ; for old Men think,
 They ever wisest seem, when most severe :
 'Tis best, quoth he, to make these great ones shrink ;
 The People love him, whom the Nobles fear :
 There must the Rule to all Disorders sink,
 Where Pardons more than Punishments appear ;
 For feeble is each Kingdom, frail and weak,
 Unless it's Basis be this Fear I speak.

XL.

XL.

These Words *Tancredi* hear'd, and ponder'd well,
 And by them wist how *Godfrey's* Thoughts were bent ;
 Nor list he longer with these old Men dwell,
 But sped him thence, and to *Rinaldo* went ;
 Who, when his noble Foe Death-wounded fell,
 Withdrew him softly to his gorgeous Tent ;
 There *Tancred* found him, and at large declar'd
 The Words and Speeches sharp, which late he hear'd ;

XLI.

And said : Although I wot, the outward Show
 Is not true Witness of the secret Thought,
 For that some Men so subtil are I trow,
 That what they purpose most appeareth nought,
 Yet dare I say, *Godfredo* means I know,
 (Such Knowledge have his Looks and Speeches wrought)
 You shall first Pris'ner be, and then be try'd,
 As he shall deem it good, and Law provide.

XLII.

With that, a bitter Smile well might you see
Rinaldo cast, with Scorn and high Disdain :
 Let them in Fetters plead their Cause, quoth he,
 That are base Peasants, born of servile Stain ;
 I was free born ; I live, and will dye free,
 Before these Feet be fetter'd in a Chain :
 These Hands were made to shake sharp Spears and Swords,
 Not to be ty'd in Gyves and twisted Cords.

XLIII.

If my good Service reap this Recompence,
 To be clapt up in close and secret Mew,
 And, as a Thief, be after dragg'd from thence
 To suffer Punishment as Law finds due,
 Let *Godfrey* come or send, I will not hence,
 Until we know, who shall this Bargain rue ;
 Left of our Tragedy the late done Fact
 May be the first, and this the second Act.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Give me my Arms, he cry'd ; his Squire them brings,
And clad his Head and Breast in Iron strong;
About his Neck his silver Shield he flings;
Down by his Side a cutting Sword there hung :
Among this Earth's brave Lords and mighty Kings,
Was none so stout, so fierce, so fair, so young :
God *Mars* he seem'd descending from his Sphere,
Or one, whose Looks could make great *Mars* to fear.

XLV.

Tancredi labour'd with some pleasing Speech
His Spirits fierce and Courage to appease :
Young Prince, thy Valour (thus he 'gan to preach)
Can chastise all, that do thee Wrong, at Ease :
I know, your Virtue well your Foes can teach,
That you can venge you, when and where you please ;
But GOD forbid this Day you lift your Arm
To do this Camp, and us your Friends, such Harm,

XLVI.

Tell me, what will you do ? why would you stain
Your noble Hands in our unguilty Blood ?
By wounding *Christians* will you then again
Pierce CHRIST, whose Parts they are, and Members good ?
Will you destroy us for your Glory vain,
Unstaid as rolling Waves in Ocean Flood ?
Far be it from you so to prove your Strength,
But let your Zeal appease your Rage at length.

XLVII.

For GOD's Love stay your Heat and just Displeasure ;
Appease your Wrath, your Courage fierce allwage :
Patience a Praise, Forbearance is a Treasure,
Suff'rance an Angel is, a Monster Rage :
At least your Actions by Example measure,
And think how I in my unbridled Age
Was wronged, yet I nould Revengement take
On all this Camp for one Offender's Sake.

P

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Cilicia conquer'd I, as all Men wot,
 And there the glorious Cross on high I rear'd ;
 But *Baldwin* came, and what I nobly got
 Bereft me falsely, when I leaft him fear'd :
 He seem'd my Friend, and I discover'd not
 His secret Covetife, which fince appear'd ;
 Yet strive I not to get mine own by Fight,
 Or civil War, although perchance I might.

XLIX.

If then you scorn to be in Prison pent,
 If Bonds, as high Difgrace, your Hands refuse ;
 Or if your Thoughts ftill to maintain are bent
 Your Liberty, as Men of Honor ufe ;
 What if to *Antioch* forthwith you went,
 And left me here your Abfence to excuse ?
 There with Prince *Bæmond* live in Eafe and Peace,
 Until this Storm of *Godfrey's* Anger ceafe.

L.

For foon, if Forces come from *Ægypt* Land,
 Or other Nations, that us here confine,
Godfrey will beaten be with his own Wand,
 And feel he wants that Valour great of thine :
 Our Camp may feem an Arm without a Hand,
 Amid our Troops unlefs thy Eagle fhine.
 With that came *Guelpho*, and thofe Words approv'd,
 And pray'd him go, if him he fear'd, or lov'd.

LI.

Their Speeches foften much the Warrior's Heart,
 And make his willfull Thoughts at laft relent,
 So that he yields, and faith, he will depart,
 And leave the *Chriftian* Camp incontinent :
 His Friends, whole Love did never fhrink or ftart,
 Proffer'd their Aid, what Way foe'er he went :
 He thank'd them all, but left them all, befides
 Two bold and trusty Squires, and fo he rides.

LII.

LII.

He rides revolving in his noble Sprite
Such haughty Thoughts, as fill the glorious Mind ;
On hard Adventures was his whole Delight,
And now to wond'rous Acts his Will inclin'd :
Alone against the *Pagans* would he fight,
And kill their Kings from *Ægypt* unto *Inde* ;
From *Cynthia's* Hills, and *Nilus'* unknown Spring,
He would fetch Praise, and glorious Conquest bring.

LIII.

But *Guelpho* (when the Prince his Leave did take,
And now had spurr'd his Courser on his Way)
No longer Tarriance with the rest would make,
But hastes to find *Godfredo*, if he may ;
Who seeing him approaching forthwith spake ;
Guelpho, quoth he, for thee I only stay ;
For thee I sent my Heralds all about,
In ev'ry Tent to seek, and find thee out.

LIV.

This said, he softly drew the Knight aside,
Where none might hear, and then bespake him thus:
How chanceth it, thy Nephew's Rage and Pride
Make him so far forget himself and us ?
Hardly could I believe, what is betide——
A Murder done for Cause so frivolous :
How I have lov'd him, thou and all can tell ;
But *Godfrey* lov'd him, but whil'st he did well.

LV.

I must provide, that ev'ry one have Right,
That all be heard, each Cause be well discuss'd ;
As far from partial Love, as free from Spite,
I hear Complaints, yet Nought but Proofs I trust :
Now if *Rinaldo* weigh our Rule so light,
And have the sacred Lore of War so burst,
Take you the Charge, that he before us come
To clear himself, and hear our upright Doom.

LVI.

But let him come withouten Bond or Chain,
 For still my Thoughts to do him Grace are fram'd;
 But if our Pow'r he haply shall disdain,
 (As well I know his Courage yet untam'd)
 To bring him by Persuasion take some Pain;
 Else, if I prove severe, both you be blam'd,
 That forc'd my gentle Nature ('gainst my Thought)
 To Rigor, lest our Laws return to Nought.

LVII.

Lord *Guelpho* answer'd thus; What Heart could bear
 Such Slanders false, devis'd by Hate and Spite?
 Or with staid Patience such Reproaches hear,
 And not revenge by Battle or by Fight?
 The *Norway* Prince hath bought his Folly dear;
 But who with Words could stay the angry Knight?
 A Fool is he, that comes to preach or prate,
 When Men with Swords their Right and Wrong debate.

LVIII.

And where you wish, he should himself submit
 To hear the Censure of your upright Laws,
 Alas, that cannot be, for he is flit
 Out of this Camp, withouten Stay or Pause:
 There take my Gage; behold, I offer it
 To him, that first accus'd him in this Cause,
 Or any else, that dare; and will maintain,
 That for his Pride the Prince was justly slain.

LIX.

I say, with Reason Lord *Gernando's* Pride
 He hath abated; if he have offended
 'Gainst your Commands, who are his Lord and Guide,
 Oh pardon him; that Fault shall be amended.
 If he be gone, quoth *Godfrey*, let him ride,
 And brawl elsewhere, here let all Strife be ended:
 And you, Lord *Guelpho*, for your Nephew's Sake
 Breed us no new, nor Quarrels old awake.

LX.

LX.

This while the fair and false *Armida* striv'd
To get her promis'd Aid in sure Possession ;
The Day to End with ceaseless Plaint she driv'd ;
Wit, Beauty, Craft, for her made Intercession :
But when the Earth was once of Light depriv'd,
And *Western* Seas felt *Titan's* hot Impression,
'Twixt two old Knights, and Matrons twain, she went,
Where pitched was her fair and curious Tent.

LXI.

But this false Queen of Craft and sly Invention,
Whose Looks Love's Arrows were, whose Eyes his Quivers,
Whose Beauty matchless, free from Reprehension,
A Wonder left by Heav'n to After-livers,
Among the *Christian* Lords had bred Contention,
Who first should quench his Flames in *Cupid's* Rivers,
With all her Weapons and her Darts rehears'd
Had not *Godfredo's* constant Bosom pierc'd :

LXII.

To change his modest Thought the Dame procures,
And proffers Heaps of Love's enticing Treasure ;
But as the Falcon, newly gorg'd, indures
Her Keeper lure her oft, but comes at Leisure,
So he, whom Fullness of Delight assures,
What long Repentance comes of Love's short Pleasure,
Her Crafts, her Arts, herself and all despises ;
So base Affections fall, when Virtue rises :

LXIII.

And not one Step his steadfast Foot was mov'd
Out of that heav'nly Path, wherein he pac'd ;
Yet thousand Wiles, and thousand Ways she prov'd,
To have that Castle fair of Goodness ras'd :
She us'd those Looks and Smiles, that most behov'd
To melt the Frost, which his hard Heart imbrac'd ;
And 'gainst his Breast a thousand Shot she ventur'd,
Yet was the Fort so strong, it was not enter'd.

LXIV.

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LXIV.

The Dame, who thought that one Glance of her Eye
 Could make the chafteft Heart feel Love's sweet Pain,
 Oh, how her Pride abated was hereby !
 When all her Sleights were void, her Crafts were vain,
 Some other where ſhe would her Forces try,
 Where at more Eaſe ſhe might more Vantage gain ;
 As tired Soldiers, whom ſome Fort keeps out,
 Thence raiſe their Siege, and ſpoil the Towns about :

LXV.

But yet all Ways, the wily Witch could find,
 Could not *Tancredi's* Heart to Love ward move ;
 His Sails were filled with another Wind,
 He liſt no Blaſt of new Affection prove ;
 For as one Poiſon doth exclude by Kind
 Another's Force, ſo Love excludeth Love :
 Theſe two alone nor more nor leſs the Dame
 Could win, the reſt all burn'd in her ſweet Flame.

LXVI.

The Princeſs, though her Purpoſe would not frame,
 As late ſhe hoped, and as ſtill ſhe would,
 Yet, for the Lords and Knights of greateſt Name
 Became the Captives of this Virgin bold,
 She thought, ere Truth-revealing Time, or Fame
 Bewray'd her Act, to lead them to ſome Hold,
 Where Chains and Bands ſhe meant to make them prove,
 Compos'd by *Vulcan*, not by gentle *Love*.

LXVII.

The Time prefix'd at length was come and paſt,
 Which *Godfrey* had ſet down to lend her Aid,
 When at his Feet herſelf to Earth ſhe caſt ;
 The Hour is come, my Lord, ſhe humbly ſaid,
 And if the Tyrant haply hear at laſt,
 His baniſh'd Niece hath your Aſſiſtence pray'd,
 He will in Arms to ſave his Kingdom riſe ;
 So ſhall we harder make this Enterpriſe :

LXVIII.

Book the Fifth.

III

LXVIII.

Before Report can bring the Tyrant News,
Or his Espials certify their King,
O let thy Goodness these few Champions chuse,
That to her Kingdom should thy Handmaid bring;
Who, except Heav'n to aid the right refuse,
Recover shall her Crown; from whence shall spring
Thy profit; for betide thee Peace or War,
Thine all her Cities, all her Subjects are.

LXIX.

The Captain Sage the Damsel fair assur'd,
His Word was past, and should not be recanted;
And she with sweet and humble Grace indur'd
To let him point those Ten, which late he granted:
But to be one each strived and procur'd,
No Suit, Intreaty, Intercession wanted;
Their Envy at each other's Love exceeded,
And all importunate made more than needed.

LXX.

She, that well saw the Secret of their Hearts,
And knew how best to warm them in their Blood,
Against them threw the cursed, poison'd Darts
Of Jealousy, and Grief at others Good;
For Love she wist was weak without those Arts,
And slow; for Jealousy is *Cupid's* Food;
And the swift Steed runs not so fast alone,
As when some strain, some strive him to outgone.

LXXI.

Her Words in such alluring Sort she fram'd,
Her Looks inticing, and her wooing Smiles,
That ev'ry one his Fellows Favors blam'd,
That of his Mistress they receiv'd ere-whiles:
This foolish Crew of Lovers unasham'd,
Mad with the Poison of her secret Wiles,
Ran forward still in this disorder'd Sort,
Nor could *Godfredo's* Bridle rein them short.

LXXII.

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LXXII.

He that would satisfy each good Desire
(Withouten partial Love) of ev'ry Knight,
Although he swell'd with Shame, with Grief and Ire,
To see these Follies, and these Fashions light,
Yet since by no Advice they would retire,
Another Way he sought to set them right:

Write all your Names, quoth he, and see whom Chance
Of Lot to this Exploit will first advance.

LXXIII.

Their Names were writ, and in an Helmet shaken,
While each did Fortune's Grace and Aid implore;
At last they drew them, and the foremost taken
The Earl of *Pembroke* was, *Artimodore*;
Doubtless the *County* thought his Chance well staken:
Next *Gerrard* follow'd; then with Treffes hoar
Old *Winceslaus*, who felt *Cupid's* Rage
Now in his doting and his dying Age.

LXXIV.

Oh how Contentment in their Foreheads shin'd!
Their Looks with Joy, Thoughts swell'd with secret Pleasure;
These three it seemed good Success design'd
To make the Lords of Love, and Beauty's Treasure:
Their doubtfull Fellows at their Hap repin'd,
And with small Patience wait they *Fortune's* Leisure,
Upon his Lips, who read the Scrowls, attending,
As if their Lives were on his Words depending.

LXXV.

Guschar the fourth; *Ridolpho* him succeeds;
Then *Ulderic*, whom Love list so advance:
Lord *William* of *Ronciglion* next he reads;
Then *Eberard*; then *Henry*, born in *France*:
Rambaldo last, whom wicked Lust so leads,
That he forsook his SAVIOUR with Mischance;
This Wretch the Tenth was, who was thus deluded;
The rest to their huge Grief were all excluded.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

O'ercome with Envy, Wrath, and Jealousy,
The rest blind Fortune curse, and all her Laws;
And mad with Love, yet out on Love they cry,
That in his Kingdom let her judge their Cause:
And, for Man's Mind is such, that oft we try
Things most forbidden, without Stay or Pause
In Spite of Fortune purpos'd many a Knight
To follow fair *Armida*, when 'twas Night;

LXXVII.

To follow her by Night, or else by Day,
And in her Quarrel venture Life and Limb:
With Sighs and Tears she 'gan them softly pray
To keep that Promise, when the Skies were dim;
To this and that Knight did she plain, and say,
What Grief she felt to part withouten him:
Mean while the Ten had donn'd their Armour best,
And taken Leave of *Godfrey* and the rest.

LXXVIII.

The *Duke* advis'd them ev'ry one apart,
How light, how trustless was the *Pagan* Faith;
And told, what Policy, what Wit, what Art
Avoids Deceit, which heedless Men betray'th:
His Speeches pierce their Ear, but not their Heart;
Love calls it Folly, what so Wisdom saith:
Thus warn'd he leaves them to their wanton Guide,
Who parts that Night; such Haste had she to ride:

LXXIX.

The Conqueress departs, and with her led
These Prisoners, whom Love would captive keep;
The Hearts of those, she left behind her, bled,
With Point of Sorrow's Arrow pierced deep:
But when the Night her drowsy Mantle spread,
And fill'd the Earth with Silence, Shade, and Sleep,
In secret Sort then each forsook his Tent,
And, as blind *Cupid* led them, blind they went:

Q

LXXX.

LXXX.

Eustatio first, who scantly could forbear,
 'Till friendly Night might hide his Haste and Shame :
 He rode in Post, and let his Beast him bear,
 As his blind Fancy would his Journey frame ;
 All Night he wander'd, and he wist not where ;
 But with the Morning he esp'y'd the Dame,
 Who with her Guard up from a Village rode,
 Where she and they, that Night, had made abode :

LXXXI.

Thither he gallop'd fast; and, drawing near,
Rambaldo knew the Knight, and loudly cry'd ——
 Whence comes young *Eustace*, and what seeks he here ?
 I come, quoth he, to serve the Queen *Armide* ;
 If she accepts me, would we all were there,
 Where my good Will and Faith might best be try'd !
 Who, quoth the other, chuseth thee to prove
 This high Exploit of hers ? he answer'd, Love ;

LXXXII.

Love hath *Eustatio* chosen, Fortune thee ;
 In thy Conceit which is the best Election ?
 Nay then, these Shifts are vain, replied he,
 These Titles false serve thee for no Protection ;
 Thou can'st not here, for this, admitted be
 Our Fellow-Servant in this sweet Subjection :
 And who (quoth *Eustace* angry) dares deny
 My Fellowship ? *Rambaldo* answer'd——I.

LXXXIII.

And, with that Word, his cutting Sword he drew,
 That glister'd bright, and sparkled flaming Fire ;
 Upon his Foe the other Champion flew
 With equal Courage, and with equal Ire :
 The gentle Princess, who the Danger knew,
 Between them slept, and pray'd them both retire :
 Rambald, quoth she, why should you grudge or plain,
 If I a Champion, you a Helper gain ?

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

If me you love, why with you me depriv'd
 (In so great Need) of such a puissant Knight?
 But welcome, *Eustace*, in good Time arriv'd,
 Defender of my State, my Life, my Right;
 I wish my hapless self no longer liv'd,
 When I esteem such good Assistance light:
 Thus talk'd they on, and travell'd on their Way,
 Their Fellowship increasing ev'ry Day.

LXXXV.

From ev'ry Side they come, yet wist there none
 Of others coming, or of others Mind;
 She welcomes all, and telleth ev'ry one,
 What Joy her Thoughts in his Arrival find:
 But when Duke *Godfrey* wist his Knights were gone,
 Within his Breast his wiser Soul divin'd,
 Some hard Mishap upon his Friends should light;
 For which he sigh'd by Day, and wept by Night.

LXXXVI.

A Messenger (while thus he mus'd) drew near,
 All soil'd with Dust and Sweat, quite out of Breath;
 It seem'd, the Man did heavy Tidings bear,
 Upon his Looks sat News of Loss and Death:
 My Lord, quoth he, so many Ships appear
 At Sea, that *Neptune* bears the Load unceas;
 From *Egypt* come they all; this lets thee weet
William, Lord Adm'ral of the *Genoa* Fleet.

LXXXVII.

Besides, a Convoy, coming from the Shore
 With Viſuals for this noble Camp of thine,
 Surprized was, and lost is all that Store,
 Mules, Horses, Camels laden, Corn and Wine:
 Thy Servants fought, 'till they could fight no more,
 For all were slain, or Captives made in Fine:
 Th' *Arabian* Out-laws them assail'd by Night,
 When least they fear'd, and least they look'd for Fight.

LXXXVIII.

Their frantic Boldness doth presume so far,
 That many *Christians* have they falsely slain;
 And like a raging Flood they sparfed are,
 And overflow each Country, Field and Plain;
 Send therefore some strong Troops of Men of War
 To force them hence, and drive them home again,
 And keep the Ways between these Tents of thine,
 And those broad Seas, the Seas of *Palestine*.

LXXXIX.

From Mouth to Mouth the heavy Rumor spread
 Of these Misfortunes, which, dispersed wide,
 Among the Soldiers great Amazement bred;
 Famine they doubt, and new-come Foes beside:
 The *Duke*, who saw their wonted Courage fled,
 And in the Place thereof weak Fear espy'd,
 With merry Looks these chearful Words he spake,
 To make them Heart again and Courage take.

XC.

You Champions bold, with me that 'scaped have
 So many Dangers, and such hard Assays,
 Whom still your GOD did keep, defend, and save,
 In all your Battles, Combats, Fights and Frays,
 You that subdu'd the *Turks*, and *Persians* brave,
 That Thirst and Hunger held in Scorn always,
 And vanquish'd Hills, and Seas, and Heat, and Cold,
 Shall vain Reports appall your Courage bold?

XCI.

The LORD, who help'd you out at ev'ry Need,
 When ought befell this glorious Camp amiss,
 Shall fortune all your Actions well to speed,
 On whom HIS Mercy large extended is:
 To fore HIS Tomb when conqu'ring Hands you spread,
 With what Delight will you remember this!
 Be strong therefore, and keep your Valours high,
 To Honor, Conquest, Fame, and Victory.

XCII.

XCII.

Their Hopes half-dead, and Courage well-nigh lost,
Reviv'd with these brave Speeches of their Guide ;
But in his Breast a thousand Cares he toss'd,
Although his Sorrows he could wisely hide :
He study'd how to feed that mighty Host
In so great Scarceness, and what Force provide
He should against th' *Egyptian* Warriors fly,
And how subdue those Thieves of *Araby*.



TASSO's

T A S S O's
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K VI.

I.

BUT better Hopes had them recomforted,
That lay besieged in the sacred Town ;
With new Supply late were they victualed :
When Night obscur'd the Earth with Shadows brown,
Their Arms and Engines on the Walls they spread,
Their Slings to cast, and Stones to tumble down ;
And all that Side, which to the *North* doth lie,
High Ramparts and strong Bulwarks fortify.

II.

Their wary King commands now here, now there,
To build this Tow'r, to make that Bulwark strong :
Whether the Sun, the Moon, or Stars appear
To give them Light, to work no Time comes wrong :
In ev'ry Street new Weapons forged were
By cunning Smiths, sweating with Labor long :
While thus the careful Prince Provision made,
To him *Argantes* came, and boasting said :

III.

How long shall we, like Prisoners in Chains,
Captived lye inclos'd within this Wall ?
I see your Workmen taking endless Pains
To make new Weapons, for no Use at all :
Mean while these *Western* Thieves destroy the Plains ;
Your Towns are burnt, your Forts and Castles fall ;
Yet none of us dare at these Gates out-peep,
Or sound one Trumpet shrill to break their Sleep.

IV.

IV.

Their Time in feasting and good Chear they spend,
Nor dare we once their Banquets sweet molest ;
The Days and Nights likewise they bring to End
In Peace, Assurance, Quiet, Ease and Rest :
But we must yield, whom Hunger soon will shend,
And make for Peace (to save our Lives) Request ;
Else, if th' *Egyptian* Army stay too long,
Like Cowards dye within this Fort's strong.

V.

Yet never shall my Courage great consent,
So vile a Death should end my noble Days ;
Nor on my Arms, within these Walls ipent,
To-morrow's Sun shall spread his timely Rays :
Let sacred Heav'ns dispose, as they are bent,
Of this frail Life, yet not withouten Praise
Of Valour, Prowess, Might, *Argantes* shall
Inglorious dye, or unrevenged fall.

VI.

But if the Roots of wonted Chivalry
Be not quite dead your princely Breast within,
Devise not how with Fame and Praise to dye,
But how to live, to conquer and to win :
Let us together at these Gates out-fly,
And Skirmish bold, and bloody Fight begin ;
For when last Need to Desperation drives,
Who dareth most, he wisest Council gives.

VII.

But if in Field your Wisdom dare not venture
To hazard all your Troops to doubtfull Fight,
Then bind yourself to *Godfrey* by Indenture
To end your Quarrels by one single Knight :
And, for the *Christian* this Accord shall enter
With better Will, say, Such you know your Right,
That he the Weapons, Place, and Time shall chuse ;
And let him for his best that Vantage use.

VIII.

VIII.

For though your Foe had Hands, like *Hector* strong,
 With Heart unfear'd, and Courage stern and stout,
 Yet no Misfortune can your Justice wrong ;
 And, what that wanteth, shall this Arm help out :
 In Spite of Fate shall this right Hand ere long
 Return victorious ; if hereof you doubt,
 Take it for Pledge ; wherein if Trust you have,
 It shall yourself defend, and Kingdom save.

IX.

Bold Youth, (the Tyrant thus began to speak)
 Although I wither'd seem with Age and Years,
 Yet are not these old Arms so faint and weak,
 Nor this hoar Head so full of Doubts and Fears,
 But, when as Death this vital Thread shall break,
 He shall my Courage hear, my Death who hears ;
 And *Aladine*, that liv'd a King and Knight,
 To his fair Morn will have an Evening bright.

X.

But that, which yet I nould have further blaz'd,
 To thee in Secret shall be told and spoken ;
 Great *Soliman* of *Nice*, so far iprais'd,
 To be revenged for his Scepter broken,
 The Men of Arms of *Araby* hath rais'd,
 From *Inde* to *Afric* ; and, when we give Token,
 Attends the Favor of the friendly Night
 To victual us, and with our Foes to fight.

XI.

Now though *Godfredo* hold by warlike Feat
 Some Forts and Castles poor in vile Oppression,
 Care not for that ; for still our princely Seat,
 This stately Town, we keep in our Possession :
 But thou appease and calm that Courage great,
 Which in thy Bosom makes so hot Impression,
 And stay fit Time, which will betide ere long,
 T' increase thy Glory, and revenge our Wrong.

XII.

XII.

The *Saracen* at this was inly spited,
 Who *Solyman's* great Worth had long envy'd ;
 To hear him praised thus he nought delighted,
 Nor that the King upon his Aid rely'd :
 Within your Pow'r, Sir King, he says, united
 Are Peace and War, nor shall that be deny'd ;
 But for the *Turk* and his *Arabian* Band,
 He lost his own——shall he defend your Land ?

XIII.

Perchance he comes some heav'nly Messenger,
 Sent down to set the *Pagan* People free :
 Then let *Argantes* for himself take Care ;
 This Sword, I trust, shall well safe-conduct me :
 But while you rest, and all your Forces spare,
 That I go forth to War, at least agree ;
 Though not your Champion, yet a private Knight,
 I will some *Christian* prove in single Fight.

XIV.

The King reply'd ; although thy Force and Might
 Should be reserv'd to better Time and Use,
 Yet, that thou challenge some renowned Knight
 Among the *Christians* bold, I not refuse.
 The Warrior breathing out Desire of Fight,
 An Herald call'd, and said, go tell these News
 To *Godfrey's* Self, and to the *Western* Lords,
 And in their Hearings boldly say these Words.

XV.

Say, that a Knight, who holds in great Disdain
 To be thus clos'd up in secret Mew,
 Will with his Sword in open Field maintain,
 (If any dare deny his Words for true)
 That no Devotion, as they falsely feign,
 Hath mov'd the *French* these Countries to subdue,
 But vile Ambition, and Pride's hatefull Vice,
 Desire of Rule, and Spoil, and Covetise.

R

XVI.

XVI.

And that to fight I am not only prest
 With one or two, that dare defend the Cause,
 But come the fourth, or fifth, come all the rest,
 Come all that will, and all that Weapon draw :
 Let him, that yields, obey the Victor's Hest,
 As wills the Lore of mighty *Mars* his Law.

This was the Challenge, that fierce *Pagan* sent ;
 The Herald donn'd his Coat of Arms, and went.

XVII.

And when the Man before the Presence came
 Of princely *Godfrey*, and his Captains bold,
 My Lord, quoth he, may I withouten Blame
 Before your Grace my Message brave unfold ?
 Thou may'st, he answer'd ; we approve the same ;
 Withouten Fear be thine Ambassage told :

Then, quoth the Herald, shall your Highness see,
 If this Ambassage sharp or pleasing be.

XVIII.

The Challenge 'gan he then at large expose,
 With mighty Threats, high Terms, and glorious Words :
 On ev'ry Side an angry Murmur rose ;
 To Wrath so moved were the Knights and Lords :
 Then *Godfrey* spake, and said ; the Man hath chose
 An hard Exploit, but when he feels our Swords,
 I trust, we shall so fair intreat the Knight,
 As to excuse the *fourth* or *fifth* of Fight.

XIX.

But let him come, and prove ; the Field I grant ;
 Nor Wrong, nor Treason let him doubt or fear ;
 Some here shall pay him for his glorious Vaunt,
 Without or Guile, or Vantage——that I swear.
 The Herald turn'd, when he had ended scant,
 And hasted back the Way he came while-ere ;
 Nor stay'd he ought, nor once foreflow'd his Pace,
 'Till he bespake *Argantes* Face to Face.

XX.

XX.

Arm you, my Lord, he said ; your bold Defies
By your brave Foes accepted boldly been :
This Combat neither high nor low denies,
Ten Thousand wish to meet you on the Green ;
A Thousand frown'd with angry flaming Eyes,
And shak'd for Rage their Swords and Weapons keen ;
The Field is safely granted by their Guide :
This said, the Champion for his Armour cry'd.

XXI.

While he was arm'd, his Heart for Ire nigh brake,
So yearn'd his Courage hot his Foes to find :
The King to fair *Clorinda* present spake ;
If he go forth, remain not you behind,
But of our Soldiers best a Thousand take,
To guard his Person, and your own, assign'd ;
Yet let him meet alone the *Christian* Knight,
And stand yourself aloof, while they two fight.

XXII.

Thus spake the King ; and soon without Abode
The Troop went forth, in shining Armour clad ;
Before the rest the *Pagan* Champion rode,
His wonted Arms and Ensigns all he had :
A goodly Plain, displayed wide and broad,
Between the City and the Camp was spread ;
A Place like that, wherein proud *Rome* beheld
Her forward young Men menage Spear and Shield.

XXIII.

There all alone *Argantes* took his Stand,
Defying CHRIST, and all His Servants true ;
In Stature, Stomach, and in Strength of Hand,
In Pride, Presumption, and in dreadfull Shew,
Encelad like on the *Phlegrean* Strand ;
Or that huge Giant, *Jesse's* Infant slew :
But his fierce Semblance they esteemed light,
For most not knew, or else not fear'd his Might.

XXIV.

As yet not one had *Godfrey* singled out
 To undertake this hardy Enterprize,
 But on Prince *Tancred*, saw he, all the Rout
 Had fix'd their Wishes, and had cast their Eyes;
 On him he spy'd them gazing round about,
 As though their Honor on his Prowess lies;
 And now they whisper'd louder, what they meant,
 Which *Godfrey* heard, and saw, and was content.

XXV.

The rest gave Place; for ev'ry one descry'd
 To whom their Chieftain's Will did most incline:
Tancred, quoth he, I pray thee calm the Pride,
 And cool the Rage of yonder *Saracen*.
 No longer would the chosen Champion bide;
 His Face with Joy, his Eyes with Gladness shine:
 His Helm he took, and ready Steed bestrode,
 And, guarded with his trusty Friends, forth rode.

XXVI.

But scantly had he spurr'd his Courser swift
 Near to the Plain, where proud *Argantes* stay'd,
 When unawares his Eyes he chanc'd to lift,
 And on the Hill beheld the warlike Maid:
 As white as Snow upon the *Alpine* Clift
 The Virgin shone, in silver Arms array'd;
 Her Ventral up so high, that he descry'd
 Her goodly Visage, and her Beauty's Pride.

XXVII.

He saw not where the *Pagan* stood and star'd,
 As if with Looks he would his Foe-man kill,
 But full of other Thoughts he forward far'd,
 And sent his Looks before him up the Hill;
 His Gesture such his troubled Soul declar'd:
 At last, as marble Rock he standeth still,
 Stone-cold without, within burnt with Love's Flame,
 And quite forgot himself, and why he came.

XXVIII,

XXVIII.

The Challenger, who yet saw none appear,
 That made or Sign or Shew he came to *just*,
 How long, cry'd he, shall I attend you here ?
 Dares none come forth ? dares none his Fortune trust ?
 The other stood amaz'd, Love stopt his Ear,
 He thinks on *Cupid*, think on *Mars* who lust ;
 But forth starts *Otho* bold, and took the Field,
 A gentle Knight, whom God from Danger shield.

XXIX.

This Youth was one of those, who late desir'd
 With that vain-glorious Boaster to have fought ;
 But, *Tancred* chosen, he and all retir'd ;
 Yet to the Field the valiant Prince they brought :
 Now when his Slackness he a while admir'd,
 And saw, elsewhere imployed was his Thought,
 Nor that to *just*, (though chosen) once he proffer'd,
 He boldly took the fit Occasion offer'd.

XXX.

No Tiger, Panther, spotted Leopard
 Runs half so swift the Forest wild among,
 As this young Champion hasted thitherward,
 Where he attending saw the *Pagan* strong :
Tancredi started with the Noise he heard,
 As wak'd from Sleep, where he had dreamed long ;
 Oh stay, he cry'd——to me belongs this War ;
 But cry'd too late, *Otho* was gone too far.

XXXI.

Then full of Fury, Anger, and Despite,
 He staid his Horse, and waxed red for Shame ;
 The Fight was his ; but now disgraced quite
 Himself he thought ; another play'd his Game :
 Meanwhile the *Saracen* did hugely smite
 On *Otho's* Helm, who, to requite the same,
 His Foe quite thro' his sev'nfold Targe did bear,
 And in his Breast-plate stuck and broke his Spear.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Th' Incounter such, upon the tender Grass
 Down from his Steed the *Christian* backward fell ;
 Yet his proud Foe so strong and sturdy was,
 That he nor shook, nor stagger'd in his Sell ;
 But to the Knight, that lay full low, alas !
 In high Disdain his Will thus 'gan he tell ;
 Yield thee my Slave, and this thine Honor be——
 Thou may'st report, thou hast incounter'd me.

XXXIII.

Not so, quoth he ; pardie 'tis not the Guise
 Of *Christian* Knights, tho' fall'n, so soon to yield ;
 I can my Fall excuse in better Wife,
 And will revenge this Shame, or dye in Field :
 The great *Circassian* bent his frowning Eyes,
 Like that grim Visage in *Minerva's* Shield ;
 Then learn, quoth he, what Force *Argantes* uses
 Against that Fool, who proffer'd Grace refuses.

XXXIV.

With that he spurr'd his Horse with Speed and Haste,
 Forgetting what good Knights to Virtue owe ;
Otho his Fury shunn'd, and, as he past,
 At his right Side he reach'd a noble Blow :
 Wide was the Wound, the Blood out-streamed fast,
 And from his Side fell to his Stirrup low :
 But what avails to hurt, if Wounds augment
 Our Foes fierce Courage, Strength, and Hardiment ?

XXXV.

Argantes nimbly turn'd his ready Steed,
 And ere his Foe was wist, or well aware,
 Against his Side he drove his Courser's Head ;
 What Force could *Otho* 'gainst such Might prepare ?
 Weak were his feeble Joints, his Courage dead,
 His Heart amaz'd, his Paleness shew'd his Care ;
 His tender Side 'gainst the hard Earth he cast,
 Sham'd with the first Fall, bruised with the last,

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

The Victor spurr'd again his light-foot Steed,
And made his Passage over *Otho's* Heart,
And cry'd, these Fools thus under Foot I tread,
That dare contend with me in equal *Mart* :
Tancred for Anger shook his noble Head,
So was he griev'd with that unknightly Part ;
The Fault was his, he was so slow before,
With double Valour would he fave that Sore.

XXXVII.

Forward he gallop'd fast, and loudly cry'd,
Villain, thy boasted Conquest is thy Shame ;
What Praise, what Honor, shall this Fact betide ?
What Gain, what Guerdon, shall befall the same ?
Among th' *Arabian* Thieves thy Face go hide,
Far from Resort of Men of Worth and Fame ;
Or else in Woods and Mountains wild, by Night
On savage Beasts imploy thy savage Might.

XXXVIII.

The *Pagan* Patience never knew, nor us'd ;
Trembling for Ire his sandy Locks he tore :
Out from his Lips flew such a Sound confus'd,
As Lions make, in Deserts thick which roar ;
Or, as when Clouds, together crush'd and bruis'd,
Pour down a Tempest on the *Caspian* Shore,
So was his Speech imperfect, stopt and broken ;
He roar'd and thunder'd, when he should have spoken.

XXXIX.

But, when with Threats they both had whetted keen
Their eager Rage, their Fury, Spite and Ire,
They turn'd their Steeds, and left large Space between
To make their Forces greater, 'proaching nigh'r.
With Terms, that Warlike and that worthy been,
O sacred *Muse*, my haughty Thoughts inspire,
And make a Trumpet of my slender Quill
To thunder out this furious Combat shrill.

XL.

These Sons of *Mauers* bore, instead of Spears,
Two knotty Mafts, which none but they could lift;
Each foaming Steed fo fast his Mafter bears,
That never Beast, Bird, Shaft flew half fo swift:
Such was their Fury, as when *Boreas* tears
The fhatrer'd Craggs from *Taurus'* Northern Clift;
Upon their Helms their Lances long they broke,
And up to Heav'n flew Splinters, Sparks, and Smoke.

XLI.

The Shock made all the Tow'rs and Turrets quake,
And neighb'ring Woods and Mountains all rebound;
Yet could not all that Force and Fury shake
The valiant Champions, nor their Persons wound:
Together hurtled both their Steeds, and brake
Each other's Neck; the Riders lay on Ground;
But they, great Mafters of War's dreadful Art,
Pluck'd forth their Swords, and soon from Earth up-start.

XLII.

Clofe at his sureft Ward each Warrior lies,
And wifely guides his Hand, his Foot, his Eye;
This Blow he proveth, that Defense he tries,
He traverses, retireth, preffeth nigh;
Now ftrikes he out, and now he falstifies;
This Blow he wardeth, that he lets flip by;
And for Advantage oft he lets some Part
Discover'd feem; thus Art deludeth Art.

XLIII.

The *Pagan* ill defens'd with Sword or Targe
Tancredi's Thigh, as he fuppos'd, efpy'd,
And 'gainft it reaching forth his Weapon large,
Quite naked to his Foe leaves his left Side:
Tancred avoideth quick his furious Charge,
And gave him eke a Wound deep, fore and wide;
That done, himfelf fafe to his Ward retir'd,
His Courage prais'd by all, his Skill admir'd.

XLIV.

XLIV.

The proud *Circassian* saw his streaming Blood
 Down from his Wound, as from a Fountain, running;
 He sigh'd for Rage, and trembled as he stood;
 He blam'd his Fortune, Folly, Want of Cunning;
 He lift his Sword aloft, for Ire nigh wood,
 And forward rush'd: *Tancred*, his Fury shunning,
 With a sharp Thrust once more the *Pagan* hit,
 To his broad Shoulder where his Arm was knit.

XLV.

Like as a Bear, through-pierced with a Dart,
 Within the secret Woods no further flies,
 But bites the senseless Weapon, mad with Smart,
 Seeking Revenge, 'till unreveng'd she dies;
 So mad *Argantes* far'd, when his proud Heart
 Wound upon Wound, and Shame on Shame, espies;
 Desire of Vengeance so o'ercame his Senses,
 That he forgot all Dangers, all Defences:

XLVI.

Uniting Force extreme with endless Wrath,
 Supporting both with Youth, and Strength untir'd,
 His thund'ring Blows so fast about he lay'th,
 That Skies and Earth the flying Sparkles fir'd:
 His Foe to strike one Blow no Leisure hath;
 Scantly he breathed, though he oft desir'd;
 His warlike Skill and Cunning all was waste,
 Such was *Argantes'* Force, and such his Haste.

XLVII.

Long Time *Tancredi* had in vain attended,
 When this huge Storm should overblow and pass;
 Some Blows his mighty Target well defended,
 Some fell beside, and wounded deep the Grass:
 But when he saw the Tempest never ended,
 Nor that the *Painim's* Force ought weaker was,
 He high advanc'd his cutting Sword at length,
 And Rage to Rage oppos'd, and Strength to Strength.

S

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Wrath bore the Sway; both Art and Reason fail;
 Fury new Force and Courage new supplies;
 Their Armours forged were of Metal frail;
 On ev'ry Side a massy Cantel flies:
 The Earth was strewed all with Plate and Mail,
 On which their reeking Blood besprinkled lies;
 And at each Rush, and ev'ry Blow they smote,
 Thunder the Noise, the Sparks seem'd Lightning hot.

XLIX.

The *Pagan* People and the *Christians* gaz'd
 On this fierce Combat, wishing oft the End;
 'Twixt Hope and Fear they stood long Time amaz'd
 To see the Knights assail, and eke defend:
 Yet neither Sign they made, nor Noise they rais'd,
 But for the Issue of the Fight attend;
 And stood as still, as Life and Sense they wanted,
 Save that their Hearts within their Bosoms panted.

L.

Now were they tired both, and well nigh spent;
 Their Blows shew greater Will than Pow'r to wound:
 But Night her sable Daughter Darkness sent
 With friendly Shade to overspread the Ground;
 Two Heralds to the fighting Champions went
 To part the Fray, as Laws of Arms them bound;
Aridens, born in *France*, and wife *Pindore*,
 The Man that brought the Challenge proud before.

LI.

These Men their Scepters interpose between
 The doubtful Hazards of uncertain Fight;
 For such their Privilege hath ever been;
 The Law of Nations doth defend their Right:
Pindore began; stay, stay, ye Warriors keen,
 Equal your Honor, equal is your Might;
 Forbear this Combat, so we deem it best;
 Give Night her Due, and grant your Persons Rest.

LII.

LII.

Man goeth forth to Labor with the Sun,
 But with the Night all Creatures draw to Sleep;
 Nor yet of hidden Praise, in Darkness won,
 The valiant Heart of noble Knight takes Keep.
Argantes answer'd him : The Fight begun
 Now to forbear doth wound my Heart right deep ;
 Yet will I stay, so that this *Christian* swear,
 Before you both, again to meet me here.

LIII.

I swear, quoth *Tancred*, but swear thou likewise
 To make Return, thy Pris'ner eke with thee ;
 Else, for Atchievement of this Enterprife,
 None other Time, but this, expect of me.
 Thus sware they both : the Heralds both devise,
 What Time for this Exploit should fittest be ;
 And, for their Wounds of Rest and Cure had Need,
 To meet again the sixth Day was decreed.

LIV.

This Fight was deep imprinted in their Hearts,
 Who saw this bloody Fray to Ending brought ;
 An Horror great possess'd their weaker Parts,
 Which made them shrink, who on the Combat thought :
 Much Speech was of the Praise, and high Deserts
 Of those brave Champions, that so nobly fought ;
 But which for knightly Worth was most iprais'd,
 Of that was Doubt and Disputation rais'd.

LV.

All long to see them end this doubtfull Fray,
 And as they favour, so they wish Success ;
 These hope true Virtue shall obtain the Day,
 Those trust on Fury, Strength, and Hardiness :
 But on *Erminia* most this Burden lay,
 Whose Looks her Trouble and her Fear express ;
 For, on this dang'rous Combat's doubtfull End,
 Her Joy, her Comfort, Hope and Life depend :

LVI.

Her, the sole Daughter of that hapless King,
 Who of proud *Antioch* late wore the Crown,
 The *Christian* Soldiers to *Tancredi* bring,
 When they had sack'd and spoil'd that glorious Town;
 But he, in whom all Good and Virtue spring,
 The Virgin's Honor sav'd, and her Renown;
 And when her City, and her State was lost,
 Then was her Person lov'd and honour'd most.

LVII.

He serv'd her, honour'd her, and Freedom gave
 At Will to go both where and when she list;
 Her Gold and Jewels had he Care to save,
 And them restored all; she Nothing mis'd:
 She, that beheld his Youth and Person brave,
 When by this Deed his noble Mind she wist,
 Laid ope her Heart for *Cupid's* Shaft to hit,
 Who never Knots of Love more surely knit.

LVIII.

Her Person free, captived was her Heart,
 And Love the Keys did of that Prison bear;
 Prepar'd to go, it was a Death to part
 From that kind Lord, and from that Prison dear:
 But thou, O Honor, which esteemed art
 The chiefest Vesture noble Ladies wear,
 Inforcest her, against her Will, to wend
 To *Aladine*, her Mother's dearest Friend:

LIX.

At *Sion* was this Princess entertain'd
 By that old Tyrant, and her Mother dear,
 Whose Loss too soon the wofull Damsel plain'd;
 Her Grief was such, she liv'd not Half the Year:
 Yet Banishment, nor Loss of Friends constrain'd
 The hapless Maid her Passion to forbear;
 For though exceeding were her Woe and Grief,
 Of all her Sorrows yet her Love was chief.

LX.

LX.

The feely Maid in secret Longing pin'd;
 Her Hope a Mote drawn up by *Phæbus*' Rays,
 Her Love a Mountain seem'd, whereon bright shin'd
 Fresh Memory of *Tancred*'s Worth and Praise:
 Within her Closet if herself she shrin'd,
 A hotter Fire her tender Heart assays;
Tancred at last to raise her Hope nigh dead
 Before those Walls did his broad Ensign spread.

LXI.

The rest to view the *Christian* Army fear'd;
 Such seem'd their Number, such their Pow'r and Might;
 But she alone her troubled Forehead clear'd,
 And on them spread her Beauty shining bright:
 In ev'ry Squadron, when it first appear'd,
 Her curious Eye sought out her chosen Knight;
 And ev'ry Gallant, that the rest excells,
 The same seems him——so Love, and Fancy tells.

LXII.

Within the kingly Palace, builded high
 A Turret standeth near the City's Wall,
 From which *Erminia* might at Ease descry
 The *Western* Host, the Plains and Mountains all;
 And there she stood the live-long Day to spy,
 From *Phæbus*' Rising to his Ev'ning Fall;
 And with her Thoughts disputed of his Praise,
 And ev'ry Thought a scalding Sigh did raise.

LXIII.

From hence the furious Combat she survey'd,
 And trembled at her Heart with Fear and Pain;
 Her secret Thoughts thus to her Fancy said;
 Behold thy Lord in Danger to be slain:
 So with Suspect, with Fear and Grief dismay'd,
 Attended she *Tancredi*'s Loss or Gain;
 And ever when the *Pagan* lift his Blade,
 The Stroke a Wound in her weak Bosom made.

LXIV.

LXIV.

But when she saw the End, and wist withall,
 Again their fierce Incounter should begin,
 Amazement strange her Courage did appall;
 Her vital Blood was icy-cold within:
 Sometimes she sigh'd, sometimes Tears let fall,
 To witness what Distress her Heart was in;
 Hopeless, dismay'd, pale, sad, astonished,
 Her Love her Fear, her Fear her Torment bred.

LXV.

Her idle Brain unto her Soul presented
 Death in an hundred ugly Fashions painted;
 And if she slept, then was her Grief augmented;
 With such sad Visions were her Thoughts acquainted:
 She saw her Lord with Wounds and Hurts tormented,
 How he complain'd, call'd for her Help, and fainted;
 And found, awak'd from that unquiet Sleeping,
 Her Heart with panting sore, Eyes red with weeping.

LXVI.

Yet these Prefages of his coming Ill
 Not greatest Cause of her Discomfort were;
 She saw his Blood from his deep Wounds distill,
 Nor what he suffer'd could she bide or bear:
 Besides, Report her longing Ear did fill,
 Doubling his Danger, doubling so her Fear,
 That she concludes (so was her Courage lost)
 Her wounded Lord was weak, faint, dead almost.

LXVII.

And, for her Mother had her taught before
 The secret Virtue of each Herb that springs,
 Besides fit Charms for ev'ry Wound or Sore,
 Corruption breedeth, or Misfortune brings,
 (An Art esteemed in those Times of Yore
 Befeeeming Daughters of great Lords and Kings)
 She would herself be Surgeon to her Knight,
 And heal him with her Skill, or with her Sight.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

Thus would she cure her Love, and cure her Foe
She must, that had her Friends and Kinsfolk slain :
Some curst Weeds her cunning Hand did know,
That could augment his Harm, increase his Pain;
But she abhorr'd to be revenged so ;
No Treason should her spotless Person stain ;
And virtuelss she wish'd all Herbs and Charms,
Wherewith false Men increase their Patients Harms.

LXIX.

Nor feared she among the Bands to stray
Of armed Men, for often had she seen
The tragic End of many a bloody Fray ;
Her Life had full of Haps and Hazards been ;
This made her bold in ev'ry hard Assay,
More than her feeble Sex became, I ween ;
She feared not the Shake of ev'ry Reed ;
So Cowards are courageous made through Need.

LXX.

Love fearless, hardy, and audacious Love
Imbolden'd had this tender Damsel so,
That where wild Beasts and Serpents glide and move,
Through *Afric's* Deserts durst she ride or go,
Save, that her Honor, she esteem'd above
Her Life and Body's Safety, told her no ;
For, in the Secret of her troubled Thought,
A doubtfull Combat Love and Honor fought.

LXXI.

O spotless Virgin, (Honor thus begun)
That my true Lore observed firmly fast,
When with thy Foes thou did'st in Bondage wun,
Remember then, I kept thee pure and chaste ;
At Liberty, now whither would'st thou run
To lay that Field of princely Virtue waste,
Or lose that Jewel, Ladies hold so dear ?
Is Maidenhood so great a Load to bear ?

LXXII.

LXXII.

Or deem'st thou it a Praise of little Prize
 The glorious Title of a Virgin's Name,
 That thou wilt gad by Night in Giglet-wise
 Amid thine armed Foes to seek thy Shame?
 O Fool! a Woman conquers when she flies;
 Refusal kindleth, Proffers quench the Flame;
 Thy Lord will judge thou sinnest beyond Measure,
 If vainly thus thou waste so rich a Treasure.

LXXIII.

The fly Deceiver *Cupid* thus beguil'd
 The simple Damsel with his filed Tongue;
 Thou wert not born, quoth he, in Desert wild,
 The cruel Bears and savage Beasts among,
 That thou should'st scorn fair *Citharea's* Child,
 Or hate those Pleasures, that to Youth belong;
 Nor did the Gods thy Heart of Iron frame;
 To be in Love is neither Sin nor Shame.

LXXIV.

Go then, go whither sweet Desire invites;
 How can thy gentle Knight so cruel be?
 Love in his Heart thy Grief and Sorrow writes;
 For thy Laments how he complaineth, see:
 O cruel Woman, whom no Care excites
 To save his Life, who sav'd and honour'd thee!
 He languisheth; one Foot thou wilt not move
 To succour him, yet say'st thou art in Love.

LXXV.

No, no, stay here *Argantes'* Wounds to cure,
 And make him strong to shed thy Darling's Blood;
 Of such Rewards he may himself assure,
 That doth a thankless Woman so much Good:
 Ah may it be, thy Patience can indure
 To see the Strength of this *Circassian* wood,
 And not with Horror and Amazement shrink,
 When on their future Fight thou hap'st to think.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Besides the Thanks and Praises for the Deed,
 Suppose what Joy, what Comfort shalt thou win,
 When thy soft Hand doth healing Plasters spread
 Upon the Breaches in his iv'ry Skin :
 Thence to thy valiant Lord may Health succeed,
 Strength to his Limbs, and Blood his Cheeks within ;
 And his rare Beauties, now half-dead and more,
 Thou may'st to him, him to thyself restore :

LXXVII.

So shall some Part of his Adventures bold,
 And valiant Acts, henceforth be held as thine ;
 His dear Imbracements shall thee strait infold,
 Together join'd in Marriage Rites divine :
 Lastly high Place of Honor shalt thou hold
 Among the Matrons sage, and Dames *Latine* /
 In *Italy*, a Land, as each one tells,
 Where Valour true, and true Religion dwells.

LXXVIII.

With such vain Hopes the silly Maid abus'd
 Promis'd herself Mountains and Hills of Gold ;
 Yet were her Thoughts with Doubts and Fears confus'd,
 How to escape unseen out of that Hold,
 Because the Watchmen ev'ry Minute us'd
 To guard the Wall against the *Christians* bold ;
 And in such Fury, and such Heat of War,
 The Gates or seld or never open'd are.

LXXIX.

With strong *Clorinda* was *Erminia* sweet
 In surest Links of dearest Friendship bound ;
 With her she us'd the rising Sun to greet,
 And her, when *Phæbus* glided under Ground,
 She made the lovely Part'ner of her Sheet ;
 In both their Hearts one Will, one Thought was found ;
 Nor ought she hid from that Virago bold,
 Except her Love — that Tale to none she told ;

T

LXXX.

LXXX.

That kept the secret : If *Clorinda* heard
 Her make Complaints, or secretly lament,
 To other Cause her Sorrow she referr'd ;
 Matter enough she had of Discontent :
 Like as the Bird, that having close imbarr'd
 Her tender young ones in the springing Bent,
 To draw the Searcher further from the Nest
 Cries and complains most, where she needeth least.

LXXXI.

Alone, within her Chamber's secret Part,
 Sitting one Day, and in her heavy Thought
 Devising by what Means, what Sleight, what Art,
 Her close Departure should be safest wrought,
 Assembled in her unresolved Heart
 An hundred Passions strove, and ceaseless fought ;
 At last she saw high hanging on the Wall
Clorinda's silver Arms, and sigh'd withall ;

LXXXII.

And sighing softly to herself she said.
 How blessed is this Virgin in her Might !
 How envy I the Glory of the Maid !
 Yet envy not her Shape, or Beauty's Light :
 Her Steps are not with trailing Garments staid,
 Nor Chambers hide her Valour, shining bright ;
 But arm'd she rides, and breaketh Sword and Spear,
 Nor is her Strength restrain'd by Shame or Fear.

LXXXIII.

Alas ! why did not Heav'n these Members frail
 With lively Force and Vigor strengthen so,
 That I this silken Gown and slender Vail
 Might for a Breast-plate and a Helm forego ?
 Then should not Heat, nor Cold, nor Rain, nor Hail,
 Nor Storms that fall, nor blust'ring Winds that blow
 Withhold me, but I would both Day and Night
 In pitched Field, or private Combat, fight :

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Nor haddest thou, *Argantes*, first begun
 With my lov'd Lord that fierce and cruel Fight,
 But I to that Incounter would have run,
 And haply ta'en him Captive by my Might:
 Yet should he find, our furious Combat done,
 His Thralldom easie, and his Bondage light;
 For Fetters my Imbracements should he prove,
 For Diet Kisses sweet, for Keeper Love.

LXXXV.

Or else, my tender Bosom open'd wide,
 And Heart through-pierced with his cruel Blade,
 The bloody Weapon in my wounded Side
 Might Cure the Wound, which Love before had made:
 Then should my Soul in Rest and Quiet slide
 Down to the Vallies of th' *Elysian* Shade;
 And my Mishap the Knight perchance would move
 To shed some Tears upon his murder'd Love.

LXXXVI.

Alas! impossible are all these Things;
 Such Wishes vain afflict my wofull Sprite:
 Why yield I thus to Complaints and Sorrowings,
 As if all Hope and Help were perish'd quite?
 My Heart dares much, it soars with *Cupid's* Wings;
 Why use I not for once these Armours bright?
 I may sustain a while this Shield aloft,
 Though I be tender, feeble, weak and soft.

LXXXVII.

Love strong, bold, mighty, never-tired Love
 Supplieth Force to all his Servants true;
 The fearfull Stags he doth to Battle move,
 'Till each his Horns in other's Blood imbrue:
 Yet mean not I the Haps of War to prove;
 A Statagem I have devised new;
Clorinda-like, in this fair Harness dight,
 I will escape out of the Town this Night.

LXXXVIII.

I know, the Men that have the Gate to ward,
 If she command, dare not her Will deny ;
 In what Sort else could I beguile the Guard ?
 This Way is only left ; this will I try :
 O gentle Love, in this Adventure hard
 Thine Handmaid guide, assist, and fortify :
 The Time, the Hour now fitteth best the Thing,
 While stout *Clorinda* talketh with the King.

LXXXIX.

Resolved thus without Delay she went,
 As her strong Passion did her rashly guide ;
 And those bright Arms, down from the Raster hent,
 Within her Closet did she closely hide :
 That might she do unseen, for she had sent
 The rest on sleeveless Errands from her Side ;
 And Night her Stealths brought to their wished End,
 Night Patroness of Thieves, and Lovers Friend.

XC.

Some sparkling Fires on Heav'n's bright Visage shone,
 His azure Robe the orient Blueness lost,
 When she, whose Wit and Reason both were gone,
 Call'd for a Squire she lov'd and trusted most ;
 To whom and to a Maid (a faithfull one)
 Part of her Will she told——how that in Post
 She would depart from *Juda's* King ; and feign'd,
 That other Cause her sudden Flight constrain'd.

XCI.

The trusty Squire provided Needments meet,
 As for their Journey fitting most should be ;
 Meanwhile her Vesture pendent to her Feet
Erminia doft, as erst determin'd she ;
 Stript to her Petticoat the Virgin sweet
 So slender was, that Wonder 'twas to see ;
 Her Handmaid, ready at her Mistress' Will,
 To arm her help'd, though simple were her Skill.

XCII.

XCII.

The rugged Steel oppress'd and offended
 Her dainty Neck, and Locks of shining Gold ;
 Her tender Arm so feeble was, it bended,
 When that huge Target it presum'd to hold :
 The burnish'd Steel bright Rays far off extended ;
 She feigned Courage, and appeared bold ;
 Fast by her Side unseen smil'd *Venus'* Son,
 As erst he laugh'd, when *Alcides* spun.

XCIII.

Oh, with what Labor did her Shoulders bear
 That heavy Burden, and how slow she went !
 Her Maid, to see that all the Coasts were clear,
 Before her Mistress through the Streets was sent :
 Love gave her Courage, Love exil'd Fear ;
 Love to her tired Limbs new Vigor lent,
 'Till she approach'd where her Squire abode ;
 There took they Horse forthwith, and forward rode.

XCIV.

Disguis'd they went, and by unused Ways
 And secret Paths they strove unseen to gone,
 Untill the Watch they meet, which fore affrays
 These Soldiers new, when Swords and Weapons shone ;
 Yet none to stop their Journey once assays,
 But Place and Passage yielded ev'ry one ;
 For that bright Armour and that Helmet bright
 Were known and feared in the darkest Night.

XCV.

Erminia, though some deal she were dismay'd,
 Yet went she on, and goodly Count'nance bore ;
 She doubted lest her Purpose were betray'd ;
 Her too much Boldness she repented fore :
 But now the Gate her Fear and Passage staid ;
 The heedless Porter she beguil'd therefore ;
 I am *Clorinda*, ope the Gate, she cry'd,
 Where, as the King commands, thus late I ride.

XCVI.

XCVI.

Her Woman's Voice and Terms all framed been,
 Most like the Speeches of the Princess stout ;
 Who would have thought on Horseback to have seen
 That feeble Damsel armed round about ?
 The Porter her obey'd, and she (between
 Her trusty Squire and Maiden) sally'd out ;
 And through the secret Dales they silent pass,
 Where Danger least, least Fear, least Peril was.

XCVII.

But, when these fair Advent'ers enter'd were
 Deep in a Vale, *Erminia* staid her Haste ;
 To be recall'd she had no Cause to fear,
 This formost Hazard had she trimly past ;
 But Dangers new, tofore unseen, appear,
 New Perils she descry'd, new Doubts she cast :
 The Way, that her Desire to Quiet brought,
 More difficult now seem'd, than erst she thought.

XCVIII.

Armed to ride among her angry Foes
 She now perceiv'd it were great Oversight ;
 Yet would she not, she thought, herself disclose,
 Untill she came before her chosen Knight :
 To him she purpos'd to present the Rose
 Pure, spotless, clean, untouch'd of mortal Wight ;
 She stay'd therefore, and in her Thoughts more wise
 She call'd her Squire, whom thus she 'gan advise.

XCIX.

Thou must, quoth she, be my Ambassador ;
 Be wise, be careful, true and diligent ;
 Go to the Camp, present thyself before
 The Prince *Tancredi*, wounded in his Tent :
 Tell him, thy Mistress comes to cure his Sore,
 If he to grant her Peace and Rest consent,
 'Gainst whom fierce Love such cruel War hath rais'd ;
 So shall his Wounds be cur'd, her Torments eas'd.

C. And

C.

And say, in him such Hope and Trust she hath,
That in his Pow'r she fears no Shame nor Scorn :
Tell him thus much ; and, whatsoe'er he saith,
Unfold no more, but make a quick Return :
I (for this Place is free from Harm and Scathe)
Within this Valley will meanwhile sojourn.

Thus spake the Princess : and her Servant true
To execute the Charge imposed flew.

CI.

Receiv'd he was (he so discreetly wrought)
First of the Watch, that guarded in their Place ;
Before the wounded Prince then was he brought,
Who heard his Message kind with gentle Grace ;
Which told, he left him tossing in his Thought
A thousand Doubts, and turn'd his speedy Pace
To bring his Lady and his Mistress Word,
She might be welcome to that courteous Lord.

CII.

But she impatient, to whose fond Desire
Grievous and harmful seem'd each little Stay,
Recounts his Steps, and thinks—— now draws he nigh'r,
Now enters in, now speaks, now comes his Way ;
And that which griev'd her most, the carefull Squire
Lefs speedy seem'd than e'er before that Day :
Lastly she forward rode with Love to guide,
Untill the *Christian* Tents at Hand she spy'd.

CIII.

Invested in her starry Vail, the Night
In her kind Arms imbraced all this Round ;
The silver Moon, from Sea up-rising bright,
Spread frosty Pearl upon the candid Ground ;
And, *Cynthia*-like for Beauty's glorious Light,
The love-sick Nymph threw glist'ring Beams around,
And Councillors of her old Love she made
Those Vallies dumb, that Silence, and that Shade.

CIV.

CIV.

Beholding then the Camp, quoth she ; O fair
 And castle-like Pavilions, richly wrought,
 From you how sweet, methinketh, blows the Air !
 How comforts it my Heart, my Soul, my Thought !
 Through Heav'n's fair Grace from Gulph of sad Despair
 My tossed Bark to Port well-nigh is brought :
 In you I seek Redrefs for all my Harms,
 Rest mid'st your Weapons, Peace amongst your Arms.

CV.

Receive me then, and let me Mercy find,
 As gentle Love assureth me I shall ;
 Among you had I Entertainment kind,
 When first I was the Prince *Tancredi's* Thrall :
 I covet not (led by Ambition blind)
 You should me in my Father's Throne install ;
 Might I but serve you in my Lord so dear,
 That my Content, my Joy, my Comfort were.

CVI.

Thus parled she, poor Soul, and never fear'd
 The sudden Blow of Fortune's cruel Spite :
 She stood, where *Phæbe's* splendent Beam appear'd
 Upon her silver Armour doubly bright ;
 The Place about her round the Shining clear'd
 Of that pure White, wherein the Nymph was dight ;
 The Tygrefs great, that on her Helmet laid,
 Bore Witness, where she went, and where she stay'd.

CVII.

So as her Fortune would, a *Christian* Band
 Their secret Ambush there had closely fram'd,
 Led by two Brothers of *Italia* Land,
 Young *Poliphern* and *Alicandro* nam'd :
 These with their Forces watched to withstand
 Those that brought Victuals to their Foes untam'd,
 And kept that Passage ; them *Erminia* spy'd,
 And fled as fast, as she her Steed could ride.

CVIII.

CVIII.

But *Poliphern*, before whose wat'ry Eyes
His aged Father strong *Clorinda* flew,
When that bright Shield and silver Helm he spies,
The Champions he thought he saw and knew ;
Upon his hidden Mates for Aid he cries
'Gainst his supposed Foe, and forth he flew ;
As he was rash and heedless in his Wrath,
Bending his Lance, now thou art dead, he saith.

CIX.

As when a chaced Hind her Course doth bend
To seek by *Soil* to find some Ease or Good,
Whether from craggy Rocks the Spring descend,
Or softly glide within the shady Wood,
If there the Dogs she meet, where late she wend
To comfort her weak Limbs in cooling Flood,
Again she flies, swift as she fled at first,
Forgetting Weakness, Weariness, and Thirst ;

CX.

So she, who thought to rest her weary Sprite,
And quench the endless Thirst of ardent Love
With dear Imbracements of her Lord and Knight,
(But such as Marriage Rites should first approve)
When she beheld her Foe, with Weapon bright
Threat'ning her Death, his hasty Courser move,
Her Love, her Lord, herself abandoned ;
She spurr'd her speedy Steed, and swift she fled :

CXI.

Erminia fled ; and scant the tender Grass
Her *Pegasus* with his light Footsteps bent :
Her Maiden's Beast with Speed did likewise pass ;
Yet diverse Ways (such was their Fear) they went :
The Squire, who all too late return'd alas
With tardy News from Prince *Tancredi's* Tent,
Fled likewise, when he saw his Mistress gone ;
It bootéd not to sojourn there alone.

U

CXII.

CXII.

But *Alicandro*, wiser than the rest,
 Who this suppos'd *Clorinda* saw likewise,
 The Maid to follow yet was nothing prest,
 But in his Ambush still and close he lies :
 A Messenger to *Godfrey* he address,
 That should him of this Accident advise,
 How that his Brother chac'd, with naked Blade,
Clorinda's Self, or else *Clorinda's* Shade :

CXIII.

Yet, that it was, or that it could be she,
 He had small Cause or Reason to suppose ;
 Occasion great and weighty must it be,
 Should make her ride by Night among her Foes :
 What *Godfrey* willed, that observed he,
 And with his Soldiers lay in Ambush close :
 These News through all the *Christian* Army went,
 In ev'ry Cabbin talk'd, and ev'ry Tent.

CXIV.

Tancred, whose Thoughts the Squire had fill'd with Doubt
 By his sweet Words, suppos'd (now hearing this)
 Alas! the Virgin came to seek me out,
 And for my Sake her Life in Danger is :
 Himself forthwith he fingles from the Rout,
 And rides in Haste, though Half his Arms he mis ;
 Among those sandy Fields, and Valleys green,
 To seek his Love he gallops fast unseen.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K VII.

I.

ERMINIA's Steed this While his Mistress bore
Through Forests thick among the shady Treen ;
Her feeble Hand the Bridle Reins forlore ;
Half in a Swoon she was, for Fear I ween :
But her flit Courser spared ne'er the more
To bear her through the desert Woods, unseen
Of her strong Foes, that chac'd her through the Plain,
And still pursu'd, but still pursu'd in vain.

II.

Like as the weary Hounds at last retire,
Windless, displeased, from the fruitless Chace,
When the sly Beast, tapish'd in Bush or Brier,
No Art nor Pains can rouse out of his Place ;
So back returned full of Shame and Ire
The *Christian* Knights, with faint and weary Pace :
Yet still the fearfull Dame fled swift as Wind,
Nor ever stay'd, nor ever look'd behind.

III.

Through thick and thin all Night, all Day she driv'd,
Withouten Comfort, Company, or Guide :
Her Complaints and Tears with ev'ry Thought reviv'd ;
She heard and saw her Griefs, but Nought beside :
But when the *Sun* his burning Chariot div'd
In *Thetis*' Wave, and weary Team unty'd,
On *Jordan*'s sandy Banks her Course she staid
At last, there down she light, and there she laid.

IV.

Her Tears her Drink, her Food her Sorrowings ;
 This was her Diet that unhappy Night ;
 But Sleep, that sweet Repose and Quiet brings
 To ease the Griefs of discontented Wight,
 Spread forth his tender, soft, and nimble Wings,
 In his dull Arms folding the Virgin bright ;
 And *Love*, his Mother, and the *Graces* kept
 Strong Watch and Ward, while this fair Lady slept.

V.

The Birds awak'd her with their Morning Song ;
 Their warbling Music pierc'd her tender Ear ;
 The murmuring Brooks, and whistling Winds among
 The ratling Boughs and Leaves their Parts did bear :
 Her Eyes unclos'd beheld the Groves along,
 Of Swains and Shepherd Grooms that Dwellings were ;
 And that sweet Noise, Birds, Winds, and Waters sent,
 Provok'd again the Virgin to lament.

VI.

Her Complaints were interrupted with a Sound,
 That seem'd from thickest Bushes to proceed ;
 Some jolly Shepherd sung a lusty Round,
 And to his Voice had tun'd his oaten Reed :
 Thither she went ; an old Man there she found,
 (At whose right Hand his little Flock did feed)
 Set making Baskets his three Sons among,
 Who learn'd their Father's Art, and learn'd his Song.

VII.

Beholding one in shining Arms appear,
 The feely Man and his were sore dismay'd ;
 But sweet *Erminia* comforted their Fear,
 Her Ventral up, her Visage open laid ;
 You happy Folk, of Heav'n beloved dear,
 Work on, quoth she, upon your harmless Trade ;
 These dreadful Arms, I bear, no Warfare bring
 To your sweet Toil, nor those sweet Tunes you sing.

VIII.

VIII.

But, Father, since this Land, these Towns and Tow'ns
 Destroyed are with Sword, with Fire and Spoil,
 How may it be, unhurt that you and yours
 In Safety thus pursue your harmless Toil?
 My Son, quoth he, this poor Estate of ours
 Is ever safe from Storm of warlike Broil:
 This Wilderness doth us in Safety keep;
 No thund'ring Drum, no Trumpet breaks our Sleep.

IX.

Haply just Heav'n's Defense and Shield of Right
 Doth love the Innocence of simple Swains;
 The Thunderbolts on highest Mountains light,
 And feld or never strike the lower Plains:
 So Kings have Cause to fear *Bellona's* Might,
 Not they, whose Sweat, and Toil their Dinner gains;
 Nor ever greedy Soldier was intic'd
 By Poverty, neglected and despis'd.

X.

O Poverty, Chief of the heav'nly Brood,
 Dearer to me than Wealth or kingly Crown!
 No Wish for Honor, Thirst of others Good,
 Can move my Heart contented with my own:
 We quench our Thirst with Water of this Flood,
 Nor fear we Poison should therein be thrown;
 These little Flocks of Sheep and tender Goats
 Give Milk for Food, and Wool to make us Coats.

XI.

We little wish, we need but little Wealth
 From Cold and Hunger us to cloath and feed;
 These are my Sons, their Care preserves from Stealth
 Their Father's Flocks, nor Servants more I need:
 Amid these Groves I walk oft for my Health,
 And to the Fishes, Birds, and Beasts give Heed,
 How they are fed, in Forest, Spring, and Lake,
 And their Contentment for Example take.

XII.

XII.

Time was (for each one hath his doating Time,
 These silver Locks were golden Treffes then)
 That country Life I hated as a Crime,
 And from the Forest's sweet Contentment ran :
 To *Memphis*' stately Palace would I climb,
 And there became the mighty *Caliph*'s Man ;
 And though I but a simple Gard'ner were,
 Yet could I mark Abuses, see and hear :

XIII.

Inticed on with Hope of future Gain
 I suffer'd long what did my Soul displease ;
 But when my Youth was spent, my Hope was vain,
 I felt my native Strength at last decrease :
 I 'gan my Loss of lusty Years complain,
 And wish'd I had enjoy'd the Country's Peace :
 I bad the Court farewell, and with Content
 My later Age here have I quiet spent.

XIV.

While thus he spake, *Erminia* hush'd and still
 His wife Discourses heard with great Attention ;
 His Speeches grave those idle Fancies kill,
 Which in her troubled Soul bred such Dissention :
 After much Thought reformed was her Will ;
 Within those Woods to dwell was her Intention,
 'Till Fortune should Occasion new afford
 To turn her home to her desired Lord.

XV.

She said therefore ; O Shepherd fortunate,
 That Troubles some did'ft whilom feel and prove,
 Yet livest now in this contented State,
 Let my Mishap thy Thoughts to Pity move,
 To entertain me as a willing Mate
 In Shepherds Life, which I admire and love :
 Within these pleasant Groves perchance my Heart
 Of her Discomforts may unload some Part.

XVI.

XVI.

If Gold or Wealth, of most esteemed dear,
 If Jewels rich thou diddest hold in Prize,
 Such Store thereof, such Plenty have I here,
 As to a greedy Mind might well suffice.
 With that down trickled many a silver Tear ;
 Two crystal Streams fell from her wat'ry Eyes :
 Part of her sad Misfortunes then she told,
 And wept, and with her wept that Shepherd old.

XVII.

With Speeches kind he 'gan the Virgin fair
 Towards his Cottage gently home to guide ;
 His aged Wife there made her homely Chear,
 Yet welcom'd her, and plac'd her by her Side :
 The Princess donn'd a poor Pastora's Gear ;
 A Kerchief couste upon her Head she ty'd ;
 But yet her Gestures and her Looks, I guess,
 Were such, as ill beseem'd a Shepherdess.

XVIII.

Not those rude Garments could obscure and hide
 The heav'nly Beauty of her Angel's Face ;
 Nor was her princely Off-spring damnify'd,
 Or ought disparag'd by those Labors base :
 Her little Flocks to Pasture would she guide,
 And milk her Goats, and in their Folds them place :
 Both Cheese and Butter could she make, and frame
 Herself to please the Shepherd and his Dame.

XIX.

But oft, when underneath the green-wood Shade
 Her Flocks lay hid from *Phæbus'* scorching Rays,
 Unto her Knight she Songs and Sonnets made,
 And them engrav'd in Bark of Beech and Bays :
 She told, how *Cupid* did her first invade,
 How conquer'd her ; and ends with *Tancred's* Praise :
 And when her Passion written she o'er read,
 Again she mourn'd, again salt Tears she shed,

XX.

XX.

You happy Trees, for ever keep, quoth she,
 This wofull Story in your tender Rind !
 Another Day under your Shade, may be,
 Will come to rest again some Lover kind ;
 Who, if these Trophies of my Grievs he see,
 Shall feel sad Pity pierce his gentle Mind :
 With that she sigh'd, and said ; too late I prove,
 There is no Faith in Fortune, Trust in Love :

XXI.

Yet may it be, if gracious Heav'ns attend
 The earnest Suit of a distressed Wight,
 At my Intreat they will vouchsafe to send
 To these wild Deserts that unthankfull Knight,
 That when to Earth the Man his Eyes shall bend,
 And see my Grave, my Tomb, and Ashes light,
 My wofull Death his stubborn Heart may move
 With Tears and Sorrows to reward my Love :

XXII.

So though my Life hath most unhappy been,
 Yet shall at least my Spirit dead be blest'd ;
 My Ashes cold shall bury'd on this Green
 Enjoy that Good this Body ne'er possess'd.
 Thus she complain'd to the senseless Treen ;
 Floods in her Eyes, and Fires were in her Breast :
 But he, for whom these Streams of Tears she shed,
 Wander'd far off, alas ! as Chance him led :

XXIII.

He follow'd on the Footsteps he had trac'd,
 'Till in high Woods and Forests old he came,
 Where Bushes, Thorns, and Trees so thick were plac'd,
 And so obscure the Shadows of the same,
 That soon he lost the Track, wherein he pac'd,
 Yet still went on, which Way he could not aim ;
 But still attentive was his longing Ear
 The Noise of Horse, or Noise of Arms to hear.

XXIV.

XXIV.

If with the Breathing of the gentle Wind
 An Aspen Leaf but shak'd on the Tree,
 If Bird or Beast stirr'd in the Bushes blind,
 Thither he spurr'd, thither he rode to see :
 Out of the Wood, by *Cynthia's* Favor kind,
 At last, with Travel great and Pains got he ;
 And foll'wing on a little Path he heard
 A rumbling Sound, and hasted thitherward.

XXV.

It was a Fountain from the living Stone,
 That poured down clear Streams in noble Store,
 Whole Conduit-Pipes, united all in one,
 Throughout a rocky Channel gaffly roar :
 Here *Tancred* stay'd, and call'd ; yet answer'd none,
 Save babling *Echo* from the crooked Shore ;
 And there the weary Knight at last espies
 The springing Day-light from the *East* arise.

XXVI.

He sigh'd sore, and guiltless Heav'n 'gan blame,
 That wish'd Success to his Desires deny'd ;
 And sharp Revenge protested for the same,
 If Ought but Good his Mistress fair betide :
 Then wish'd he to return the Way he came,
 Although he wist not by what Path to ride ;
 And Time grew near, when he again must fight
 With proud *Argantes*, that vain-glorious Knight.

XXVII.

His stalworth Steed the Champion stout bestrode,
 And pricked fast to find the Way he lost ;
 But through a Valley as he musing rode,
 He saw a Man, that seem'd for Haste a Post ;
 His Horn was hung between his Shoulders broad,
 As is the Guise of such ; *Tancredi* cross'd
 His Way, and gently pray'd the Man to say,
 To *Godfrey's* Camp how he should find the Way.

X

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Sir (in th' *Italian* Language) answer'd he,
 I ride, where noble *Bæmond* hath me sent:
 The Prince thought this his Uncle's Man should be,
 And after him his Course with Speed he bent :
 A Fort'res stately built at last they see,
 'Bout which a muddy stinking Lake there went :
 There they arriv'd, when *Titan* went to rest
 His weary Limbs in Night's untroubled Nest.

XXIX.

The Courier gave the Fort a winding Blast ;
 The Draw-bridge was let down by them within :
 If thou a *Christian* be, quoth he, thou may'st,
 'Till *Phæbus* shine again, here take thine Inn :
 The County of *Cosenza*, three Days past,
 This Castle from the *Turks* did nobly win.
 The Prince beheld the Place, which Site and Art
 Impregnable had made on ev'ry Part.

XXX.

He fear'd, within a Pile so fortify'd,
 Some secret Treason, or Enchantment lay ;
 But had he known e'en there he should have dy'd,
 Yet would his Looks no Sign of Fear bewray ;
 For wheresoever Will or Chance did guide,
 His strong, victorious Hand still made him Way :
 Yet, for the Combat he must shortly make,
 No new Adventures list he undertake.

XXXI.

Before the Castle, in a Meadow plain,
 Beside the Bridge's End he stay'd and stood ;
 Nor was intreated by the Speeches vain
 Of his false Guide to pass beyond the Flood :
 Upon the Bridge appear'd a warlike Swain,
 From Top to Toe all clad in Armour good,
 Who, brandishing a broad and cutting Sword,
 Thus threaten'd Death with many an idle Word.

XXXII.

XXXII.

O thou, whom Chance or Will brings to the Soil,
 Where fair *Armida* doth the Scepter guide,
 Thou can'st not fly; of Arms thyself despoil,
 And let thy Hands with Iron Chains be ty'd:
 Enter, and rest thee from thy weary Toil;
 Within this Dungeon shalt thou safe abide:
 But never hope again to see the Day,
 Or that thy Hair for Age shall turn to Grey,

XXXIII.

Except thou swear her valiant Knights to aid
 Against those Traitors of the *Christian* Crew,
Tancred at this Discourse a little stay'd;
 The Arms, the Gesture, and the Voice he knew;
 It was *Rambaldo*, who for that false Maid
 Forsook his Country, and Religion true;
 And of that Fort Defender chief became,
 And those vile Customs stablish'd in the same.

XXXIV.

The Warrior answer'd, blushing red for Shame;
 Curst Apostate, and ungracious Wight,
 I am that *Tancred*, who defend the Name
 Of CHRIST, and have been aye His faithfull Knight:
 His rebel Foes can I subdue and tame,
 As thou shalt find, before we end this Fight;
 And thy false Heart, cleft with this vengefull Sword,
 Shall feel the Ire of thy forsaken LORD.

XXXV.

When that great Name *Rambaldo's* Ears did fill,
 He shook for Fear, and looked pale for Dread;
 Yet proudly said; *Tancred*, thy Hap was ill
 To wander hither, where thou'rt surely dead;
 Where nought can help thy Courage, Strength and Skill:
 To *Godfrey* will I send thy curst Head;
 That he may see, how for *Armida's* Sake
 Of him and of his CHRIST a Scorn I make.

XXXVI.

This said, the Day to sable Night was turn'd,
 That scant one could another's Arms descry ;
 But soon an hundred Lamps and Torches burn'd,
 That cleared all the Earth, and all the Sky :
 The Castle seem'd a Stage with Lights adorn'd,
 On which Men play some pompous Tragedy :
 Within a Terrass sat on high the Queen,
 And heard, and saw, and kept herself unseen.

XXXVII.

The noble Baron whet his Courage hot,
 And busk'd him boldly to the dreadfull Fight ;
 Upon his Horse long while he tarry'd not,
 Because on Foot he saw the *Pagan* Knight,
 Who underneath his trusty Shield was got ;
 His Sword was drawn, clos'd was his Helmet bright ;
 'Gainst whom the Prince march'd on a stately Pace,
 Wrath in his Voice, Rage in his Eyes and Face.

XXXVIII.

His Foe his furious Charge not well abiding
 Travers'd his Ground, and started here and there ;
 But he, though faint and weary both with riding,
 Yet follow'd fast, and still oppress'd him near ;
 And, on what Side he felt *Rambaldo* sliding,
 On that his Forces most employed were ;
 Now at his Helm, now at his Hawberk bright
 He thunder'd Blows, now at his Face and Sight.

XXXIX.

Against those Members Batt'ry chief he makes,
 Wherein Man's Life keeps chiefeft Residence :
 At his proud Threats the *Gascoign* Warrior quakes,
 And uncouth Fear appall'd ev'ry Sense :
 To nimble Shifts the Knight himself betakes,
 And skippeth here and there for his Defense :
 Now with his Targe, now with his trusty Blade,
 Against his Blows he good Resistance made.

XL.

XL.

Yet no such Quickness for Defense he us'd,
As did the Prince to work him Harm and Scathe ;
His Shield was cleft in twain, his Helmet bruis'd,
And in his Blood his other Arms did bathe :
On him he heaped Blows with Thrusts confus'd,
And more or less each Stroke annoy'd him hath ;
He fear'd, and in his troubled Bosom strove
Remorse of Conscience, Shame, Disdain and Love.

XLII.

At last so careless foul Despair him made,
He meant to prove his Fortune ill or good ;
His Shield cast down, he took his helpless Blade
In both his Hands, which yet had drawn no Blood,
And with such Force upon the Prince he laid,
That neither Plate nor Mail the Blow withstood ;
The wicked Steel seiz'd deep in his right Side,
And with his streaming Blood his Bases dy'd.

XLII.

Another Stroke he lent him on the Brow,
So great, that loudly rung the sounding Steel ;
Yet pierc'd he not the Helmet with the Blow,
Although the Owner twice or thrice did reel :
The Prince, whose Looks his 'dainful Anger show,
Now meant to use his Puissance ev'ry deal ;
He shak'd his Head, and crash'd his Teeth for Ire,
His Lips breath'd Wrath, Eyes sparkled shining Fire.

XLIII.

The *Pagan* Wretch no longer could sustain
The dreadful Terror of his fierce Aspect ;
Against the threaten'd Blow, he saw right plain,
No temper'd Armour could his Life protect :
He leap'd aside ; the Stroke fell down in vain
Against a Pillar near a Bridge erect ;
Thence flaming Fire, and thousand Sparks out-start,
And kill with Fear the *Pagan's* coward Heart.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Toward the Bridge the fearfull *Painim* fled,
 And in swift Flight his Hope of Life repos'd ;
 Himself fast after Lord *Tancredi* sped,
 And now in equal Pace almost they clos'd,
 When, all the burning Lamps extinguish'd,
 The shining Fort it's goodly Splendor los'd ;
 And all those Stars, on Heav'n's blue Face that shone,
 With *Cynthia's* Self dis'peared were and gone.

XLV.

Amid those Witchcrafts and that ugly Shade
 No further could the Prince pursue the Chace ;
 Nothing he saw, yet forward still he made
 With doubtfull Steps and ill-assured Pace :
 At last his Foot upon a Threshold trad,
 And, ere he wist, he enter'd had the Place ;
 With gastly Noise the Door-leaves shut behind,
 And clos'd him fast in Prison dark and blind :

XLVI.

As in the Seas in the *Comacbian* Bay
 A silly Fish, with Streams inclosed, strives
 To shun the Fury and avoid the Sway,
 Wherewith the Current in that Whirlpool drives ;
 Yet seeketh all in vain, and finds no Way
 Out of that wat'ry Prison, where she dives ;
 For with such Force there are the Tides in-brought,
 There enter all that will, thence issues Nought :

XLVII.

This Prison so intrapp'd that valiant Knight,
 Of which the Gate was fram'd by subtil Train
 To close without the Help of human Wight
 So sure, none could undo the Leaves again :
 Against the Doors he bended all his Might,
 But all his Forces were employ'd in vain ;
 At last a Voice 'gan to him loudly call ;
 Yield thee, quoth it——thou art *Armida's* Thrall.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Within this Dungeon bury'd shalt thou spend
The Res'due of thy wofull Days and Years.
The Champion list not more with Words contend,
But in his Heart kept close his Grievs and Fears :
He blamed Love, Chance 'gan he reprehend,
And 'gainst Inchantment huge Complaints he rears :
 It were small Loss (softly he thus begun)
 To lose the Brightness of the shining Sun ;

XLIX.

But I, alas ! the golden Beam forgo
Of my far brighter Sun ; nor can I say,
If these poor Eyes shall e'er be blessed so,
As once again to view that shining Ray :
Then thought he on his proud *Circassian* Foe,
And said, ah ! how shall I perform that Fray ?
 He, and the World with him, will *Tancred* blame ;
 This is my Grief, my Fault, my endless Shame.

L.

While those high Spirits of this Champion good
With Love and Honor's Care are thus oppress'd,
While he torments himself, *Argantes* wood
Wax'd weary of his Bed and of his Rest ;
Such Hate of Peace, and such Desire of Blood,
Such Thirst of Glory boiled in his Breast,
 That though he scant could stir or stand upright,
 Yet long'd he for th' appointed Day to fight.

LI.

The Night, which that expected Day forewent,
Scantly the *Pagan* clos'd his Eyes to sleep ;
He told how Night her Hours slow-sliding spent,
And rose, ere springing Day began to peep ;
He call'd for Armour, which incontinent
Was brought by him, that us'd the same to keep :
 That Harness rich old *Aladine* him gave ;
 A worthy Present for a Champion brave.

LII.

LII.

He donn'd them quick, nor long their Riches ey'd,
 Nor did he ought with so great Weight incline :
 His wonted Sword upon his Thigh he ty'd ;
 The Blade was old and tough, of Temper fine.
 As when a Comet, far and wide descry'd,
 In Scorn of *Phæbus* mid't bright Heav'n doth shine,
 And Tidings sad of Death and Mischief brings
 To mighty Lords, to Monarchs and to Kings :

LIII.

So shone the *Pagan* in bright Armour clad,
 And roll'd his Eyes, great swell'd with Ire and Blood ;
 His dreadful Gestures threaten'd Horror sad,
 And ugly Death upon his Forehead stood :
 Not one of all his Squires the Courage had
 T'approach their Master in his angry Mood ;
 Above his Head he shook his naked Blade,
 And 'gainst the subtil Air vain Battle made.

LIV.

That *Christian* Thief, quoth he, who was so bold
 To combat me in hard and single Fight,
 Shall wounded fall inglorious on the Mold,
 His Locks with Clods of Blood and Dust bedight ;
 And living shall with wat'ry Eyes behold,
 How from his Back I tear his Harnes bright ;
 Nor shall his dying Words me so intreat,
 But that I'll give his Flesh to Dogs for Meat.

LV.

Like as a Bull, when prick'd with Jealousy
 He spies the Rival of his hot Desire,
 Through all the Fields doth bellow, roar and cry,
 And with his thund'ring Voice augments his Ire,
 And threat'ning Battle to the empty Sky
 Tears with his Horn each Tree, Plant, Bush and Brier,
 And with his Foot casts up the Sand on Height,
 Defying his strong Foe to deadly Fight :

LVI.

LVI.

Such was the *Pagan's* Fury, such his Cry——
 An Herald call'd he then, and thus he spake:
 Go to the Camp, and in my Name defy
 The Man, that combats for his *Jesus's* Sake.
 This said, upon his Steed he mounted high,
 And with him did his noble Pris'ner take:
 The Town he thus forsook, and on the Green
 He ran, as mad or frantic he had been.

LVII.

A Bugle small he winded loud and shrill,
 That made resound the Fields and Valleys near;
 Louder, than Thunder from *Olympus's* Hill,
 Seemed that dreadfull Blast to all who hear:
 The *Christian* Lords of Prowess, Strength, and Skill,
 Within th' Imperial Tent assembled were;
 The Herald there in boasting Terms defy'd
Tancredi first, and all that durst beside.

LVIII.

With sober Chear *Godfredo* look'd about,
 And view'd at Leisure ev'ry Lord and Knight;
 But yet for all his Looks not one stepp'd out
 With Courage bold to undertake the Fight:
 Absent were all the *Christian* Champions stout;
 No News of *Tancred* since his secret Flight;
Bæmond far off; and banish'd from the Crew
 Was that strong Prince, who proud *Gernando* slew;

LIX.

And eke those Ten, who chosen were by Lot,
 And all the Worthies of the Camp beside
 After *Armida* false had follow'd hot,
 When Night was come their secret Flight to hide:
 The rest, their Hands and Hearts that trusted not,
 Blush'd for Shame, yet silent still abide;
 For none there was, that sought to purchase Fame
 In so great Peril; Fear exiled Shame.

Y

LX.

LX.

The angry *Duke* their Fear discover'd plain
 By their pale Looks and Silence from each Part ;
 And, as he moved was with just Disdain,
 These Words he said, and from his Seat upstart.
 Unworthy Life I judge that coward Swain,
 To hazard it e'en now that wants the Heart,
 When this vile *Pagan* with his impious Boast
 Dishonours and defies CHRIST's sacred Host :

LXI.

But let my Camp sit still in Peace and Rest,
 And my Life's Hazard at their Ease behold :
 Come, bring me here my fairest Arms and best !
 And they were brought, as soon as could be told ;
 But gentle *Raimond*, in his aged Breast
 Who had mature Advice and Council old,
 Than whom in all the Camp were none or few
 Of greater Might, before *Godfredo* drew,

LXII.

And gravely said — Ah, let it not betide
 On one Man's Hand to venture all this Host !
 No private Soldier thou, thou art our Guide ;
 If thou miscarry all our Hope were lost :
 By thee must *Babel* fall, and all her Pride ;
 Of our true Faith thou art the Prop and Post :
 Rule with thy Scepter, Conquer with thy Word ;
 Let others Combat make with Spear and Sword.

LXIII.

Let me this *Pagan*'s glorious Pride assuage ;
 These aged Arms can yet their Weapons use :
 Let others shun *Bellona*'s dreadfull Rage ;
 These silver Locks shall not *Raimondo* scuse :
 Oh, that I were in Prime of lusty Age,
 Like you, who this Adventure brave refuse,
 And dare not once lift up your coward Eyes
 'Gainst him, that you and CHRIST HIMSELF defies !

LXIV.

LXIV.

Or as I was, when all the Lords of Fame
And *German* Princes great stood by to view,
In *Conrad's* Court, the Second of that Name,
When *Leopold* in single Fight I slew :
A greater Praise I reaped by the same,
So strong a Foe in Combat to subdue,
Than he would do, who all alone should chace,
Or kill a Thousand of these *Pagans* base.

LXV.

Within these Arms had I that Strength again,
This boasting *Painim* had not liv'd 'till now ;
Yet in this Breast doth Courage still remain ;
For Age or Years these Members shall not bow :
And, if I be in this Incounter slain,
Scot-free *Argantes* shall not 'scape I vow :
Give me my Arms——this Battle shall with Praise
Augment my Honor, got in younger Days.

LXVI.

The jolly Baron old thus bravely spake ;
His Words were Spurs to Virtue ; ev'ry Knight,
That seem'd before to tremble and to quake,
Now talked bold ; Example hath such Might :
Each one the Battle fierce would undertake ;
Now strove they all, who should begin the Fight ;
Baldwin and *Roger* both would Combat fain,
Steph'n, *Guelpho*, *Gernier*, and the *Gerrards* twain ;

LXVII.

And *Pyrrhus*, who with Help of *Bæmond's* Sword
Proud *Antioch* by cunning Sleight opprest :
The Battle eke with many a lowly Word
Ralph, *Rosimond*, and *Eberard* request,
A *Scotch*, an *Irish*, and an *English* Lord,
Whose Lands the Sea divides far from the rest :
And for the Fight likewise did humbly sue
Edward and his *Gildippe*, Lovers true.

LXVIII.

But *Raimond* more than all the rest doth sue
 Upon that *Pagan* fierce to wreak his Ire ;
 Now wants he Nought of all his Armour due,
 Except his Helm, that shone like flaming Fire :
 To whom *Godfredo* thus ; O Mirror true
 Of antique Worth, thy Courage doth inspire
 New Strength in us ; of *Mars* in thee doth shine
 The Art, the Honor, and the Discipline.

LXIX.

If Ten like thee of Valour and of Age
 Among these Legions I could haply find,
 I should the Heat of *Babel's* Pride assuage,
 And spread our Faith from *Thule* unto *Inde* :
 But now I pray thee calm thy valiant Rage ;
 Reserve thy self, 'till greater Need us bind ;
 And let the rest each one write down his Name,
 And see, whom Fortune chuseth to this Game :

LXX.

Or rather see, whom God's high Judgment takes,
 To whom is Chance, and Fate, and Fortune Slave.
Raimond his earnest Suit not yet forfakes ;
 His Name writ with the Res'due would he have :
Godfrey himself in his bright Helmet shakes
 The Scrowls with Names of all the Champions brave ;
 They drew, and read the first whereon they hit,
 Wherein was *Raimond Earl of Tholouse* writ.

LXXI.

His Name with Joy and mighty Shouts they bless ;
 The rest allow his Choice, and Fortune praise :
 New Vigor blushing through those Looks of his,
 It seem'd he now resum'd his youthful Days ;
 Like to a Snake, whose Slough new changed is,
 That shines like Gold against the sunny Rays :
 But *Godfrey* most approv'd his Fortune high,
 And wish'd him Honor, Conquest, Victory.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Then from his Side he took his noble Brand,
And, giving it to *Raimond*, thus he spake ;
This is the Sword, wherewith in *Saxon* Land
The great *Rubello* Battle us'd to make ;
From him I took it, fighting Hand to Hand,
And with it took his Life ; and many a Lake
Of Blood it shed, since that victorious Day ;
With thee God grant it prove as happy may.

LXXIII.

Of these Delays mean while impatient,
Argantes threatens loud, and sternly cries ;
O glorious People of the *Occident*,
Behold him here, who all your Host defies :
Why comes not *Tancred*, whose great Hardiment
With you is pris'd so dear ? perchance he lies
Still on his Pillow, and presumes the Night
Again may shield him from my Pow'r and Might.

LXXIV.

Why then——some other come ; by Band and Band
Come all, come forth on Horseback, come on Foot,
If not one Man dares combat Hand to Hand
In all the Thousands of so great a Rout :
See where the Tomb of *Mary's* Son doth stand ;
March thither, Warriors bold ; what makes you doubt ?
Why thither haste ye not your Sins to weep ?
Or to what greater Need these Forces keep ?

LXXV.

Thus scorned by that Heathen *Saracen*
Were all the Soldiers of CHRIST's sacred Name :
Raimond (while others at his Words repine)
Burst forth in Rage ; he could not bear this Shame :
For Fire of Courage brighter far doth shine,
If Challenges and Threats augment the same ;
So that upon his Steed he mounted light,
Which *Aquilino* for his Swiftneſs hight.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

This Jennet was by *Tagus* bred ; for oft
 The Breeder of these Beasts to War assign'd,
 When first on Trees bourgeon the Blossoms soft,
 Prick'd forward with the Sting of fertil Kind,
 Against the Air casts up her Head aloft,
 And Seed so gathers from the fruitfull Wind ;
 And thus conceiving of the gentle Blast,
 (A Wonder strange and rare !) she foals at last.

LXXVII.

And had you seen the Beast, you would have said,
 The light and subtil Wind his Father was ;
 For if his Course upon the Sands he made,
 No Sign was left, what Way the Beast did pass :
 Or if he menag'd were, or if he play'd,
 He scantly bended down the tender Grass :
 Thus mounted rode the Earl, and as he went,
 Thus pray'd, his zealous Looks to Heav'n up-bent :

LXXVIII.

O LORD, who diddest save, keep and defend
 Thy Servant *David* from *Goliath's* Rage,
 And broughtest that huge Giant to his End,
 Slain by a faithfull Child of tender Age ;
 Like Grace, O LORD, like Mercy now extend ;
 Let me this vile blasphemous Pride assuage,
 That all the World may to thy Glory know,
 Old Men and Babes thy Foes can overthrow.

LXXIX.

Thus pray'd the *County* ; and his fervent Pray'r,
 His holy Zeal, his Godliness and Faith,
 Before the Throne of that great LORD appear,
 In whose sweet Grace is Life, Death in His Wrath :
 Among His Armies bright, and Legions clear,
 The LORD an Angel good selected hath,
 To whom the Charge was giv'n to guard the Knight,
 And keep him safe from that fierce *Pagan's* Might.

LXXX.

LXXX.

The Angel good, appointed for the Guard
 Of noble *Raimond* from his tender Eild,
 That kept him then, and kept him afterward,
 When Spear and Sword he able was to wield,
 Now, when his great CREATOR's Will he heard,
 That in this Fight he should him chiefly shield,
 Up to a Tow'r set on a Rock did fly,
 Where all the heav'nly Arms and Weapons lie.

LXXXI.

There stands the Lance, wherewith great *Michael* flew
 The aged *Dragon* in a bloody Fight :
 There are the dreadfull Thunders forged new,
 With Storms and Plagues, that on vile Sinners light :
 The massy Trident may'st thou pendent view,
 There on a golden Pin hung up on Height,
 Wherewith sometimes HE smites this solid Land,
 And throws down Towns and Tow'rs, thereon which stand.

LXXXII.

Among the blessed Armour there which stands,
 Upon a Diamond Shield his Looks he bended,
 So great, that it might cover all the Lands,
 'Twixt *Caucasus* and *Atlas* Hills extended ;
 With it the LORD's dear Flocks and faithfull Bands,
 The holy Kings, and Cities are defended ;
 The sacred Angel took this Target sheen,
 And by the *Christian* Champion stood unseen.

LXXXIII.

But now the Walls and Turrets round about
 Both young and old with many Thousands fill ;
 The King *Clorinda* sent with her brave Rout
 To keep the Field ; she stay'd upon the Hill :
Godfrey likewise some *Christian* Bands sent out,
 Which arm'd, and rank'd in good Array, stood still ;
 And to their Champions empty let remain,
 'Twixt either Troop, a large and spacious Plain.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Argantes looked for *Tancredi* bold,
 But saw an uncouth Foe at last appear ;
Raimond rode on, and what he ask'd him told ;
 Better thy Chance, that *Tancred* is elsewhere,
 Yet glory not of that, myself behold
 Am come prepar'd, and bid thee Battle here ;
 And in his Place, or for myself to fight,
 Lo here I am, who scorn thy *Heath'nish* Might.

LXXXV.

The *Pagan* cast a scornfull Smile, and said,
 But where is *Tancred* ? is he still in Bed ?
 His Looks late seem'd to make high Heav'n afraid ;
 But now he's dead thro' Fear, or basely fled :
 But were Earth's Center, or the deep Sea made
 His lurking Hole, it should not save his Head.
 Thou ly'st, he says, to say so brave a Knight
 Is fled from thee, who thee exceeds in Might.

LXXXVI.

I, said the angry *Pagan*, have not spilt
 My Labor then, if thou his Place supply ;
 Go take the Field, and see we how thou wilt
 Maintain thy foolish Words, and that brave Lye.
 Thus parled they : to meet in equal Tilt
 Each took his Aim at th' other's Helm on high ;
 E'en in the Sight his Foe good *Raimond* hit,
 But shak'd him not, he did so firmly sit.

LXXXVII.

The fierce *Circassian* missed of his Blow ;
 A Thing which seld befell the Man before :
 The Angel by unseen his Force did know,
 And far awry the poignant Weapon bore ;
 He burst his Lance against the Sand below,
 And bit his Lips for Rage, and curs'd and swore :
 Against his Foe return'd he swift as Wind,
 Half mad a second Match in Arms to find.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Like to a Ram, that butts with horned Head,
 So spurr'd he forth his Horse with desp'rate Race :
Raimond at his right Hand let slide his Steed,
 And, as he pass'd, struck at the *Pagan's* Face,
 Who turn'd again ; the brave Earl nothing dread,
 Yet stepp'd aside, and to his Rage gave Place ;
 And on his Helm with all his Strength 'gan smite,
 Which was so hard, his Courtlax could not bite.

LXXXIX.

The *Saracen* imploy'd his Art and Force
 To gripe his Foe within his mighty Arms ;
 But he avoided nimbly with his Horse ;
 He was no Prentice in those fierce Alarms :
 About him made he many a winding Course ;
 No Strength, no Sleight the subtil Warrior harms ;
 His nimble Steed obey'd his ready Hand,
 And where he stepp'd, no Print left in the Sand.

XC.

As when a Captain doth besiege some Hold,
 Set in a Marish, or on some high Hill,
 And trieth Ways and Wiles a thousand-fold
 To bring the Fort subjected to his Will ;
 So far'd the *County* with the *Pagan* bold ;
 And, when he did his Head and Breast no Ill,
 His weaker Parts he wisely 'gan assail,
 And Entrance searched oft 'twixt Mail and Mail.

XCI.

At last he hit him on a Place or twain,
 That on his Arms the red Blood trickled down,
 And yet himself untouched did remain ;
 No Nail was broke, no Plume cut from his Crown :
Argantes raging spent his Strength in vain ;
 Waste were his Strokes, his Thrusts were idly thrown ;
 Yet press'd he on, and doubled still his Blows,
 And, where he hits, he neither cares nor knows.

Z

XCII.

XCII.

Among a thousand Blows, the *Saracen*
 At last struck one, when *Raimond* was so near,
 That not the Swiftnefs of his *Aquiline*
 Could his brave Lord from that huge Danger bear :
 But lo ! at Hand unseen was Help divine,
 Which faves, when worldly Comforts none appear ;
 The Angel on his Targe receiv'd the Stroke,
 And on that Shield *Argantes*' Sword was broke.

XCIII.

The Sword was broke ; therein no Wonder lies,
 If earthly temper'd Metal could not hold
 Against that Target, forg'd above the Skies ;
 Down fell the Blade in Pieces on the Mold :
 The proud *Circassian* scant believ'd his Eyes,
 Though Nought was left him but the Hilts of Gold ;
 And, full of Thoughts, amaz'd a while he stood,
 Wond'ring the *Christian*'s Armour was so good.

XCIV.

The brittle Web of that rich Sword, he thought,
 Was broke through Hardnefs of the *County*'s Shield ;
 And so thought *Raimond*, who discover'd not,
 What Succour Heav'n did for his Safety yield :
 But when he saw the Man, 'gainst whom he fought,
 Unweaponed, still stood he in the Field ;
 His noble Heart esteem'd the Glory light,
 At such Advantage if he flew the Knight.

XCV.

Go fetch (he would have said) another Blade ;
 When in his Heart a better Thought arose ;
 How for CHRIST's Gl'ry he was Champion made ;
 How *Godfrey* had him to this Combat chose :
 The Army's Honor on his Shoulders laid ;
 To Hazards new he list not that expose :
 While thus his Thoughts debated on the Case,
 The Hilts *Argantes* hurled at his Face,

XCVI.

XCVI.

And forward spurr'd his Monture fierce withall,
 Within his Arms longing his Foe to strain,
 Upon whose Helm the heavy Blow did fall,
 And bent well-nigh the Metal to his Brain :
 But he, whose Courage was heroical,
 Leap'd by, and makes the *Pagan's* Onset vain ;
 And wounds his Hand, which he out-stretched saw,
 Fiercer than Eagle's Talon, Lion's Paw.

XCVII.

Now here, now there, on ev'ry Side he rode
 With nimble Speed, and spurr'd now out, now in ;
 And, as he went and came, still laid on Load,
 Where Lord *Argantes'* Arms were weak and thin :
 All that huge Force, which in his Arms abode,
 His Wrath, his Ire, his great Desire to win,
 Against his Foe together all he bent,
 And Heav'n and Fortune further'd his Intent.

XCVIII.

But he, whose Courage for no Peril fails,
 Ill arm'd, but boldly hearted, scorns his Pow'r ;
 Like a tall Ship, when spent are all her Sails,
 Which still resists the Rage of Storm and Show'r ;
 Whose mighty Ribs, fast bound with Bands and Nails,
 Withstand fierce *Neptune's* Wrath for many an Hour,
 And yields not up her bruised Keel to Winds,
 In whose stern Blasts no Ruth or Grace she finds :

XCIX.

Argantes, such thy present Danger was,
 When *Satan* stirr'd to aid thee at thy Need :
 In human Shape he forg'd an airy Mass,
 And made the Shade a Body seem indeed ;
 Well might the Spirit for *Clorinda* pass,
 Like her it was, in Armour and in Weed ;
 In Stature, Beauty, Countenance and Face,
 In Looks, in Speech, in Gesture and in Pace.

C.

And, for the Sprite should seem the same indeed,
 From where she was, whose Shew and Shape it had,
 Towards the Wall it rode with feigned Speed,
 Where stood the People all dismay'd and sad
 To see their Knight of Help have so great Need ;
 And yet the Law of Arms all Help forbad :
 There in a Turret sat a Soldier stout
 To watch, and at a Loop-hole peeped out.

CI.

The Spirit spake to him call'd *Oradine*,
 The noblest Archer then that handled Bow ;
 O *Oradine*, quoth she, who straight as Line
 Can't shoot, and hit each Mark set high or low,
 If yonder Knight, alas, be slain in fine,
 As likest is, great Ruth it were you know ;
 And greater Shame, if his victorious Foe
 Should with his Spoils triumphant homeward go.

CII.

Now prove thy Skill, thy Arrow's sharp Head dip
 In yonder thievish *Frenchman's* guilty Blood ;
 I promise thee, thy Sov'reign shall not slip
 To give thee large Rewards for such a Good :
 Thus said the Sprite ; the Man did laugh and skip
 For Hope of future Gain, nor longer stood,
 But from his Quiver huge a Shaft he hent,
 And set it in his mighty Bow new-bent.

CIII.

Twanged the String, out flew the Quarel long,
 And through the subtil Air did singing pass ;
 It hit the Knight the Buckles rich among,
 Wherewith his pretious Girdle fasten'd was ;
 It bruised them, and pierc'd his Hawberk strong ;
 Some little Blood down trickled on the Grass ;
 Light was the Wound ; the Angel by unseen
 The sharp Head blunted of the Weapon keen.

CIV.

CIV.

Raimond drew forth the Shaft, as much behov'd;
And with the Steel the Blood out-streaming came;
With bitter Words his Foe he then reprov'd,
For breaking Faith to his eternal Shame.
Godfrey, whose carefull Eyes from his belov'd
Were never turned, saw and mark'd the same;
And, when he view'd the wounded *County* bleed,
He sigh'd, and feared more perchance, than need;

CV.

And with his Words, and with his threat'ning Eyes,
He stirr'd his Captains to revenge that Wrong:
Forthwith the spurred Courser forward hies;
Within their Ranks were put their Lances long;
From either Side a Squadron brave out-flies,
And boldly made a fierce Incounter strong;
The raised Dust to overspread begun
The shining Arms, and far more shining Sun.

CVI.

Of breaking Spears, of ringing Helm and Shield,
A dreadfull Rumor roar'd on ev'ry Side;
There lay a Horse; another through the Field
Ran masterless, dismounted was his Guide:
Here one lay dead, there did another yield;
Some sigh'd, some sobb'd, some prayed, and some cry'd:
Fierce was the Fight; and, longer as it lasted,
Fiercer and fewer, still themselves they waded.

CVII.

Argantes nimbly leap'd amid the Throng,
And from a Soldier wrung an iron Mace,
And breaking through the Ranks and Ranges long,
Therewith he Passage made himself and Place;
Raimond he fought, the thickest Press among,
To take Revenge for late receiv'd Disgrace;
A greedy Wolf he seem'd, and would assuage
With *Raimond's* Blood his Hunger and his Rage.

CVIII.

CVIII.

The Way he found not easy as he would,
 But fierce Incounters put him oft to Pain;
 He met *Ormanno*, and *Rogero* bold
 Of *Balnavill*, *Guy*, and the *Gerrards* twain,
 Yet nothing might his Rage and Haste withhold;
 These Worthies strove to stop him, but in vain:
 With these strong Lets increased still his Ire,
 Like Rivers stopp'd, or closely smother'd Fire.

CIX.

He slew *Ormanno*, wounded *Guy*, and laid
Rogero low among the People slain;
 On ev'ry Side the Man new Troops invade,
 Yet all their Blows were waste, their Onsets vain:
 But, while *Argantes* thus his Prises play'd,
 And seem'd alone this Skirmish to sustain,
 The Duke his Brother call'd, and thus he spake——
 Go with thy Troop, fight for thy SAVIOUR'S Sake;

CX.

There enter in, where hottest is the Fight;
 Thy Force against the Left Wing strongly bend.
 This said, so brave an Onset gave the Knight,
 That many a *Painim* bold there made his End:
 The *Turks* too weak seem'd to sustain his Might,
 And could not from his Pow'r their Lives defend:
 Their Ensigns rent, and broke was their Array,
 And Man and Horse on Heaps together lay.

CXI.

O'erthrown likewise away the right Wing ran,
 Nor was there one, again who turn'd his Face;
 Save bold *Argantes*, else fled ev'ry Man;
 Fear drove them thence on Heaps with headlong Chace:
 He stay'd alone, and Battle new began;
 Five hundred Men, weapon'd with Sword and Mace,
 So great Resistance never could have made,
 As did *Argantes* with his single Blade.

CXII.

CXII.

The Strokes of Swords, and Thrusts of many a Spear,
 The Shock of many a Just he long sustain'd;
 He seem'd of Strength enough this Charge to bear,
 And Time to strike now here now there he gain'd:
 His Armours broke, his Members bruised were;
 He sweat, and bled, yet Courage still he feign'd:
 But now his Foes upon him press'd so fast,
 That with their Weight they bore him back at last.

CXIII.

His Back against this Storm at length he turn'd,
 Whose headlong Fury bore him backward still,
 Not like to one that fled, but one that mourn'd,
 Because he did his Foes no greater Ill:
 His threat'ning Eyes, like flaming Torches, burn'd;
 His Courage thirsted yet more Blood to spill:
 And ev'ry Way, and ev'ry Mean he sought
 To stay his flying Mates, but all for Nought.

CXIV.

This Good he did, while thus he play'd his Part,
 His Bands and Troops at Ease, and safe retir'd;
 Yet coward Dread lacks Order, Fear wants Art,
 Deaf to attend, commanded or desired.
 But *Godfrey*, who perceiv'd in his wise Heart,
 How his bold Knights to Victory aspir'd,
 Fresh Soldiers sent to make more quick Pursuit,
 And help to gather Conquest's pretious Fruit.

CXV.

But this alas was not th' appointed Day
 Set down by Heav'n to end this mortal War;
 The *Western* Lords this Time had borne away
 The Prize, for which they travell'd had so far,
 Had not the Dev'ls, who saw the sure Decay
 Of their false Kingdom by this bloody War,
 At once made Heav'n and Earth with Darkness blind,
 And stirr'd up Tempests, Storms, and blust'ring Wind.

CXVI.

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CXVI.

Heav'n's glorious Lamp, wrapt in an ugly Vail
Of Shadows dark, was hid from mortal Eye,
And Hell's grim Blackness the bright Skies assail;
On ev'ry Side the fiery Light'nings fly;
The Thunders roar; the streaming Rain and Hail
Pour down, and make that Sea, which erst was dry:
The Tempests rend the Oaks, and Cedars brake,
And make not Trees, but Rocks and Mountains shake.

CXVII.

The Rain, the Light'ning, and the raging Wind
Beat in the *Frenchmens* Eyes with hideous Force;
The Soldiers stay'd, amaz'd in Heart and Mind;
The Terror such, it stopp'd both Man and Horse:
Surprized with this Ill no Way they find,
Whither for Succour to direct their Course;
But wife *Clorinda* soon th' Advantage spy'd,
And, spurring forth, thus to her Soldiers cry'd:

CXVIII.

You hardy Men at Arms, behold, quoth she,
How Heav'n, how Justice in our Aid doth fight;
Our Visages are from this Tempest free;
Our Hands at Will may wield our Weapons bright:
The Fury of this friendly Storm, you see,
Upon the Foreheads of our Foes doth light,
And blinds their Eyes; then let us take the Tide——
Come follow me; Good Fortune be our Guide.

CXIX.

This said, against her Foes on rode the Dame,
And turn'd their Backs against the Wind and Rain;
Upon the *French* with furious Rage she came,
And scorn'd those idle Blows they struck in vain:
Argantes at the Instant did the same,
And them, who chaced him, now chac'd again;
Nought but his fearfull Back each *Christian* shows
Against the Tempest, and against his Foes.

CXX.

CXX.

The cruel Hail and deadly wounding Blade
 Upon their Shoulders smote them, as they fled ;
 The Blood new spilt, while thus they Slaughter made,
 The Water fall'n from Skies had dyed red :
 Among the murder'd Bodies *Pyrrhus* laid,
 And valiant *Raiph* his Heart-blood there out-bled ;
 The First subdu'd by strong *Argantes*' Might,
 The Second conquer'd by the Virgin Knight.

CXXI.

Thus fled the *French*, and them pursu'd in Chace
 The wicked Sprites, and all the *Syrian* Train ;
 But 'gainst their Force, and 'gainst the fell Menace
 Of Hail and Wind, of Tempest and of Rain,
Godfrey alone turn'd his intrepid Face,
 Blaming his Barons for their Fear so vain :
 Himself the Camp-gate boldly stood to keep,
 And sav'd his Men within their Trenches deep ;

CXXII.

And twice upon *Argantes* proud he flew,
 And beat him backward maugre all his Might ;
 And twice his thirsty Sword he did imbrue
 In *Pagan* Blood, where thickest was the Fight :
 At last himself with all his Folk withdrew,
 And that Day's Conquest gave the Virgin bright ;
 Which got, she home retir'd, and all her Men,
 And thus she chac'd this Lion to his Den.

CXXIII.

Yet ceas'd not the Fury and the Ire
 Of these huge Storms of Wind, of Rain and Hail ;
 Now it was dark, now shone the Light'ning's Fire ;
 The Wind and Water ev'ry Place assail ;
 No Bank was safe, no Rampart left intire ;
 No Tent could stand, for Beam and Cordage fail :
 Wind, Thunder, Rain, all gave a dreadfull Sound,
 And with that Music deaf'd the trembling Ground.

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K VIII.

I.

NOW were the Skies of Storms and Tempests clear'd ;
Lord *Æolus* shut up his Winds in Hold :
The silver-mantled Morning fresh appear'd,
With Roses crown'd, and buskin'd high with Gold :
The Spirits fierce, which had these Tempests rear'd,
Their Malice still would more and more unfold ;
And one of them, that *Astragor* was nam'd,
His Speeches thus to foul *Aleto* fram'd.

II.

Aleto, see, we could not stop, nor stay
The Knight, that to our Foes new Tidings brings ;
Who from the Hands escap'd, with Life away,
Of that great Prince, chief of all *Pagan* Kings ;
He comes the Fall of his slain Lord to say ;
Of Death and Loss he tells, and such sad Things ;
Great News he brings ; and greatest Danger is,
Bertoldo's Son home should be call'd for this :

III.

Thou know'st what would befall ; bestir thee then ;
Prevent with Craft, what Force could not withstand ;
Turn to their Ill the Speeches of the Man ;
With his own Weapon wound *Godfredo's* Hand ;
Kindle Debate ; infect with Poison wan
The *English*, *Switzer*, and *Italian* Band ;
Great Tumults move ; make Brawls and Quarrels rise ;
Set all the Camp on Uproar, and at Strife :

IV.

IV.

This Act befits thee well ; and of the Deed
 Much may'st thou boast before our Lord and King.
 Thus said the Sprite : Persuasion small did need
 The Fiend, who grants to undertake the Thing.
 Mean while the Knight, whose Coming thus they dread,
 Before the Camp his weary Limbs doth bring ;
 And well nigh breathless, Warriors bold, he cry'd,
 Who shall conduct me to your famous Guide ?

V.

An hundred strove the Stranger's Guide to be ;
 To hearken News the Knights by Heaps assemble :
 The Man fell lowly down upon his Knee,
 And kiss'd the Hand, which made proud *Babel* tremble :
 Right puissant Lord, whose valiant Acts, quoth he,
 The Sands and Stars in Number best resemble,
 Would God some gladder News I might unfold ——
 And there he paus'd, and sigh'd ; then thus he told :

VI.

Sveno, the King of *Denmark's* only Heir,
 The Stay and Staff of his declining Eild,
 Longed to be among these Squadrons fair,
 Who for CHRIST's Faith here serve with Spear and Shield :
 No Weariness, no Storms of Sea or Air,
 No such Contents as Crowns and Scepters yield,
 No dear Intreaties of his aged Sire
 Could in his Bosom quench that glorious Fire.

VII.

He thirsted sore to learn this warlike Art
 Of thee, great Lord and Master of the same ;
 And was ashamed in his noble Heart,
 That never Act, he did, deserved Fame :
 Besides, the News and Tidings, from each Part,
 Of young *Rinaldo's* Worth and Praises came ;
 But that which most his Courage stirred hath
 Is Zeal, Religion, Godliness and Faith.

VIII.

He hasted forward then without Delay,
 And with him took of Knights a chosen Band;
 Directly toward *Thrace* we took the Way,
 To *Bizance* old, chief Fort'refs of that Land:
 There the *Greek* Monarch gently pray'd him stay,
 And there an Herald sent from you we fand,
 How *Antioch* was won, who first declar'd,
 And how defended nobly afterward;

IX.

Defended 'gainst *Corbana*, valiant Knight,
 Who all the *Persian* Armies had to guide;
 And brought so many Soldiers bold to fight,
 That void of Men he left that Kingdom wide:
 He told thine Acts, thy Wisdom, and thy Might,
 And told the Deeds of many a Lord beside:
 His Speech at length to young *Rinaldo* pass'd,
 And told his great Atchievements, first and last.

X.

And how this noble Camp of yours of late
 Besieged had this Town, and in what Sort;
 And how you pray'd him to participate
 Of the last Conquest of this noble Fort:
 In hardy *Sveno* open'd was the Gate
 Of worthy Anger by this brave Report;
 So that each tardy Hour seem'd five Years long,
 'Till he were fighting with these *Pagans* strong.

XI.

And while the Herald told your Fights and Frays,
 Himself of Cowardise reprov'd he thought;
 And him, to stay who councils him or prays,
 He hears not, or else heard regardeth nought:
 He fears no Perils, but, whilst he delays,
 Left this last Work without his Help be wrought;
 In this his Doubt, in this his Danger lies;
 No Hazard else he fears, no Peril spies.

XII.

XII.

Thus hasting on he hasted on his Death ;
Death that to him and us was fatal Guide :
The rising Morn appeared yet uneath,
When he and we were arm'd, and fit to ride ;
The nearest Way seem'd best ; o'er Holt and Heath
We went, through Deserts waste, and Forests wide :
The Straits and Ways he opens as he goes,
And sets each Land free from intruding Foes.

XIII.

Now Want of Food, now dang'rous Ways we find,
Now open War, now Ambush closely laid ;
Yet pass'd we forth, all Perils left behind ;
Our Foes or dead, or run away afraid :
Of Victory so happy blew the Wind,
That careless all, and heedless too, it made ;
Untill one Day his Tents he happ'd to rear,
To *Palestine* when we approached near.

XIV.

There did our Scouts return, and bring us News,
That dreadfull Noise of Horse and Arms they hear ;
And that they deem'd by sundry Signs and Shews,
There was some mighty Host of *Pagans* near :
At these sad Tidings many chang'd their Hues ;
Some looked pale for Dread, some shook for Fear :
Only our noble Lord was alter'd nought
In Look, in Face, in Gesture, or in Thought ;

XV.

But said ; a Crown prepare you to possess
Of Martyrdom, or happy Victory ;
For this I hope, for that I wish no less,
Of greater Merit, and of greater Glory :
Breth'ren, this Camp will shortly be, I guess,
A Temple, sacred to our Memory ;
To which the holy Men of future Age
To view our Graves shall come in Pilgrimage.

XVI.

XVI.

This said, he set the Watch in Order right
 To guard the Camp along the Trenches deep ;
 And as he armed was, so ev'ry Knight
 He willed on his Back his Arms to keep.
 Now had the Stillness of the quiet Night
 Drown'd all the World in Silence and in Sleep,
 When suddenly we heard a dreadful Sound,
 Which deaf'd the Earth, and tremble made the Ground.

XVII.

Arm, arm, they cry'd ; Prince *Sweno* at the same,
 Glift'ring in shining Steel, leap'd foremost out ;
 His Visage shone, his noble Looks did flame
 With kindled Brand of Courage bold and stout ;
 When lo the *Pagans* to assault us came,
 And with huge Numbers hemm'd us round about :
 A Forest thick of Spears about us grew,
 And over us a Cloud of Arrows flew.

XVIII.

Unev'n the Fight, unequal was the Fray ;
 Our Enemies were twenty Men to one :
 On ev'ry Side the slain and wounded lay
 Unseen, where nought but glift'ring Weapons shone :
 The Number of the dead could no Man say,
 So was the Place with Darkness overgone ;
 The Night her Mantle black upon us spreads,
 Hiding our Losses and our valiant Deeds.

XIX.

But hardy *Sweno*, 'midst the other Train,
 By his great Acts was well descry'd I wot ;
 No Darkness could his Valour's Day-light stain,
 Such wond'rous Blows on ev'ry Side he smote :
 A Stream of Blood, a Bank of Bodies slain
 About him made a Bulwark, and a Mote ;
 And wheresoe'er he turn'd his fatal Brand,
 Dread in his Looks, and Death sat in his Hand.

XX.

XX.

Thus fought we, 'till the Morning bright appear'd,
 And strewed Roses on the azure Sky ;
 But when her Lamp had Night's thick Darknes clear'd,
 Wherein the Bodies dead did bury'd lie,
 Then our sad Cries to Heav'n for Grief we rear'd ;
 Our Loss apparent was, for we descry,
 How all our Camp destroyed was almost,
 And all our People well-nigh slain and lost ;

XXI.

Of Thousands twain an Hundred scant surviv'd :
 When *Sveno* murder'd saw each valiant Knight,
 I know not if his Heart in sunder riv'd
 For dear Compassion of that wofull Sight,
 He shew'd no Change, but said : Since so depriv'd
 We are of all our Friends by Chance of Fight,
 Come, follow them ; the Path to Heav'n their Blood
 Marks out, now Angels made of Martyrs good.

XXII.

This said, and glad I think of Death at Hand,
 The Signs of heav'nly Joy shone through his Eyes ;
 Of *Saracens* against a mighty Band,
 With fearless Heart and constant Breast he flies :
 No Steel could shield them from his cutting Brand,
 But whom he hits, without Recure he dies ;
 He never struck, but kill'd or fell'd his Foe,
 And wounded was himself from Top to Toe.

XXIII.

Not Strength, but Courage now preserv'd alive
 This hardy Champion, Fort'refs of our Faith ;
 Strucken he strikes, still stronger more they strive,
 The more they hurt him, more he did them Scathe,
 When towards him a furious Knight 'gan drive,
 Of Members huge, fierce Looks, and full of Wrath,
 Who, with the Aid of many a *Pagan* Crew,
 After long Fight, at last Prince *Sveno* slew.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Ah heavy Chance! down fell that valiant Youth,
 Nor 'mongst us all did one so strong appear,
 As to revenge his Death: that this is Truth,
 By his dear Blood and noble Bones I swear,
 That of my Life I had not Care nor Ruth;
 No Wounds I shunn'd, no Blows I would off-bear;
 And had not Heav'n my wished End deny'd,
 E'en there I should, and willing should have dy'd.

XXV.

Alive I fell among my Fellows slain,
 Yet wounded so, that each one thought me dead;
 Nor, what our Foes did since, can I explain,
 So fore amazed was my Heart and Head:
 But when I open'd first my Eyes again,
 Night's Curtain black upon the Earth was spread,
 And through the Darkness to my feeble Sight
 Appear'd the Twinkling of a slender Light.

XXVI.

Not so much Force or Judgment in me lies,
 As to discern Things seen, and not mistake;
 I saw like them, who ope and shut their Eyes
 By Turns, now half asleep, now half awake:
 My Body eke another Torment tries,
 My Wounds began to smart, my Hurts to ache;
 For ev'ry Sore, each Member pinched was,
 With Night's sharp Air, Heav'n's Frost, and Earth's cold Grass.

XXVII.

But still the Light approached near and near,
 And with the same a whispering Murmur run,
 'Till at my Side arrived close it were,
 When I to spread my feeble Eyes begun;
 Two Men behold in Vestures long appear,
 With each a Lamp in Hand, who said; O Son,
 In that dear LORD, who helps HIS Servants, trust;
 Who, ere they ask, grants all Things to the just.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

This said, each one his sacred Blessing flings
Upon my Corse, with broad out-stretched Hand,
And mumbled Hymns, and Psalms, and holy Things,
Which I could neither hear, nor understand:
Arise, quoth they; with that, as I had Wings,
All whole and sound I leap'd up from the Land:
O Miracle sweet, gentle, strange and true!
My Limbs new Strength receiv'd, and Vigor new.

XXIX.

I gaz'd on them like one, whose Heart deny'd
To think that done he sees so strangely wrought;
'Till one said thus; O thou of little Faith,
What Doubts perplex thy unbelieving Thought?
Each one of us a living Body hath;
We are CHRIST's chosen Servants, fear us nought,
Who, to avoid the World's Allurements vain,
In willfull Penance Hermits poor remain.

XXX.

Us Messengers, to comfort thee elect,
That LORD hath sent, who rules both Heav'n and Hell;
Who often doth His blessed Will effect
By such weak Means, as Wonder is to tell:
He wills not, that this Body lie neglect,
Wherein so noble Soul did lately dwell,
To which again, when it up-risen is,
It shall united be in lasting Bliss.

XXXI.

I say Lord *Sweno's* Corps, for which prepar'd
A Tomb there is, according to his Worth;
By which his Honor shall be far declar'd,
And his just Praises spread from *South* to *North*:
But lift thine Eyes up to the Heavens ward,
Mark yonder Light, which, like the Sun, shines forth;
That shall direct thee with those Beams so clear
To find the Body of thy Master dear.

XXXII.

With that, I saw from *Cynthia's* silver Face,
 Like to a falling Star, a Beam down slide,
 That bright, as golden Line, mark'd out the Place,
 And lighten'd with clear Streams the Forest wide :
 So *Latmos* shone, when *Phæbe* left the Chace,
 And laid her down by her *Endymion's* Side ;
 Such was the Light, that well discern I could
 His Shape, his Wounds, his Face (though dead) yet bold.

XXXIII.

He lay not grov'ling now, but as a Knight,
 That ever had to heav'nly Things Desire ;
 So towards Heav'n the Prince did lay upright,
 Like him, who upward still sought to aspire :
 His right Hand closed held his Weapon bright,
 Ready to strike, and execute his Ire ;
 His Left upon his Breast was humbly laid,
 That Men might know, that while he dy'd, he pray'd.

XXXIV.

Whilst on his Wounds with bootless Tears I wept,
 Which neither helped him, nor eas'd my Care,
 One of those aged Fathers to him slept,
 And forc'd his Hand that needless Weapon spare ;
 This Sword, quoth he, hath yet good Token kept,
 That of the *Pagans* Blood it drunk it's Share,
 And bluseth still, it could not save it's Lord ;
 Rich, strong, and sharp, was never better Sword.

XXXV.

Heav'n therefore wills not (though the Prince be slain,
 Who us'd erst to wield this pretious Brand)
 That so brave Blade unused should remain,
 But that it pass from strong to stronger Hand ;
 Who with more Force can wield the same again,
 And longer shall in Grace of Fortune stand ;
 And with the same shall bitter Vengeance take
 On him, that *Sweno* slew, for *Sweno's* Sake.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Great *Soliman* kill'd *Sweno* ; *Soliman*
 For *Sweno*'s Sake upon this Sword must die :
 Here, take the Blade, and with it haste thee then
 Thither, where *Godfrey* doth incamped lie ;
 And fear not thou, that any shall, or can
 Or stop thy Way, or lead thy Steps awry ;
 For HE, who doth thee on this Message send,
 Thee with HIS Hand shall guide, keep and defend.

XXXVII.

Arrived there, it is HIS blessed Will,
 With true Report that thou declare and tell
 The Zeal, the Strength, the Courage and the Skill,
 In thy beloved Lord that late did dwell :
 How for CHRIST's Sake he came his Blood to spill,
 And Sample left to all of doing well ;
 That future Ages may admire his Deed,
 And Courage take, when his brave End they read.

XXXVIII.

It resteth now, thou know that valiant Knight,
 Who of this Sword shall be thy Master's Heir ;
 It is *Rinaldo* young, with whom in Might
 And martial Skill no Champion may compare :
 Give it to him, and say ; the Heavens bright
 Of this Revenge to him commit the Care.
 While thus I listen'd what this old Man said,
 A Wonder new from further Speech us staid :

XXXIX.

For there, whereas the wounded Body lay,
 A stately Tomb with curious Work, behold,
 And wond'rous Art, was built out of the Clay,
 Which, rising round, the Body did infold,
 With Words ingraven in the Marble grey,
 The Warrior's Name, his Worth and Praise that told ;
 On which I gazing stood, and often read
 That Epitaph of my dear Master dead.

XL.

Among his Soldiers, quoth the Hermit, here
 Must *Sweno's* Corps remain in Marble Chest ;
 While up to Heav'n are flown his Spirits dear,
 To live in endless Joy for ever blest :
 His Funeral thou hast with many a Tear
 Accompany'd ; 'tis now high Time to rest ;
 Come, be my Guest, untill the Morning Ray
 Shall light the World again, then take thy Way.

XLI.

This said, he led me over Holts and Hags ;
 Through Thorns and Bushes scant my Legs I drew,
 'Till underneath an Heap of Stones and Crag
 At last he brought me to a secret Mew :
 Among the Bears, wild Boars, the Wolves and Stags,
 There dwelt he safe with his Disciple true ;
 And fear'd no Treason, Force, nor Hurt at all ;
 His guiltless Conscience was his Castle's Wall.

XLII.

My Supper Roots, my Bed was Moss and Leaves ;
 Yet Weariness in little Rest found Ease :
 But when the purple Morning Night bereaves
 Of late usurped Rule o'er Lands and Seas,
 His lowly Couch each wakeful Hermit leaves :
 To pray rose they, and I, for so they please ;
 Then Conge took, when ended was the same,
 And hitherward, as they advis'd me, came.

XLIII.

The *Dane* his wofull Tale had done, when thus
 The good Prince *Godfrey* answer'd him ; Sir Knight,
 Thou bringest Tidings sad and dolorous,
 For which our heavy Camp laments of right ;
 Since so brave Troops, and so dear Friends to us
 One Hour hath lost in one unlucky Fight ;
 And so appeared hath thy Master stout,
 As Light'ning doth, now kindled, now quench'd out.

XLIV.

XLIV.

But such a Death and End exceedeth all
 The Conquests vain of Realms, or Spoils of Gold ;
 Nor aged *Rome's* proud, stately *Capitol*
 Did ever Triumph yet like theirs behold :
 They sit in Heav'n on Thrones celestial,
 Crowned with Glory for their Conquest bold ;
 Where each his Hurts, I think, to other shows,
 And glories in those bloody Wounds and Blows.

XLV.

But thou, who Part hast of thy Race to run,
 With Haps and Hazards of this World itoft,
 Rejoice for those high Honors they have won,
 Which cannot be by Chance or Fortune crost :
 But, for thou askest for *Bertold's* Son,
 Know, that he wanders banish'd from this Host ;
 And, 'till of him new Tiding some Man tell,
 Within this Camp I deem it best thou dwell.

XLVI.

These Words of theirs in many a Soul renew'd
 The sweet Remembrance of fair *Sophia's* Child :
 Some with salt Tears for him their Cheeks bedew'd,
 Left Ill betide him 'mongst the *Pagans* wild ;
 And ev'ry one his valiant Prowess shew'd,
 And of his Battles Stories long compil'd,
 Telling the *Dane* his Acts and Conquests past,
 Which made his Ears amaz'd, his Heart agast.

XLVII.

Now, when Remembrance of the Youth had wrought
 A tender Pity in each soften'd Mind,
 Behold, returned home with all they caught
 The Bands, which were to Forage late assign'd ;
 And with them in Abundance great they brought
 Both Flocks and Herds of ev'ry Sort and Kind,
 And Corn, although not much, and Hay to feed
 Their noble Steeds and Coursers, when they need.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

They also brought of Misadventure sad
 Tokens and Signs, seem'd too apparent true;
Rinaldo's Armour frush'd and hack'd they had,
 Oft pierced, and with Blood besmeared new :
 About the Camp (for always Rumors bad
 Are farthest spread) these wofull Tidings flew ;
 Thither assembled straight both high and low,
 Longing to see what they were loth to know.

XLIX.

His heavy Hawberk was both seen and known,
 And his broad Shield, wherein displayed flies
 The Bird, that proves her Chicken for her own,
 By looking 'gainst the Sun with open Eyes :
 That Shield was to the *Pagans* often shown
 In many a bold and hardy Enterprize ;
 But now with many a Gash, and many a Stroke
 They see, and sigh to see it, frush'd and broke.

L.

While all his Soldiers whisper'd underhand,
 And here and there the Fault and Cause do lay,
Godfrey before him called *Aliprand*,
 Captain of those, that brought of late this Prey ;
 A Man, who did on Points of Virtue stand,
 Blameless in Words, and true, whate'er he say :
 Say, quoth the *Duke*, where you this Armour had ;
 Hide not the Truth, but tell it, good or bad.

LI.

He answer'd him ; as far from hence, think I,
 As on two Days a speedy Post well rides,
 To *Gaza* ward a little Plain doth lie,
 It self among the steepy Hills which hides :
 Through it slow falling from the Mountains high
 A rolling Brook 'twixt Bush and Bramble glides,
 Clad with thick Shade of Boughs of broad-leav'd Treen ;
 Fit Place for Men to lie in wait unseen.

LII.

LII.

Thither to seek some Flocks or Herds we went,
Perchance close hid beneath the green-wood Shaw,
And found the springing Grafs with Blood besprent ;
A Warrior tumbled in his Blood we saw :
His Arms, though dusty, bloody, hack'd and rent,
Yet well we knew, when near the Corse we draw,
 To which to view his Face in vain I started,
 For from his Body his fair Head was parted ;

LIII.

His Right-Hand wanted eke ; with many a Wound
The Trunk through pierced was from Back to Breast :
A little by his empty Helm we found,
The silver Eagle shining on his Crest :
To spy at whom to ask we gazed round,
When towards us a Churl his Steps addrest ;
 But when us armed by the Corse he spy'd,
 He ran away his fearfull Face to hide ;

LIV.

But we pursu'd him, took him, spake him fair,
'Till comforted at last he Answer made ;
How that the Day before he saw repair
A Band of Soldiers from that Forest's Shade,
Of whom one carry'd by the golden Hair
A Head, but late cut off with murd'ring Blade ;
 The Face was fair and young, and on the Chin
 No Sign of Beard to bud did yet begin ;

LV.

And how in Sendal wrapt away he bore
That Head with him, hung at his Saddle's Bow ;
And how the Murd'ers by the Arms they wore
For Soldiers of our Camp he well did know :
The Carcass I disarm'd, and weeping fore,
Because I guess'd, who should that Harness own,
 Away I brought it ; but first Order gave,
 That noble Body should be laid in Grave :

LVI.

LVI.

But, if it be his Trunk whom I believe,
 A nobler Tomb his Worth deserveth well.
 This said, good *Aliprando* took his Leave ;
 Of certain Truth he had no more to tell :
 Sore sigh'd the *Duke*, so did these News him grieve ;
 Fears in his Heart, Doubts in his Bosom dwell ;
 He yearn'd to know, to find, and learn the Truth,
 And them would punish, who had slain the Youth.

LVII.

But now the Night dispread her lazy Wings,
 O'er the broad Fields of Heav'n's bright Wilderness ;
 Sleep, the Soul's Rest, and Ease of carefull Things,
 Bury'd in happy Peace both more and less :
 Thou *Argillan* alone, whom Sorrow stings,
 Still wakest, musing on great Deeds, I guess,
 Nor suffer'st in thy watchfull Eyes to creep
 The sweet Repose of mild and gentle Sleep.

LVIII.

This Man was strong of Limbs, and all his Says
 Were bold, of ready Tongue, and working Sprite ;
 Near *Trento* born, bred up in Brawls and Frays,
 In Jars, in Quarrels, and in civil Fight ;
 For which exil'd, the Hills and public Ways
 He fill'd with Blood and Robb'ries, Day and Night,
 Untill to *Asia's* Wars at last he came,
 And boldly there he serv'd, and purchas'd Fame.

LIX.

He clos'd his Eyes at last, when Day drew near,
 Yet slept he not, but senseless lay oppress'd
 With strange Amazement and sudden Fear,
 Which false *Aleto* breathed in his Breast :
 His working Pow'rs within deluded were ;
 Stone-still he quiet lay, yet took no Rest ;
 For to his Thought the Fiend herself presented,
 And with strange Visions his weak Brain tormented.

LX.

LX.

A murder'd Body huge beside him stood,
Of Head and right Hand both but lately spoil'd ;
The left Hand bore the Head, whose Visage good
Both pale and wan, with Dust and Gore defil'd,
- Yet spake, though dead ; with whose sad Words the Blood
Forth at his Lips in huge Abundance boil'd——
Fly, *Argillan*, from this false Camp fly far,
Whose Guide a Traytor, Captains Murd'ers are.

LXI.

Godfrey hath murder'd me by Treason vile ;
What Favor then hope you, my trusty Friends ?
His villain Heart is full of Fraud and Guile ;
To your Destruction all his Thoughts he bends ;
Yet, if thou thirst for Praise of noble Style,
If in thy Strength thou trust, thy Strength that ends
All hard Assays, fly not ; first, with his Blood
Appease my Ghost wand'ring by *Lethe's* Flood.

LXII.

I will thy Weapon whet, inflame thine Ire,
Arm thy right Hand, and strengthen ev'ry Part.
This said, e'en while she spake, she did inspire
With Fury, Rage, and Wrath, his troubled Heart :
The Man awak'd ; and from his Eyes, like Fire,
The poison'd Sparks of head-strong Madness start ;
And, armed as he was, forth is he gone,
And gather'd all th' *Italian* Bands in one.

LXIII.

He gather'd them, where lay the Arms, that late
Were good *Rinaldo's* ; then, with Semblance stout,
And furious Words, his fore-conceived Hate
In bitter Speeches thus he vomits out :
Is not this People barb'rous and ingrate ?
In whom Truth finds no Place, Faith takes no Root ;
Whose Thirst unquenched is of Blood and Gold,
Whom no Yoke boweth, Bridle none can hold.

Cc

LXIV.

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LXIV.

So much we suffer'd have these sev'n Years long,
Under this servile and unworthy Yoke,
That thorough *Rome* and *Italy* our Wrong
A Thousand Years hereafter shall be spoke:
I count not, how *Cilicia's* Kingdom strong
Subdued was by Prince *Tancredi's* Stroke;
Nor how false *Baldwin* him that Land bereaves;
Of Virtue's Harvest Fraud there reap'd the Sheaves.

LXV.

Nor speak I, how each Hour at ev'ry Need,
Quick, ready, resolute at all Assays,
With Fire and Sword we hasted forth with Speed,
And bore the Brunt of all their Fights and Frays:
But when we had perform'd and done the Deed,
At Ease and Leisure they divide the Preys;
We reaped nought but Travel for our Toil;
Theirs was the Praise, the Realms, the Gold, the Spoil.

LXVI.

Yet all this Season were we willing blind;
Offended, unreveng'd; wrong'd, but unwroken:
Light Grievs could not provoke our quiet Mind;
But now alas the mortal Blow is stricken:
Rinaldo have they slain; and Law of Kind,
Of Arms, of Nations, and high Heav'n, broken:
Why doth not Heav'n them kill with Fire and Thunder?
To swallow them why cleaves not Earth afunder?

LXVII.

They have *Rinaldo* slain, the Sword and Shield
Of CHRIST's true Faith, and unreveng'd he lies;
Still unrevenged lyeth in the Field
His noble Corps to feed the Crows and Pies:
Who murder'd him, who shall us certain yield?
Who sees not that, although he wanted Eyes?
Who knows not, how th' *Italian* Chivalry
Proud *Godfrey* and false *Baldwin* both envy?

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

What need we further Proof? Heav'n, Heav'n, I swear,
 Will not consent herein we be beguil'd :
 This Night I saw his murder'd Sprite appear,
 Pale, sad, and wan, with Wounds and Blood defil'd ;
 A Spectacle full both of Grief and Fear ;
Godfrey for murd'ring him the Ghost revill'd :
 I saw it was no Dream ; before my Eyes,
 Howe'er I look, still, still methinks it flies.

LXIX.

What shall we do ? shall we be govern'd still
 By this false Hand contaminate with Blood,
 Or else depart, and travel forth, untill
 We to *Euphrates* come, that sacred Flood ?
 There dwells a People, void of martial Skill,
 Whose Cities rich, whose Land is fat and good ;
 Where Kingdoms great we may at Ease provide,
 Far from these *Frenchmens* Malice and their Pride.

LXX.

Then let us go, and no Revengment take
 For this brave Knight, though much is in our Pow'r ;
 No, no, that Courage rather newly wake,
 Which never sleeps in Fear and Dread one Hour ;
 And this pestif'rous Serpent, pois'nous Snake,
 Of all our Knights that hath destroy'd the Flow'r,
 First let us slay, and his deserved End
 Example make to him, that kills his Friend.

LXXI.

I will, I will, if your courageous Force
 Dareth so much as it can well perform,
 Tear out his cursed Heart without Remorse,
 The Nest of Treason false, and Guile enorm.
 Thus spake the angry Knight ; with headlong Course
 The rest him follow'd, like a furious Storm ;
 Arm, arm, they cry'd ; to Arms the Soldiers ran,
 And as they run, arm, arm, cry'd ev'ry Man.

LXXH:

'Mongst them ~~the~~ ^{flour'd} wastfull Fire,
 Invenoming the Hearts of most and least;
 Folly, Disdain, Strife, Madness, Rancour, Ire,
 Thirst to shed Blood in ev'ry Breast increas'd;
 This Ill spread far; and, 'till it set on Fire
 With Rage th' *Italian* Lodgings, never ceas'd;
 From thence unto the *Switzers* Camp it went,
 And last infected ev'ry *English* Tent.

LXXIII.

Not public Loss of their beloved Knight
 Alone stirr'd up their Rage and Wrath untam'd,
 But fore-conceived Grievs, and Quarrels light
 The Ire still nourished, and still inflam'd:
 Awaked was each former Cause of Spite;
 The *Frenchmen* cruel and unjust they nam'd;
 And with bold Threats they made their Hatred known,
 Hate feld kept close, and oft unwisely shown:

LXXIV.

Like Water heated in a seething Pot,
 That fumeth, swelleth high, and bubbleth fast,
 'Till o'er the Brims, among the Embers hot,
 Part of the foaming Liquor forth it cast:
 Their Rage and Wrath those few appeas'd not,
 In whom of Wisdom yet remain'd some Taste;
Camillo, William, Tancred, were away,
 And all, whose Greatness might their Madness stay.

LXXV.

Now headlong ran to harness in this Heat
 These furious People, all on Heaps confus'd;
 The roaring Trumpets Battle 'gan to threat,
 As it in Time of mortal War is us'd:
 Swift ran the Messengers to *Godfrey* great,
 And bad him arm, while on this Noise he mus'd;
 And *Baldwin* first, well clad in Iron hard,
 Stepp'd to his Side, a sure and faithful Guard.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Their Murmurs heard, to Heav'n he lift his Eine,
As was his Wont; to God for Aid he fled;
O LORD, thou knowest this right Hand of mine
Abhorred ever civil Blood to shed:
Illumine their dark Souls with Light divine,
Repress their Rage by hellish Fury bred;
The Innocency of my guiltless Mind
Thou know'st, and make these know, with Fury blind.

LXXVII.

This said, he felt infused in each Vein
A sacred Heat, from Heav'n above distill'd;
A Heat, in Man that Courage could constrain;
That his grave Look with awfull Boldness fill'd:
Well guarded forth he went to meet the Train
Of those, that would revenge *Rinaldo* kill'd;
And though their Threats he heard, and saw them bent
To Arms on ev'ry Side, yet on he went.

LXXVIII.

A Coat above his Hawberk did he wear,
Imbroider'd fair with Pearl and richest Stone;
His Hands were naked, and his Face was bare,
Wherein a Lamp of Majesty bright shone:
He shook his golden Mace, wherewith he dare
Resist the Force of his rebellious Foes:
Thus he appear'd, and thus he 'gan them teach,
In Shape an Angel, and a God in Speech;

LXXIX.

What foolish Words, what Threats are these I hear?
What Noise of Arms?—who dares these Tumults move?
Am I so honour'd? stand you so in Fear?
Where is your late Obedience, where your Love?
Of *Godfrey's* Falshood, who can Witness bear?
Who dare or will these Accusations prove?
Perchance you look I should Intreaties bring,
Sue for your Favors, or excuse the Thing;

LXXX.

LXXX.

Ah God forbid, these Lands should hear or see
 Him so disgrac'd, at whose great Name they quake ;
 This Scepter, and my noble Acts, for me
 A true Defence before the World can make :
 Yet, for sharp Justice governed shall be
 With Clemency, I will no Vengeance take
 For this Offense ; but for *Rinaldo's* Love
 I pardon you ; hereafter wiser prove.

LXXXI.

But *Argillano's* guilty Blood shall wash
 This Stain away, who kindled this Debate,
 And led by hasty Rage, and Fury rash,
 To these Disorders open'd first the Gate.
 While thus he spake, the light'ning Beams did flash
 Forth from his Eyes of Majesty and State,
 That, strange to tell ! bold *Argillano* shook
 For Fear and Terror, conquer'd with his Look.

LXXXII.

The rest, with indiscreet and foolish Wrath
 Who threaten'd late with Words of Shame and Pride,
 Whose Hands so ready were to harm and scathe,
 And brandished bright Swords on ev'ry Side,
 Now hush'd and still attend what *Godfrey* saith ;
 With Shame and Fear their bashfull Looks they hide,
 And *Argillan* they let in Chains be bound,
 Although their Weapons him environ'd round.

LXXXIII.

So when a Lion shakes his dreadful Mane,
 And beats his Tail with Courage proud and wroth,
 If his Commander come, who first took Pain
 To tame his Youth, his lofty Crest down go'th ;
 His Threats he feareth, and obeys the Rein
 Of Thralldom base, and Serviceage, though loth ;
 Nor can his sharp Teeth, nor his armed Paws
 Force him rebell against his Ruler's Laws.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Fame is, a winged Warrior they beheld,
With Semblance fierce, and furious Look, who stood,
And in his left Hand had a splendid Shield,
Wherewith he cover'd safe their Chieftain good ;
His other Hand a naked Sword did wield,
From which distilling fell the lukewarm Blood,
The Blood perchance of many a Realm and Town,
Whereon the LORD HIS Wrath had poured down.

LXXXV.

Thus was the Tumult without Bloodshed ended ;
Their Arms laid down ; Strife into Exile sent :
Godfrey his Thoughts to greater Actions bended,
And homeward to his rich Pavilion went ;
For, to assault the Fort'res he intended,
Before the second or third Day were spent :
Meanwhile his Timber wrought he oft survey'd,
Whereof his Rams and Engines great he made.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s J E R U S A L E M.

B o o k IX.

I.

TH E grilly Child of *Erebus* the grim,
Who saw these Tumults done, and Tempests spent,
'Gainst Stream of Grace who ever strove to swim,
And all her Thoughts against Heav'n's Wisdom bent,
Departed, now bright *Titan's* Beams were dim,
And fruitful Lands wax'd barren, as she went :
She sought the rest of her *Infernal* Crew,
New Storms to raise, new Broils, and Tumults new.

II.

She, that well wist her Sisters had intic'd
By their false Arts, far from the *Christian* Host,
Tancred, *Rinaldo*, and the rest best pris'd
For martial Skill, for Might esteemed most,
Said ; of these Discords and these Strifes advis'd,
Great *Soliman*, when Day it's Light hath lost,
These *Christians* shall assail with sudden War,
And kill them all, while thus they strive and jarr.

III.

With that, where *Soliman* remain'd she flew,
And found him out with his *Arabian* Bands ;
Great *Soliman*, of all *CHRIST's* Foes untrue,
Boldest of Courage, mightiest of his Hands :
Like him was none of all that Earth-bred Crew,
Who heaped Mountains on th' *Aemonian* Sands ;
Of *Turks* he Sov'reign was, and *Nice* his Seat ;
Where late he dwell'd, and rul'd that Kingdom great.

IV.

IV.

The Lands forewent the *Greekish* Shore he held,
 From *Sangar's* Mouth to crook'd *Meander's* Fall;
 Where they of *Phrygia*, *Mysia*, *Lydia* dwell'd,
Bithinia's Towns, and *Pentus's* Cities all;
 But when the Hearts of *Christian* Princes swell'd,
 And rose in Arms to make proud *Asia* thrall,
 Those Lands were won, where he did Scepter wield,
 And he twice beaten was in pitched Field.

V.

When Fortune oft he had in vain assay'd,
 And spent his Forces, which avail'd him nought,
 To *Egypt's* King himself he close convey'd,
 Who wellcom'd him, as he could best have thought;
 Glad in his Heart, and inly well appaid,
 That to his Court so great a Lord was brought:
 For he decreed his Armies huge to bring
 To succour *Juda* Land, and *Juda's* King.

VI.

But, ere he open War proclaim'd, he would,
 That *Soliman* should kindle first the Fire;
 And with huge Sums of false-inticing Gold
 Th' *Arabian* Thieves he sent him forth to hire,
 While he the *Asian* Lords and *Morians* bold
 Unites; the *Soldan* won to his Desire.
 Those Out-laws, ready eye for Gold to fight;
 The Hope of Gain hath such alluring Might.

VII.

Thus made their Captain, to destroy and burn
 In *Juda* Land he never'd is so far,
 That all the Ways, whereby he should return,
 By *Godfrey's* People kept and stopped are:
 And now he 'gan his former Losses mourn;
 This Wound had bit him on an elder Scar:
 On great Adventures ran his hardy Thought;
 But not assur'd, he yet resolv'd on Nought.

VIII.

To him *Alesto* came, and Semblance bore
 Of one, whose Age was great, whose Looks were grave,
 Whose Cheeks were bloodless, and whose Locks were hoar,
 Mustachoes strouting long, and Chin close shave;
 A steeped Turbant on her Head she wore;
 Her Garment long, and by her Side her Glave;
 Her gilden Quiver at her Shoulders hung,
 And in her Hand a Bow was stiff and strong.

IX.

We have, quoth she, through Wilderesses gone,
 Through steril Sands, strange Paths, and uncouth Ways;
 Yet Spoil or Booty have we gotten none,
 Nor Victory, deserving Fame or Praise:
Godfrey mean while to ruin Stick and Stone
 Of this fair Town with Batt'ry sore assays;
 And, if a while we rest, we shall behold
 This glorious City smoking lie in Mold.

X.

Are Sheep-Coats burnt, or Preys of Sheep or Kine
 The Cause why *Soliman* these Bands did arm?
 Can'st thou that Kingdom lately lost of thine
 Recover thus? or thus redress thy Harm?
 No, no, when palid *Cynthia* next shall shine,
 Within his Tents give *Godfrey* bold Alarm;
 Believe *Araspes* old, whose grave Advice
 Thou hast in Exile prov'd, and prov'd in *Nice*.

XI.

He feareth nought; he doubts no sudden Broil
 From these ill armed and worse hearted Bands;
 He thinks, this People, us'd to rob and spoil,
 To such Exploits dare not lift up their Hands:
 Up then, and with thy Courage put to Foil
 This fearless Camp, while thus secure it stands.
 This said, her Poison in his Breast she hides,
 And then to shapeless Air unseen she glides.

XII.

XII.

The *Soldan* cry'd ; O thou, who in my Thought
 Increased hast my Rage and Fury so,
 Nor seem'st a Wight of mortal Metal wrought,
 I follow thee, where e'er thee list to go :
 Mountains of Men by Dint of Sword down brought
 Thou shalt behold, and Seas of red Blood flow,
 Where e'er I turn ; only be thou my Guide,
 When fable Night the azure Skies shall hide.

XIII.

When this was said, he muster'd all his Crew ;
 Reprov'd the Cowards, and allow'd the bold :
 His forward Camp, inspir'd with Courage new,
 Was ready dight to follow, where he would ;
Aleto's self the warning Trumpet blew,
 And to the Wind his Standard great unroll'd :
 Thus on they marched, and thus on they went ;
 Speed doth the News of their Approach prevent.

XIV.

Aleto left them, and her Person dight
 Like one, that came some Tidings new to tell :
 It was the Time, when first the rising Night
 Her sparkling Diamonds poureth from her Cell,
 When, into *Sion* come, she marched right,
 Where *Juda's* aged Tyrant us'd to dwell ;
 To whom of *Soliman's* Designment bold
 The Place, the Manner, and the Time she told.

XV.

Their Mantle dark the grisly Shadows spread,
 Stained with Spots of deepest sanguine Hue ;
 Warm Drops of Blood, on Earth's black Visage shed,
 Supply'd the Place of pure and pretious Dew :
 The Moon and Stars for Fear of Sprites were fled ;
 The shrieking Goblins each where howling flew ;
 The Furies roar, the Ghosts and Fairies yell,
 The Earth was fill'd with Devils, and empty Hell.

XVI.

The *Soldan* fierce through all this Horror went
 Toward the Camp of his redoubted Foes ;
 The Night was more than half consum'd and spent,
 And headlong down the *Western* Hill she goes,
 When distant scant a Mile from *Godfrey's* Tent
 He let his People there a while repose,
 And victual'd them ; and then he boldly spoke
 These Words, which Rage and Courage might provoke :

XVII.

See there a Camp, full stuff'd with Spoils and Preys,
 Not half so strong, as false Report records ;
 See there the Storehouse, where their Captain lays
 Our Treasures stol'n, where *Asia's* Wealth he hoards :
 Now Chance the Ball unto our Racket plays ;
 Take then the Vantage, which good Luck affords ;
 For all their Arms, their Horses, Gold and Treasure
 Are ours, ours without Loss, Harm or Displeasure.

XVIII.

Nor is this Camp that great victorious Host,
 Which slew the *Persian* Lords, and *Nice* hath won ;
 For they in this long War are spent and lost ;
 These are the Dregs, the Wine is all out-run :
 And these few left are drown'd and dead almost
 In heavy Sleep ; the Labor half is done
 To send them headlong to *Avernus* deep ;
 For little differ Death and heavy Sleep.

XIX.

Come, come, this Sword the Passage open shall
 Into their Camp ; and on their Bodies slain
 We will pass o'er their Rampire and their Wall :
 This Blade, as Scythes cut down the Fields of Grain,
 Shall cut them so ; CHRIST'S Kingdom now shall fall ;
Asia her Freedom, you shall Praise obtain.
 Thus he inflam'd his Soldiers to the Fight ;
 And led them on through Silence of the Night.

XX.

XX.

But lo ! a wary Centinel descry'd
 The mighty *Soldan* and his Host draw near,
 Who found not, as he hop'd, the *Christians* Guide
 Unware ; ne yet unready was his Gear :
 The Scout, when this huge Army he espy'd,
 Ran back, and 'gan with Shouts th' Alarum rear ;
 The Watch start up, and drew their Weapons bright,
 And busk'd them bold to battle and to fight.

XXI.

Th' *Arabians* wist they could not come unseen,
 And therefore loud their jarring Trumpets found :
 Their yelling Cries to Heav'n uplifted been ;
 The Horses thunder'd on the solid Ground :
 The Mountains roared, and the Valleys green ;
 The Echo sigh'd from the Caves around ;
Alto with her Brand, kindled in Hell,
 Token'd to them, in *David's* Tow'r that dwell.

XXII.

Before the rest forth prick'd the *Soldan* fast,
 Against the Watch not yet in Order just,
 As swift, as hideous *Bears'* hasty Blast,
 From hollow Rocks when first his Storms out burst ;
 As raging Floods, that Trees and Rocks down cast ;
 Or Thunders, Towns and Tow'rs that drive to Dust :
 Earthquakes, to tear the World in twain that threat,
 Are Nought, compared to his Fury great.

XXIII.

He struck no Blow, but that his Foe he hit,
 And never hit, but made a grievous Wound,
 And never wounded, but Death follow'd it ;
 And yet no Peril, Hurt, or Harm he found :
 No Weapon on his harden'd Helmet bit ;
 No puissant Stroke his Senses once astoun'd :
 Yet like a Bell his tinkling Helmet rung ;
 And thence flew Sparks and Fire his Foes among.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Himself well nigh had put the Watch to flight,
 A jolly Troop of *Frenchmen* strong and stout,
 When his *Arabians* came by Heaps to fight,
 Cov'ring, like raging Floods, the Fields about :
 The beaten *Christians* run away full light ;
 The *Pagans*, mingled with the flying Rout,
 Enter'd their Camp, and filled, as they stood,
 Their Tents with Ruin, Slaughter, Death and Blood.

XXV.

High on the *Soldan's* Helm enamell'd lay'd
 An hideous Dragon, arm'd with many a Scale ;
 With iron Paws, and leathern Wings display'd,
 Which twisted on a Knot her forked Tail :
 With triple Tongue it seem'd she hiss'd and bray'd ;
 About her Jaws the Froth and Venom trail ;
 And as he stirr'd, and as his Foes him hit,
 So Flames to cast, and Fire she seem'd to spit.

XXVI.

With this strange Light the *Soldan* fierce appear'd
 Dreadful to those, that round about him been,
 As to poor Sailors, when huge Storms are rear'd ;
 With Light'ning-flash the raging Seas are seen :
 Some fled away, because his Strength they fear'd ;
 Some bolder 'gainst him bent their Weapons keen ;
 And froward Night, in Ills and Mischiefs pleas'd,
 Their Dangers hid, and Dangers still increas'd.

XXVII.

Among the rest, who strove to merit Praise,
 Was old *Latinus*, born by *Tyber's* Bank ;
 To whose stout Heart in Fights and bloody Frays,
 For all his Eild, base Fear yet never sank :
 Five Sons he had, the Comforts of his Days,
 Who from his Side in no Adventure shrank ;
 But long before their Time in Iron strong
 They clad their Members tender, soft, and young.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

The bold Example of their Father's Might
 Their Weapons whetted, and their Wrath increas'd ;
 Come, let us go, quoth he, where yonder Knight
 Upon our Soldiers makes his bloody Feast :
 Let not their Slaughter once your Hearts affright ;
 Where Danger most appears, there fear it least ;
 For Honor dwells in hard Attempts, my Sons,
 And greatest Praise in greatest Peril wuns.

XXIX.

Her tender Brood the Forest's savage Queen
 (Ere on their Crests their rugged Manes appear,
 Before their Mouths by Nature armed been,
 Or Paws have Strength a silly Lamb to tear)
 So leadeth forth to Prey, and makes them keen,
 And learn, by her Example, nought to fear
 The Hunter, in those desert Woods that takes
 The lesser Beasts, whereon his Feast he makes.

XXX.

The noble Father and his hardy Crew
 Fierce *Soliman* on ev'ry Side invade ;
 At once all Six upon the *Soldan* flew
 With Lances sharp, and strong Incounter made :
 His broken Spear the eldest Boy down threw,
 And boldly, over-boldly, drew his Blade,
 Wherewith he strove, but strove therewith in vain,
 The *Pagan's* Steed unmarked to have slain.

XXXI.

But as a Mountain, or a Cape of Land,
 Assail'd with Storms and Seas on ev'ry Side,
 Doth unremov'd and stedfast still withstand
 Storm, Thunder, Lightning, Tempest, Wind and Tide ;
 The *Soldan* so withstood *Latinus'* Band,
 And unremov'd did all their Jufts abide ;
 And of that hapless Youth, who hurt his Steed,
 Down to the Chin he cleft in twain the Head.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Kind *Aramant*, who saw his Brother slain,
 To hold him up stretch'd forth his friendly Arm;
 O foolish Kindness, and O Pity vain,
 To add our proper Loss to others Harm!
 The *Turk* let fall his Sword, and cut in twain,
 About his Brother twin'd, the Child's weak Arm;
 'Down from their Saddles both together slide;
 Together mourn'd they, and together dy'd.

XXXIII.

That done, *Sabino's* Lance, with nimble Force,
 He cut in twain, and 'gainst the Stripling bold
 He spurr'd his Steed, that underneath his Horse
 The hardy Infant tumbled on the Mold;
 Whose Soul, out-squeezed from his bruised Corse,
 With ugly Painfulness forsook her Hold;
 And deeply mourn'd, that of so sweet a Cage
 She left the Bliss, and Joys of youthfull Age.

XXXIV.

But *Picus* yet and *Laurence* were alive,
 Whom at one Birth their Mother fair-brought out;
 A Pair, whose Likeness made their Parents strive
 Oft which was which, rejoicing in their Doubt;
 But, what their Birth did undistinguish'd give,
 The *Soldan's* Rage made known; for *Picus* stout
 Headless at one huge Blow he laid in Dust,
 And through the Breast his gentle Brother thrust.

XXXV.

Their Father (but no Father now, alas!)
 When all his noble Sons at once were slain,
 In their five Deaths so often murder'd was,
 I know not how his Life could him sustain;
 Except his Heart were forg'd of Steel or Brass:
 Yet still he liv'd; perchance he saw not plain
 Their dying Looks, although their Deaths he knows;
 It is some Ease not to behold our Woes.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

He wept not, for the Night her Curtain spread
 Between his Cause of weeping, and his Eyes ;
 But still he mourn'd, and on sharp Vengeance fed,
 And thinks he conquers, if reveng'd he dies :
 He thirsts the *Soldan's* heath'nish Blood to shed,
 And yet his own at less than nought doth prize ;
 Nor can he tell, whether he liefer would
 Or dye himself, or kill the *Pagan* bold.

XXXVII.

At last —— is this right Hand (quoth he) so weak,
 That thou disdain'st 'gainst me to use thy Might ?
 Can it nought do ? can this Tongue nothing speak,
 That may provoke thine Ire, thy Wrath and Spite ?
 With that he struck, his Anger great to wreak,
 A Blow, which pierc'd the Mail and Metal bright,
 And in his Flank set ope a Flood-gate wide,
 Whereat the Blood out stream'd from his Side.

XXXVIII.

Provoked with his Cry, and with that Blow,
 The *Turk* upon him 'gan his Blade discharge ;
 He cleft his Breast-plate, having first pierc'd through,
 Lined with sev'n Bulls Hides, his mighty Targe,
 And sheath'd his Weapon in his Guts below :
 Wretched *Latinus* at that Issue large,
 And at his Mouth, pour'd out his vital Blood,
 And sprinkled with the same his murder'd Brood.

XXXIX.

Like as on *Apennine* a sturdy Tree,
 Against the Winds that makes Resistance stout,
 If with a Storm it overturned be,
 Falls down, and breaks the Trees and Plants about ;
 So *Latin* fell, and with him felled he
 And slew the nearest of the *Pagan* Rout ;
 A worthy End, fit for a Man of Fame,
 Who dying slew, and conquer'd overcame.

E c

XL.

XL.

Mean while the *Soldan* strove his Rage intern
 To satisfy with Blood of *Christians* spill'd ;
 Th' *Arabians*, hearten'd by their Captain stern,
 With Slaughter ev'ry Tent and Cabbin fill'd :
Henry the *English* Knight, and *Oliphern*,
 O fierce *Draguto*, by thy Hands were kill'd ;
Gilbert and *Philip* were by *Aradene*
 Both slain, both born upon the Banks of *Rhene*.

XLI.

Albazar with his Mace *Ernesto* slew ;
 Under *Algazel* *Engerlan* down fell :
 But the huge Murder of the meaner Crew,
 Or Manner of their Deaths, what Tongue can tell ?
Godfrey, when first the *Heathen* Trumpets blew,
 Awak'd ; which heard, no Fear could make him dwell ;
 But he and his were up and arm'd ere long,
 And marched forward with a Squadron strong.

XLII.

He, that well heard the Rumor and the Cry,
 And mark'd the Tumult still grow more and more,
 Judg'd them the Thieves of desert *Araby*,
 Who 'gainst his Soldiers made this Battle fore ;
 For, that they forray'd all the Countries nigh,
 And spoil'd the Fields, the *Duke* knew well before,
 Yet thought he not, they had the Hardiment
 Thus to assail him in his armed Tent.

XLIII.

All suddenly he heard, while on he went,
 How to the City ward, arm, arm, they cry'd ;
 The Noise, upreared to the Firmament,
 With dreadfull Howling fill'd the Valleys wide :
 This was *Clorinda*, whom the King forth sent
 To Battle, and *Argantes* by her Side :
 The *Duke*, this heard, to *Guelpho* turn'd, and pray'd
 Him his Lieutenant be, and to him said :

XLIV.

XLIV.

You hear this new Alarm from yonder Part,
 That from the Town breaks out with so much Rage;
 There needeth much your Valour and your Art
 To calm their Fury, and their Heat assuage:
 Go thither then, and with you take some Part
 Of these brave Soldiers of my Equipage;
 While, with the Res'due of my Champions bold,
 I drive these Wolves again out from our Fold.

XLV.

They parted (this agreed on them between)
 By diverse Paths; Lord *Guelpho* to the Hill;
 And *Godfrey* hasted, where th' *Arabians* keen
 His Men like silly Sheep destroy and kill:
 But, as he went, his Men increased been;
 From ev'ry Part the Soldiers flocked still;
 That now, grown strong enough, he 'proached nigh,
 Where the fierce *Turk* caus'd many a *Christian* dye.

XLVI.

So from the Top of *Vesulus* the cold
 Down to the sandy Valleys tumbles *Po*,
 Whose Streams, the further from their Fountain roll'd,
 Still stronger wax, and with more Puissance go;
 And, horned like a Bull, his Forehead bold
 He lifts, and o'er his broken Banks doth flow;
 And with his Horns to pierce the Sea assays,
 To which he proffers War, not Tribute pays.

XLVII.

The *Duke* his Men fast flying did espy,
 And thither ran, and thus displeased spake;
 What Fear is this? O whither do you fly?
 See who they be, that this Pursuit do make;
 A heartless Band, that dare not Battle try;
 Who Wounds before dare neither give nor take:
 Against them turn your stern Eyes threat'ning Sight;
 An angry Look will put them all to Flight.

E c 2

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

This said, he spurred forth, where *Soliman*
 Destroy'd CHRIST's Vineyard, like a savage Boar ;
 Through Streams of Blood, through Dust and Dirt he ran,
 O'er Heaps of Bodies, wallowing in their Gore :
 The Squadrons close his Sword to ope began ;
 He brake their Ranks, behind, beside, before ;
 And, where he goes, beneath his Feet he treads
 The armed *Saracens*, and barbed Steeds.

XLIX.

This Slaughter-house of angry *Mars* he past,
 Where Thousands dead, half-dead, and dying were ;
 The hardy *Soldan* saw him come in Haste,
 Yet neither stepp'd aside, nor shrunk for Fear,
 But busk'd him bold to fight ; aloft he cast
 His Blade, prepar'd to strike, and stepped near :
 These noble Princes twain, so Fortune wrought,
 From the World's End here met, and here they fought.

L.

With Virtue Fury, Strength with Courage strove,
 For *Asia's* mighty Empire : who can tell
 With how strange Force their cruel Blows they drove ?
 How sore their Combat was, how fierce, how fell ?
 Great Deeds they wrought ; each other's Harness clove ;
 Yet still in Darkness (more the Ruth) they dwell :
 Their Acts the Night her black Vail cover'd under,
 Their Acts, at which the Sun, the World might wonder.

LI.

The *Christians*, by their Guide's Example hearted,
 Of their best armed made a Squadron strong,
 And to defend their Chieftain forth they started ;
 The *Pagans* also sav'd their Knight from Wrong :
 Fortune her Favors 'twixt them ev'nly parted ;
 Fierce was th' Incounter, bloody, doubtfull, long :
 These won, those lost ; these lost, those won again ;
 The Loss was equal, ev'n the Numbers slain.

LII.

LII.

With equal Rage as when the *Southern* Wind
Meeteth in Battle strong the *Northern* Blast,
The Sea and Air to neither is resign'd,
But Cloud 'gainst Cloud, and Wave 'gainst Wave they cast;
So from this Skirmish neither Part declin'd,
But fought it out, and kept their Footings fast;
And oft with furious Shock together rush,
And Shield 'gainst Shield, and Helm 'gainst Helm they crush.

LIII.

The Battle eke to *Sion* ward grew hot;
The Soldiers slain, the hardy Knights were kill'd:
Legions of Sprites, from *Limbo's* Prison got,
The empty Air, the Hills and Valleys fill'd,
Heart'ning the *Pagans*, that they shrink'd not,
'Till, where they stood, their dearest Blood they spill'd;
And with new Rage *Argantes* they inspire,
Whose Heat no Flames, whose Burning need no Fire.

LIV.

Where he came in, he put to shamefull Flight
The fearfull Watch, and o'er the Trenches leap'd;
Ev'n with the Ground he made the Rampire's Height,
And murder'd Bodies in the Ditch up-heap'd;
So that his greedy Mates with Labour tight
Amid the Tents a bloody Harvest reap'd:
Clorinda went the proud *Circassian* by;
So from one Piece two chained Bullets fly.

LV.

Now fled the *Frenchmen*, when in lucky Hour
Arrived *Guelpho*, and his helping Band;
He made them turn against this Stormy Show'r,
And with bold Face their wicked Foes withstand:
Sternly they fought, that from their Wounds down pour
The Streams of Blood, and run on either Hand:
The LORD of Heav'n mean while upon this Fight
From His high Throne bent down His gracious Sight;

LVI.

214 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

LVI.

From whence, with Grace and Goodness compass'd round,
 HE ruleth, blesteth, keepeth all HE wrought,
 Above the Air, the Fire, the Sea and Ground,
 Our Sense, our Wit, our Reason and our Thought ;
 Where PERSONS THREE, with Pow'r and Glory crown'd,
 Are all one GOD, who made all Things of Nought ;
 Under whose Feet, subjected to HIS Grace,
 Sit Nature, Fortune, Motion, Time and Place.

LVII.

This is the Place, from whence, like Smoke and Dust,
 Of this frail World the Wealth, the Pomp and Pow'r
 HE tosseth, tumbleth, turneth as HE lust,
 And guides our Life, our Death, our End and Hour :
 No Eye, however virtuous, pure and just,
 Can view the Brightness of that glorious Bow'r ;
 On ev'ry Side the blessed Spirits be,
 Equal in Joys, though diff'ring in Degree.

LVIII.

With Harmony of their celestial Song
 The Palace eccho'd from the Chambers pure ;
 At last HE *Michael* call'd, in Harness strong
 Of never-yielding Di'monds armed sure ;
 Then spake ; Behold, to do Despite and Wrong
 To that just Flock my Mercy hath in Cure,
 How *Satan* from Hell's loathsome Prison sends
 His Ghosts, his Sprites, his Furies and his Fiends.

LIX.

Go, bid them all depart, and leave the Care
 Of War to Soldiers, as doth best 'pertain :
 Command them cease t' infect the Earth and Air ;
 To darken Heav'n's fair Light bid them refrain :
 Bid them to *Acheron's* black Flood repair,
 Fit House for them, the House of Grief and Pain ;
 There let their King himself and them torment ;
 So I command——go tell them my Intent.

LX.

LX.

This said, the winged Warrior low inclin'd
At his Creator's Feet with Rev'rence due,
Then spread his golden Feathers to the Wind,
And, swift as Thought, away the Angel flew :
He pass'd the Light and shining Fire, assign'd
The glorious Seat of his selected Crew,
The Mover first, and Circle crystalline,
The Firmament, where fixed Stars all shine;

LXI.

Unlike in Working then, in Shape and Show,
At his left Hand *Saturn* he left, and *Jove*,
And those untruly *errant* call'd, I trow,
Since HE errs not, who them doth guide and move ;
The Fields he pass'd then, whence Hail and Snow,
Thunder and Rain fall down from Clouds above,
Where Heat and Cold, Dryness and Moisture strive,
Whose Wars all Creatures kill, and slain revive.

LXII.

The horrid Darkness, and the Shadows dun
Dispersed he with his eternal Wings ;
The Flames, which from his heav'nly Eyes out-run,
Begild the Earth, and all her fable Things :
After a Storm so spreadeth forth the Sun
His Rays, and binds the Clouds in golden Strings ;
Or in the Stillness of a Moon-shine Even
A falling Star so glideth down from Heaven.

LXIII.

But when th' infernal Troop he 'proached near,
That still the *Pagans* Ire and Rage provoke,
The Angel on his Wings himself did bear,
And shook his Lance, and thus at last he spoke :
Have you not learned yet to know and fear
The LORD's just Wrath, and Thunder's dreadfull Stroke ?
Or in the Torments of your endless Ill
Are you still fierce, still proud, rebellious still ?

LXIV.

LXIV.

The LORD hath sworn to break the iron Bands,
 The brazen Gates of *Sion's* Fort which close;
 Who is it, that His sacred Will withstands?
 Against His Wrath who dares himself oppose?
 Go hence, ye curst, to your appointed Lands,
 The Realms of Death, of Torments and of Woes,
 And in the Deeps of that infernal Lake
 Your Battles fight, and there your Triumphs make;

LXV.

There tyrannise upon the Souls you find
 Condemn'd to Woe, and double still their Pains,
 Where some complain, where some their Teeth do grind,
 Some howl and weep, some clink their iron Chains.
 This said, they fled; and those that stay'd behind
 With his sharp Lance he driveth and constrains;
 They fighting left the Lands, his silver Sheep
 Where *Hesperus* doth lead, doth feed and keep,

LXVI.

And towards Hell their lazy Wings display,
 To wreak their Malice on the damned Ghosts:
 The Birds, that follow *Titan's* hottest Ray,
 Pass not in so great Flocks to warmer Coasts;
 Nor Leaves in so great Numbers fall away,
 When Winter nips them with his new-come Frosts:
 The Earth, deliver'd from so foul Annoy,
 Recall'd her Beauty, and resum'd her Joy.

LXVII.

But not for this in fierce *Argantes'* Breast
 Lessen'd the Rancour, or decay'd the Ire,
 Although *Alesto* left him to infect
 With the hot Brands of her infernal Fire;
 'Round his arm'd Head his trenchant Blade he blest,
 And those thick Ranks, which seem'd most intire,
 He broke; the strong, the weak, the high, the low,
 Were equalized by his murd'ring Blow.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

Not far from him, amid the Blood and Dust,
 Heads, Arms, and Legs *Clprinda* strowed wide :
 Her Sword through *Berengario's* Breast she thrust,
 Quite through the Heart, where Life doth chiefly bide ;
 And that fell Blow she struck so sure and just,
 That at his Back his Blood and Life forth glide :
 Ev'n in the Mouth she smote *Albinus* then,
 And cut in twain the Visage of the Man :

LXIX.

Gernier's right Hand she from his Arm divided,
 Whereof but late she had receiv'd a Wound ;
 The Hand his Sword still held, although not guided ;
 The Fingers half-alive stirr'd on the Ground :
 So from a Serpent slain the Tail divided
 Moves in the Grass, rolleth, and tumbleth round ;
 The Champions so wounded left the Knight,
 And 'gainst *Achilles* turn'd her Weapon bright :

LXX.

Upon his Neck light that unhappy Blow,
 And cut the Sinews and the Throat in twain ;
 The Head fell down upon the Earth below,
 And soil'd with Dust the Visage on the Plain :
 The headless Trunk (a woefull Thing to know)
 Still in the Saddle seated did remain,
 Untill his Steed, that felt the Reins at large,
 With Leaps and Flings that Burden did discharge.

LXXI.

While thus this fair and fierce *Bellona* slew
 The *Western* Lords, and put their Troops to Flight,
Gildippe raged 'mongst the *Pagan* Crew,
 And low in Dust laid many a worthy Knight :
 Like was their Sex, their Beauty, and their Hue,
 Like was their Youth, their Courage and their Might ;
 Yet Fortune nould they should the Battle try,
 For both were fram'd by mightier Foes to dye :

LXXII.

Yet wish'd they oft, and strove in vain to meet,
 So great betwixt them was the Press and Throng :
 But hardy *Guelpho* 'gainst *Clorinda* sweet
 Ventur'd his Sword, to work her Harm and Wrong ;
 And with a cutting Blow so did her greet,
 That from her Side the Blood stream'd down along ;
 But with a Thrust an Answer sharp she made,
 And 'twixt his Ribs colour'd some deal her Blade :

LXXIII.

Lord *Guelpho* struck again, but hit her not,
 For strong *Ofmida* haply passed by,
 And, not meant him, another's Wound he got,
 That cleft his Front in twain above his Eye :
 Near *Guelpho* now the Battle waxed hot,
 For all the Troops he led 'gan thither hie ;
 And thither eke drew many a *Painim* Knight,
 That fierce, stern, bloody, deadly wax'd the Fight.

LXXIV.

Mean while the purple Morning peeped o'er
 The *Eastern* Threshold to our Half of Land ;
 And *Argillano* in this great Upore
 From Prison loosed was ; and what he saw,
 Those Arms he hent, and to the Field them bore,
 Resolv'd to take his Chance, what came to Hand ;
 And with great Acts, amid the *Pagan* Host,
 Would win again his Reputation lost.

LXXV.

As a fierce Steed, 'scap'd from his Stall at large,
 Where he had long been kept for warlike Need,
 Runs through the Fields unto the flow'ry Marge
 Of some green Forest, where he us'd to feed ;
 His curled Mane his Shoulders broad doth charge,
 And from his lofty Crest doth spring and spread ;
 Thunder his Feet, his Nostrils Fire breathe out,
 And with his Neigh the World resounds about ;

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

So *Argillan* rush'd forth ; sparkled his Eyes ;
 His Front high lifted was, no Fear therein :
 Lightly he leaps and skips ; it seems he flies ;
 He left no Sign in Dust imprinted thin ;
 And, coming near his Foes, he sternly cries——
 (As one who wish'd the Combat to begin)
 Ye Out-casts of the World, ye Men of nought,
 What hath in you this Boldness newly wrought?

LXXVII.

Too weak are you to bear a Helm or Shield ;
 Unfit to arm your Breasts in Iron bright :
 You run half-naked, trembling through the Field ;
 Your Blows are feeble, and your Hopes in Flight :
 Your Facts, and all the Actions that you wield
 The Darknes hides ; your Bulwark is the Night ;
 Now she is gone, how will your Fights succeed ?
 Now better Arms and better Hearts you need.

LXXVIII.

While thus he spoke, he gave a cruel Stroke
 Against *Algazel's* Throat with Might and Main ;
 And, as he would have answer'd him and spoke,
 He stopp'd his Words, and cut his Jaws in twain :
 Upon his Eyes Death spread his misty Cloak ;
 A chilling Frost congealed ev'ry Vein ;
 He fell, and with his Teeth the Earth he tore,
 Raging in Death, though full of Rage before.

LXXIX.

Then by his Puissance mighty *Saladine*,
 Proud *Agricault*, and *Muleasses* dy'd ;
 And at one wond'rous Blow his Weapon fine
 Did *Adiazal* in two Parts divide :
 Then through the Breast he wounded *Aradine*,
 Whom dying with sharp Taunts he 'gan deride ;
 He lifting up uneath his feeble Eyes
 To his proud Scorns thus answers, ere he dies :

LXXX.

Nor thou, whoe'er thou art, shalt glory long
 Thy happy Conquest in my Death, I trow ;
 Like Chance awaits thee from a Hand more strong,
 Which by my Side will shortly lay thee low :
 He smil'd, and said ; of my Hour, short or long,
 Let Heav'n take Care ; but here mean while dye thou,
 Pasture for Wolves and Crows : on him his Foot
 He set, and drew his Sword and Life both out.

LXXXI.

Among this Squadron rode a gentle Page,
 The *Soldan's* Minion, Darling, and Delight ;
 On whose fair Chin the Spring-time of his Age
 Yet blossom'd out her Flowers small and light :
 The Sweat, spread on his Cheeks with Heat and Rage,
 Seem'd Pearls, or Morning Dew on Lilies white ;
 The Dust therein uproll'd adorn'd his Hair ;
 His Face seem'd fierce yet sweet, wrathfull yet fair :

LXXXII.

His Steed was white, and white as purest Snow
 That falls on Tops of aged *Apennine* ;
 Light'ning and Storm are not so swift, I trow,
 As he to run, to stop, to turn and twine :
 A Dart his right Hand shaked, prest to throw ;
 His Curtlax by his Thigh, short, hooked, fine ;
 And, braving in his *Turkish* Pomp, he shone
 In purple Robe, o'erfret with Gold and Stone.

LXXXIII.

The hardy Boy, while Thirst of warlike Praise
 Bewitched thus his unadvised Thought,
 'Gainst ev'ry Band his childish Strength assays,
 And little Danger found, though much he fought,
 'Till *Argillan*, who watch'd fit Time always
 In his swift Turns to strike him as he fought,
 Did unawares his Snow-white Courser slay,
 And under him his Master tumbling lay :

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

And 'gainst his Face (where Love and Pity stand
 To pray him that rich Throne of Beauty spare)
 The cruel Man stretch'd forth his murd'ring Hand
 To spoil those Gifts, whereof he had no Share :
 It seem'd, Remorse and Sense were in his Brand,
 Which lighting flat to hurt the Lad forbare ;
 But all for nought ; 'gainst him the Point he bent,
 That, what the Edge had spared, pierc'd and rent.

LXXXV.

Fierce *Soliman*, that with *Godfredo* striv'd,
 Who first should enter Conquest's glorious Gate,
 Left off the Fray, and thither headlong driv'd,
 When first he saw the Lad in such Estate ;
 He brake the Press, and soon enough arriv'd
 To take Revenge, but to his Aid too late ;
 For there he saw his *Lesbin* slain and lost,
 Like a sweet Flow'r, nipt with untimely Frost.

LXXXVI.

He saw wax dim the Star-light of his Eyes ;
 His iv'ry Neck upon his Shoulders fell ;
 In his pale Looks kind Pity's Image lies,
 That Death ev'n mourn'd to hear his Passing-Bell :
 The *Soldan*'s Heart such soft Impression tries,
 That mid'st his Wrath his manly Tears out-swell ;
 Thou weepest, *Soliman*, thou that beheld
 Thy Kingdoms lost, and not one Tear could'st yield.

LXXXVII.

But when the Murd'rer's Sword he happ'd to view,
 Dropping with Blood of his *Lesbino* dead,
 His Pity vanish'd ; Ire and Rage renew ;
 He had no Leisure bootless Tears to shed ;
 But with his Blade on *Argillano* flew,
 And cleft his Shield, his Helmet, and his Head,
 Down to his Throat ; and worthy was that Blow
 Of *Soliman*, his Strength and Wrath to show :

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

And not content with this, down from his Horse
 He light, and that dead Carcass rent and tore ;
 Like a fierce Dog, that takes his angry Course
 To bite the Stone, which had him hit before :
 O Comfort vain ! for Grief of so great Force
 To wound the senseless Earth, which feels no Sore.
 But mighty *Godfrey* 'gainst the *Soldan's* Train
 Spent not this while his Force and Blows in vain :

LXXXIX.

A Thousand hardy *Turks* affront he had,
 In sturdy Iron arm'd from Head to Foot ;
 Resolv'd in all Adventures good or bad ;
 In Council wise, in Execution stout ;
 Whom *Soliman* into *Arabia* led ;
 When from his Kingdom he was first cast out ;
 Where living wild with their exiled Guide,
 To him in all Extremes they faithful bide.

XC.

All these in thickest Order sure unite ;
 But *Godfrey's* Valour small or nothing shrank :
Corcutes first he on the Face did smite ;
 Then wounded strong *Rosteno* in the Flank :
 At one Blow *Selim's* Head he struck off quite ;
 Then both *Rossano's* Arms : in ev'ry Rank
 The boldest Knights of all that chosen Crew
 He felled, maimed, wounded, hurt and slew.

XCI.

While thus he killed many a *Saracen*,
 And all their fierce Assaults unhurt sustain'd ;
 Ere Fortune wholly from the *Turks* decline,
 While still they hoped much, though little gain'd,
 Behold a Cloud of Dust, wherein doth shine
 Light'ning of War, in Mid'st thereof contain'd ;
 Whence unawares burst forth a Storm of Swords,
 Which tremble made the *Pagan* Knights and Lords.

XCII.

XCXII.

These fifty Champions were; 'mongst whom there stands
 In silver Field the Ensign of CHRIST's Death :
 If I had Tongues, as fam'd *Briareus* Hands,
 If Voice as Iron tough, if Iron Breath,
 What Harm this Troop wrought to the *Heathen* Bands,
 What Knights they slew, I could recount unneath :
 In vain the *Turks* resist, th' *Arabians* fly ;
 For if they fly, th'are slain ; if fight, they dye.

XCIII.

Fear, Cruelty, Grief, Horror, Sorrow, Pain,
 Run through the Field, disguis'd in diverse Shapes ;
 Death might you see triumphant on the Plain,
 In Blood him drowning, that from Blows escapes :
 The King mean while with Parcel of his Train
 Comes hast'ly out, and for sure Conquest gapes ;
 And from a Bank, whereon he stood, beheld
 The doubtfull Hazard of the bloody Field.

XCIV.

But when he saw the *Pagans* shrink away,
 He sounded the Retreat, and 'gan Desire
 His Messengers in his Behalf to pray
Argantes and *Glorinda* to retire :
 The furious Couple both at once said nay,
 Ev'n drunk with shedding Blood, and mad with Ire ;
 At last they went ; and to recomfort thought,
 And stay their Troops from Flight, but all for nought ;

XCV.

For who can govern Cowardise or Fear ?
 Their Host already had begun to fly ;
 They cast their Shields and cutting Swords arrear,
 As not defended, but made slow thereby :
 A hollow Dale, the City's Bulwark near,
 From *West* to *South* out-stretched long doth lie ;
 Thither they fled, and in a Mist of Dust
 Towards the Walls they run, they throng, they thrust.

XCVI.

XCVI.

While down the Bank disorder'd thus they ran,
 The *Christian* Knights huge Slaughter on them made;
 But when to climb the other Hill they 'gan,
 Old *Aladine* came fiercely to their Aid:
 On that steep Bray Lord *Guelpho* would not then
 Hazard his Folk, but there his Soldiers staid;
 And safe within the City's Walls the King
 The Relicts small of that sharp Fight did bring.

XCVII.

Mean while the *Soldan* in this latest Charge
 Had done as much as human Force was able;
 All Sweat and Blood appear'd his Members large;
 His Breath was short, his Courage wax'd unstable:
 His Arm grew weak to bear his mighty Targe;
 His Hand to rule his heavy Sword unable;
 Which bruis'd, not cut, so blunted was the Blade,
 It lost the Use, for which a Sword was made.

XCVIII.

Feeling his Weakness, he 'gan musing stand,
 And in his troubled Thought this Question tost——
 If he himself should murder with his Hand,
 Because none else should of his Conquest boast;
 Or he should save his Life, when on the Land
 Lay slain the Pride of his subdued Host:
 At last——to Fortune's Pow'r, quoth he, I yield;
 And on my Flight let her her Trophies build:

XCIX.

Let *Godfrey* view my Flight, and smile to see
 This my unworthy, second Banishment;
 For arm'd again soon shall he hear of me
 From his proud Head th' unsettled Crown to rent:
 For, as my Wrongs, my Wrath etern shall be;
 And ev'ry Hour, the Bow of War new-bent,
 I will arise again a Foe fierce, bold,
 Though dead, though slain, though burnt to Ashes cold.

TASSO'S,

T A S S O ' s J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K X.

I.

A Gallant Steed, while thus the *Soldan* said,
Came trotting by him, without Lord or Guide ;
Quickly his Hand upon the Reins he laid,
And weak and weary climbed up to ride :
The Snake, that on his Crest hot Fire out-bray'd,
Was quite cut off, his Helm had lost the Pride ;
His Coat was rent, his Harnefs hack'd and cleft,
And of his kingly Pomp no Sign was left.

II.

As when a savage Wolf, chac'd from the Fold,
To hide his Head runs to some Holt or Wood ;
Who, though he filled hath, while it might hold,
His greedy Paunch, yet hungers after Food,
With sanguine Tongue forth of his Lips out-roll'd
About his Jaws, that licks up Foam and Blood ;
So from this bloody Fray the *Soldan* hy'd,
His Rage unquench'd, his Wrath unsatisfy'd.

III.

And, as his Fortune would, he 'scaped free
From thousand Arrows, which about him flew ;
From Swords and Lances, Instruments that be
Of certain Death, himself he safe withdrew :
Unknown, unseen, disguised travell'd he,
By desert Paths, and Ways but us'd by few ;
And rode, revolving in his troubled Thought
What Course to take, and yet resolv'd on nought.

IV.

Thither at last he meant to take his Way,
 Where *Egypt's* King assembled all his Host,
 To join with him, and once again assay
 To win by Fight, by which so oft he lost :
 Determin'd thus, he made no longer Stay,
 But thitherward spurr'd forth his Steed in Post ;
 Nor need he Guide ; the Way right well he could,
 Which leads to sandy Plains of *Gaza* old.

V.

Nor, though his smarting Wounds torment him oft,
 His Body weak, and wounded Back and Side,
 Yet rested he, nor once his Armour doft,
 But all Day long o'er Hills and Dales doth ride :
 But when the Night cast up her Shade aloft,
 And Earth's gay Colours in dim Sable dy'd,
 He light, and, as he could, his Wounds up-bound,
 And shook ripe Dates down from a Palm he found.

VI.

On them he supped, and amid the Field
 To rest his weary Limbs a while he sought ;
 He made his Pillow of his broken Shield,
 To ease the Grievs of his distemper'd Thought :
 But little Ease could so hard Lodging yield ;
 His Wounds so smarted, that he slept right nought ;
 And in his Breast his proud Heart rent in twain
 Two inward Vultures, Sorrow and Disdain.

VII.

At length, when Midnight with her Silence deep
 Did Heav'n and Earth hush'd, still, and quiet make,
 Sore watch'd and weary, he began to sleep
 His Cares and Sorrows in Oblivion's Lake ;
 And in a little, short, unquiet Sleep,
 Some small Repose his fainting Spirits take :
 But, while he slept, a Voice grave and severe
 At unawares thus thunder'd in his Ear :

VIII.

VIII.

O *Soliman*, thou far renowned King,
 'Till better Season serve, forbear thy Rest ;
 A Stranger doth thy Lands in Thralldom bring ;
Nice is a Slave, by *Christian* Yoke opprest :
 Sleepest thou here, forgetful of this Thing,
 That yet thy Friends lie slain, not laid in Chest,
 Whose Bones bear Witness of thy Shame and Scorn ?
 And wilt thou idly here attend the Morn ?

IX.

The King awak'd, and saw before his Eyes
 A Man, whose Presence seemed grave and old ;
 A withen Staff his Steps unstable guides,
 Which serv'd his feeble Members to uphold :
 And what art thou ? the Prince in Scorn replies ;
 What Sprite to vex poor Passengers so bold ?
 To break their Sleep ? or what to thee belongs
 My Shame, my Loss, my Vengeance, or my Wrongs ?

X.

I am the Man, of thine Intent, quoth he,
 And Purpose new that sure Conjecture hath,
 And better, than thou weene'st, know I thee ;
 I proffer thee my Service and my Faith ;
 My Speeches therefore sharp and biting be,
 Because quick Words the Whetstones are of Wrath :
 Accept in Gree, my Lord, the Words I spoke,
 As Spurs thine Ire and Courage to provoke.

XI.

But now to visit *Egypt's* mighty King,
 Unless my Judgment fail, you are prepar'd ;
 I prophecy, about a needful Thing
 You suffer shall a Voyage long and hard ;
 For though you stay, the Monarch great will bring
 His new-assembled Host to *Juda* ward ;
 No Place of Service there, no Cause of Fight,
 Against our Foes to use your Force and Might.

XII.

But, if you follow me, within this Wall,
 With *Christian* Arms hemm'd in on ev'ry Side,
 Withouten Battle, Fight, or Stroke at all,
 Ev'n at Noonday I will you safely guide ;
 Where you delight, rejoice, and glory shall
 In Perils great to see your Prowess try'd :
 That noble Town you may preserve and shield,
 'Till *Egypt's* Host come to renew the Field.

XIII.

While thus he parled, of this aged Guest
 The Words and Looks the *Turk* did both admire ;
 And from his haughty Eyes and furious Breast
 He laid apart his Pride, his Rage and Ire,
 And humbly said ; I willing am, and prest
 To follow where thou leadest, rev'rend Sire ;
 And that Advice fits best my angry Vein,
 That tells of greatest Peril, greatest Pain.

XIV.

The old Man prais'd his Words ; and, for the Air
 His late received Wounds to worse disposes,
 A Quintessence therein he poured fair,
 Which stops the Bleeding, and Incision closes :
 Beholding then, before *Apollo's* Chair
 How fresh *Aurora* Violets strew'd and Roses,
 'Tis Time he says to wend, for *Titan* bright
 To wonted Labour summons ev'ry Wight.

XV.

Then to a Chariot, that beside did stand,
 Ascended he, and with him *Soliman* ;
 He took the Reins, and with a mast'ring Hand
 Ruled his Steeds, and whipt them now and then :
 The Wheels and Horses Feet upon the Land
 Had left no Sign nor Token where they ran ;
 The Coursers pant, and smoke with lukewarm Sweat,
 And, foaming Cream, their iron Mouthfuls eat.

XVI.

XVI.

The Air about them round, a wond'rous Thing!
 Itself on Heaps in solid Thicknes threw,
 The Chariot hiding and invironing;
 The subtil Mist no mortal Eye could view;
 And yet no Stone from Engine cast, or Sling,
 Could pierce the Cloud, it was of Proof so true;
 Yet seen it was to them, within who ride,
 And Heav'n and Earth without all clear beside.

XVII.

His beetle Brows the *Turk* amazed bent;
 He wrinkled up his Front, and wildly star'd
 Upon the Cloud and Chariot, as it went,
 For Speed to *Cynthia's* Carr right well compar'd:
 The other seeing his Astonishment,
 How he bewonder'd was, and how he far'd,
 All suddenly by Name the Prince 'gan call;
 By which awaked, thus he spoke withall.

XVIII.

Whoe'er thou art, above all worldly Wit
 That hast these high and wond'rous Marvels wrought,
 And know'st the deep Intents, which hidden sit
 In secret Closet of Man's private Thought,
 If in thy skillfull Heart this Lore be writ,
 To tell th' Event of Things to End unbrought,
 Then say, what Issue and what End the Stars
 Allot to *Asia's* Troubles, Broils and Wars?

XIX.

But tell me first thy Name, and by what Art
 Thou do'st these Wonders strange above our Skill?
 For full of Marvel is my troubled Heart;
 Tell then, and leave me not amazed still:
 The Wizard smil'd and answer'd; in some Part
 Easy 't is to satisfy thy Will;
If men I hight, call'd an Inchanter great,
 Such Skill have I in Magic's secret Feat.

XX.

XX.

But, that I should the sure Events unfold
 Of Things to come, or Destinies foretell,
 Too rash is your Desire, your Wish too bold;
 To mortal Heart such Knowledge never fell:
 Our Wit and Strength bestow'd on us I hold
 To shun the Ills and Harms 'mongst which we dwell:
 They make their Fortune, who are stout and wise;
 Wit rules the Heav'ns, Discretion rules the Skies.

XXI.

That puissant Arm of thine, that well can rend
 From *Godfrey's* Brow the new-usurped Crown,
 And can alone protect, save and defend
 From his fierce People this besieged Town,
 'Gainst Fire and Sword with Strength and Courage bend;
 Adventure, suffer, trust, tread Perils down:
 And to content, and to encourage thee,
 Know this, which I, as in a Cloud, foresee.

XXII.

I guess, before the over-gliding Sun
 Shall many Years mete out by Weeks and Days,
 A Prince, that shall in fertile *Ægypt* wun,
 Shall fill all *Asia* with his prosp'rous Frays:
 I speak not of his Acts in Quiet done,
 His Policy, his Rule, his Wisdom's Praise;
 Let this suffice; by him these *Christians* shall
 In Fight subdued fly, and conquer'd fall;

XXIII.

And their great Empire and usurped State
 Shall overthrown in Dust and Ashes lie;
 Their wofull Remnant, in an Angle strait;
 Compas'd with Sea, themselves shall fortify:
 From thee shall spring this Lord of War and Fate.
 Whereto great *Soliman* 'gan thus reply;
 O happy Man, to so great Praise ibore!
 Thus he rejoiced, but yet envy'd more;

XXIV.

XXIV.

And said ; let *Chance* with good or bad Aspect
 Upon me look, as sacred Heav'n's decree ;
 This Heart to her I never will subject,
 Nor ever conquer'd shall she look on me :
 The Moon her Chariot shall awry direct,
 Ere from this Course I will diverted be.

While thus he spake, it seem'd he breathed Fire ;
 So fierce his Courage was, so hot his Ire.

XXV.

Thus talked they, 'till they arrived been
 Nigh to the Place, where *Godfrey's* Tents were rear'd :
 There was a wofull Spectacle iseen ;
 Death in a Thousand ugly Forms appear'd :
 The *Soldan* changed Hue for Grief and Teen ;
 On that sad Book his Shame and Loss he lear'd ;
 Ah with what Grief his Men, his Friends he found,
 And Standards proud inglorious lye on Ground !

XXVI.

He saw the Visage of some well-known Friend
 In foul Despite a rascal *Frenchman* tread ;
 And there another ragged Peasant rend
 The Arms and Garments from some Champion dead :
 And how with stately Pomp by Heaps they wend,
 And *Christians* slain roll up in Webs of Lead ;
 Lastly the *Turks* and slain *Arabians*, brought
 On Heaps, he saw them burn with Fire to nought.

XXVII.

Deeply he sighed, and with naked Sword
 Out of the Chariot leaped in the Mire ;
 But *Ismen* call'd again the angry Lord,
 And with grave Words appeas'd his foolish Ire :
 The Prince content remounted at his Word ;
 Towards a Hill on drove the aged Sire ;
 And hasting forward up the Bank they pass,
 'Till far behind the *Christian* Leaguer was.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

There they alight, and took their Way on Foot ;
 The empty Chariot vanish'd out of Sight ;
 Yet still the Cloud environ'd them about :
 At their left Hand down went they from the Height
 Of *Sion's* Hill, 'till they approach'd the Root,
 On that Side, where to *West* it looketh right ;
 There stay'd *Ismeno*, and his Eye-fight bent
 Upon the bushy Rocks, and thither went.

XXIX.

A hollow Cave was in the craggy Stone,
 Wrought out by Hand a Number Years tofore ;
 And, for of long that Way had walked none,
 The Vault was hid with Plants and Bushes hoar :
 The Wizard, stooping in thereat to gone,
 The Thorns aside, and scratching Brambles bore ;
 His right Hand sought the Passage through the Cleft,
 And, for his Guide, he gave the Prince his Left.

XXX.

What, quoth the *Soldan*, by what privy Mine,
 What hidden Vault behoves it me to creep ?
 This Sword can find a better Way than thine,
 Although our Foes the Passage guard and keep.
 Let not, quoth he, thy princely Foot repine
 To tread this secret Path, though dark and deep ;
 For great King *Herod* us'd to tread the same ;
 He that in Arms had whilom so great Fame.

XXXI.

This Passage made he, when he would suppress
 His Subjects Pride, and them in Bondage hold ;
 By this he could from that small Forterefs
Antonia call'd, of *Antony* the bold,
 Convey his Folk unseen of more or less,
 Ev'n to the Middest of the Temple old,
 Thence hither, where these privy Ways begin,
 And bring unseen whole Armies out and in.

XXXII.

XXXII.

But now, save me, in all this World lives none,
 Who knows the Secret of this darksome Place ;
 Come then, where *Aladine* sits on his Throne,
 With Lords and Princes set about his Grace :
 He feareth more, than fitteth such a one ;
 Such Signs of Doubt are in his Chear and Face :
 Fitly you come ; hear, see, and keep you still,
 'Till Time and Season serve, then speak your Fill.

XXXIII.

This said, that narrow Entrance pass'd the Knight,
 (So creeps a Camel through a Needle's Eye)
 And through the Ways, as black as darkest Night,
 He follow'd him, that did him lead and guy :
 Strait was the Way at first, withouten Light ;
 But further in did further amplify ;
 So that upright walk'd at Ease the Men,
 Ere they had pass'd half that secret Den.

XXXIV.

A privy Door *Ifmen* unlock'd at last,
 And up they clomb a little-used Stair ;
 Thereat the Day a feeble Beam in-cast ;
 Dim was the Light, and nothing clear the Air :
 Out of the hollow Cave at length they pass'd,
 Into a goodly Hall, high, broad, and fair ;
 Where, crown'd with Gold, and all in Purple clad,
 Sat the sad King, among his Nobles sad.

XXXV.

The *Turk*, close in his hollow Cloud imbar'd,
 Unseen, at Will did all the Prefs behold ;
 These heavy Speeches of the King he heard,
 Who from his lofty Throne his Pleasure told :
 My Lords, last Day our State was much impair'd ;
 Our Friends were slain, kill'd were our Soldiers bold ;
 Great Helps, and greater Hopes, are us bereft,
 Nor ought but Aid from *Ægypt* Land is left ;

H h

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

And well you see far distant is that Aid ;
 Upon our Heels our Danger treadeth still :
 For your Advice was this Assembly made ;
 Each, what he thinketh, speak, and what he will.
 A Whisper soft arose, when this was said,
 As gentle Winds the Groves with Murmur fill ;
 But with bold Face, high Looks, and merry Chear,
 Argantes rose ; the rest their Talk forbear.

XXXVII.

O worthy Sov'reign, (thus began to say
 The hardy Warrior to the Tyrant wife)
 What Words are these ? what Fears do you dismay ?
 Who knows not this, you need not our Advice ?
 But on our Hands your Hope of Conquest lay ;
 And, for no Loss true Virtue damnifies,
 Make her our Shield, pray her us Succours give,
 And let us not without her wish to live.

XXXVIII.

Nor say I this, for that I ought misdeem,
 That *Egypt's* promis'd Succours fail us might ;
 Doubtfull of my great Master's Word to seem
 In me were neither lawfull, just, or right :
 I speak these Words, for Spurs I them esteem
 To waken up each dull and fearful Sprite,
 And make our Hearts resolv'd, in all Assays,
 To win with Honor, or to dye with Praise.

XXXIX.

Thus much *Argantes* said, and said no more,
 As if the Case were clear, of which he spoke :
Orcano rose, of princely Stem ibore,
 Whose Presence 'mongst them bore a mighty Stroke :
 A Man esteemed well in Arms of yore,
 But now was coupled new in Marriage Yoke ;
 Young Babes he had, to fight which made him loth ;
 He was a Husband and a Father both.

XL.

My Lord, quoth he, I will not reprehend
 The earnest Zeal of this audacious Speech,
 From Courage sprung, which feld we close ipend
 In swelling Stomach without violent Breach :
 And though to you our good *Circassian* Friend
 In Terms too bold and fervent oft doth preach,
 Yet hold I that for good ; in warlike Feat
 His valiant Deeds respond his Speeches great.

XLI.

But if it you beseem (whom graver Age,
 And long Experience hath made wise and sly)
 To rule the Heat of Youth, and hardy Rage,
 Which somewhat have misled this Knight awry,
 In equal Ballance ponder then and gage
 Your Hopes far distant with your Perils nigh ;
 This Town's old Wall and Rampires well compare
 With *Godfrey's* Forces, and his Engines rare.

XLII.

But what I think if I may say unblam'd,
 This Town is strong by Nature, Site, and Art ;
 Yet Instruments and Engines huge are fram'd,
 'Gainst these Defenses, by our adverse Part :
 Who thinks him most secure is easiest sham'd ;
 I hope the best, yet fear inconstant *Mart* ;
 And, with this Siege if we be long up-pent,
 Famine I doubt ; our Store will all be spent.

XLIII.

For all that Store of Cattle and of Grain,
 Which Yesterday within these Walls you brought,
 (While your proud Foes, triumphant through the Plain,
 On nought but shedding Blood, and Conquest thought)
 Too little is this City to sustain,
 To raise the Siege unless some Means be sought ;
 And it must last, 'till the prefixed Hour,
 That it be rais'd by *Egypt's* Aid and Pow'r.

XLIV.

But what if that appointed Day they miss ?
 Or else, ere we expect, what if they came ?
 The Victory yet is not ours for this ;
 Oh! save this Town from Ruin, us from Shame :
 With that same *Godfrey* still our Warfare is,
 These Armies, Soldiers, Captains are the same,
 Who have so oft, amid the dusty Plain,
Turks, Persians, Syrians, and Arabians slain.

XLV.

And thou, *Argantes*, wottest what they be ;
 Oft hast thou fled from that victorious Host ;
 Thy Shoulders often hast thou let them see,
 And in thy Feet hath been thy Safeguard most :
Clorinda bright and I fled eke with thee ;
 More than his Fellows none had Cause to boast,
 Nor blame I any ; for in ev'ry Fight
 We shew'd our Courage, Valour, Strength and Might.

XLVI.

And though this hardy Knight the certain Threat
 Of near-approaching Death to hear disdain,
 Yet to this State of Loss and Danger great
 From this strong Foe I see the Tokens plain :
 No Fort, how strong soe'er by Art or Seat,
 Can hinder *Godfrey*, but he here will reign :
 This makes me say, to Witness Heav'n I bring,
 Zeal to this State, Love to my Lord and King.

XLVII.

The King of *Tripoly* was well advis'd
 To purchase Peace, and so preserve his Crown :
 But *Soliman*, who *Godfrey's* Love despis'd,
 Is either dead, or deep in Prison thrown ;
 Else fearfull is he run away disguis'd,
 And scant his Life is left him for his own ;
 And yet with Gifts, with Tribute, and with Gold,
 He might in Peace his Empire still have hold.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Thus spake *Orcano*, and some Hints he gave,
 In doubtfull Words, of what he would have said ;
 To sue for Peace, or yield himself a Slave,
 He durst not openly his King persuade :
 But at those Words the *Soldan* 'gan to rave,
 And 'gainst his Will wrapp'd in the Cloud he stay'd,
 Whom *Ifmen* thus bespake ; how can you bear
 These Words, my Lord, or these Reproaches hear ?

XLIX.

Oh let me speak, quoth he ; with Ire and scorn
 I burn, and 'gainst my Will thus hid I stay :
 This said, the smoky Cloud was cleft and torn,
 Which, like a Vail, upon them stretch'd lay,
 And up to open Heav'n forthwith was borne,
 And left the Prince in View of lightsom Day ;
 With princely Look amid the Prefs he shin'd,
 And on a sudden thus declar'd his Mind :

L.

Of whom you speak, behold the *Soldan* here,
 Neither afraid, nor run away for Dread ;
 And, that these Slanders, Lies, and Fables were,
 This Hand shall prove upon that Coward's Head :
 I, who have shed a Sea of Blood well near,
 And heap'd up Mountains high of *Christians* dead ;
 I, in their Camp who still maintain'd the Fray,
 My Men all murder'd, I, ——— *that Run-away*.

LI.

If this, or any Coward vile beside,
 False to his Faith and Country, dares reply,
 And speak of Concord with yond Men of Pride,
 By your good Leave, Sir King, here shall he dye :
 The Lambs and Wolves shall in one Fold abide,
 The Doves and Serpents in one Nest shall lye,
 Before one Town us and these *Christians* shall
 In Peace and Love unite within one Wall.

LII.

LII.

While thus he spoke, his broad and trenchant Sword
 His Hand held high aloft in threat'ning Guise;
 Dumb stood the Knights, so dreadfull was his Word;
 A Storm was in his Front, Fire in his Eyes:
 He turn'd at last to *Sion's* aged Lord,
 And calm'd his Visage stern in humbler Wife;
 Behold, quoth he, good Prince, what Aid I bring,
 Since *Soliman* is join'd with *Juda's* King.

LIII.

King *Aladine* from his rich Throne upstart,
 And said; oh how I joy thy Face to view,
 My noble Friend! it lessens in some Part
 My Grief for Slaughter of my Subjects true:
 My weak Estate to stablish come thou art,
 And may'st thine own again in Time renew,
 If Heav'n consent: With that the *Soldan* bold
 In dear Imbracements did he long infold.

LIV.

Their Greetings done, the King resign'd his Throne
 To *Soliman*, and set himself beside,
 In a rich Seat adorn'd with Gold and Stone,
 And *Ismaen* sage did at his Elbow bide,
 Of whom he ask'd what Way they two had gone;
 And he declar'd all that had them betide:
 Clorinda bright to *Soliman* addrest
 Her Salutations first, then all the rest.

LV.

Among them rose *Ormusses*, valiant Knight,
 Whom late the *Soldan* with a Convoy sent;
 And, when most hot and bloody was the Fight,
 By secret Paths and blind By-ways he went,
 'Till, aided by the Silence and the Night,
 Safe in the City's Wall himself he pent,
 And there refresh'd, with Corn and Cattle Store,
 The pined Soldiers, famish'd nigh before.

LVI.

LVI.

With surly Count'nance and disdainfull Grace,
 Sullen and sad, sat the *Circassian* stout,
 Like a fierce Lion, grumbling in his Place,
 His fiery Eyes that turns and rolls about :
 Nor durst *Orcano* view the *Soldan's* Face,
 But still upon the Ground did pore and tote :
 Thus with his Lords and Peers in Councilling
 The *Turkish* Monarch sat with *Juda's* King.

LVII.

Godfrey this while gave Victory the Rein,
 And, following her, the Straits he open'd all ;
 Then for his Captains and his Soldiers slain
 He celebrates a stately Funeral ;
 And told his Camp, within a Day or twain
 He would assault the City's mighty Wall ;
 And all the *Heathen*, there inclos'd, doth threat
 With Fire and Sword, with Death and Danger great.

LVIII.

And for he had that noble Squadron known,
 In the last Fight which brought him so great Aid,
 To be the Lords and Princes of his own,
 Who follow'd late the sly inticing Maid,
 And with them *Tancred*, who had late been thrown
 In Prison deep, by that false Witch betray'd,
 Before the Hermit, and some private Friends,
 For all those Worthies, Lords and Knights, he sends,

LIX.

And thus he said : some one of you declare
 Your Fortunes, whether good or to be blam'd,
 And to assist us with your Valours rare,
 In so great Need, how was your Coming fram'd.
 They blush, and on the Ground amazed stare ;
 For Virtue is of smallest Guilt asham'd ;
 At last the *English* Prince with Count'nance bold
 The Silence broke, and thus their Errors told :

LX.

LX.

We, not elect to that Exploit by Lot,
 In secret Flight from hence ourselves withdrew,
 Following false *Cupid*——I deny it not;
 Inticed forth by Love, and Beauty's Hue:
 A jealous Fire burnt in our Stomachs hot,
 And by close Ways we passed, least in View;
 Her Words, her Looks, alas I know too late,
 Nursed our Love, our Jealousy, our Hate.

LXI.

At last we 'gan approach that wofull Clime,
 Where Fire and Brimstone down from Heav'n was sent
 To take Revenge for Sin and shamefull Crime,
 'Gainst Kind commit by those, who would repent:
 A loathsom Lake of Brimstone, Pitch and Lime,
 O'ergoes that Land, erst sweet and redolent;
 And, when it moves, thence Stench and Smoke up-fly,
 Which dim the Welkin, and infect the Sky.

LXII.

This is the Lake, in which yet never might
 Ought, that hath Weight, sink to the Bottom down,
 But, like to Cork, to Leaves, or Feathers light,
 Stones, Iron, Men there fleet, and never drown:
 Therein a Castle stands, to which by Sight,
 But o'er a narrow Bridge, no Way is known:
 Hither us brought, here welcom'd us the Witch;
 The House within was pleasant, stately, rich.

LXIII.

The Heav'ns were clear, and wholesom was the Air,
 High Trees, sweet Meadows, Waters pure and good;
 For there, in thickest Shade of Myrtles fair,
 A crystal Spring pour'd out a silver Flood
 Amid the Herbs, the Grass, and Flowers rare;
 The falling Leaves down patter'd from the Wood;
 The Birds sung Hymns of Love; yet speak I nought
 Of Gold and Marble rich, and richly wrought.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Under the Curtain of the green-wood Shade,
Beside the Brook, upon the velvet Grass,
In massy Vessels of pure Silver made,
A Banquet rich and costly furnish'd was:
All Beasts, all Birds beguil'd by Fowlers Trade,
All Fish were there, in Floods or Seas that pass,
All Dainties made by Art; and at the Table
An hundred Virgins serv'd, for Husbands able.

LXV:

She, with sweet Words and false inticing Smiles,
Infused Love among the Dainties set;
And with impoison'd Cups our Souls beguiles,
And made each Knight himself and God forget:
She rose, and turn'd again within short whiles,
With changed Looks, where Wrath and Anger met;
A charming-Rod and Book with her she brings,
On which she mumbled strange and secret Things.

LXVI.

She read——and chang'd I felt my Will and Thought;
I long'd to change my Life and Place of biding;
That Virtue strange in me no Pleasure wrought;
I leap'd into the Flood, myself there hiding:
My Legs and Feet both into one were brought,
My Arms and Hands into my Shoulders sliding;
My Skin was full of Scales, like Shields of Brass,
Now made a Fish, where late a Knight I was.

LXVII.

The rest with me like Shape, like Garments wore,
And div'd with me in that quick-silver Stream:
Such Mind, to my Remembrance, then I bore,
As when on vain and foolish Things Men dream:
At last our Shape it pleas'd her to restore;
Then full of Wonder and of Fear we seem;
And with an irefull Look the angry Maid
Thus threaten'd us, and made us thus afraid:

LXVIII.

You see, quoth she, my sacred Might and Skill ;
 How you are subject to my Rule and Pow'r ;
 In endless Thralldom damned, if I will,
 I can torment and keep you in this Tow'r ;
 Or make you Birds, or Trees on craggy Hill,
 To bide the bitter Blasts of Storm and Show'r ;
 Or harden you to Rocks on Mountains old ;
 Or melt your Flesh and Bones to Rivers cold.

LXIX.

Yet may you well avoid my Ire and Wrath,
 If to my Will your yielding Hearts you bend ;
 You must forsake your Christendom and Faith,
 And 'gainst *Godfredo* false my Crown defend.
 We all refus'd ; for speedy Death each pray'd,
 Save false *Rambaldo* ; he became her Friend ;
 We in a Dungeon deep were helpless cast,
 In Misery and Iron chained fast.

LXX.

Then (for alone they say falls no Mishap)
 Within short While Prince *Tancred* thither came,
 And was unwares surprized in the Trap :
 But there short While we staid ; the wily Dame
 In other Folds our Mischiefs would up-wrap ;
 From *Hidraort* an hundred Horsemen came,
 Whose Guide, a Baron bold, to *Ægypt's* King
 Should us disarm'd and bound in Fetters bring.

LXXI.

Now on our Way, the Way to Death, we ride ;
 But Providence divine thus for us wrought :
Rinaldo, whose high Virtue is his Guide
 To great Exploits, exceeding human Thought,
 Met us, and all at once our Guard defy'd,
 And, ere he left the Fight, to Earth them brought,
 And in their Harness arm'd us in the Place,
 Which erst were ours, before our late Disgrace.

LXXII.

LXXII.

I and all these the hardy Champion knew ;
 We saw his Valour, and his Voice we heard :
 Then is the Rumor of his Death untrue ;
 His Life is safe, good Fortune long it guard !
 Three Times the golden Sun hath risen new,
 Since us he left, and rode to *Antioch* ward ;
 But first his Armour broken, hack'd, and cleft,
 Unfit for Service, there he doft and left.

LXXIII.

Thus spake the *Briton* Prince : with humble Chear
 The *Hermit* sage to Heav'n cast up his Eyne ;
 His Colour and his Count'nance changed were ;
 With heav'nly Grace his Looks and Visage shine :
 Ravish'd with Zeal, his Soul approached near
 The Seat of Angels pure, and Saints divine ;
 And there he learn'd of Things and Haps to come
 To give Fore-knowledge true, and certain Doom.

LXXIV.

At last he spoke in more than human Sound,
 And told what Things his Wisdom great foresaw ;
 And at his thund'ring Voice the Folk around
 Attentive stood, with Trembling and with Awe :
Rinaldo lives, he said ; the Tokens found .
 From Womens Craft their false Beginnings draw ;
 He lives, and Heav'n will long preserve his Days
 To greater Glory, and to greater Praise.

LXXV.

These are but Trifles yet, though *Asia's* Kings
 Shrink at his Name, and tremble at his View ;
 I well foresee he shall do greater Things,
 And wicked Emp'rors conquer and subdue ;
 Under the Shadow of his Eagle's Wings
 Shall holy Church preserve her sacred Crew ;
 From *Cæsar's* Bird he shall the fable Train
 Pluck off, and break her Talons sharp in twain ;

LXXVI.

His Childrens Children, at his Hardiness
 And great Attempts, shall take Example fair;
 From Emperors unjust, in all Distress,
 They shall defend the State of *Peter's* Chair;
 To raise the humble up, Pride to suppress,
 To help the Innocent shall be their Care;
 This Bird of *East* shall fly with Conquest great,
 As far as Moon gives Light, or Sun gives Heat:

LXXVII.

Her Eyes behold the Truth, and purest Light,
 And Thunders down in *Peter's* Aid she brings;
 And, where for CHRIST and *Christian* Faith Men fight,
 There forth she spreadeth her victorious Wings:
 This Virtue Nature gives her, and this Might;
 Then lure her home, for on her Presence hings
 The happy End of this great Enterprize;
 So Heav'n decrees, and so command the Skies.

LXXVIII.

These Words the Fear of Prince *Rinaldo's* Death
 Out of their troubled Hearts had now eras'd;
 In all this Joy yet *Godfrey* smil'd uneth,
 In his wise Thought such Care and Heed was plac'd:
 But now from Deeps of Regions underneath
Night's Vail arose and *Sol's* bright Luster chac'd,
 When all full sweetly in their Cabbins slept,
 Save him, whose Thoughts his Eyes still open kept.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XI.

I.

THE *Christian* Army's great and puissant Guide,
Who all his Thoughts t'assault the Town had bent,
Did Ladders, Rams, and Engines huge provide,
When rev'rend *Peter* to him gravely went,
And drawing him with sober Grace aside,
With Words severe thus told his high Intent ;
Right well, my Lord, these earthly Strengths you move,
But let us first begin from Heav'n above.

II.

With public Pray'r, with Zeal, and Faith devout,
The Aid, Assistance, and the Help obtain
Of all the Blessed of the heav'nly Rout,
With whose Support you Conquest sure may gain :
First let the Priests before your Army stout
With sacred Hymns their holy Voices strain ;
And thou, and all thy Lords and Peers with thee
Of Godliness and Faith Examples be.

III.

Thus spake the Hermit grave in Words severe ;
Godfrey allow'd his Council sage and wise ;
Of CHRIST the LORD, quoth he, thou Servant dear,
I yield to follow thy divine Advice ;
And while the Princes I assemble here,
The great Procession, Songs and Sacrifice,
With Bishop *William*, thou and *Ademare*,
With sacred and with solemn Pomp, prepare.

IV,

246 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

IV.

Next Morn the Bishops twain, the Eremite,
And all the Clerks, and Priests of less Estate
Did in the Middest of the Camp unite,
Within a Place for Pray'r made consecrate :
Each Priest adorn'd was in a Surplice white ;
The Bishops donn'd their Albs and Copes of State ;
Above their Rochets button'd fair before,
And Miters on their Heads, like Crowns, they wore.

V.

Peter alone in Front spread to the Wind
The glorious Sign of our Salvation great ;
With easy Pace the Choir came all behind,
And Hymns and Psalms in Order true repeat :
With sweet Respondence in harmonious Kind
Their humble Song the yielding Air doth beat ;
Lastly together went the rev'rend Pair
Of Prelates sage, *William* and *Ademare*.

VI.

The mighty *Duke* came next, as Princes do,
Without Companion, marching all alone ;
The Lords and Captains came by two and two ;
The Soldiers for their Guard were arm'd each one :
With easy Pace thus order'd, passing through
The Trench and Rampier, to the Fields they gone ;
No thund'ring Drum, no Trumpet shrill they hear ;
But Psalms and Pray'rs their godly Music were.

VII.

To thee, O FATHER, SON, and SACRED SPRITE,
One true, eternal, everlasting King,
To thee, CHRIST's holy Mother, Virgin bright,
Psalms of Thanks-giving and of Praise they sing ;
To them, that Angels down from Heav'n to fight
'Gainst the blasphemous Beast and Dragon bring ;
Also to him, that of our SAVIOUR good
Washed the sacred Front in *Jordan's* Flood.

VIII.

VIII.

Him likewise they invoke, called the *Rock*,
Whereon the LORD, they say, His Church did rear,
Whose true Successors close or else unlock
The blessed Gates of Grace and Mercy dear ;
And all th' elected Twelve, the chosen Flock,
Of his triumphant Death who Witness bear ;
And them, by Torment, Slaughter, Fire and Sword,
Who Martyrs dyed to confirm his Word ;

IX.

And also them, whose Books and Writings tell,
What certain Path to heav'nly Bliss us leads ;
And Hermits good, and Anch'resses, that dwell
Mew'd up in Walls, and mumble o'er their Beads ;
And Virgin Nuns in close and private Cell,
Where, but shrift Fathers, never Mankind treads :
On these they called, and on all the Rout
Of Angels, Martyrs, and of Saints devout.

X.

Singing and saying thus, the Camp devout
Spread forth her zealous Squadrons broad and wide ;
Towards Mount *Olivet* went all this Rout,
So call'd of *Olive* Trees, the Hill which hide,
A Mountain known by Fame the World throughout,
Which riseth on the City's *Eastern* Side,
From it divided by the Valley green
Of *J'osaphat*, that fills the Space between.

XI.

Hither the Armies went, and chanted shrill,
That all the Deep and hollow Dales resound ;
From hollow Mounts and Caves in ev'ry Hill
A thousand Echos also sung around :
It seem'd some Choir, that sung with Art and Skill,
Dwelt in these savage Dens, and shady Ground ;
For oft resounded from the Banks they hear
The Name of CHRIST, and of His Mother dear.

XII.

XII.

Upon the Walls the *Pagans* old and young
 Stood hush'd and still, amazed and amaz'd;
 At their grave Order, and their humble Song,
 At their strange Pomp, and Customs new they gaz'd:
 But when the Show they had beholden long,
 An hideous Yell the wicked Miscreants rais'd,
 That with vile Blasphemies the Mountains hoar,
 The Woods, the Waters, and the Valleys roar.

XIII.

But yet with sacred Notes the Hosts proceed,
 Though Blasphemies they hear, and cursed Things:
 So with *Apollo's* Harp *Pan* tunes his Reed;
 So Adders hiss, where *Philomela* sings:
 Nor flying Darts, nor Stones the *Christians* dread,
 Nor Arrows shot, nor Quarries cast from Slings;
 But with assured Faith, as dreading nought,
 The holy Work begun to End they brought.

XIV.

A Table set they on the Mountain's Height
 To minister thereon the Sacrament;
 In golden Candlesticks a hallow'd Light,
 At either End, of Virgin Wax there brent:
 In costly Vestments sacred *William* dight
 With Fear and Trembling to the Altar went,
 And holy Pray'r, and Service loud begins,
 Both for his own and all the Army's Sins.

XV.

Humbly they heard his Words, who stood him nigh;
 The rest far off upon him bent their Eyes:
 But when he ended had the Service high,
 You Servants of the LORD, depart, he cries;
 His Hands he then up-lifted to the Sky,
 And blessed all those warlike Companies;
 And they dismiss'd return'd the Way they came,
 Their Order as before, their Pomp the same.

XVI.

XVI.

Within their Camp arriv'd, this Voyage ended ;
 Toward his Tent the *Duke* himself withdrew ;
 Upon their Guide by Heaps the Bands attended,
 'Till his Pavilion's stately Door they view ;
 There to the LORD his Welfare they commended,
 And with him left the Worthies of the Crew,
 Whom at a costly and rich Feast he plac'd,
 And with the highest Room old *Raimond* grac'd.

XVII.

Now when the valiant Knights sufficed are
 With Meat, with Drink, and Spices of the best,
 Quoth he, when next you see the Morning Star,
 T' assault the Town be ready all, and prest :
 To-morrow is a Day of Pains and War,
 This of Repose, of Quiet, Peace and Rest ;
 Go, take your Ease this Evening, and this Night,
 And make you strong against to-morrow's Fight.

XVIII.

They took their Leave ; and *Godfrey's* Heralds rode
 To intimate his Will on ev'ry Side ;
 And publish'd it through all the Lodgings broad,
 That 'gainst the Morn each should himself provide ;
 Mean while they might their Hearts of Cares unload,
 And rest their tired Limbs that Evening-tide :
 Thus fared they, 'till Night their Eyes did close ;
 Night, Friend to gentle Rest and sweet Repose.

XIX.

With little Sign as yet of springing Day,
 Out peep'd, not well appear'd, the rising Morn ;
 The Plough yet tore not up the fertile Lay,
 Nor to their Feed the Sheep from Folds return :
 The Birds sat silent on the green-wood Spray
 Amid the Groves ; unheard was Hound and Horn ;
 When Trumpets shrill, true Signs of hardy Fights,
 Call'd up to Arms the Soldiers and the Knights.

XX.

Arm, arm, at once an hundred Squadrons cry'd,
 And with their Cry to arm them all begin :
Godfrey arose ; that Day he laid aside
 His Hawberk strong he woult to combat in,
 And donn'd a Breast-plate fair of Proof untry'd,
 Such one as Foot-men use, light, easy, thin :
 Scantly their Lord thus cloathed had his Grooms,
 When aged *Raimond* to his Presence comes :

XXI.

And furnish'd thus when he the *Duke* beheld,
 By his Attire his secret Thought he guess'd ;
 Where is, quoth he, your sure and trusty Shield ?
 Your Helm, your Hawberk strong ? where all the rest ?
 Why are you half disarm'd ? why to the Field
 Approach you in these weak Defenses drest ?
 I see, this Day you mean a Course to run,
 Wherein may Peril much, small Praise be won.

XXII.

Alas, do you that idle Praise expect,
 To set first Foot this conquer'd Wall above ?
 Of less Account some Knight thereto object,
 Whose Loss so great and harmfull cannot prove :
 My Lord, your Life with greater Care protect,
 And love yourself, because all us you love ;
 Your happy Life is Spirit, Soul, and Breath
 Of all this Camp ; preserve it then from Death.

XXIII.

To this he answer'd thus ; You know, he said,
 In *Clarimont*, by mighty *Urban's* Hand,
 When I was girded with this noble Blade,
 For CHRIST's true Faith to fight in ev'ry Land,
 To GOD ev'n then a secret Vow I made
 Not as a Captain here this Day to stand,
 And give Directions, but with Shield and Sword
 To fight, to win or dye for CHRIST our LORD.

XXIV.

XXIV.

When all this Camp in Battle strong shall be
 Ordain'd and order'd, well disposed all,
 And all Things done, which to the high Degree
 And sacred Place I hold belongen shall,
 Then Reason is it, nor dissuade thou me,
 That I likewise assault this sacred Wall,
 Left from my Vow, to GOD late made, I swerve;
 He shall this Life defend, keep and preserve.

XXV.

Thus he concludes; and ev'ry hardy Knight
 His Sample follow'd, and his Breth'ren twain;
 The other Princes put on Harness light,
 As Foot-men use: But all the *Pagan* Train
 Towards that Side bent their defensive Might,
 That lies expos'd to View of *Charles's Wain*,
 And *Zephyrus'* sweet Blasts; for on that Part
 The Town was weakest both by Site and Art.

XXVI.

On all Parts else the Fort was strong by Site,
 With mighty Hills defens'd from foreign Rage;
 And to this Part the Tyrant 'gan unite
 His Subjects born, and Bands that serve for Wage:
 From this Exploit he spar'd not great nor lite;
 The aged Men, and Boys of tender Age
 To Fire of angry War still brought new Fuel,
 Stones, Darts, Lime, Brimstone, and Bitumen cruel.

XXVII.

All full of Arms and Weapons was the Wall,
 Under whose Basis that fair Plain doth run;
 There stood the *Soldan*, like a Giant tall;
 So stood at *Rhodes* the *Coloss* of the Sun:
 Waist-high *Argantes* shew'd himself withall,
 At whose stern Looks the *French* to quake begun;
 Clorinda on the Corner Tow'r, alone
 In silver Arms, like rising *Cynthia*, shone.

K k 2

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Her ratling Quiver at her Shoulders hung,
 Therein a Flask of Arrows, feather'd well ;
 In her left Hand her Bow was bended strong,
 Therein a Shaft, headed with mortal Steel :
 So fit to shoot, she singled forth among
 Her Foes, who first her Quarel's Strength should feel ;
 So fit to shoot *Latona's* Daughter stood,
 When *Niobe* she kill'd, and all her Brood.

XXIX.

The aged Tyrant trotted on his Feet ;
 From Gate to Gate, from Wall to Wall he flew ;
 He comforts all his Bands with Speeches sweet,
 And ev'ry Fort and Bastion doth review :
 For ev'ry Need prepar'd in ev'ry Street
 New Regiments he plac'd, and Weapons new :
 The Matrons grave within their Temples high
 To Idols false for Succours call and cry.

XXX.

O *Macon*, break in twain the steeled Lance
 Of wicked *Godfrey* with thy righteous Hands ;
 Against thy Name he doth his Arm advance ;
 His rebel Blood pour out upon these Sands :
 These Cries within his Ears no Enterance
 Could find, for nought he hears, nought understands.
 While thus the Town for her Defense ordains,
 His Armies *Godfrey* orders on the Plains.

XXXI.

His Forces first on Foot he forward brought
 With goodly Order, Providence and Art ;
 And 'gainst those Tow'rs, which to assail he thought,
 In Battles twain his armed Strength doth part :
 Between them Cross-bows stood, and Engines wrought
 To cast a Stone, a Quarel, or a Dart ;
 From whence, like Thunder's Dint, or Light'nings new,
 Against the Bulwarks Stones and Lances flew.

XXXII.

XXXII.

His Men at Arms sustain'd the Bands on Foot ;
 The light Horse ride far off, and serve for Wings :
 He gave the Sign ; so mighty was the Rout
 Of them, who shot with Bows, and cast with Slings,
 Such Storms of Shafts and Stones flew all about,
 That many a *Pagan* proud to Death it brings :
 Some dy'd, some at the Loops durst scant out-peep,
 Some fled, and left the Place they took to keep.

XXXIII.

The hardy *Frenchmen*, full of Heat and Haste,
 Run boldly forward to the Ditches large ;
 And o'er their Heads an iron Pendice vast
 They built, by joining many a Shield and Targe :
 Some with their Engines ceaseless shot and cast,
 And Volleys huge of Arrows sharp discharge ;
 Upon the Ditches some employ'd their Pain,
 To fill the Moat, and level with the Plain.

XXXIV.

With Slime or Mud the Ditches were not soft,
 But dry and sandy, void of Waters clear ;
 Though large and deep, the *Christians* fill them oft
 With Rubbish, Faggots, Stones and Trees they bear :
Adraftus first advanc'd his Crest aloft,
 And boldly 'gan a strong Scalado rear ;
 And through the falling Storm did upward climb
 Of Stones, Darts, Arrows, Brimstone, Fire and Lime.

XXXV.

The hardy *Switzer* now so far was gone,
 That half-way up with mickle Pain he got ;
 A thousand Weapons he sustain'd alone,
 And his audacious Climbing ceased not :
 At last upon him fell a mighty Stone,
 As from some Engine great it had been shot ;
 It broke his Helm ; he tumbled from the Height ;
 The strong *Circassian* cast that wond'rous Weight.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Not mortal was the Blow, yet with the Fall
 On Earth sore bruis'd the Man lay in a Swoon ;
Argantes 'gan with boasting Words to call ——
 Who cometh next? this first is tumbled down :
 Come, hardy Soldiers, come assault this Wall ;
 I will not shrink, nor fly, nor hide my Crown ;
 If in your Trench yourselves for Dread you hold,
 There shall you die, like Sheep kill'd in their Fold.

XXXVII.

Thus boasted he ; but in their Trenches deep
 The hidden Squadrons kept themselves from Scathe ;
 The Curtain made of Shields did well off-keep
 Both Darts and Shot, and scorned all their Wrath :
 But now the Ram upon the Rampiers steep
 On mighty Beams his Head advanced hath,
 With dreadfull Horns of Iron tough, tree-great ;
 The Walls and Bulwarks trembled at his Threat.

XXXVIII.

An Hundred able Men mean while let fall
 The Weights behind ; the Engine tumbled down,
 And batter'd flat the Battlements and Wall ;
 So fell *Taigetus*' Hill on *Sparta* Town :
 It crush'd the steeled Shield in Pieces small,
 And beat the Helmet to the Wearer's Crown ;
 And, on the Ruins of the Walls and Stones,
 Dispersed left their Blood, their Brains, and Bones.

XXXIX.

The fierce Assailants kept no longer close
 Under the Shelter of their Targets fine,
 But their bold Fronts to Chance of War expose,
 And 'gainst those Tow'rs they let their Virtue shine :
 Up to the Skies the scaling Ladders rose ;
 The Groundworks deep some closely undermine ;
 The Walls, before the *Frenchmen*, shrink and shake,
 And gaping Sign of headlong Falling make :

XL.

XL.

And fall'n they had, so far the Strength extends
 Of that fierce Ram, and his redoubted Stroke,
 But that the *Pagans* Care the Place defends,
 And saves by warlike Skill the Wall nigh broke:
 For to what Part so'er the Engine bends,
 There Sacks of Wool they place the Blow to choke,
 Whose Yielding breaks the Strokes, thereon which light;
 So Weakness oft subdues the greatest Might.

XLI.

While thus the Worthies of the *Western* Crew
 Maintain'd their brave Assault, and Skirmish hot,
 Her mighty Bow *Clorinda* often drew,
 And many a sharp and deadly Arrow shot:
 And from her Bow no steeld Shaft there flew,
 But that some Blood the cursed Engine got,
 Blood of some valiant Knight, or Man of Fame;
 For that proud Shoot'ers scorned weaker Game.

XLII.

The first she hit among the *Christian* Peers
 Was the bold Son of *England's* noble King;
 Above the Trench himself he scanty rears,
 But she an Arrow loosed from the String;
 The wicked Steel his Gantlet breaks and tears,
 And through his right Hand thrust the piercing Sting;
 Disabled thus, from Fight he 'gan retire,
 Groaning for Pain, but fretting more for Ire.

XLIII.

Lord *Steph'n* of *Amboise* on the Rampier's Brim,
 And on a Ladder high *Clotbarius* dy'd;
 From Back to Breast an Arrow pierced him;
 Shot was the other through from Side to Side:
 Then, as he menag'd brave his Courser trim,
 On his left Arm she hit the *Flemings* Guide;
 He stopp'd, and from the Wound the Reed out twin'd,
 But left the Iron in his Flesh behind.

XLIV.

XLIV.

As flood good *Ademare* to view the Fight,
 High on a Bank withdrawn to breathe a Space,
 A fatal Shaft upon his Forehead light ;
 His Hand he lifted up to feel the Place,
 Whereon a second Arrow chanced right,
 And nail'd his Hand unto his wounded Face :
 He fell, and with his Blood distain'd the Land,
 His holy Blood, shed by a Virgin's Hand.

XLV.

While *Palamede* stood near the Battlement,
 Despising Perils all, and all Mishap,
 And upwards still his hardy Footings bent,
 On his right Eye he caught a deadly Rap ;
 Through his right Eye *Clorinda's* sev'nth Shaft went,
 And in his Neck broke forth a bloody Gap ;
 He underneath that Bulwark dying fell,
 Which late to scale and win he trusted well.

XLVI.

Thus shot the Maid : the *Duke* with hard Assay,
 And sharp Assault, mean while the Town oppress'd :
 Against that Part, which to his Camp ward lay,
 An Engine huge and wond'rous he address'd ;
 A Tow'r of Wood, built for the Town's Decay,
 As high, as were the Walls and Bulwarks best ;
 A Turret, full of Men and Weapons pent,
 And yet on Wheels it rolled, mov'd and went.

XLVII.

This rolling Fort it's nigh Approaches made,
 And Darts and Arrows spit against it's Foes ;
 As Ships are wont in Fight, so it assay'd
 With the strong Wall to grapple and to close :
 The *Pagans* on each Side the Tow'r invade,
 And all their Force against this Mass oppose ;
 Sometimes the Wheels, sometimes the Battlement,
 With Timber, Logs and Stones, they broke and rent.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

So thick flew Stones and Darts, that no Man sees
 The azure Heav'ns ; the Sun his Brightness lost ;
 The Clouds of Weapons, like two Swarms of Bees,
 Met in the Air, and there each other cross'd :
 And as the falling Leaves drop down from Trees,
 When the moist Sap is nipt with Winter's Frost,
 Or Apples in strong Winds from Branches fall,
 The *Saracens* so tumbled from the Wall.

XLIX.

For on their Part the greatest Slaughter light ;
 They had no Shelter 'gainst so sharp a Show'r :
 Some left alive betook themselves to Flight,
 So feared they this deadly thund'ring Tow'r :
 But the fierce *Soldan* stay'd, like valiant Knight,
 And with him some, who trusted in his Pow'r :
Argantes, with a long Beech-tree in Hand,
 Ran thither, this huge Engine to withstand.

L.

With this he push'd the Tow'r, and back it drives
 The Length of all his Tree, a wond'rous Way ;
 The hardy Virgin by his Side arrives,
 To help *Argantes* in this hard Assay :
 The Band, that us'd the Ram, this Season strives
 To cut the Cords, wherein the Woolpacks lay ;
 Which done, the Sacks down in the Trenches fall,
 And to the Batt'ry naked left the Wall.

LI.

The Tow'r above, the Ram beneath doth thunder ;
 What Lime and Stone such Puissance could abide ?
 The Wall began (now bruis'd and crush'd asunder)
 Her wounded Lap to open broad and wide :
Godfrey himself and his brought safely under
 The shatter'd Wall, where greatest Breach he spy'd ;
 Himself he saves behind his mighty Targe ;
 A Shield not us'd but in some desp'rate Charge.

L. I

LII.

LII.

From hence he sees, where *Soliman* descends
 Down to the Threshold of the gaping Breach;
 And there it seems, the mighty Prince intends
Godfredo's hoped Entrance to impeach:
Argantes, and with him the Maid, defends
 The Walls above, to which the Tow'r doth reach:
 His noble Heart, when *Godfrey* this beheld,
 With Courage new, with Wrath, and Valour swell'd.

LIII.

He turn'd about, and to good *Sigier* spake,
 Who bare his greatest Shield, and mighty Bow;
 That sure and trusty Target let me take;
 Impenetrable is that Shield, I know:
 Over these Ruins will I Passage make,
 And enter first; the Way is eath and low;
 And Time requires, that by some noble Feat
 I should make known my Strength, and Puissance great.

LIV.

He scant had spoken, scant receiv'd the Targe,
 When on his Leg a sudden Shaft him hit,
 And through that Part a Hole made wide and large,
 Where his strong Sinews fasten'd were, and knit:
Clorinda, thou this Arrow did'st discharge,
 And let the *Pagans* blest thy Hand for it;
 For by that Shot thou saved'st them that Day
 From Bondage vile, from Death, and sure Decay.

LV.

The wounded *Duke*, as though he felt no Pain,
 Still forward went, and mounted up the Breach,
 (His high Attempt at first he nould refrain)
 And after call'd his Lords with chearfull Speech:
 But when his Leg could not his Weight sustain,
 He saw, his Will did far his Pow'r out-reach;
 And more he strove, his Grief increas'd the more,
 The bold Assault he left at length therefore:

LVI.

LVI.

And with his Hand he becken'd *Guelpho* near,
 And said ; I must withdraw me to my Tent ;
 My Place and Person in my Absence bear ;
 Supply my Want ; let not the Fight relent :
 I go, and will ere-long again be here ;
 I go, and straight return : this said, he went ;
 On a light Steed he leap'd, and o'er the Green
 He rode, but rode not, as he thought, unseen.

LVII.

When *Godfrey* parted, parted eke the Heart,
 The Strength and Fortune of the *Christian* Bands :
 Courage increased in their adverse Part ;
 Wrath in their Hearts, and Vigor in their Hands :
 Valour, Success, Strength, Hardiness, and Art,
 Fail'd in the Princes of the *Western* Lands ;
 Their Swords were blunt, faint was their Trumpet's Blast,
 Their Sun was set, or else with Clouds o'ercaft.

LVIII.

Upon the Bulwarks now appeared bold
 That coward Band, which late for Fear was fled ;
 The Women, who *Clorinda's* Strength behold,
 Their Country's Love to War encouraged ;
 They Weapons got, and fight like Men they would ;
 Their Gowns tuck'd up, their Locks were loose and spread ;
 Sharp Darts they cast, and, without Dread or Fear,
 Expos'd their Breasts to save their Fort'refs dear.

LIX.

But that, which most dismay'd the *Christian* Knights,
 And added Courage to the *Pagans* most,
 Was *Guelpho's* sudden Fall in all Mens Sights,
 Who tumbled headlong down, his Footing lost :
 A mighty Stone upon the Worthy lights,
 But whence it came, none wist, nor from what Coast ;
 And with like Blow, which more their Hearts dismay'd,
 Beside him low in Dust old *Raimond* laid.

LX.

And *Euface* eke within the Ditches large
 To narrow Shifts, and last Extremes, they drive;
 Upon their Foes so fierce the *Pagans* charge,
 And with good Fortune so their Blows they give,
 That whom they hit, in Spite of Helm or Targe,
 They deeply wound, if not of Life deprive :

At this their good Success *Argantes* proud,
 Waxing more fell, thus roar'd and cry'd aloud ;

LXI.

This is not *Antioch* ; nor the Evening dark
 Can help your secret Sleights with friendly Shade ;
 The Sun yet shines ; your Falsehood can we mark ;
 In other Wise this bold Assault is made :
 Of Praise and Glory quenched is the Spark,
 That made you first these *Eastern* Lands invade ;
 Why cease you now ? why take you not this Fort ?
 What—are you weary for a Charge so short ?

LXII.

Thus raged he ; and in such hellish Sort
 Increas'd the Fury in the Brain-sick Knight,
 That he esteem'd that large and ample Fort
 Too strait a Field, wherein to prove his Might :
 There, where the Breach had fram'd a new-made Port,
 Himself he plac'd with nimble Skips and light ;
 He clear'd the Passage out, and thus he cry'd
 To *Soliman*, close fighting by his Side.

LXIII.

Come, *Soliman*, the Time and Place behold,
 That of our Valours well may judge the Doubt ;
 Why stayest thou ? amongst these *Christians* bold
 First leap he forth, who holds himself most stout :
 While thus his Will the mighty Champion told,
 Both he and *Soliman* at once leap'd out ;
 Fary the first provok'd, Disdain the last,
 Who scorn'd the Challenge, ere his Lips it pass.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Upon their Foes unlooked for they flew;
Each spited other for his Virtue's Sake:
So many Soldiers this fierce Couple slew,
So many Shields they cleft, and Helms they brake,
So many Ladders to the Earth they throw,
That well they seem'd a Mount thereof to make,
Or else some Vawmure, fit to save the Town,
Instead of that the *Christians* late beat down.

LXV.

The Folk, that strove with Rage and Haste before,
Who first the Wall and Rampier should ascend,
Retire, and for that Honor strive no more;
Scantly they could their Limbs and Lives defend:
They fled; their Engines lost the *Pagans* tore
In Pieces small; their Rams to nought they rend,
And all unfit for further Service make,
With so great Force and Rage their Beams they brake.

LXVI.

The *Pagans* ran, transported with their Ire,
Now here now there, and woefull Slaughter wrought;
At last they called for devouring Fire;
Two burning Pines against the Tow'r they brought:
So from the Palace of their hellish Sire,
When all this World they would consume to Nought,
The *Fury Sisters* come, with Fire in Hands,
Shaking their snaky Locks, and sparkling Brands.

LXVII.

But noble *Tancred*, who this while apply'd
Brave Exhortations to his bold *Latins*,
When of these Knights the wond'rous Acts he spy'd,
And saw the Champions with their burning Pines,
He left his Talk, and thither forthwith hy'd
To stop the Rage of those fell *Saracens*;
And with such Force the Fight he there renew'd,
That now they fled and lost, who late pursu'd.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

Thus chang'd the State and Fortune of the Fray :
 Meanwhile the wounded *Duke*, in Grief and Teen,
 Within his great Pavilion rich and gay,
 Prince *Baldwin* and good *Sigier* stood between :
 His other Friends, whom his Mishap dismay,
 With Grief and Tears about assembled been :
 He strove in Haste the Weapon to out wind,
 And broke the Reed, but left the Head behind.

LXIX.

He bad them take the speediest Way they might
 Of that unlucky Hurt to make him sound ;
 And, to lay ope the Depth thereof to Sight,
 He willed them to search, and lance the Wound :
 Send me again, quoth he, to end this Fight,
 Before the Sun be sunken under Ground.
 He spoke——and, leaning on a broken Spear,
 His Wound committed to *Erot'mus'* Care :

LXX.

Erot'mus, born upon the Banks of *Po*,
 Was he that undertook to cure the Knight ;
 All what green Herbs or Waters rare could do
 He knew, their Pow'r, their Virtue and their Might :
 A noble Poet was the Man also,
 But in this Science had he more Delight ;
 He could restore to Health death-wounded Men,
 And make their Names immortal with his Pen.

LXXI.

The mighty *Duke* yet never changed Chear,
 But griev'd to see his Friends lamenting stand ;
Erotimus prepar'd his cleansing Gear,
 And with a Belt his Gown about him band :
 Now with his Herbs the steely Head to tear
 Out of the Flesh he try'd, now with his Hand ;
 Now with his Hand, now with his Instrument
 He shak'd and pluck'd it, yet not forth it went.

LXXIII.

LXXII.

His Labor vain; his Art prevailed nought;
 His Luck was ill, although his Skill were good;
 To such Extremes the wounded Prince he brought,
 That with fell Pain he swooned, as he stood:
 But th' Angel pure, that kept him, went and fought
 Divine *Dictamnium* out of *Ida* Wood;

This Herb is rough, and bears a purple Flow'r,
 And in it's budding Leaves lies all it's Pow'r.

LXXIII.

Kind Nature first upon the craggy Clift
 Bewray'd this Herb unto the Mountain-Goat;
 That when her Sides a cruel Shaft hath rift,
 With it she shakes the Reed out of her Coat:
 This in a Moment fetch'd the Angel swift,
 And brought from *Ida* Hill, though far remote;
 The Juice whereof in a prepared Bath
 Unseen the blessed Spirit poured hath.

LXXIV.

Pure *Nectar* from that Spring of *Lydia* then,
 And *Panaces* divine therein he threw;
 The cunning Leech to bathe the Wound began,
 And of itself the steely Head outflew:
 The Bleeding stanch'd; no vermil Drop out-ran;
 The Leg wax'd strong again with Vigor new:
Erotimus cry'd out——this Hurt and Wound
 No human Art or Hand so soon makes sound:

LXXV.

Some Angel good, I think, come down from Skies,
 Thy Surgeon is; for here plain Tokens are
 Of Grace divine, which Help to thee applies;
 Thy Weapon take, and haste again to War:
 His Leg in pretious Cloaths the Chieftain ties;
 Nought could the Man from Blood and Fight debar:
 A sturdy Lance in his right Hand he brac'd;
 His Shield he took, and on his Helmet lac'd:

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

And with a thousand Knights and Barons bold
 Towards the Town he hasted from his Camp:
 In Clouds of Dust was *Titan's* Face inroll'd;
 Trembled the Earth, whereon the Worthies stamp:
 His Foes far off his dreadfull Looks behold,
 Which, in their Hearts, of Courage quench'd the Lamp;
 A chilling Fear ran cold through ev'ry Vein;
 Lord *Godfrey* shouted thrice, and all his Train.

LXXVII.

Their Sov'reign's Voice his hardy People knew,
 And his loud Cries, that cheer'd each fearfull Heart;
 Thereat new Strength they took, and Courage new,
 And to the fierce Assault again they start:
 The *Pagans* twain this while themselves withdrew
 Within the Breach, to save that batter'd Part;
 And with great Loss a Skirmish hot they hold
 Against *Tancredi* and his Squadron bold.

LXXVIII.

Thither came *Godfrey*, armed round about
 In trusty Plate, with fierce and dreadfull Look;
 At first Approach, against *Argantes* stout,
 Headed with poignant Steel a Lance he shook:
 No casting Engine with such Force throws out
 A knotty Spear; and, as the Way it took,
 It whistled in the Air; the fearless Knight
 Oppos'd his Shield against that Weapon's Might.

LXXIX.

The dreadfull Blow quite through the Target drove,
 And bored through his Breast-plate strong and thick;
 The tender Skin it in his Bosom rove;
 The purple Blood out streamed from the Quick:
 To wrest it out the wounded *Pagan* strove,
 And little Leisure gave it there to stick;
 At *Godfrey's* Head the Lance again he cast,
 And said—lo there again thy Dart thou hast.

LXXX.

LXXX.

The Spear flew back the Way it lately came,
 And would revenge the Harm, itself had done,
 But miss'd the Mark, whereat the Man did aim ;
Godfredo stepp'd aside the Blow to shun :
 But *Sigier* in his Throat receiv'd the same ;
 The murd'ring Weapon at his Neck out-run ;
 Nor ought it griev'd the Man to lose his Breath,
 Since in his Prince's Stead he suffer'd Death.

LXXXI.

Ev'n then the *Soldan* struck with monstrous Main
 The noble Leader of the *Norman* Band ;
 He reel'd awhile, and stagger'd with the Pain,
 And, wheeling round, fell groveling on the Sand ;
Godfrey no longer could the Grief sustain
 Of these Displeasures, but with flaming Brand
 Up to the Breach in Heat and Haste he goes,
 And Hand to Hand there combats with his Foes :

LXXXII.

And there great Wonders surely wrought he had,
 Mortal the Fight, and fierce had been the Fray,
 But that dark Night, from her Pavilion sad,
 Her cloudy Wings did on the Earth display ;
 Her quiet Shades she interposed glad,
 To cause the Knights their Arms aside to lay :
Godfrey withdrew ; and to their Tents they wend ;
 And thus this bloody Day was brought to End.

LXXXIII.

The weak and wounded, ere he left the Field,
 The godly *Duke* to Safety well convey'd ;
 Nor to his Foes his Engines would he yield ;
 In them his Hope to win the Fortress lay'd :
 Then to the Tow'r he went, and it beheld,
 The Tow'r that late the *Pagan* Lords dismay'd,
 But now stood bruised, broken, crack'd and shiver'd,
 From some sharp Storm as it were late deliver'd.

LXXXIV.

From Dangers great escap'd but late it was,
 And now to Safety brought well nigh it seems;
 But as a Ship, that under Sail doth pass
 The roaring Billows and the raging Streams,
 And drawing nigh the wished Port, alas!
 Breaks on some hidden Rock her Ribs and Beams;
 Or as a Steed, rough Ways that well hath past,
 Stumbleth before his Inn, and falls at last;

LXXXV.

Such Hap befell that Tow'r; for on that Side,
 'Gainst which the *Pagans* Force and Batt'ry bend,
 Two Wheels were broke, whereon the Piece should ride;
 The maimed Engine could no further wend:
 The Troop, which guarded it, that Part provide
 To under-prop with Posts, and it defend,
 'Till Carpenters and cunning Workmen came,
 Whose Skill should help, and rear again the same.

LXXXVI.

Thus *Godfrey* bids; and that, ere springing Day,
 The Cracks and Bruises all amend they should;
 Each open Passage, and each privy Way
 About the Piece he kept with Soldiers bold:
 But the loud Rumor, both of that they say,
 And that they do, is heard within the Hold;
 A thousand Lights about the Tow'r they view,
 And what was wrought all Night they saw and knew.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XII.

I.

NOW in dark Night was all the World imbarr'd,
But yet the tired Armies took no Rest ;
The carefull *French* kept heedfull Watch and Ward,
While their high Tow'r the Workmen newly drest :
The *Pagan* Crew to reinforce prepar'd
The weaken'd Bulwarks, late to Earth down keft ;
Their Rampiers broke, and bruised Walls to mend ;
Lastly their Hurts the wounded Knights attend.

II.

Their Wounds were drest ; Part of the Work was brought
To wished End, Part left to other Days :
A dull Desire to Rest deep Midnight wrought ;
His heavy Rod *Sleep* on their Eye-lids lays :
Yet rested not *Clorinda's* working Thought,
Which thirsted still for Fame and warlike Praise ;
Argantes eke accompany'd the Maid
From Place to Place, who to herself thus said ;

III.

This Day *Argantes* strong and *Soliman*
Strange Things have done, and purchas'd great Renown ;
Among our Foes forth from the Walls they ran,
Their Rams they broke, and rent their Engines down :
I us'd my Bow, of nought else boast I can ;
My self stood safe mean while within this Town :
And though my winged Arrows prosp'rous flew,
Yet was that all *Clorinda's* Hand could do ?

IV.

On Birds and Beasts, in Forests wild that feed,
 It were more fit my Arrows to bestow,
 Than for a feeble Maid in warlike Deed
 With strong and hardy Knights herself to show :
 Why take I not again my Virgin's Weed,
 And spend my Days in secret Cell unknown ?
 Thus thought, thus mus'd, thus devis'd the Maid,
 And, turning to the Knight, at last thus said :

V.

My Thoughts are full, my Lord, of strange Desire
 Some high Attempt of War to undertake ;
 Whether high GOD my Mind therewith inspire,
 Or of his Will his God Mankind doth make :
 Among our Foes behold the Light and Fire ;
 I will among them wend, and burn or break
 The Tow'r ; GOD grant therein I have my Will,
 And, that perform'd, betide me Good or Ill.

VI.

But if it fortune, such my Chance should be,
 That to this Town I ne'er return again,
 My Eunuch, whom I dearly love, with thee
 I leave ; my faithfull Maids, and all my Train :
 To *Ægypt* then conducted safely see
 Those wofull Damsels, and that aged Swain ;
 Help them, my Lord, in that distressed Case ;
 Their feeble Sex, his Age deserveth Grace.

VII.

Argantes wond'ring stood, and felt th' Effect
 Of true Renown pierce through his glorious Mind ;
 And wilt thou go, quoth he, and me neglect,
 Disgrac'd, despis'd, leave in this Fort behind ?
 Shall I, while these strong Walls my Life protect,
 Behold thy Flames and Fires toss'd in the Wind ?
 No, no, thy Fellow have I been in Arms,
 And will be still in Praise, in Death, in Harms.

VIII.

VIII.

This Heart of mine Death's bitter Stroke despises ;
 For Praise this Life, for Glory take this Breath :
 My Soul the more, quoth she, thy Friendship prizes,
 For this thy proffer'd Aid, requir'd unceasing :
 I but a Woman am ; no Loss arises
 To this besieged City by my Death ;
 But if, as God forbid, this Night thou fall,
 Ah ! who shall then, who *can* defend this Wall ?

IX.

Too late Excuses vain, the Knight reply'd,
 You bring ; my Will is firm, my Mind is set ;
 I follow you, where-e'er you list me guide,
 Or go before, if you my Purpose let.
 This said, they hasted to the Palace wide,
 About their Prince where all his Lords were met ;
Clorinda spoke for both, and said ; Sir King,
 Attend my Words, hear and allow the Thing :

X.

Argantes here, this bold and hardy Knight,
 Will undertake to burn the wond'rous Tow'r,
 And I with him ; only we stay, 'till Night
 Bury in Sleep our Foes at dearest Hour.
 The King with that cast up his Hands on Height ;
 The Tears for Joy upon his Cheeks down pour :
 Praised, quoth he, be *Macon*, whom we serve ;
 This Land I see he keeps, and will preserve :

XI.

Nor shall so soon this shaken Kingdom fall,
 While such unconquer'd Hands my State defend :
 But for this Act what Praise or Guerdon shall
 I give your Virtues, which so far extend ?
 Let Fame your Praises sound through Nations all,
 And fill the World therewith to either End :
 Take half my Wealth and Kingdom for your Meed,
 But half rewarded for the glorious Deed.

XII.

XII.

Thus spake the Prince, and gently 'gan distrain
 Now him, now her, between his friendly Arms;
 The *Soldan* by no longer could refrain
 That noble Envy, which his Bosom warms;
 Nor I, quoth he, bear this broad Sword in vain,
 Nor inexpert am yet in Night Alarms;
 Take me with you: Ah, quoth *Clorinda*, no;
 Whom leave we here of Prowess, if you go?

XIII.

This spoken, ready with a proud Refuse
Argantes was his proffer'd Aid to scorn;
 Whom *Aladine* prevents, and with Excuse
 To *Soliman* thus 'gan his Speeches turn:
 Right noble Prince, as aye hath been your Use,
 So still yourself you bear, and long have borne;
 Bold in all Acts, no Danger can affright
 Your Heart, nor tired is your Strength with Fight.

XIV.

If you went forth, great Things perform you would;
 In my Conceit yet far unfit it seems,
 That you, who most excell in Courage bold,
 At once should leave this Town in these Extremes:
 Nor would I, that these twain should leave this Hold,
 [My Heart their noble Lives far worthier deems]
 If this Attempt of less Importance were,
 Or weaker Props so great a Weight could bear.

XV.

But, for well guarded is the mighty Tow'r
 With hardy Troops and Squadrons round about,
 And cannot harmed be with little Pow'r,
 Nor fit the Time to send whole Armies out,
 This Pair, who pass'd have many a dreadfull Stour,
 And proffer now to prove this Venture stout,
 Alone to this Attempt let them go forth;
 Alone, than Thousands, of more Price and Worth.

XVI.

XVI.

Thou, as it best beseems a mighty King,
With ready Bands beside the Gate attend;
That when this Couple have perform'd the Thing,
And shall again their Footsteps homeward bend,
From their strong Foes, upon them following,
Thou may'st them keep, preserve, save and defend.

Thus said the King; the *Soldan* must consent;
Silent remain'd the *Turk*, but discontent.

XVII.

Then *Isfen* said; you twain, that undertake
This hard Attempt, a while I pray you stay,
'Till I a Wild-fire of fine Temper make,
That this great Engine burn to Ashes may:
Haply the Guard, which now doth watch and wake,
Will then lye tumbled, sleeping on the Lay.

Thus they conclude, and in their Chambers sit
To watch the Time for this Adventure fit.

XVIII.

Clorinda there her silver Arms off-rent,
Her Helm, her Shield, her Hawberk shining bright;
An Armour, black as Jet or Coal, she hent,
Wherein withouten Plume herself she dight;
For thus disguis'd, amid her Foes she meant
To pass unseen, by Help of friendly Night;
To whom her Eunuch, old *Arsetes*, came,
Who from her Cradle nurs'd and kept the Dame.

XIX.

This aged Sire had follow'd far and near,
Through Lands and Seas, the strong and hardy Maid;
He saw her leave her Arms, and wonted Gear;
Her Danger nigh that sudden Change foresaid:
By his white Locks, from black that changed were
In follow'ing her, the wofull Man her pray'd,
By all his Service, and his taken Pain,
To leave that fond Attempt — but pray'd in vain.

XX.

XX.

At last, quoth he ; since harden'd to thine Ill,
 Thy cruel Heart is to thy Loss prepar'd,
 That my weak Age, nor Tears which down distill,
 Nor humble Suit, nor Plaint thou list regard,
 Attend a while ; strange Things unfold I will ;
 Hear both thy Birth and high Estate declar'd ;
 Follow my Council, or thy Will, that done.
 She sat to hear, the Eunuch thus begun :

XXI.

Senapus rul'd, and yet perchance doth reign
 In mighty *Æthiop*, and her Deserts waste ;
 The LORE of CHRIST both he and all his Train
 Of People black have kept and long imbrac'd :
 To him a *Pagan* was I sold for Gain,
 And with his Queen, as her chief Eunuch, plac'd :
 Black was this Queen as Jet ; yet on her Eyes
 Sweet Loveliness in Black attired lies.

XXII.

The Fire of Love and Frost of Jealousy
 Her Husband's troubled Soul alike torment ;
 The Tide of fond Suspicion flow'd high,
 That Foe to Love, and Plague to sweet Content :
 He mew'd her up from Sight of mortal Eye ;
 Nor Day, he would, it's Beams on her had bent :
 She wise and lowly, by her Husband's Pleasure
 Her Joy, her Peace, her Will, her Wish did measure.

XXIII.

Her Prison was a Chamber, painted round
 With goodly Portraits and with Stories old :
 As white as Snow there stood a Virgin bound ;
 Beside, a Dragon fierce ; a Champion bold
 The Monster did with poignant Spear through wound ;
 The gored Beast lay dead upon the Mold :
 The gentle Queen before this Image lay'd ;
 She plain'd, she mourn'd, she wept, she sigh'd, she pray'd.

XXIV.

XXIV.

At last with Child she prov'd; and forth she brought
(And thou art she) a Daughter fair and bright;
In her thy Colour white new Terror wrought;
She wonder'd on thy Face with strange Affright:
But yet she purpos'd in her fearfull Thought
To hide thee from the King thy Father's Sight,
Lest thy bright Hue should his Suspect approve;
For feld a Crow begets a silver Dove.

XXV.

And to her Spouse to shew she was dispos'd
A *Negro* Babe, late born, in Room of thee;
But, for the Tow'r, wherein she lay inclos'd,
Was with her Damsels only wunn'd, and me,
To me, on whose true Faith she most repos'd,
She gave thee, ere thou couldst christ'ned be,
Nor could I since find Means thee to baptize;
In *Pagan* Lands thou know'st 'tis not the Guise.

XXVI.

To me she gave thee, [and she wept withall]
To foster thee in some far distant Place:
Who can her Griefs and Complaints to Reck'ning call?
How oft she swooned at the last Imbrace?
Her streaming Tears amid her Kisses fall;
Her Sighs her dire Complaints did interlace;
And looking up at last — O God, quoth she,
Who do'st my Heart and inward Mourning see,

XXVII.

If Mind and Body spotless to this Day,
If I have kept my Bed still undefil'd,
(Not for myself, a sinfull Wretch, I pray,
That in thy Presence am an Abject vile)
Preserve this Babe, whose Mother must deny
To nourish it; preserve this harmless Child:
Oh! let it live; and chaste like me it make;
But for good Fortune elsewhere Sample take.

XXVIII.

Thou heav'nly Soldier, who deliver'd hast
 That sacred Virgin from the Serpent old,
 If on thy Altars I have Off'rings plac'd,
 And sacrific'd Myrrh, Frankincense and Gold,
 On this poor Child thy heav'nly Looks down cast;
 With gracious Eye this feely Babe behold.
 This said, her Strength and living Sprite was fled;
 She sigh'd, she groan'd, she swooned in her Bed.

XXIX.

Weeping I took thee; in a little Chest,
 Cover'd with Herbs and Leaves, I brought thee out,
 So secretly, that none of all the rest
 Of such an Act Suspicion had or Doubt:
 To Wilderness my Steps I first address'd,
 Where horrid Shades inclos'd me round about;
 A Tygres there I met, in whose fierce Eyes
 Fury and Wrath, Rage, Death, and Terror lies.

XXX.

Up to a Tree I leap'd, and on the Grass
 (Such was my sudden Fear) I left thee lying;
 To thee the Beast with furious Course did pass,
 With curious Looks upon thy Visage prying:
 All suddenly both mild and meak she was,
 With friendly Chear thy tender Body eying;
 At last she lick'd thee, and with Gesture mild
 About thee play'd, and thou upon her smil'd.

XXXI.

Her fearfull Muzzle, full of dreadfull Threat,
 In thy weak Hand thou took'st, withouten Dread;
 The gentle Beast with milk-outstretched Teat,
 As Nurses custom, proffer'd thee to feed:
 As one, that wonders on some Marvel great,
 I stood this while, amazed at the Deed;
 When thee she saw well fill'd and satisfy'd,
 Unto the Woods again the Tygres hy'd.

XXXII.

XXXII.

She gone, down from the Tree I came in Haste,
And took thee up, and on my Journey wend ;
Within a little Thorp I stay'd at last,
And to a Nurse the Charge of thee commend ;
And, sporting with thee, there long Time I past,
'Till Term of Sixteen Months were brought to End,
And thou began, as little Children do,
With half-clipt Words to prattle, and to go.

XXXIII.

But having pass'd the August of my Age,
When more than half my Tide of Life was run,
Rich by Rewards, giv'n by your Mother sage
For Merits past, and Service yet undone,
I long'd to leave this wand'ring Pilgrimage,
And in my native Soil again to wun :
To get some feely Home I had Desire,
Loth still to warm me at another's Fire.

XXXIV.

To *Egypt* ward, where I was born, I went,
And bore thee with me, near a rolling Flood
'Till I by savage Thieves well nigh was hent ;
The Brook before, the Thieves behind me stood ;
Thee to forsake I never could consent,
Yet gladly would I 'scape those Outlaws wood ;
Into the Flood I leap'd far from the Brim ;
My Left Hand bore thee, with the Right I swim :

XXXV.

Swift was the Current ; in the middle Stream
A Whirlpool gaped with devouring Jaws ;
The Gulph, on such Mishap ere I could dream,
Into it's deep Abyss my Body draws :
There I forsook thee ; the wild Waters seem
To pity thee ; a gentle Wind there blows,
Whose friendly Puffs safe to the Shore thee drive,
Where, wet and weary, I at last arrive.

XXXVI.

I took thee up, and in my Dream that Night,
 When bury'd was the World in Sleep and Shade,
 I saw a Champion, clad in Armour bright,
 Who shook o'er my Head a flaming Blade :
 He said ; I charge thee execute aright
 The Task this Infant's Mother on thee laid ;
 Baptize the Child ; high Heav'n esteems her dear ;
 And I, her Keeper, will attend her near :

XXXVII.

I will her keep, defend, save and protect ;
 I made the Waters mild, the Tygres tame ;
 O Wretch, that heav'nly Warnings do'st reject.
 The Warrior vanish'd, having said the same :
 I rose, and journey'd on my Way direct,
 When blushing *Morn* from *Titbon's* Bed forth came ;
 But, for my Faith is true and sure I ween,
 And Dreams are false, you still unchristen'd been.

XXXVIII.

A *Pagan* therefore thee I foster'd have,
 Nor of thy Birth the Truth did ever tell ;
 Since you increased are, in Courage brave
 Your Sex and Nature's self you both excell :
 Full many a Realm have you made bond and slave ;
 Your Fortune's last yourself remember well ;
 And how, in Peace and War, in Joy and Teen,
 I have your Servant and your Tutor been.

XXXIX.

Last *Morn*, from Skies ere Stars exiled were,
 In deep and death-like Sleep my Senses drown'd,
 The self-same Vision did again appear,
 With stormy, wrathfull Looks, and thund'ring Sound :
 Villain, quoth he, within short while thy Dear
 Must change her Life, and leave this sinfull Ground ;
 Thine be the Loss, the Torment, and the Care.
 This said, he fled through Skies, through Clouds and Air.

XL.

Hear then, my Joy, my Hope, my Darling, hear ;
 High Heav'n some dire Misfortune threaten'd hath,
 Displeas'd perchance, because I did thee lear
 A Lore repugnant to thy Parents Faith :
 Ah! for my Sake this bold Attempt forbear ;
 Put off these fable Arms ; appease thy Wrath.
 This said, he wept ; the pensive flood, and sad,
 Because like Dream herself but lately had :

XLI.

With chearfull Smile she answer'd him at last ;
 I will this Faith observe ; it seems me true,
 Which from my cradle-Age thou taught me fast ;
 I will not change it for Religion new ;
 Nor, with vain Shews of Fear or Dread agast,
 This Enterprife forbear I to pursue ;
 No, not if Death in his most dreadfull Face,
 Wherewith Mankind he scareth, kept the Place.

XLII.

Approachen 'gan the Time, while thus she spake,
 Wherein they ought that dreadfull Hazard try ;
 She to *Argantes* went, who should partake
 Of her Renown and Praise, or with her dye :
Ifmen, with Words, more hasty still did make
 Their Virtue great, which by itself did fly :
 Two Balls he gave them, made of hollow Brasis,
 Wherein inclos'd Fire, Pitch, and Brimstone was ;

XLIII.

And forth they went, and fearless down the Hill
 They hasted forward with a speedy Pace,
 Unseen, unmarked, undescry'd, untill
 Beside the Engine close themselves they place ;
 New Courage there their swelling Hearts did fill,
 Rage in their Breasts, and Fury in their Face ;
 They yearn'd to blow the Fire, and draw the Sword :
 The Watch descry'd them both, and gave the Word.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Silent they passed, 'till the Watch begun
 To rear a huge Alarm with hideous Cries ;
 Therewith the hardy Couple forward run
 To execute their valiant Enterprize :
 So from a Cannon, or a roaring Gun,
 At once the Noise, the Flame, and Bullet flies ;
 They run, they give the Charge, begin the Fray,
 And all at once their Foes break, spoil, and slay.

XLV.

They passed first through thousand thousand Blows,
 And then performed their Designment bold ;
 A fiery Ball each on the Engine throws ;
 The Stuff was dry, the Fire took quickly hold :
 Furious upon the Timber-work it grows ;
 How it increased cannot well be told,
 How it crept up the Piece, and to the Skies
 How burning Sparks, and tow'ring Smoke up-flies.

XLVI.

A Mass of solid Fire, fierce, burning bright,
 Roll'd up in smould'ring Fumes, there bursteth out ;
 And there the blust'ring Winds add Strength and Might,
 And gather close the sparfed Flames about :
 The *Frenchmen* trembled at the dreadfull Light ;
 To Arms in Haste and Fear ran all the Rout :
 Down fell the Tow'r, dreaded so much in War ;
 Thus, what long Days do make, one Hour doth marr.

XLVII.

Two *Christian* Bands this while approach'd the Place
 With speedy Haste, where they beheld the Fire ;
Argantes to them cry'd, with scornfull Grace,
 Your Blood shall quench these Flames, and quench my Ire :
 This said, the Maid and he with sober Pace
 Drew back, and to the Banks themselves retire ;
 Faster than Brooks, which falling Show'rs increase,
 Their Foes augment, and faster on them press.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

The gilden Port was open'd, and forth stepp'd
 With all his Soldiers bold the *Turkish* King ;
 Ready to aid them two his Force he kept,
 When Fortune should them home with Conquest bring :
 Over the Bars the hardy Couple leap'd,
 And after them a Band of *Christians* fling,
 Whom *Soliman* drove back with Courage stout,
 And shut the Gate, but shut *Clorinda* out.

XLIX.

Alone was she shut forth, for in that Hour,
 Wherein they clos'd the Port, the Virgin went,
 And, full of Heat and Wrath, her Strength and Pow'r
 'Gainst *Arimon*, who struck her erst, she bent ;
 She slew the Knight ; nor *Argant* in that Stour
 Wist of her parting, or her fierce Intent ;
 The Fight, the Prefs, the Night, and darksome Skies
 Care from his Heart had ta'en, Sight from his Eyes.

L.

But, when appeased was her angry Mood,
 Her Fury calm'd, and settled was her Head,
 She saw the Gates were shut, and how she stood
 Amid her Foes, she held herself for dead :
 While none her mark'd, at last she thought it good,
 To save her Life, some other Path to tread ;
 She feign'd her one of them, and close she drew
 Amid the Prefs, that none her saw or knew.

LI.

Then as a Wolf, guilty of some Misdread,
 Flies to some Grove to hide himself from View,
 So, favour'd with the Night, with secret Speed,
 Dissever'd from the Prefs, the Damsel flew :
Tancred alone of her Escape took Heed ;
 He on that Quarter was arriv'd new ;
 When *Arimon* she kill'd, he thither came ;
 He saw it, mark'd it, and pursu'd the Dame.

LII.

280 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

LII.

He deem'd, she was some Man of mickle Might,
 And on her Person would he Worship win;
 Over the Hills the Nymph her Journey dight
 Towards another Port, there to get in:
 With hideous Noise fast after spurr'd the Knight;
 She heard and stay'd, and thus her Words begin;
 What Hast thou hast thou? ride softly; take thy Breath;
 What bringest thou? he answer'd——War and Death.

LIII.

And War and Death, quoth she, here may'st thou get,
 If thou for Battle come; with that she stay'd:
Tancred to Ground his Foot in Hast down set,
 And left his Steed; on Foot he saw the Maid:
 Their Courage hot, their Ire and Wrath they whet,
 And either Champion drew a trenchant Blade;
 Together run they, and together struck,
 Like two fierce Bulls, whom Rage and Love provoke.

LIV.

Worthy of royal Lifts, and brightest Day,
 Worthy a golden Trump, and laurel Crown,
 The Actions were, and Wonders of that Fray,
 Which sable Night did in dark Bosom drown:
 Yet, *Night*, consent that I their Acts display,
 And make their Deeds to future Ages known;
 And in Records of long-induring Story
 Inroll their Praise, their Fame, their Worth and Glory.

LV.

They neither shrunk, nor Vantage fought of Ground;
 They travers'd not, nor skipp'd from Part to Part;
 Their Blows were neither false nor feigned found;
 The Night, their Rage, would let them use no Art:
 Their Swords together clash with dreadful Sound;
 Their Feet stand fast, and neither stir nor start;
 They move their Hands, steadfast their Feet remain,
 Nor Blow nor Foin they struck or thrust in vain.

LVI.

LVI.

Shame bred Desire a sharp Revenge to take,
And Vengeance taken gave new Cause of Shame;
So that with Haste and little Heed they strake;
Fuel enough they had to feed the Flame:
At last so close their Battle fierce they make,
They could not wield their Swords; so nigh they came
They us'd the Hilts, and each on other rush'd,
And Helm 'gainst Helm, and Shield 'gainst Shield they crush'd.

LVII.

Thrice his strong Arms he folds about her Waist,
And thrice was forc'd to let the Virgin go;
For she disdain'd to be so imbrac'd;
No Lover would have strain'd his Mistress so:
They took their Swords again, and each inchas'd
Deep Wounds in the soft Flesh of his strong Foe,
'Till weak and weary, faint, alive uneath,
They both retir'd at once, at once took Breath.

LVIII.

Each other long beheld, and leaning stood
Upon their Swords, whose Points in Earth were pight:
When Day-break rising from the *Eastern Flood*
Obscur'd the thousand Eyes of sable Night,
Tancred beheld his Foe's out-streaming Blood
And gaping Wounds, and proud wax'd with the Sight;
O Vanity of Man's instable Mind,
Puff'd up with ev'ry Blast of friendly Wind!

LIX.

Why joy'st thou, Wretch? O what shall be thy Gain?
What Trophy this the bold *Tancredi* rears?
Thine Eyes shall shed, in Case thou be not slain,
For ev'ry Drop of Blood a Sea of Tears.
The bleeding Warriors leaning thus remain;
Each one to speak one Word long Time forbears:
Tancred the Silence broke at last, and said,
(For he would know with whom this Fight he made)

LX.

Ill is our Chance, and hard our Fortune is,
 Who here in Silence and in Shade debate ;
 Where Light of Sun, and Witnesses all we miss,
 That should our Prowess and our Praise dilate :
 If Words in Arms find Place, yet grant me this——
 Tell me thy Name, thy Country and Estate,
 That I may know, this dang'rous Combat done,
 Whom I have conquer'd, or who hath me won.

LXI.

What I will tell, you ask (quoth she) in vain,
 Nor mov'd by Pray'r, nor yet constrain'd by Pow'r ;
 But thus much know——one am I of those twain,
 Who late with kindled Flame destroy'd the Tow'r.
Tancred at her proud Words swell'd with Disdain ;
 That hast thou said, quoth he, in evil Hour ;
 Thy vaunting Speeches, and thy Silence both,
 Uncivil Wretch, have made my Heart more wroth.

LXII.

Ire in their chafed Breasts renew'd the Fray ;
 Fierce was their Wrath, though feeble were their Might ;
 Their Strength was gone, their Cunning was away,
 And Fury in their Stead maintain'd the Fight :
 Their Swords both Points and Edges sharp embay
 In purple Blood, where e'er they hit or light ;
 And if weak Life yet in their Bosoms lye,
 They liv'd, because they both disdain'd to dye.

LXIII.

As *Ægean* Seas, when Storms are calm'd again,
 Which roll'd their tumbling Waves with troublous Blast,
 Do yet of Tempests past some Shew retain,
 And here and there their swelling Billows cast ;
 So, though their Strength were gone, and Might were vain,
 Still of their Fierceness doth the Fury last,
 Wherewith sustain'd, they to their Combat stood,
 And heaped Wound on Wound, and Blood on Blood.

LXIV.

LXIV.

But now, alas, the fatal Hour arrives,
That her sweet Life must leave it's tender Hold ;
His Sword into her Bosom deep he drives,
And bath'd in lukewarm Blood his Iron cold :
Between her Breasts the cruel Weapon rives
Her curious Square, imboss'd with swelling Gold ;
Her Knees grow weak, the Pains of Death she feels,
And, like a falling Cedar, bends and reels.

LXV.

The Prince his Hand upon her Shield doth stretch,
And low on Earth the wounded Damsel lay'th ;
And, while she fell, with weak and wofull Speech
Her last Complaints, and her last Pray'rs she saith ;
Those Pray'rs, which her a Spirit new did teach,
Spirit of Hope, of Charity, of Faith ;
And, though her Life to CHRIST rebellious were,
Yet dyed she HIS Child, and Handmaid dear.

LXVI.

Friend, thou hast won ; I pardon thee ; nor save
This Body, which all Torments can indure,
But save my Soul——Baptism I dying crave ;
Come, wash away my Sins with Waters pure :
His Heart relenting nigh in sunder rave
With wofull Speech of her he could not cure ;
So that his Rage, his Wrath, and Anger dy'd,
And on his Cheeks salt Tears for Ruth down slide.

LXVII.

With Murmur loud, down from the Mountain's Side,
A little Runnel tumbled near the Place ;
Thither he ran, and fill'd his Helmet wide,
And quick return'd to do that Work of Grace :
With trembling Hands her Bever he unty'd ;
Which done, he saw, and seeing knew her Face,
And lost therewith his Speech and Moving quite ;
O wofull Knowledge ! O unhappy Sight !

LXVIII.

He dyed not, but all his Strength unites,
 And to his Virtues gave his Heart in Guard,
 Bridling his Grief; with Water he requites
 The Life, which he bereft with Iron hard;
 And while the sacred Words the Knight recites,
 The Nymph to Heav'n with Joy herself prepar'd;
 And as her Life decays, her Joys increafe;
 She smil'd, and said; farewell, I dye in Peace.

LXIX.

As Violets blue 'mongst palid Lilies shew,
 So Palenefs mid't her native White begun;
 Her Looks to Heav'n she cast; their Eyes, I trow,
 Downward for Pity bent both Heav'n and Sun:
 Her naked Hand she gave the Knight, in Show
 Of Love and Peace; her Speech alas was done:
 And thus the Virgin fell on endless Sleep;
 Love, Beauty, Virtue, for your Darling weep!

LXX.

But when he saw her gentle Soul was went,
 His manly Courage to relent began;
 Grief, Sorrow, Anguish, Sadness, Discontent,
 Free Empire got and Lordship o'er the Man;
 His Life within his Heart they close up-pent;
 Death through his Senses and his Visage ran:
 Like his dead Lady, dead seem'd *Tancred* good,
 In Palenefs, Stillness, Wounds, and Streams of Blood;

LXXI.

And his weak Sprite, to be unbodied
 From fleshly Prison free that ceaseless striv'd,
 Had follow'd her fair Soul but lately fled,
 Had not a *Christian* Squadron there arriv'd,
 To seek fresh Water thither haply led;
 They found the Princess dead, and him depriv'd
 Of Signs of Life; yet did the Knight remain
 Alive, nigh dead for her, himself had slain.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Their Guide far off the Prince knew by his Shield,
And thither hasted full of Grief and Fear ;
Her dead, him seeming so, he there beheld,
And for that strange Mishap shed many a Tear :
He would not leave their Corfes in the Field
For Food to Wolves, though she a *Pagan* were,
But in their Arms the Soldiers both uphent,
And both, lamenting, brought to *Tancred's* Tent.

LXXIII.

With those sad Burdens to their Camp they pass,
Yet would not that dead-seeming Knight awake ;
At last he deeply groan'd, which Token was,
His feeble Soul had not her Flight yet take :
The other lay a still and heavy Mass ;
Her Spirit had that earthen Cage forsake :
Thus were they brought, and thus they placed were
In sundry Rooms, yet both adjoining near.

LXXIV.

All Skill and Art his carefull Servants us'd
To Life again their dying Lord to bring ;
At last his Eyes unclos'd, with Tears suffus'd ;
He felt their Hands, and heard their Whispering :
But how he thither came long Time he mus'd ;
His Mind astonish'd was with ev'ry Thing :
He gaz'd about ; his Squires in Fine he knew ;
Then, weak and wofull, thus his Complaints out-threw :

LXXV.

What——live I yet ? and do I breathe, and see
Of this accursed Day the hatefull Light ?
This spitefull Ray, which still upbraideth me
With that accursed Deed I did this Night ?
Ah, coward Hand ! afraid why should'st thou be ?
Thou Instrument of Death, Shame, and Despite,
Why should'st thou fear with sharp and trenchant Knife
To cut the Thread of this ignoble Life ?

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Pierce through this Bosom, and my cruel Heart
 In Pieces cleave ; break ev'ry String and Vein :
 But thou, to Slaughters vile which used art,
 Think'st it were Pity so to ease my Pain :
 Of luckless Love therefore in Torments smart
 A sad Example must I still remain ;
 A wofull Monster of unhappy Love,
 Who still must live, lest Death my Comfort prove.

LXXVII.

Still must I live in Anguish, Grief, and Care,
 Furies, my guilty Conscience which torment ;
 The ugly Shades, dark Night, and troubled Air,
 In grisly Forms her Slaughter still present :
 Madness and Death about my Bed repair ;
 Hell gapeth wide to swallow up this Tent :
 Swift from myself I run, myself I fear,
 Yet still my Hell within myself I bear.

LXXVIII.

But where, alas ! where are those Relicts sweet,
 Wherein late dwelt all Love, all Joy, all Good ?
 My Fury left them cast in open Street ;
 Some Beast hath torn her Flesh, and lick'd her Blood :
 Ah noble Prey, for savage Beast unmeet !
 Ah sweet, too sweet, and far too pretious Food !
 Ah hapless Nymph ! whom Night and darksome Shade
 To Beasts, and me far worse than Beasts, betray'd.

LXXIX.

But where you be, if still you be, I wend,
 To gather up those Relicts dear at least :
 But if some Beast hath from the Hills descend,
 And on her tender Bowels made his Feast,
 Let that same Monster me in Pieces rend,
 And deep intomb me in his hollow Chest ;
 For where she buried is, there shall I have
 A stately Tomb, a rich and costly Grave.

LXXX.

LXXX.

Thus mourn'd the Knight; his Squires him told at last,
They had her there, for whom those Tears he shed:
A Beam of Comfort his dim Eyes out-cast,
Like Light'ning through thick Clouds of Darkness spread:
The heavy Burden of his Limbs in Haste,
With mickle Pain, he drew forth from his Bed;
And scant of Strength to stand, to move or go,
Thither he stagger'd, reeling to and fro.

LXXXI.

When there he came, and in her Breast espy'd
His Handy-work, that deep and cruel Wound,
And her sweet Face with leaden Paleness dy'd,
Where Beauty late spread forth her Beams around,
He trembled so, that, nere his Squires beside
To hold him up, he had sunk down to Ground;
Then said—O Face, in Death still sweet and fair!
Thou can'st not sweeten now my Grief and Care:

LXXXII.

O fair Right-hand! the Pledge of Faith and Love,
Giv'n me but late, too late, in Sign of Peace,
How haps it now thou can'st not stir nor move?
And you, dear Limbs, now laid in Rest and Ease,
Through which my cruel Blade this Flood-gate rove,
Your Pains have End; my Torments never cease:
O Hands, O cruel Eyes, accurs'd alike!
You gave the Wound, you gave them Light to strike:

LXXXIII.

But thither now run forth my guilty Blood,
Whither my Complaints, my Sorrows cannot wend.
He said no more, but, as his Passion wood
Inforced him, he 'gan to tear and rend
His Hair, his Face, his Wounds; a purple Flood
Did from each Side in rolling Streams descend;
He had been slain, but that his Pain and Woe
Bereft his Senses, and preserv'd him so.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Cast on his Bed, his Squires recall'd his Sprite
 To execute again her hatefull Charge;
 But tatling *Fame* the Sorrows of the Knight,
 And hard Mischance, had told this while at large:
Godfrey and all his Lords of Worth and Might
 Ran thither, and the Duty would discharge
 Of Friendship true, and, with sweet Words, the Rage
 Of bitter Grief and Woe they would assuage:

LXXXV.

But as a mortal Wound the more doth smart,
 The more it searched is, handled or fought,
 So their sweet Words to his afflicted Heart
 More Grief, more Anguish, Pain and Torment brought:
 But rev'rend *Peter*, that would set apart
 Care of his Sheep, as a good Shepherd ought,
 His Vanity with grave Advice reprov'd,
 And told what Mourning *Christian* Knights behov'd.

LXXXVI.

O *Tancred*, *Tancred*, how far different
 From thy Beginnings good these Follies be!
 What makes thee deaf? what hath thine Eye-sight blent?
 What Mift, what Cloud thus overshadeth thee?
 This is a Warning good from HEAV'N down sent,
 Yet HIS Advice thou can'st not hear nor see,
 Who calleth and conducts thee to the Way,
 From which thou witting dost and willing stray.

LXXXVII.

To worthy Actions and Achievements, fit
 For *Christian* Knights, HE would thee home recall;
 But thou hast left that Course, and changed it,
 To make thyself an *Heathen* Damsel's Thrall:
 But see! thy Grief, and Sorrow's painfull Fit
 Is made the Rod to scourge thy Sins withall;
 Of thine own Good thyself the Means HE makes,
 But *Tancred* Mercy, Goodness, Grace forsakes:

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Thou dost refuse of Heav'n the proffer'd Grace,
And 'gainst it still rebel with sinfull Ire;
O Wretch, O whither doth thy Rage thee chace?
Refrain thy Grief, bridlé thy fond Desire:
At Hell's wide Gate vain Sorrow doth thee place,
Sorrow, Misfortune's Son, Despair's foul Sire;
O see thy Ill, thy Plaint and Woe refrain,
The Guides to Death, to Hell, and endless Pain.

LXXXIX.

This said, his Will to die the Patient
Abandoned, for second Death he fear'd;
These Words of Comfort to his Heart down went,
And that dark Night of Sorrow somewhat clear'd;
Yet now and then his Grief deep Sighs forth sent;
His Voice shrill Plaints and sad Laments oft rear'd:
Now to himself, now to his murder'd Love
He spoke, who heard perchance from Heav'n above.

XC.

'Till *Phœbus* Rising from his Evening Fall,
To her, for her, he mourns, he calls, he cries:
So the sad Nightingale, her Children small
When some Churl takes before their Parent's Eyes,
Alone, dismay'd, quite bare of Comforts all,
Tires with Complaints the Seas, the Shores, the Skies,
'Till in sweet Sleep, against the Morning bright,
She fall at last; so mourn'd, so slept the Knight:

XCI.

And clad in starry Vail, amid his Dream,
For whose sweet Sake he mourn'd, appear'd the Maid;
Fairer than erst, yet with that heav'nly Beam
Not out of Knowledge was her lovely Shade:
With Looks of Ruth her Eyes celestial seem
To pity his sad Plight, and thus she said;
Behold how fair, how glad thy Love appears,
And for my Sake, my Lord, forbear these Tears.

P p

XCII.

XCII.

Thine be the Thanks, my Soul thou madest flit
 At unawares out of her earthly Nest;
 Thine be the Thanks, thou hast advanced it
 In *Abraham's* blest Bosom long to rest:
 There will I love thee; there for *Tancred* fit
 A Seat prepared is among the Blest;
 There in eternal Bliss, eternal Light,
 Thou shalt thy Love enjoy, and she her Knight,

XCIII.

Unless thy self thy self Heav'ns Joys envy,
 And thy vain Sorrow thee of Bliss deprive:
 Live; know I love thee, that I will deny,
 As Angels Men, as Saints may Wights alive.
 This said, of Zeal and Love forth from her Eye
 An hundred glorious Beams bright-shining drive,
 Amid which Rays herself she clos'd from Sight,
 And with new Joy, new Comfort, left her Knight.

XCIV.

Thus comforted he wak'd; and Men discreet
 In Surgery to cure his Wounds were sought:
 Mean while of his dead Love the Relicts sweet,
 As best he could, to Grave with Pomp he brought:
 Her Tomb was not of virid *Spartan* great,
 Nor yet by cunning Hand of *Scopas* wrought,
 But built of polish'd Stone, and thereon lay'd
 The lively Shape and Portrait of the Maid.

XCV.

With sacred burning Lamps, in Order long,
 And mournfull Pomp, the Corse was brought to Ground:
 Her Arms upon a leaveless Pine were hung;
 The Hearse with Cypress, Arms with Laurel crown'd:
 Next Day the Prince, whose Love and Courage strong
 Drew forth his Limbs, weak, feeble, and unsound,
 To visit went, with Care and Rev'rence meet,
 The buried Ashes of his Mistress sweet.

XCVI.

XCVI.

Before her new-made Tomb at last arriv'd,
The wofull Prison of his living Sprite,
Pale, cold, sad, comfortless, of Sense depriv'd,
Upon the Marble grey he fix'd his Sight:
Two Streams of Tears were from his Eyes deriv'd,
Then with a sad Alas began the Knight;
O Marble dear, on my dear Mistress plac'd,
My Flames within, without my Tears thou hast:

XCVII.

Not of dead Bones art thou the mournfull Grave,
But of quick Love the Fort'ress and the Hold;
Still in my Heart thy wonted Brands I have,
More bitter far, alas! but not more cold:
Receive these Sighs, these Kisses sweet receive,
In liquid Drops of melting Tears inroll'd,
And give them to that Body pure and chaste,
Which in thy Bosom cold intomb'd thou hast.

XCVIII.

For, if her happy Soul her Eye doth bend
On that sweet Body, which it lately dress'd,
My Love, thy Pity, cannot her offend;
Anger and Wrath are not in Angels bless'd;
She pardon will the Trespass of her Friend;
That Hope relieves me, with these Griets oppress'd:
This Hand, she knows, hath only sinn'd, not I,
Who living lov'd her, and for Love now dye;

XCIX.

And loving will I dye; O happy Day,
When e'er it chanceth! but Oh far more blest,
If, as about thy polish'd Sides I stray,
My Bones within thy hollow Grave might rest!
Together should in Heav'n our Spirits stay;
Together should our Bodies lye in Chest:
So happy Death should join, what Life doth sever;
O Death, O Life, sweet both, both blessed ever!

C.

Mean while the News, in that besieged Town,
 Of this Mishap was whisper'd here and there ;
 Forthwith it spread, and for too true was known ;
 Her wofull Loss was talked ev'ry where,
 Mingled with Cries and Complaints to Heav'n up-thrown,
 As if the City's self new-taken were
 With conqu'ring Foes ; or as if Flame and Fire
 Nor House, nor Church, nor Street had left intire.

CI.

But all Mens Eyes were on *Arfetes* bent ;
 His Sighs were deep, his Looks full of Despair :
 Out of his wofull Eyes no Tear there went ;
 His Heart was harden'd with his too much Care :
 His silver Locks with Dust he foul besprent ;
 He knock'd his Breast, his Face he rent and tare ;
 And, while the Press flock'd to the Eunuch old,
 Thus to the People spake *Argantes* bold :

CII.

I would, when first I knew the hardy Maid
 Excluded was among her *Christian* Foes,
 Have follow'd her to give her timely Aid,
 Or by her Side this Breath and Life to lose :
 What did I not, or what left I unsaid
 To make the King the Gates again uncloze ?
 But he deny'd ; his Pow'r did aye restrain
 My Will ; my Suit was waste, my Speech was vain.

CIII.

Ah ! had I gone, I would from Danger free
 Have brought to *Sion* that brave Nymph again,
 Or in the bloody Fight, where kill'd was she,
 In her Defense there nobly have been slain :
 But what could I do more ? the Councils be
 Of God and Man 'gainst my Designments plain :
 Dead is *Clorinda* fair ; laid in cold Grave ;
 Let me revenge her, whom I could not save.

CIV.

CIV.

Jerusalem, hear what *Argantes* saith ;
 Hear, Heav'n ; and, if he break his Oath and Word,
 Upon his Head cast Thunder in thy Wrath :
 I will destroy and kill that *Christian* Lord,
 Who this fair Dame by Night thus murder'd hath ;
 Nor from my Side I will ungird this Sword,
 'Till *Tancred's* Heart it cleave, and shed his Blood,
 And leave his Corse to Wolves and Crows for Food.

CV.

This said, the People with a joyfull Shout
 Applaud his Speeches, and his Words approve ;
 And calm'd their Grief, in Hope the Boaster stout
 Would kill the Prince, who late had slain his Love :
 O Promise vain ! it otherwise fell out ;
 Men purpose, but high Gods dispose above ;
 For underneath his Sword this Boaster dy'd,
 Whom thus he scorn'd, and threaten'd in his Pride.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XIII.

I.

BUT scant, dissolved into Ashes cold,
The smoking Tow'r fell on the scorched Grass,
When new Device found out th' Inchanter old,
By which the Town besieg'd secured was :
Of Timber fit his Foes deprive he would,
Such Terror bred that late consumed Mass ;
So that the Strength of *Sion's* Wall to shake
They should no Turrets, Rams, nor Engines make.

II.

From *Godfrey's* Camp a Grove a little Way
Amid the Valleys deep grows out of Sight,
Thick with old Trees, whose horrid Arms display
An ugly Shade, like everlasting Night :
There, when the Sun spreads forth his clearest Ray,
Dim, thick, incertain, gloomy seems the Light ;
As when in Evening Day and Darkness strive,
Which should his Foe from our Horizon drive.

III.

But when the Sun his Car in Seas doth steep,
Night, Horror, Darkness thick, the Place invade,
Which veil all mortal Eyes with Blindness deep,
And with sad Terror make weak Hearts afraid :
Thither no Groom drives forth his tender Sheep
To browse, or ease their Faint in cooling Shade ;
Nor Traveller nor Pilgrim there to enter
(So awfull seems that Forest old) dare venture.

IV.

IV.

United there the Ghosts and Goblins meet
 To frolick with their Mates in silent Night :
 With Dragons Wings some cleave the Welkin fleet,
 Some nimbly run o'er Hills and Valleys light ;
 A wicked Troop, that with Allurement sweet
 Draws sinfull Man from that is good and right ;
 And there with hellish Pomp their Banquets brought
 They solemnize ; this the vain *Pagans* thought.

V.

Nor Bough, nor Branch the *Saracens* therefore,
 Nor Twist, nor Twig cut from that sacred Spring ;
 But yet the *Christians* spared ne'er the more
 The Trees to Earth with cutting Steel to bring :
 Thither went *Ismen* old with Tresses hoar,
 When Night on all this Earth spread forth her Wing,
 And there in silent, deaf, and mirksom Shade,
 His Characters and Circles strange he made.

VI.

He in the Circle set one Foot unhod,
 And whisper'd dreadfull Charms in gasty Wife ;
 Three Times, for Witch-craft loveth Numbers odd,
 Towards the *East* he gaped, *West*-ward thrice :
 He struck the Earth thrice with his charmed Rod,
 Wherewith dead Bones he makes from Graves to rise ;
 And thrice the Ground with naked Foot he smote,
 And thus he cryed loud with thund'ring Note :

VII.

Hear, hear, you Spirits all, that whilom fell,
 Cast down from Heav'n with Dint of roaring Thunder ;
 Hear you, amid the empty Air that dwell,
 And Storms and Show'rs pour on these Kingdoms under ;
 Hear all ye Dev'ls, that lie in deepest Hell,
 And rend with Torments damned Ghosts asunder ;
 And of those Lands of Death, of Pain, and Fear,
 Thou Monarch great, great *Dis*, great *Pluto* hear :

VIII.

VIII.

Keep you this Forest well, keep ev'ry Tree ;
 Number'd I give you them, and truly told :
 As Souls of Men in Bodies cloathed be,
 So ev'ry Plant a Sprite shall hide and hold :
 With trembling Fear make all the *Christians* flee,
 When they presume to cut these Cedars old.
 This said, his Charms he 'gan again repeat,
 Which none can say, but they that use like Feat.

IX.

At those strange Speeches still Night's splendent Fires
 Quenched their Lights, and shrunk away for Doubt ;
 The feeble Moon her silver Beams retires,
 And wrapp'd her Horns with folding Clouds about :
If men his Sprites to come with Speed requires ;
 Why come you not, you ever damned Rout ?
 Why tarry you so long ? pardie you stay,
 'Till stronger Charms, and greater Words I say.

X.

I have not yet forgot, for Want of Use,
 What dreadful Terms belong this sacred Feat ;
 My Tongue, if still your stubborn Hearts refuse,
 That so much dreaded Name can well repeat,
 Which heard, great *Dis* cannot himself excuse,
 But hither run from his eternal Seat ;
 O great and fearfull ! — more he would have said,
 But that he saw the sturdy Sprites obey'd.

XI.

Legions of Dev'ls by Thousands thither come,
 Such as in sparfed Air their Biding make ;
 And Thousands also, which by heav'nly Doom
 Condemned lie in deep *Avernus*' Lake ;
 But slow they came, displeased all, and grum,
 Because those Woods they should in Keeping take :
 Yet they obey'd, and took the Charge in Hand ;
 And under ev'ry Branch and Leaf they stand.

XII.

XII.

When thus his curfed Work performed was,
The Wizard to the King declar'd his Feat ;
My Lord, let Fear, let Doubt and Sorrow pafs ;
Henceforth in Safety ftands your regal Seat :
Your Foe, as he fuppos'd, no Mean now has
To build again his Rams, and Engines great :
And then he told at large, from Part to Part,
All what he late perform'd by wond'rous Art.

XIII.

Befides this Help, another Hap, quoth he,
Will fhortly chance, that brings not Profit fmall ;
Within few Days *Mars* and the *Sun* I fee
Their fiery Beams unite in *Leo* fhall ;
And then extreme the fcorching Heat will be,
Which neither Rain can quench, nor Dews that fall ;
So placed are the Planets, high and low,
That Heat, Fire, Burning all the Heav'ns forefhew :

XIV.

So great with us will be the Warmth therefore,
As with the *Garamants*, or thofe of *Inde* ;
Yet nill it grieve us in this Town fo fore ;
We have fweet Shade, and Waters cold by Kind :
Our Foes without will be tormented more ;
What Shield can they, or what Refreshing find ?
Heav'n will them vanquifh firft ; then *Egypt's* Crew
Deftruy them quite, weak, weary, faint and few.

XV.

Thou fhalt fit ftill and conquer ; prove no more
The doubtfull Hazard of incertain Fight :
But if *Argantes* bold, that hates fo fore
All Caufe of quiet Peace, though juft and right,
Provoke thee forth to Battle as before,
Find Means to calm the Rage of that fierce Knight ;
For fhortly Heav'n will fend thee Eafe and Peace,
And War and Trouble 'mongft thy Foes increafe.

Qq

XVI.

XVI.

The King, assured by these Speeches fair,
 Held *Godfrey's* Pow'r, his Might, and Strength in Scorn ;
 And now the Walls he 'gan in Part repair,
 Which late the Ram had bruise'd with iron Horn :
 With wise Foresight, and well advised Care,
 He fortify'd each Breach, and Bulwark torn ;
 And all his Folk, Men, Women, Children small,
 With endless Toil repair'd the shatter'd Wall.

XVII.

But *Godfrey* would this while bring forth his Pow'r
 To give Assault against that Fort in vain,
 'Till he had builded new his dreadful Tow'r,
 And reared high his down-fall'n Rams again :
 His Workmen therefore he dispatch'd that Hour,
 To hew the Trees out of the Forest main ;
 They went, and scant the Wood appear'd in Sight,
 When Wonders new their fearful Hearts affright.

XVIII.

As silly Children dare not bend their Eye,
 Where they are told strange Bugbears haunt the Place ;
 Or as new Monsters, while in Bed they lye,
 Their fearful Thoughts present before their Face ;
 So feared they, and fled, yet wist not why,
 Nor what pursu'd them in that fearful Chace ;
 Except their Fear, perchance, while thus they fled,
Chimeras, Sphinges, or like Monsters bred.

XIX.

Swift to the Camp they turned back dismay'd ;
 With Words, confus'd incertain Tales they told,
 That all, who heard them, scorned what they said,
 And those Reports for Lies and Fables hold :
 A chosen Crew, in shining Arms array'd,
 Duke *Godfrey* thither sent, of Soldiers bold,
 To guard the Men, and their faint Arms provoke
 To cut the dreadful Trees with hardy Stroke.

XX.

XX.

These drawing near the Wood, where close ipent
 The wicked Sprites in sylvan Pinfolds were,
 Their Eyes upon those Shades no sooner bent,
 But frozen Dread pierc'd through their Entrails there ;
 Yet on they stalked still, and on they went,
 Under bold Semblance hiding coward Fear ;
 And so far wander'd forth with trembling Pace,
 'Till they approached that enchanted Place ;

XXI.

When from the Grove a fearfull Sound out breaks,
 As if some Earthquake Hill and Mountain tore,
 Wherein the *Southern* Wind a Rumbling makes ;
 Or like Sea Waves against the craggy Shore :
 There Lions grumble ; there his scaly Snakes ;
 There howl the Wolves ; the rugged Bears there roar :
 There Trumpets shrill are heard, and Thunders fell ;
 And all these Sounds one Sound expressed well.

XXII.

Upon their Faces pale well might you note
 A thousand Signs of Heart-amating Fear ;
 Their Reason gone, by no Device they wot
 How to press nigh, or stay still where they were :
 Against that sudden Dread, their Breasts which smote,
 Their Courage weak no Shield of Proof could bear ;
 At last they fled ; and one, than all more bold,
 Excus'd their Flight, and thus the Wonders told :

XXIII.

My Lord, not one of us there is, I grant,
 Who dares cut down one Branch in yonder Spring ;
 I think there dwells a Sprite in ev'ry Plant ;
 There keeps his Court great *Dis*, infernal King :
 He hath a Heart of harden'd Adamant,
 Who without Trembling dares attempt the Thing ;
 And Sense he wanteth, who so hardy is
 To hear the Forest thunder, roar, and hiss.

XXIV.

This said, *Alcasto* to his Words gave Heed,
Alcasto, Leader of the *Switzers* grim ;
 A Man both void of Wit, and void of Dread,
 Who fear'd not Loss of Life, nor Loss of Limb :
 No savage Beasts, in Deserts wild that feed,
 Nor ugly Monster could dishearten him ;
 No Whirlwind, Thunder, Earthquake, Storm, or ought
 That in this World is strange or fearfull thought.

XXV.

He shook his Head, and smiling thus 'gan say ;
 The Hardiness have I that Wood to fell,
 And those proud Trees low in the Dust to lay,
 Wherein such grisly Fiends and Monsters dwell :
 No roaring Ghost my Courage can dismay,
 No Shriek of Birds, Beasts Roar, or Dragons Yell ;
 But through and through that Forest will I wend,
 Although to deepest Hell the Paths descend.

XXVI.

Thus boasted he, and Leave to go desir'd,
 And forward went with joyfull Chear and Will :
 He view'd the Wood, and those thick Shades admir'd ;
 He heard the wond'rous Noise, and Rumbling shrill,
 Yet not one Foot th'audacious Man retir'd ;
 He scorn'd the Peril, pressing forward still,
 'Till on the Forest's outmost Marge he stepp'd ;
 A flaming Fire from Entrance there him kept.

XXVII.

The Fire increas'd, and built a stately Wall
 Of burning Coals, quick Sparks, and Embers hot,
 And with bright Flames the Wood environ'd all,
 That there no Tree nor Twist *Alcasto* got :
 The higher stretched Flames seem'd Bulwarks tall,
 Castles and Turrets full of fiery Shot,
 With Slings and Engines strong of ev'ry Sort ;
 What mortal Wight durst scale so strange a Fort ?

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

O what strange Monsters on the Battlement
In loathsome Forms stood to defend the Place !
Their frowning Looks upon the Knight they bent,
And threaten'd Death with Shot, with Sword, and Mace :
At last he fled, and though but slow he went,
As Lions do, whom jolly Hunters chase,
Yet fled the Man, and with sad Fear withdrew,
Though Fear 'till then he never felt or knew.

XXIX.

That he had fled, long Time he never wist ;
But when far run he had discover'd it,
Himself for Wonder with his Hand he blist ;
A bitter Sorrow by the Heart him bit :
Amaz'd, asham'd, disgrac'd, sad, silent, trift,
Alone he would all Day in Darkness sit ;
Nor durst he look on Man of Worth or Fame ;
His Pride, late great, now greater made his Shame.

XXX.

Godfredo call'd him, but he found Delays
And Causes, why he should his Cabbin keep ;
At length perforce he comes, but Nothing says,
Or talks, like those, that babble in their Sleep :
His Shamefastness to *Godfrey* plain bewrays
His Flight ; so do his Sighs and Sadness deep ;
Whereat amaz'd ——— What Chance is this ? quoth he ;
These Witchcrafts strange, or Nature's Wonders be :

XXXI.

But if his Courage any Champion move
To try the Hazard of this dreadful Spring,
I give him Leave th' Adventure great to prove ;
Some News he may report us of the Thing.
This said, his Lords attempt the charmed Grove,
Yet Nothing back but Fear and Flight they bring ;
For them inforc'd with Trembling to retire
The Sight, the Sound, the Monsters, and the Fire.

XXXII.

XXXII.

This happ'd, when wofull *Tancred* left his Bed,
 To lay in Marble cold his Mistress dear;
 The lively Colour from his Cheek was fled;
 His Limbs were weak his Helm or Targe to bear:
 Nathless when Need to high Attempts him led,
 No Labor would he shun, no Danger fear;
 His Valour, Boldness, Heart, and Courage brave,
 To his faint Body Strength and Vigor gave.

XXXIII.

To this Exploit forth went the ventrous Knight,
 Fearless, yet headfull, silent, well advis'd;
 The Terrors of that Forest's dreadful Sight,
 Storms, Earthquakes, Thunders, Cries, he all despis'd:
 He feared nothing; yet a Motion light,
 That quickly vanish'd, in his Heart aris'd,
 When lo! between him and the charmed Wood,
 A fiery City, high as Heav'n, up-stood.

XXXIV.

The Knight stepp'd back, and took a sudden Pause;
 And to himself——what help these Arms? quoth he;
 If in this Fire, or gaping Monsters Jaws
 I headlong cast myself, what boots it me?
 For common Profit, or my Country's Cause,
 To hazard Life before me none should be;
 But this Exploit of no such Weight I hold,
 For it to lose a Prince or Champion bold.

XXXV.

But, if I fly, what will the *Pagans* say?
 If I retire, who shall cut down this Spring?
Godfredo will attempt it ev'ry Day;
 What if some other Knight perform the Thing?
 These Flames, up-risen to forestall my Way,
 Perchance more Terror far, than Danger, bring;
 But hap what shall. This said, he forward stepp'd,
 And through the Fire, O wondrous Boldness! leap'd.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

He bolted through, but neither Warmth nor Heat
 He felt, nor Sign of Fire or scorching Flame;
 Yet wist he not, in his dismay'd Conceit,
 If that were Fire or no, through which he came:
 For at first Touch vanish'd those Monsters great,
 And in their Stead the Clouds black Night did frame,
 And hideous Storms, and Show'rs of Hail and Rain;
 Yet Storms and Tempests vanish'd straight again.

XXXVII.

Amaz'd, but not afraid, the Champion good
 Stood still; but when the Tempest pass'd he spy'd,
 He enter'd boldly that forbidden Wood,
 And of the Forest all the Secrets ey'd:
 In all his Walk no Sprite or Fantasm stood,
 That stopp'd his Way, or Passage free deny'd,
 Save that the growing Trees so thick were set,
 That oft his Sight, and Passage oft they let.

XXXVIII.

At length a fair and spacious Green he spy'd,
 Like calmest Waters, plain; like Velvet, soft;
 Wherein a Cypress, clad in Summer's Pride,
 Pyramid-wise lift up it's Tops aloft;
 In whose smooth Bark, upon the evenest Side,
 Strange Characters he found, and view'd them oft;
 Like those, which Priests of *Ægypt* erst in Stead
 Of Letters us'd, which none but they could read.

XXXIX.

'Mongst them he picked out these Words at last,
 Writ in the *Syriac* Tongue, which well he could.
O hardy Knight, who through these Woods hast pass'd,
Where Death his Palace and his Court doth hold,
O trouble not these Souls, in Quiet plac'd;
O be not cruel, as thy Heart is bold:
Pardon these Ghosts, depriv'd of heav'nly Light;
With Spirits dead why should Men living fight?

XL.

XL.

This found he graven in the tender Rind;
 And while he mused on this uncouth Writ,
 He thought he heard the softly whistling Wind
 It's Blasts amid the Leaves and Branches knit,
 And frame a Sound, like Speech of human kind;
 But full of Sorrow, Grief and Woe was it,
 Whereby his gentle Thoughts all filled were
 With Pity, Sadness, Grief, Compassion, Fear.

XLI.

He drew his Sword at last, and gave the Tree
 A mighty Blow, that made a gaping Wound;
 Out of the Rift red Streams he trickling see,
 That all be-bled the verdant Plain around:
 His Hair start up; yet once again struck he;
 He would give over, 'till the End he found
 Of this Adventure, when with Plaint and Moan,
 As from some hollow Grave, he heard a Groan:

XLII.

Enough, enough (the Voice lamenting said)
Tancred, thou hast me hurt; thou did'st me drive
 Out of the Body of a noble Maid,
 Who with me liv'd, whom late I kept alive;
 And now within this wofull Cypress laid,
 My tender Rind thy Weapon sharp doth rive:
 Cruel, is't not enough thy Foes to kill,
 But in their Graves wilt thou torment them still?

XLIII.

I was *Clorinda*, now imprison'd here;
 Yet not alone within this Plant I dwell,
 For ev'ry *Pagan* Lord, and *Christian* Peer,
 Before the City's Walls last Day that fell,
 In Bodies new, or Graves, I wot not clear,
 But here they are confin'd by Magic's Spell;
 So that each Tree hath Life, and Sense each Bough;
 A Murd'rer, if thou cut one Branch, art thou.

XLIV.

XLIV.

As the sick Man, that in his Sleep doth see
Some ugly *Dragon*, or *Chimera* new,
Though he suspect, or half persuaded be,
It is an idle Dream, no Monster true,
Yet still he fears, he quakes, and strives to flee,
So fearfull is that wond'rous Form to view;
So fear'd the Knight; yet he both knew and thought,
All were Illusions false, by Witchcraft wrought :

XLV.

But cold and trembling wax'd his frozen Heart ;
Such strange Affects, such Passions it torment,
Forth from his feeble Hand his Weapon start ;
Himself out of his Wits nigh after went :
Wounded he saw, he thought, for Pain and Smart
His Lady weep, complain, mourn and lament ;
Nor could he suffer her dear Blood to see,
Or hear her Sighs, that deep, far-fetched be.

XLVI.

Thus his fierce Heart, which Death had scorned oft,
Whom no strange Shape or Monster could dismay,
With feigned Shews of tender Love made soft,
A Spirit false did with vain Plaints betray :
A whirling Wind his Sword heav'd up aloft,
And through the Forest bare it quite away :
O'ercome, retir'd the Prince ; and, as he came,
His Sword he found, and repossest the same ;

XLVII.

Yet would return ; he had no Mind to try
His Courage further in those Forests green ;
But when to *Godfrey's* Tent he 'proached nigh,
His Spirits wak'd ; his Thoughts compos'd been :
My Lord, quoth he, a Witness true am I
Of Wonders strange, believed scant, though seen ;
What of the Fire, the Shades, the dreadfull Sound,
You heard, all true by Proof myself have found.

R r

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

A burning Fire, (so are those Forests charm'd)
 Built like a battled Wall, to Heav'n was rear'd,
 Whereon with Darts and dreadful Weapons arm'd
 Of Monsters foul, mis-shap'd, whole Bands appear'd :
 But through them all I pass'd unhurt, unharm'd ;
 No Flame or threaten'd Blow I felt or fear'd :

Then Rain and Night I found ; but straight again
 To Day the Night, to Sun-shine turn'd the Rain.

XLIX.

What would you more ? each Tree through all that Wood
 Hath Sense, hath Life, hath Speech, like human Kind ;
 I heard their Words, as in that Grove I stood ;
 That mournfull Voice still, still I bear in Mind :
 And, as they were of Flesh, the purple Blood
 At ev'ry Blow stream'd from the wounded Rind :

No, no, not I, nor any else, I trow,
 Hath Pow'r to cut one Tree, one Branch or Bough.

L.

While thus he said, the *Christians* noble Guide
 Felt uncouth Strife in his contentious Thought ;
 He thought, what if himself in Person try'd
 Those Witchcrafts strange, and bring those Charms to nought,
 (For such he deem'd them) or elsewhere provide
 Fit Timber, easier got, though farther sought :

But from his Study he at last abray'd,
 Call'd by the Hermit old, who to him said ;

LI.

Leave off thy hardy Thought ; another's Hands
 Of these her Plants the Wood dispoilen shall ;
 Now, now the fatal Ship of Conquest lands ;
 Her Sails are struck, her silver Anchors fall :
 Our Champion broken hath his worthless Bands,
 And looseth from the Soil, which held him thrall ;
 The Time draws nigh, when our proud Foes in Field
 Shall slaughter'd lie, and *Sion's* Fort shall yield.

LII.

LII.

This said, his Visage shone with Beams divine,
 And more than mortal was his Voice's Sound :
Godfredo's Thoughts to other Acts incline ;
 His working Brain was never idle found.

BUT in the *Crab* now did bright *Titan* shine,
 And scorch'd with scalding Beams the parched Ground ;
 And made unfit for Toil or warlike Feat
 His Soldiers, weak with Labor, faint with Sweat.

LIII.

The Planets mild their Lamps benign quench'd out,
 And cruel Stars in Heav'n did signiorise,
 Whose Influence cast fiery Flames about,
 And hot Impressions through the Earth and Skies :
 The growing Heat still gather'd deeper Root ;
 The noisom Warmth through Lands and Kingdoms flies ;
 A harmfull Night a hurtfull Day succeeds,
 And worse than both next Morn her Light out-spreads.

LIV.

When *Phæbus* rose, he left his golden Weed,
 And donn'd a Gite, in deepest Purple dy'd ;
 His sanguine Beams about his Forehead spread,
 A sad Prefage of Ill, that should betide :
 With vermil Drops at Ev'n his Tresses bleed,
 Foreshews of future Heat, from th' Ocean wide,
 When next he rose ; and thus increased still
 Their present Harms, with Dread of future Ill.

LV.

While thus he bent 'gainst Earth his scorching Rays,
 He burn'd the Flowrets, burn'd his *Clytia* dear ;
 The Leaves grew wan upon the wither'd Sprays ;
 The Grass and growing Herbs all parched were :
 Earth cleft in Rifts, in Floods the Stream decays ;
 The barren Clouds with Light'ning bright appear ;
 And Mankind fear'd, lest *Clym'ne's* Child again
 Had driv'n awry his Sire's ill-guided Wain.

LVI.

As from a Furnace, flew the Smoke to Skies,
 Such Smoke as that, when damned *Sodom* brent :
 Within his Caves sweet *Zephyr* silent lies ;
 Still was the Air ; the Rack nor came nor went ;
 But o'er the Lands with lukewarm Breathing flies
 The *Southern* Wind, from Sun-burnt *Afric* sent,
 Which, thick and warm, it's interrupted Blasts
 Upon their Bosoms, Throats, and Faces, casts.

LVII.

Nor yet more Comfort brought the gloomy Night ;
 In her thick Shades was burning Heat uproll'd ;
 Her sable Mantle was imbroider'd bright
 With blazing Stars, and gliding Fires, for Gold :
 Nor to refresh, sad *Earth*, thy thirsty Sprite
 The niggard *Moon* let fall her *May*-dews cold ;
 But dryed up the vital Moisture was
 In Trees, in Plants, in Herbs, in Flow'rs, in Grass.

LVIII.

Sleep to his quiet Dales exiled fled
 From these unquiet Nights, and oft in vain
 The Soldiers restless sought the *God* in Bed :
 But most for Thirst they mourn'd, and most complain ;
 For *Juda's* Tyrant had strong Poison-shed,
 (Poison, that breeds more Woe and deadly Pain,
 Than *Acheron*, or *Stygian* Waters bring)
 In ev'ry Fountain, Cistern, Well and Spring :

LIX.

And little *Siloe*, that his Store bestows
 Of purest Cryстал on the *Christian* Bands,
 The Pebbles naked in his Channel shows,
 And scanty glides above the scorched Sands :
 Nor *Po*, in *May*, when o'er his Banks he flows,
 Nor *Ganges*, Wat'rer of the *Indian* Lands,
 Nor sev'n-mouth'd *Nile*, that yields all *Egypt* Drink,
 To quench their Thirst the Men sufficient think.

LX.

LX.

He, who the gliding Rivers erst had seen
 Adown their verdant Channels gently roll'd,
 Or falling Streams, which to the Valleys green
 Distill'd, from Tops of *Alpine* Mountains cold,
 Those, he desired in vain, new Torments been,
 Augmented thus with Wish of Comforts old ;
 Those Waters cool he drank in vain Conceit,
 Which more his Thirst increased and his Heat.

LXI.

The sturdy Bodies of the Warriors strong,
 Whom neither marching far, nor tedious Way,
 Nor weighty Arms, which on their Shoulders hung,
 Could weary make, nor Death itself dismay,
 Now weak and feeble cast their Limbs along,
 Unwieldy Burdens, on the burning Clay ;
 And in each Vein a smould'ring Fire there dwelt,
 Which dry'd the Flesh, and solid Bones did melt.

LXII.

Languish'd the Steed, late fierce ; and proffer'd Grass,
 His Fodder erst, despis'd, and from him kest ;
 Each Step he stumbled ; and, which lofty was,
 And high advanc'd before, now fell his Crest :
 His former Conquests all forgotten pass,
 Nor with Desire of Glory swell'd his Breast ;
 The Spoils won from his Foe, his late Rewards,
 He now neglects, despiseth, nought regards.

LXIII.

Languish'd the faithful Dog, and wonted Care
 Of his dear Lord and Cabbin both forgot ;
 Panting he lay'd, and gather'd fresher Air
 To cool the Burning in his Entrails hot :
 But Breathing, which wise Nature did prepare
 To swage the Stomach's Heat, now bootéd not ;
 For little Ease, alas ! small Help they win,
 Who breathe forth Air, and scalding Fire suck in.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Thus languished the Earth; - in this Estate
 Lay wofull Thousands of the *Christians* stout;
 The faithfull People grew nigh desperate
 Of hoped Conquest; shamefull Death they doubt:
 Of their Distress they talk, and oft debate;
 These sad Complaints were heard the Camp throughout;
 What Hope hath *Godfrey*? shall we still here lye,
 'Till all his Soldiers, all our Armies dye?

LXV.

Alas! with what Device, what Strength, thinks he
 To scale these Walls, or this strong Fort to get?
 Whence hath he Engines new? doth he not see,
 How wrathfull Heav'n 'gainst us his Sword doth whet?
 These Tokens shown true Signs and Witnesses be,
 Our angry GOD our proud Attempts doth let;
 The scorching Sun so hot his Beams out-spreads,
 That not more Cooling *Inde* or *Æthiop* needs:

LXVI.

Or thinks he it an eath or little Thing,
 That us despis'd, neglected, and disdain'd,
 Like Abje^{ts} vile, to Death he thus should bring,
 That so his Empire may be still maintain'd?
 Is it so great a Bliss to be a King,
 When he, that wears the Crown, with Blood is stain'd,
 And buys his Scepter with his People's Lives?
 See, whither fond Mankind vain Glory drives.

LXVII.

See, see the Man call'd holy, just, and good,
 That courteous, meek, and humble would be thought,
 Yet never car'd, in what Distress we stood,
 If his vain Honor were diminish'd nought:
 When dried up from us is Spring and Flood,
 His Water must from *Jordan's* Streams be brought;
 And now he sits at Feasts and Banquets sweet,
 And mingleth Waters fresh with Wines of *Crete*.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

The *French* thus murmur'd; but the *Greekish* Knight,
Tatin, who weary of the War was grown,
 Why dye we here, quoth he, slain without Fight;
 Kill'd, not subdu'd; murder'd, not overthrown?
 Upon the *Frenchmen* let the Penance light
 Of *Godfrey's* Folly; let me save my own:
 And, as he said, without Farewell the Knight
 And all his Cornet stole away by Night.

LXIX.

His bad Example many a Troop prepares
 To imitate, when his Escape they know;
 For Lord *Clotharius'* Band, and *Ademare's*,
 And all, whose Guides in Dust were bury'd low,
 Discharg'd of Duty's Chains, and Bondage-snares,
 Free from their Oath, to none their Service owe;
 But now concluded all on secret Flight,
 And shrunk away by Thousands ev'ry Night.

LXX.

Godfredo this both heard and saw and knew,
 Yet nould with Death them chastise though he mought;
 But in that Faith, wherewith he could remue
 The steadfast Hills, and Seas dry up to Nought,
 He pray'd the LORD upon HIS Flock to rue,
 To ope the Springs of Grace, and ease this Drought:
 Out of his Looks shone Zeal, Devotion, Faith;
 His Hands and Eyes to Heav'n he heaves, and faith:

LXXI.

FATHER and LORD, if in the Deserts waste
 Thou had'st Compassion on thy Children dear,
 The craggy Rock when *Moses* cleft and braßt,
 And drew forth flowing Streams of Waters clear,
 Like Mercy, LORD, like Grace on us down cast;
 And though our Merits less than theirs appear,
 Thy Grace supply that Want; for though they be
 Thy first-born Sons, thy Children yet are we.

LXXII.

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LXXII.

These humble Pray'rs from upright Heart forth sent,
 Were nothing slow to climb the starry Sky,
 But swift as winged Bird themselves present
 Before the FATHER of the Heavens high:
 The LORD accepted them; and gently bent
 Upon the faithfull Host HIS gracious Eye;
 And in what Pain, and what Distress it laid,
 HE saw, and griev'd to see, and thus HE said:

LXXIII.

My Armies dear 'till now have suffer'd Woe,
 Distress and Danger; *Hell's* infernal Pow'r
 Their Enemy hath been, the World their Foe;
 But happy be their Actions from this Hour:
 What they begin to blessed End shall go;
 I will refresh them with a gentle Show'r:
Rinaldo shall return; th' *Egyptian* Crew
 They shall encounter, conquer, and subdue.

LXXIV.

At these high Words great Heav'n began to shake;
 Black Clouds the Welkin with thick Darkness fill;
 Trembled the Air; the Earth and Ocean quake,
 Spring, Fountain, River, Forest, Dale and Hill:
 From *North* to *East* a Lightning Flash out-brake,
 And coming Drops presag'd with Thunders shrill:
 With joyfull Shouts the Soldiers on the Plain
 These Tokens blest of long-desired Rain.

LXXV.

A sudden Cloud, as when *Elias* pray'd,
 Not from dry Earth exhal'd by *Phæbus'* Beams,
 Arose; moist Heav'n it's Windows open laid,
 Whence Clouds by Heaps out-rush, and wat'ry Streams:
 The World o'erspread was with a gloomy Shade,
 That like a dark and mirksome Ev'n it seems:
 The dashing Rains from molten Skies down fell,
 And o'er their Banks the Brooks and Fountains swell.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

In Summer Season, when the cloudy Sky
Upon the parched Ground doth Rain down send,
As Duck and Mallard in the Furrows dry
With merry Noise the promis'd Show'rs attend,
And, spreading broad their Wings, displayed lye
To keep the Drops, that on their Plumes descend,
And where the Streams swell to a gather'd Lake,
Therein they dive, and sweet Refreshing take;

LXXVII.

So they salute the Show'rs, with Shouts and Cries,
Which Heav'n had delug'd on the thirsty Lands;
The falling Waters from the dropping Skies
The Soldier catcheth, as he bare-head stands;
His Helmet bright to drink therein unties,
And in fresh Streams he cools his parched Hands:
Their Faces some, and some their Temples wet,
And some to keep the Drops large Vessels set.

LXXVIII.

Nor Man alone to ease his Burning sore
Herein doth dive and wash, and hereof drinks,
But Earth itself, weak, feeble, faint before,
Whose solid Limbs were cleft with Rifts and Chinks,
Receiv'd the falling Show'rs, and gather'd Store
Of Liquor sweet, that through her Veins down sinks;
And Moisture new infused largely was
In Trees, in Plants, in Herbs, in Flow'rs, in Grass.

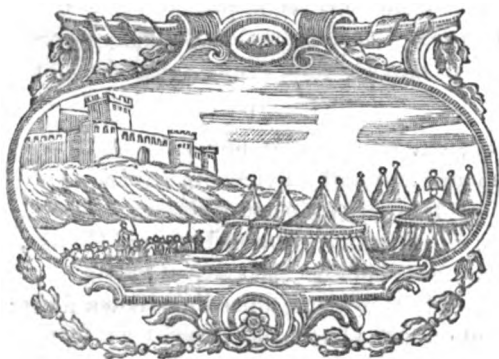
LXXIX.

Earth like the Patient was, whose lively Blood
Hath overcome at last some Sicknes strong,
Whose feeble Limbs had been the Bait and Food,
Whereon his strange Disease depastur'd long,
But now restor'd in Health and Welfare stood
As sound as erst, as fresh, as fair, as young;
So that forgetting all his Grief and Pain,
His pleasant Robes he joyfull takes again.

314 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

LXXX.

Ceased the Rain ; the Sun began to shine
 With fruitfull, sweet, benign and gentle Ray,
 Full of strong Pow'r, and Vigor masculine,
 As are his Beams in *April* or in *May* :
 O happy Zeal ! who trusts in Help divine,
 The World's Afflictions thus can drive away ;
 Can Storms appease, and Times and Seasons change,
 And conquer Fortune, Fate, and Dest'ny strange.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s *J E R U S A L E M.*

B O O K XIV.

I.

NOW from the fresh, the soft, and tender Bed
Of her still Mother, gentle *Night* out-flew ;
The fleeting Balm on Hills and Dales she shed,
With honey Drops of pure and pretious Dew ;
And on the Verdure of green Forests spread
The virgin Primrose, and the Violet blue ;
And sweet-breath'd *Zephyr* on his spreading Wings
Sleep, Ease, Repose, Rest, Peace and Quiet brings.

II.

The Thoughts and Troubles of broad-waking Day
They softly dipt in mild Oblivion's Lake :
But HE, whose GODHEAD Heav'n and Earth doth sway,
In HIS eternal Light did watch and wake ;
And bent on *Godfrey* down the gracious Ray
Of HIS bright Eye, still ope for *Godfrey's* Sake ;
To whom a silent Dream the LORD down sent,
Which told HIS Will, HIS Pleasure, and Intent.

III.

Far in the *East*, the golden Gate beside
Whence *Phæbus* comes, a crystal Port there is ;
And ere the Sun his broad Doors open wide,
The Beam of springing Day-uncloseth this :
Hence come the Dreams, by which Heav'n's sacred GUIDE
Reveals to Man those high Decrees of HIS ;
Hence towards *Godfrey*, ere he left his Bed,
A Vision strange it's golden Plumes bespread.

IV.

Such Semblances, such Shapes, such Portraits fair
 Did never yet in Dream or Sleep appear ;
 For all the Forms in Sea, in Earth or Air,
 The Signs in Heav'n, the Stars in ev'ry Sphere,
 All what was wond'rous, uncouth, strange and rare,
 All in that Vision well presented were :

His Dream had plac'd him in a Crystal wide,
 Beset with golden Fires, Top, Bottom, Side :

V.

There while he wonders on the Circles vast,
 The Stars, their Motions, Course and Harmony,
 A Knight, with shining Rays and Fire imbrac'd,
 Presents himself unwares before his Eye ;
 Who, with a Voice that far in Sweetness pass'd
 All human Speech, thus said, approaching nigh ;
 What, *Godfrey*, know'st thou not thy *Hugo* here ?
 Come and embrace thy Friend and Fellow dear.

VI.

He answer'd him ; that glorious shining Light,
 Which in thine Eyes it's glist'ring Beams doth place,
 Estranged hath from my Fore-knowledge quite
 Thy Countenance, thy Favor, and thy Face.
 This said, three Times he stretch'd his Hands out-right,
 And would in friendly Arms the Knight embrace ;
 And thrice the Spirit fled, that thrice he twin'd
 Nought in his folded Arms, but Air and Wind.

VII.

Lord *Hugo* smil'd ; not as you think, quoth he,
 I cloathed am in Flesh and earthly Mold ;
 My Spirit pure, and naked Soul you see,
 A Citizen of this celestial Hold :
 This Place is HEAV'N ; and here a Room for thee
 Prepared is among CHRIST'S Champions bold.
 Ah when, quoth he, these mortal Bonds unknit,
 Shall I in Peace, in Ease and Rest, there sit ?

VIII.

VIII.

Hugo reply'd ; ere many Years shall run,
Amid the Saints in Bliss here shalt thou reign ;
But first great Acts must by thy Hand be done,
Much Blood be shed, and many *Pagans* slain ;
The *Holy City* by Assault be won ;
The Land set free from servile Yoke again ;
Wherein thou shalt a *Christian* Empire frame,
And after thee shall *Baldwin* rule the same.

IX.

But to increase thy Love and great Desire
To Heaven ward, this blessed Place behold ;
These shining Lamps, these Globes of living Fire ;
How they are turned, guided, mov'd and roll'd ;
The Angels singing hear, and all their Choir :
Then bend thine Eyes on yonder Earth and Mold,
All in that Mass, that Globe and Compass, see,
Land, Ocean, Fountain, Man, Beast, Grass and Tree ;

X.

How vile, how small, and of how slender Price
Is the Reward of Goodness, Virtue's Gain !
A narrow Room our Glory vain up-ties ;
A little Circle doth our Pride contain :
Earth, like an Isle, amid the Water lies,
Which Sea sometimes is call'd, sometimes the Main ;
Yet nought therein responds a Name so great ;
'Tis but a Lake, a Pond, a Marshy strait.

XI.

Thus said the one ; the other bended down
His Looks to Ground, and half in Scorn he smil'd ;
He saw at once Earth, Sea, Flood, Castle, Town,
Strangely divided, strangely all compil'd ;
And wonder'd, Folly Man so far should drown,
To set his Heart on Things so base and vile,
Who servile Empire searcheth, and dumb Fame,
And scorns Heav'n's Bliss, yet proffers Heav'n the same.

XII.

XII.

Wherefore he answer'd; since the LORD not yet
 Will free my Spirit from this Cage of Clay,
 Left worldly Error vain my Voyage let,
 Teach me to Heav'n the best and surest Way.
Hugo reply'd; thy happy Foot is set
 In the true Path, nor from this Passage stray;
 Only from Exile young *Rinaldo* call;
 This give I thee in Charge; else nought at all.

XIII.

For as the Lord of Hosts, the King of Bliss,
 Hath chosen thee to rule the faithfull Band,
 So he thy Stratagems appointed is
 To execute; so both shall win this Land:
 The first is thine, the second Place is his;
 Thou art this Army's Head, and he the Hand:
 No other Champion can his Place supply;
 And, that thou do it, doth thy State deny.

XIV.

Th' enchanted Forest, and her charmed Treen
 With cutting Steel shall he to Earth down hew;
 And thy weak Armies, which too feeble been
 To scale again these Walls r'inforced new,
 And fainting lie dispersed on the Green,
 Shall take new Strength, new Courage at his View:
 The high-built Tow'rs, the *Eastern* Squadrons all
 Shall conquer'd be, shall fly, shall die, shall fall.

XV.

He held his Peace; and *Godfrey* answer'd so;
 O how his Presence would recomfort me!
 You, that Man's hidden Thoughts perceive and know,
 If I say Truth, or if I love him, see:
 But say, what Messengers shall for him go?
 What shall their Speeches, what their Errand be?
 Shall I intreat, or else command the Man?
 With Credit neither well perform I can.

XVI.

XVI.

Th' eternal LORD (the other Knight reply'd)
 Who with so many Graces hath thee blest,
 Will, that among the Troops thou hast to guide,
 Thou honour'd be, and fear'd of most and least :
 Then speak not thou, lest Blemish some betide
 Thy sacred Empire, if thou make Request ;
 But, when by Suit thou moved art to Ruth,
 Then yield, forgive, and home recall the Youth.

XVII.

Guelpho shall pray thee (God will him inspire)
 To pardon this Offense, this Fault, commit
 By hasty Wrath, by rash and headstrong Ire ;
 To call the Knight again, yield thou to it :
 And though the Youth, inwrapp'd in fond Desire,
 Far hence in Love and Looseness idle sit,
 Yet fear it not ; he shall return with Speed,
 When most you wish him, and when most you need.

XVIII.

Your Hermit *Peter*, to whose sapient Heart
 High Heav'n it's Secrets opens, tells and shews,
 Your Messengers direct can to that Part,
 Where of the Prince they shall hear certain News,
 And learn the Way, the Manner, and the Art
 To bring him back to these thy warlike Crews,
 That all thy Soldiers, wander'd and misgone,
 Heav'n may unite again, and join in one.

XIX.

But this Conclusion shall my Speeches end ;
 Know, that his Blood shall mixed be with thine,
 Whence Barons bold, and Worthies shall descend,
 Who many great Exploits shall bring to Fine.
 This said, he vanish'd from his Sleeping Friend,
 Like Smoke in Wind, or Mist in *Titan's* Shine :
 Sleep likewise fled ; and in his troubled Thought
 With Wonder Pleasure, Joy with Marvel fought.

XX.

XX.

The *Duke* look'd up, and saw the azure Sky
 With argent Beam of silver Morning spread,
 And started up; for Praise and Virtue lye
 In Toil and Travel, Sin and Shame in Bed :
 His Arms he took, his Sword girt to his Thigh ;
 To his Pavilion all his Lords them sped,
 And there in Council grave the Princes sit ;
 For Strength by Wisdom, War is rul'd by Wit.

XXI.

Lord *Guelpho* there, within whose gentle Breast
 Heav'n had infus'd that new and sudden Thought,
 His pleasing Words thus to the *Duke* address'd :
 Good Prince, mild though unask'd, kind unbefought;
 Oh let thy Mercy grant my just Request ;
 Pardon this Fault by Rage not Malice wrought ;
 For great Offense, I grant, so late commit,
 My Suit too hasty is, perchance unfit:

XXII.

But since to *Godfrey* meek, benign, and kind,
 For Prince *Rinaldo* bold I humbly sue,
 And that the Suitor's Self is not behind
 Thy greatest Friends in State or Friendship true,
 I trust I shall thy Grace and Mercy find
 Acceptable to me and all this Crew :
 Oh call him home ; this Trespass to amend
 He shall his Blood in *Godfrey's* Service spend :

XXIII.

And if not he, who else dares undertake
 Of this enchanted Wood to cut one Tree ?
 'Gainst Death and Danger who dares Battle make,
 With so bold Face, so fearless Heart as he ?
 Beat down these Walls, these Gates in Pieces break,
 Leap o'er these Rampires high, thou shalt him see ;
 Therefore restore to this desirous Band
 Their Wish, their Hope, their Strength, their Shield, their Hand.

XXIV.

XXIV.

To me my Nephew, to thyself restore
 A trusty Help, when Strength of Hand thou needs;
 In Idleness let him consume no more;
 Recall him to his noble Acts and Deeds;
 Known be his Worth, as was his Strength of Yore,
 Where e'er thy Standard broad her Cross out-spreads;
 O let his Fame and Praise spread far and wide;
 Be thou his Lord, his Teacher, and his Guide.

XXV.

Thus he intreated; and the rest approve
 His Words, with friendly Murmurs whisper'd low:
Godfrey, as though their Suit his Mind did move
 To that, whereon he never thought 'till now,
 How can my Heart, quoth he, if you I love,
 To your Request and Suit but bend and bow?
 Let Rigor go; that Right and Justice be,
 Wherein you all consent, and all agree:

XXVI.

Rinaldo shall return; let him restrain
 Henceforth his headstrong Wrath and hasty Ire,
 And with his hardy Deeds let him take Pain
 To correspond your Hope, and my Desire:
Guelpho, thou must call home the Knight again;
 See that with Speed he to these Tents retire;
 Such Messengers appoint, as likes thy Mind,
 And teach them, where they shall *Rinaldo* find.

XXVII.

Up-starts the *Dane*, who bore Prince *Sveno's* Brand;
 I will, quoth he, that Message undertake;
 I will refuse no Pains by Sea or Land
 To give the Knight this Sword, kept for his Sake.
 This Man was bold of Courage, strong of Hand;
Guelpho was glad he did the Proffer make:
 Thou shalt, quoth he; *Ubaldo* shalt thou have
 To go with thee, a Knight stout, wise, and grave.

T t

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Ubaldo in his Youth had known and seen
 The Fashions strange of many an uncouth Land,
 And travell'd over all the Realms, between
 The *Arctic* Circle, and hot *Mero's* Strand;
 And, as a Man, whose Wit his Guide had been,
 Their Customs knew, and Tongues did understand;
 For this, when spent his youthfull Seasons were,
 Lord *Guelpho* entertain'd and held him dear.

XXIX.

To these committed was the Charge and Care,
 To find and bring again the Champion bold;
Guelpho commands them to the Fort repair,
 Where *Bæmond* doth his Seat and Scepter hold;
 For public Fame said that *Bertoldo's* Heir
 There liv'd, there dwelt, there stay'd: the Hermit old,
 Who knew they were mis-led by false Report,
 Among them came, and parled in this Sort:

XXX.

Sir Knights, quoth he, if you intend to ride,
 And follow each Report fond People say,
 You follow but a rash and trothless Guide,
 That leads vain Men amiss, and makes them stray:
 Near *Ascalon* approach the salt Sea Side,
 Where a swift Brook falls in with hideous Sway;
 An aged Sire, our Friend, there shall you find;
 All what he saith, that do, that keep in Mind.

XXXI.

Of this great Voyage, which you undertake,
 Much by his Skill, and much by my Advice,
 Hath he foreknown; and welcome for my Sake
 You both shall be; the Man is kind and wise.
 Instructed thus, no farther Question make
 The Twain, elected for this Enterprise,
 But humbly yielded to obey his Word;
 For what the Hermit said, that said the LORD.

XXXII.

XXXII.

They took their Leave, and on their Journey went ;
 Their Will could brook no Stay, their Zeal no Lett :
 To *Ascalon* their Voyage straight they bent,
 Whose broken Shores with brackish Waves are wet ;
 And there they heard, how 'gainst the Clifts, besprent
 With bitter Foam, the roaring Surges beat ;
 A tumbling Brook their Passage stopt and staid,
 Which late-fall'n Rains had proud and puissant made ;

XXXIII.

So proud, that over all his Banks he grew,
 And through the Fields ran swift, as Shaft from Bow :
 While here they stopp'd and stood, before them drew
 An aged Sire, grave and benign in Show,
 Crown'd with a beechen Garland gather'd new,
 Clad in a linen Robe, that raught down low ;
 In his right Hand a Rod ; and on the Flood
 Against the Stream he march'd, and dry-shod yode.

XXXIV.

As on the *Rhene*, when *Winter*'s freezing Cold
 Congeals the Streams to thick and harden'd Glafs,
 The Beauties fair of Shepherds Daughters bold
 With wanton Windlays run, turn, play, and pass,
 So on this River pass'd the Wizard old,
 Although unfrozen, soft, and swift it was ;
 And thither stalked, where the Warriors stay'd,
 To whom, their Greetings done, he spoke and said.

XXXV.

Great Pains, great Travel, Lords, you have begun,
 And of a cunning Guide in Need you stand :
 Far off alas is great *Bertoldo*'s Son,
 Imprison'd in a waste and desert Land :
 What Soil remains, by which you must not run ?
 What Promontory, Rock, Sea, Shore, or Sand ?
 Your Search must stretch, before the Prince be found,
 Beyond our World, beyond our Half of Ground.

XXXVI.

But yet vouchsafe to see my Cell, I pray,
 In hidden Caves and Vaults though builded low;
 Great Wonders there, strange Things I will bewray,
 Things good for you to hear, and fit to know.
 This said, he bids the River make them Way;
 The Flood retir'd, and backward 'gan to flow,
 And here and there two crystal Mountains rise;
 So fled the *Red-Sea* once, and *Jordan* thrice.

XXXVII.

He took their Hands, and led them headlong down
 Under the Flood, through vast and hollow Deep;
 Such Light they had, as when through Shadows brown
 Of thickest Deserts feeble *Cynthia* peeps:
 There spacious Caves they saw, all over-flown;
 There all his Waters pure great *Neptune* keeps;
 And thence, to moisten all the Earth, he brings
 Seas, Rivers, Floods, Lakes, Fountains, Wells and Springs.

XXXVIII.

Whence *Ganges*, *Indus*, *Volga*, *Ister*, *Po*,
 Whence *Tygre*s and *Euphrates* spring, they view,
 Whence *Tanais*; whence *Nilus* comes also,
 Although his Head 'till then no Creature knew:
 But under these a wealthy Stream doth go,
 That Ore and Sulphur yields, rich, quick, and new,
 Which the Sun-Beams do polish, purge and fine,
 And make it Silver pure, and Gold divine:

XXXIX.

And all it's Banks the rich and wealthy Stream
 Hath fair beset with Pearl and pretious Stone,
 Like Stars in Sky, or Lamps on Stage, that seem;
 The Darknes there was Day, the Night was gone;
 There sparkled, cloathed in his azure Beam,
 The heav'nly Saphire; there the Jacinth shone;
 The Carbuncle there flam'd; the Di'mond sheen
 There glister'd bright; there smil'd the Em'rald green.

XL.

XL.

Amaz'd the Knights amid these Wonders past,
 And fix'd so deep the Marvels in their Thought,
 That not one Word they utter'd, 'till at last
Ubaldo spake, and thus his Guide besought :
 O Father, tell me by what Skill thou hast
 These Wonders done, and to what Place us brought ;
 For well I know not, if I wake or sleep,
 My Heart is drown'd in such Amazement deep.

XLI.

You are within the hollow Womb, quoth he,
 Of fertile Earth, the Nurse of all Things made ;
 And, but you brought and guided are by me,
 Her sacred Entrails could no Wight invade :
 My Palace shortly shall you splendid see
 With glorious Light, though built in Night and Shade.
 A *Pagan* was I born ; but yet the LORD
 To Grace by Baptism hath my Soul restor'd :

XLII.

Nor yet by Help of Dev'l, or Aid from Hell,
 I do this uncouth Work and wond'rous Feat ;
 The LORD forbid I use or Charm or Spell
 To raise foul *Dis* from his infernal Seat ;
 But of all Herbs, of ev'ry Spring and Well
 The hidden Pow'r I know, and Virtue great,
 And all that Nature hides from mortal Sight,
 And all the Stars, their Motions, and their Might :

XLIII.

For in these Caves I dwell, not bury'd still
 From Sight of Heav'n, but often I resort
 To Tops of *Libanon*, or *Carmel* Hill,
 And there in liquid Air myself disport ;
 There *Mars* and *Venus* I behold at Will,
 As bare, as erst when *Vulcan* took them short ;
 And how the rest roll, glide, and move I see ;
 How their Aspects benign or froward be :

XLIV.

XLIV.

And underneath my Feet the Clouds I view,
 Now thick, now thin, now bright with *Iris*' Bow ;
 The Frost and Snow, the Rain, the Hail, the Dew,
 The Winds, from whence they come, and whence they blow :
 How *Jove* his Thunder makes, and Light'ning new ;
 How with the Bolt he strikes the Earth below ;
 How comate, crinite, caudate Stars are fram'd,
 I knew ; my Skill with Pride my Heart inflam'd.

XLV.

So learned, cunning, wise, myself I thought,
 That I suppos'd, my Wit so high might climb
 To know all Things, that GOD had fram'd or wrought,
 Fire, Air, Sea, Earth, Man, Beast, Sprite, Place, and Time :
 But when your Hermit me to Baptism brought,
 And from my Soul had wash'd the Sin and Crime,
 Then I perceiv'd, my Sight was blinded still,
 My Wit was Folly, Ignorance my Skill.

XLVI.

Then saw I, that like Owls in shining Sun,
 So 'gainst the Beams of Truth our Souls are blind ;
 And at myself to smile I then begun,
 And at my Heart, puff'd up with Folly's Wind ;
 Yet still these Arts, as I before had done,
 I practised, such was the Hermit's Mind :
 Thus hath he chang'd my Thoughts, my Heart, my Will,
 And rules my Art, my Knowledge, and my Skill.

XLVII.

In him I rest ; on him my Thoughts depend ;
 My Lord, my Teacher, and my Guide is he :
 This noble Work he strives to bring to End ;
 He is the Architect, the Workmen we :
 The hardy Youth home to this Camp to send
 From Prison strong, my Care, my Charge shall be ;
 So he commands, and me ere this foretold
 Your Coming to recall the Champion bold.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

While this he said, he brought the Champions twain
 Down to a Vault, wherein he dwells and lies ;
 It was a Cave, high, wide, large, ample, plain,
 With goodly Rooms, Halls, Chambers, Galleries :
 All what is bred in rich and pretious Vein
 Of wealthy Earth, and hid from mortal Eyes,
 There shines ; and fair adorn'd was ev'ry Part,
 With Riches grown by Kind, not fram'd by Art.

XLIX.

An hundred Grooms, quick, diligent and neat,
 Attendance gave about these Strangers bold ;
 Against the Wall there stood a Cupboard great
 Of massy Plate, of Silver, Crystal, Gold :
 But when with pretious Wines and costly Meat
 They filled were, thus spake the Wizard old :
 Now fits the Time, Sir Knights, I tell and show
 What you desire to hear, and long to know.

L.

Armida's Craft, her Sleight, and hidden Guile
 You partly wot, her Acts, and Arts untrue ;
 How to your Camp she came, and by what Wile
 The greatest Lords and Princes thence she drew :
 You know, she turn'd them first to Monsters vile,
 And kept them since clos'd up in secret Mew ;
 Lastly, to *Gaza* ward in Bonds them sent,
 Whom young *Rinaldo* rescu'd, as they went.

LI.

What chanced since I will at large declare,
 To you unknown, a Story strange and true.
 When first her Prey, got with such Pain and Care,
 Escap'd and gone the Witch perceiv'd and knew,
 Her Hands she wrung for Grief, her Cloaths she tare,
 And, full of Woe, these heavy Words out-threw :
 Alas ! my Knights are slain, my Pris'ners free ;
 Yet of that Conquest never boast shall he ;

LII.

LII.

He in their Place shall serve me, and sustain
 Their Plagues, their Torments suffer, Sorrows bear;
 And they his Absence shall lament in vain,
 And wail his Loss and theirs with many a Tear.
 Thus talking to herself, she did ordain
 A false and wicked Guile, as you shall hear:
 Thither she hasted, where the valiant Knight
 Had overcome and slain her Men in Fight;

LIII.

Rinaldo there had doft and left his own,
 And on his Back a *Pagan's* Harnes ty'd;
 Perchance he deemed so to pass unknown,
 And, in those Arms less-noted, safe to ride:
 A headless Corse, in Fight late overthrown,
 The Witch in his forsaken Arms did hide,
 And by a Brook expos'd it on the Sand,
 Whither she wist would come a *Christian* Band.

LIV.

Their Coming might the Dame fore-know right well,
 For secret Spies she sent forth thousand Ways,
 Which ev'ry Day News from the Camp might tell;
 Who parted thence, Booties to search, or Preys:
 Besides, a Sprite, conjur'd by sacred Spell,
 All, what she asks or doubts, reveals and says;
 The Body therefore plac'd she in that Part,
 Which further'd best her Sleight, her Craft and Art:

LV.

And near the Corse a Varlet false and fly
 She left, attir'd in Shepherd's homely Weed,
 And taught him how to counterfeit and lie,
 As Time requir'd; and he perform'd the Deed:
 With him your Soldiers spoke; of Jealousy
 And false Suspect he 'mongst them strow'd the Seed,
 That since brought forth the Fruit of Strife and Jarr,
 Of civil Brawls, Contention, Discord, War.

LVI.

LVI.

And as she wished, so the Soldiers thought,
By *Godfrey's* Practice that the Prince was slain ;
Yet vanish'd that Suspicion false to nought,
When Truth spread forth her silver Wings again :
Her false Devices thus *Armida* wrought ;
This was her first Deceit, her foremost Train ;
What next she practis'd, shall you hear me tell,
Against our Knight, and what thereof befell.

LVII.

Armida hunted him through Wood and Plain,
'Till on *Orontes'* flow'ry Banks he stay'd ;
There, where the Stream did part and meet again,
And in the mid'st a gentle Island made,
A Pillar fair was pight beside the Main,
Near which a little Frigate floating lay'd ;
The Marble white the Prince did long behold,
And this Inscription read, there writ in Gold.

LVIII.

*Whoe'er thou art, whom Will or Chance doth bring
With happy Steps to Flood Orontes' Sides,
Know that the World hath not so strange a Thing,
'Twixt East and West, as this small Island bides ;
Then pass and see, without more tarrying.
The hasty Youth to pass the Stream provides ;
And, for the Cogg was narrow, small and strait,
Alone he row'd, and bad his 'Squires there wait :*

LIX.

Landed he stalks about, yet nought he sees
But verdant Groves, sweet Shades, and mossy Rocks,
With Caves and Fountains, Flow'rets, Herbs, and Trees ;
So that the Words he read he takes for Mocks :
But that green Isle was sweet at all Degrees,
Wherewith intic'd, down sits he, and unlocks
His closed Helm, and bares his Visage fair,
To take sweet Breath from cool and gentle Air.

LX.

A rumbling Sound amid the Waters deep
 Mean while he heard, and thither turn'd his Sight,
 And, gazing on the troubled Stream, took Keep,
 How the strong Waves together rush and fight,
 Whence first he saw with golden Tresses peep
 The rising Visage of a Virgin bright,
 And then her Neck, her Breasts, and all as low
 As he for Shame could see, or she could show;

LXI.

So in the Twilight doth sometimes appear
 A Nymph, a Goddess, or a Fairy Queen;
 And though no *Syren*, but a Sprite this were,
 Yet by her Beauty seem'd it, she had been
 One of those Sisters false, who haunted near
 The *Tyrrhene* Shores, and kept those Waters sheen;
 Like theirs her Face, her Voice was, and her Sound,
 And thus she sung, and pleas'd both Skies and Ground.

LXII.

Ye happy Youths, whom *April* fresh and *May*
 Attire in flow'ring Green of lusty Age,
 For Glory vain, or Virtue's idle Ray,
 Do not your tender Limbs to Toil ingage;
 In calm Streams Fishes, Birds in Sun-shine play;
 Who follows Pleasure, he is only sage:
 So Nature says; yet 'gainst her sacred Will
 Why still rebel you? and why strive you still?

LXIII.

O Fools! who Youth possess, yet scorn the same,
 A pretious, but a short-abiding Treasure;
 Virtue itself is but an idle Name,
 Pris'd by the World 'bove Reason all, and Measure;
 And Honor, Glory, Praise, Renown and Fame,
 That Mens proud Hearts bewitch with tickling Pleasure,
 An Echo is, a Shade, a Dream, a Flow'r
 With each Wind blasted, spoil'd with ev'ry Show'r.

LXIV.

LXIV.

But let your happy Souls in Joy possess
 The iv'ry Castles of your Bodies fair ;
 Your passed Harms false with Forgetfulness ;
 Hastenot your coming Ills with Thought and Care :
 Regard no blazing Star with burning Tress,
 Nor Storm, nor threat'ning Sky, nor thund'ring Air :
 This Wisdom is, good Life, and worldly Bliss ;
 Kind Nature teacheth and commands us this.

LXV.

Thus sung the Spirit false ; and stealing Sleep,
 To which her Tunes intic'd his heavy Eyes,
 By Step, and Step, did on his Senses creep,
 'Till ev'ry Limb therein unmoved lies ;
 Not Thunders loud could from this Slumber deep
 (Of quiet Death true Image) make him rise :
 Then from her Ambush did *Armida* start,
 Swearing Revenge, and threat'ning Torments smart.

LXVI.

But when she looked on his Face awhile,
 And saw, how sweet he breath'd, how still he lay,
 How his fair Eyes, though closed, seem'd to smile,
 At first she stay'd, astound with great Dismay,
 Then sat her down (so Love can Art beguile)
 And, as she sat and look'd, fled fast away
 Her Wrath, that on his Forehead gaz'd the Maid,
 As in the Stream *Narcissus* toting lay'd :

LXVII.

And with a Vail she wiped now and then
 From his fair Cheek the Globes of silver Sweat,
 And cool Air gather'd with a trembling Fan,
 To mitigate the Rage of melting Heat :
 Thus (who would think it?) his hot Eye-glance 'gan
 Of that cold Frost dissolve the Hardness great,
 Which late congeal'd the Heart of that fair Dame,
 Who, late a Foe, a Lover now became.

LXVIII.

Of Woodbines, Lilies, and of Roses sweet,
 Which proudly flow'ed through that wanton Plain,
 All platted fast, well knit, and joined meet,
 She fram'd a soft, but surely-holding Chain,
 Wherewith she bound his Neck, his Hands and Feet :
 Thus bound, thus taken did the Prince remain ;
 And in a Car, which two old Dragons drew,
 She laid the sleeping Knight, and thence she flew.

LXIX.

Nor turn'd she to *Damascus*' Kingdoms large,
 Nor to the Fort, built in *Asphaltes*' Lake,
 But, jealous of her dear and pretious Charge,
 And of her Love asham'd, the Way did take
 To the wide Ocean, whither Skiff or Barge
 From us doth feld or never Voyage make,
 And there, to frolick with her Love awhile,
 She chose a waste, a sole, and desert Isle ;

LXX.

An Isle, that with its Fellows bears the Name
 Of *Fortunate*, for temp'rate Air and Mold ;
 There in a Mountain high alight the Dame,
 A Hill obscur'd with Shades of Forests old ;
 Upon whose Sides the Witch by Art did frame
 Continual Snow, sharp Frost, and Winter cold ;
 But on the Top, fresh, pleasant, sweet and green,
 Beside a Lake a Palace built this Queen :

LXXI.

There in perpetual, sweet, and flow'ring Spring
 She lives at Ease, and joys her Lord at Will.
 The hardy Youth from this strange Prison bring
 Your Valours must, directed by my Skill,
 And overcome each Monster and each Thing,
 That guards the Palace, or that keeps the Hill ;
 Nor shall you want a Guide, or Engines fit
 To bring you to the Mount, or conquer it.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Beside the Stream I parted, shall you find
 A Dame, in Visage young, but old in Years ;
 Her curled Locks about her Front are twin'd ;
 A party-colour'd Robe of Silk she wears :
 She shall conduct you, swift as Air or Wind,
 Or that flit Bird, that *Jove's* hot Weapon bears ;
 A faithfull Pilot, cunning, trusty, sure,
 As *Typhis* was, or skillfull *Palinure*.

LXXIII.

At the Hill's Foot, whereon the Witch doth dwell,
 The Serpents hiss, and cast their Poison vile ;
 The ugly Boars do rear their Bristles fell ;
 There gape the Bears, there roar the Lions wild :
 But yet a Rod I have can eas'ly quell
 Their Rage and Wrath, and make them meek and mild ;
 Yet, on the Top and Height of all the Hill,
 The greatest Danger lies, and greatest Ill :

LXXIV.

There wellet out a fair, clear, bubling Spring,
 Whose Waters pure the thirsty Guest intice ;
 But in those Liquors cold the secret Sting
 Of strange and deadly Poison closed lies ;
 One Sup thereof the Drinker's Heart doth bring
 To sudden Joy, whence Laughter vain doth rise ;
 Nor that strange Merriment once stops or stays,
 'Till with his Laughter's End he end his Days.

LXXV.

Then from those deadly, wicked Streams refrain
 Your thirsty Lips ; despise the dainty Cheer,
 You find expos'd upon the grassy Plain ;
 Nor those false Damsels once vouchsafe to hear,
 Who in melodious Tunes their Voices strain,
 Whose Faces lovely, smiling, sweet appear ;
 But you their Looks, their Voice, their Songs despise,
 And enter fair *Armida's* Paradise.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

The House is builded like a Maze within,
 With turning Stairs, false Doors, and winding Ways;
 The Shape whereof, plotted in Vellum thin,
 I here present, that all those Sleights bewrays:
 In mid'st a Garden lies, where many a Gin
 And Net to catch frail Hearts false *Cupid* lays;
 There, in the Verdure of the Arbours green,
 With your brave Champion lies the wanton Queen.

LXXVII.

But when she haply riseth from the Knight,
 And hath withdrawn her Presence from the Place,
 Then take a Shield I have of Di'monds bright,
 And hold the same before the Warrior's Face,
 That he may glasse therein his Garments light,
 His wanton, soft Attire, and view his Case,
 That, with the Sight, Shame and Disdain may move
 His Heart to leave that base and servile Love.

LXXVIII.

Now resteth nought, that needfull is to tell,
 But that you go secure, safe, sure and bold;
 Unseen the Palace may you enter well,
 And pass the Dangers all I have fortold;
 For neither Art, nor Charm, nor magic Spell
 Can stop your Passage, or your Steps with-hold;
 Nor shall *Armida* (so you guarded be)
 Your Coming ought foreknow, or once foresee;

LXXIX.

And eke as safe from that enchanted Fort
 You shall return, and 'scape unhurt away:
 But now the Time doth us to Rest exhort;
 And you must rise by Peep of springing Day.
 This said, he led them through a narrow Port
 Into a Lodging fair, wherein they lay;
 There glad and full of Thoughts he left his Guests,
 And in his wonted Bed the old Man rests.

TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XV.

I.

THE rosy-finger'd Morn with gladfom Ray
Rose to her Task from old *Tithonus'* Lap,
When their grave Host came where the Warriors lay,
And with him brought the Shield, the Rod, the Map;
Arise, quoth he, ere lately-broken Day
In his bright Arms the round World fold and wrap;
All what I promis'd, here I have them brought,
Enough to bring *Armida's* Charms to nought.

II.

They started up, and ev'ry tender Limb
In sturdy Steel and stubborn Plate they dight;
Before, the old Man stalk'd; they follow'd him
Through gloomy Shades of sad and fable Night;
Through vaulted Caves obscure, and Entries dim,
The Way they came their Steps remeasur'd right;
But at the Flood arriv'd, farewell, quoth he;
Prudence your Guide, your Aid good Fortune be.

III.

The Flood receiv'd them in it's Bottom low,
And lift them up above it's Billows thin;
The Waters so cast up a Branch or Bough,
By Violence first plung'd, and div'd therein;
But when upon the Shore the Waves them throw,
The Knights for their fair Guide to look begin,
And, gazing round, a little Bark they spy'd,
Wherein a Damsel sat the Stern to guide.

IV.

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IV.

Upon her Front her Locks were curled new ;
 Her Eyes were courteous, full of Peace and Love ;
 In Look a Saint, an Angel bright in Shew,
 So in her Visage Grace and Virtue strove :
 Her Robe seem'd sometimes red, and sometimes blue,
 And changed still, as she did stir or move ;
 That look how oft Man's Eye beheld the same,
 So oft the Colours changed, went and came :

V.

The Feathers so, that tender, soft and Plain,
 About the Dove's smooth Neck close-couched been,
 Do in one Colour never long remain,
 But change their Hue 'gainst Glimpse of *Phœbus* sheen,
 And now of Rubies bright a vermil Chain,
 Now make a Carknet rich of Em'rald's green,
 Now mingle both, now alter, turn, and change
 To thousand Colours rich, pure, fair and strange.

VI.

Enter this Boat, you happy Men, she says,
 Wherein through raging Waves secure I ride ;
 To which all Tempest, Storm, and Wind obeys,
 All Burdens light, benign is Stream, and Tide :
 My Lord, who rules your Journeys and your Ways,
 Hath sent me here your Servant and your Guide.
 This said, her Shallop drove she 'gainst the Sand,
 And Anchor cast amid the steadfast Land.

VII.

They enter in ; her Anchors she up-wound,
 And launched forth to Sea her Pinnacle flit ;
 Spread to the Wind she her broad Sails unbound,
 And at the Helm sat down to govern it :
 Swelled the Flood, that all his Banks he drown'd,
 To bear the greatest Ship of Burden fit ;
 Yet was her Frigate little, swift and light,
 That at his lowest Ebb he bear it might.

VIII.

VIII.

Swifter than Thought the friendly Wind forth bore
 The sliding Boat upon the rolling Wave ;
 With curdled Foam and Froth the Billows boar
 About the Cable murmur, roar, and rave :
 At last they came, where all his wat'ry Store
 The Flood in one deep Channel did engrave,
 And forth to greedy Sea his Streams he sent,
 And so his Waves, his Name, himself he spent.

IX.

The wond'rous Boat scant touch'd the troubled Main,
 But all the Sea still, hush'd, and quiet was ;
 Vanish'd the Clouds, ceased the Wind and Rain ;
 The threaten'd Storm did overblow and pass :
 A gentle-breathing Air made ev'n and plain
 The azure Face of Heav'n's transparent Glas ;
 And Heav'n itself smil'd from the Skies above,
 With a calm Clearness, on the Earth, his Love.

X.

By *Ascalon* they sailed, and forth driv'd ;
 Towards the *West* their speedy Course they frame,
 In Sight of *Gaza* 'till the Bark arriv'd,
 A little Port, when first it took that Name,
 But since, by others Loss so well it thriv'd,
 A City great and rich that it became ;
 And there the Shores and Borders of the Land
 They found as full of armed Men, as Sand.

XI.

The Passengers to Land ward turn'd their Sight,
 And there saw pitched many a stately Tent ;
 Horseman and Foot-man, Captain, Lord and Knight,
 Between the Shore and City, came and went :
 Huge Elephants, strong Camels, Coursers light
 With horned Hoofs the sandy Ways out-rent ;
 And in the Haven many a Ship and Boat,
 With mighty Anchors fasten'd, swim and float.

X x

XII.

XII.

Some spread their Sails ; with bended Oars some sweep
 The Waters smooth, and brush the buxom Wave ;
 Their Breasts in sunder cleave the yielding Deep ;
 The broken Seas for Anger foam and rave ;
 When thus their Guide began ; Sir Knights, take Keep,
 How all these Shores are spread with Squadrons brave,
 And Troops of hardy Knights ; yet on these Sands
 The Monarch scant hath gather'd half his Bands :

XIII.

Of *Ægypt* only these the Forces are,
 And Aid from other Lands they here attend ;
 For 'twixt the Noon-day Sun, and Morning Star,
 All Realms at his Command do bow and bend ;
 So that I trust we shall return from far,
 And bring our Journey long to wished End,
 Before this King or his Lieutenant shall
 These Armies bring to *Sion's* conquer'd Wall.

XIV.

While thus she said, as soaring Eagles fly
 'Mongst other Birds securely through the Air,
 And, mounting up, behold with wakefull Eye
 The radiant Beams of old *Hiperion's* Heir,
 Her Gondola so passed swiftly by,
 'Twixt Ship and Ship, withouten Fear or Care,
 Who should her follow, trouble, stop or stay,
 And forth to Sea made lucky Speed and Way.

XV.

Themselves forenenst old *Raphia's* Town they fand,
 A Town, that first to Sailors doth appear,
 As they from *Syria* pass to *Ægypt* Land :
 The steril Coasts of barren *Rinocera*
 They pass'd, and Seas, where *Casius' Hill* doth stand,
 That with his Trees o'erspreads the Waters near,
 Against whose Roots breaketh the brackish Wave,
 Where *Jove* his Temple, *Pompey* hath his Grave ;

XVI.

XVI.

Then *Damiata* next, where they behold,
 How to the Sea his Tribute *Nilus* pays,
 By his sev'n Mouths, renown'd in Stories old,
 And by an hundred more ignoble Ways:
 They pass'd the Town built by the *Grecian* bold,
 Of him call'd *Alexandria* 'till our Days;
 And *Pharos*' Tow'r and Isle, remov'd of Yore
 Far from the Land, now joined to the Shore.

XVII.

Both *Crete* and *Rhodes* they left by *North* unseen,
 And sail'd along the Coasts of *Afric* Lands,
 Whose Sea-Towns fair, but Realms more inward been
 All full of Monsters, and of desert Sands:
 With her five Cities then they left *Cyrene*,
 Where that old Temple of false *Ammon* stands;
 Next *Ptolemais*, and that sacred Wood,
 Whence spring the silent Streams of *Lethe* Flood.

XVIII.

The greater *Syrts*, that Sailors often cast
 In Peril great of Death and Loss extreme,
 They compass'd round about, and safely pass'd;
 Then Cape *Judeca*, and Flood *Magra's* Stream;
 Then *Tripoly*, 'gainst which is *Malta* plac'd,
 That low and hid to lurk in Seas doth seem;
 Then *Syrts* the lesser, and *Alzerbe's* Isle,
 Where dwelt the Folk, that Lotus eat ere while.

XIX.

Next *Tunis* on the crooked Shore they spy'd,
 Whose Bay a Rock on either Side defends;
Tunis, all Towns in Beauty, Wealth, and Pride
 Above, as far as *Lybia's* Bound extends;
 'Gainst which, from fair *Sicilia's* fertil Side,
 His rugged Front great *Lilibenni* bends;
 The Dame there pointed out, where sometime stood
 (*Rome's* stately Rival whilom) *Carthage* proud:

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XX.

Great *Carthage* low in Ashes cold doth lye ;
 Her Ruins poor the Herbs in Height scant pass ;
 So Cities fall, so perish Kingdoms high ;
 Their Pride and Pomp lie hid in Sand and Grass :
 Then why should mortal Man repine to dye,
 Whose Life is Air, Breath Wind, and Body Glass ?
 From thence the Seas, next *Bisert's* Walls, they cleft,
 And far *Sardinia* on the right Hand left.

XXI.

Numidia's mighty Plains they coasted then,
 Where wand'ring Shepherds us'd their Flocks to feed ;
 Then *Bugia*, and *Algiers*, th' infamous Den
 Of Pirates false ; *Oran* they left with Speed :
 All *Tingitane* they swiftly over-ran,
 Where Elephants and angry Lions breed,
 Where now the Realms of *Fes* and *Moroc* be,
 'Gainst which *Granado's* Shores and Coasts they see.

XXII.

Now are they there, where first the Sea brake in
 By great *Alcides'* Help, as Stories feign ;
 True may it be, that where those Floods begin,
 It whilom was a firm and solid Main,
 Before the Sea there through did Passage win,
 And parted *Afric* from the Land of *Spain* ;
Abila thence, thence *Calpe* great up-springs ;
 Such Pow'r hath Time to change the Face of Things.

XXIII.

Four Times the Sun had spread his Morning Ray,
 Since first the Dame launch'd forth her wond'rous Barge,
 And never yet took Port in Creek or Bay,
 But fairly forward bore the Knights, her Charge :
 Now through the *Strait* her jolly Ship made Way,
 And boldly sail'd upon the Ocean large ;
 But if the Sea in mid'st of Earth was great,
 Oh what was this, wherein Earth builds her Seat !

XXIV.

XXIV.

Now, deep ingulphed in the mighty Flood,
They saw not *Gades*, nor the Mountains near ;
Fled was the Land, and Towns on Land that stood ;
Heav'n cover'd Sea ; Sea seem'd the Heav'ns to bear :
At last, fair Lady, quoth *Ubaldo* good,
That in this endless Main dost guide us here,
If ever Man before here failed, tell,
Or other Lands here be, wherein Men dwell.

XXV.

Great *Hercules*, quoth she, when he had quell'd
The Monsters fierce in *Afric* and in *Spain*,
And all along your Coasts and Countries sail'd,
Yet durst he not assay the Ocean main ;
Within his Pillars would he have impal'd
The over-daring Wit of Mankind vain :
But Lord *Ulysses* did those Bounders pass ;
To see and know he so desirous was :

XXVI.

He pass'd those Pillars, and in open Wave
Of the broad Sea first his bold Sails untwin'd ;
But yet the greedy Ocean was his Grave ;
His Skill nought helped him 'gainst Tide and Wind :
With him all Witness of his Voyage brave
Lies bury'd there ; no Truth thereof we find ;
And they, whom Storms have forced that Way since,
Are drowned all, or unreturn'd from thence :

XXVII.

So that this mighty Sea is yet unsought,
Where thousand Isles and Kingdoms lye unknown ;
Not void of Men, as some have vainly thought,
But peopled well, and wunnen like your own :
The Land is fertile Ground, but scant well wrought,
Air wholesom, temp'rate Sun, Grass proudly grown.
But, quoth *Ubaldo*, Dame, I pray thee teach,
Of that hid World what are the Laws and Speech.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

As diverse are their Nations, (answer'd she)
 Their Tongues, their Rites, their Laws so diff'rent are;
 Some pray to Beasts, some to a Stone or Tree,
 Some to the Earth, the Sun, or Morning-Star:
 Their Meats unwholesom, vile and hatefull be;
 Some eat Man's Flesh, and Captives ta'en in War;
 And all, from *Calpe's* Mountain *West* that dwell,
 In Faith profane, in Life are rude and fell.

XXIX.

But will our gracious God, (the Knight reply'd)
 Who with His Blood all sinfull Men hath bought,
 His Truth for ever and His Gospel hide
 From all those Lands as yet unknown, unsought?
 O no, quoth she; His Name both far and wide
 Shall there be known, all Learning thither brought;
 Nor shall these long and tedious Ways for ever
 Your World and theirs, their Lands, your Kingdoms, sever.

XXX.

The Time shall come, when Sailors shall disdain
 To talk or argue of *Alcides'* Strait;
 And Lands and Seas, which nameless yet remain,
 Shall well be known, their Boundaries and Seat:
 Their Ships incompass shall the solid Main,
 As far as Seas out-stretch their Waters great;
 Shall measure all the World, and with the Sun
 About this Earth, this Globe, this Compass, run.

XXXI.

A Knight of *Genes* shall have the Hardiment
 Upon this wond'rous Voyage first to wend;
 Nor Winds, nor Waves, that Ships in sunder rent,
 Nor Seas unus'd, strange Clime, nor Pole unkenn'd,
 Nor other Peril, nor Astonishment,
 That makes frail Hearts of Men to bow and bend,
 Within *Abila's* Strait shall keep and hold
 The noble Spirit of this Sailor bold:

XXXII.

XXXII.

Thy Ship, *Columbus*, shall her canvass Wing
 Spread o'er that World, which yet concealed lies,
 That scant swift *Fame* her Looks shall after bring,
 Though thousand Plumes she have, and thousand Eyes :
 Let her of *Bacchus* and *Alcides* sing ;
 Of thee, to future Age, let this suffice,
 That of thine Acts she some Fore-warning give,
 Which shall in Verse and noble Story live.

XXXIII.

Thus talking, swift 'twixt *South* and *West* they run,
 And sliced out, in Froth and Foam, their Way ;
 At once they saw, before, the setting Sun ;
 Behind, the rising Beam of springing Day :
 And when the Morn her Drops and Dews begun
 To scatter broad upon the flow'ring Lay,
 Far off a Hill and Mountain high they spy'd,
 Whose Top the Clouds environ, cloathe and hide ;

XXXIV.

And, drawing near, the Hill at Ease they view,
 When all the Clouds were molten, fall'n and fled,
 Whose Top, Pyramid-wise, did pointed shew,
 High, narrow, sharp, the Sides yet more out-spread ;
 Thence now and then Fire, Flame, and Smoke out-flew,
 As from that Hill, where under lies in Bed
Enceladus, whence with imperious Sway
 Bright Fire breaks out by Night, black Smoke by Day.

XXXV.

About the Hill lay other Islands small,
 Where other Rocks, Craggs, Clifts, and Mountains stood ;
 These *Fortune's Isles* the elder Time did call,
 To which high Heav'n they feign'd so kind and good,
 And of his Blessings rich so liberal,
 That without Tillage Earth gives Corn for Food ;
 And Grapes, that swell with sweet and pretious Wine,
 There, without pruning, yields the fertile Vine.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

The Olive fat there ever buds and flow'rs ;
 The Honey-drops from hollow Oaks distill ;
 The falling Brook her silver Streams down pours,
 With gentle Murmur, from their native Hill :
 The *Western* Blast tempers with Dews and Show'rs
 The sunny Rays, lest Heat the Blossoms kill ;
 The Fields *Elysian*, as fond *Heathen* sayn,
 Were there, where Souls of Men in Bliss remain.

XXXVII.

To these their Pilot steer'd ; and now, quoth she,
 Your Voyage long to End is brought well-near ;
 The happy *Isles of Fortune* now you see,
 Of which great Fame, and little Truth, you hear :
 Sweet, wholesom, pleasant, fertil, fat they be,
 Yet not so rich, as Fame reports they were.
 This said, towards an Island fresh she bore,
 The first of Ten, that lye next *Afric's* Shore ;

XXXVIII.

When *Carlo* thus : if, worthy Governess,
 To our good Speed such Tarriance be no Lett,
 Upon this Isle, that Heav'n so fair doth blest,
 To view the Place on Land awhile us set,
 To know the Folk, and what God they confes,
 And all whereby Man's Heart may Knowledge get,
 That I may tell the Wonders therein seen,
 Another Day, and say——there have I been.

XXXIX.

She answer'd him ; well fits this high Desire
 Thy noble Heart, yet cannot I consent ;
 For Heav'n's Decree, firm, stable and intire,
 Thy Wish repugns, and 'gainst thy Will is bent ;
 Nor the fix'd Time hath *Titan's* gliding Fire
 Forth meet'd yet for this Discoverment ;
 Nor is it lawfull, of the Ocean main
 That you the Secrets know, or known explain.

XL.

To you, withouten Needle, Map or Card,
 'Tis giv'n to pass these Seas, and there arrive,
 Where in strong Prison lies your Knight imbarr'd;
 And of her Prey you must the Witch deprive:
 If further to aspire you be prepar'd,
 In vain 'gainst Fate and Heav'n's Decree you strive.
 While thus she said, the first seen Isle gave Place,
 And high and rough the second shew'd it's Face.

XLI.

They saw, how *East-ward* stretch'd in Order long
 The *happy Islands* sweetly flow'ring lay;
 And how the Seas betwixt those Isles in-throng,
 And how they shoulder'd Land from Land away:
 In sev'n of them the People rude, among
 The shady Trees, their Sheds had built of Clay;
 The rest lay waste, unless wild Beasts unseen,
 Or wanton Nymphs roam'd on the Mountains green.

XLII.

A secret Place they found in one of those,
 Where the cleft Shore Sea in his Bosom takes,
 And 'twixt his stretched Arms doth fold and close
 An ample Bay; a Rock the Haven makes,
 Which to the Main doth his broad Back oppose,
 Whereon the roaring Billow cleaves and breaks;
 And here and there two Craggs, like Turrets high,
 Point forth a Port to all who sail thereby.

XLIII.

The quiet Seas below lie safe and still;
 The green Wood, like a Garland, grows aloft;
 Sweet Caves within, cool Shades, and Waters shrill,
 Where lie the Nymphs on Moss and Ivy soft:
 No Anchor there needs hold her Frigate still,
 Nor Cable twisted sure, though breaking oft:
 Into this desert, silent, quiet Glade,
 Enter'd the Dame, and there her Haven made.

Y y

XLIV.

XLIV.

The Palace proudly built, quoth she, behold,
 That sits on Top of yonder Mountain's Height ;
 Of CHRIST's true Faith there lies the Champion bold
 In Idleness, Love, Fancy, Folly light :
 When *Phæbus* shall his rising Beams unfold,
 Prepare you 'gainst the Hill to mount upright ;
 Nor let this Stay in your bold Hearts breed Care,
 For, save that one, all Hours unlucky are :

XLV.

But yet this Evening, if you make good Speed,
 To that Hill's Foot with Day-light might you pass.
 This said the Dame, their Guide ; and they agreed,
 And took their Leave, and leap'd forth on the Grass :
 They found the Way, which to the Hill doth lead,
 And softly went, that neither tired was ;
 But at the Mountain's Foot they both arriv'd,
 Before the Sun his Team in Waters div'd.

XLVI.

They saw, how from the Craggs and Cliffs below
 His proud and stately pleasant Top grew out,
 And how his Sides were clad with Frost and Snow ;
 The Height was green with Herbs and Flowrets sote ;
 Like hairy Locks the Trees about him grow ;
 The Rocks of Ice keep Watch and Ward about
 The tender Roses and the Lilies new ;
 Thus Art can Nature change, and Kind subdue.

XLVII.

Within a thick, a dark, and shady Plot,
 At the Hill's Foot that Night the Warriors dwell ;
 But when the Sun his Rays bright, shining, hot
 Dispread, of golden Light th' eternal Well,
 Up, up, they cry'd ; and fiercely up they got,
 And climbed boldly 'gainst the Mountain fell ;
 But forth there crept (such was *Armida's* Sway)
 An ugly Serpent, which forestall'd their Way :

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Armed with golden Scales his Head and Crest
 He lifted high, his Neck swell'd great with Ire ;
 Flamed his Eyes ; and, hiding with his Breast
 All the broad Path, he Poison breath'd, and Fire :
 Now reach'd he forth in Folds, and forward press'd ;
 Now would he back in Rolls and Heaps retire :
 Thus he presents himself to guard the Place ;
 The Knights press forward with assured Pace.

XLIX.

Carlo drew forth his Brand to strike the Snake ;
Ubaldo cry'd — stay, my Companion dear,
 Will you with Sword or Weapon Battle make
 Against this Monster, that affronts us here ?
 This said, he 'gan his charmed Rod to shake,
 So that the Serpent durst not hiss for Fear,
 But fled, and conquer'd fell upon the Grass ;
 And so the Passage plain, eath, open was.

L.

A little higher on the Way they met
 A Lion fierce, that hugely roar'd and cry'd ;
 His Crest he reared high, and open set
 Of his broad-gaping Jaws the Furnace wide ;
 His Stern his Back oft smote his Rage to whet ;
 But when the sacred Staff he once espy'd,
 A trembling Fear through his bold Heart was spread ;
 His native Wrath was gone, and swift he fled.

LI.

The hardy Couple on their Way forth wend,
 And met an Host, that on them roar and gape,
 Of savage Beasts tofore unseen, unkenn'd,
 Diff'ring in Voice, in Semblance, and in Shape :
 All Monsters, which hot *Afric* doth forth send,
 'Twixt *Nilus*, *Atlas*, and the *Southern Cape*,
 Were there all met ; and all wild Beasts besides
Hircania breeds, or *Hircane* Forest hides.

LII.

But yet that fierce, that strange and savage Host,
 Could not in Presence of those Worthies stand,
 But fled away, their Heart and Courage lost,
 When Lord *Ubaldo* shook his charmed Wand :
 No other Lett their Passage stopp'd or cross'd,
 'Till on the Mountain's Top themselves they fand,
 Save that the Ice, the Frost, and drifted Snow,
 Oft made them feeble, weary, faint and slow.

LIII.

But having passed all that frozen Ground,
 And over-gone that Winter sharp and keen,
 A warm, mild, pleasant, gentle Sky they found,
 That over-spread a large and ample Green :
 The Winds breath'd Spikenard, Myrrh, and Balm around ;
 The Blasts there firm, unchanged, stable been,
 Nor, as elsewhere, the Winds now rise, now fall,
 And *Phœbus* there aye shines, sets not at all.

LIV.

Not, as elsewhere, now Sun-shine bright, now Show'rs,
 Now Heat, now Cold, there interchanged were,
 But ever-lasting Spring mild Heav'n down pours,
 (In which nor Rain, nor Storm, nor Clouds appear)
 Nursing to Fields their Grass, to Grass it's Flow'rs,
 To Flow'rs their Smell, to Trees the Leaves they bear :
 There, by a Lake, a stately Palace stands,
 That over-looks all Mountains, Seas, and Lands.

LV.

The Passage hard, against the Mountain steep,
 These Travellers had faint and weary made,
 That through those grassy Plains they scanty creep ;
 They walk'd, they rested oft, they went, they stay'd ;
 When from the Rocks, that seem'd for Joy to weep,
 Before their Feet a dropping Crystal play'd,
 Inticing them to drink ; and on the Flow'rs
 The plenteous Spring a thousand Streams down pours ;

LVI.

LVI.

All which, united in the springing Grasse,
Eat forth a Channel through the tender Green,
And underneath eternal Shade did pass
With Murmur shrill, cold, pure, and scantily seen,
Yet so transparent, that perceived was
The Bottom rich, and Sands that golden been ;
And on the Brims the silken Grasse aloft
Proffer'd them Seats, sweet, easy, fresh and soft.

LVII.

See here the Stream of Laughter, see the Spring
(Quoth they) of Danger, and of deadly Pain !
Here fond Desire must by fair governing
Be rul'd, our Lust bridled with Wisdom's Rein,
Our Ears be stopped, while these *Sirens* sing
Their Notes, inticing Man to Pleasure vain.
Thus pass'd they forward, where the Stream did make
An ample Pond, a large and spacious Lake :

LVIII.

There on a Table was all dainty Food,
That Sea, that Earth, or liquid Air could give ;
And in the Crystal of the laughing Flood
They saw two naked Virgins bathe and dive,
Who sometimes toying, sometimes wrestling stood,
Sometimes for Speed and Skill in Swimming strive ;
Now underneath they div'd, now rose above,
And 'ticing Baits laid forth of Lust and Love.

LIX.

These naked Wantons, tender, fair and white,
Moved so far the Warriors stubborn Hearts,
That on their Shapes they gazed with Delight ;
The Nymphs apply'd their sweet, alluring Arts,
And one of them above the Waters quite
Lift up her Head, her Breasts and higher Parts,
And all that might weak Eyes subdue and take ;
Her lower Beauties vail'd the gentle Lake :

LX.

LX.

As when the Morning Star, escap'd and fled
 From greedy Waves, with dewy Beams up-flies,
 Or as the *Queen of Love*, new-born and bred
 Of th' Ocean's fruitfull Froth, did first arise,
 So vented she ; her golden Locks forth shed
 Round Pearls, and Cryстал moist, therein which lies ;
 But when her Eyes upon the Knights she cast,
 She start, and feign'd her at their Sight agast ;

LXI.

And her fair Locks, that on a Knot were ty'd
 High on her Crown, she 'gan at large unfold,
 Which falling long and thick, and spreading wide,
 Mantled the Iv'ry of her Neck in Gold :
 Thus her fair Skin the Dame would cloathe and hide,
 And that, which hid it, no less fair was hold ;
 Thus clad in Waves and Locks, her Eyes divine
 From them ashamed did she turn and twine :

LXII.

Withall she smiled, and she blush'd withall ;
 Her Blush her Smiling, Smiles her Blushing grac'd :
 Over her Face her amber Tresses fall,
 Where-under *Love* himself in Ambush plac'd :
 At last she warbled forth a Treble small,
 And with sweet Looks her sweet Songs interlac'd.
 O happy Men, that have the Grace, quoth she,
 This Blifs, this Heav'n, this Paradise to see !

LXIII.

This is the Place, wherein you may assuage
 Your Sorrows past ; here is that Joy and Blifs,
 Which flourish'd in the antique *Golden Age* ;
 Here needs no Law, here none doth ought amifs :
 Put off those Arms, and fear not *Mars* his Rage ;
 Your Sword, your Shield, your Helmet needles is ;
 Then consecrate them here to endless Rest ;
 You shall Love's Champions be, and Soldiers blest :

LXIV.

LXIV.

The Fields of Combat here are Beds of Down,
Or heaped Lilies under shady Brakes;
But come and see our Queen with golden Crown,
Who all her Servants blest and happy makes;
She will admit you gently for her own,
Mix'd with the Band, that of her Joy partakes:
But first within this Lake your Dust and Sweat
Wash off, and at that Table sit and eat.

LXV.

While thus she sung, her Sister lur'd them nigh
With many a Gesture kind, and loving Show,
To Music's Sound as Dames in Court apply
Their cunning Feet, and dance now swift, now slow:
But still the Knights unmoved pass'd by;
These vain Delights for wicked Charms they know;
Nor could an heav'nly Voice, or Angel's Look,
Surprize their Hearts, if Eye or Ear it took:

LXVI.

For if that Sweetness once but touch'd their Hearts,
And proffer'd there to kindle *Cupid's* Fire,
Straight armed Reason to his Charge upstarts,
And quencheth Lust, and killeth fond Desire:
Thus scorned were the Dames, their Wiles and Arts,
And to the Palace Gates the Knights retire;
While in their Streams the Damsels dived sad,
Asham'd, disgrac'd, for that Repulse they had.



TASSO's

T A S S O ' s *J E R U S A L E M.*

B O O K XVI.

I.

THE Palace great is builded rich and round,
And in the Center of the inmost Hold
There lies a Garden sweet on fertile Ground,
Fairer than that, where grew the Trees of Gold:
The cunning Sprites had Buildings rear'd around,
With Doors and Entries false a thousand fold;
A Labyrinth they made that Fort'refs brave,
Like *Dedal's* Prison, or *Perfenna's* Grave.

II.

The Knights pass'd through the Castle's largest Gate,
Though round about an Hundred Ports there shine;
The Door-leaves, fram'd of carved silver-plate,
Upon their golden Hinges turn and twine:
They stay'd to view this Work of Wit and State;
The Workmanship excell'd the Substance fine;
For all the Shapes in that rich Metal wrought,
Save Speech, of living Bodies wanted nought.

III.

Alcides there sat telling Tales, and spun
Among the feeble Troops of Damsels mild;
He, who the fiery Gates of Hell had won,
And Heav'n upheld; false *Love* stood by, and smil'd:
Arm'd with his Club, fair *Iole* forth run,
His Club with Blood of Monsters foul defil'd,
And on her Back his Lion's Skin had she,
Too rough a Bark for such a tender Tree!

IV.

IV.

Beyond was made a Sea, whose azure Flood
 The hoary Froth crush'd from the Surges blue,
 Wherein two Navies great well ranged stood
 Of warlike Ships ; Fire from their Arms out-flew ;
 The Waters burn'd about their Vessels good,
 Such Flames the Gold, therein inchas'd, threw ;
Cæsar his *Romans* hence, the *Asian* Kings
 Thence *Antony*, and *Indian* Princes, brings.

V.

The *Cyclads* seem'd to swim amid the Main,
 And Hill 'gainst Hill, and Mount 'gainst Mountain smote,
 With such great Fury met those Armies twain ;
 Here burn'd a Ship, there sunk a Bark or Boat ;
 Here Darts and Wild-fire flew ; there drown'd or slain
 Of Lords and Princes dead the Bodies float :
 Here *Cæsar* wins ; and yonder conquer'd been
 The *Eastern* Ships ; there fled th' *Egyptian* Queen :

VI.

Here *Antony* himself to Flight betook,
 The Empire lost, to which he would aspire ;
 Yet fled not he, nor Fight for Fear forfook,
 But follow'd her, drawn on by fond Desire :
 Well might you see within his troubled Look
 Strive and contend Love, Courage, Shame and Ire ;
 Oft look'd he back, oft gaz'd he on the Fight,
 But oftner on his Mistress and her Flight :

VII.

Then, in the secret Creeks of fruitfull *Nile*,
 Cast in her Lap, he would sad Death await,
 And, in the Pleasure of her lovely Smile,
 Sweeten the bitter Stroke of cursed Fate.
 All this did Art with curious Hand compile
 In the rich Metal of that princely Gate :
 The Knights these Stories viewed first and last ;
 Which seen, they forward press'd, and in they pass'd.

Z z

VIII.

VIII.

As through his Channel crook'd *Meander* glides
 With Turns and Twines, and rolls now to, now fro,
 Whose Streams run forth there to the salt Sea Sides,
 Here back return, and to their Spring ward go,
 Such crooked Paths, such Ways this Palace hides ;
 Yet all the Maze their Map described so,
 That through the Labyrinth they got in Fine,
 As *Theseus* did by *Ariadne's* Line.

IX.

When they had passed all those troubled Ways,
 The Garden sweet spread forth her Green to Shew ;
 The moving Crystal from the Fountain plays ;
 Fair Trees, high Plants, strange Herbs, and Flowrets new,
 Sun-shiny Hills, Dales hid from *Phebus'* Rays,
 Groves, Arbours, mossy Caves, at once they view ;
 And that which Beauty most, most Wonder brought,
 No where appear'd the Art, which all this wrought :

X.

So with the rude the polish'd mingled was,
 That natural seem'd all, and ev'ry Part ;
Nature would Craft in counterfeiting pass,
 And imitate her Imitator, *Art* :
 Mild was the Air ; the Skies were clear as Glass ;
 The Trees no Whirlwind felt, nor Tempest smart,
 But ere the Fruit drop off, the Blossom comes ;
 This springs, that falls ; that ripens, and this blooms.

XI.

The Leaves upon the self-same Bough did hide,
 Beside the young, the old and ripen'd Fig ;
 Here Fruit was green, there ripe with vermil Side ;
 The Apples new and old grew on one Twig :
 The fruitfull Vine her Arms spread high and wide,
 That bended underneath their Clusters big ;
 The Grapes were tender here, hard, young and sow'r,
 There purple-ripe, and Nectar sweet forth pour.

XII.

XII.

The joyous Birds, hid under green-wood Shade,
Sung merry Notes on ev'ry Branch and Bough ;
The Wind, that in the Leaves and Waters play'd,
With Murmurs sweet now sung, and whistled now :
Ceased the Birds, the Wind loud Answer made,
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low ;
Thus, were it Hap or Cunning, Chance or Art,
The Wind in this strange Music bore it's Part.

XIII.

With party-colour'd Plumes, and purple Bill,
A wond'rous Bird among the rest there flew,
That in plain Speech sung Love-lays loud and shrill ;
Her Leden was like human Language true ;
So much she talk'd, and with such Wit and Skill,
That strange it seemed, how much Good she knew :
Her feather'd Fellows all stood hush to hear ;
Dumb was the Wind, the Waters silent were.

XIV.

The gentle budding Rose, quoth she, behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin Beams,
Half ope, half shut, her Beauties doth upfold
In it's fair Leaves, and, less seen, fairer seems,
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last Extremes ;
Nor seems the same, that decked Bed and Bow'r
Of many a Lady late, and Paramour :

XV.

So, in the passing of a Day, doth pass
The Bud and Blossom of the Life of Man,
Nor ere doth flourish more ; but, like the Grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd, pale, and wan :
Oh, gather then the Rose, while Time thou hast ;
Short is the Day, done when it scant began ;
Gather the Rose of Love, while yet thou may'st
Loving be lov'd, imbracing be imbrac'd.

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XVI.

She ceas'd ; and, as approving all she spoke,
 The Choir of Birds their heav'nly Tunes renew ;
 The Turtles sigh'd, and Sighs with Kisses broke ;
 The Fowls to Shades unseen by Pairs withdrew :
 It seem'd, the Laurel chaste, and stubborn Oak,
 And all the gentle Trees, on Earth that grew,
 It seem'd, the Land, the Sea, and Heav'n above,
 All breath'd out Fancy sweet, and sigh'd out Love.

XVII.

Through all this Music rare, and strong Consent
 Of strange Allurements, sweet 'bove Mean and Measure,
 Severe, firm, constant, still the Knights forth-went,
 Hard'ning their Hearts 'gainst false, enticing Pleasure :
 'Twixt Leaf and Leaf their Sight before they sent,
 And after crept themselves at Ease and Leisure,
 'Till they beheld the Queen, set with their Knight
 Beside the Lake, shaded with Boughs from Sight.

XVIII.

Her Breasts were naked, for the Day was hot ;
 Her Locks unbound wav'd in the wanton Wind ;
 Some-deal she sweat, scorch'd with Love's Flame, I wot,
 Her Sweat-drops bright, white, round, like Pearls of *Inde* :
 Her humid Eyes a fiery Smile forth shot,
 That like Sun-beams in silver Fountains shin'd ;
 O'er him her Looks she hung, and her soft Breast
 The Pillow was, where He and *Love* took Rest.

XIX.

His hungry Eyes upon her Face he fed,
 And feeding them so pin'd himself away ;
 And she, declining often down her Head,
 His Lips, his Cheeks, his Eyes kiss'd, as he lay ;
 Wherewith he sigh'd, as if his Soul had fled
 From his frail Breast to hers, and there would stay
 With her beloved Sprite : the armed Pair
 These Follies all beheld, and this hot Fare.

XX.

XX.

Down by the Lovers Side there pendent was
A crystal Mirror, bright, pure, smooth and neat ;
He rose, and to his Mistress held the Glass,
A noble Page, grac'd with that Service great :
She with glad Looks, he with inflam'd, alas !
Beauty and Love beheld both in one Seat ;
Yet them in sundry Objects each espies ;
She in the Glass, he saw them in her Eyes.

XXI.

Her to command, to serve, it pleas'd the Knight ;
He proud of Bondage, of her Empire she :
My Fair, he said, who blestest with thy Sight
E'en blessed Angels, turn thine Eyes to me ;
For painted in my Heart, and portraid right
Thy Worth, thy Beauties, and Perfections be ;
Of which the Form, the Shape, and Fashion best
Not in this Glass is seen, but in my Breast :

XXII.

And if thou me disdain, yet be content
So to behold at least thy lovely Hue,
That while thereon thy Looks are fix'd and bent,
Thy happy Eyes themselves may see and view :
So rare a Shape no Crystal can present,
No Glass contain that Heav'n of Beauties true ;
Oh ! let the Skies thy worthy Mirror be,
And in clear Stars thy Shape and Image see.

XXIII.

And with that Word she smil'd, and ne'ertheless
Her Love-toys still she us'd, and Pleasures bold :
Her Hair, that done, she twisted up in Tress,
And looser Locks in silken Laces roll'd ;
Then Garland-wise her Curls she did up-dress,
Wherein, like rich Enamel laid on Gold,
The twisted Flowrets smil'd, and her white Breast
The Lilies, there that spring, with Roses dress.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The jolly Peacock spreads not half so fair
 The eyed Feathers of his pompous Train;
 Nor so bends golden *Iris* in the Air
 Her twenty-colour'd Bow, through Clouds of Rain:
 Yet all her Ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
 Her Girdle did in Price and Beauty stain;
 Nor that, with Scorn which *Tuscan Guilla* lost,
 Nor *Venus'* Cestus could match this for Cost.

XXV.

Of mild Denays, of tender Scorns, of sweet
 Repulses, War, Peace, Hope, Despair, Joy, Fear,
 Of Smiles, Jests, Mirth, Woe, Grief, and sad Regret,
 Sighs, Sorrows, Tears, Imbracements, Kisses dear,
 That mixed first by Weight and Measure meet,
 Then at an easy Fire attemper'd were,
 This wond'rous Girdle did *Armida* frame,
 And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

XXVI.

But when her wooing Fit was brought to End,
 She Conge took, kiss'd him, and went her Way;
 For once she us'd ev'ry Day to wend
 'Bout her Affairs, her Spells and Charms to say:
 The Youth remain'd, yet had no Pow'r to bend
 One Step from thence, but us'd there to stray
 'Mongst the sweet Birds through ev'ry Walk and Grove,
 Alone, save for an Hermit false, call'd *Love*.

XXVII.

And, when the Silence deep, and friendly Shade
 Recall'd the Lovers to their wonted Sport,
 In a fair Room, for Pleasure built, they lay'd,
 And longest Nights with Joys made sweet and short.
 Now, while the Queen her household Things survey'd,
 And left her Lord, her Garden, and Disport,
 The Twain, that hidden in the Bushes were,
 Before the Prince in glitt'ring Arms appear.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

As a fierce Steed, for Age withdrawn from War,
 Wherein the glorious Beast had always won,
 That in vile Rest, from Fight sequester'd far,
 Feeds with the Mares at large, his Service done,
 If Arms he see, or hear the Trumpet's Jarr,
 He neigheth loud, and thither fast doth run,
 And wisheth on his Back the armed Knight,
 Longing for Jufts, for Turnament, and Fight ;

XXIX.

So far'd *Rinaldo*, when the glorious Light
 Of their bright Harness glitter'd in his Eyes ;
 His noble Sprite awaked at that Sight,
 His Blood began to warm, his Heart to rise,
 Though drunk with Ease, devoid of wonted Might,
 Asleep 'till then his weaken'd Virtue lies :
Ubaldo forward stepp'd, and to him held
 Of Diamonds clear that pure and pretious Shield.

XXX.

Upon the Targe his Looks amaz'd he bent,
 And therein all his wanton Habit spy'd ;
 His Civet, Balm, and Perfumes redolent,
 How from his Locks they smok'd, and Mantle wide :
 His Sword, that many a *Pagan* stout had shent,
 Bewrapp'd with Flow'rs, hung idly by his Side,
 So nicely decked, that it seem'd, the Knight
 Wore it for Fashion-sake, but not for Fight.

XXXI.

As when from Sleep and idle Dreams abray'd,
 A Man awak'd calls home his Wits again,
 So in beholding his Attire he play'd,
 But yet to view himself could not sustain :
 His Looks he downward cast, and nought he said ;
 Griev'd, shamed, sad, he would have dyed fain ;
 And oft he wish'd, the Earth or Ocean wide
 Would swallow him, and so his Errors hide.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Ubaldo took the Time, and thus begun :
 All *Europe* now and *Asia* are in War,
 And all, that CHRIST adore, and Fame have won
 In Battle strong, in *Syria* fighting are ;
 But thee alone, *Bertoldo's* noble Son,
 This little Corner keeps, exiled far
 From all the World, bury'd in Sloth and Shame,
 A carpet Champion for a wanton Dame !

XXXIII.

What Lethargy in Drowfiness hath penn'd
 Thy Courage thus ? what Sloth doth thee infect ?
 Up, up, our Camp and *Godfrey* for thee send ;
 Thee Fortune, Praise, and Victory expect :
 Come, fatal Champion, bring to happy End
 This Enterprize begun, and all that Sect,
 Which oft thou shaken hast, to Earth full low
 With thy sharp Brand strike down, kill, overthrow.

XXXIV.

This said, the noble Infant stood a Space
 Confused, speechless, senseless and asham'd ;
 But when that Shame to just Disdain gave Place,
 To fierce Disdain, from Courage sprung untam'd,
 Another Redness blushed through his Face,
 Whence worthy Anger shone, Displeasure flam'd ;
 His nice Attire in Scorn he rent and tore,
 For of his Bondage vile that Witness bore :

XXXV.

That done, he hasted from the charmed Fort,
 And through the Maze pass'd with his Searchers twain.
Armida of her Mount and chiefest Port
 Wonder'd to find the furious Keeper slain ;
 A while she feared, but she knew in short,
 That her dear Lord was fled ; then saw she plain,
 (Ah wofull Sight !) how from her Gates the Man
 In Haste, in Fear, in Wrath, in Anger ran.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Whither, O cruel, leav'st thou me alone?
 She would have cry'd; but Grief her Speeches staid;
 So that her wofull Words are backward gone,
 And in her Heart a bitter Echo made;
 Poor Soul! of greater Skill, than she, was One,
 Whose Knowledge from her thus her Joy convey'd;
 This wist she well, yet had Desire to prove
 If Art could keep, or Charms recall her Love.

XXXVII.

All what the Witches of *Theffalia* Land
 With Lips impure yet ever said or spake,
 Words, that could make Heav'n's rolling Circles stand,
 And draw the damned Ghosts from *Limbo* Lake,
 All well she knew, but yet no Time she fand
 To use her Knowledge, or her Charms to make,
 But left her Arts, and forth she ran to prove,
 If single Beauty were best Charm for Love:

XXXVIII.

She ran, nor of her Honor took Regard;
 Oh, where are all her Vaunts and Triumphs now?
Love's Empire great of late she made or marr'd;
 To her *Love's* Slaves did humbly bend and bow:
 And with her Pride mix'd was a Scorn so hard,
 That to be lov'd she lov'd; yet, whilst they woo,
 Her Lovers all she hates; that pleas'd her Will,
 To conquer Men, and conquer'd so to kill.

XXXIX.

But now herself disdain'd, abandoned,
 Ran after him, that from her fled in Scorn,
 And her despis'd Beauty laboured
 With humble Plaints and Prayers to adorn:
 She ran, and hasted after him that fled,
 Through Frost and Snow, through Brier, Bush and Thorn;
 And sent her Cries on Message her before,
 Which reach'd not him, 'till he had reach'd the Shore.

XL.

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

XLI.

At this *Rinaldo* stopp'd, stood still, and stay'd ;
 She came, sad, breathless, weary, faint and weak ;
 So woe-begon was never Nymph or Maid ;
 And yet her Beauty's Pride Grief could not break :
 On him she look'd, she gaz'd, but nought she said ;
 She would not, could not, or she durst not speak :
 At her he look'd not, glanc'd not ; if he did,
 Those Glances shame-fac'd were, close, secret, hid.

XLII.

As cunning Singers, ere they strain on high
 In loud melodious Tunes their gentle Voice,
 Prepare the Hearers Ears to Harmony
 With Feignings sweet, low Notes, and Warbles choice,
 So she, not having yet forgot pardy
 Her wonted Shifts and Sleights in *Cupid's* Toys,
 A Sequence first of Sighs and Sobs forth cast
 To breed Compassion dear, then spake at last :

XLIII.

Suppose not, cruel, that I come to woo,
 Or pray, as Ladies do their Loves and Lords ;
 Such were we late ; if thou disdain it now,
 Or scorn to grant such Grace as Love affords,
 At least yet as an En'my listen thou ;
 Sworn Foes sometimes will talk and chaffer Words ;
 For, what I ask thee, may'st thou grant right well,
 And lessen nought thy Wrath and Anger sell.

XLIV.

XLIV.

If me thou hate, and in that Hate delight,
 I come not to appease thee ; hate me still ;
 'Tis like for like ; I bore great Hate and Spite
 'Gainst *Christians* all ; chiefly I wish'd thee Ill :
 I was a *Pagan* born, and all my Might
 Against *Godfredo* bent, my Art, and Skill ;
 I follow'd thee, took thee, and bore thee far
 To this strange Isle, and kept thee safe from War :

XLV.

And more, which more thy Hate may justly move,
 More to thy Loss, more to thy Shame and Grief,
 I thee enchanted, and allur'd to Love ;
 Wicked Deceit, Craft worthy sharp Represe !
 My Honor gave I thee, all Gifts above ;
 And of my Beauties made thee Lord and Chief ;
 And to my Suitors old what I deny'd,
 That gave I thee, my Lover new, unpray'd :

XLVI.

But reckon that among my Faults, and let
 Those many Wrongs provoke thee so to Wrath,
 That hence thou run, and that at nought thou set
 This pleasant House, so many Joys which hath :
 Go travel, pass the Seas, fight, Conquest get,
 Destroy our Faith ; what shall I say ? *our* Faith ?
 Ah no ! no longer *ours* ; before thy Shrine
 Alone I pray, thou cruel Saint of mine.

XLVII.

Alonely let me go with thee, unkind ;
 A small Request, although I were thy Foe :
 The Spoiler seldom leaves the Prey behind ;
 Who triumphs, lets his Captives with him go :
 Among thy Pris'ners poor *Armida* bind,
 And let the Camp increase thy Praises so,
 That thy Beguiler thus thou could'st beguile,
 And point at me, thy Thrall and Bond-slave vile,

XLVIII.

Despised Bond-slave ; since my Lord doth hate
 These Locks, why keep I them, or hold them dear ?
 Come cut them off, that to my servile State
 My Habit answer may, and all my Gear :
 I follow thee in Spite of Death and Fate,
 Through Battles fierce, where Dangers most appear ;
 Courage I have, and Strength enough perchance
 To lead thy Courser, and to bear thy Lance.

XLIX.

I will or bear or be myself thy Shield,
 And to defend thy Life will lose my own ;
 This Breast, this Bosom soft shall be thy Beeld
 'Gainst Storms of Arrows, Darts, and Weapons thrown :
 Thy Foes pardy, incount'ring thee in Field,
 Will spare to strike thee, my Affection known,
 Left me they wound ; nor will sharp Vengeance take
 On thee, for this despised Beauty's Sake.

L.

O Wretch ! dare I still vaunt ? or Help invoke
 From this poor Beauty, scorned and disdain'd ?
 She said no more ; her Tears her Speeches broke,
 Which from her Eyes, like Streams from Springs, down rain'd :
 She would have caught him by his Hand or Cloke,
 But he stepp'd backward, and himself restrain'd ;
 Conquer'd his Will, his Heart Ruth soften'd not ;
 There Complaints no Issue, *Love* no Entrance got :

LI.

Love enter'd not to kindle in his Breast,
 Which Reason late had quench'd, his wonted Flame ;
 Yet *Pity* enter'd in the Place at least,
Love's Sister, but a chaste and sober Dame ;
 And stirr'd him so, that hardly he suppress'd
 The springing Tears, that to his Eyes up-came ;
 But yet ev'n there his Complaints repress'd were,
 And, as he could, he look'd, and feigned Chear.

LII.

LII.

Madam, quoth he, for your Distress I grieve,
And would amend it, if I might or could;
From your wise Heart that fond Affection drive;
I cannot hate nor scorn you, though I would:
I seek no Vengeance; Wrongs I all forgive;
Nor you my Servant, nor my Foe I hold:
Truth is, you err'd, and your Estate forgot;
Too great your Hate was, and your Love too hot.

LIII.

But those are common Faults, and Faults of Kind,
Excus'd by Nature, by your Sex and Years;
I erred likewise; if I Pardon find,
None can condemn you, that our Trespas hears:
Your dear Remembrance will I keep in Mind,
In Joys, in Woes, in Comforts, Hopes and Fears;
Call me your Soldier and your Knight, as far
As *Christian* Faith permits, and *Asia's* War;

LIV.

But let our Faults and Follies here take End,
And let our Errors past you satisfy;
And, in this Angle of the World ipenn'd,
Let both the Fame and Shame thereof now dye:
From all the Earth, where I am known and kenn'd,
I wish this Fact could still concealed lye;
Nor yet in following me, poor Knight, disgrace
Your Worth, your Beauty, and your princely Race.

LV.

Stay here in Peace; I go, nor wend you may
With me; my Guide your Fellowship denies;
Stay here, or hence depart some better Way,
And calm your Thoughts—you are both sage and wise.
While thus he spoke, her Passions found no Stay,
But here and there she turn'd and roll'd her Eyes;
And, staring on his Face a while, at last
Thus in foul Terms her bitter Wrath forth braist.

LVI.

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LVI.

Of *Sophia* fair thou never wert the Child,
 Nor of the *Azzain* Race isprung thou art;
 The mad Sea-waves thee bare; some Tygreſs wild
 On *Caucasus*' cold Cragſ nurl'd thee apart:
 Ah cruel Man! in whom no Token mild
 Appears of Pity, Ruth, or tender Heart;
 Could not my Griefs, my Woes, my Plaints, and all,
 Strain from thy Brealt one Sigh? one Tear make fall?

LVII.

What ſhall I ſay, or how renew my Speech?
 He ſcorns me, leaves me——bids me call him mine;
 The Victor hath his Foe within his Reach,
 Yet Pardons her, that merits Death and Pine:
 Hear how he counails me; how he can preach,
 Like chaſte *Xenocrates*, 'gainſt Love divine:
 O Heav'ns, O Gods! why do theſe Men of Shame
 Thus ſpoil your Temples, and blaſpheme your Name?

LVIII.

Go cruel, go; go with ſuch Peace, ſuch Reſt,
 Such Joy, ſuch Comfort, as thou leav'ſt me here:
 My angry Soul, diſcharg'd from this weak Brealt,
 Shall haunt thee ever, and attend thee near;
 And, *Fury*-like, in Snakes and Fire-brands dreſt,
 Shall aye torment thee, whom it late held dear;
 And if thou 'ſcape the Seas, the Rocks and Sands,
 And come to fight amid the *Pagan* Bands,

LIX.

There lying wounded, 'mongſt the hurt and ſlain,
 Of theſe my Wrongs thou ſhalt the Vengeance bear,
 And oft *Armida* ſhalt thou call in vain
 At thy laſt Gaſp; this hope I ſoon to hear.
 Here fainted ſhe with Sorrow, Grief and Pain;
 Her lateſt Words ſcant well expreſſed were,
 But in a Swoon on Earth out-ſtretch'd ſhe lies;
 Stiff were her frozen Limbs, cloſ'd were her Eyes.

LX.

LX.

Thou clos'd thine Eyes, *Armida* ; Heav'n envy'd
 Ease to thy Grief, or Comfort to thy Woe ;
 Ah ! open them again ; see Tears down slide
 From his kind Eyes, whom thou esteem'st thy Foe :
 If thou had'st heard, his Sighs had mollify'd
 Thine Anger hard, he sigh'd and mourned so ;
 And, as he could, with sad and ruthfull Look
 His Leave of thee, and last Farewell he took.

LXI.

What should he do ? leave on the naked Sand
 This wofull Lady half-alive, half-dead ?
 Kindness forbad, Pity did that withstand ;
 But hard Constraint alas did thence him lead :
 Away he went ; the *West*-wind blew from Land
 'Mongst the rich Treffes of their Pilot's Head,
 And with that golden Sail the Waves she cleft ;
 To Land he look'd, 'till Land unseen he left.

LXII.

Wak'd from her Trance, forsaken, speechless, sad,
Armida wildly star'd and gaz'd about ;
 And is he gone ? quoth she ; nor Pity had
 To leave me thus 'twixt Life and Death in Doubt ?
 Could he not stay ? could not the Traitor-Lad
 From this last Trance help or recall me out ?
 And do I love him still ? and on this Sand
 Still unreveng'd, still mourn, still weeping stand ?

LXIII.

Fie, no——Complaints, farewell ; with Arms and Art
 I will pursue to Death this spitefull Knight :
 Not Earth's low Center, nor Sea's deepest Part,
 Nor Heav'n, nor Hell can shield him from my Might ;
 I will o'ertake him, and out-rive his Heart ;
 Such Vengeance fits a wronged Lover's Spite :
 In Cruelty that cruel Knight surpass
 I will ; but what avail vain Words, alas !

LXIV.

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LXIV.

O Fool, thou shouldest have been cruel then,
 (For then this Cruel well deserv'd thine Ire)
 When thou in Prison had'st intrapp'd the Man ;
 Now, dead with Cold, too late thou askest Fire :
 But though my Wit, my Cunning nothing can,
 Some other Means shall work my Heart's Desire ;
 To thee, my Beauty, thine are all these Wrongs ;
 Vengeance to thee, to thee Revenge belongs ;

LXV.

Thou shalt be his Reward, with murd'ring Brand
 Who dare this Traitor of his Head deprive :
 O you, my Lovers, on this Rock doth stand
 The Castle of her Love, for whom you strive :
 I, the sole Heir of all *Damascus* Land,
 For this Revenge myself and Kingdom give ;
 If by this Price my Will I cannot gain,
 Nature gives Beauty, Fortune Wealth in vain :

LXVI.

But thee, vain Gift, vain Beauty, thee I scorn ;
 I hate the Kingdom, which I have to give ;
 I hate myself, and rue that I was born ;
 Only in Hope of sweet Revenge I live.
 Thus, raging with fell Ire, she 'gan return
 From that bare Shore in Haste, and homeward drive ;
 And, as true Witness of her frantic Ire,
 Her Locks wav'd loose, Face shone, Eyes sparkled Fire.

LXVII.

When home she came, she call'd with Out-cries shrill
 A thousand Devils, in *Limbo* deep that wun ;
 Black Clouds the Skies with horrid Darkness fill,
 And pale for Dread became th' eclipsed Sun ;
 The Whirlwind bluster'd big on ev'ry Hill,
 And Hell to roar beneath her Feet begun ;
 You might have heard, how through the Palace wide
 Some Spirits howl'd, some bark'd, some hiss'd, some cry'd.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

A Shadow, blacker than the mirkest Night,
 Environ'd all the Place with Darknes sad,
 Wherein a Fire-brand gave a dreadfull Light,
 Kindled in Hell by *Tifphon* the mad:
 Vanish'd the Shade; the Sun appear'd in Sight;
 Pale were his Beams; the Air was nothing glad;
 And all the Palace vanish'd was and gone,
 Nor of so great a Work was left one Stone.

LXIX.

As oft the Clouds frame Shapes of Castles great
 Amid the Air, that little Time do last,
 But are dissolv'd by Wind, or *Titan's* Heat,
 Or like vain Dreams, soon made, and sooner past,
 The Palace vanish'd so; nor in it's Seat
 Left ought but Rocks and Craggs, by Kind there plac'd:
 She in her Car, which two old Serpents drew,
 Sat down, and, as she us'd, away she flew:

LXX.

She broke the Clouds, and cleft the yielding Sky,
 And 'bout her gather'd Tempest, Storm, and Wind;
 The Lands, that view the *South Pole*, flew she by,
 And left those unknown Countries far behind:
 The Straits of *Hercules* she pass'd, which lie
 'Twixt *Spain* and *Afric*; nor her Flight inclin'd
 To *North* or *South*, but still did forward ride
 O'er Floods and Seas, 'till *Syria's* Coasts she spy'd:

LXXI.

Nor went she forward to *Damascus* fair,
 But of her Country dear she fled the Sight,
 And guided to *Asphaltes'* Lake her Car,
 Where stood her Castle; there she ends her Flight:
 But from her Damsels far she made Repair
 To a deep Vault, far from Resort and Light;
 Where in sad Thoughts a thousand Doubts she cast,
 'Till Grief and Shame to Wrath gave Place at last.

B b b

LXXII.

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LXXII.

I will not hence, quoth she, 'till *Ægypt's* Lord
In Aid of *Sion's* King his Host shall move ;
Then will I use all Helps, that Charms afford,
And change my Shape, or Sex, if so behove :
Well can I handle Bow, or Lance, or Sword ;
The Worthies all will aid me, for my Love :
I seek Revenge ; and, to obtain the fame,
Farewell Regard of Honor, farewell Shame !

LXXIII.

Nor let my Uncle and Protector me
Reprove for this, he most deserves the Blame ;
My Heart and Sex, that weak and tender be,
He bent to Deeds, that Maidens ill became :
His Niece a wand'ring Damsel first made he ;
He spurr'd my Youth, and I cast off my Shame ;
His be the Fault, if ought 'gainst my Estate
I did for Love, or shall commit for Hate.

LXXIV.

This said, her Knights, her Ladies, Pages, Squires,
She all assembles, and for Journey fit
In such fair Arms and Vestures them attires,
As shew'd her Wealth, and well declar'd her Wit,
Then forward marched full of strange Desires ;
Nor rested she by Day or Night one whit,
'Till she came there, where all the *Eastern* Bands,
Their Kings, and Princes, lay on *Gaza's* Sands.



TASSO'S

T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XVII.

I.

G A Z A the City on the Frontier stands
Of *Juda's* Realm, as Men to *Ægypt* ride ;
Built near the Sea ; beside it, of dry Sands
Huge Wilderesses lie, and Deserts wide,
Which the strong Winds lift from the parched Lands,
And tofs, like roaring Waves in roughest Tide ;
That from those Storms poor Passengers almost
No Refuge find, but there are drown'd and lost.

II.

Within this Town, won from the *Turks* of yore,
Strong Garrison the King of *Ægypt* plac'd ;
And, for it nearer was, and fitted more
That high Emprise, to which his Thoughts he cast,
He left great *Memphis*, and to *Gaza* bore
His regal Throne ; and there, from Countries vast
Of his huge Empire, all the puissant Host
Assembled he, and muster'd on the Coast.

III.

Come, say, my Muse, what manner Times these were,
And in those Times how stood the State of Things ;
What Pow'r this Monarch had, what Arms they bear,
What Nations subject, and what Friends he brings :
For from all Lands the *Southern* Ocean near,
Or Morning Star, came Princes, Dukes, and Kings ;
And only thou of Half the World well-nigh
The Armies, Lords, and Captains can'st descry.

IV.

When *Ægypt* from the *Greekish* Emperor
 Rebelled first, and CHRIST's true Faith deny'd,
 Of *Mahomet's* Descent a Warrior
 There set his Throne, and rul'd that Kingdom wide ;
Caliph he hight, and *Caliphs* since that Hour
 Are his Successors named all beside ;
 So *Nilus* old his Kings long Time had seen,
 That *Ptolemies* and *Pharaohs* call'd had been.

V.

Establiſh'd was that Kingdom in ſhort while,
 And grew ſo great, that over *Aſia's* Lands
 And *Lybia's* Realms it ſtretched many a Mile,
 From *Syria's* Coaſts far as *Cirene's* Sands,
 And South-ward paſſed 'gainſt the Courſe of *Nile*,
 Through the hot Clime, where burnt *Siene* ſtands ;
 Hence bounded in with ſandy Deſerts waſte,
 Thence with *Euphrates'* fertile Flood imbrac'd.

VI.

Maremma, Myrrh and Spices that doth bring,
 And all the rich *Red Sea* it comprehends ;
 And to thoſe Lands, toward the Morning-ſpring
 That lye, beyond the Gulph, it far extends :
 Great is that Empire, greater by the King,
 Who rules it now, whoſe Worth the Land amends,
 And makes more famous, Lord thereof by Blood,
 By Wiſdom, Valour, and all Virtues good.

VII.

With *Turks* and *Persians* War he oft did wage,
 And oft he won, and ſometimes loſt the Field ;
 Nor could his adverſe Fortune ought aſſwage
 His Valour's Heat, or make his proud Heart yield ;
 But when he grew unfit for War through Age,
 He ſheath'd his Sword, and laid aſide his Shield ;
 But yet his warlike Mind he laid not down,
 Nor his great Thirſt of Rule, Praise and Renown,

VIII.

VIII.

But by his Knights still cruel Wars maintain'd:
 So wise his Words, so quick his Wit appears,
 That of the Kingdom large, o'er which he reign'd,
 The Charge seem'd not too weighty for his Years:
 His Greatness *Afric's* lesser Kings constrain'd
 To tremble at his Name; all *Inde* him fears;
 And other Realms, that would his Friendship hold,
 Some armed Soldiers sent, some Gifts, some Gold.

IX.

This mighty Prince assembled had the Flow'r
 Of all his Realms against the *Frenchmen* stout,
 To break their rising Empire and their Pow'r;
 Nor of sure Conquest had he Fear or Doubt:
 To him *Armida* came, ev'n at the Hour,
 When in the Plains, old *Gaza's* Walls without,
 The Lords and Leaders all their Armies bring,
 Muster'd in Battle 'ray before their King.

X.

He on his Throne was set, to which in Height
 Who clomb, an hundred iv'ry Stairs first told,
 Under a Pendice, wrought of Silver bright,
 And trod on Carpets, made of Silk and Gold:
 His Robes were such, as best befeemen might
 A King so great, so grave, so rich, so old;
 And, twin'd of sixty Ells of Lawn and more,
 A Turban strange adorn'd his Tresses hoar.

XI.

His right-hand did his pretious Scepter wield;
 His Beard was grey, his Looks severe and grave;
 And from his Eyes, not yet made dim with Eild,
 Sparkled his former Worth, and Vigor brave;
 His Gestures all the Majesty upheld
 And State, that his old Age and Empire crave:
 So *Phidias* carv'd; *Apelles* so pardy
 Erst painted *Jove*, *Jove* thund'ring down from Sky.

XII.

XII.

On either Side him stood a noble Lord,
 Whereof the first held in his upright Hand
 Of steady Justice the impartial Sword;
 The other bore the Seal, and Causes scann'd,
 Keeping his Folk in Peace and good Accord,
 And termed was *Lord Chanc'llor* of the Land;
 The first *Lord Marshall* was, and us'd to lead
 His Armies forth to War, oft with good Speed.

XIII.

Of bold *Circassians* with their Halberts long
 About his Throne his Guard stood in a Ring,
 All richly arm'd in gilden Corsets strong,
 And by their Sides their crooked Swords down hing:
 Thus set, thus seated his grave Lords among,
 His Hosts and Armies great beheld the King;
 And ev'ry Band, as by his Throne it went,
 Their Ensigns low inclin'd, and Arms down bent.

XIV.

Their Squadrons first the Men of *Ægypt* show
 In four brave Troops, and each their sev'ral Guide;
 Of the high Country two, two of the low,
 Which *Nile* had won out of the salt Sea Side;
 His fertil Slime first stopt the Waters Flow,
 Then harden'd to firm Land the Plough to bide;
 So *Ægypt* still increas'd; within far plac'd
 That Part is now, where Ships erst Anchor cast.

XV.

The foremost Band the People were, who dwell'd
 In *Alexandria's* rich and fertil Plain
 Along the *Western* Shore, whence *Nile* expell'd
 The greedy Billows of the swelling Main;
Arapes was their Guide, who more excell'd
 In Wit and Craft, than Strength or warlike Pain;
 To place an Ambush close, or to devise
 A Treason false, was none so sly, so wise.

XVI.

XVI.

The People next, who 'gainst the Morning Rays
 Along the Coasts of *Asia* have their Seat ;
Arontes led them, whom no warlike Praise
 Ennobled, but high Birth, and Titles great ;
 His Helm ne'er made him sweat in toilsom Frays,
 Nor was his Sleep e'er broke with Trumpet's Threat ;
 But from soft Ease, to try the Toil of Fight,
 His fond Ambition brought this carpet Knight.

- XVII.

The third seem'd not a Troop or Squadron small,
 But an huge Host ; nor seem'd it, so much Grain
 In *Ægypt* grew, as to sustain them all ;
 Yet from one Town thereof came all that Train,
 A Town, large as a Shire, within it's Wall
 That did a thousand Streets and more contain,
 Great *Cairo* hight, whose Commons from each Side
 Came swarming out to War, *Campson* their Guide.

XVIII.

Next, under *Gazel*, marched they, that plough
 The fertil Lands, above that Town which lie,
 Up to the Place where *Nilus*, tumbling low,
 Falls from his second Cataract from high :
 Th' *Ægyptians* weapon'd were with Sword and Bow ;
 No Weight of Helm or Hawberk list they try ;
 And, richly arm'd, in their strong Foes no Dread
 Of Death, but great Desire of Spoil they breed.

XIX.

The naked Folk of *Barca* these succeed,
 Unarmed half ; *Alarcon* led that Band,
 Who long in Deserts liv'd, in extreme Need,
 On Spoils and Preys, purchas'd by Strength of Hand :
 To Battle strong unfit, their King did lead
 His Army next, brought from *Zumara* Land ;
 Then He of *Tripoli*, for sudden Fight
 And Skirmish short both ready, bold, and light.

XX.

XX.

Two Captains next brought forth their Bands to Show,
 Whom stony sent, and happy *Araby*,
 Which never felt the Cold of Frost and Snow,
 Or Force of burning Heat, unless *Fame* lye ;
 Where Incense pure, and all sweet Odours grow ;
 Where the sole Phoenix doth revive, not dye,
 And mid'st the Perfumes rich, and Flow'rets brave,
 Both Birth and Burial, Cradle hath and Grave :

XXI.

Their Cloaths not rich, their Garments were not gay ;
 But Weapons, like th' *Egyptian* Troops, they had.
 Th' *Arabians* next, that have no certain Stay,
 No House, no Home, no Mansion good or bad ;
 But ever, as the *Scythian* Hordas stray,
 From Place to Place their wand'ring Cities gad ;
 These have both Voice and Stature feminine ;
 Hair long and black, black Face, and fiery Eyne :

XXII.

Long *Indian* Canes, with Iron arm'd, they bear ;
 And, as upon their nimble Steeds they ride,
 Like a swift Storm their speedy Troops appear,
 If Winds so fast bring Storms from Heavens wide :
 By *Syphax* led the first *Arabians* were ;
Aldine the second Squadron had to guide ;
 And *Abiazer* proud brought to the Fight
 The third, a Thief, a Murderer, not a Knight.

XXIII.

The Islanders came then their Prince before,
 Whose Lands *Arabia's* Gulph inclos'd about,
 Wherein they fish, and gather Oysters store,
 Whose pregnant Shells the rich, round Pearl pour out.
 The *Red* Sea sent with them from his left Shore
 Of *Negros* grim a black and ugly Rout ;
 These *Agricault*, and those *Osmida* brought,
 A Man who set Law, Faith, and Truth at nought.

XXIV.

XXIV.

The *Æthiops* next, whom *Meroe* doth breed,
 That sweet and gentle Isle of *Meroe*,
 'Twixt *Nile* and *Astrabore* that far doth spread,
 Where two Religions are, and Kingdoms three :
 These *Affamiro*, and *Canario* led;
 Both Kings, both *Pagans*, and both Subjects be
 To the great *Caliph* ; but the third King kept
 CHRIST's sacred Faith, nor to these Wars out-stept.

XXV.

After, two Kings, both Subjects also, ride,
 And of two Bands of Archers had the Charge ;
 The first *Soldan* of *Orms*, plac'd in the wide,
 Huge *Persian* Bay, a Town, rich, fair and large ;
 The last of *Bæcan*, which at ev'ry Tide
 The Sea cuts off from *Persia's* Southern Marge,
 And makes an Isle ; but, when it ebbs again,
 The Passage there is sandy, dry and plain.

XXVI.

Nor thee, great *Altamore*, in her chaste Bed
 Thy loving Queen kept with her dear Imbrace ;
 She tore her Locks, she smote her Breast, and shed
 Salt Tears, to make thee stay in that sweet Place :
 Seem the rough Seas more calm, cruel, she said,
 Than the mild Looks of thy kind Spouse's Face ?
 Or is thy Shield, with Blood and Dust defil'd,
 A dearer Arm-full than thy tender Child ?

XXVII.

This was the mighty King of *Sarmachand*,
 A Captain wise, well skill'd in Feats of War,
 In Courage fierce, matchless for Strength of Hand ;
 Great was his Praise, his Force was noised far :
 His Worth right well the *Frenchmen* understand,
 By whom his Virtues lov'd and feared are ;
 His Men were arm'd with Helms and Hawberks strong,
 And by their Sides broad Swords and Maces hung.

C c c

XXVIII.

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XXVIII.

Then, from the Mansions bright of fresh *Aurore*,
Adrastus came, the glorious King of *Inde* ;
 A Snake's green Skin, spotted with black, he wore,
 That was made rich by Art, and hard by Kind :
 An Elephant this furious Giant bore,
 He fierce as Fire, his Monture swift as Wind ;
 Much People brought he from his Kingdoms wide,
 'Twixt *Indus*, *Ganges*, and the salt Sea Side.

XXIX.

The King's own Troop came next, a chosen Crew,
 Of all the Camp the Strength, the Crown, the Flow'r ;
 Wherein each Soldier had with Honors due
 Rewarded been for Service, ere that Hour :
 Their Arms were strong for Need, and fair for Shew ;
 Upon fierce Steeds well mounted rode this Pow'r,
 And Heav'n itself with the clear Splendor shone
 Of their bright Armour, Purple, Gold and Stone :

XXX.

'Mongst these *Alarce* fierce, and *Odemare*
 The Muster-master was, and *Hidraort*,
 And *Rimedes*, whose Rashness took no Care
 To shun Death's bitter Stroke in Field or Fort :
Tigranes, *Rapold* stern, the Men that fare
 By Sea, that robbed in each Creek and Port ;
Ormond ; and *Marlabust*, th' *Arabian* nam'd,
 Because that Land rebellious he reclaim'd :

XXXI.

There *Pirga*, *Arimon*, *Orindo* are ;
Brimart, the Scaler ; and with him *Swifant*,
 The Breaker of wild Horses, brought from far ;
 Then the great Wrestler, strong *Aridamant* ;
 And *Tisiphern*, the Thunderbolt of War,
 Whom none surpass'd, whom none to match durst vaunt
 At Tilt, at Turnay, or in Combat brave,
 With Spear or Lance, with Sword, with Mace or Glave :

XXXII.

XXXII.

A false *Arminian* did this Squadron guide,
 Who in his Youth from CHRIST's true Faith and Light
 To the blind Lore of *Paganism* did slide,
 Who *Clement* late, now *Emireno* high;
 Yet to his King he faithfull was, and try'd
 True in all Causes, his in Wrong and Right;
 A cunning Leader, and a Soldier bold;
 For Strength and Courage, young; for Wisdom, old.

XXXIII.

When all these Regiments were past and gone,
 Appear'd *Armide*; and came her Troop to show,
 Set in a Chariot, bright with pretious Stone,
 Her Gown tuck'd up, and in her Hand a Bow:
 In her sweet Face her new Displeasures shone,
 Mix'd with the native Beauties, there which grow,
 And quicken'd so her Looks, that in sharp Wise
 It seems she threats, and yet her Threats intice.

XXXIV.

Her Chariot, like *Aurora's* glorious Wain,
 With Carbuncles and Jacinths glister'd round;
 The Driver guided with the golden Rein
 Four Unicorns, by Couples yok'd and bound:
 Of Squires and lovely Ladies hundreds twain,
 Whose ratling Quivers at their Backs resound,
 On milk-white Steeds wait on the Chariot bright,
 Their Steeds, to Menage ready, swift to Flight.

XXXV.

Follow'd her Troop, led forth by *Aradin*,
 Which *Hidraort* from *Syria's* Kingdom sent:
 As when the new-born Phoenix doth begin
 To fly to *Æthiop* ward, at the fair Bent
 Of her rich Wings, strange Plumes, and Feathers thin,
 Her Crowns and Chains, with native Gold besprent,
 The World amazed stands, and with her fly
 An Host of wond'ring Birds, that sing and cry;

XXXVI.

So pass'd *Armida*, look'd on, gaz'd on so,
 A wond'rous Dame in Habit, Gesture, Face;
 There liv'd no Wight, to Love so great a Foe,
 But wish'd, and long'd those Beauties to imbrace:
 Scant seen, with Anger fullen, sad for Woe,
 She conquer'd all the Lords and Knights in Place;
 Her Sorrows past, in Love what would she do,
 When her fair Eyes, her Looks, her Smiles shall woo?

XXXVII.

She past, the King commanded *Emiren*
 Of his rich Throne to mount the lofty Stage,
 To whom his Host, his Army, and his Men
 He would commit, now in his graver Age:
 With stately Grace the Man approached then;
 His Looks his coming Honor did presage;
 The Guard asunder cleit, and Passage made;
 He to the Throne up-went, and there he stay'd:

XXXVIII.

To Earth he cast his Eyes, and bent his Knee;
 To whom the King thus 'gan his Will explain.
 To thee this Scepter, *Emiren*, to thee
 These Armies I commit; my Place sustain
 'Mongst them; go set the King of *Juda* free,
 And let the *Frenchmen* feel my just Disdain;
 Go meet them, conquer them, leave none alive,
 Or those, that 'scape from Battle, bring captive.

XXXIX.

Thus spake the Tyrant, and the Scepter laid
 With all his sov'reign Pow'r upon the Knight:
 I take this Scepter at your Hand, he said,
 And with your happy Fortune go to Fight;
 And trust, my Lord, in your great Virtue's Aid,
 To venge all *Asia*'s Harms, her Wrongs to right;
 Nor ere but Victor will I see your Face;
 Our Overthrow shall Death bring, not Disgrace.

XL.

XL.

Heav'ns grant, if Ill (yet no Mishap I dread)
Or Harm they threaten 'gainst these Troops of thine,
That all that Mischief fall upon my Head ;
Theirs be the Conquest, and the Danger mine ;
And let them safe bring Home their Captain dead,
Bury'd in Pomp of Triumph's glorious Shine.

He ceas'd, and then a Murmur loud up-went,
With Noise of Joy, and Sound of Instrument.

XLI.

Amid the Noise and Shout up-rose the King,
Invironed with many a noble Peer,
That to his royal Tent the Monarch bring ;
And there he feasted them, and made them Chear :
To ev'ry one he talk'd, and carv'd each Thing ;
The greatest honour'd, meanest graced were ;
And while this Mirth, this Joy and Feast doth last,
Armida found fit Time her Nets to cast :

XLII.

But when the Feast was done, she, that espy'd
All Eyes on her fair Visage fix'd and bent,
And by true Notes and certain Signs descry'd,
How Love's impoison'd Fire their Entrails brent,
Arose, and where the King sat in his Pride,
With stately Pace and humble Gestures went ;
And, as she could, in Looks and Voice she strove
Fierce, stern, bold, angry, and severe to prove.

XLIII.

Great Emperor, behold me here, she said,
For thee, my Country, and my Faith to fight ;
A Dame, a Virgin, but a royal Maid,
And worthy seems this War a Princess hight ;
For by the Sword the Scepter is upstay'd ;
This Hand can use them both with Skill and Might ;
This Hand of mine can strike, and at each Blow
Thy Foes and ours kill, wound, and overthrow.

XLIV.

XLIV.

Nor yet suppose, this is the foremost Day,
 Wherein to War I bent my noble Thought ;
 But, for the Surety of thy Realms, and Stay
 Of our Religion true, ere this I wrought :
 Yourself best know, if this be true I say,
 Or if my former Deeds rejoyc'd you ought,
 When *Godfrey's* hardy Knights and Princes strong
 I captive took, and held in Bondage long :

XLV.

I took them, bound them, and so sent them bound
 To thee, a noble Gift, with whom they had
 Condemned low in Dungeon under Ground
 For ever dwelt, in Woe and Torment sad,
 (So might thine Host an easy Way have found
 To end this doubtfull War with Conquest glad)
 Had not *Rinaldo* fierce my Knights all slain,
 And set those Lords, his Friends, at large again :

XLVI.

Rinaldo is well known—— (and there a long
 And true Rehearsal made she of his Deeds)
 This is the Knight, who since hath done me Wrong,
 Wrong yet untold, that sharp Revengement needs :
 Displeasure therefore, mix'd with Reason strong,
 This Thirst of War in me, this Courage breeds ;
 Nor, how he injur'd me, Time serves to tell ;
 Let this suffice——I seek Revengement fell,

XLVII.

And will procure it ; for all Shafts that fly,
 Light not in vain, some work the Shooter's Will ;
 And *Jove's* right Hand with Thunders cast from Sky
 Takes open Vengeance oft for secret Ill ;
 But if some Champion dare this Knight defy
 To mortal Battle, and by Fight him kill,
 And with his hatefull Head will me present,
 That Gift my Soul shall please, my Heart content ;

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

So please, that for Reward enjoy he shall
 The greatest Gift I can or may afford —
 Myself, my Beauty, Wealth and Kingdoms all ;
 To marry him, and take him for my Lord,
 This Promise will I keep, whate'er befall,
 And thereto bind myself by Oath and Word :
 Now he that deems this Purchase worth his Pain,
 Let him step forth and speak ; I none disdain.

XLIX.

While thus the Princess said, his hungry Eyne
Adraftus fed on her sweet Beauty's Light ;
 The Gods forbid, quoth he, one Shaft of thine
 Should be discharg'd 'gainst that discourteous Knight ;
 His Heart unworthy is, Shootrefs divine,
 Of thine Artillery to feel the Might ;
 To wreak thine Ire behold me prest and fit ;
 I will his Head cut off, and bring thee it :

L.

I will his Heart with this sharp Sword divide,
 And to the Vultures cast his Carcass out.
 Thus threaten'd he ; but *Tisiphern* envy'd
 To hear his glorious Vaunt, his Boasting stout,
 And said ; but who art thou, that so great Pride
 Thou shew'st before the King, me, and this Rout ?
 Pardie there here are some, whose Worth exceeds
 Thy Vaunting much, yet boast not of their Deeds.

LI.

The *Indian* fierce reply'd ; I am the Man
 Whose Acts his Words and Boasts have aye surpass'd ;
 But if elsewhere the Words, thou now began,
 Had utter'd been, that Speech had been thy last.
 Thus quarrell'd they ; the Monarch staid them then,
 And 'twixt the angry Knights his Scepter cast ;
 Then to *Armida* said : fair Queen, I see
 Thy Heart is stout, thy Thoughts courageous be ;

LII.

LII.

Thou worthy art, that their Disdain and Ire
 At thy Commands these Knights should both appease,
 That 'gainst thy Foe their Courage, Wrath and Fire
 Thou may'st employ, both when and where you please :
 There all their Pow'r and Force, and what Desire
 They have to serve thee, may they shew at Ease.

The Monarch held his Peace, when this was said,
 And they new Proffer of their Service made :

LIII.

Nor they alone, but all, that famous were
 In Feats of Arms, boast that he shall be dead ;
 All offer her their Aid ; all say and swear
 To take Revenge on his condemned Head :
 So many Arms mov'd she against her Dear,
 And swore her Darling under Foot to tread.

But he, since first th' enchanted Isle he left,
 Safe in his Barge the roaring Waves still cleft ;

LIV.

By the same Way return'd the well-taught Boat,
 By which it came, and made like Haste, like Speed ;
 The friendly Wind, upon the Sail that smote,
 So turn'd, as to return the Ship had Need :
 The Youth sometimes the *Pole* or *Bear* did note,
 Or wand'ring Stars, which clearest Nights forth spread ;
 Sometimes the Floods, the Hills, or Mountains steep,
 Whose woody Fronts o'er-shade the silent Deep.

LV.

Now of the Camp the Man the State inquires,
 Now asks the Customs strange of sundry Lands,
 And sail'd, 'till clad in Beams and bright Attires
 The fourth Day's Sun on th' *Eastern* Threshold stands :
 But when the *Western* Seas had quench'd those Fires,
 Their Frigate struck against the Shore and Sands ;
 Then spoke their Guide——The Land of *Palestine*
 This is ; here must your Journey end, and mine.

LVI.

LVI.

The Knights she set upon the Shore all three,
And vanish'd thence in Twinkling of an Eye.
Up-rose the Night, in whose deep Blackness be
All Colours hid of Things in Earth or Sky ;
Nor could they House, or Hold, or Harbour see,
Or in that Desert Sign of Dwelling spy,
Nor Track of Man or Horse, or ought that might
Inform them of some Path, or Passage right.

LVII.

When they had mus'd what Way they travel should,
From the waste Shore their Steps at last they twin'd,
And lo ! far off at last their Eyes behold
Something, they wist not what, that clearly shin'd,
With Rays of Silver, and with Beams of Gold,
Which the dark Folds of Night's black Mantle lin'd ;
Forward they went, and marched 'gainst the Light,
To find and see the Thing, that shone so bright.

LVIII.

High on a Tree they saw an Armour new,
That glister'd bright 'gainst *Cynthia's* silver Ray ;
Therein, like Stars in Skies, the Diamonds shew,
Fret in the gilden Helm, and Hawberk gay :
The mighty Shield all scored full they view
Of Pictures fair, ranged in meet Array ;
To keep them sat an aged Man beside,
Who to salute them rose, when them he spy'd.

LIX.

The twain, who first were sent in this Pursuit,
Of their wise Friend well knew the aged Face ;
But when the Wizard sage their first Salute
Receiv'd, and quited had with kind Imbrace,
To the young Prince, who silent stood and mute,
He turn'd his Speech—— In this unused Place
For you alone I wait, my Lord, quoth he ;
My chiefest Care your State and Welfare be :

Ddd

XL.

LX.

For, though you wot it not, I am your Friend,
 And for your Profit work, as these can tell ;
 I taught them, how *Armida's* Charms to end,
 And bring you hither from *Love's* hatefull Cell :
 Now to my Words, though sharp perchance, attend,
 Nor be aggriev'd, although they seem too fell ;
 But keep them well in Mind, 'till in the Truth
 A wife and holier Man instruct thy Youth.

LXI.

Not underneath sweet Shades, and Fountains shrill,
 Among the Nymphs, the Fairies, Leaves and Flow'rs,
 But on the Steep, the rough, and craggy Hill
 Of Virtue stands this Bliss, this Good of ours :
 By Toil and Travel, not by sitting still
 In Pleasure's Lap, we come to Honor's Bow'rs ;
 Why will you thus in Sloth's deep Valley lye ?
 The royal Eagles on high Mountains fly.

LXII.

Nature lifts up thy Forehead to the Skies,
 And fills thy Heart with high and noble Thought,
 That thou to Heav'n ward aye should'st lift thine Eyes,
 And purchase Fame by Deeds well done and wrought ;
 She gives thee Ire, by which hot Courage flies
 To Conquest, not through Brawls and Battles, fought
 For civil Jars, nor that thereby you might
 Your wicked Malice wreak, and curfed Spite ;

LXIII.

But that your Strength, spurr'd forth with noble Wrath,
 With greater Fury might CHRIST'S Foes assault ;
 And that you bridle should with lesser Scathe
 Each secret Vice, and kill each inward Fault :
 For so his godly Anger ruled hath
 Each righteous Man beneath Heav'n's starry Vault,
 And at his Will makes it now hot now cold,
 Now lets it run, now doth it fetter'd hold.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Thus parled he; *Rinaldo*, hush'd and still,
 Great Wisdom heard in those few Words compild;
 He mark'd his Speech; a purple Blush did fill
 His guilty Cheeks; down went his Eye-sight mild:
 The Hermit by his bashfull Looks his Will
 Well understood, and said; look up, my Child,
 And painted in this pretious Shield behold
 The glorious Deeds of thy Fore-fathers old.

LXV.

Thine Elders Glory herein see and know,
 In Virtue's Path how they trod all their Days,
 Whom thou art far behind, a Runner slow
 In this true Course of Honor, Fame, and Praise:
 Up, up, thyself incite by the fair Show
 Of knightly Worth, which this bright Shield bewrays;
 That be thy Spur to Fame. At last the Knight
 Look'd up, and on those Portraits bent his Sight.

LXVI.

The cunning Workman had in little Space
 Infinite Shapes of Men there well express'd;
 For there described was the worthy Race
 And Pedigree of all the House of *Est*:
 Come from a *Roman* Spring, o'er all the Place
 Flowed pure Streams of Crystal *East* and *West*:
 With Laurel crowned stood the Princes old;
 Their Battles and their Wars the Hermit told.

LXVII.

He shew'd him *Caius* first, when first in Prey
 To People strange the falling Empire went,
 First Prince of *Est*, who did the Scepter sway
 O'er such, as chose him Lord by free Consent;
 His weaker Neighbours to his Rule obey;
 Need made them stoop, Constraint did force Content:
 After, when Lord *Honorius* call'd the Train
 Of savage *Goths* into his Land again,

Ddd 2

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

And when all *Italy* did burn and flame
 With bloody War, by this fierce People made,
 When *Rome* a Captive and a Slave became,
 And to be quite destroy'd was most afraid,
Aurelius, to his ever-lasting Fame,
 Preserv'd in Peace the Folk, that him obey'd :
 Next whom was *Forest*, who the Rage withstood
 Of the bold *Hunns*, and of their Tyrant proud.

LXIX.

Known by his Look was *Attila* the fell,
 Whose Dragon Eyes shone bright with Anger's Spark,
 Worse faced than a Dog; who view'd him well,
 Suppos'd, they saw him grin, and heard him bark ;
 But, when in single Fight he lost the Bell,
 How through his Troops he fled, there might you mark,
 And how Lord *Forest* after fortify'd
Aquila's Town, and how for that he dy'd ;

LXX.

For there was wrought the fatal End and Fine
 Both of himself, and of the Town he kept :
 But his great Son, renowned *Acarine*,
 Into his Father's Place and Honor stept.
 To cruel Fate, not to the *Hunns*, *Altine*
 Gave Place, and when Time serv'd again, forth lept ;
 And in the Vale of *Po* built for his Seat,
 Of many a Village small, a City great :

LXXI.

Against the swelling Flood he bank'd it strong,
 And thence uprose the fair and noble Town,
 Where they of *Est* should by Succession long
 Command, and rule in Bliss, and high Renown :
 'Gainst *Odoacer* then he fought ; but Wrong
 Oft spoileth Right, Fortune treads Courage down ;
 For there he dy'd for his dear Country's sake,
 And of his Father's Praise did so partake :

LXXII.

LXXII.

With him dy'd *Alphoriso*. *Azza* was
 With his dear Brother into Exile sent ;
 But homewards they in Arms again repass
 (The *Herule* King oppos'd) from Banishment.
 His Front through pierced with a Dart, alas !
 Next them, of *Est* th' *Epaminondas* went,
 Who smiling seem'd to cruel Death to yield,
 When *Totila* was fled, and safe his Shield ;

LXXIII.

Of *Boniface* I speak : *Valerian*,
 His Son, in Praise and Pow'r succeeded him ;
 Who durst sustain, in Years though scant a Man,
 Of the proud *Goths* an hundred Squadrons trim.
 Then he, who 'gainst the *Slaves* much Honor won,
Ernesto, threat'ning stood with Visage grim ;
 Before him *Aldoard*, the *Lombard* stout
 Who from *Monscelse* boldly erst shut out.

LXXIV.

There *Henry* was, and *Berengare* the bold,
 Who serv'd great *Carlo* in his Conquests high ;
 Who in each Battle give the Onset would,
 A hardy Soldier, and a Captain fly ;
 After, Prince *Lewis* did he well uphold
 Against his Nephew, King of *Italy* ;
 He won the Field, and took that King alive :
 Next him stood *Otbo*, with his Children five.

LXXV.

Of *Almeric* the Image next they view,
 Lord Marquis of *Ferrara* first create,
 Founder of many Churches, who upthrew
 His Eyes, like one that us'd to contemplate :
 'Gainst him the second *Azza* stood in Rew,
 With *Berengarius* who did long debate,
 'Till after often Change of Fortune's Strokes,
 He won, and laid on *Italy* the Yoke :

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Albert his Son the *Germans* warr'd among,
 And there his Praise and Fame was spread so wide,
 That having foil'd the *Danes* in Battle strong,
 His Daughter young became great *Otho's* Bride :
 Behind him *Hugo* stood, with Warfare long,
 Who broke the Horn of all the *Romans* Pride ;
 Who of all *Italy* the Marquis hight,
 And *Tuscane* whole possessed as his Right.

LXXVII.

Tedaldo next ; then puissant *Boniface*,
 And *Beatrice* his Dear possess'd the Stage ;
 Nor was there left Heir male of that great Race
 T' enjoy the Scepter, State, and Heritage ;
 The Princess *Maud* alone supply'd the Place,
 Supply'd the Want, in Number, Sex and Age ;
 For far above each Scepter, Throne and Crown,
 The noble Dame advanc'd her Vail and Gown :

LXXVIII.

With man-like Vigor shone her noble Look,
 And more than man-like Wrath her Face o'er-spread ;
 There fled the *Normans*, *Guischard* there forsook
 The Field, 'till then who never fear'd, nor fled :
Henry the fourth she beat, and from him took
 His Standard, and in Church it offered ;
 Which done, the *Pope* back to the *Vatican*
 She brought, and plac'd in *Peter's* Chair again :

LXXIX.

As he, who honour'd her, and held her dear,
Azzo the fifth stood by her lovely Side ;
 But the fourth *Azzo's* Offspring far and near
 Spread forth, and through *Germania* fructify'd :
 Sprung from that Branch did *Guelpho* bold appear,
Guelpho, his Son by *Cunigond* his Bride,
 And, in *Bavaria's* Field transplanted new,
 Flourish'd this *Roman* Graft, increas'd, and grew.

LXXX.

LXXX.

A Branch of *Eſt* there in the *Guelphian* Tree
Ingrafted was, which of itſelf was old ;
Whereon you might the *Guelphos* fairer ſee
Renew their Scepters, and their Crowns of Gold ;
On which Heav'n's good Aſpects ſo bended be,
That high and broad it ſpread, and flouriſh'd bold,
'Till underneath it's glorious Branches lay'd
Half *Germany*, and all beneath it's Shade :

LXXXI.

This regal Plant from it's *Italian* Root
Sprung up as high, and bloſſom'd fair above :
Foreneſt Lord *Guelpho*, *Bertold* iſſu'd out,
With the ſixth *Azzo*, whom all Virtues love.
This was the Pedigree of Worthies ſtout,
Who ſeem'd in that bright Shield to live and move.
Rinaldo waked up, and chear'd his Face,
Seeing theſe Worthies of his Houſe and Race :

LXXXII.

To do like Acts his Courage wiſh'd and fought,
And with that Wiſh transported him ſo far,
That all thoſe Deeds, which filled aye his Thought,
Towns won, Forts taken, Armies kill'd in War,
As if they were Things done in Deed and wrought,
Before his Eyes he thinks they preſent are :
He haſt'ly arms him, and with Hope and Haſte
Sure Conqueſt met, prevented, and imbrac'd.

LXXXIII.

But *Carlo*, who had told the Death and Fall
Of the young Prince of *Danes*, his late dear Lord,
Gave him the fatal Weapon, and withall,
Young Knight, quoth he, take with good Luck this Sword ;
Your juſt, ſtrong, valiant Hand in Battle ſhall
Imploy it long, for CHRIST's true Faith and Word,
And of it's former Lord revenge the Wrongs,
Who lov'd you ſo ; that Deed to you belongs.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

He answer'd; GOD for HIS high Mercy Sake
 Grant that this Hand, which holds this Weapon good,
 For thy dear Master may sharp Vengeance take,
 May cleave the *Pagan's* Heart, and shed his Blood!
 To this but short Reply did *Carlo* make,
 And thank'd him much, nor more on Terms they stood;
 For lo! the Wizard sage, who was their Guide,
 On their dark Journey hastes them forth to ride.

LXXXV.

High Time it is, quoth he, for you to wend,
 Where *Godfrey* you awaits, and many a Knight;
 There may we well arrive, ere Night doth end,
 For through this Darknefs can I guide you right.
 This said, up to his Car they all ascend;
 On it's swift Wheels forth roll'd the Chariot light;
 He gave his Coursers fleet the Rod and Rein,
 And gallop'd forth, and *East*-ward drove amain:

LXXXVI.

And while through Night's dark Shade they silent fly,
 The Hermit thus bespake *Rinaldo* stout:
 Of thy great House, thy Race, thine Offspring high,
 Here hast thou seen the Branch, the Bole, the Root;
 And as these Worthies, born to Chivalry
 And Deeds of Arms, it hath tofore brought out,
 So is it, so it shall be fertil still,
 Nor Time shall end, nor Age that Seed shall kill.

LXXXVII.

Would GOD, as drawn from the forgetfull Lap
 Of antique Time I have thine Elders shown,
 That so I could the Catalogue unwrap
 Of thy great Nephews yet unborn, unknown,
 That ere this Light they view, their Fate and Hap
 I might foretell, and how their Chance is thrown,
 That, like thine Elders, so thou might'st behold
 Thy Children, many, famous, stout, and bold!

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

But not by Art or Skill of Things future
 Can the plain Truth revealed be and told,
 Although some Knowledge doubtfull, dark, obscure,
 We have of coming Haps, in Clouds uproll'd ;
 Nor all, which in this Cause I know for true,
 Dare I foretell ; for of that Father old,
 The Hermit *Peter*, learn'd I much, and he
 Withouten Vail Heav'n's Secrets great doth see :

LXXXIX.

But this, to him reveal'd by Grace divine,
 By him to me declar'd, to thee I say ;
 Never was Race, *Greek*, *Barb'rous*, or *Latins*,
 Great in Times past, or famous at this Day,
 Richer in hardy Knights, than this of thine ;
 Such Blessings Heav'n shall on thy Children lay,
 That they in Fame shall pass, in Praise o'ercome
 The Worthies old of *Sparta*, *Carthage*, *Rome* :

XC.

But 'mongst the rest I chuse *Alphonso* bold,
 In Virtue first, second in Place and Name ;
 He shall be born, when this frail World grows old,
 Corrupted, poor, and bare of Men of Fame :
 Better than he none shall, none can, or could
 The Sword or Scepter use, or guide the same ;
 To rule in Peace, or to command in Fight,
 Thine Offspring's Glory, and thy House's Light.

XCI.

His younger Age Fore-tokens true shall yield
 Of future Valour, Puissance, Force and Might ;
 From him no Rock the savage Beast shall shield,
 At Tilt or Turnay match him shall no Knight :
 After, he conquer shall in pitched Field
 Great Armies, and win Spoils in single Fight ;
 And on his Locks, Reward for knightly Praise,
 Shall Garlands wear of Grasse, of Oak, of Bays.

Ecc

XCII.

XCII.

His graver Age (as well that Eild it fits)
 Shall happy Peace preserve, and Quiet blest ;
 And from his Neighbours strong, 'mongst whom he sits,
 Shall keep his Cities safe in Wealth and Rest ;
 Shall nourish Arts, and cherish pregnant Wits,
 Make Triumphs great, and feast his Subjects best ;
 Reward the good, the ill with Pains torment ;
 Shall Dangers all foresee, and seen prevent :

XCIII.

But if it hap, against those wicked Bands,
 That Sea and Earth infest with Blood and War,
 And in these wretched Times to noble Lands
 Give Laws of Peace, false and unjust that are,
 That he be sent to drive their guilty Hands
 From CHRIST's pure Altars and high Temples far,
 Oh what Revenge, what Vengeance shall he bring
 On that false Sect, and their accursed King !

XCIV.

Too late the *Moors*, too late the *Turkish* King
 'Gainst him shall arm their Troops and Legions bold ;
 For he beyond *Euphrates*' Flood shall bring,
 Beyond the frozen Tops of *Taurus* cold,
 Beyond the Land, where is perpetual Spring,
 The Cross, white Eagle, Lily fair of Gold ;
 And, by baptizing *Æthiopians* brown,
 Of aged *Nile* reveal the Springs unknown.

XCV.

Thus said the Hermit, and his Prophecy
 The Prince accepted with Content and Pleasure ;
 The secret Thought of his Posterity
 Of his concealed Joys heap'd up the Measure.
 Mean while the Morning bright was mounted high,
 And chang'd Heav'n's silver Wealth to golden Treasure ;
 And high above the *Christian* Tents they view,
 How the broad Ensigns trembled, wav'd and blew,

XCVI.

XCVI.

When thus again their Leader sage begun :
See, how bright *Phæbus* clears the darksome Skies !
See, how with gentle Beams the friendly Sun
The Tents, the Towns, the Hills and Dales descries !
Through my well-Guiding is your Voyage done,
From Danger safe, in Travel oft which lies ;
Hence without Fear of Harm, or Doubt of Foe,
March to the Camp ; I may no nearer go.

XCVII.

Thus took he Leave, and made a quick Return,
And forward went the Champions three on Foot ;
And marching right against the rising Morn,
A ready Passage to the Camp found out :
Mean while had speedy Fame the Tidings borne,
That to the Tents approach'd these Barons stout ;
And, starting from his Throne and kingly Seat,
To entertain them rose *Godfredo* great.



T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XVIII.

I.

ARRIV'D where *Godfrey* to imbrace him stood,
My Sov'reign Lord, *Rinaldo* meekly said,
To venge my Wrongs against *Gernando* proud
My Honor's Care provok'd my Wrath unstaid ;
But that I you displeas'd, my Chieftain good,
My Thoughts still grieve, my Heart is still dismay'd ;
And here I come, prest all Exploits to try,
To make me gracious in your gracious Eye.

II.

To him that kneel'd, folding his friendly Arms
About his Neck, the *Duke* this Answer gave.
Let pass such Speeches sad of passed Harms ;
Remembrance is the Life of Grief, it's Grave
Forgetfullness ; and, for Amends, in Arms
Your wonted Valour use, and Courage brave ;
For you alone to happy End must bring
The strong Inchantments of the charmed Spring :

III.

The aged Wood, whence heretofore we got
To build our scaling Engines Timber fit,
Is now the fearfull Seat (but how none wot)
Where ugly Fiends and damned Spirits fit :
To cut one Twig thereof adventures not
The boldest Knight we have, nor without it
This Wall can batter'd be ; where others doubt,
There venture thou, and shew thy Courage stout.

IV.

IV.

Thus said he; and the Knight in Speeches few
Proffer'd his Service to attempt the Thing;
To hard Assays his Courage willing flew;
Praise was no Spur to him, Words were no Sting:
Of his dear Friends then he imbrac'd the Crew,
To welcome him who came; for in a Ring
'Bout him stood *Guelpho*, *Tancred*, and the rest,
Of all the Camp the greatest, chief, and best.

V.

When with the Prince these Lords had iterate
Their Welcomes oft, and oft their dear Imbrace,
Towards the rest of lesser Worth and State
He turn'd, and them receiv'd with gentle Grace:
The merry Soldiers 'bout him shout and prate
With Cries as joyfull; and as chearfull Face,
As if in Triumph's Chariot, bright as Sun,
He had return'd, *Afric* or *Asia* won.

VI.

Thus marched to his Tent the Champion good,
And there sat down with all his Friends around;
Now of the War he ask'd, now of the Wood,
And answer'd each Demand they list propound:
But when they left him to his Ease, up-stood
The Hermit, and fit Time to speak then found:
My Lord, he said, your Travels wond'rous are;
Far have you strayed, erred, wander'd far;

VII.

Much are you bound to GOD above, who brought
You safe from false *Armida*'s charmed Hold,
And thee a straying Sheep, whom once HE bought,
Hath now again reduced to HIS Fold,
And 'gainst HIS *Heathen* Foes, these Men of nought,
Hath chosen thee, in Place next *Godfrey* bold;
Yet may'st thou not, polluted thus with Sin,
In HIS high Service War or Fight begin:

VIII.

VIII.

The World, the Flesh, with their Infection vile
 Pollute thy Thoughts impure, thy Spirit stain;
 Not *Po*, not *Ganges*, not sev'n-mouthed *Nile*,
 Not the wide Seas can wash thee clean again;
 Only to purge all Faults, which thee defile,
 His Blood hath Pow'r, who for thy Sins was slain;
 His Help therefore invoke, to HIM bewray
 Thy secret Faults, mourn, weep, complain and pray.

IX.

This said, the Knight first with the Witch unchaste
 His idle Loves and Follies vain lamented,
 Then, kneeling low, with heavy Looks down cast,
 His other Sins confess'd, and all repented;
 And meekly Pardon crav'd for first and last:
 The Hermit with his Zeal was well contented,
 And said; on yonder Hill next Morn go pray,
 That turns his Forehead 'gainst the Morning Ray;

X.

That done, march to the Wood, whence each one brings
 Such News of Furies, Goblins, Fiends and Sprites;
 The Giants, Monsters, and all dreadfull Things
 Thou shalt subdue, which that dark Grove unites:
 Let no strange Voice, that mourns or sweetly sings,
 Nor Beauty, whose glad Smile frail Hearts delights,
 Within thy Breast make Ruth or Pity rise,
 But their false Looks, and their false Pray'rs despise.

XI.

Thus he advis'd, and the hardy Knight,
 Prepar'd him gladly to this Enterprize;
 Thoughtfull he pass'd the Day, and sad the Night,
 And, ere the silver Morn began to rise,
 His Arms he took, and in a Coat him dight
 Of Colour strange, cut in the warlike Guise;
 Pleas'd with the bold Employ, he left his Tent,
 And, on his Way, sole, silent, forth he went:

XII.

XII.

It was the Time, when 'gainst the breaking Day
 Rebellious Night yet strove, and still repin'd;
 For in the *East* appear'd the Morning grey,
 And yet some Lamps in *Jove's* high Palace shin'd,
 When to Mount *Olivet* he took his Way,
 And saw, as round about his Eyes he twin'd,
 Night's Shadows hence, from thence the Morning's Shine;
 This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine:

XIII.

Thus to himself he thought; how many bright,
 And splendent Lamps shine in Heav'n's Temple high!
 Day hath his golden Sun, her Moon the Night,
 Her fix'd and wand'ring Stars the azure Sky;
 So framed all by their CREATOR's Might,
 That still they live and shine, and ne'er shall dye,
 'Till, in a Moment, with the last Day's Brand
 They burn, and with them burn Sea, Air, and Land.

XIV.

Thus as he mused, to the Top he went,
 And there kneel'd down with Reverence and Fear;
 His Eyes upon Heav'n's *Eastern* Face he bent;
 His Thoughts above all Heav'ns up-lifted were ——
 The Sins and Errors, which I now repent,
 Of my unbridled Youth, O FATHER dear,
 Remember not, but let thy Mercy fall,
 And purge my Faults and my Offenses all.

XV.

Thus prayed he; with purple Wings up-flew
 In golden Weed the Morning's lusty Queen,
 Begilding, with the radiant Beams she threw,
 His Helm, his Harness, and the Mountain green:
 Upon his Breast and Forehead gently blew
 The Air, that Balm and Nardus breath'd unseen;
 And o'er his Head, let down from clearest Skies,
 A Cloud of pure and pretious Dew there flies:

XVI.

400 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

XVI.

The heav'nly Dew was on his Garments spread,
To which compar'd, his Cloaths pale Ashes seem,
And sprinkled so, that all that Palenefs fled,
And thence of purest White bright Rays out-stream :
So cheared are the Flow'rs, late withered,
With the sweet Comfort of the Morning Beam ;
And so, return'd to Youth, a Serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native Gold.

XVII.

The lovely Whitenefs of his changed Weed
The Prince perceived well, and long admir'd ;
Toward the Forest march'd he on with Speed,
Resolv'd, as such Adventures great requir'd :
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for Dread
Of that strange Desert's Sight, the first retir'd ;
But not to him fearfull or loathsom made
That Forest was, but sweet with pleasant Shade.

XVIII.

Forward he pass'd, and in the Grove before,
He heard a Sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was ;
There roll'd a crystal Brook with gentle Roar,
There sigh'd the Winds, as through the Leaves they pass ;
There did the Nightingale her Wrongs deplore,
There sung the Swan, and singing dy'd, alas !
There Lute, Harp, Cittern, human Voice he heard,
And all these Sounds one Sound right well declar'd.

XIX.

A dreadful Thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged Trees and Plants well nigh that rent,
Yet heard the Nymphs and Syrens afterward,
Birds, Winds, and Waters, sing with sweet Consent ;
Whereat amaz'd, he stay'd, and well prepar'd
For his Defense, heedfull and slow forth-went ;
Nor in his Way his Passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent Flood :

XX.

XX.

On the green Banks, which that fair Stream in-bound,
Flowers and Odours sweetly smil'd and smell'd,
Which reaching out his stretched Arms around,
All the large Desert in his Bosom held,
And through the Grove one Channel Passage found ;
This in the Wood, in that the Forest dwell'd :
Trees clad the Streams, Streams green those Trees aye made,
And so exchang'd their Moisture and their Shade.

XXI.

The Knight some Way sought out the Flood to pass,
And, as he sought, a wond'rous Bridge appear'd ;
A Bridge of Gold, an huge and mighty Mass,
On Arches great of that rich Metal rear'd :
When through that golden Way he enter'd was,
Down fell the Bridge ; swelled the Stream, and wear'd
The Work away, nor Sign left, where it stood,
And of a River calm became a Flood.

XXII.

He turn'd, amaz'd to see it troubled so,
Like sudden Brooks, increas'd with molten Snow ;
The Billows fierce, that tossed to and fro,
The Whirlpools suck'd down to their Bosoms low ;
But on he went to search for Wonders mo,
Through the thick Trees, there high and broad which grow ;
And in that Forest huge, and Desert wide,
The more he sought, more Wonders still he spy'd :

XXIII.

Where e'er he stepp'd, it seem'd the joyfull Ground
Renew'd the Verdure of her flow'ry Weed ;
A Fountain here, a Well-spring there he found ;
Here bud the Roses, there the Lilies spread :
The aged Wood o'er and about him round
Flourish'd with Blossoms new, new Leaves, new Seed ;
And on the Boughs and Branches of those Treen
The Bark was soften'd, and renew'd the Green :

Fff

XXIV.

XXIV.

The Manna on each Leaf did pearled lye ;
 The Honey stilled from the tender Rind :
 Again he heard that wond'rous Harmony
 Of Songs, and sweet Complaints of Lovers kind ;
 The human Voices sung a Treble high,
 To which respond the Birds, the Streams, the Wind ;
 But yet unseen those Nymphs, those Singers were,
 Unseen the Lutes, Harps, Viols, which they bear.

XXV.

He look'd, he listen'd, yet his Thoughts deny'd
 To think that true, which he did hear and see :
 A Myrtle in an ample Plain he spy'd,
 And thither by a beaten Path went he ;
 The Myrtle spread her mighty Branches wide,
 Higher than Pine, or Palm, or Cypress Tree,
 And far above all other Plants was seen
 That Forest's Lady, and that Desert's Queen.

XXVI.

Upon the Tree his Eyes *Rinaldo* bent,
 And there a Marvel great and strange began ;
 An aged Oak beside him cleft and rent,
 And from his fertil, hollow Womb, forth ran,
 Clad in rare Weeds and strange Habiliment,
 A Nymph, for Age able to go to Man ;
 An hundred Plants beside, ev'n in his Sight,
 Childed an hundred Nymphs, so great, so dight.

XXVII.

Such as on Stages play, such as we see
 The *Dryads* painted, whom wild *Satyrs* love,
 Whose Arms half-naked, Locks untrussed be,
 With Buskins laced on their Legs above,
 And filken Robes tuck'd short above their Knee,
 Such seem'd the *Sylvan* Daughters of this Grove ;
 Save, that instead of Shafts and Bows of Tree,
 She bore a Lute, a Harp or Cittern she :

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

And wantonly they cast them in a Ring,
 And sung and danc'd to move his weaker Sense,
Rinaldo round about invironing,
 As does it's Center the Circumference;
 The Tree they compass'd eke, and 'gan to sing,
 That Woods and Streams admir'd their Excellence——
 Welcome, dear Lord, welcome to this sweet Grove,
 Welcome, our Lady's Hope, welcome, her Love!

XXIX.

Thou com'st to cure our Princess, faint and sick
 For Love, for Love of thee, faint, sick, distress'd;
 Late black, late dreadfull was this Forest thick,
 Fit Dwelling for sad Folk, with Grief oppress'd;
 See, with thy Coming how the Branches quick
 Revived are, and in new Blossoms dress'd!
 This was their Song; and after from it went
 First a sweet Sound, and then the Myrtle rent.

XXX.

If antique Times admir'd *Silenus* old,
 Who oft appear'd set on his lazy Afs,
 How would they wonder, if they had behold
 Such Sight, as from the Myrtle high did pass!
 Thence came a Lady fair with Locks of Gold,
 That like in Shape, in Face, and Beauty was
 To fair *Armida*; *Rinaldo* thinks he spies
 Her Gestures, Smiles, and Glances of her Eyes:

XXXI.

On him a sad and smiling Look she cast,
 Which twenty Passions strange at once bewrays;
 And art thou come, quoth she, return'd at last
 To her, from whom but late thou ran'st thy Ways?
 Com'st thou to comfort me for Sorrows past,
 To ease my widow Nights, and carefull Days?
 Or comest thou to work me Grief and Harm?
 Why wilt thou speak, why not thy Face disarm?

XXXII.

Com'st thou a Friend or Foe? I did not frame
 That golden Bridge to entertain my Foe;
 Nor open'd Flow'rs and Fountains, as you came,
 To welcome him with Joy, who brings me Woe:
 Put off thy Helm; rejoice me with the Flame
 Of thy bright Eyes, whence first my Fires did grow;
 Kiss me, imbrace me; if you further venture,
 Love keeps the Gate, the Fort is eath to enter.

XXXIII.

Thus as she woos, she rolls her ruefull Eyes
 With piteous Look, and changeth oft her Chear;
 An hundred Sighs from her false Heart up-fly;
 She sobs, she mourns, it is great Ruth to hear:
 The hardest Breast sweet Pity mollifies;
 What stony Heart resists a Woman's Tear?
 But yet the Knight, wise, wary, not unkind,
 Drew forth his Sword, and from her careless twin'd:

XXXIV.

Towards the Tree he march'd; she thither start,
 Before him stepp'd, imbrac'd the Plant, and cry'd——
 Ah! never do me such a spitefull Part,
 To cut my Tree, this Forest's Joy and Pride;
 Put up thy Sword, else pierce therewith the Heart
 Of thy forsaken and despis'd *Armide*;
 For through this Breast, and through this Heart, unkind,
 To this fair Tree thy Sword shall Passage find.

XXXV.

He list his Brand, nor car'd, though oft she pray'd,
 And she her Form to other Shape did change;
 Such Monsters huge, when Men in Dreams are laid,
 Oft in their idle Fancies roam and range:
 Her Body swell'd, her Face obscure was made;
 Vanish'd her Garments rich, and Vestures strange;
 A Giants before him high she stands,
 Arm'd, like *Briareus*, with an hundred Hands:

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

With fifty Swords, and fifty Targets bright
 She threaten'd Death, she roar'd, she cry'd and fought ;
 Each other Nymph, in Armour likewise dight,
 A *Cyclops* great became ; he fear'd them nought,
 But on the Myrtle smote with all his Might,
 Which groan'd, like living Souls, to Death nigh brought ;
 The Sky seem'd *Pluto's* Court, the Air seem'd Hell,
 Therein such Monsters roar, such Spirits yell :

XXXVII.

Lighten'd the Heav'n above, the Earth below
 Roared aloud ; that thunder'd, and this shook :
 Bluster'd the Tempests strong ; the Whirlwinds blow ;
 The bitter Storm drove Hailstones in his Look ;
 But yet his Arm grew neither weak nor slow,
 Nor of that Fury Heed or Care he took,
 'Till low to Earth the wounded Tree down bended ;
 Then fled the Spirits all, the Charms all ended.

XXXVIII.

The Heav'ns grew clear, the Air wax'd calm and still,
 The Wood returned to it's wonted State,
 Of Witchcrafts free, quite void of Spirits ill,
 Of Horror full, but Horror there innate :
 He further try'd, if ought withstood his Will
 To cut those Trees, as did the Charms of late,
 And finding nought to stop him, smil'd and said ——
 O Shadows vain ! O Fools, of Shades afraid !

XXXIX.

From thence home to the Camp-ward turn'd the Knight ;
 The Hermit cry'd, up-starting from his Seat,
 Now of the Wood the Charms have lost their Might ;
 The Sprites are conquer'd, ended is the Feat ;
 See where he comes ! —— Array'd in glitt'ring White
 Appear'd the Man, bold, stately, high and great ;
 His Eagle's silver Wings to shine begun
 With wond'rous Splendor 'gainst the golden Sun.

XL.

XL.

The Camp receiv'd him with a joyfull Cry,
 A Cry, the Hills and Dales about that fill'd ;
 Then *Godfrey* welcom'd him with Honors high ;
 His Glory quench'd all Spite, all Envy kill'd :
 To yonder dreadfull Grove, quoth he, went I,
 And from the fearfull Wood, as me you will'd,
 Have driv'n the Sprites away ; thither let be
 Your People sent, the Way is safe and free.

XLI.

Sent were the Workmen thither ; thence they brought
 Timber enough, by good Advice select ;
 And though, by skillefs Builders fram'd and wrought,
 Their Rams and Engines rude were late erect,
 Yet now the Forts and Tow'rs, from whence they fought,
 Were framed by a cunning Architect,
 William, the *Genoa* Admiral and Guide,
 Who late rul'd all the Sea from Side to Side ;

XLII.

But, forced to retire, from him at last
 The *Pagan* Fleet the Sea's wide Empire won ;
 His Men with all their Stuff and Store in Haste
 Home to the Camp with their Commander run ;
 In Skill, in Wit, in Cunning, him surpass'd
 Yet never Engineer beneath the Sun ;
 An hundred Carpenters he with him brought,
 Who, what their Lord devis'd, made and wrought.

XLIII.

This Man begun with wond'rous Art to make
 Not Rams, not mighty Brakes, not Slings alone,
 Wherewith the firm and solid Walls to shake,
 To cast a Dart, or throw a Shaft or Stone,
 But, fram'd of Pines and Firs, did undertake
 To build a Fort'refs huge, to which was none
 Yet ever like, whereof he cloath'd the Sides,
 Against the Balls of Fire, with raw Bulls Hides.

XLIV.

XLIV.

In Mortises and Sockets framed just,
The Beams, the Studs and Punchins join'd he fast ;
To beat the City's Wall beneath forth burst
A Ram with horned Front ; about her Waist
A Bridge the Engine from her Side out thrust,
Which on the Wall, when Need requir'd, she cast ;
And from her Top a Turret small up-stood,
Strong, surely arm'd, and builded of like Wood.

XLV.

Set on an hundred Wheels the rolling Mass
On the smooth Lands went nimbly up and down ;
Though full of Arms and armed Men it was,
Yet with small Pains it ran, as it had flown :
Wonder'd the Camp so quick to see it pass ;
They prais'd the Workman, and his Skill unknown ;
And on that Day two Tow'rs they builded more,
Like that, which fierce *Clorinda* burnt before :

XLVI.

Yet wholly were not from the *Saracens*
Their Works concealed, and their Labors hid ;
Upon that Wall, which next the Camp confines,
They placed Spies, who marked all they did ;
They saw the Ashes wild, and squared Pines,
How to the Tents, trail'd from the Grove, they slid ;
And Engines huge they saw, yet could not tell,
How they were built ; their Forms they saw not well.

XLVII.

Their Engines eke they rear'd, and with great Art
Repair'd each Bulwark, Turret, Port and Tow'r,
And fortify'd the plain and easy Part,
To bide the Storm of ev'ry warlike Stour,
'Till, as they thought, no Sleight, no Force of *Mart*
To undermine or scale the same had Pow'r ;
And false *Ismeno* 'gan new Balls prepare
Of wicked Wild-fire, wond'rous, strange and rare :

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

He mingled Brimstone with Bitumen fell,
 Fetch'd from that Lake, where *Sodom* erst did sink ;
 And from that Flood, which nine Times compass'd Hell,
 Some of the Liquor hot he brought, I think,
 Wherewith the quenchless Fire he temper'd well,
 To make it smoke and flame, and deadly stink ;
 And, for his Wood cut down, the aged Sire
 Would thus Revengement take, with Flame and Fire.

XLIX.

While thus the Camp, and thus the Town were bent,
 Those to assault, these to defend the Wall,
 A speedy Dove through the clear Welkin went
 Straight o'er the Tents, seen by the Soldiers all ;
 With nimble Fans the yielding Air she rent,
 Nor seem'd it, that she would alight or fall,
 'Till she arriv'd near that besieged Town,
 Then from the Clouds at last she stooped down.

L.

But lo ! (from whence I nolt) a Falcon came,
 Armed with crooked Bill, and Talons long,
 And 'twixt the Camp and City cross'd his Game,
 That durst not bide her Foe's Incounter strong,
 But right upon the royal Tent down came,
 And there, the Lords and Princes great among,
 When the sharp Hawk nigh touch'd her tender Head,
 In *Godfrey's* Lap she fell, with Fear half-dead.

LI.

The *Duke* receiv'd her, sav'd her, and espy'd,
 As he beheld the Bird, a wond'rous Thing ;
 About her Neck a Letter close was ty'd
 By a small Thread, and thrust beneath her Wing ;
 He loosed forth the Writ, and spread it wide,
 And read th' Intent thereof——*To Juda's King,*
 (Thus said the Schedule) *Honor's high Increase*
Tb' Egyptian Chieftain wisheth, Health, and Peace.

LII.

LII.

*Fear not, renowned Prince; resist, endure,
'Till the third Day, or 'till the fourth at most;
I come, and your Deliv'rance will procure,
And kill your coward Foes, and all their Host.*
This Secret in that Brief was clos'd up sure,
Wrote in strange Words, and to the winged Post
Giv'n to transport; for, in their warlike Need,
The *East* such Message us'd, oft with good Speed.

LIII.

The *Duke* let go the captive Dove at large;
And she, that had this Council close betray'd,
Trait'refs to her great Lord, touch'd not the Marge
Of *Salem's* Town, but fled far thence afraid.
Godfrey before all those, who had or Charge
Or Office high, the Letter read, and said:
See, how the Goodness of the LORD foreshows
The secret Purpose of our crafty Foes;

LIV.

No longer then let us protract the Time,
But scale the Bulwark of this Fort'refs high;
Through Sweat and Labor 'gainst those Rocks sublime
Let us ascend, which to the *South* ward lie:
Hard will it be that Way in Arms to climb,
But yet the Place and Passage both know I;
And that high Wall, by Site strong on that Part,
Is least defens'd by Arms, by Work and Art.

LV.

Thou, *Raimond*, on this Side with all thy Might
Assault the Wall, and by those Craggs ascend;
My Squadrons with my Engines huge shall fight,
And gainst the *Northern* Gate my Puissance bend,
That so our Foes, beguiled with the Sight,
Our greatest Force and Pow'r shall there attend,
While my great Tow'r from thence shall nimbly slide,
And batter down some worse-defended Side:

Ggg

LVI.

410 TASSO'S JERUSALEM.

LVI.

Camillo, thou not far from me shalt rear
 Another Tow'r, close to the Walls ibrought.
 This spoken, *Raimond* old, who sat him near,
 (And while he talk'd, great Things revolv'd in Thought)
 Said——to *Godfredo's* Council, giv'n us here,
 Nought can be added, from it taken nought;
 Yet this I further wish; that some were sent
 To spy their Camp, their Secret, and Intent;

LVII.

Who may their Number and their Squadrons brave
 Describe, and through their Tents disguised mask.
 Quoth *Tancred*; lo, a subtil Squire I have,
 A Person fit to undertake this Task;
 A Man, quick, ready, bold, fly to deceive,
 To answer wise, and well advis'd to ask,
 Well languaged, and who with Time and Place
 Can change his Look, his Voice, his Gate, his Grace.

LVIII.

Sent for, he came; and when his Lord him told
 What *Godfrey's* Pleasure was, and what his own,
 He smil'd, and said, forthwith he gladly would;
 I go, quoth he, careless what Chance be thrown,
 And, where incamped are these *Pagans* bold,
 Will walk, in ev'ry Tent a Spy unknown;
 Ev'n at Noon-day their Camp I enter shall,
 And number all their Horse, and Foot-men all:

LIX.

How arm'd, how great, how strong this Army is,
 And what their Guide intends, I will declare;
 To me the Secrets of that Heart of his,
 And hidden Thoughts, shall open lye and bare.
 Thus *Vafrine* spoke; nor longer stay'd on this,
 But for a Mantle chang'd the Coat he ware;
 Naked his Neck, and 'bout his Forehead bold
 Of Linnen white full twenty Yards he roll'd:

LX.

LX.

His Weapons were a *Syrian* Bow and Quiver,
 His Gestures *barb'rous*, like the *Turkish* Train ;
 Wonder'd all they, that heard his Tongue deliver
 Of ev'ry Land the Language, true and plain :
 In *Tyre*, a born *Phenician*, by the River
 Of *Nile*, a Knight bred in th' *Ægyptian* Main,
 Both People would have thought him : forth he rides
 On a swift Steed, o'er Hills and Dales that glides.

LXI.

But ere the third Day came, the *French* forth sent
 Their Pioniers to ev'n the rougher Ways,
 And ready made each warlike Instrument ;
 Nor ought their Labor interrupts or stays :
 The Nights in busy Toil they likewise spent,
 And with long Evenings lengthen'd forth short Days,
 'Till nought was left, the Hosts that hinder might
 To use their utmost Pow'r and Strength in Fight.

LXII.

That Day, which of th' Assault the Day fore-run,
 The godly *Duke* in Pray'r did spend well nigh ;
 And all the rest, because they had misdane,
 The Sacrament receive, and Mercy cry :
 Then oft the *Duke* his Engines great begun
 To shew, where least he would their Strength apply ;
 His Foes rejoyc'd, deluded in that Sort,
 To see them bent against their surest Port :

LXIII.

But after, aided by the friendly Night,
 His greatest Engine to that Side he brought,
 Where plainest seem'd the Wall, where with their Might
 The Flankers least could hurt them, as they fought :
 Then to the *Southern* Mountain's greatest Height
 To raise his Turret old *Raimondo* fought ;
 And thou, *Camillo*, on that Part had'st thine,
 Where from the *North* the Walls did *West-ward* twine.

LXIV.

But when amid the *Eastern* Heav'n appear'd
 The rising Morning, bright as shining Glafs,
 The troubled *Pagans* saw, and seeing fear'd,
 How the great Tow'r stood not, where late it was ;
 And here and there, tofore unseen, was rear'd
 Of Timber strong an huge and fearfull Mass ;
 And numberless with Beams, with Ropes and Strings,
 They view the iron Rams, the Brakes and Slings.

LXV.

The *Syrian* People now were no whit slow
 Their best Defenses to that Side to bear,
 Where *Godfrey* did his greatest Engine show,
 From thence where late in vain they placed were :
 But he, who at his Back right well did know
 The Host of *Egypt* to be 'proaching near,
 Call'd *Guelpho* to him, and the *Roberts* twain,
 And said : On Horse-back look you still remain,

LXVI.

And have Regard, while all our People strive
 To scale the Wall, where weak it seems and thin,
 Left unawares some sudden Host arrive,
 And at our Backs unlook'd for War begin.
 This said, three fierce Assaults at once they give ;
 The hardy Soldiers all would dye or win ;
 And on three Parts Resistance makes the King,
 And Rage 'gainst Strength, Despair 'gainst Hope doth bring.

LXVII.

Himself upon his Limbs, with feeble Eild
 That shook, unwieldy with their proper Weight,
 His Armour laid, and long-unused Shield,
 And march'd 'gainst *Raimond* to the Mountain's Height :
 Great *Soliman* 'gainst *Godfrey* took the Field ;
 Foremost *Camillo* stood *Argantes* straight,
 Where *Tancred* strong he found ; so *Fortune* will,
 That this good Prince his wonted Foe shall kill.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

The Archers shot their Arrows sharp and keen,
 Dipt in the bitter Juice of Poison strong ;
 The shaded Face of Heav'n was scanty seen,
 Hid with the Clouds of Shafts and Quarels long :
 Yet Weapons sharp with greater Fury been
 Cast from the Tow'rs, the *Pagan* Troops among,
 For thence flew Stones, and Cliffs of marble Rocks,
 Trees shod with Iron, Timber, Logs, and Blocks.

LXIX.

A Thunderbolt seem'd ev'ry Stone ; it brake
 His Limbs and Armour so, on whom it light,
 That Life and Soul it did not only take,
 But all his Face and Shape disfigur'd quite :
 The Lances stay'd not in the Wounds they make,
 But through the gored Body took their Flight ;
 From Side to Side, swift as the rapid Wind,
 They flew, and flying left sad Death behind.

LXX.

But yet not all this Force and Fury drove
 The *Pagan* People to forsake the Wall ;
 But to revenge these deadly Blows they strove,
 With Darts that fly, with Stones and Trees that fall ;
 Thus Cowards oft for Need courageous prove ;
 For Liberty they fight, for Life and all,
 And oft with Arrows, Shafts, and Stones that fly,
 Give bitter Answer to a sharp Reply.

LXXI.

This while the fierce Assailants never cease,
 But sternly still maintain a threefold Charge ;
 And 'gainst the Clouds of Shafts draw nigh at Ease,
 Under a Pendice made of many a Targe :
 The armed Tow'rs close to the Bulwarks press,
 And strive to grapple with the battled Marge,
 And launch their Bridges out ; mean while below
 With iron Fronts the Rams the Walls down throw.

LXXII.

LXXII.

Yet still *Rinaldo* unresolved went,
 And far unworthy him this Service thought,
 If 'mong the common Sort his Pains he spent ;
 Renown so got the Prince esteemed nought :
 His angry Looks on ev'ry Side he bent,
 And where most Harm, most Danger was, he fought ;
 And where the Wall, high, strong, and surest was,
 That Part he would assault, and that Way pass :

LXXIII.

And turning to the Worthies him behind,
 All hardy Knights, whom *Dudon* late did guide,
 O Shame ! quoth he ; this Wall no War doth find,
 When batter'd is elsewhere each Part, each Side !
 All Pain is Safety to a valiant Mind ;
 Each Way is eath to him, that dares abide :
 Come, let us scale this Wall, though strong and high,
 And with our Shields keep off the Darts that fly.

LXXIV.

With him united all (while thus he spake)
 Their Targets hard above their Heads they threw,
 Which, join'd in one, an iron Pendice make,
 That from the dreadful Storm preserv'd the Crew :
 Defended thus, their speedy Course they take,
 And to the Wall without Resistance drew ;
 For that strong Penticle protected well
 The Knights, from all that flew, and all that fell.

LXXV.

Against the Fort *Rinaldo* 'gan up-rear
 A Ladder huge, an hundred Steps of Height ;
 And in his Arm the same did eas'ly bear,
 And move, as Winds do Reeds or Rushes light :
 Sometimes a Tree, a Rock, a Dart, or Spear
 Fell from above, yet forward clomb the Knight,
 And upward fearless press'd he, careless still,
 Though Mount *Olympus* fell, or *Offa* Hill :

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

A Mount of Ruins, and of Shafts a Wood
 Upon his Shoulders and his Shield he bore ;
 One Hand the Ladder held, whereon he stood,
 The other bare his Targe his Face before :
 His hardy Troop, by his Example good
 Provok'd, with him the Place assaulted fore ;
 And Ladders long against the Wall they clap,
 Unlike in Courage yet, unlike in Hap :

LXXVII.

One dy'd, another fell ; He forward went,
 And these he comforts, and he threatens those ;
 Now with his Hand out-stretch'd the Battlement
 Well-nigh he reach'd, when all his armed Foes
 Ran thither, and their Force and Fury bent
 To throw him headlong down, yet up he goes ;
 A wond'rous Thing ! one Knight whole armed Bands,
 Alone, and hanging in the Air, withstands ;

LXXVIII.

Withstands, and his great Strength exerts so far,
 That like a Palm, whereon huge Weight doth rest,
 His Forces, so resisted, stronger are ;
 His Virtues higher rise, the more oppress'd ;
 'Till all, that would his Entrance bold debar,
 He backward drove, up leaped, and possess'd
 The Wall, and safe and easy with his Blade,
 To all that after came, the Passage made.

LXXIX.

There killing such, as durst his Rage withstand,
 To noble *Eustace*, who was like to fall,
 He reached forth his friendly, conqu'ring Hand,
 And next himself help'd him to mount the Wall.
 This while *Godfredo* and his People fand
 Their Lives to greater Harms and Dangers thrall ;
 For there not Man with Man, nor Knight with Knight
 Contend, but Engines there with Engines fight :

LXXX.

LXXX.

For in that Place the *Painims* rear'd a Post,
 Which late had serv'd some gallant Ship for Mast,
 And over it another Beam they cross'd,
 Pointed with Iron sharp, to it made fast
 With Ropes, which, as Men would, the Dormant tofs'd
 Now out, now in; now back, now forward cast;
 In it's swift Pullies oft the Men withdrew
 The Tree, and oft the riding Balk forth threw:

LXXXI.

The mighty Beam redoubled oft it's Blows,
 And with such Force the Engine smote and hit,
 That her broad Side the Tow'r wide open throws;
 Her Joints were broke, her Rafter's cleft and split;
 But yet, 'gainst ev'ry Hap whence Mischief grows
 Prepar'd, the Piece, for such Extremes made fit,
 Launch'd forth two Scythes, sharp-cutting, long, and broad,
 And cut the Ropes, whereon the Engine rode:

LXXXII.

As an old Rock, which Age or stormy Wind
 Tears from some craggy Hill, or Mountain steep,
 Doth break, doth bruise, and into Dust doth grind
 Woods, Houses, Hamlets, Herds and Folds of Sheep,
 So fell the Beam, and down with it all Kind
 Of Arms, of Weapons, and of Men did sweep:
 The mighty Engine more than once did shake;
 Trembled the Walls; the Hills and Mountains quake.

LXXXIII.

Victorious *Godfrey* boldly forward came,
 And had great Hope ev'n then the Place to win;
 But lo! a Fire, with Stench, with Smoke, and Flame,
 Withstood his Passage, stopp'd his Entrance in:
 Such burning *Ætna* never yet could frame,
 When from her Entrails hot her Fires begin;
 Nor yet in Summer on the *Indian* Plain
 Such Vapours warm from scorching Air down rain:

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

There Balls of Wild-fire, there fly burning Spears ;
 This Flame was black, that blue, this red as Blood :
 Stench well-nigh choked them, Noise deafs their Ears,
 Smoke blinds their Eyes, Fire kindles on the Wood ;
 Nor those raw Hides, which for Defense it wears,
 Could save the Tow'r, in such Distress it stood ;
 Each Hide now wrinkles, and now sweats and fries,
 Now burns, unless some Help come down from Skies.

LXXXV.

The hardy *Duke* before his Folk abides,
 Nor chang'd he Colour, Countenance, or Place,
 But comforts these, who from the parched Hides
 With Water strove th' approaching Flames to chace :
 In these Extremes the Prince, and those he guides,
 Half-roasted stood before fierce *Vulcan's* Face,
 When lo ! a sudden and unlook'd for Blast
 The Flames against the Kindlers backward cast :

LXXXVI.

The Winds drove back the Fire, where heaped lie
 The *Pagans* Weapons, where their Engines were,
 Which, kindling quickly in that Substance dry,
 Burn'd all their Store, and all their warlike Gear :
 O glorious Captain, whom the LORD from high
 Defends, whom GOD preserves, and holds so dear !
 For thee HEAV'N fights ; to thee the Winds from far,
 Call'd with thy Trumpet's Blast, obedient are.

LXXXVII.

But wicked *Isfen*, to his Harm who saw, .
 How the fierce Blast drove back the Fire and Flame,
 By Art would Nature change, and thence withdraw
 Those noisom Winds, or calm and still the same ;
 'Twixt two false Wizards, without Fear or Awe,
 Upon the Walls in open Sight he came,
 Black, grisly, loathsom, grim and ugly fac'd,
 Like *Pluto* old, betwixt two Furies plac'd :

H h h

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

And now the Wretch those dreadfull Words begun,
 Which tremble made deep Hell, and all her Flock;
 Now troubled is the Air; the golden Sun
 His fearfull Beams in Clouds did close and lock,
 When from the Tow'r (which *Isfmen* could not shun)
 Out flew a mighty Stone, late half a Rock,
 And light so just upon the Wizards three,
 That driv'n to Dust their Bones and Bodies be:

LXXXIX.

To less than nought their Members old were torn,
 And shiver'd were their Heads to Pieces small,
 As small, as are the bruised Grains of Corn,
 When from the Mill dissolv'd to Meal they fall:
 Their damned Souls to deepest Hell down borne
 (Far from the Joy and Light cœlestial)
 The Furies plung'd in the *Infernal* Lake:
 O Mankind, from their End Example take!

XC.

This while the Engine, which the Tempest cold
 Had sav'd from burning with it's friendly Blast,
 Approached had so near the batter'd Hold,
 That on the Walls her Bridge at Ease she cast;
 But *Soliman* ran thither, fierce and bold,
 To cut the Plank, whereon the *Christians* pass'd,
 And had perform'd his Will, save that uprear'd
 High in the Skies a Turret new appear'd:

XCI.

Far in the Air upclomb the Fort'res tall,
 Higher than House, than Steeple, Church or Tow'r;
 The *Pagans* trembled to behold the Wall
 And City subject to her Shot and Pow'r;
 Yet kept the *Turk* his Stand, though on him fall
 Of Stones and Darts a sharp and deadly Show'r,
 And still to cut the Bridge he hopes and strives,
 And those, who fear, with chearfull Speech revives.

XCII.

XCII.

The Angel *Michael*, to all the rest
 Unseen, appear'd before *Godfredo's* Eyes,
 In pure and heav'nly Armour richly drest,
 Brighter than *Titan's* Rays in clearest Skies:
Godfrey, quoth he, this is the Moment blest
 To free this Town, that long in Bondage lies;
 See, see what Legions in thy Aid I bring!
 For Heav'n assists thee, and Heav'n's glorious King.

XCIII.

Lift up thine Eyes, and in the Air behold
 The sacred Armies, how they muster'd be;
 That Cloud of Flesh, in which from Times of old
 All Mankind wrapped is, I take from thee,
 And from thy Senses their thick Mist unfold,
 That Face to Face thou may'st these Spirits see,
 And for a little Space right well sustain
 Their glorious Light, and view those Angels plain.

XCIV.

Behold the Souls of ev'ry Lord and Knight,
 That late bore Arms, and dy'd for *CHRIST's* dear Sake,
 How on thy Side against this Town they fight,
 And of thy Joy and Conquest will partake:
 There where the Dust and Smoke blinds all Mens Sight,
 Where Stones and Ruins such an Heap do make,
 There *Hugo* fights, in thickest Clouds imbarr'd,
 And undermines that Rampart's Groundwork hard:

XCV.

See *Dudon* yonder, who with Sword and Fire
 Assails and helps to scale the *Northern* Port;
 Who with bold Courage doth thy Folk inspire,
 And rears their Ladders 'gainst th' assaulted Fort:
 High on the Mount, he that in grave Attire
 Is clad, and crowned stands in kingly Sort,
 Is Bishop *Ademare*, a blessed Spirit,
 Bless'd for his Faith, crown'd for his Death and Merit:

XCVI.

But higher lift thy happy Eyes, and view,
 Where all the sacred Hosts of Heav'n appear.
 He look'd, and saw, where winged Armies flew
 Innumerable, pure, divine and clear ;
 A Battle round of Squadrons three they shew,
 And all by Threes those Squadrons ranged were,
 Which, spreading wide in Rings, still wider go ;
 Mov'd with a Stone calm Water circleth so.

XCVII.

With that he wink'd, and vanish'd was and gone
 That wond'rous Vision, when he look'd again ;
 His Worthies fighting view'd he one by one,
 And on each Side saw Signs of Conquest plain ;
 For with *Rinaldo* 'gainst his yielding Foe
 His Knights were enter'd, and the *Pagans* slain ;
 This seen, the *Duke* no longer Stay could brook,
 But from the Bearer his broad Ensign took,

XCVIII.

And on the Bridge he stepp'd ; but there was staid
 By *Soliman*, who Entrance all deny'd ;
 That narrow Tree to Virtue great was made
 The Field, as in few Blows right soon was try'd :
 Here will I give my Life for *Sion's* Aid,
 Here will I end my Days, the *Soldan* cry'd ;
 Behind me cut or break this Bridge, that I
 May kill a thousand *Christians* first — then dye.

XCIX.

But thither fierce *Rinaldo* threat'ning went,
 And at his Sight fled all the *Soldan's* Train ;
 What shall I do ? if here my Life be spent,
 I spend and spill, quoth he, my Blood in vain.
 With that his Steps from *Godfrey* back he bent,
 And to him let the Passage free remain,
 Who threat'ning follow'd, as the *Soldan* fled,
 And on the Walls the purple Cross dispread :

C.

C.

About his Head he tofs'd, he turn'd, he cast
 That glorious Ensign, with a thousand Twines ;
 Thereon the Wind breathes with it's sweetest Blaft,
 Thereon with golden Rays glad *Phæbus* shines :
 Earth laughs for Joy, the Streams forbear their Haste,
 Floods clap their Hands, on Mountains dance the Pines ;
 And *Sion's* Tow'rs and sacred Temples smile
 For their Deliv'rance from that Bondage vile.

CI.

And now the Armies rear'd the happy Cry
 Of Victory, glad, joyfull, loud and shrill ;
 The Hills resound, the Echo shouteth high ;
 And *Tancred* bold, who fights and combats still
 With proud *Argantes*, brought his Tow'r so nigh,
 That on the Wall, against the Boaster's Will,
 In his Despite, his Bridge he also laid,
 And won the Place, and there the Cross display'd.

CII.

But on the *Southern* Hill, where *Raimond* fought
 Against the Townsmen and their aged King,
 His hardy *Gascoigns* gained small or nought ;
 Their Engine to the Walls they could not bring ;
 For thither all his Strength the Prince had brought,
 For Life and Safety sternly combating ;
 And, for the Wall was feeblest on that Coast,
 There were his Soldiers best, and Engines most :

CIII.

Besides, the Tow'r upon that Quarter found
 Unsure, uneasy, and uneven Way ;
 Nor Art could help, but that the rougher Ground
 The rolling Mafs did often stop and stay :
 But now of Victory the joyfull Sound
 The King and *Raimond* heard amid their Fray ;
 And by the Shout they and their Soldiers know,
 The Town was enter'd on the Plain below ;

CIV.

CIV.

Which heard, *Raimondo* thus bespake his Crew :
 The Town is won, my Friends, and doth it yet
 Resist ? are we kept out still by these few ?
 Shall we no Share in this high Conquest get ?
 But from that Part the King at last withdrew ;
 He strove in vain their Entrance there to let,
 And to a stronger Place his Folk he brought,
 Where to sustain th' Assault a while he thought.

CV.

The Conquerors at once now enter'd all ;
 The Walls were won, the Gates were open'd wide :
 Now bruised, broken down, destroyed fall
 The Ports and Tow'rs, that Batt'ry durst abide :
 Rageth the Sword ; Death murders great and small,
 And proud, 'twixt Woe and Horror sad, doth ride ;
 Here runs the Blood, in Ponds there stands the Gore,
 And drowns the Knights, in whom it liv'd before.



T A S S O ' s
J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XIX.

I.

NOW Death, or Fear, or Care to save their Lives,
From their forsaken Walls the *Pagans* chace,
Yet neither Force, nor Fear, nor Wisdom drives
The constant Knight *Argantes* from his Place ;
Alone against ten thousand Foes he strives,
Yet dreadful, doubtless, careless seem'd his Face ;
Nor Death, nor Danger, but Disgrace he fears,
And still unconquer'd, though o'erfet, appears.

II.

But 'mongst the rest upon his Helmet gay
With his broad Sword *Tancredi* came and smote ;
The *Pagan* knew the Prince by his Array,
By his strong Blows, his Armour, and his Coat ;
For once they fought, and when Night staid that Fray,
New Time they chose to end their Combat hot,
But *Tancred* fail'd ; wherefore the *Pagan* Knight
Cry'd——*Tancred*, com'st thou thus, thus late to fight ?

III.

Too late thou com'st, and not alone, to War,
But yet the Fight I neither shun nor fear,
Although from Knighthood true thou errest far,
Since thus thou comest like an Engineer ;
That Tow'r, that Troop, thy Shield and Safety are ;
Strange Kind of Arms in single Fight to bear !
Yet shalt not thou escape (O Conqueror strong
Of Ladies fair) sharp Death to venge that Wrong.

IV.

IV.

Lord *Tancred* smiled with Disdain and Scorn,
 And answer'd thus ; to end our Strife, quoth he,
 Behold at last I come ; and my Return,
 Though late, is yet perchance too soon for thee ;
 For thou shalt wish, of Hope and Help forlorn,
 Some Sea or Mountain plac'd 'twixt thee and me ;
 And well shalt know, before we end this Fray,
 No Fear, or Cowardise hath caus'd my Stay :

V.

But come aside, thou by whose Prowess dies
 Each Monster, Knight, and Giant in all Lands ;
 The Killer of weak Women thee defies.
 This said, he turned to his fighting Bands,
 And bids them all retire ; forbear, he cries,
 To strike this Knight, on him let none lay Hands ;
 For mine he is, more than a common Foe,
 By Challenge new, and Promise old also.

VI.

Descend (the fierce *Circassian* 'gan reply)
 Alone, or all this Troop for Succour take ;
 To Deserts waste, or Place frequented, hie,
 For Vantage none I will the Fight forsake.
 Thus giv'n and taken was the bold Defy,
 And, thus agreed, through the thick Press they break ;
 Their Hatred made them one ; and, as they wend,
 Each Knight his Foe did for Despite defend.

VII.

Great was his Thirst of Praise, great the Desire
 That *Tancred* had the *Pagan's* Blood to spill ;
 Nor could that quench his Wrath, or calm his Ire,
 If other Hand his Foe should foil or kill ;
 He sav'd him with his Shield, and cry'd —— retire,
 (To all he met) and do this Knight no Ill.
 And thus defending 'gainst his Friends his Foe,
 Through thousand angry Weapons safe they go :

VIII.

VIII.

They left the City, and they left behind
Godfredo's Camp, and far beyond it pass'd,
 And came, where into Creeks and Bosoms blind
 A winding Hill it's Corners turn'd and cast;
 A Valley small, and shady Dale they find,
 Amid the Mountains steep so laid and plac'd,
 As it some Theater, or closed Place
 Had been, for Men to fight, or Beasts to chace;

IX.

There stay'd the Champions both: with ruthfull Eyes
Argantes 'gan the Fort'refs won to view;
Tancred his Foe withouten Shield espies,
 And far away his Target therefore threw,
 And said: whereon doth thy sad Heart devise?
 Think'st thou this Hour must end thy Life untrue?
 If this thou fear, and do'st foresee thy Fate,
 Thy Fear is vain, thy Foresight comes too late.

X.

I think, quoth he, on this distressed Town,
 The aged Queen of *Juda's* antient Land,
 Now lost, now sack'd, now spoil'd and trodden down,
 Whose Fall in vain I strived to withstand:
 A small Revenge for *Sion's* Fort o'erthrown
 That Head can be, cut off by my strong Hand.
 This said, together with great Heed they flew,
 For each his Foe for bold and hardy knew.

XI.

Tancred of Body active was and light,
 Quick, nimble, ready both of Hand and Foot;
 But higher by the Head the *Pagan* Knight,
 Of Limbs far greater was, of Heart as stout:
Tancred lay'd low, and travers'd in his Fight,
 Now to his Ward retired, now struck out;
 Oft with his Sword his Foe's fierce Blows he broke,
 And rather chose to ward, than bear his Stroke.

XII.

But bold, and bolt-upright *Argantes* fought,
 Unlike in Gesture, like in Skill and Art ;
 His Sword out-stretch'd before him far he brought,
 Nor would his Weapon touch, but pierce his Heart :
 To catch his Point Prince *Tancred* strove and fought,
 Yet at his Breast, or Helm's unclosed Part

He threaten'd Death, and would with out-stretch'd Brand
 His Entrance close, and fierce Assaults withstand:

XIII.

With a tall Ship so doth a Gally fight,
 When the still Winds stir not th' instable Main,
 Where this in Nimbleness, as that in Might
 Excells; that stands, this goes and comes again,
 And shifts from Prow to Poop with Turnings light ;
 Mean while the other doth unmov'd remain,
 And, when her nimble Foe approacheth nigh,
 Her weighty Engines tumbleth down from high.

XIV.

The *Christian* fought to enter on his Foe,
 'Voiding his Point, which at his Breast was bent ;
Argantes at his Face a Thrust did throw,
 Which while the Prince awards, and doth prevent,
 His ready Hand the *Pagan* turned so,
 That all Defense his Quickness far o'erwent,
 And pierc'd his Side ; which done, he said, and smil'd,
 The Craftsman is in his own Craft beguil'd.

XV.

Tancredi bit his Lips for Scorn and Shame,
 Nor longer stood on Points of Fence and Skill,
 But to Revenge so fierce and fast he came,
 As if his Hand could not o'ertake his Will ;
 And at his Vizard aiming just, 'gan frame
 To his proud Boast an Answer sharp, but still
Argantes broke the Thrust ; then at Half-sword,
 Swift, hardy, bold, in stepp'd the *Christian* Lord :

XVI.

XVI.

With his left Foot set forward 'gan he stride,
 And with his left the *Pagan's* right Arm hent ;
 With his right Hand mean while the Man's right Side
 He cut, he wounded, mangled, tore and rent :
 To his victorious Teacher (*Tancred* cry'd)
 His conquer'd Scholar hath this Answer sent.
Argantes chafed, strugled, turn'd and twin'd,
 Yet could not so his captive Arm unbind.

XVII.

His Sword at last he let hang by the Chain,
 And grip'd his hardy Foe in both his Hands ;
 In his strong Arms *Tancred* caught him again,
 And thus each other held and wrapp'd in Bands :
 With greater Might *Alcides* did not strain
 The Giant *Antheus* on the *Lybian* Sands ;
 On hold-fast Knots their brawny Arms they cast,
 And, whom he hateth most, each held imbrac'd.

XVIII.

Such was their Wrestling, such their Shocks and Throws,
 That down at once they tumbled both to Ground ;
Argantes (were it Hap or Skill, who knows ?)
 His better Hand loose and in Freedom found,
 And the good Prince's Hand, more fit for Blows,
 With his huge Weight the *Pagan* under-bound ;
 But he, his Disadvantage great that knew,
 Let go his Hold, and on his Feet up-flew :

XIX.

Far slower rose th' unwieldy *Saracen*,
 And caught a Rap, ere he was rear'd upright ;
 But as against the blust'ring Winds a Pine
 Now bends his Top, now lifts his Head on Height,
 His Courage so, when most it 'gan decline,
 The Man r' inforced, and advanc'd his Might ;
 And with fierce Change of Blows renew'd the Fray,
 Where Rage for Skill, Horror for Art bore Sway.

XX.

The purple Drops from *Tancred's* Sides down rail'd ;
 But from the *Pagan* ran whole Streams of Blood,
 Wherewith his Force grew weak, his Courage quail'd,
 As die the Fires, which Fuel want, or Food :
Tancred, who saw *Argantes'* Arm now fail'd
 To strike his Blows, that scant he stirr'd or stood,
 Affwag'd his Anger, and his Wrath allay'd,
 And stepping back, thus gently spoke and said :

XXI.

Yield, hardy Knight, and Chance of War, or me
 Confess to have subdu'd thee in this Fight ;
 I will no Trophy, Triumph, Spoil of thee,
 Nor Glory wish, nor seek a Victor's Right.
 More terrible than erst herewith grew he,
 And all awak'd his Fury, Rage and Might,
 And said : dar'st thou of Vantage speak or think ?
 Or move *Argantes* once to yield or shrink ?

XXII.

Use, use thy Vantage ; thee and *Fortune* both
 I scorn, and punish will thy foolish Pride.
 As a hot Brand flames most, ere forth it go'th,
 And dying blazes bright on ev'ry Side,
 So he, when Blood was lost, with Anger wroth
 Reviv'd his Courage, when his Puissance dy'd ;
 And would his latest Hour, which now drew nigh,
 Illustrate with his End, and nobly dye :

XXIII.

He join'd his left Hand to her Sister strong,
 And with them both let fall his weighty Blade ;
Tancred to ward the Blow his Sword up flung,
 But that it smote aside, nor there it stay'd,
 But from his Shoulder to his Side along
 It glanc'd, and many Wounds at once it made ;
 Yet *Tancred* feared nought, for in his Heart
 Found coward Dread no Place, Fear had no Part.

XXIV.

XXIV.

His fearfull Blow he doubled, but he spent
 His Force in waste, and all his Strength in vain ;
 For *Tancred* from the Blow against him bent
 Leaped aside ; the Stroke fell on the Plain :
 With thine own Weight o'erthrown, to Earth thou went,
Argantes stout, nor could'st thyself sustain ;
 Thyself thou threwest down ; O happy Man,
 Upon whose Fall none boast, or triumph can !

XXV.

His gaping Wounds the Fall set open wide ;
 The Streams of Blood about him made a Lake ;
 Help'd with his left Hand, on one Knee he try'd
 To rear himself, and new Defense to make :
 The courteous Prince stepp'd back, and —— yield thee, cry'd ;
 No Hurt he proffer'd him, no Blow he strake :
 Mean while by Stealth the *Pagan* false him gave
 A sudden Wound, threat'ning with Speeches brave :

XXVI.

Herewith *Tancredi* furious grew, and said ;
 Villain, do'st thou my Mercy so despise ?
 Therewith he thrust, and thrust again his Blade,
 And through his Vental pierc'd his dazled Eyes :
Argantes dy'd ; yet no Complaints he made,
 But as he furious liv'd, he careless dies ;
 Bold, proud, disdainfull, fierce, and void of Fear
 His Motions last, last Looks, last Speeches were.

XXVII.

Tancred put up his Sword, and Praises glad
 Gave to his GOD, who sav'd him in this Fight ;
 But yet this bloody Conquest feeble had
 So much the Conqu'ror's Force, his Strength, and Might,
 That through the Way he fear'd, which homeward led,
 He had not Strength enough to walk upright ;
 Yet, as he could, his Steps from thence he bent,
 And Foot by Foot an heavy Pace forth-went :

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

His Legs could bear him but a little Stound,
 And more he hastes, more tir'd, less was his Speed;
 On his right Hand at last, laid on the Ground,
 He lean'd, his Hand weak like a shaking Reed;
 Dazled his Eyes, the World on Wheels ran round,
 Day wrapp'd her Brightness up in sable Weed;
 At length he swooned, and the Victor Knight
 Nought differ'd from his conquer'd Foe in Sight.

XXIX.

But while these Lords their private Fight pursue,
 Made fierce and cruel through their secret Hate,
 The Victor's Ire destroy'd the faithless Crew
 From Street to Street, and chac'd from Gate to Gate:
 But of the sacked Town the Image true
 Who can describe, or paint the wofull State?
 Or with fit Words this Spectacle express
 Who can, or tell the City's great Distress?

XXX.

Blood, Murder, Death each Street, House, Church defil'd;
 There Heaps of slain appear, there Mountains high;
 There, underneath th' unbury'd Hills up-pil'd
 Of Bodies dead, the living bury'd lie:
 There the sad Mother with her tender Child
 Doth tear her Tresses loose, complain and fly;
 And there the Spoiler, by her amber Hair,
 Draws to his Lust the Virgin chaite and fair.

XXXI.

But through the Way, that to the *West* Hill yode,
 Whereon the old and stately Temple stands,
 All soil'd with Gore, and wet with lukewarm Blood,
Rinaldo run, and chac'd the *Pagan* Bands;
 Above their Heads he heav'd his Curtlax good;
 Life in his Grace, and Death lay in his Hands:
 Nor Helm, nor Target strong his Blows off-bears;
 Best armed there seem'd he, no Arms who wears:

XXXII.

XXXII.

For 'gainst his armed Foes he only bends
 His Force, and scorns the naked Folk to wound ;
 Them, whom no Courage arms, no Sword defends,
 He chased with his Looks and dreadfull Sound :
 Oh, who can tell how far his Force extends ?
 How these he scorns, threats those, lays them on Ground ?
 How with unequal Harm, with equal Fear
 Fled all, all that well arm'd, or naked were ?

XXXIII.

Fast fled the People weak, and with the same
 A Squadron strong is to the Temple gone,
 Which, burnt and builded oft, still keeps the Name
 Of the first Founder, wise King *Solomon* ;
 That Prince this stately House did whilom frame
 Of Cedar Trees, of Gold, and marble Stone ;
 Now not so rich, yet strong and sure it was,
 With Turrets high, thick Walls, and Doors of Brass.

XXXIV.

The Knight arrived, where in warlike Sort
 The Men that ample Church had fortify'd,
 And closed found each Wicket, Gate and Port,
 And on the Top Defenses ready spy'd :
 He lift his frowning Looks, and twice that Fort
 From it's high Top down to the Ground-work ey'd,
 And Entrance sought ; and twice with his swift Foot
 The mighty Place he measur'd round about :

XXXV.

Like as a Wolf about the closed Fold
 Rangeth by Night his hoped Prey to get,
 Inrag'd with Hunger and with Malice old,
 Which Kind 'twixt him and harmless Sheep hath set,
 So search'd he high and low about that Hold,
 Where he might enter without Stop or Lett ;
 In the great Court he stay'd ; his Foes above
 Attend th' Assault, and would their Fortune prove.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

There lay by Chance a posted Tree thereby,
 Kept for some needfull Use, whate'er it were;
 The armed Gallies not so thick nor high
 Their tall and lofty Masts at *Genes* up-rear;
 This Beam the Knight against the Gates made fly
 From his strong Hands, all Weights which lift and bear;
 Like a light Lance the Tree he shook and tols'd,
 And bruis'd the Gate, the Threshold and the Post.

XXXVII.

No marble Stone, no Metal strong out-bore
 The wond'rous Might of that redoubled Blow;
 The brazen Hinges from the Walls it tore;
 It broke the Locks, and laid the Doors down low:
 No iron Ram, no Engine could do more,
 Nor Cannons great, that Thunderbolts forth throw;
 His People, like a flowing Stream, in-throng,
 And, after them, enter'd the Victor strong.

XXXVIII.

The wofull Slaughter black and loathsome made
 That House, sometime the sacred House of God;
 O heav'nly Justice, if thou be delay'd,
 On wretched Sinners sharper falls thy Rod!
 In them, this Place profaned who invade,
 Thou kindled'st Ire, and Mercy all forbid,
 Untill with their Hearts-blood the *Pagans* vile
 This Temple wash'd, which they did late defile.

XXXIX.

But *Soliman* this while himself fast sped
 Up to the Fort, which *David's* Tow'r is nam'd;
 And with him all the Soldiers left he led,
 And 'gainst each Entrance new Defences fram'd:
 The Tyrant *Aladine* eke thither fled,
 To whom the *Soldan* thus far off exclaim'd;
 Come, come, renowned King, up to this Rock,
 Thyself within this Fort's safe up-lock;

XL.

XL.

For well this Fort'refs shall thee and thy Crown
 Defend ; a while here may we fafe remain.
 Alas, quoth he, alas for this fair Town,
 Which cruel War beats down ev'n with the Plain !
 My Life is done, my Empire trodden down ;
 I reign'd, I liv'd, but now nor live, nor reign ;
 For now, alas, behold the fatal Hour,
 That ends our Lives, and ends our kingly Pow'r !

XLI.

Where is your Virtue ? where your Wildom grave,
 And Courage stout ? the angry *Soldan* faid ;
 Let *Chance* our Kingdoms take, which erft ſhe gave,
 Yet in our Hearts our kingly Worth is laid :
 But come, and in this Fort your Perſon ſave ;
 Refresh your weary Limbs, and Strength decay'd.
 Thus counsell'd he, and did to Safety bring
 Within that Fort the weak and aged King :

XLII.

His iron Mace in both his Hands he hent,
 And on his Thigh his trufty Sword he ty'd,
 And to the Entrance fierce and fearleſs went,
 And kept the Strait, and all the *French* defy'd :
 The Blows were mortal, which he gave or lent ;
 For whom he hit he ſlew, or by his Side
 Laid low on Earth, that all fled from the Place,
 Where they beheld that great and dreadfull Mace.

XLIII.

But old *Raimondo* with his hardy Crew
 By Chance came thither, to his great Miſhap ;
 To that defended Path the old Man ſlew,
 And ſcorn'd his Blows, and him that kept the Gap ;
 He ſtruck his Foe, his Blow no Blood forth drew,
 But on the Front with that he caught a Rap,
 Which in a Swoon low in the Duſt him laid,
 Wide-open, trembling, with his Arms diſplay'd.

K k k

XLIV.

XLIV.

The *Pagans* gather'd Heart at last, though Fear
 Their Courage weak had put to Flight but late,
 So that the Conquerors repulsed were
 And beaten back, or slain before the Gate :
 The *Soldan*, 'mongst the Dead beside him near
 Who saw Lord *Raimond* lie in such Estate,
 Cry'd to his Men——within these Bars (quoth he)
 Come draw this Knight, and let him captive be.

XLV.

Forward they rush'd to execute his Word,
 But hard and dang'rous that Emprise they found,
 For none of *Raimond*'s Men forsook their Lord,
 But to their Guide's Defense they flocked round :
 There Fury fights, here Pity draws the Sword ;
 Nor strive they for vile Cause, or on light Ground ;
 The Life and Freedom of that Champion brave
 Those spoil, these would preserve ; those kill, these save :

XLVI.

But yet at last, if they had longer fought,
 The hardy *Soldan* would have won the Field,
 For 'gainst his thund'ring Mace availed nought
 Or Helm of Temper fine, or sev'n-fold Shield ;
 But from each Side great Succour now was brought
 To his weak Foes, now fit to faint and yield,
 For both at once to aid and help the same
 The sov'reign *Duke*, and young *Rinaldo* came :

XLVII.

As when a Shepherd, raging round about
 Who sees a Storm with Wind, Hail, Thunder, Rain,
 When gloomy Clouds have Day's bright Eye put out,
 His tender Flocks drives from the open Plain
 To some thick Grove, or Mountain's shady Foot,
 Where Heav'n's fierce Wrath they may unhurt sustain,
 And with his Hook, his Whistle, and his Cries,
 Attends his fleecy Charge, and with them flies ;

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

So fled the *Soldan*, when he 'gan descry
 This Tempest come, from angry War forth cast ;
 The Armour clash'd and lighten'd 'gainst the Sky,
 And from each Side, Swords, Weapons, Fire out-braст :
 He sent his Folk up to the Fort'res high
 To shun the furious Storm ; himself stay'd last ;
 Yet to the Danger he gave Place at length,
 For Wit his Courage, Wisdom rul'd his Strength.

XLIX.

But scant the Knight was safe the Gate within,
 Scant closed were the Doors, when having broke
 The Bars, *Rinaldo* doth Assault begin
 Against the Port, and on the Wicket stroke :
 His matchless Might, his great Desire to win,
 His Oath, his Promise doth his Wrath provoke ;
 For he had sworn (nor should his Word be vain)
 To kill the Man, who had Prince *Sveno* slain.

L.

And now his armed Hand that Castle great
 Would have assaulted, and had shortly won,
 Nor safe pardie the *Soldan* there a Seat
 Had found, his fatal Foe's sharp Wrath to shun,
 Had not *Godfredo* founded the Retreat ;
 For now dark Shades to shroud the Earth begun ;
 Within the Town the *Duke* would lodge that Night,
 And with the Morn renew th' Assault and Fight.

LI.

With chearfull Look thus to his Folk he said :
 High GOD hath holpen well His Children dear ;
 This Work is done ; the rest, this Night delay'd,
 Doth little Labor bring, less Doubt, no Fear ;
 This Tow'r, our Foes weak Hope and latest Aid,
 We conquer will, when Day shall next appear :
 Mean while with Love and tender Ruth go see
 And comfort those, that hurt and wounded be :

LII.

Go cure their Wounds, who boldly ventured
 Their Lives, and spill'd their Blood to get this Hold ;
 That fitteth more this Host, for CHRIST forth led,
 Than Thirst of Vengeance, or Desire of Gold :
 Too much, ah too much Blood this Day is shed !
 In some we too much Haste to spoil behold ;
 But I command no more you spoil or kill,
 And let a Trumpet publish forth my Will.

LIII.

This said, he went where *Raimond* panting lay,
 Wak'd from the Swoon, wherein he late had been.
 Nor *Soliman* with Countenance less gay
 Bespake his Troops, and kept his Grief unseen :
 My Friends, you are unconquered this Day ;
 In Spite of *Fortune* still our Hope is green ;
 For underneath great Shows of Harm and Fear
 Our Dangers small, our Losses little were :

LIV.

Burnt are your Houses, and your People slain ;
 Yet safe your Town is, though your Walls are gone ;
 For in yourselves and in your Sovereign
 Consists your City, not in Lime and Stone :
 Your King is safe, and safe is all his Train,
 In this strong Fort defended from their Foe ;
 And of this empty Conquest let them boast,
 'Till with this Town again their Lives be lost ;

LV.

And on their Heads the Loss at last will light ;
 For, with good Fortune proud and insolent,
 In Spoil and Murder spend they Day and Night,
 In Riot, Drinking, Lust, and Ravishment ;
 And may amid their Preys with little Fight
 At Ease be overthrown, kill'd, slain and spent,
 If in this Carelessness th' *Egyptian* Host
 Upon them fall, which now draws near this Coast :

LVI.

LVI.

Mean while the highest Buildings of this Town
 We may shake down with Stones about their Ears ;
 And with our Darts and Spears, from Engines thrown,
 Command that Hill, *Christ's* Sepulcher that bears.
 Thus comforts he their Hopes and Hearts cast down,
 Awakes their Valours, and exiles their Fears.

But while these Things hapt thus, *Vafrine* goes
 Unknown amid ten thousand armed Foes :

LVII.

The Sun nigh-set had brought to End the Day,
 When *Vafrine* went the *Pagan* Host to spy ;
 He pass'd unknown a close and secret Way,
 A Traveller, false, cunning, crafty, sly :
 Past *Ascalon*, he saw the Morning grey
 Step o'er the Threshold of the *Eastern* Sky,
 And ere bright *Titan* half his Course had run,
 That Camp, that mighty Host to show begun :

LVIII.

Tents infinite, and Standards broad he spies ;
 This red, that white, this blue, that purple was ;
 He hears strange Tongues, and stranger Harmonies
 Of Trumpets, Clarions, and well-sounding Brass ;
 The Elephant there brays, the Camel cries,
 The Horses neigh, as to and fro they pass ;
 Which seen and heard, he said within his Thought,
 Hither all *Asia* is, all *Afric* brought.

LIX.

He view'd the Camp a while, her Site and Seat,
 What Ditch, what Trench it had, what Rampier strong ;
 Nor close, nor secret Ways to work his Feat
 He longer sought, nor hid him from the Throng,
 But enter'd through the Gates, broad, royal, great ;
 And oft he ask'd, and answer'd, quick of Tongue,
 In Questions wise, in Answer short and sly ;
 Bold was his Look, Eyes quick, Front lifted high.

LX.

LX.

On ev'ry Side he pryed here and there,
 And mark'd each Way, each Passage, and each Tent ;
 The Knights he notes, their Steeds, and Arms they bear,
 Their Names, their Armour, and their Government ;
 And greater Secrets hopes to learn, and hear
 Their hidden Purpose, and their close Intent :
 So long he walk'd and wander'd, 'till he spy'd
 The Way t' approach the great Pavilion's Side ;

LXI.

There, as he look'd, he saw the Canvass rent,
 Through which the Voice found eath and open Way
 From the close Lodging of the regal Tent,
 And inmost Closet, where the Chieftain lay ;
 If *Em'ren* or his Captains spake, forth went
 The Sound to them, who listen what they say ;
 There *Vafrine* watch'd, and those, who saw him, thought,
 To mend the Breach that there he stood and wrought.

LXII.

The Chieftain great within bare-headed stood,
 His Body arm'd, and clad in purple Weed ;
 Two Pages bore his Shield and Helmet good ;
 He, leaning on a bending Lance, gave Heed
 To a big Man, whose Looks were fierce and proud,
 With whom he parled of some haughty Deed ;
 Godfredo's Name, as *Vafrine* watch'd, he heard,
 Which made him give more Heed, take more Regard.

LXIII.

Thus spake the Chieftain to that surly Sire :
 Art thou so sure, that *Godfrey* shall be slain ?
 I am, quoth he ; and swear ne'er to retire
 (Except he first be kill'd) to Court again ;
 I will prevent those, who with me conspire ;
 Nor other Guerdon ask I for my Pain,
 But that I may hang up his Harnes brave
 At *Caire*, and under them these Words engrave.

LXIV.

LXIV.

*These Arms Ormondo took in noble Fight
 From Godfrey proud, who spoil'd all Asia's Lands,
 And with them took his Life; and here on Height
 In Memory thereof this Trophy stands.*
 The Chief reply'd, ne'er shall that Deed, bold Knight,
 Pass unrewarded at our Sov'reign's Hands;
 What thou demandest shall he gladly grant,
 Nor Gold, nor Guerdon shalt thou wish or want:

LXV.

Those counterfeited Armour's then prepare,
 Because the Day of Fight approacheth fast.
 They ready are, quoth he. Then both forbear
 From further Talk; these Speeches were the last.
Vafrine, these great Things heard, with Grief and Care
 Remain'd astound, and in his Thoughts oft cast
 What Treason false this was, how feigned were
 Those Arms; but yet that Doubt he could not clear.

LXVI.

From thence he parted, and broad-waking lay
 All that long Night, nor slumber'd once, nor slept;
 But when the Camp by Peep of springing Day
 Their Banner spread, and Knights on horseback leapt,
 With them he marched forth in meet Array,
 And, where they pitched, lodg'd, and with them kept;
 And then from Tent to Tent he stalk'd about
 To hear and see, and learn this Secret out.

LXVII.

Searching about, on a rich Throne he fand
Armida set, with Dames and Knights around;
 Sullen she sat, and sigh'd; it seem'd, she scan'd
 Some weighty Matters in her Thoughts profound:
 Her rosy Cheek lean'd on her lily Hand,
 Her Eyes, Love's twinkling Stars, she bent to Ground;
 Weep she or no, he knows not; yet appears
 Each humid Eye big swell'n with starting Tears.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

He saw before her set *Adraftus* grim,
 Who seemed scant to live, move, or respire,
 So was he fixed on his Mistress trim,
 So gazed he, and fed his fond Desire :
 But *Tisphern* beheld now her, now him,
 And quak'd sometimes for Love, sometimes for Ire ;
 And in his Cheeks the Colour went and came,
 For there Wrath's Fire now burn'd, now shone Love's Flame.

LXIX.

Then from the Garland fair of Virgins bright,
 'Mongst whom he lay inclos'd, rose *Altamore* ;
 His hot Desire he hid, and kept from Sight ;
 His Looks were rul'd by *Cupid's* crafty Lore :
 His Left Eye view'd her Hand, her Face his Right ;
 Both watch'd her Beauty's hid and secret Store,
 And Entrance found, where her thin Vail bewray'd
 The *Milken-Way*, between her Breasts that lay'd.

LXX.

Her Eyes *Armida* lift from Earth at last,
 And clear'd again her Front and Visage sad ;
 'Midst Clouds of Woe, her Looks which overcast,
 She lighten'd forth a Smile, sweet, pleasant, glad :
 My Lord, quoth she, your Oath and Promise past
 Hath freed my Heart of all the Grievs it had,
 That now in Hope of sweet Revenge it lives ;
 Such Joy, such Ease, desired Vengeance gives.

LXXI.

Chear up thy Looks, reply'd the *Indian* King,
 And for sweet Beauty's Sake appease thy Woe ;
 Cast at your Feet, ere you expect the Thing,
 I will present the Head of thy strong Foe ;
 Else shall this Hand his Person captive bring,
 And cast in Prison deep. He boasted so.
 His Rival heard him well, yet answer'd nought,
 But bit his Lips, and griev'd in secret Thought.

LXXII.

LXXII.

To *Tisphern* the Damsel turning right,
 And what say you, my noble Lord? quoth she.
 He taunting said; I, that am slow to fight,
 Will follow far behind, the Worth to see
 Of this your terrible and puissant Knight.
 In scornfull Words this bitter Scoff gave he.

Good Reason, quoth the King, thou come behind,
 Nor e'er compare thee with the Prince of *Inde*.

LXXIII.

Lord *Tisphernes* shook his Head, and said;
 Oh! had my Pow'r free like my Courage been,
 Or had I Liberty to use this Blade,
 Who slow, who weakest is, soon should be seen;
 Nor thou, nor thy great Vaunts make me afraid,
 But cruel Love I fear, and this fair Queen.

This said, to challenge him the King forth left,
 But up their Mistres start, and 'twixt them stept:

LXXIV.

Will you thus rob me of that Gift, quoth she,
 Which each hath vow'd to give by Word and Oath?
 You are my Champions; let that Title be
 The Bond of Love and Peace between you both:
 He, who displeas'd is, is displeas'd with me;
 For which of you is griev'd, and I not wroth?

Thus warn'd she them; their Hearts, for Ire nigh broke,
 In forced Peace and Rest thus bore Love's Yoke.

LXXV.

All this heard *Vafrine*, as he stood beside,
 And, having learn'd the Truth, he left the Tent;
 That Treason was against the *Christian* Guide
 Contriv'd, he wist, yet wist not how it went:
 By Words and Questions sly far off he try'd
 To find the Truth; more difficult, more bent

Was he to know it; and resolv'd to dye,
 Or of that Secret close th' Intent to spy.

LXXVI.

Of sly Intelligence he prov'd all Ways,
 All Crafts, all Wiles, that in his Thoughts abide ;
 Yet all in vain the Man by Wit affays
 To know that false Compact, and Practice hid :
 But Chance, what Wisdom could not tell, bewrays ;
Fortune of all his Doubts the Knots undid ;
 So that, prepar'd for *Godfrey's* last Mishap,
 At Ease he found the Net, and spy'd the Trap.

LXXVII.

Thither he turn'd again, where seated was
 The angry Lover 'twixt her Friends and Lords ;
 For in that Troop much Talk he thought would pass ;
 Each great Assembly Store of News affords :
 He sided there a lusty, lovely Lass,
 And with some courtly Terms the Wench he boards ;
 He feigns Acquaintance, and as bold appears,
 As he had known that Virgin twenty Years.

LXXVIII.

He said ; would some sweet Lady grace me so,
 To chuse me for her Champion, Friend and Knight,
Rinaldo's, or proud *Godfrey's* Head, I trow,
 Should feel the Sharpness of my Curtlax bright :
 Ask me the Head, fair Mistress, of some Foe,
 For to your Beauty vowed is my Might.
 So he began ; and meant in Speeches wise
 Further to wade, but thus he broke the Ice.

LXXIX.

Therewith he smil'd, and smiling, 'gan to frame
 His Looks so to their old and native Grace,
 That towards him another Virgin came,
 Heard him, beheld him, and with bashfull Face
 Said : For thy Mistress chuse no other Dame
 But me, on me thy Love and Service place ;
 I take thee for my Champion, and apart
 Would reason with thee, if my Knight thou art.

LXXX.

LXXX.

Withdrawn, she thus began ; *Vafrine*, pardie
 I know thee well, and me thou know'st of old.
 To his last Trump this drove the subtil Spy,
 But smiling, towards her he turn'd him bold ;
 Ne'er, that I wot, I saw thee erst with Eye,
 Yet for thy Worth all Eyes should thee behold ;
 Thus much I know right well ; for, from the same,
 Which erst you gave me, diff'rent is my Name :

LXXXI.

My Mother bore me near *Biserta's* Wall,
 Her Name was *Lesbin*, mine is *Almanfore*.
 I knew long since, quoth she, what Men thee call,
 And thy Estate ; dissemble it no more :
 From me, thy Friend, hide not thyself at all ;
 If I betray thee, let me die therefore ;
 I am *Erminia*, Daughter to a Prince,
 But *Tancred's* Slave, thy Fellow-servant since :

LXXXII.

Two happy Months within that Prison kind
 Under thy Guard rejoiced I to dwell,
 And thee a Keeper meek and good did find ;
 The same, the same I am ; behold me well.
 The Squire her lovely Beauty call'd to Mind,
 And mark'd her Visage fair : from thee expell
 All Fear, she says ; for me live safe and sure ;
 I will thy Safety, not thy Harm procure :

LXXXIII.

But yet I pray thee, when thou do'st return,
 To my dear Prison lead me home again ;
 For in this hatefull Freedom Ev'n and Morn
 I sigh for Sorrow, mourn and weep for Pain :
 But if to spy perchance thou here sojourn,
 Great Hap thou hast to know these Secrets plain ;
 For I their Treasons false, false Trains can say,
 Which few beside can tell, none will bewray.

Lll 2

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

On her he gaz'd, and silent stood this while ;
Armida's Sleights he knew, and Trains unjust :
 Women have Tongues of Craft, and Hearts of Guile ;
 They will, they will not ; Fools, that on them trust,
 For in their Speech is Death, Hell in their Smile !
 At last he said ; if hence depart you lust,
 I will you guide ; on this conclude we here,
 And further Speech 'till fitter Time forbear.

LXXXV.

Forthwith, ere thence the Camp remove, to ride
 They were resolv'd ; their Flight that Season fits ;
Vafrine departs, she to the Dames beside
 Returns, and there on Thorns a while she sits :
 Of her new Knight she talks, 'till Time and Tide
 To 'scape unmark'd she find, then forth she flits
 Thither where *Vafrine* her unseen abode ;
 There took she Horse, and from the Camp they rode.

LXXXVI.

And now in Deserts waste and wild arriv'd,
 Far from the Camp, far from Resort and Sight,
Vafrine began 'gainst *Godfrey's* Life contriv'd
 The false Compacts and Trains unfold aright ;
 Then she those Treasons from their Spring deriv'd
 Repeats, and brings their hid Deceits to Light :
 Eight Knights (*she says*) all Courtiers brave, there are,
 But *Ormond* strong the rest surpasseth far ;

LXXXVII.

These, whether Hate, or Hope of Gain them move,
 Conspired have, and fram'd their Treason so ;
 That Day, when *Emiren* by Fight shall prove
 To win lost *Asia* from his *Christian* Foe,
 These, with the Cross scor'd on their Arms above,
 And arm'd like *Frenchmen*, will disguised go,
 Like *Godfrey's* Guard, that Gold and White do wear ;
 Such shall their Habit be, and such their Gear :

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

Yet each will bear a Token in his Crest,
 That so their Friends for *Pagans* may them know :
 But, in close Fight when all the Soldiers best
 Shall mingled be, to give the fatal Blow
 They will keep near, and pierce *Godfredo's* Breast,
 While of his faithfull Guard they bear false Show ;
 And all their Swords are dipt in Poison strong,
 Because each Wound shall bring sad Death ere long.

LXXXIX.

And, for their Chieftain wist I knew your Guise,
 What Garments, Ensigns, and what Arms you carry,
 Those feigned Arms he forc'd me to devise,
 So that from yours but small or nought they vary :
 But these unjust Commands my Thoughts despise,
 Therefore within their Camp I list not tarry ;
 My Heart abhors, I should this Hand defile
 With Spot of Treason, or with Act of Guile.

XC.

This is the Cause, but not the Cause alone——
 And there she ceas'd, and blush'd, and on the Main
 Cast down her Eyes ; these last Words, scant out-gone,
 She would have stopp'd, nor durst pronounce them plain :
 The Squire what she conceal'd would know, as one,
 Who from her Breast her secret Thoughts could strain ;
 Of little Faith, quoth he, why would'st thou hide
 Those Causes true from me, thy Squire and Guide ?

XCI.

With that she fetch'd a Sigh, sad, sore and deep,
 And from her Lips her Words slow, trembling came ;
 Fruitless, she said, untimely, hard to keep,
 Vain Modesty, farewell, and farewell, Shame ;
 Why hope you restless Love to bring asleep ?
 Why strive your Fires to quench sweet *Cupid's* Flame ?
 No, no, such Cares and such Respects befeem
 Great Ladies ; wand'ring Maids them nought esteem :

XCII.

XCII.

That fatal Night to me, and *Antioch* Town,
 Then made a Prey to her commanding Foe,
 My Loss was greater, than was seen or known;
 There ended not, but thence began my Woe:
 Light was the Loss of Friends, of Realm or Crown,
 But with my State I lost myself also,
 Ne'er to be found again; for then I lost
 My Wit, my Sense, my Heart, my Soul almost:

XCIII.

Through Fire and Sword, through Blood and Death, *Vafrine*,
 (Which all my Friends did burn, did kill, did chase)
 Thou know'st I ran to thy dear Lord and mine,
 When first he enter'd had my Father's Place;
 And kneeling, with salt Tears in my swol'n Eyne,
 Great Prince, quoth I, grant Mercy, Pity, Grace;
 Save not my Kingdom, nor my Life, I said,
 But save my Honor——let me dye a Maid.

XCIV.

He lift me by the trembling Hand from Ground,
 Nor stay'd he, 'till my humble Speech was done,
 But said; a Friend and Keeper hast thou found,
 Fair Virgin, nor to me in vain you run.
 A Sweetness strange from that sweet Voice's Sound
 Pierced my Heart, my Breast's weak Fort'refs won,
 And, creeping through my Bosom soft, became
 A Wound, a Sickness, and a quenchless Flame.

XCV.

He visits me; with Speeches kind and grave
 He sought to ease my Grief, and Sorrow's Smart:
 He said; I give thee Liberty, receive
 All that is thine, and at thy Will depart.
 Alas! he robb'd me, when he thought he gave;
 Free was *Erminia*, but captiv'd her Heart;
 Mine was the Body, his the Soul and Mind,
 He gave the Cage, but kept the Bird behind.

XCVI.

XCVI.

But who can hide Desire, or Love suppress?
 Oft of his Worth with thee in Talk I strove;
 Thou, by my trembling Fit who well could'st guess
 What Fever held me, said'st — *thou art in Love*:
 But I deny'd; for what can Maids do less?
 And yet my Sighs thy Sayings true did prove:
 Instead of Speech, my Looks, my Tears, my Eyes
 Told in what Flame, what Fire, thy Mistress fries.

XCVII.

Unhappy Silence! well I might have told
 My Woes, and for my Harms have sought Relief,
 Since now my Pains and Complaints I utter bold,
 Where none, that hears, can help or ease my Grief:
 From him I parted, and did close upfold
 My Wounds within my Bosom; Death was chief
 Of all my Hopes and Helps, 'till Love's sweet Flame
 Pluck'd off the Bridle of Respect and Shame,

XCVIII.

And caus'd me ride, to seek my Lord and Knight;
 For he, who made me sick, could make me sound:
 But on an Ambush I mischanc'd to light
 Of cruel Men, in Armour cloathed round:
 Hardly I 'scap'd their Hand by sudden Flight,
 And fled to Wilderness and desert Ground;
 And there I liv'd, in Groves and Forests wild,
 With gentle Grooms, and Shepherds Daughters mild.

XCIX.

But when hot Love, which Fear had late suppress'd,
 Reviv'd again, there nould I longer sit,
 But rode the Way I came, nor e'er took Rest,
 'Till on like Danger, like Mishap, I hit;
 A Troop, to Forage and to Spoil address'd,
 Incounter'd me, nor could I fly from it:
 Thus was I ta'en; and those, who had me caught,
 Egyptians were, and me to *Gaza* brought,

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C.

And for a Present to their Captain gave,
Whom I intreated and befought so well,
That he my Honor had great Care to save,
And since with fair *Armida* let me dwell.
Thus taken oft, escaped oft I have ;
Ah, see what Haps I pass'd, what Dangers fell ;
So often captive, free so oft again,
Still my first Bands I keep, still my first Chain :

CI.

And he, that did this Chain so surely bind
About my Heart, which none can loose but he,
Let him not say——*go, wand'ring Damsel, find
Some other Home, thou shalt not bide with me,*
But let him welcome me with Speeches kind,
And in my wonted Prison set me free.
Thus spake the Princess; thus she and her Guide
Talk'd Day and Night, and on their Journey ride.

CII.

Through the High-ways *Vafrino* would not pass ;
A Path more secret, safe, and short he knew :
And now close by the City's Wall he was,
When Sun was set, Night in the East up-flew ;
With Drops of Blood besmear'd he found the Grass,
And saw, where lay a Warrior, murder'd new,
Who all be-bled the Ground ; his Face to Skies
He turns, and seems to threat, though dead he lies :

CIII.

His Harnes and his Habit both bewray'd
He was a *Pagan* ; forward went the Squire,
And saw, whereas another Champion lay'd,
Dead on the Land, all soil'd with Blood and Mire ;
This was some *Christian* Knight, *Vafrino* said,
And, marking well his Arms and rich Attire,
He loos'd his Helm, and saw his Visage plain,
And cry'd——*alas, here lies Tancredi slain !*

CIV.

CIV.

The wofull Virgin tarry'd, and gave Heed
 To the fierce Looks of that proud *Saracen*,
 'Till *Vafrine's* Cry, full of sad Fear and Dread,
 Pierc'd through her Heart with Sorrow, Grief and Pine;
 At *Tancred's* Name she thither ran with Speed,
 Like one half-mad, or drunk with too much Wine;
 And when she saw his Face, pale, bloodless, dead,
 She lighted, nay she stumbled from her Steed:

CV.

Her Springs of Tears she looseth forth, and cries——
 Hither why bring'st thou me, O *Fortune* blind,
 Where dead, for whom I liv'd, my Comfort lies,
 Where War for Peace, Travel for Rest I find?
Tancred, I have thee, see thee, yet thine Eyes
 Look not upon thy Love and Hand-maid kind;
 Undo their Doors, their Lids fast-closed sever;
 Alas, I find thee, thus to lose thee ever!

CVI.

I thought not, to *Erminia's* Eyes that e'er
 Thou could'st have grievous or unpleasant been;
 But now, would blind or rather dead I were,
 That thy sad Plight might be unknown, unseen!
 Alas! where is thy Mirth and smiling Chear?
 Where are thy Eyes clear Beams and Sparkles sheen?
 Of thy fair Cheek where is the Purple red,
 Thy Forehead's Whiteness? —— are all gone, all dead?

CVII.

Though gone, though dead, I love thee still behold;
 Death wounds, but kills not Love; yet if thou live,
 Sweet Soul, still in this Breast, my Follies bold
 Oh pardon! Love's Desires and Stealths forgive!
 Grant me from his pale Mouth some Kisses cold,
 Since Death doth Love of just Reward deprive;
 And of thy Spoils, sad Death, afford me this,
 Let me his Mouth, pale, cold and bloodless kiss.

M m m

CVIII.

CVIII.

O gentle Mouth, with Speeches kind and sweet
 Thou did'st relieve my Grief, my Woe and Pain ;
 Ere my weak Soul from this frail Body fleet,
 Ah, comfort me with one dear Kiss or twain !
 Perchance, if we alive had happ'd to meet,
 They had been giv'n, which now are stol'n ; O vain,
 O feeble Life, betwixt his Lips out-fly ;
 Oh let me kiss thee first, then let me dye !

CIX.

Receive my yielding Spirit, and with thine
 Guide it to Heav'n, where all true Love hath Place.
 This said, she sigh'd, and tore her Tresses fine,
 And from her Eyes two Streams pour'd on his Face :
 The Man, revived with those Show'rs divine,
 Awak'd, and opened his Lips a Space ;
 His Lips were open, but fast shut his Eyes,
 And, with her Sighs, one Sigh from him up-flies.

CX.

The Dame perceiv'd, that *Tancred* breath'd and sigh'd,
 Which calm'd her Grief some-deal, and eas'd her Fears :
 Unclose thine Eyes, she says, my Lord and Knight ;
 See my last Services, my Complaints and Tears ;
 See her, who dies to see thy wofull Plight,
 And of thy Pain her Part and Portion bears :
 Once look on me ; small is the Gift I crave,
 The last, which thou can'st give, or I receive.

CXI.

Tancred look'd up, and clos'd his Eyes again,
 Heavy and dim, and she renew'd her Woe :
 Quoth *Vafrine*, cure him first, and then complain ;
 Med'cine is Life's chief Friend, Complaint her most Foe.
 They pluck'd his Armour off, and she each Vein,
 Each Joint and Sinew, felt and handled so,
 And search'd so well each Thrust, each Cut and Wound,
 That Hope of Life her Love and Skill soon found:

CXII.

CXII.

From Weariness and Loss of Blood she spy'd
 His greatest Pains and Anguish most proceed ;
 Nought but her Vail, amid those Deserts wide,
 She had, to bind his Wounds in so great Need ;
 But Love could other Bands, though strange, provide,
 And Pity wept for Joy to see that Deed ;
 For, with her amber Locks cut off, each Wound
 She ty'd : O happy Man so cur'd, so bound !

CXIII.

For why, her Vail was short and thin those deep
 And cruel Hurts to fasten, roll and bind :
 Nor Salve, nor Simple had she ; yet, to keep
 Her Knight alive, strong Charms of wond'rous Kind
 She said, and from him drove that deadly Sleep,
 That now his Eyes he lifted, turn'd and twin'd,
 And saw his Squire, and saw that courteous Dame
 In Habit strange, and wonder'd whence she came :

CXIV.

He said, O *Vafrine*, tell me whence com'st thou,
 And who this gentle Surgeon is disclose.
 She smil'd, she sigh'd ; she look'd, she wist not how ;
 She wept, rejoic'd ; she blush'd, as red as Rose :
 You shall know all, she says ; your Surgeon now
 Commands you Silence, Rest, and soft Repose ;
 You shall be sound ; prepare my Guerdon meet :
 His Head then lay'd she in her Bosom sweet.

CXV.

Vafrine devis'd this while, how he might bear
 His Master home, ere Night obscur'd the Land,
 When lo a Troop of Soldiers did appear,
 Whom he descry'd to be *Tancredi's* Band ;
 With him, when he and *Argant* met, they were,
 But when he went to Combat Hand to Hand,
 He bad them stay behind, and they obey'd,
 But came to seek him now, so long he stay'd :

CXVI.

Besides them many follow'd that Inquest,
 But these alone found out the rightest Way;
 Upon their friendly Arms the Men addrest
 A Seat, whereon he sat, he lean'd, he lay;
 Quoth *Tancred*, shall the strong *Circassian* rest
 In this broad Field, for Wolves and Crows a Prey?
 Ah no! defraud not you that Champion brave
 Of his just Praise, of his due Tomb and Grave:

CXVII.

With his dead Bones no longer War have I;
 Boldly he dy'd, and nobly was he slain;
 Then let us not that Honor him deny,
 Which after Death alone doth remain.
 The *Pagan* dead they lifted up on high,
 And after *Tancred* bore him through the Plain;
 Close by the Virgin chaste did *Vafrine* ride,
 As he that was her Squire, her Guard, her Guide.

CXVIII.

Not home, quoth *Tancred*, to my wonted Tent,
 But bear me to this royal Town, I pray,
 That if cut short by human Accident
 I die, there I may see my latest Day;
 The Place, where CHRIST upon HIS Cross was rent,
 To Heav'n perchance may easier make the Way;
 And, ere I yield to Death's and Fortune's Rage,
 Perform'd shall be my Vow and Pilgrimage.

CXIX.

Thus to the City was *Tancredi* borne,
 And fell asleep, laid on a Bed of Down.
Vafrino, where the Damsel might sojourn,
 A Chamber got, close, secret, near his own;
 That done, he came the mighty *Duke* beforen,
 And Entrance found; for, 'till his News were known,
 Nought was concluded 'mongst those Knights and Lords;
 Their Council hung on his Report and Words.

CXX.

CXX.

Where, weak and weary, wounded *Raimond* lay'd,
Godfrey was set upon his Couch's Side,
 And round about the Man a Ring was made
 Of Lords and Knights, that fill'd the Chamber wide ;
 There, while the Squire his late Discov'ry said,
 To break his Talk none answer'd, none reply'd :
 My Lord, he said, at your Command I went,
 And view'd their Camp, each Cabbin, Booth and Tent ;

CXXI.

But of that mighty Host the Number true
 Expect not that I can or should descry ;
 All cover'd with their Armies might you view
 The Fields, the Plains, the Dales and Mountains high :
 I saw, what Way so-e'er they went and drew,
 They spoil'd the Land, drank Floods and Fountains dry ;
 For not whole *Jordan* could have giv'n them Drink,
 Nor all the Grain in *Syria* Bread, I think.

CXXII.

But yet among them many Bands are found,
 Both Horse and Foot, of little Force and Might,
 That keep no Order, know no Trumpet's Sound,
 That draw no Sword, but far off shoot and fight ;
 And yet the *Persian* Army doth abound
 With many a Foot-man strong, and hardy Knight ;
 So doth the King's own Troop, which all is fram'd
 Of Soldiers old, *Th' immortal Squadron* nam'd :

CXXIII.

Immortal called is that Band of Right,
 For of that Number never wanteth one,
 But in his empty Place some other Knight
 Steps in, when any Man is dead or gone.
 This Army's Leader *Emireno* hight,
 Like whom in Wit and Strength are few or none ;
 Who hath in Charge in plain and pitched Field
 To fight with you, to make you fly or yield ;

CXXIV.

CXXIV.

And well I know, their Army and their Host
 Within a Day or two will here arrive :
 But thee, *Rinaldo*, it behoveth most
 To keep thy noble Head, for which they strive ;
 For all the chief in Arms or Courage boast,
 They will the same to Queen *Armida* give,
 And for the same she gives herself in Price ;
 Such Hire will many Hands to Work intice.

CXXV.

The chief of these, who have thy Murder sworn,
 Is *Altamore*, the King of *Sarmachand* :
Adrastus then, whose Realms lie near the Morn,
 A hardy Giant, bold, and strong of Hand ;
 This King upon an Elephant is borne,
 For under him no Horse can move or stand :
 The third is *Tisphern*, as brave a Lord,
 As ever put on Helm, or girt on Sword.

CXXVI.

This said, from young *Rinaldo's* angry Eyes
 Flew Sparks of Wrath ; Flames in his Visage shin'd ;
 He long'd to be amid those Enemies,
 Nor Rest nor Reason in his Heart could find :
 But *Vafrine* to the *Duke* his Talk applies ;
 The greatest News, my Lord, are yet behind ;
 For all their Thoughts, their Crafts and Councils tend
 By Treason false to bring your Life to End.

CXXVII.

Then all from Point to Point he 'gan expose
 The false Compact, how it was made and wrought,
 The Arms and Ensigns feigned, Poison close,
Ormondo's Vaunt, what Praise, what Thank he sought,
 And what Reward ; and satisfy'd all those,
 Who would demand, inquire, or ask of ought.
 Silence was made a while, when *Godfrey* thus :
Raimondo, say, what Council giv'st thou us ?

CXXVIII.

CXXVIII.

Not as we purpos'd late, next Morn, quoth he,
 Let us not scale, but round besiege this Tow'r,
 That those within may have no Issue free
 To sally out, and hurt us with their Pow'r :
 Our Camp well rested and refreshed see,
 Provided well 'gainst this last Storm and Show'r ;
 And then in pitched Field fight if you will ;
 If not, delay, and keep this Fort'ress still :

CXXIX.

But lest you be indanger'd, hurt or slain,
 Of all your Cares take Care yourself to save ;
 By you this Camp doth live, doth win, doth reign ;
 Who else can rule or guide these Squadrons brave ?
 And, for the Traitors shall be noted plain,
 Command your Guard to change the Arms they have ;
 So shall their Guile be known, in their own Net
 So shall they fall, caught in the Snare they set.

CXXX.

As it hath ever, (thus the *Duke* begun)
 Thy Council shews thy Wisdom and thy Love,
 And what you left in Doubt shall thus be done ;
 We will their Force in pitched Battle prove ;
 Clos'd in this Wall and Trench, the Fight to shun,
 Doth ill this Camp beseem, and worse behave ;
 But we their Strength and Manhood will assay,
 And try, in open Field and open Day :

CXXXI.

The Fame of our great Conquests to sustain,
 Or bide our Looks, and Threats, they are not able ;
 And when this Army is subdu'd and slain,
 Then is our Empire settled, firm, and stable ;
 The Tow'r shall yield, or but resist in vain,
 For Fear her Anchor is, Despair her Cable.
 Thus he concludes ; and, rolling down the *West*,
 Fast set the Stars, and call'd them all to rest.

T A S S O,

T A S S O ' s J E R U S A L E M.

B O O K XX.

I.

THE Sun call'd up the World from idle Sleep,
And of the Day ten Hours were gone and past,
When the bold Troop, that had the Tow'r to keep,
Espy'd a sudden Mist, that over-cast
The Earth with mirksom Clouds, and Darknes deep,
And saw it was th' *Ægyptian* Camp at last,
Which rais'd the Dust ; for Hills and Valleys broad
That Host did over-spread, and over-load.

II.

Therewith a merry Shout and joyfull Cry
The *Pagans* rear'd from their besieged Hold ;
The Cranes from *Thrace* with such a Rumor fly,
His hoary Frost and Snow when *Hyems* old
Pours down, and fast to warmer Regions hye
From the sharp Winds, fierce Storms, and Tempests cold :
And quick and ready this new Hope and Aid
Their Hands to shoot, their Tongues to threaten, made.

III.

From whence their Ire, their Wrath, and hardy Threat
Proceeds, the *French* well knew, and plain espy'd ;
For from the Walls and Ports the Army great
They saw, her Strength, her Number, Pomp and Pride :
Swelled their Breasts with Valour's noble Heat ;
Battle and Fight they wish'd ; arm, arm, they cry'd :
The Youth to give the Sign of Fight all pray'd
The *Duke*, and were displeas'd, because delay'd.

IV.

IV.

'Till Morning next, for he refus'd to fight,
 Their Haste and Heat he bridled, but not brake ;
 Nor yet with sudden Fray, or Skirmish light,
 Of these new Foes would he vain Tryal make :
 After so many Wars, he says, good Right
 It is, that one Day's Rest at least you take ;
 For thus in his vain Foes he cherish would
 The Hope, which in their Strength they have and hold:

V.

To see *Aurora's* gentle Beam appear
 The Soldiers armed, prest, and ready lay ;
 The Skies were never half so fair and clear,
 As in the Breaking of that blessed Day ;
 The merry Morning smil'd, and seem'd to wear,
 Upon her silver Crown, *Sol's* golden Ray ;
 And without Cloud Heav'n his redoubled Light
 Bent down to see this Field, this Fray, this Fight.

VI.

When first he saw the Day-break shew and shine,
Godfrey his Host in good Array brought out,
 And to besiege the Tyrant *Aladine*
Raimond he left, and all the faithfull Rout,
 That from the Towns was come of *Palestine*
 To serve and succour their Deliv'rer stout ;
 And with them left a hardy Troop beside
 Of *Gascoigns* strong, in Arms well prov'd, oft try'd.

VII.

Such was *Godfredo's* Count'nance, such his Chear,
 That from his Eye sure Conquest flames and streams ;
 Heav'n's gracious Favors in his Looks appear,
 And great and goodly, more than erst, he seems ;
 His Face and Forehead full of Nobles were,
 Smil'd on the Hero's Cheek Youth's purple Beams,
 And in his Gate, his Grace, his Acts, his Eyes,
 Somewhat, far more than mortal, lives and lies.

VIII.

He had not marched far, ere he espy'd
 Of his proud Foes the mighty Host draw nigh ;
 A Hill at first he took and fortify'd,
 At his left Hand which stood his Army by :
 Broad in the Front, behind more strait up-ty'd,
 His Army ready stood the Fight to try ;
 And to the middle ward well arm'd he brings
 His Foot-men strong ; his Horse-men serv'd for Wings.

IX.

To the left Wing, spread underneath the Bent
 Of a steep Hill, that sav'd their Flank and Side,
 The *Roberts* twain, two Leaders good, he sent ;
 His Brother had the middle Ward to guide ;
 To the right Wing himself in Person went,
 Down where the Plain was dang'rous, broad and wide,
 And where his Foes with their great Numbers would
 Perchance environ round his Squadrons bold :

X.

There all his *Lorrainers* and Men of Might,
 All his best arm'd he plac'd, and chosen Bands ;
 And, with those Horse, of Foot-men armed light,
 That Archers were, a choice Battalion stands ;
 Th' *Advent'ers* then, in Battle and in Fight
 Well try'd, a Squadron famous through all Lands,
 On the right Hand he set, some deal aside ;
 Rinaldo was their Leader, Lord and Guide ;

XI.

To whom the *Duke* : In thee our Hope is laid
 Of Victory, thou must the Conquest gain ;
 Behind this mighty Wing, so far display'd,
 Thou with thy noble Squadron close remain,
 And when the *Pagans* would our Backs invade,
 Assail them then, and make their Onset vain ;
 For, if I guess aright, they have in Mind
 To compass us, and charge our Troops behind.

XII.

XII.

Then through his Host, that took so large a Scope,
 He rode, and view'd them all, both Horse and Foot ;
 His Face was bare, his Helm unclos'd and ope ;
 Lighten'd his Eyes, his Looks bright Fire shot out :
 He cheers the fearfull, comforts them that hope,
 And to the bold recounts their Boasting stout,
 And to the valiant their Adventures hard ;
 These bids he look for Praise, those for Reward.

XIII.

At last he stay'd, where of his Squadrons bold
 And noblest Troops assembled was best Part ;
 There from a rising Bank his Will he told,
 And all, who heard his Speech, thereat took Heart :
 And as the molten Snow from Mountains cold
 Runs down in Streams, with Eloquence and Art
 So from his Lips his Words and Speeches fell,
 Shrill, speedy, pleasant, sweet, and placed well.

XIV.

My hardy Host, you Conqu'rors of the *East*,
 You Scourge, wherewith CHRIST whips His *heathen* Fone,
 Of Victory behold the latest Feast ;
 See the last Day, for which you wish'd alone :
 Not without Cause the *Sar'cens* most and least
 Our gracious LORD hath gather'd here in one,
 For all His Foes and yours assembled are,
 That one Day's Fight may end sev'n Years of War.

XV.

This Fight shall bring us many Victories ;
 The Danger none, the Labor will be small ;
 Let not the Number of your Enemies
 Dismay your Hearts, grant Fear no Place at all,
 For Strife and Discord through their Army flies ;
 Their Bands ill rank'd themselves intangle shall,
 And few of them to strike or fight shall come,
 For some want Strength, some Heart, some Elbow-room.

XVI.

This Host, with whom you must encounter now,
 Are Men half-naked, without Strength or Skill,
 From Idleness, or following the Plow,
 Late pressed forth to War, against their Will;
 Their Swords are blunt, Shields thin, soon pierced through,
 Their Banners shake, their Bearers shrink; for ill
 Their Leaders heard, obey'd, or follow'd be;
 Their Loss, their Flight, their Death, I well foresee.

XVII.

Their Captain clad in Purple, arm'd in Gold,
 Who seems so fierce, so hardy, stout and strong,
 The *Moors*, or weak *Arabians*, vanquish could,
 Yet can he not resist your Valours long;
 What can he do (though wise, though sage, though bold)
 In that Confusion, Trouble, Thrust and Throng?
 Ill known he is, and worse he knows his Host;
 Strange Lords ill fear'd are, ill obey'd of most:

XVIII.

But I am Captain of this chosen Crew,
 With whom I oft have conquer'd, triumph'd oft;
 Your Lands and Lineages long since I knew;
 Each Knight obeys my Rule, mild, easy, soft:
 I know each Sword; each Dart, each Shaft I view,
 Although the Quarel fly in Skies aloft,
 Whether the same of *Ireland* be, or *France*,
 And from what Bow it comes, what Hand perchance.

XIX.

I ask an easy, and an usual Thing;
 As you have oft, this Day so win the Field:
 Let Zeal and Honor be your Virtue's Sting;
 Your Lives my Fame, CHRIST's Faith defend and shield:
 To Earth these *Pagans* slain and wounded bring;
 Tread on their Necks, make them all die or yield:
 What need I more exhort you? from your Eyes
 I see how Victory, how Conquest flies!

XX.

XX.

Upon the Chieftain, when his Speech was done,
 It seem'd, a Lamp and golden Light down came,
 As from Night's azure Mantle oft doth run
 Or fall a sliding Star, or shining Flame :
 But from the Bosom of the burning Sun
 Proceeded this, and garland-wise the same
Godfredo's noble Head encompass'd round,
 And, as some thought, foreshew'd he should be crown'd.

XXI.

Perchance, if Man's proud Thought, or daring Tongue
 Hath Leave to judge or guess at heav'nly Things,
 This was the Angel, who had kept him long,
 That now came down, and hid him with his Wings.
 While thus the *Duke* bespeaks his Armies strong,
 And ev'ry Troop and Band in Order brings,
 Lord *Emiren* his Host disposed well,
 And with bold Words whet on their Courage fell :

XXII.

The Chief brought forth his Army great with Speed,
 In Order good ; his Foes at hand he spy'd :
 Like the new Moon, his Host two Horns did spread ;
 In Mid'st the Foot, the Horse were on each Side ;
 The right Wing kept he for himself to lead,
 Great *Altamoro* receiv'd the left to guide ;
 The middle Ward led *Muleasses* proud,
 And in that Battle fair *Armida* stood.

XXIII.

On the right Quarter stood the *Indian* grim
 With *Tisiphern*, and all the King's own Band ;
 But, where the left Wing spread her Squadrons trim
 O'er the large Plain, did *Altamoro* stand,
 With *African* and *Persian* Kings with him,
 And two, that came from *Meroe's* hot Sand ;
 And all his Cross-bows and his Slings he plac'd,
 Where Room best serv'd to shoot, to throw, to cast.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Thus *Emiren* his Host put in Array,
 And rode from Band to Band, from Rank to Rank ;
 His Truchmen now, and now himself doth say
 What Spoil his Folk shall gain, what Praise, what Thank :
 To him that fear'd — Look up, ours is the Day,
 He said; vile Fear to bold Hearts never sank;
 How dareth One against an Hundred fight?
 Our Cry, our Shade will put them all to Flight :

XXV.

But to the bold — Go, hardy Knight, he says,
 His Prey from forth this Lion's Paws go tear.
 To some, before his Thoughts the Shape he lays,
 And makes therein the Image true appear,
 How his sad Country him intreats and prays,
 His House, his loving Wife, and Children dear ;
 Suppose, quoth he, thy Country doth beseech
 And pray thee thus ; suppose, this is her Speech.

XXVI.

Defend my Laws, uphold my Temples brave,
 My Blood, from streaming mid'st my Streets, with-hold ;
 From Ravishment my Virgins keep, and save
 Thy Ancestors' dead Bones, and Ashes cold :
 To thee thy Fathers dear, and Parents grave,
 Shew their uncover'd Heads, white, hoary, old ;
 To thee thy Wife her Breasts, with Tears o'er-spread,
 Thy Sons, their Cradle shews, thy Marriage Bed.

XXVII.

To all the rest — You, for her Honor's Sake,
 Whom *Asia* makes her Champions, by your Might
 Upon these Thieves, weak, feeble, few, must take
 A sharp Revenge, yet just, deserv'd, and right.
 Thus many Words in several Tongues he spake,
 And all his sundry Nations to sharp Fight
 Incouraged : but now the Chiefs had done
 Their Speeches brave ; the Hosts together run.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

It was a great, a strange, and wond'rous Sight,
 When Front to Front those noble Armies met,
 How ev'ry Troop, how in each Troop each Knight
 Stood prest to move, to fight, and Praise to get:
 Loose waved in the Wind their Ensigns light;
 Trembled the Plumes, that on their Crests were set;
 Their Arms, Impresses, Colours, Gold and Stone,
 Smil'd 'gainst the Sun-beams, sparkled, flam'd and shone.

XXIX.

Of dry-topt Oaks they seem'd two Forests thick,
 So did each Host with Spears and Pikes abound;
 Bent were their Bows, in Rests their Lances stick;
 Their Hands shook Swords, their Slings held Cobbles round:
 Each Steed to run was ready, prest, and quick,
 At his Commander's Spur, his Hand, his Sound;
 He chafes, he stamps, careers, and turns about,
 He foams, snorts, neighs, and Fire and Smoke breathes out.

XXX.

Horror itself in that fair Sight seem'd fair,
 And Pleasure flew amid sad Dread and Fear;
 The Trumpets shrill, that thunder'd in the Air,
 Were Music mild and sweet to ev'ry Ear:
 The *Faithfull* Camp, though less, yet seem'd more rare
 In that strange Noise, more warlike, shrill and clear,
 In Notes more sweet; the *Pagan* Trumpets jarr,
 These sung; their Armour shin'd, these glitter'd far.

XXXI.

The *Christian* Trumpets give the deadly Call,
 The *Pagans* answer, and the Fight accept;
 The godly *Frenchmen* on their Knees down fall
 To pray, and kiss'd the Earth, and then up-lept
 To fight; the Land between was vanish'd all;
 In Combat close each Host to other stept;
 For now the Wings had Skirmish hot begun,
 And with their Battles forth the Foot-men run.

XXXII.

XXXII.

But who was first of all the *Christian* Train,
 That gave the Onset first, first won Renown?
Gildippe, thou wert she; for, by thee slain,
 The King of *Orms*, *Hircano*, tumbled down:
 The Man's Breast-bone thou clov'st and rent in twain,
 So Heav'n with Honour would thee bless and crown;
 Pierc'd through he fell, and falling hard withall,
 His Foe prais'd for her Strength, and for his Fall.

XXXIII.

Her Lance thus broke, the hardy Dame forth drew
 With her strong Hand a fine and trenchant Blade,
 And 'gainst the *Persians* fierce and bold she slew,
 And in their Troops wide Streets and Lanes she made;
 Ev'n in the girdling Stead divided new,
 In Pieces twain *Zopire* on Earth she laid;
 And then *Alarco's* Head she swapt off clean,
 Which, like a Foot-ball, tumbled on the Green.

XXXIV.

A Blow fell'd *Artaxerxes*; with a Thrust
 Was *Arges* slain; the first lay in a Trance:
Ismael's left Hand cut off fell in the Dust,
 For on his Wrist her Sword fell down by Chance;
 The Hand let go the Bridle, where it lust;
 The Blow upon the Courser's Ears did glance,
 Who felt the Reins at large, and, with the Stroke
 Half-mad, the Ranks disorder'd, troubled, broke.

XXXV.

All those, and many more by Time forgot,
 She slew and wounded, when against her came
 The angry *Persians* all, cast on a Knot,
 For on her Person would they purchase Fame;
 But *Edward*, her dear Husband, wanted not,
 In so great Need, to aid the noble Dame;
 Thus join'd, the Haps of War unhurt they prove,
 Their Strength was double, double was their Love:

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

The noble Lovers Use well might you see,
 A wond'rous Guise, 'till then unseen, unheard ;
 To save themselves forgot both He and She ;
 Each other's Life did keep, defend and guard :
 The Strokes, that 'gainst her Lord discharged be,
 The Dame had Care to break, to bear, to ward ;
 His Shield kept off the Blows bent on his Dear,
 Which, if Need be, his naked Head should bear ;

XXXVII.

So each fav'd other ; each for other's Wrong
 Would Vengeance take, but not revenge their own :
 The valiant Ruler, *Artabano* strong,
 Of *Bæcan* Isle, by her was overthrown ;
 By *Edward's* Hand, the Bodies dead among,
Alvant, who durst his Mistress wound, fell down ;
 And she between the Eyes hit *Arimont*,
 Who hurt her Lord, and cleft in twain his Front.

XXXVIII.

But *Altamore*, who had that Wing to lead,
 Far greater Slaughter on the *Christians* made ;
 For where he turn'd his Sword, or twin'd his Steed,
 He slew, or Man and Beast on Earth down laid :
 Happy was he, who was at first struck dead,
 And fell not down alive ; for whom his Blade
 Had spar'd, the same, cast in the dusty Street,
 His Horse tore with his Teeth, bruis'd with his Feet.

XXXIX.

By this brave *Persian's* Valour kill'd and slain
 Were strong *Brunello* and *Ardonio* great ;
 The first through Head and Helm he cleft in twain,
 The last in stranger Wife he did intreat,
 For through his Heart he pierc'd, and through the Vein
 Where Laughter hath it's Fountain and it's Seat ;
 So that (a dreadfull Thing, believ'd uneach !)
 He laugh'd for Pain, and laugh'd himself to Death.

Ooo

XL.

XL.

Nor these alone with that accursed Knife
 Of this sweet Light and Breath deprived lie,
 But with that cruel Weapon lost their Life
Gentonio, Guaschar, Rosimond, and Guy:
 Who knows how many in that fatal Strife
 He flew? what Knights his Courser fierce made die?
 The Names and Countries of the People slain
 Who tells? their Wounds and Deaths who can explain?

XLI.

With this fierce King incounter durst not one,
 Not one durst combat him in equal Field;
Gildippe undertook that Task alone,
 No Doubt could make her shrink, no Danger yield;
 Nor by *Thermodon* e'er was *Amazon*,
 That manag'd steeled Axe, or carry'd Shield,
 Who seem'd so bold as she, so strong, so light,
 When forth she ran to meet that dreadfull Knight.

XLII.

She hit him, where with Gold and costly Mail
 His Diadem did on his Helmet flame;
 She broke and cleft the Crown, and caus'd him vail
 His proud and lofty Top; his Crest down came;
 Strong seem'd her Arm, that could so well assail:
 The *Pagan* shook for Spite, and blush'd for Shame;
 Forward he rush'd, and would at once requite
 Shame with Disgrace, and with Revenge Despite;

XLIII.

And of this Lady bold the Front he sign'd
 With an huge Blow, so strong, so great, so sore,
 That out of Sense of Feeling down she twin'd;
 But her dear Knight his Love from Ground up-bore:
 Were it their Fortune, or his noble Mind,
 He staid his Hand, and struck the Dame no more;
 A Lion so stalks by, and with proud Eyes
 Beholds, but scorns to hurt a Man that lies.

XLIV.

XLIV.

This while *Ormondo* false, whose cruel Hand
 Was arm'd and prest to give the trait'rous Blow,
 With all his Fellows 'mongst *Godfredo's* Band
 Enter'd unseen, disguis'd, that few them know :
 The thievish Wolves, when Night o'er shades the Land,
 That seem like faithfull Dogs in Shape and Show,
 So to the closed Fields in secret creep,
 And Entrance seek to kill some harmless Sheep.

XLV.

He 'proached nigh, and to *Godfredo's* Side
 The bloody *Pagan* now was placed near ;
 But when his Colours gold and white he spy'd,
 And saw the other Signs, that forged were,
 See, see this Traitor false (the Chieftain cry'd)
 Who like a *Frenchman* would in Show appear !
 Behold, how near his Mates and he are crept !
 This said, upon the Villain forth he left :

XLVI.

Deadly he wounded him ; and that false Knight
 Nor strikes, nor wards, nor striveth to be gone,
 But, as *Medusa's* Head were in his Sight,
 Stood like a Man, new-turn'd to marble Stone :
 All Lances broke, unsheath'd all Weapons bright,
 All Quivers empty'd were on them alone ;
 In Parts so many were the Traitors cleft,
 That those dead Men had no dead Bodies left,

XLVII.

When *Godfrey* was with *Pagan* Blood bespread,
 The thickest Fight then enter'd he in Haste,
 Where the bold *Persian* fought and combated,
 Where the close Ranks he open'd, cleft and brast,
 'Fore whom the *Christian* Troops and Squadrons fled,
 As *Afric's* Dust before the *Southern* Blast ;
 The *Duke* recall'd them, in Array them plac'd,
 Staid those that fled, and him assail'd, who chac'd.

XLVIII.

The Champions strong there fought a Battle stout;
Troy never saw the like by *Xanthus* old:
 A Conflict sharp there was mean while on Foot,
 'Twixt *Baldwin* good and *Muleaffes* bold:
 The Horsemen also, near the Mountain's Root,
 And in both Wings, a furious Skirmish hold,
 And where the *Pagan* Chief in Person stood,
 'Twixt *Tisphernes* and *Adrastus* proud.

XLIX.

With *Emireno* Norman *Robert* strove;
 Long Time they fought, yet neither lost nor won:
 The other *Robert's* Helm the *Indian* clove,
 And broke his Arms; that Combat soon was done:
 From Place to Place did *Tisphernes* rove,
 And found no Match; against him none durst run;
 But where the Press was thickest, thither flew
 The Knight, and at each Stroke fell'd, hurt, or flew.

L.

Thus fought they long, yet neither shrink nor yield;
 In equal Balance hung their Hope and Fear:
 All full of broken Lances lay the Field,
 All full of Arms, that clove and shatter'd were:
 Of Swords, some to the Body nail the Shield,
 Some cut Mens Throats, and some their Bellies tear;
 Of Bodies, some upright, some grov'ling lay,
 And for themselves eat Graves out of the Clay.

LI.

Beside his Lord lay slain the noble Steed;
 There Friend with Friend lay kill'd, like Lovers true,
 Here Foe with Foe; the live beneath the dead;
 The Victor under him, whom late he slew:
 A hoarse, imperfect Sound did each where spread,
 Whence neither Silence nor plain Out-cries flew;
 There Fury roars, Ire threats, and Woe complains,
 One weeps and cries, another sighs for Pains.

LII.

LII.

The Arms, that late so fair and glorious seem,
 Besmear'd and soil'd, now sad and fullen grow ;
 The Steel it's Brightness lost, the Gold it's Beam,
 The Colours had no Pride, nor Beauty's Show :
 The Plumes and Feathers, on their Crests that stream,
 Are strowed wide upon the Earth below ;
 The Hosts both clad in Blood, in Dust and Mire,
 Had chang'd their Chear, their Pride, their rich Attire.

LIII.

But now the *Moors*, *Arabians*, *Æthiops* black,
 Of the left Wing that held the utmost Marge,
 Spread forth their Troops, and purpos'd, at the Back
 And Side, their heedless Foes t'assail and charge :
 Slingers and Archers were not slow nor slack
 To shoot and cast, when with his Battle large
Rinaldo came, whose Fury, Haste, and Ire,
 Seem'd Earthquake, Thunder, Tempest, Storm, and Fire.

LIV.

The first he met was *Asimire*, his Throne
 Who set in *Meroe's* hot, Sun-burnt Land ;
 He cut his Neck in twain, both Flesh and Bone ;
 The sable Head down tumbled on the Sand :
 But when by Death of this black Prince alone
 The Taste of Blood and Conquest once he found,
 Whole Squadrons then, whole Troops to Earth he brought ;
 Things wond'rous, strange, incredible, he wrought.

LV.

He gave more Deaths than strokes, and yet his Blows
 Upon his feeble Foe fell oft and thick :
 To move three Tongues as a fierce Serpent shows,
 Which rolls the one she hath, swift, speedy, quick,
 So thinks each *Pagan*, each *Arabian* trows
 He wields three Swords, all in one Hilt that stick :
 His Readiness their Eyes so blinded hath ;
 Their Fear that Wonder bred, and gave it Faith.

LVI.

LVI.

The *Afric* Tyrants and the *Negro* Kings
 Fell down on Heaps, drown'd in each others Blood;
 Upon their People ran the Knights he brings,
 Prick'd forward by their Guide's Example good:
 Kill'd were the *Pagans*, broke their Bows and Slings;
 Some dy'd, some fell, some yielded, none withstood;
 A Massacre was this, no Fight; these put
 Their Foes to Death, those held their Throats to cut.

LVII.

Small while they stood with Heart and hardy Face
 On their bold Breasts deep Wounds and Hurts to bear,
 But fled away, and, troubled in the Chace,
 Disorder'd were their Ranks with coward Fear:
Rinaldo follow'd them from Place to Place,
 'Till quite discomfit and dispers'd they were;
 That done, he stays, and all his Knights recalls,
 And scorns to strike his Foe, that flies or falls.

LVIII.

Like as the Wind, stopp'd by some Wood or Hill,
 Grows strong and fierce, tears Boughs and Trees in twain,
 But with mild Blasts more temp'rate, gentle, still,
 Blows through the ample Fields, or spacious Plain;
 Against the Rocks as Sea-waves murmur shrill,
 But silent pass amid the open Main,
 Rinaldo so, when none his Force withstood,
 Aflwag'd his Fury, calm'd his angry Mood.

LIX.

He scorn'd upon their fearfull Backs, who fled,
 To wreak his Ire, and spend his Force in vain;
 But 'gainst the Foot-men strong his Troops he led,
 Whose Side the *Moors* had open left and plain:
 The *Africans*, who should have succoured
 That Battle, all were run away or slain;
 Upon their Flank with Force and Courage stout
 His Men at Arms assail'd the Bands on Foot.

LX.

LX.

He brake their Pikes, he brake their close Array,
 Enter'd their Battle, fell'd them down around;
 So Wind or Tempest with impetuous Sway
 The Ears of ripen'd Corn strikes flat to Ground:
 Blood, Arms, and Bodies dead, like harden'd Clay,
 Plaister'd the Earth; nor Grass nor Green was found;
 The Horsemen, running through and through their Bands,
 Kill, murder, slay; few 'scape, not one withstands.

LXI.

Rinaldo came, where his forlorn *Armide*
 Sat on her golden Chariot mounted high;
 A noble Guard she had on ev'ry Side
 Of Lords, of Lovers, and much Chivalry:
 She knew the Man, when first his Arms she spy'd;
 Love, Hate, Wrath, sweet Desire, strove in her Eyes;
 He chang'd some-deal his Look and Count'nance bold,
 She chang'd from Frost to Fire, from Heat to Cold.

LXII.

The Prince pass'd by the Chariot of the Fair,
 Like one, who did his Thoughts elsewhere bestow,
 Yet suffer'd not her Knights and Lovers near
 Their Rival so to 'scape withouten Blow;
 One drew his Sword, another couch'd his Spear,
 Herself an Arrow sharp set in her Bow;
 Disdain her Ire new sharp'd and kindled hath,
 But Love appeas'd her, Love asswag'd her Wrath;

LXIII.

Love bridled Fury, and reviv'd anew
 Her Fire, not dead, though bury'd in Displeasure;
 Three Times her angry Hand the Bow up-drew,
 And thrice again let slack the String at Leisure;
 But Wrath prevail'd at last; the Reed out-flew;
 For Love finds Mean, but Hatred knows no Measure;
 Out-flew the Shaft, but with the Shaft this Charm,
 This Wish she sent — *Heav'n's grant it do no Harm!*

LXIV.

LXIV.

She bids the Reed return the Way it went,
 And pierce her Heart, which so unkind could prove;
 Such Force had Love, though lost and vainly spent;
 What Strength hath happy, kind, and mutual Love!
 But she that gentle Thought did straight repent;
 Wrath, Fury, Kindness, in her Bosom strove;
 She would, she would not, that it miss or hit;
 Her Eyes, her Heart, her Wishes follow'd it.

LXV.

But yet in vain the Quarel lighted not,
 For on his Hawberk hard the Knight it hit,
 Too hard for Woman's Shaft, or Woman's Shot;
 Instead of piercing there, it broke and split:
 He turn'd away, she burn'd with Fury hot,
 And thought he scorn'd her Pow'r, and in that Fit
 Shot oft and oft; her Shafts no Entrance found,
 And while she shot, Love gave her Wound on Wound.

LXVI.

And is he then unpierceable (quoth she)
 That neither Force nor Foe he needs regard?
 His Limbs perchance, arm'd with that Hardness be,
 Which makes his Heart so cruel and so hard:
 No Shot, that flies from Eye or Hand, I see,
 Hurts him, such Rigor doth his Person guard;
 Arm'd or disarm'd, his Foe or Mistress kind,
 Despis'd alike, like Hate, like Scorn I find.

LXVII.

But what new Form is left, Device, or Art,
 By which, to which exchange'd, I might find Grace?
 For in my Knights, and all that take my Part,
 I see no Help, no Hope; no Trust I place:
 To his great Prowess, Might, and valiant Heart,
 All Strength is weak, all Courage vile and base.
 This said she, for she saw, how through the Field
 Her Champions fly, faint, tremble, fall, and yield.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

Nor left alone can she her Person save,
 But to be slain or taken stands in Fear;
 Though with her Bow a Javelin long she have,
 Yet weak was *Phæbe's* Bow, blunt *Pallas' Spear*:
 And as the Swan, that sees the Eagle brave
 Threat'ning her Flesh and silver Plumes to tear,
 Falls down to hide her 'mong the shady Brooks,
 Such were *Armida's* Motions, such her Looks.

LXIX.

But *Altamore*, who strove this while and sought
 From shamefull Flight his *Persian* Host to stay,
 That was discomfit and destroy'd to nought,
 Whilst he alone maintain'd the Fight and Fray,
 Seeing distress'd the Goddess of his Thought,
 To aid her ran, nay flew, and laid away
 All Care both of his Honor and his Host;
 If she were safe, let all the World be lost!

LXX.

To the ill-guarded Chariot swift he flew;
 His Weapon made him Way with bloody War:
 Mean while Lord *Godfrey* and *Rinaldo* flew
 His feeble Bands; his People murder'd are;
 He saw their Loss, but aided not his Crew,
 A better Lover, than a Leader, far!
 He set *Armida* safe, then turn'd again
 With tardy Succour, for his Folk were slain;

LXXI.

And on that Side the wofull Prince beheld
 The Battle lost; nor Help nor Hope remain'd:
 But on the other Wing the *Christians* yield
 And fly, such Vantage there th' *Egyptians* gain'd;
 One of the *Roberts* was nigh slain in Field,
 The other by the *Indian* strong constrain'd
 To yield himself his Captive and his Slave;
 Thus equal Loss, and equal Foil they have.

Ppp

LXXII.

LXXII.

Godfredo took the Time and Season fit
 To bring again his Squadrons in Array ;
 And either Camp, well order'd, rang'd, and knit,
 Renew'd the furious Battle, Fight and Fray :
 New Streams of Blood were shed, new Swords them hit,
 New Combats fought, new Spoils were borne away ;
 And unresolv'd and doubtfull on each Side
 Did Praise and Conquest, *Mars* and *Fortune* ride.

LXXIII.

Between the Armies twain while thus the Fight
 Wax'd sharp, hot, cruel, though renew'd but late,
 Up-clomb the *Soldan* to the Tower's Height,
 And saw far off their Strife and fell Debate ;
 As from some Stage or Theater, the Knight
 Saw play'd the Tragedy of human State,
 Saw Death, Blood, Murder, Woe and Horror strange,
 And the great Acts of *Fortune*, Chance and Change.

LXXIV.

At first astonish'd and amaz'd he stood,
 Then burn'd with Wrath and self-consuming Ire ;
 Swelled his Bosom, like a raging Flood,
 To be amid that Battle such Desire,
 Such Haste he had ; he donn'd his Helmet good ;
 His other Arms he had before intire ;
 Up, up, he cry'd ; no more, no more within
 This Fort'refs stay ; come follow —dye, or win.

LXXV.

Whether the same were Providence divine,
 That made him leave the Fort'refs he possest,
 For that the Empire proud of *Palestine*
 This Day should fall to rise again more blest,
 Or that he breaking felt the fatal Line
 Of Life, and would meet Death with constant Breast,
 Furious and fierce he did the Gates unbar,
 And sudden Rage brought forth, and sudden War :

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Nor stay'd he, 'till the Folk, on whom he cry'd,
 Assemble might, but out alone he flies;
 A thousand Foes the Man alone defy'd,
 And ran amidst a thousand Enemies:
 But with his Fury call'd from ev'ry Side
 The rest run out, and *Aladine* forth hies;
 The Cowards had no Fear, the wise no Care;
 This was not Hope, nor Courage, but Despair.

LXXVII.

The dreadfull *Turk* with sudden Blows down cast
 The first he met, nor gave them Time to plain
 Or pray; in murd'ring them he made such Haste,
 That dead they fell, ere one could see them slain:
 From Mouth to Mouth, from Eye to Eye forth past
 The Fear and Terror, that the faithfull Train
 Of *Syrian* Folk, not us'd to dang'rous Fight,
 Were broken, scatter'd, and nigh put to Flight.

LXXVIII.

But with less Terror, and Disorder less,
 The *Gascoigns* kept Array, and kept their Ground,
 Though most the Loss and Peril them oppress;
 Unwares assail'd they were, unready found:
 No rav'ning Tooth, or Talon hard, I guess,
 Of Beast, or eager Hawk, doth slay and wound
 So many Sheep, or Fowls, weak, feeble, small,
 As his sharp Sword kill'd Knights and Soldiers tall:

LXXIX.

It seem'd his Thirst and Hunger 'swage he would
 With their slain Bodies, and their Blood pour'd out;
 With him his Troops and *Aladino* old
 Slew their Besiegers, kill'd the *Gascoign* Rout:
 But *Raimond* ran to meet the *Soldan* bold,
 Nor to encounter him had Fear or Doubt,
 Though his right Hand by Proof too well he know,
 Which laid him late for dead at one huge Blow.

LXXX.

They met, and *Raimond* fell amid the Field ;
 This Blow again upon his Forehead light ;
 It was the Fault and Weakness of his Eild ;
 Age is not fit to bear such Strokes of Might :
 Each one lift up his Sword, advanc'd his Shield ;
 Those would destroy, and these defend the Knight ;
 On went the *Soldan*, for the Man he thought
 Was slain, or eas'ly might be captive brought :

LXXXI.

Among the rest he ran, he rag'd, he smote,
 And in small Space, small Time, great Wonders wrought ;
 And, as his Rage him led, and Fury hot,
 To kill and murder Matter new he sought :
 As from his Supper poor with hungry Throat
 A Peasant hattes, to a rich Feast ibrought,
 So from this Skirmish to the Battle great
 He ran, and quench'd with Blood his Fury's Heat.

LXXXII.

Where batter'd was the Wall, he sally'd out,
 And to the Field in Haste and Heat he goes ;
 With him went Rage and Fury, Fear and Doubt
 Remain'd behind among his scatter'd Foes :
 To win the Conquest strove his Squadron stout,
 Which he imperfect left, yet loth to lose
 The Day ; the *Christians* fight, resist and die,
 And ready were to yield, retire and fly.

LXXXIII.

The *Gascoign* Bands retir'd, but kept Array ;
 The *Syrian* People ran away out-right :
 The Fight was near the Place, where *Tancred* lay ;
 His House was full of Noise, and great Affright ;
 He rose, and looked forth to see the Fray,
 Though ev'ry Limb were weak, faint, void of Might ;
 He saw the *County* lie, his Men o'erthrown,
 Some beaten back, some kill'd, some felled down.

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

Courage, in noble Hearts that ne'er is spent,
 Yet fainted not, though faint were ev'ry Limb,
 But reinforc'd each Member cleft and rent,
 And Want of Blood and Strength supply'd in him:
 In his left Hand his heavy Shield he hent,
 Nor seem'd the Weight too great; his Curtlax trim
 His right Hand drew, nor for more Arms he stood,
 Or stay'd; he needs no more, whose Heart is good;

LXXXV.

But forth advancing, cry'd——where will you run,
 And leave your Leader to his Foes a Prey?
 What? shall these *Heathen* of his Armour won
 In their vile Temples hang up Trophies gay?
 Go home to *Gascoign* then, and tell his Son,
 That where his Father dy'd, you ran away.

This said, against a thousand armed Foes
 He did his Breast, weak, naked, sick, oppose;

LXXXVI.

And with his heavy, strong, and mighty Targe,
 That with sev'n hard Bulls Hides was surely lin'd,
 And strengthen'd with a Cover thick and large
 Of stiff and well attemper'd Steel behind,
 He shielded *Raimond* from the furious Charge,
 From Swords, from Darts, from Weapons of each Kind,
 And all his Foes drove back with his sharp Blade,
 That sure and safe he lay, as in a Shade,

LXXXVII.

Thus sav'd, thus shielded, *Raimond* 'gan respire;
 He rose and rear'd himself in little Space,
 And in his Bosom burn'd the double Fire
 Of Vengeance; Wrath his Heart, Shame fill'd his Face:
 He look'd around to spy (such was his Ire)
 The Man, whose Stroke had laid him in that Place,
 Whom when he sees not, for Disdain he quakes,
 And on his People sharp Revengement takes.

LXXXVIII.

LXXXVIII.

The *Gascoigns* turn again ; their Lord in Haste
 To venge their Loss his Band re-order'd brings ;
 The Troop, that durst so much, now stood agast ;
 For where sad Fear grew late, now Boldness springs :
 Now follow'd they who fled, fled they who chac'd ;
 So alters in one Hour the State of Things :

Raimond requites his Loss, Shame, Hurt and all,
 And with an hundred Deaths reveng'd one Fall.

LXXXIX.

While *Raimond* wreaked thus his just Disdain
 On the proud Heads of Captains, Lords and Peers,
 He spies great *Sion's* King amid the Train,
 And to him leaps, and high his Sword he rears,
 And on his Forehead strikes, and strikes again,
 'Till Helm and Head he breaks, he cleaves, he tears ;
 Down fell the King, the guiltless land he bit,
 That now keeps him, because he kept not it.

XC.

Their Guides, one murder'd thus, the other gone,
 The Troops divided were in diverse Thought ;
 Despair made some run headlong 'gainst their Foe
 To seek sharp Death, that comes uncall'd, unsought ;
 And some, who lay'd their Hope on Flight alone,
 Fled to their Fort again ; yet Chance so wrought,
 That with the Flyers in the Victors pass,
 And so the Fort'ress won and conquer'd was :

XCI.

The Hold was won ; slain were the Men that fled,
 In Courts, Halls, Chambers high, above, below ;
 Old *Raimond* fast up to the Leads him sped,
 And there, of Victory true Sign and Show,
 His glorious Standard to the Wind he spread,
 That so both Armies his Success might know ;
 But *Saliman* saw not the Town was lost,
 For far from thence he was, and near the Host :

XCII.

XCII.

Into the Field he came; the lukewarm Blood
 Did smoke and flow through all the purple Field;
 There of sad *Death* the Court and Palace stood,
 There did he Triumphs lead, and Trophies build:
 An armed Steed fast by the *Soldan* yode,
 That had no Guide nor Lord the Reins to wield;
 The Tyrant took the Bridle, and bestrode
 The Courser's empty Back, and forth he rode.

XCIII.

Great, but yet short and sudden was the Aid,
 That to the *Pagans* faint and weak he brought;
 A Thunderbolt he was, you would have said,
 Great, yet that comes and goes, as swift as Thought,
 And of it's coming swift, and Flight unstaid,
 Eternal Signs in hardest Rocks hath wrought;
 For by his Hand an hundred Knights were slain,
 Yet Time hath all their Names forgot, but twain:

XCIV.

Gildippe fair, and *Edward* thy dear Lord,
 Your noble Death, sad End, and wofull Fate,
 (If so much Pow'r our vulgar Tongue afford)
 To all strange Wits, strange Ears, let me dilate,
 That Ages all your Love and sweet Accord,
 Your Virtue, Prowess, Worth, may imitate;
 And some kind Servant of true Love, who hears,
 May grace your Death, my Verses, with some Tears.

XCV.

The noble Lady thither boldly flew,
 Where the fierce *Soldan* fought, and him defy'd;
 Two mighty Blows she gave the *Turk* untrue,
 One cleft his Shield, the other pierc'd his Side:
 The Prince the Damsel by her Habit knew;
 See, see this man-kind Strumpet, see (he cry'd)
 This shameless Dame; for thee fit Weapons were
 Thy Neld and Spindle, not a Sword and Spear.

XCVI.

XCVI.

This said, full of Disdain, Rage and Despite,
 A strong, a fierce, a deadly Stroke he gave,
 And pierc'd her Armour, pierc'd her Bosom white,
 Worthy no Blows, but Blows of Love to have :
 Her dying Hand let go the Bridle quite ;
 She faints, she falls, 'twixt Life and Death she strave ;
 Her Lord to help her came, but came too late,
 Yet was not that his Fault, it was his Fate.

XCVII.

What should he do ? to diverse Parts him call
 Just Ire, and Pity kind ; one bids him go
 And succour his dear Lady, like to fall ;
 The other calls for Vengeance on his Foe ;
 Love biddeth both, Love says he must do all,
 And with his Ire joins Grief, with Pity Woe :
 What did he then ? with his Left Hand the Knight
 Would hold her up, revenge her with his Right.

XCVIII.

But to resist against a Knight so bold
 Too weak his Will and Pow'r divided were,
 So that he could not his fair Love uphold,
 Nor kill the cruel Man, that slew his Dear :
 His Arm, that did his Mistress kind infold,
 The *Turk* cut off ; pale grew his Looks and Chear ;
 He let her fall, himself fell by her Side,
 And, for he could not save her, with her dy'd.

XCIX.

As the high Elm, whom his dear Vine hath twin'd
 Fast in her hundred Arms, and holds imbrac'd,
 Bears down to Earth his Spouse and Darling kind,
 If Storm or cruel Steel the Tree down cast,
 And her full Grapes to nought doth bruise and grind,
 Spoils his own Leaves, faints, withers, dies at last,
 And seems to mourn and dye, not for his own,
 But for her Loss, with him that lies o'erthrown ;

C.

So fell he mourning, mourning for the Dame,
 Whom Life and Death had made for ever his ;
 They would have spoke, but not one Word could frame ;
 Deep Sobs their Speech, sweet Sighs their Language is ;
 Each gaz'd on other's Eyes, and, while the same
 Is lawfull, join their Hands, imbrace and kifs :
 And thus sharp Death their Knot of Life unty'd ;
 Together fought they, and together dy'd.

CI.

But now swift *Fame* her nimble Wings dispread,
 And told each-where their Chance, their Fate, their Fall ;
Rinaldo heard the Case by one, who fled
 From the fierce *Turk*, and brought him News of all :
 Disdain, good Will, Woe, Wrath, the Champion led
 To take Revenge ; Shame, Grief, for Vengeance call ;
 But as he went, *Adrastus* with his Blade
 Fore-stall'd the Way, and Shew of Combat made :

CII.

The Giant cry'd——by sundry Signs I note,
 That whom I wish, I search, thou, thou art he ;
 I mark'd each Worthy's Shield, his Helm, his Coat,
 And all this Day have call'd and cry'd for thee :
 To my sweet Saint I have thy Head devote ;
 Thou must my Sacrifice, my Off'ring be :
 Come, let us here our Strength and Courage try ;
 Thou art *Armida's* Foe, her Champion I.

CIII.

Thus he defy'd him ; on his Front before,
 And on his Throat he struck him, yet the Blow
 His Helmet neither bruised, cleft nor tore,
 But in his Saddle made him bend and bow :
Rinaldo hit him on the Flank, so fore,
 That neither Art nor Herb could help him now ;
 Down fell the Giant strong ; one Blow such Pow'r,
 Such Puissance had ; so falls a thunder'd Tow'r.

Qqq

CIV.

CIV.

With Horror, Fear, Amazedness, and Dread,
 Cold were the Hearts of all that saw the Fray;
 And *Soliman*, who view'd that noble Deed,
 Trembled; his Paleness did his Fear betray,
 For in that Stroke he did his End aread;
 He wist not what to think, to do, to say,
 A Thing in him unused, rare and strange;
 But so doth Heav'n Mens Hearts turn, alter, change.

CV.

As when the sick or frantic Men oft dream
 In their unquiet Sleep, and Slumber short,
 And think they run some speedy Course, and seem
 To move their Legs and Feet in hasty Sort,
 Yet feel their Limbs far slower than the Stream
 Of their vain Thoughts, that bears them in this Sport,
 And oft would speak, would cry, would call or shout,
 Yet neither Sound, nor Voice, nor Word send out;

CVI.

So run to fight the angry *Soldan* would,
 And did inforce his Strength, his Might, his Ire,
 Yet felt not in himself his Courage old,
 His wonted Force, his Rage, and hot Desire:
 His Eyes, that sparkled Wrath and Fury bold,
 Grew dim and feeble, Fear had quench'd that Fire;
 And in his Heart an hundred Passions fought,
 Yet not on Flight, or base Retire he thought.

CVII.

While unresolv'd he stood, the Victor Knight
 Arriv'd, and seem'd in Quickness, Haste and Speed,
 In Boldness, Greatness, Goodliness and Might,
 Above all Princes born of human Seed:
 The *Turk* small while resists; not Death, nor Fight
 Made him forget his State or Race through Dread;
 He fled no Strokes, he fetch'd no Groan nor Sigh;
 Bold were his Motions last, proud, stately, high.

CVIII.

CVIII.

Now when the *Soldan*, in these Battles past
 Who, *Antheus* like, oft fell; rose oft again,
 Ever more fierce, more fell, fell down at last
 To lie for ever, when this Prince was slain,
Fortune, that feld is stable, firm or fast,
 No longer durst resist the *Christian* Train,
 But rang'd herself in Row with *Godfrey's* Knights;
 With them she serves, she runs, she rides, she fights.

CIX.

The *Pagan* Troops, the King's own Squadron fled,
 Of all the *East* the Strength, the Pride, the Flow'r,
 Late call'd *Immortal*, now discomfited;
 It lost that Title proud, and lost all Pow'r:
 To him, who with the Royal Standard fled,
 Thus *Emireno* said with Speeches four;
 Art not thou he, to whom to bear I gave
 My King's great Banner, and his Standard brave?

CX.

This Ensign, *Rimedo*n, I gave not thee
 To be the Witness of thy Fear and Flight;
 Coward, dost thou thy Lord and Captain see
 In Battle strong, and runn'st thyself from Fight?
 What seek'st thou? Safety? come, return with me;
 The Way to Death is Path to Virtue right;
 Here let him fight, who would escape, for this
 The Way to Honor, Way to Safety is.

CXI.

The Man return'd, and swell'd with Scorn and Shame;
 The Chief, with Speeches brave, exhorts the rest:
 He threats, he strikes sometimes, 'till back they came,
 And Rage 'gainst Force, Despair 'gainst Death address:
 Thus of his broken Armies 'gan he frame
 A Battle new; some Hope dwelt in his Breast;
 But *Tisiphernes* bold reviv'd him most,
 Who fought, and seem'd to win, when all was lost:

CXII.

Wonders that Day wrought noble *Tisiphern* ;
 The hardy *Normans* all he overthrew ;
 The *Flemings* fled before the Champion stern ;
Guernier, Rogero, Gerard bold he slew :
 His glorious Deeds to Praise and Fame etern
 His Life's short Date prolong'd, enlarg'd and drew ;
 And then, as he who sets sweet Life at nought,
 The greatest Peril, Danger most he sought :

CXIII.

He spy'd *Rinaldo*, and although his Field
 Of azure purple now and sanguine shows,
 And though the silver Bird amid his Shield
 Were armed gules, yet him the Champion knows,
 And says——there greatest Peril is ; Heav'ns yield
 Strength to my Courage, Fortune to my Blows,
 That fair *Armida* her Revenge may see !
 Help, *Macon*, for his Arms I vow to thee !

CXIV.

Thus prayed he, but all his Vows were vain ;
Macon was deaf, or slept in Heav'ns above :
 And as a Lion strikes him with his Train
 His native Wrath to quicken and to move,
 So he awak'd his Fury and Disdain,
 And sharp'd his Courage on the Whetstone Love ;
 Himself he sav'd behind his mighty Targe,
 And forward spurr'd his Steed, and gave the Charge.

CXV.

The *Christian* saw the hardy Warrior come,
 And leaped forth to undertake the Fight ;
 The People round about gave Place and Room,
 And wonder'd on that fierce and cruel Sight ;
 Some prais'd their Strength, their Skill and Courage some ;
 Such and so desp'rate Blows struck either Knight,
 That all, who saw, forgot both Ire and Strife,
 Their Wounds, their Hurts ; forgot both Death and Life :

CXVI.

CXVI.

One struck, the other did both strike and wound ;
 His Arms were surer, and his Strength was more ;
 From *Tisiphern* the Blood stream'd down around,
 His Shield was cleft, his Helm was rent and tore :
 The Dame, who saw his Blood besmear the Ground,
 His Armour broke, Limbs weak, Wounds deep and sore,
 And all her Guard dead, fled, and overthrown,
 Now lost her Courage, for her Hope was gone.

CXVII.

Inviron'd with so brave a Troop but late,
 Now stood she in her Chariot all alone ;
 She feared Bondage, and her Life did hate ;
 All Hope of Conquest and Revenge was gone :
 Half mad, and half amaz'd, from where she sat,
 She leaped down, and fled from Friends and Foe ;
 On a swift Horse she mounts, and forth she rides
 Alone, save for Disdain and Love, her Guides.

CXVIII.

In Days of old Queen *Cleopatra* so
 Alone fled from the Fight and cruel Fray,
 Against *Augustus* great, his happy Foe,
 Leaving her Lord to Loss, and sure Decay ;
 And as that Lord for Love let Honor go,
 Follow'd her flying Sails, and lost the Day,
 So *Tisiphern* the fair and fearfull Dame
 Would follow, but his Foe forbids the same :

CXIX.

But when the *Pagan's* Joy and Comfort fled,
 It seem'd the Sun was set, the Day was Night ;
 'Gainst the brave Prince, with whom he combated,
 He turn'd, and on the Forehead struck the Knight :
 When forg'd are Thunders in *Typhæus'* Bed,
 Not *Brontes'* Hammer falls so swift, so right ;
 The furious Stroke fell on *Rinaldo's* Crest,
 And made him bend his Head down to his Breast.

CXX.

CXX.

The Champion in his Stirrups high upstart,
 And cleft his Hawberk hard, and tender Side,
 And sheath'd his Weapon in the *Pagan's* Heart,
 The Castle where Man's Life and Soul do bide :
 The cruel Sword his Breast and hinder Part
 With double Wound unclos'd, and open'd wide,
 And two large Doors made for his Life and Breath,
 Which pass'd, and cur'd hot Love with frozen Death.

CXXI.

This done, *Rinaldo* stay'd, and look'd around,
 Where he should harm his Foes, or help his Friends,
 Nor of the *Pagans* saw one Squadron sound ;
 Each Standard falls, Ensign to Earth descends :
 His Fury quiet then and calm he found ;
 There all his Wrath, his Rage, his Rancour ends ;
 He call'd to Mind, how, far from Help or Aid,
Armida fled, alone, amaz'd, afraid :

CXXII.

Well saw he when she fled, and with that Sight
 The Prince had Pity, Courtesy and Care ;
 He promis'd her to be her Friend and Knight,
 When erst he left her in the Island bare :
 The Way she fled, he ran, and rode aright ;
 Her Palfrey's Feet Signs in the Grass did wear ;
 But she this while found out a gloomy Shade,
 Fit Place for Death, where nought could Life persuade.

CXXIII.

Well pleas'd was she with those Shadows brown,
 And yet displeas'd with Luck, with Life, with Love ;
 There from her Steed she lighted, there laid down
 Her Bow and Shafts, her Arms that helpless prove :
 There lie with Shame (she says) disgrac'd, o'er-thrown ;
 Blunt are the Weapons, blunt the Arms I move,
 Weak to revenge my Harms, or harm my Foe ;
 My Shafts are blunt ; O *Love*, would thine were so !

CXXIV.

CXXIV.

Alas! among so many could not one,
 Not one draw Blood? one wound or rend his Skin?
 All other Breasts to you are marble Stone,
 Dare you then pierce a Woman's Bosom thin?
 See, see my naked Heart; on this alone
 Employ your Force; this Fort is eath to win,
 And *Love* will shoot you from his mighty Bow;
 The weakest Shot may pierce the yielding Snow.

CXXV.

I pardon will your Fear and Weakness pass,
 Be strong, my Arrows, cruel, sharp 'gainst me;
 Ah Wretch, how is thy Chance and Fortune cast,
 If plac'd in these thy Good and Comfort be!
 But since all Hope is vain, all Help is waste,
 Hurts must ease Hurts, and Wounds cure Wounds in thee;
 Then with thy Arrow's Stroke cure Strokes of Love;
 Death for thy Heart must Salve and Surgeon prove:

CXXVI.

And happy me, if being dead and slain
 I bear not with me this strange Plague to Hell!
 Love, stay behind; come thou with me, Disdain,
 And with my wronged Soul for ever dwell;
 Or else with it turn to the World again,
 And vex that Knight with Dreams and Vision's fell;
 And tell him, when 'twixt Life and Death I strove,
 Revenge was my last Wish, last Word was Love——

CXXVII.

And with that Word half mad, half dead she seems:
 An Arrow poignant, strong, and sharp she took,
 When her dear Knight found her in these Extremes,
 Now fit to dye, and pass the *Stygian* Brook,
 Now prest to quench her own and Beauty's Beams;
 Now Death sat on her Eyes, Death in her Look,
 When to her Back he stepp'd, and staid her Arm,
 Stretch'd forth to do that Service last, last Harm.

CXXVIII.

CXXVIII.

She turns, and, ere she knows, her Lord she spies,
 Whose coming was unwith'd, unthought, unknown :
 She shrieks, and twines away her 'dainfull Eyes
 From his sweet Face——dead falls she in a Swoon,
 Falls as a Flow'r half cut, that bending lies :
 He held her up, and, left she tumble down,
 Under her tender Side his Arm he plac'd ;
 His Hand her Girdle loos'd, her Gown unlac'd ;

CXXIX.

And her fair Face, fair Bosom he bedews
 With Tears, Tears of Remorse, of Ruth, of Sorrow :
 As the pale Rose her Colour lost renews
 With the fresh Drops fall'n from the silver Morrow,
 So she revives, and Cheeks impurpled shews,
 Moist with their own Tears, and with Tears they borrow ;
 Thrice look'd she up, her Eyes thrice closed she,
 As who say——let me dye, ere look on thee :

CXXX.

And his strong Arm with weak and feeble Hand
 She would have thrust away, loos'd and untwin'd ;
 Oft strove she, but in vain, to break that Band,
 For he the Hold he got not yet resign'd :
 Herself fast bound in those dear Knots she fand,
 Dear, though she feigned Scorn, strove and repin'd ;
 At last she speaks, she weeps, complains and cries,
 Yet durst not, did not, would not see his Eyes.

CXXXI.

Cruel at thy Departure, at Return
 As cruel, say what Chance thee hither guides ;
 Would'st thou prevent her Death, whose Heart forlorn
 For thee, for thee Death's Stroke each Hour divides ?
 Com'st thou to save my Life ? alas, what Scorn,
 What Torment for *Armida* poor abides ?
 No, no, thy Crafts and Sleights I well descry ;
 But she can little do, who cannot dye.

CXXXII.

CXXXII.

Thy Triumph is not great, nor well array'd,
 Unless in Chains thou lead'st a Captive Dame,
 A Dame now ta'en by Force, before betray'd;
 This is thy greatest Glory, greatest Fame;
 Time was, that of thee Love and Life I pray'd,
 Let Death now end my Love, my Life, my Shame;
 Yet let not thy false Hand bereave this Breath,
 For, if it were thy Gift, hatefull were Death.

CXXXIII.

Cruel, myself an hundred Ways can find
 To rid me from thy Malice, from thy Hate;
 If Weapons sharp, if Poisons of all Kind,
 If Fire, if Strangling fail, in that Estate
 Yet Ways enough I know to stop this Wind;
 A thousand Entries hath the House of Fate:
 Ah, leave these Flatt'ries, leave weak Hope to move;
 Cease, cease, my Hope is dead, dead is my Love.

CXXXIV.

Thus mourned she, and from her wat'ry Eyes
 Disdain and Love dropp'd down, roll'd up in Tears;
 From his pure Fountains ran two Streams likewise,
 Wherein chaste Pity, and mild Ruth appears:
 Thus with sweet Words the Queen he pacifies——
 Madam, appease your Grief, your Wrath, your Fears;
 For to be crown'd, not scorn'd, your Life I save,
 No Foe, but your firm Friend, your Knight, your Slave:

CXXXV.

But if you trust no Speech, no Oath, no Word,
 Yet in my Eyes my Zeal, my Truth behold;
 For to that Throne, whereof thy Sire was Lord,
 I will restore thee, crown thee with that Gold;
 And if high Heav'n would so much Grace afford,
 As from thy Heart this Cloud, this Vail t'unfold
 Of *Paganism*, in all the *East* no Dame
 Should equalize thy Fortune, State, and Fame:

R r r

CXXXVI.

CXXXVI.

Thus plaineth he, thus prays, and his Desire
 Indears with Sighs that fly, and Tears that fall,
 That as against the Warmth of *Titan's* Fire
 Snow-drifts consume on Tops of Mountains tall,
 So melts her Wrath, but Love remains intire :
 Behold, she says, your Handmaid and your Thrall ;
 My Life, my Crown, my Wealth use at your Pleasure :
 Thus Death her Life became, Loss prov'd her Treasure.

CXXXVII.

This while the Captain of th' *Egyptian* Host,
 Who saw his Royal Standard laid on Ground,
 Saw *Rimedon*, that Ensign's Prop and Post,
 By *Godfrey's* noble Hand kill'd with one Wound,
 And all his Folk discomfit, slain and lost,
 No Coward was in this last Battle found,
 But rode about, and fought (nor fought in vain)
 Some famous Hand, by which he might be slain :

CXXXVIII.

Against Lord *Godfrey* boldly out he flew,
 For nobler Foe he wish'd not, could not spy ;
 Of desp'rate Courage shew'd he Tokens true,
 Where-e'er he join'd, or stay'd, or pass'd by ;
 And cry'd to the *Duke*, as near he drew ——
 Behold, by thy strong Hand I come to dye,
 Yet trust to overthrow thee with my Fall ;
 My Castle's Ruin shall break down thy Wall.

CXXXIX.

This said, forth Spurr'd they both, both high advance
 Their Swords aloft, both struck at once, both hit ;
 His left Arm wounded had the Knight of *France*,
 His Shield was pierc'd, his Vantbrace cleft and split ;
 The *Pagan* backward fell, half in a Trance,
 On his left Ear his Foe so hugely smit ;
 And, as he sought to rise, *Godfredo's* Sword
 Pierced him through ; so dy'd that Army's Lord.

CXL.

CXL.

Of his great Host, when *Emiren* was dead,
 Fled the small Remnant, that alive remain'd.
Godfrey espied, as he turn'd his Steed,
 Great *Altamore* on Foot, with Blood all stain'd,
 With half a Sword, half Helm upon his Head,
 'Gainst whom an hundred fought, yet not one gain'd ;
 Cease, cease this Strife, he cry'd ; and thou, brave Knight,
 Yield, I am *Godfrey*, yield thee to my Might.

CXLI.

He, who 'till then his proud and haughty Heart
 To Act of Humbleness did never bend,
 When that great Name he heard, from the *North Part*
 Of the wide World renown'd to *Æthiop's End*,
 Answer'd——I yield to thee, thou worthy art ;
 I am thy Pris'ner, *Fortune* is thy Friend ;
 On *Altamore* great thy Conquest bold
 Of Glory shall be rich, and rich of Gold :

CXLII.

My loving Queen, my Wife and Lady kind
 Shall ransom me with Jewels, Gold and Treasure.
 God shield (quoth *Godfrey*) that my noble Mind
 Should Praise and Virtue so by Profit measure ;
 All that thou hast from *Persia* and from *Inde*
 Injoy it still, therein I take no Pleasure ;
 I set no Rent on Life, no Price on Blood ;
 I fight, but sell not War for Gold or Good.

CXLIII.

This said, he gave him to his Knights to keep,
 And after those that fled his Course he bent ;
 They to the Rampiers fled, and Trenches deep,
 Yet could not so Death's cruel Stroke prevent :
 The Camp was won, and all in Blood doth sleep ;
 The Blood in Rivers stream'd from Tent to Tent ;
 It soil'd, defil'd, defaced all the Prey,
 Shields, Helmets, Armours, Plumes, and Feathers gay.

R r r 2

CXLIV.

CXLIV.

Thus conquer'd *Godfrey* ; and as yet the Sun
 Div'd not in silver Waves his golden Wain,
 But Day-light serv'd him to the Fort'refs won
 With his victorious Host to turn again ;
 His bloody Coat he put not off, but run
 To the high Temple with his noble Train,
 And there hung up his Arms, and there he bows
 His Knees, there pray'd, and there perform'd his Vows.

The END of the POEM.



THE

T H E

A L L E G O R Y,

Translated by FAIRFAX.

Heroical Poetry, as a living Creature, wherein two Natures are conjoined, is compounded of Imitation and Allegory: with the one she allureth unto her the Minds and Ears of Men, and marvellously delighteth them; with the other, either in Virtue or Knowledge, she instructeth them. And as the heroically written Imitation of another is nothing else but the Pattern and Image of human Action, so the Allegory of an heroical Poem is none other, than the Glass and Figure of human Life.

But Imitation regardeth the Actions of Man, subjected to the outward Senses; and, about them being principally employed, seeketh to represent them with effectual and expressive Phrases, such as lively set before our corporeal Eyes the Things represented: it doth not consider the Customs, Affections, or Discourses of the Mind, as they are inward, but only as they come forth thence, and being manifested in Words, in Deeds, or working, do accompany the Action. On the other Side, Allegory respecteth the Passions, the Opinions, and Customs, not only as they do appear, but principally in their being hidden and inward; and more obscurely doth express them with Notes (as a Man may say) mystical, such as only the Understanders of the Nature of Things can fully comprehend. Now, leaving Imitation apart, we will, according to our Purpose, speak of Allegory; which, as the Life of Man is compound, so it represents to us sometimes the Figure of the one, sometimes the Figure of the other, because commonly by Man we understand this Compound of the Body, Soul, or Mind; and then Man's Life is said to be that, which of such Compound is proper, in the Operations of which every

every Part thereof concurs, and by working gets that Perfection, of the which by her Nature she is capable. Sometimes (although more seldom) by Man is understood not the Compound, but the most noble Part, namely the Mind: according to this last Signification it may be said, that the Life of Man is framed to contemplate, and to work simply with the Understanding; inasmuch as this Life doth seem to participate of Heaven, and as it were, changed from Humanity, to become angelical.

Of the Life of the contemplative Man the Comedy of Dante, and the Odysses, are as it were in every Part a Figure: but the civil Life is seen to be shadowed through the Ilias, and throughout the Æneis also, although in this there is rather set out a Mixture of Action and Contemplation. But since the contemplative Man is solitary, and the Man of Action liveth in civil Company, thence it cometh, that Dante and Ulysses, in their Departure from Calypso, are feigned not to be accompanied of the Army, or of a Multitude of Soldiers, but to depart alone; whereas Agamemnon and Achilles are described, the one General of the Grecian Army, the other Leader of many Troops of Myrmidons; and Æneas is seen to be accompanied, when he fighteth, or doth other civil Acts; but when he goeth to Hell and the Elysian Fields, he leaves his Followers, accompanied only with his most faithful Friend Achates, who never departed from his Side. Neither doth the Poet at random feign, that he went alone, for that in his Voyage there is signified only his Contemplation of these Pains and Rewards, which in another World are reserved for good or guilty Souls. Moreover the Operation of the Understanding speculative, which is the Working of one only Power, is commodiously figured unto us by the Action of one alone; but the Operation political, which proceedeth together from the other Powers of the Mind (which are as Citizens united in one Common-Wealth) cannot so commodiously be shadowed by Action, wherein many together, and to one End working, do not concur. To these Reasons, and to these Examples, I having Regard, have made the Allegory of my Poem such, as now shall be manifested.

THE

THE Army, compounded of diverse Princes, and of other Christian Soldiers, signifieth Man, compounded of Soul and Body; and of a Soul, not simple, but divided into many, and diverse Powers. Jerusalem, the strong City, placed in a rough and hilly Country, whereunto, as to the last End, are directed all the Enterprises of the faithfull Army, doth here signify the civil Happiness, which may come to a Christian Man (as hereafter shall be declared) which is a Good very difficult to attain unto, and situated upon the Top of the Alpine and wearisom Hill of Virtue; and unto this are turned, as unto the last Mark, all the Actions of the politic Man. Godfrey, who by all the Assembly is chosen Chieftain, stands for Understanding, and particularly for that Understanding, which considereth not only the Things necessary, but the mutable, and which may diversely happen, and those by the Will of GOD: and by the Princes he is chosen Captain of this Enterprise, because Understanding is from GOD, and by Nature made Lord over the other Virtues of the Soul and Body, and commands these, one with civil Power, the other with royal Command. Rinaldo, Tancred, and the other Princes are in lieu of the other Powers of the Soul; and the Body here becomes notified by the Soldiers less noble. And because that through the Imperfection of human Nature, and by the Deceits of his Enemy, Man attains not this Felicity without many inward Difficulties, and without finding by the Way many outward Impediments, all these are noted unto us by poetical Figures: as the Death of Sweno, and his Companions, not being joined to the Camp, but slain far off, may here shew the Losses, which a civil Man hath of his Friends, Followers, and other external Goods, Instruments of Virtue, and Aids to the attaining true Felicity. The Armies of Afric, Asia, and unlucky Battles, are no other than his Enemies, his Losses, and the Accidents of contrary Fortune. But coming to the inward Impediments, Love, which maketh Tancred and the other Worthies to dote, and disjoin themselves from Godfrey, and the Disdain, which inticeth Rinaldo from the Enterprise, do signify the Conflict and Rebellion, which the concupiscent

cupiscent and irefull Powers do make with the reasonable. The Devils, which do consult to hinder the Conquest of Jerusalem, are both a Figure, and a Thing figured; and do here represent the very same Evils, which oppose themselves against our civil Happiness, so that it may not be to us a Ladder of Christian Blessedness. The two Magicians, Ismen and Armida, Servants of the Devil, who endeavour to remove the Christians from making War, are two devilish Temptations, which do lay Snares for two Powers of the Soul, from whence all other Sins proceed. Ismen doth signify that Temptation, which seeketh to deceive, with false Belief, the Power (as a Man may call it) opinative; Armida is that Temptation, which layeth Siege to the Power of our Desires: so from that proceed the Errors of Opinion, from this those of the Appetite. The Inchantments of Ismen, deceiving with Illusions, signify no other Thing, than the Falsity of the Reasons and Persuasions, which are ingendered in the Wood, that is, in the Variety and Multitude of Opinions and Discourses of Men. And since that Man followeth Vice, and flyeth Virtue, either thinking that Travels and Dangers are Evils most grievous and insupportable, or judging (as did Epicurus and his Followers) that in Pleasure and Idleness consisted chiefest Felicity, by this double is the Inchantment and Illusion. The Fire, the Whirlwind, the Darkness, the Monsters, and other feigned Semblances, are the deceiving Allurements, which do shew us honest Travels, and honourable Danger, under the Shape of Evil. The Flowers, the Fountains, the Rivers, the musical Instruments, the Nymphs, are the deceitfull Inticements, which do here set down before us the Pleasures and Delights of the Sense, under the Show of Good. But let it suffice to have said thus much of the Impediments, which a Man finds as well within, as without himself; yet if the Allegory of any Thing be not well expressed, with these Beginnings every Man by himself may easily find it out. Now let us pass to the outward and inward Helps, with which the civil Man, over-coming all Difficulty, is brought to this desired Happiness. The Target of Diamond, which protects Raimond, and afterwards is shewed

shewed ready in the Defense of Godfrey, ought to be understood for the special Safe-guard of the LORD GOD. The Angels do signify sometimes heavenly Help, and sometimes Inspiration, the which are here shadowed in the Dream of Godfrey, and in the Records of the Hermit. The Hermit, who for the Deliverance of Rinaldo, did send the two Messengers to the wise Man, doth shew unto us the supernatural Knowledge, received by GOD's Grace, as the wise Man doth human Wisdom, inasmuch as of human Wisdom and of the Knowledge of the Works of Nature, and the Mysteries thereof, is bred and established in our Minds Justice, Temperance, Contempt of Death and mortal Pleasures, Magnanimity, and every other moral Virtue: and great Aid may a civil Man receive in every Action he attempteth, by Contemplation. It is feigned, that this wise Man was by Birth a Pagan, but being by the Hermit converted to the true Faith, becometh a Christian, and despising his first Arrogancy, he doth not much presume of his own Wisdom, but yieldeth himself to the Judgment of his Master; albeit that Philosophy was born and nourished amongst the Gentiles in Ægypt and Greece, and from thence hath passed over unto us, presumptuous of herself, a Miscreant, bold and proud above Measure; but of Saint Thomas, and the other holy Doctors, she is made the Disciple and Hand-maid of Divinity, and is become by their Endeavour more modest, and more religious, nothing daring rashly to affirm against that, which is revealed to her Mistresses. Neither in vain is the Person of the wise Man brought in, Rinaldo being able, by the Council only of the Hermit, to be found and brought back again; for that, it is brought in Shew, that the Grace of GOD doth not work always in Men immediately, or by extraordinary Ways, but many Times worketh by natural Means. And it is very reasonable, that Godfrey, who in Holiness and Religion doth excell all others, and is, as hath been said, the Figure of Understanding, be specially graced and privileged with Favors, not communicated to any other. This human Wisdom, when it is directed by the superior or more high Virtue, doth deliver the sensible Soul from Vice, and therein placeth moral

S s s

Virtue.

Virtue. But because this sufficeth not, Peter the Hermit confesseth Godfrey and Rinaldo, and converted Tancred. Godfrey and Rinaldo being two Persons, who in our Poem do hold the principal Place, it cannot but be pleasing to the Reader, that I, repeating some of the already spoken Things, do particularly lay open the allegorical Sense, which under the Vail of their Actions lies hidden. Godfrey, who holdeth the principal Place in this Story, is no other in the Allegory, but the Understanding, which is signified in many Places of the Poem, as in that Verse,

Tu il Senno sol, tu sol lo Scettro adopra. C. 7. St. 62.

By thee the Council given is, by thee the Scepter rul'd.

and more plainly in that other,

L' Anima tua Mente del Campo, e Vita. C. 11. St. 22.

Thy Soul is of the Camp both Mind and Life.

And Life is added, because in the Powers more noble the less noble are contained: therefore Rinaldo, who in Action is in the second Degree of Honor, ought also to be placed in the Allegory in the answerable Degree; but what this Power of the Mind, holding the second Degree of Dignity, is, shall be now manifested. The irefull Virtue is that, which amongst all the Powers of the Mind is less estranged from the Nobility of the Soul; insomuch that Plato, doubting, seeketh whether it differeth from Reason, or no: and such is it in the Mind, as the Chieftain in an Assembly of Soldiers; for as of these the Office is to obey their Princes, who do give Directions and Commandments to fight against their Enemies, so is it the Duty of the irefull, warlike, and sovereign Part of the Mind, to be armed with Reason against Concupiscence; and with that Vebemence and Fierceness, which is proper unto it, to resist and drive away whatsoever may be an Impediment to Felicity: but when it doth not obey Reason, but suffers itself to be carried by it's own Violence, it falleth out, that it fighteth not against Concupiscence, but by Concupiscence;

scence ; like a Dog, that biteth not the Thieves, but the Cattle committed to his Keeping. This violent, fierce, and unbridled Fury, as it cannot be fully noted by one Man of War, is nevertheless principally signified by Rinaldo, where it is said of him, that being

Salegno Guerrier de la Ragon feroce. C. 16. 34.

———— a right warlike Knight
Did scorn by Reason's Rule to fight.

Wherein (whilst fighting against Gernando, he did pass the Bounds of civil Revenge, and also whilst he served Armida) may be noted unto us Anger, not governed by Reason ; whilst he disinchanteth the Wood, entereth the City, breaketh the Enemy's Array, Anger, directed by Reason. His Return, and Reconciliation to Godfrey, noteth Obedience, causing the irefull Power to yield to the reasonable. In these Reconciliations two Things are signified : first, Godfrey with civil Moderation is acknowledged to be superior to Rinaldo, teaching us, that Reason commandeth Anger, not imperiously, but courteously and civilly : contrary-wise, in that, by imprisoning Argillano imperiously the Sedition is quieted, it is given us to understand, that the Power of the Mind over the Body is regal and predominate ; secondly, that as the reasonable Part ought not (for herein the Stoics were very much deceived) to exclude the irefull from Actions, nor usurp the Offices thereof (for this Usurpation would be against Nature and Justice) but it ought to make her her Companion and Hand-maid ; so ought not Godfrey to attempt the Adventure of the Wood himself, thereby arrogating to himself the Offices belonging to Rinaldo. Less Skill would then be shewed, and less Regard had to the Profit, which the Poet, as subjected to Policy, ought to have for his Aim, if it had been feigned, that by Godfrey only all was wrought, which was necessary for the conquering Jerusalem. Neither is there Contrariety or Difference from that which hath been said, in putting down Rinaldo and Godfrey for that Figure of the reasonable and of the irefull Virtue, which Hugo speaks of in his

Sss 2

Dream ;

Dream; whereas he compareth the one to the Head, the other to the right Hand of the Army; because the Head (if we believe Plato) is the Seat of Reason, and the right Hand, if it be not the Seat of Wrath, it is at least her most principal Instrument. Finally, to come to the Conclusion, the Army, wherein Rinaldo and the other Worthies, by the Grace of God and Advice of Man, are returned and obedient to their Chieftain, signifieth Man brought again into the State of natural Justice, and heavenly Obedience, where the superior Powers do command, as they ought, and the inferior do obey, as they should. Then the Wood is easily disincanted, the City vanquished, the Enemy's Army discomfited; that is, all external Impediments being easily overcome, Man attaineth the politic Happiness. But for that this politic Blessedness ought not to be the last Mark of a Christian Man, but he ought to look more high, that is, to everlasting Felicity, for this Cause Godfrey doth not desire to win the earthly Jerusalem, to have therein only temporal Dominion, but because herein may be celebrated the Worship of God, and that the holy Sepulcher may be the more freely visited by godly Strangers, and devout Pilgrims: and as the Poem is shut up in the Prayers of Godfrey, it is shewed unto us, that the Understanding, being travelled and wearied in civil Actions, ought in the End to rest in Devotion, and in the Contemplation of the eternal Blessedness of the other most happy and immortal Life.

G L O S S A R Y.

A.

- A Brayed, *awaked*.
A To Affront, *to confront, or face*.
Algates, *even now*.
Alonely, *singly, only*.
Amated, *discouraged, affrighted*.
Appaid, *paid, rewarded*.
Atrear, [*Fr. Arriere*] *behind*.

B.

- A Balk, *a Beam*.
Band, *for bound*.
Batten, *fat, rich*.
Beeld, *Shelter*.
Been, *used for are*.
Beforn, *for before*.
Besprent, *besprinkled*.
Bever, [*Span. Bavera*] *the Visor or Sight of a Head-piece*.
To bewray, *to discover*.
Blent, *blinded*.
To blefs, } [*Fr. blesser*] *to strike or wound, also to wave or*
 or } *flourish*.
To blifs, }
Bole, *The Stem or Body of a Tree*.
To bourgeon, [*Fr. Bourgeonner*] *to bud or blossom*.
Brake, *an Instrument, formerly used in battering Walls*.
A Brand, *sometimes used for a Sword*.
Braft, *for burst*.
A Bray, [*Fr. Braÿe*] *a rising Ground*.
Brent, *for burnt*.
Buxom, *obedient*.

C.

- A Cantel, [*Ital. Cantone*] *a Lump, or Heap*.
A Carknet, [*Fr. Carcan*] *a Bracelet, or Necklace*.
A Clarion, *a shrill kind of Trumpet*.
Cobbles, *Stones used in slinging*.

A Cogg,

G L O S S A R Y.

A Cogg, *a small Boat.*
 Cornet, *used for a Troop, or Band of Men.*
 County, *Earl.*
 Craven, *cowardly.*
 Cumbers, *Cares or Troubles.*

D.

Dazed, *dazzled.*
 Dight, *decked, or dressed.*
 Donned, *put on.*
 A Dormant, *a large Beam.*
 Doubt, *sometimes used for Fear.*

E.

Eam, *an Unkle.*
 To ear, [*Lat. arare*] *to plough or till.*
 Eath, *easy.*
 Est, *at any Time, frequently.*
 Eild, *Age.*
 To embay, *to bathe.*
 Erft, *formerly, heretofore.*
 Eyne, *for Eyes.*

F.

Fand, *for found.*
 Feltered, *twisted, or intangled.*
 A Foin, *a Thrust in fencing.*
 Fone, *Foes.*
 Forenenst, *opposite to.*
 To foreflow, *to delay.*
 Frory, *frothy.*
 Frushed, [*Fr. Froissé*] *hacked or bruised.*

G.

A Giglet, *a wanton Woman.*
 A Gite, *A Robe.*
 Gives, *Fetters.*
 Glade, *a Passage through a Wood. met. a Harbour.*
 To glafs, *to view as in a Mirror.*
 A Glave, [*Fr. Glaive*] *a long Sword, or Scymiter.*
 Gnarring, *snarling.*
 Gone, *for go.*
 Gree, [*Fr. Gré*] *Satisfaction.*

Greves,

G L O S S A R Y.

Greves, *for Groves.*

Guerdon, [*Fr. Guerdon*] *Reward.*

To guic, *to guide.*

H.

Hags, *Haws or Brambles.*

Haubergeon, [*Fr. Haubergeon*] *a small Coat of Mail.*

Hawberk, *a large Coat of Mail.*

Hent, *caught, taken hold of.*

Hight, *called.*

Hing, *for hang or hung.*

Holt, *a small Wood, or Grove,*

<p>Horda, {</p>	<p>a Tartarian Term, signifying literally a Multitude.</p>	<p>} <i>used for a Company or Tribe of wandering People, who have no settled Habitation.</i></p>
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To hurtle, *to rush together impetuously.*

I.

I, *prefixed to many Words, as ibore, ibrought, ibuilt, &c.*

Incontinent, *immediately, presently.*

To ingrave, *to bury.*

Ipight *for pight, fixed.*

K.

To take Keep, *to observe.*

Kest, *for Cast.*

Kind, *sometimes used for Nature.*

L.

Leaguer, *a besieging Army.*

To lear, *to learn.*

Leden, *Language.*

A Leech, *a Physician.*

Liefer, *rather.*

Lite, *little.*

Lore, *Learning, or Doctrine.*

Lough, *a Lake.*

To lust, *to will, or be willing.*

M.

<p>Macon, or Mahown,</p>	}	<p><i>Mahomet.</i></p>
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Marish

G L O S S A R Y.

Marish, *marsh Ground.*

Meed, *Reward.*

To mew, [*Gr. Μύω*] *to shut up, or inclose.*

Mirkfom, *obscure.*

Mifter, *Sort or Kind; as mister Wight, Kind of Person.*

Mo, *for more.*

Molten, *melted.*

Monture, [*Fr. Monture*] *an Horse, or any Beast to ride upon.*

Moody, *angry, or gloomy.*

Mote,

or } *for might.*

Mought,

N.

Nathless, *nevertheless.*

A Neld, *a Needle.*

Nere, *were not.*

Nill, *will not.*

Nilt, *wilt not.*

Nolt, *know not.*

Nould, *would not.*

P.

Pardie, [*Fr. par Dieu*] *an Oath.*

Paynims, *Pagans.*

Pendice, *a Shelter or Canopy.*

Penticle, *for Pendice.*

Pheer, *a Companion.*

Pight, *fixed.*

Pine, *Grief.*

To plain, *to lament or complain.*

Prest, [*Fr. prêt*] *prepared, ready.*

Punchins, } *short pieces of Timber, placed to support some considerable Weight.*

Q.

To quail, *to droop or languish.*

A Quarel, [*Fr. Carreau. Ital. Quadrello*] *a short, thick Dart.*

To quite, *to requite.*

R.

Rack, *the Course, or Driving of the Clouds.*

To rail, *to run, or roll down.*

Rave,

G L O S S A R Y.

Rave, [*for rove*] *pierced, or broke asunder.*

Raught, *reached.*

To reak, }
or } *to care or regard.*

To reck, }

To reave, *to deprive, or bereave.*

Recure, *Recovery.*

A Regreet, *a Re-salute.*

To remue, *to remove.*

Represe, *for Reproof.*

Rew, *for Row.*

To rue, *signifies sometimes to pity.*

A Runnel, *a small Stream.*

Ruth, *Compassion.*

S.

Sank, *for sunk.*

Sayn, *for say.*

Says, *Sayings.*

Scathe, *Harm, Mischief.*

Seely, *simple, or innocent.*

Seld, *for seldom.*

Sell, [*Lat. Sella*] *a Seat.*

Sendal, [*Ital. Zendalo*] *thin Cyprus Silk.*

A Shaw, *a Tuft of Trees.*

Sheen, *shining.*

To shend, *to blame, to spoil, or damage.*

To thrive, *to confess.* A thrift Father, *a Father Confessor.*

Slough, *an Husk, or outward Skin.*

To smoulder, *to smother.*

Soil, *taking the Water, as a Deer doth, when close pursued.*

Sote, *sweet.*

A Spring, *a Grove.*

To sterve, [*Dutch, Sterven*] *to dye:*

Stound, *Time, or while.*

A Stour, *a Fight.*

Strake, *for stroke.*

Strave, *for strove.*

Strouting, *projecting, or swelling out.*

T.

Tapished, [*Fr. tapi*] *lying hid.*

Teen, *Grief.*

T t t

A Thorp,

G L O S S A R Y.

A Thorp, *a Village*.
 Tofore, *before*.
 To tote, *to look*.
 A Train, *A Trick, or Stratagem*.
 A Train, *a Tail*.
 Trenchant, [*Fr. tranchant*] *sharp, cutting*.
 To trow, *to believe, or think*.
 A Truchman, [*Fr. Trucheman*] *an Interpreter*.

U.

Uneath, *scarcely, or hardly*, and sometimes *almost*.
 Unwroken, *unrevenged*.
 An Ure, *a wild Ox*.

V.

Vantbrace, [*Fr. Avant-bras*] *defensive Armour for the Arm*.
 Vawmure, or Vantmure [*Fr. Avant-mur*] *an Out-work*.

W.

Web	{	<i>this Word seems to denote any plain, flat Surface.</i>	{	<i>Web of a broad cutting Sword—the Blade of it. B. 2. S. 93. B. 7. S. 94.</i> <i>Web of Cloth — a Piece of Cloth in Weaving. B. 4. St. 24.</i> <i>Web of Lead — a Sheet of Lead. B. 10. St. 26.</i>
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A Weed, *A Robe*.
 To ween, *to think*.
 To weet, *to know*.
 To well, *to flow, or stream*.
 To wend, *to go*.
 Whereas, *sometimes used for where*.
 Where, *sometimes used for whereas*.
 To wifs, or wift, *to know*.
 Wood, [*Dutch, woeden*] *mad, frantic*.
 To wot, *to think, or know*.
 To wreak, *to revenge*.
 To wun, *to dwell, or inhabit*.

Y.

To yawl, *to cry, or howl*.
 Yode, *went*.
 Yond, [*for young*] *youthfull, strong*.

I N D E X.

I N D E X.

	A.	Book	Stanza
<i>ADEMARE</i> — — — —	—	1	38.
killed by <i>Clorinda</i> — — — —	—	11	44.
<i>ADRASTUS</i> , King of <i>Inde</i> — — — —	—	17	28.
His Contention with <i>Tisfphern</i> , concerning <i>Armida</i> }		19	50, &c.
Challenges <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — —	—	20	72, &c.
and is killed by him — — — —	—	101.	
<i>ÆGYPTIAN</i> Empire, it's Rise and Extent — — — —	—	103.	
<i>See CALIPH.</i>		17	4, &c.
Fleet and Army — — — —	—	15	10, &c.
The Army passes in Review before the <i>Caliph</i> — — — —	—	17	13.
The Troops of the several Nations, that compose }			
it, described and characterized — — — —	—		14 to 32.
The Army appears in Sight of <i>Jerusalem</i> — — — —	—	20	1.
Their Order of Battle — — — —	—		22, 23.
Description of the <i>Ægyptian</i> and <i>Christian</i> Armies, }			
ready to engage — — — —	—		28, &c.
The Field of Battle described — — — —	—		50, &c.
The <i>Ægyptian</i> Army totally defeated — — — —	—		56, 108,
			121, 140.
<i>ALADINE</i> , King of <i>Jerusalem</i> — — — —	—	1	83.
Upon the Approach of the <i>Christian</i> Army, poi- }			
sons the neighbouring Waters — — — —	—		89.
Fortifies the City — — — —	—		90.
Removes the Image of the Virgin <i>Mary</i> from the }			
<i>Christian</i> Church to the Temple of <i>Macon</i> — — — —	—	2	7.
Resolves to destroy the <i>Christians</i> in <i>Jerusalem</i> — — — —	—		11.
Condemns <i>Sophronia</i> and <i>Olindo</i> to be burned — — — —	—		26, 32.
Pardons them at the Intercession of <i>Clorinda</i> — — — —	—		52.
Answers <i>Argantes</i> — — — —	—	6	9.
Sends <i>Clorinda</i> and <i>Argantes</i> to Battle — — — —	—	9	43.
Orders his People to retreat — — — —	—		94.
Comes out to their Assistance — — — —	—		96.
In Council with his Nobles — — — —	—	10	34.
Pays Honors to the <i>Soldan</i> — — — —	—		53, 54.
		11	29.
His Vigilance in Defense of the City — — — —	—	13	16.
		18	66, 67.
Conducted by the <i>Soldan</i> to <i>David's</i> Fort — — — —	—	19	39.
Killed by <i>Raimond</i> — — — —	—	20	89.

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
<i>ALCASTO</i> , Leader of the <i>Switzers</i> — — —	1	63.
Attempts the enchanted Wood — — —	13	24, &c.
Put to Flight by the Fiends — — —		28.
<i>ALECTO</i> , the <i>Fury</i> , in a Vision excites <i>Argillan</i> to } raise a Mutiny in the <i>Christian</i> Camp — — }	8	59, &c.
Assumes the Shape of <i>Asaspes</i> , and encourages <i>Soliman</i> to assault the <i>Christians</i> by Night — }	9	8, &c.
Acquaints <i>Aladine</i> with the <i>Soldan's</i> Design —	9	14.
<i>ALETES</i> , Ambassador from <i>Ægypt</i> — — —	2	58.
His Speech to <i>Godfrey</i> — — —		62, &c.
<i>ALIPRAND</i> , having found the Armour of <i>Rinaldo</i> , } brings it to the Camp — — — }	8	48.
Relates the Circumstances to <i>Godfrey</i> — —		51, &c.
<i>ALTAMORE</i> , King of <i>Sarmachand</i> — — —	17	26.
His Character — — —		27.
His Station in the <i>Ægyptian</i> Army — — —	20	22.
Kills <i>Brunello</i> and <i>Ardonio</i> — — —		39.
Kills <i>Gentonio</i> , <i>Guaschar</i> , <i>Rosmond</i> , <i>Guy</i> — —		40.
Wounds <i>Gildippe</i> — — —		43.
Surrenders himself to <i>Godfrey</i> , after the Defeat of } the <i>Ægyptian</i> Army — — — }	14	1.
<i>ANTIOCH</i> — — —	1	6.
Governed by <i>Bæmond</i> — — —		9.
<i>AQUILINO</i> , <i>Raimond's</i> Horse — — —	7	75.
Ingendered by the Wind — — —		76.
His Swiftneſs — — —		77.
<i>ARABIANS</i> , led by <i>Soliman</i> , attack the <i>Christians</i> in } the Night — — — }	9	21, &c.
Are defeated — — —		92.
<i>ARGANTES</i> , Ambassador from <i>Ægypt</i> with <i>Aletes</i> —	2	59.
His Speech to <i>Godfrey</i> — — —		88.
Repairs to <i>Jerusalem</i> — — —	2	95.
Sallies from the Town to aid <i>Clorinda</i> — —	3	33.
Felled at a Blow by <i>Rinaldo</i> — — —		41.
Sustains the <i>Pagans</i> in their Retreat — —		42.
Kills <i>Dudon</i> — — —		45.
Sends a boasting Challenge, by a Herald, to the } <i>Christian</i> Camp — — — }	6	14.
Fights with <i>Otho</i> — — —		31.
Overcomes him — — —		36.
Fights with <i>Tancred</i> — — —		40.
Parted by Heralds, and the Combat deferred to } the sixth Day following — — — }		50, &c.
His Impatience for the Combat — — —	7	51.
Sends a Herald with a Defiance to the <i>Christian</i> } Camp — — — }		56.
His Incounter with <i>Raimond</i> — — —		86, &c.
Kills <i>Ormanno</i> and <i>Pyrrhus</i> — — —		109, 120.
		His

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
His Speech to <i>Aladine</i> in Council — — —	10	37, &c.
Kills <i>Sigier</i> — — — — —	11	80.
Issues forth by Night, with <i>Clorinda</i> , to burn the ?		
<i>Christians</i> Tower — — — — —	12	43.
Incouners the Guard, and sets Fire to the Tower —		44, 45.
Vows Revenge on <i>Tancred</i> for the Death of <i>Clorinda</i> —		104.
His intrepid Behaviour, during the Assault — — —	19	1.
Retires to single Combat with <i>Tancred</i> — — —		6.
Their Combat described — — — — —		11 to 25.
Killed by <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		26.
ARGILLANO — — — — —	8	57.
His Character — — — — —		58.
Excited by <i>Aleſto</i> in a Vision, harangues the <i>Italian</i> }		63, &c.
Troops, and causes a Mutiny in the Camp — }		
Imprisoned by <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —		82.
His Valour against the <i>Arabians</i> — — — — —	9	74, &c.
Kills <i>Algazel</i> — — — — —		78.
Kills <i>Saladine</i> , <i>Agricolt</i> , <i>Muleaffes</i> , <i>Adiazet</i> , and }		79.
<i>Aradine</i> — — — — —		
Kills <i>Leſbin</i> , the <i>Soldan's</i> Page — — — — —		84.
Killed by the <i>Soldan</i> — — — — —		87.
ARMIDA , Description of her — — — — —	4	23, 27,
		29, 30,
		31.
Arrives at the <i>Chriſtian</i> Camp — — — — —		28.
Her Speech and Petition to <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —		39.
Her Answer to <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —		70.
Her Grief — — — — —		74, 75.
The Effect of it — — — — —		76, 77.
Her Petition granted — — — — —		82.
Her Wiles and Subtilty in the <i>Chriſtian</i> Camp —		86 to 96.
Her Charms and Practices diſregarded by <i>Godfrey</i> }	5	63.
and <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		65.
Her ten Champions elected by Lot — — — — —		73, &c.
Departs with them and is followed by others —		79, 85.
The Manner of her Witchcrafts with the <i>Chriſtian</i> }	10	60, &c.
Knights — — — — —		
Her Paſſion for <i>Rinaldo</i> , and the Manner of her }	14	66, &c.
conveying him to her enchanted Iſland — }		
Her enchanted Iſland deſcribed — — — — —	15	42, 43,
		46, &c.
Her Palace deſcribed — — — — —	16	1 to 17.
Her wanton Dalliance with <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —		18, &c.
Her <i>Ceſtus</i> — — — — —		24, 25.
Her Grief at <i>Rinaldo's</i> Departure from her Palace —		36, &c.
Her Speech to him — — — — —		43.
Her frantic Rage — — — — —		58, 62,
		&c.
		Deſtroys

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanzas
Destroys her Palace — — — — —	16	68.
Departs to the <i>Ægyptian</i> Camp at <i>Gaza</i> — — —		74.
Arrives at <i>Gaza</i> — — — — —	17	9.
Passes in Review before the <i>Caliph</i> of <i>Ægypt</i> — — —		33.
Her Person, Chariot, and Troop, described — — —		34, &c.
Her Speech to the <i>Caliph</i> — — — — —		43.
Makes an Offer of her Kingdom and Person to any one of the <i>Ægyptian</i> Chiefs, who will kill <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —	}	47, 48.
Described, with her Paramours in the <i>Ægyptian</i> Camp — — — — —	19	67, &c.
Her Station in the Battle — — — — —	20	22.
Shoots at <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —		63, 65.
Flies in Despair from the Field of Battle — — —		117.
Attempting to kill herself, is prevented by <i>Rinaldo</i> — — —		127.
Is promised to be restored by him to her Father's Kingdom — — — — —	}	135.
Commits her Life and Crown to his Disposal — — —		136.
<i>ARSETES</i> , <i>Clorinda's</i> Eunuch — — — — —	12	18.
Relates to her the Story of her Birth, and the Ad- ventures of her Infancy — — — — —	}	21 to 40.
His Grief at her Death — — — — —		101.
<i>ASTRAGOR</i> , a Fiend, his Speech to <i>Alejo</i> — — — — —	8	1.
B.		
<i>BALDWIN</i> , Brother to <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —	1	9, 40.
Described — — — — —	3	61.
Incounters <i>Muleaffes</i> — — — — —	20	48.
<i>BOEMOND</i> characterized — — — — —	1	9.
C.		
<i>CALIPH</i> of <i>Ægypt</i> , his Character — — — — —	17	6, &c.
His Throne and Person described — — — — —		10, &c.
Gives the Command of his Army to <i>Emiren</i> — — —		38.
<i>CARLO</i> , the <i>Dane</i> , arrives at the <i>Christian</i> Camp — — —	8	4.
Relates the Death of <i>Sveno</i> — — — — —		5 to 43.
Offers to go in Search of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —	14	27.
Appointed one of the Knights, sent to recall him — — —		29.
See <i>UBALDO</i> .		
Presents <i>Rinaldo</i> with Prince <i>Sveno's</i> Sword — — —	17	83.
<i>CHAMPAIN</i> , the Country described — — — — —	1	49.
<i>CHRISTIAN</i> Army elect <i>Godfrey</i> their General — — —		32.
Reviewed by him — — — — —		35, &c.
March towards <i>Jerusalem</i> — — — — —		71.
Arrive in Sight of the <i>Holy City</i> — — — — —	3	3.
Their Joy described — — — — —		4.
		Attacked

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
Attacked by the <i>Pagans</i> in a Sally from the Town —	3	13.
Repulse them with Slaughter — — —		42, 43.
Incounter the <i>Pagans</i> — — —	7	105.
Opposed by the <i>Fiends</i> , who raise a Storm to assist the <i>Pagans</i> — — —	}	115.
Put to Flight by the <i>Fiends</i> and <i>Pagans</i> — —		121.
Attacked by <i>Soliman</i> and the <i>Arabians</i> — —	9	20.
Overcome them — — —		92, 95.
March in solemn Procession, with Hymns and Invocations — — —	11	4, &c.
Affault the Town — — —		32.
The Manner of their Attacks, military Engines and Operations, described — — —	}	31 to 34, 37 to 40, 46 to 50.
Retreat to their Camp — — —		82.
Afflicted with a scorching Heat — — —	13	52.
The terrible Effects of the Heat — — —		53, &c.
Part of the Army revolts — — —		68, 69.
The Camp refreshed by a Shower from Heaven —		75.
The Joy of the Army described — — —		76, &c.
The Joy of the Army at <i>Rinaldo's</i> Return — —	18	5.
The Operations of the Army against the Town farther described — — —	}	43 to 45, 62, &c.
Affault the Town — — —		66.
Enter <i>Jerusalem</i> — — —		105.
Their Impatience to ingage the <i>Egyptian</i> Army —	20	3.
Their Order of Battle — — —		8, &c.
Description of the <i>Christian</i> and <i>Egyptian</i> Armies, ready to ingage — — —	}	28, &c.
Description of the Field of Battle — — —		50, &c.
The <i>Christians</i> gain a compleat Victory — — —	}	56, 108, 121, 140, 143.
CLORINDA — — —	2	38.
Her Character — — —		39, &c.
Intercedes for <i>Sophronia</i> and <i>Olinda</i> — —		49, &c.
Obtains their Pardon — — —		52.
Makes a Sally from <i>Jerusalem</i> — — —	3	13.
Kills <i>Guardo</i> — — —		15.
Combats with <i>Tranced</i> — — —		21.
Wounded by a <i>Christian</i> Soldier — — —		30.
Kills <i>Ardelio</i> — — —		35.
Sustains the <i>Pagans</i> in their Retreat — —		42.
Kills <i>Raipb</i> — — —	7	120.
Kills <i>Berengario</i> and <i>Albinus</i> — — —	9	68.
Wounds <i>Gernier</i> , and kills <i>Achilles</i> — —		69.
Wounded by <i>Guelpho</i> — — —		72.
Wounds the <i>Englyb</i> Prince — — —	11	42.

Kills

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
Kills <i>Stephen of Amboise</i> , and <i>Clotharius</i> — — — —	11	43.
Kills <i>Ademare</i> — — — — —		44.
Kills <i>Palamede</i> — — — — —		45.
Wounds <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —		54.
Disguises herself in black Armour, and issues forth } by Night to destroy the Tower — — — — }	12	43.
Incounsters the Guard — — — — —		44.
Sets Fire to the Tower — — — — —		45.
Pursued by the <i>Christians</i> to the Walls — — — —		47.
Is shut out of the City, whilst she engages and } kills <i>Arimon</i> — — — — — }		49.
Flies from the <i>Christians</i> — — — — —		51.
Pursued by <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		52.
Her Combat with <i>Tancred</i> described — — — —		53 to 63.
Mortally wounded by him — — — — —		64.
Becomes a Convert to <i>Christianity</i> — — — — —		65, 66.
Baptized by <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		68.
Her Death — — — — —		69.
Her Corse brought to <i>Tancred's</i> Tent — — — —		72.
Her Death lamented by <i>Tancred</i> — — — — }		70,
Appears to him in a Dream, and comforts him —		75, &c.
Her Interment and funeral Honors — — — —		91, &c.
The Grief and Conternation of the <i>Pagans</i> at the } News of her Death — — — — — }	100.	
COLUMBUS , his Voyage and Discoveries foretold —	15	31.
D.		
DANISH Prince, his Story — — — — —	8	5 to 42.
The DEVIL envies the Success of the <i>Christians</i> —	4	1.
Calls an Assembly of the infernal Princes — —		2.
His Trident, Throne, and Person, described — —		6 to 8.
His Speech — — — — —		9.
See FIENDS.		
DUDON , Leader of the <i>Adventurers</i> Squadron, his } Experience, Valour, and Worth — — — — }	1	53.
Described by <i>Erminia</i> — — — — —	3	39.
Kills <i>Tigranes</i> , <i>Algazar</i> , <i>Corban</i> , and <i>Almansore</i> —		43, &c.
Is killed by <i>Argantes</i> — — — — —		45.
His Death described — — — — —		46.
His Funeral and Epitaph — — — — —		72, 73.
E.		
EDWARD and <i>Gildippe</i> — — — — —	1	56.
Described by <i>Erminia</i> — — — — —	3	40.
Slain by the <i>Soldan</i> — — — — —	20	94, &c.
See GILDIPPE.		

EMIREN,

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
EMIREN , his Character — — — — —	17	32.
Appointed by the <i>Caliph</i> General of the <i>Ægyptian</i> Army — — — — —		38.
His Speech to the <i>Caliph</i> — — — — —		39.
His Character given by <i>Vasfrine</i> — — — — —	19	123.
His Orders and Dispositions for the Battle with the <i>Christians</i> — — — — —	20	22, &c.
Animates his People — — — — —		24, &c.
Rallies his scatter'd Troops — — — — —		111.
Combats singly with <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —		138.
Killed by him — — — — —		139.
ERMINIA — — — — —	3	12.
At <i>Aladine's</i> Request from a Tower describes the <i>Christian</i> Leaders — — — — —		17, &c.
Her Account of <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		19.
of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —		37.
of <i>Dudon</i> — — — — —		39.
of <i>Gernando</i> — — — — —		40.
of <i>Edward</i> and <i>Gildippe</i> — — — — —		40.
of <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —		58.
of <i>Baldwin</i> — — — — —		61.
of <i>Raimond</i> — — — — —		62.
of <i>William</i> , the <i>English</i> Prince — — — — —		62.
of <i>Guslbo</i> — — — — —		63.
Her Love to <i>Tancred</i> , and Anxiety during his Combat with <i>Argantes</i> — — — — —	6	55, &c.
Disguised in <i>Clorinda's</i> Armour, leaves the Town in Search of <i>Tancred</i> to cure his Wounds — — — — —		89, &c.
Is discovered at her Approach to the <i>Christian</i> Camp, and flies — — — — —		107.
Pursued by <i>Poliphern</i> — — — — —		108.
Stops upon the Banks of the River <i>Jordan</i> — — — — —	7	3.
Her Discourse with a Shepherd — — — — —		7 to 13.
Entertained by him — — — — —		17.
Discovers <i>Vasfrine</i> in the <i>Ægyptian</i> Camp — — — — —	19	79.
Departs with him — — — — —		85.
Relates to him the Particulars of the Conspiracy against <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —		86, &c.
Discloseth her Love to <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		90.
Relates the Manner of her being taken by the <i>Ægyptians</i> — — — — —		99.
Discovers <i>Tancred</i> lying desperately wounded — — — — —		104.
Her Grief — — — — —		105, &c.
Undertakes the Cure of his Wounds — — — — —		111, &c.
EROTIMUS — — — — —	11	69.
His Character — — — — —		70.
EUSTACE — — — — —	1	54.
Inamoured of <i>Armida</i> — — — — —	4	33.

U u u

His

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
His Speech to <i>Godfrey</i> in her Favour — — — —	4	78.
His Speech to <i>Armida</i> — — — —		84.
His Policy, and Speech to <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — —	5	9.
Follows <i>Armida</i> — — — —		80.
F.		
The <i>FIENDS</i> disperse themselves upon Earth to annoy } the <i>Christians</i> — — — — }	4	18.
Raise a Storm to assist the <i>Pagans</i> — — — —	7	115.
The Storm described — — — —		116, 117.
Hearten the <i>Pagans</i> in Battle — — — —	9	53.
Retire at the Command of <i>Michael</i> the Angel — —		65.
Raised by the Incantations of <i>Ismen</i> , take Posses- } sion of the Wood — — — — }	13	11.
FOREST-Trees described — — — —	3	75, 76.
FORTUNATE Islands — a Description of them — —	15	35, &c.
G.		
GABRIEL, the Angel — — — —	1	11.
Sent to <i>Godfrey</i> — — — —		12.
His Descent to Earth and Arrival on <i>Libanon</i> — —		14.
His Speech to <i>Godfrey</i> — — — —		16.
GAZA, it's Situation — — — —	17	1.
GERNANDO, Son to the King of <i>Norway</i> — — — —	1	54.
Described by <i>Erminia</i> — — — —	3	40.
Aspires to be Captain of the <i>Adventurers</i> — — — —	5	15.
Slanders <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — —		23, 24.
Killed by him — — — —		31.
GILDIPPE and <i>Edward</i> — — — —	1	56.
Described by <i>Erminia</i> — — — —	3	40.
GILDIPPE gives the first Onset in the Battle with the } <i>Egyptians</i> , and kills <i>Hircano</i> — — — — }	20	32.
Kills <i>Zopire</i> and <i>Alarco</i> — — — —		33.
Fells <i>Artaxerxes</i> , and kills <i>Argens</i> — — — —		34.
Engages <i>Altamore</i> — — — —		41.
Wounded by him — — — —		43.
Killed by the <i>Soldan</i> — — — —		94, &c.
GODFREY—characterized — — — —	1	8.
Assembles the Captains of the <i>Christian</i> Army in } Council — — — — }	19.	
His Speech to them — — — —		21.
Unanimously elected General — — — —		32.
Reviews the <i>Christian</i> Army — — — —		35.
Receives Intelligence of the March of the <i>Ægypt-</i> } <i>tian</i> Army — — — — }		67.
Dispatches an Herald to <i>Greece</i> , to hasten the } March of <i>Sveno</i> , the <i>Danish</i> Prince — — — — }		68.

His

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
His Answer to <i>Aletes</i> , the <i>Egyptian</i> Ambassador —	2	81.
Described and characterized by <i>Erminia</i> —	3	58.
His Approach to the Corps of <i>Dudon</i> , Behaviour, and Speech —	}	66 to 70.
His Speech to <i>Armida</i> —	4	68.
Grants her Petition —	}	82.
Orders the <i>Adventurers</i> Band to elect a Captain in the Room of <i>Dudon</i> —	5	2.
His Council to them concerning <i>Armida</i> —	}	3, 4, 78.
Resists the Charms and Practices of <i>Armida</i> —	}	63.
Receives Intelligence of the <i>Egyptian</i> Fleet, and the Loss of his Convoy —	}	86, 87.
Encourages his dispirited Troops —	}	90, &c.
His Speech to <i>Raimond</i> —	7	68.
Exhorts his Troops to revenge the Treachery of <i>Oradine</i> —	}	105.
Twice repulses <i>Argantes</i> , and protects his People, retiring to their Trenches —	}	121, &c.
His Answer to <i>Carlo</i> , the <i>Dano</i> —	8	43.
His Speech to the Mutineers —	}	79.
The Effect of it —	}	81, 82.
Incouners the <i>Soldan</i> —	9	49.
Kills <i>Selim</i> and <i>Roffano</i> —	}	90.
Leads the Army in a solemn Procession, to invoke the Assistance of Heaven —	}	11 4, &c.
His Orders and Dispositions for the Assault of the Town —	}	31, &c.
Wounded by <i>Clorinda</i> —	}	54.
Retires to his Tent —	}	56.
The ill Effects of his Absence —	}	57.
His Wound cured by an Angel —	}	72, &c.
Returns to the Assault —	}	76.
Wounds <i>Argantes</i> —	}	79.
Retreats with the Army —	}	82.
Offers to attempt the enchanted Wood —	13	50.
but is prevented by the Hermit <i>Peter</i> , who foretells the speedy Return of <i>Rinaldo</i> —	}	51.
His Prayer, that the excessive Heat might be allayed —	}	71.
The Effect of his Prayer —	}	72, &c.
Admonished by <i>Hugo</i> , in a Vision, to recall <i>Rinaldo</i> —	14	3 to 15.
By means of a Dove, receives Intelligence of the Approach of the <i>Egyptian</i> Army —	18	49, &c.
Communicates it to his Captains, and makes Dispositions for assaulting the Town —	}	53, &c.
Gains the Wall and displays the Cross —	}	99, 100.

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
His Orders and Dispositions for the Battle with the <i>Aegyptians</i> — — — — — }	20	8, &c.
His animating Speech to his Army — — — — —		14.
Kills <i>Orlando</i> — — — — —		46.
Engages <i>Altamora</i> — — — — —		48.
Kills <i>Rimodon</i> , the <i>Aegyptian</i> Standard-Bearer — — — — —		137.
Kills <i>Emiren</i> , the <i>Aegyptian</i> General — — — — —		139.
The Victory being compleat, repairs with his Nobles to the Temple, dedicates his Arms, and performs his Vows — — — — — }		144.
GREEKS revolt from the Army — — — — —	13	68.
GUELPHO — — — — —	1	10.
His Lineage and Possessions — — — — —		41, 42.
Description and Character of him by <i>Erminia</i> — — — — —	3	63.
His Speech to <i>Godfrey</i> in Favour of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —	5	57.
Opposes a Sally from the besieged — — — — —	9	55.
Incounters and wounds <i>Clorinda</i> — — — — —		72.
Kills <i>Osvida</i> — — — — —		73.
Commands in the Absence of <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —	11	56.
Felled by a Stone from the Walls — — — — —		59.
Intercedes with <i>Godfrey</i> for the Return of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —	14	21.
H.		
HEAT afflicts the <i>Christian</i> Army — — — — —	13	52.
The terrible Effects of it — — — — —		53, &c.
Removed by <i>Godfrey's</i> Prayer — — — — —		72.
HERMIT — See PETER . See WIZARD .		
HIDRAORT , King of <i>Damascus</i> — — — — —	4	20.
Sends <i>Armida</i> to the <i>Christian</i> Camp — — — — —		25.
I.		
JERUSALEM — — — — —	1	90.
It's Situation and Description — — — — —	3	55, 56.
Taken by Assault — — — — —	18	105.
ISMEN , the Magician — — — — —	2	1.
His Speech and Advice to <i>Aladine</i> — — — — —		3.
To the <i>Soldan</i> — — — — —	10	8, &c.
Foretells the Re-taking of <i>Jerusalem</i> by the <i>Sultan</i> } of <i>Egypt</i> — — — — — }		22.
Conducts the <i>Soldan</i> by Art magic to <i>Jerusalem</i> — — — — —	10	28, &c.
Prepares two Balls of Wildfire to burn the } Tower of the <i>Christians</i> — — — — — }	12	42.
His magic Arts and Incantation in the Wood — — — — —	13	5, &c.
Raises the Fiends, and commits the Wood to their } Custody — — — — — }		7 to 11.
		By

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
By his Skill in Astrology foretells, that a scorch- ing Heat will annoy the <i>Christians</i> —	13	13.
His last Efforts in Defense of the City —	18	87.
His Death —		88, 89.
L.		
<i>LATINUS</i> , and his five Sons, slain by the <i>Soldan</i> —	9	27 to 38.
<i>LESBIN</i> , the <i>Soldan's</i> Page, described —		81, &c.
Killed by <i>Agillano</i> —		84.
M.		
<i>MICHAEL</i> , the Angel, puts the <i>Fiends</i> to Flight —		65.
Appears to <i>Godfrey</i> during the Assault, and points out to him, where the Spirits of <i>Du-</i> <i>don</i> , <i>Ademare</i> , &c. with an Host of Angels, assist the <i>Christians</i> —	18	92 to 96.
O.		
<i>OLINDO</i> — his Story —	2	15 to 54.
<i>ORADINE</i> wounds <i>Raimond</i> , in Violation of the Laws of single Combat —	7	103.
<i>ORCANO</i> —	10	39.
His Speech to <i>Aladine</i> in Council —		40.
<i>ORMONDO</i> , his Conspiracy against the Life of <i>God-</i> <i>frey</i> —	19	62, 86.
Attempts to put it in Execution —	20	44.
Killed by <i>Godfrey</i> —		46.
<i>OTHO</i> fights with <i>Argantes</i> in <i>Tancred's</i> Absence —	6	29.
Overthrown —		36, &c.
<i>OTTON's</i> Shield —	1	55.
P.		
<i>PAGANS</i> in <i>Jerusalem</i> discover the Approach of the <i>Christian</i> Army —	3	10.
Make a Sally from the Town, led by <i>Glorinda</i> and <i>Argantes</i> —		13.
Repulsed with Slaughter by the <i>Christians</i> —		42, &c.
Incounter the <i>Christians</i> —	7	105, &c.
Aided by the <i>Fiends</i> —		115.
Put the <i>Christians</i> to Flight —		121.
Sally from the Town —	9	43.
Are defeated, and retreat within the Walls —		96.
Their Operations for the Defense of the City during the Assault —	11	25 to 30, 40, 47, 65, 66.
Their general Grief and Consternation at the Death of <i>Glorinda</i> —	12	100.

Their

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
Their defensive Operations farther described — }	18	46, &c. 80, &c.
PETER , the Hermit, his Speech, persuading the <i>Christian</i> Captains to elect <i>Godfrey</i> their Ge- neral — — — — — }	1	29.
His Prophecy concerning <i>Rinaldo's</i> Posterity —	10	74, &c.
Exhorts <i>Godfrey</i> to implore divine Assistance —	11	1.
Reproves <i>Tancred</i> for his Excess of Grief at the Death of <i>Clorinda</i> — — — — — }	12	85.
Foretells the speedy Return of <i>Rinaldo</i> — —	13	51.
His Speech and Council to <i>Rinaldo</i> — —	18	6, &c.
R.		
RAIMOND — — — — —	1	61.
Description and Character of him by <i>Erminia</i> —	3	62.
Chosen by Lot to fight <i>Argantes</i> in the Absence? of <i>Tancred</i> — — — — — }	7	70.
His Prayer before the Combat — — — — —		78.
Protected by an Angel — — — — —		82.
His Encounter with <i>Argantes</i> — — — — —		84 to 98.
Wounded by a Shot from the Town — — — — —		103.
His Station, during the Assault — — — — —	18	55.
Felled by the <i>Soldan</i> — — — — —	19	43.
His Speech and Advice to <i>Godfrey</i> in Council —		128.
Felled by the <i>Soldan</i> — — — — —	20	80.
Protected by <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		86.
Kills <i>Aladine</i> — — — — —		89.
Displays his Standard upon <i>David's</i> Fort — —		91.
RAMBALDO — — — — —	1	54.
Elected one of <i>Armida's</i> Champions — — — — —	5	75.
Devotes himself to her Service, having apostat- ized from Christianity — — — — — }	7	35.
Encountered by <i>Tancred</i> — — — — —		37 to 43.
Retreats within <i>Armida's</i> Castle — — — — —		44.
RINALDO characterized — — — — —	1	10, 56.
Described by <i>Erminia</i> — — — — —	3	37.
Fells <i>Argantes</i> at a Blow — — — — —		41.
Exhorts the <i>Adventurers</i> to revenge the Death of? <i>Dudon</i> — — — — — }		50.
His Answer to <i>Eustace</i> — — — — —	5	14.
Slandered by <i>Gernando</i> — — — — —		23, 24.
Encounters and kills him — — — — —		26 to 31.
Retires from the Camp — — — — —		51.
His Armour found by <i>Aliprand</i> — — — — —	8	48.
The Manner of his rescuing the <i>Christian</i> ? Knights, made Prisoners by <i>Armida</i> — — — — — }	10	71.
The Manner of his being inthralled, and carried by <i>Armida</i> to her enchanted Island — — — — — }	14	65, &c.

His

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
His amorous Dalliance with <i>Armida</i> — — — — —	16	18 to 27.
Roused at the Appearance of <i>Ubaldo</i> and <i>Carlo</i> — — — — —		28, 29.
Views his wanton Habit in the Diamond Shield — — — — —		30.
The Effect of it — — — — —		31.
Hastens from the Palace — — — — —		35.
His Answer to <i>Armida's</i> Intreaties — — — — —		52, &c.
Embarks from the enchanted Island — — — — —		61.
His Return to the Land of <i>Palestine</i> — — — — —	17	56.
Presented by the Wizard with a Suit of Armour — — — — —		58, 64.
His Shield described — — — — —		66, &c.
Receives Prince <i>Sweno's</i> Sword — — — — —		84.
Arrives at the <i>Christian</i> Camp — — — — —		97.
His Speech and Submission to <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — —	18	1.
His Confession before the <i>Hermist</i> — — — — —		9.
Goes forth to the enchanted Wood — — — — —		11.
His Prayer on Mount <i>Olivet</i> — — — — —		14.
His Adventures in the Wood — — — — —		17, &c.
Cuts down the Myrtle, and dissolves the In- chantments — — — — —		37.
His Exhortation to the <i>Adventurers</i> — — — — —		73.
His Strength and Intrepidity during the Assault — — — — —		75, &c.
Is the first, who scales the Walls of the City — — — — —		78.
His Station in the Battle with the <i>Egyptians</i> — — — — —	20	10.
His terrible Appearance — — — — —		53.
Kills <i>Afimire</i> , and makes a great Slaughter } amongst the Enemy — — — — —		54, 55.
Avoids that Part of the Field, where <i>Armida</i> is } posted — — — — —		62.
Kills <i>Adrastus</i> , King of <i>Inde</i> — — — — —		103.
Kills the <i>Soldan</i> — — — — —		107.
His Combat with <i>Tisfbern</i> — — — — —		115, &c.
Kills <i>Tisfbern</i> — — — — —		120.
Follows <i>Armida</i> , who fled in Despair from the } Field of Battle — — — — —		122.
Sooths her Grief, and promises to restore her to } her Father's Throne — — — — —		128, &c. 135.
S.		
A SHEPHERD entertains <i>Erminia</i> , his Discourse } with her, and the Story of his Life — — — — —	7	7 to 17.
<i>SOLIMAN</i> , late Sovereign of the <i>Turks</i> — — — — —	9	3.
His former Dominions — — — — —		4.
Levies a Body of <i>Arabians</i> — — — — —		6.
Animates them to attack the <i>Christians</i> in the } Night — — — — —		17.
His terrible Appearance — — — — —		25, 26.
Kills the five Sons of <i>Latims</i> — — — — —		27, &c.
		Wounded

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
Wounded by <i>Latinus</i> — — —	9	37.
Kills him — — —		38.
Incounters <i>Godfrey</i> — — —		49.
His Grief for the Death of <i>Leſbin</i> — — —		86.
Kills <i>Argillano</i> — — —		87.
His Flight, after the Defeat of his Troops — — —	10	1.
His Diſcourſe with <i>Iſmen</i> , the Magician — — —		8 to 24.
Concealed by him in a Cloud, and conducted ſe-		16, &c.
cretly, where <i>Aladine</i> ſits in Council — — —		34.
Diſcovered by the Removal of the Cloud — — —		49.
His Speech — — —		50.
His Station and Behaviour during the Aſſault of }	18	67, 90,
the City — — —		98.
Conducts <i>Aladine</i> , and the Remains of his People }	19	39.
to <i>David's</i> Tower — — —		53, &c.
Animates the <i>Pagans</i> — — —		73.
From <i>David's</i> Tower ſees the <i>Chriſtian</i> and }	20	74, 75.
<i>Egyptian</i> Armies ingaged — — —		94, &c.
Exhorts his Men, and ruſhes to the Battle — — —		107.
Kills <i>Gildippe</i> and <i>Edward</i> — — —		14 to 54.
Killed by <i>Rinaldo</i> — — —	2	62.
<i>SOPHRONIA</i> , her Story — — —		43.
<i>STEVEN</i> of <i>Amboiſe</i> — — —	11	116, 117.
Killed by <i>Clorinda</i> — — —		5 to 43.
<i>STORM</i> , raiſed by the <i>Fiends</i> to aſſiſt the <i>Pagans</i> , }	7	
deſcribed — — —		
<i>SWENO</i> , the <i>Daniſh</i> Prince, his Valour and Death }	8	
related — — —		

T.

<i>TANCRED</i> , his Character — — —	1	9, 45.
Inamoured of <i>Clorinda</i> — — —		46.
Deſcribed by <i>Erminia</i> — — —	3	19, &c.
Combats with <i>Clorinda</i> — — —		21.
His Speech to <i>Godfrey</i> , in Favour of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — —	5	36.
Made Choice of to accept the Challenge of <i>Ar-</i>	6	24.
<i>gantes</i> — — —		27.
Forgets himſelf, and neglects the Combat, at the }		40, &c.
Sight of <i>Clorinda</i> — — —		50.
His Incounters with <i>Argantes</i> — — —		114.
Parted by Heralds, and the Combat deferred to }		28.
the 6th Day following — — —	7	37 to 43.
Leaves the Camp in Search of <i>Erminia</i> , ſuppoſing }		44, 45.
her to be <i>Clorinda</i> — — —		
Led by a falſe Guide to <i>Armida's</i> Caſtle — — —		
Fights with <i>Rambaldo</i> — — —		
Purſues him into the Caſtle, and is made Priſoner }		
by <i>Armida's</i> Inchantments — — —		

Returns

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
Returns to the Camp, with the rest of the <i>Christian</i> Knights — — — — — }	9	92.
Pursues <i>Clorinda</i> , mistaking her for a <i>Pagan</i> Knight--	12	52.
Their Incounter — — — — —		53 to 63.
He mortally wounds her — — — — —		64.
Discovers his Adversary to be <i>Clorinda</i> — — — — —		67.
Baptizes her — — — — —		68.
His Excess of Grief at her Death — — — — —		70, 75, &c.
Reproved by the Hermit <i>Peter</i> — — — — —		85.
Comforted by <i>Clorinda</i> in a Dream — — — — —		91.
Inters her with military Honors — — — — —		94, &c.
Attempts the enchanted Wood — — — — —	13	33.
Enters the Grove — — — — —		35.
Affailed by Storms and Tempest — — — — —		36.
Strikes the Cypress Tree — — — — —		41.
Disheartened by the Speech of a Fiend, assuming } the Voice of <i>Clorinda</i> — — — — — }		44.
Returns to the Camp — — — — —		46.
In the Assault of the City gains the Wall, and } displays the Cross — — — — — }	18	101.
Retires to single Combat with <i>Argantes</i> — — — — —	19	6 to 25.
Kills him — — — — —		26.
and falls himself, dangerously wounded — — — — —		28.
Found, and taken Care of by <i>Vafrine</i> and <i>Erminia</i> --		103, &c.
Rallies the <i>Gascoigns</i> , and protects <i>Raimond</i> — — — — —	20	86.
TATIN , Leader of the <i>Grecian</i> Troops — — — — —	1	51.
Revolts with them — — — — —	13	68.
TISIPHERNES , his Character — — — — —	17	31.
His Contention with <i>Adrastus</i> concerning <i>Armida</i> }	19	50, &c.
His Bravery — — — — —	20	72.
Kills <i>Gernier</i> , <i>Rogero</i> , and <i>Gerard</i> — — — — —		111.
Incounters <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —		112.
Killed by him — — — — —		113.
		120.
U.		
UBALDO — — — — —	1	55.
His Character, Experience and Abilities — — — — —	14	28.
Appointed to go in Search of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — —		29.
UBALDO and CARLO directed to a Wizard for In- } struction, by the Hermit <i>Peter</i> — — — — — }		30.
Received and entertained by the Wizard — — — — —		34 to 49.
Fully instructed by him, how to pursue their } Voyage — — — — — }		50, &c.
Receive a charmed Rod, a Map, and a Diamond } Shield, from the Wizard — — — — — }	15	1.
They embark for the <i>Fortunate Islands</i> — — — — —		7.

X x x

Their

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Their Voyage through the <i>Mediterranean</i>, along the Coast of <i>Afric</i>, which is particularly described — — — — — } </div>	15	8 to 23.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> They arrive at the <i>Fortunate Islands</i> — — — — — } </div>		33.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> They arrive at <i>Armida's</i> enchanted Island — — — — — } </div>		45.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Affailed by wild Beasts and Monsters, which they put to Flight with the charmed Rod — — — — — } </div>		47 to 52.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Variouſly tempted — — — — — } </div>		55, &c.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> They enter the Palace — — — — — } </div>	16	7.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> and diſcover <i>Armida</i> and <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — — } </div>		17.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <i>UBALDO</i> preſents the Diamond Shield before the Face of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — — } </div>		29.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> The Effect of it — — — — — } </div>		30, 31.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Exhorts him to return to the Camp — — — — — } </div>		32, &c.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <i>UBALDO</i> and <i>CARLO</i> return with <i>Rinaldo</i> to the Land of <i>Paleſtine</i> — — — — — } </div>	17	55.
V.		
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <i>VAFRINE</i>, his Character — — — — — } </div>	18	57.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Sent a Spy to the <i>Egyptian</i> Camp — — — — — } </div>		58.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> His Dreſs and Appearance — — — — — } </div>		59, 60.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Arrives at the <i>Egyptian</i> Camp — — — — — } </div>	19	57.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> His Adventures there — — — — — } </div>		58, &c.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Diſcovers a Conſpiracy againſt the Life of <i>Godfrey</i> — — — — — } </div>		63, &c.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Is known by <i>Erminia</i>, and conducts her from the Camp — — — — — } </div>		79 to 85.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Diſcovers <i>Tancred</i> lying dangerously wounded — — — — — } </div>		103.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Relates to <i>Godfrey</i> the State of the <i>Egyptian</i> Camp — — — — — } </div>		121, &c.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> and the Conſpiracy of <i>Ormondo</i> — — — — — } </div>		127.
W.		
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <i>WILLIAM</i>, the <i>Engliſh</i> Prince — — — — — } </div>	1	44.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Deſcribed by <i>Erminia</i> — — — — — } </div>	3	62.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Relates the Adventures of the <i>Chriſtian</i> Knights in <i>Armida's</i> enchanted Caſtle, and the Manner of their Escape — — — — — } </div>	10	59 to 73.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Wounded by <i>Glorinda</i> — — — — — } </div>	11	42.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> A <i>WIZARD</i>, his Speech to the Knights, ſent in Search of <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — — } </div>	14	35.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Invites them to his Cell — — — — — } </div>		36.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Their Way to it deſcribed — — — — — } </div>		37, &c.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Gives ſome Account of his Life — — — — — } </div>		41 to 48.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Entertains the Knights — — — — — } </div>		48, 49.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Relates to them <i>Armida's</i> Crafts, and the Manner of her enchanting <i>Rinaldo</i> — — — — — } </div>		50 to 71.
<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> Inſtructs them, how to purſue their Voyage — — — — — } </div>		72, &c.
		Presents

I N D E X.

	Book	Stanza
Presents them with an exact Chart of <i>Armida's</i> Palace, and furnishes them with a Rod and Shield to frustrate her Inchantments —	15	1.
His Speech to <i>Rinaldo</i> — — —	17	59.
Presents him with a Suit of Armour — — —		64.
and describes <i>Rinaldo's</i> Lineage, portrayed in the Shield — — —		65, &c.
The INCHANTED WOOD — — —	13	9, 11.
		21, 26 to
		29, 33, 36
Its various Appearances — — —		to 43, 48,
		49.
	18	18 to 36.
The Inchantments dissolved by <i>Rinaldo</i> —		37.

C O M P A R I S O N S.

	Book	Stan.
<i>ADRASTUS</i> falling compared to a Tower, Thunder-struck — — —	20	103.
The <i>Wings</i> of the <i>Ægyptian</i> Army — to the Horns of the new Moon — — —	20	22.
<i>Altamore</i> , having felled <i>Gildippe</i> , and disdaining to repeat his Blows — to a Lion, scorning to attack a Man, who is prostrate — — —	20	43.
The <i>Arabians</i> coming to Battle — to a Flood overflowing the Fields — — —	9	24.
<i>Argantes</i> — to <i>Exceladus</i> — — —	6	23.
— to <i>Goliab</i> — — —		23.
<i>Argantes</i> frowning — to the Visage in <i>Minerva's</i> Shield —		33.
<i>Argantes</i> wounded — to a Bear pierced with a Dart —		45.
<i>Argantes</i> , clad in Armour — to a Comet, foreboding Evil —	7	52.
His Fury — to that of a Bull, inflamed with Jealousy —		55.
<i>Argantes</i> wounded, disarmed, and bearing the Assaults of <i>Raimond</i> — to a Ship, battered in a Storm — — —		98.
<i>Argantes</i> and <i>Clorinda</i> , jointly destroying the <i>Christians</i> , — to two chained Bullets — — —	9	54.
<i>Argantes</i> , incountering <i>Tancred</i> — to a tall Ship, fighting a Gally — — —	19	13.
<i>Argantes</i> , rising from the Ground, and collecting his Might — to a Pine, bended with the Wind, and rearing it's Head again — — —		19.
The last Exertion of his Courage — to the Blaze of a dying Flame — — —		22.
<i>Argillano</i> , having escaped from Prison, and rushing to Battle — to a War-horse, breaking from his Stable, and neighing through the Fields — — —	9	75.

X x x 2

Armida,

I N D E X.

	Book	Stan.
<i>Armida</i> , at her first Appearance in the <i>Christian</i> Camp, to a Comet — — — — —	4	28.
<i>Armida</i> veiled — to the Sun behind a Cloud — — — — —		29.
Her Palace vanishing — to Clouds, dissolved by the Sun's Heat — — — — —	16	69.
— to Dreams — — — — —		69.
<i>Armida's</i> Chariot — to <i>Aurora's</i> Wain — — — — —	17	34.
<i>Armida</i> — to a Phoenix — — — — —		35.
<i>Armida</i> , affrighted, seeing the Defeat of the <i>Egyptians</i> } — to a Swan, terrified at the Sight of an Eagle — — — — —	20	68.
<i>Armida</i> , flying from Battle — to <i>Cleopatra</i> — — — — —		118.
Her Anger, subsiding at the Intreaty of <i>Rinaldo</i> — to snow, melting before the Sun — — — — —	136.	
The Blast of the <i>infernal</i> Trumpet — to the Noise of Storm and Tempest — — — — —	4	3.
The <i>Caliph</i> , upon his Throne — to <i>Jove</i> , painted by <i>Apelles</i> , or carved by <i>Phidias</i> — — — — —	17	11.
The March of the <i>Christian</i> Army — to the Rapidity of the River <i>Po</i> — — — — —	1	75.
The Joy of the <i>Christian</i> Army, at the Sight of <i>Jerusa-</i> <i>lem</i> — to that of Sailors, at the Sight of a new-found Country — — — — —	3	4.
The <i>Christians</i> and <i>Arabians</i> encountering — to the <i>North</i> and <i>South</i> Winds meeting — — — — —	9	52.
The <i>Christians</i> , flying before <i>Altamora</i> — to the Dust of <i>Afric</i> , before the <i>South</i> Wind — — — — —	20	47.
<i>Clorinda</i> , pursued by the <i>Christians</i> — to an Ure, chased by Maltiffs — — — — —	3	32.
<i>Clorinda</i> in Silver Arms — to the rising Moon — — — — —	11	27.
<i>Clorinda</i> faint, and sinking under her Wounds — to a fall- ing Cedar — — — — —	12	64.
The Devil, stifling his Rage — to a Bull, softly bellow- ing — — — — —	4	1.
His Person — to Mount <i>Atlas</i> — — — — —		6.
His Eyes — to Beacons — — — — —		7.
His Mouth — to a Whirlpool — — — — —		7.
His Speaking — to an Eruption from Mount <i>Etna</i> — — — — —		8.
The Fall of <i>Edward</i> and <i>Gildippe</i> — to that of an Elm with it's Vine — — — — —	20	99.
<i>Erminia</i> , pursued by <i>Polipbern</i> — to an hunted Hind — — — — —	6	109.
The Eloquence of <i>Godfrey</i> — to molten Snow from the Mountains — — — — —	20	13.
A <i>Nymph</i> , emerging from a River — to the Rising of the Morning Star — — — — —	15	60.
— to <i>Venus</i> , rising from the Ocean — — — — —		60.
<i>Ormondo</i> , endeavouring to execute his Conspiracy against <i>Godfrey</i> — to a Wolf, invading a Fold — — — — —	20	44.

The



I N D E X.

	Book	Stan.
The Shouts of the <i>Pagans</i> — to the Noise of a Flight of Cranes — — — — —	20	2.
The Passage of <i>Ubaldo's</i> Ship through the <i>Egyptian</i> Fleet — to the Flight of an Eagle — — — — —	15	14.
<i>Raimond</i> , appearing to have resumed his youthfull Vigor — to a Snake, that hath cast it's Slough — — — — —	7	71.
The dreadful Looks of <i>Rinaldo</i> before the Walls of <i>Jeru-</i> <i>salem</i> — to the Countenance of <i>Neptune</i> rebuking the Waters — — — — —	3	52.
<i>Rinaldo</i> , seeming to wield three Swords — to a Serpent, appearing to move three Tongues — — — — —	20	55.
The Rage of <i>Rinaldo</i> , subsiding when unopposed — to that of Winds, or Waters, when unresisted by Hills, or Rocks — — — — —		58.
The <i>Soldan</i> , assaulted by <i>Latinus</i> and his five Sons — to a Mountain, or Cape of Land, assailed by Storms — — — — —	9	31.
The <i>Soldan</i> , flying from the <i>Christian</i> Army — to a Wolf, chaced from a Fold — — — — —	10	2.
The <i>Soldan</i> , upon the Walls of <i>Jerusalem</i> — to the <i>Colossus</i> at <i>Rhodes</i> — — — — —	11	27.
The <i>Soldan</i> , conducting his People to a Forterefs, at the Approach of <i>Godfrey</i> and <i>Rinaldo</i> — to a Shepherd, driving his Sheep from the open Plains, at the Appear- ance of a Storm — — — — —	19	47.
The Rage of the <i>Soldan</i> in Battle — to a Thunderbolt — — — — —	20	93.
The last Endeavours of the <i>Soldan</i> , exerting his Strength, — to the vain Efforts of sick Men in their Dreams — — — — —		105.
The Fury of <i>Tancred</i> and <i>Clorinda</i> , persisting in their Com- bat, after their Strength was wasted — to the Swelling of the <i>Ægean</i> Sea after a Storm — — — — —	12	63.
<i>Tancred</i> , lamenting the Death of <i>Clorinda</i> — to a Nightin- gale, bewailing the Loss of her Young — — — — —		90.
<i>Tancred</i> , affrighted by a Fiend, imitating the Voice of <i>Clorinda</i> — to a sick Man, terrified with imaginary Monsters in his Sleep — — — — —	13	44.
Seditious Troops, quelled by the Presence of <i>Godfrey</i> — to a Lion, tame before his Keeper — — — — —	8	83.
Truth, conveyed in Verse — to bitter Potions, made sweet, for the Deception of Children — — — — —	1	3.

T H E E N D.



