TASSO's

JERUSALEM DELIVERED:

OR

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.

LONDON:

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MDCCXLIX.

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

WILLIAM

EARL of *Harrington*,

LORD LIEUTENANT GENERAL,

AND

GENERAL GOVERNOR

OF

IRELAND, &c. &c.

THIS

Fourth Edition of FAIRFAX's Tranſlation

of TASSO's JERUSALEM

Is inſcribed

By HIS EXCELLENCY's

Moſt humble

And obedient Servant,

The EDITOR.

THE

PREFACE.

AT 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 incouraged 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 inrich 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.*

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 skillfull 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* Bœmond, *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-*

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* Lorrain, *and alſo his Dutchy of* Bouillon, *the better to inable himſelf to raiſe Troops for the Expedition.*

The firſt Enterpriſe 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 Reſiſtence, and was at laſt taken by Surprize.*

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* 15*th 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.*

Baldwin, *Brother to* Godfrey, *possessed* Cilicia, Comagena, *and* Mesopotamia; Tancred *obtained the Government of* Tyberia; *and* Bœmond *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 mantained 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.

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

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 inforced, though unſucceſsfully, with large Offers.*

But the Time now came, when Taſſo, *in the* 32*d Year of his Age, experienced a ſad Reverſe of Fortune, which proved more than a Ballance to all his former Felicity; for being unfortunately ingaged 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.

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 imployed 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* 51*ſt 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

*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.

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* *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.

TO

The moſt illuſtrious and moſt excellent Prince,

CHARLES, Prince of *Wales*,

DUKE of *Cornwall*,

EARL of *Cheſter*, *&c.*

SIR,

THE 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 appeareth by a worthy Elogy, here preſerved. I could

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 Tract, called the Life of* Godfrey, *is given in the Preface.*

erected in the Gates of *Jerusalem* and *Constantinople*, which now is too much frequented in the Territories of *Christendom.* A Parallel to this Enterprise can not more fitly 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 *Christians* 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 *Christians*) 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

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 heroical 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

TO

Queen *ELIZABETH.*

TO

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.

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 ſoundeth.

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

THE

ARGUMENTS,

tranſlated by FAIRFAX.

BOOK I.

GOD *ſends his Angel to* Tortoſa *down.*
Godfrey *unites the* Chriſtian *Peers and Knights;*
And all the Lords and Princes of Renown
Chuſe 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.

BOOK 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 Fact 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.*

BOOK 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'rers *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 Enterprise 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 hasty Wrath turn to his Loss and Harm,
Doth raise new Tempest, Uproar, 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.

Alecto *false great* Soliman *doth move*
By Night the Christians *in their Tents to kill;*
But GOD, *who their Intents 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 *hears his Lords and Knights repeat,*
How they escap'd Armida's *Wrath and Spite.*
Rinaldo *known to live,* Peter *foresays*
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 *hears her Eunuch old report*
Her Birth, her Off-ſpring, and her native Land:
Diſguis'd ſhe fireth Godfrey's *rolling Fort;*
The burned 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 Plaints, 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, faithfull, 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 sought,*
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;* Vafrine *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* Vafrine *the Spy;*
With him she rides away; and, as they go,
Finds where her Lord for dead on Earth doth lie:
First she laments, then cures him. Godfrey *hears*
Ormondo's *Treason, and what Marks he bears.*

Book

The Arguments.

Book XX.

*Th'*Ægyptian *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

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

BOOK I.

I.

THE 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 ſitteſt 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.

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* chaced 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 ſullen 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:
Bœmond 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 sheen
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;

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* diſtreſt?
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 Show 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, unweary'd, 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 ſcantly 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'erſlip 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 Behefts 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 ſtrucken 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 councilled, all pleas'd.

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 lodged 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 denay
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 atchiev'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 Enterpriſe:
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 ſit!
The Time for this Atchievement haſtens faſt;
The longer Reſt, worſe will the Seaſon fit;
Our Sureties ſhall with Doubts be overcaſt;
If we foreſlow 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,
Gliſt'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 handleing!
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 Aſſays as ſtout.

XL.

XL.

Baldwin his Enſign fair did next diſpread
Among his *Bulloigners* 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 *Eſt*
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 ſcantly 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.

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, unſought,
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 *Champain* come) he guies,
Champain, 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 Order laſt, but firſt in Worth and Fame,
Unfear'd in Fight, untir'd with Hurt or Wound,
The noble Squadron of *Advent'rers* 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 dreſt,
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 *Roſimond*
(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.

Guaſchar, and *Raiph* 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 fit 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' ſcantly three Times five Years old,
He fled alone by many an unknown Coaſt
O'er *Ægene* 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 beforn,
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 *Ilion*'s Tow'r.

LXII.

Next *Steph'n* of *Amboiſe* did five Thouſand lead;
The Men he preſs'd from *Tours* and *Blois* but late,
To hard Aſſays 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* marched, and with him
The Boaſter brought ſix thouſand *Switzers* bold:
Audacious were their Looks, their Faces grim;
Strong Caſtles on the *Alpine* Clifts they hold:
Their Shares and Culters broke, to Armours trim
They change that Metal, caſt in warlike Mold;
And with this Band, late Herds and Flocks that gui'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,
Embattailed 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 fertil 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 ſpake him ſo——

LXVIII.

A Pinnace 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 ſly
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 rouze 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 Corflet 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 cloſed 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 straggling 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 Victuals 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, disbarked 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 mingleth 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 deſcries,
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 curſed 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 *Mahown:*
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 defenſed 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

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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 councill'd *Abſalom*.

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 Enterpriſe,
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.

VIII.

When *Phœbus* 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 inraged 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 yieldeth 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 Fortreſs 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 Baſhfullneſs 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 loſty 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 inraged 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 eſt 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 forſook;
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 Wire:
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 Miſhap 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 braſt,
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
Lets 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-adviſed 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.

Sophronia 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 Victor had for Meed aſſign'd;
Their own Neglect, each other's Safety ſought:
But thus the King was more provok'd to Ire;
Their Strife for Fuel ſerv'd to Anger's Fire.

XXXII.

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 Plaints 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 exchang'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 reprov'd,
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 *Chriſtians* 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 Wiſe,
A Warrior bold unwares approached near,
In uncouth Arms iclad, and ſtrange Diſguiſe,
From Countries far but new arrived there:
A ſavage Tygreſs on her Helmet lies,
The famous Badge *Clorinda* us'd to bear,
That wonts 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 loſty 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 chace the Lion, or the rugged Bear;
The *Satyrs* rough, the *Fawns*, and *Fairies* wild
She chaced oft, oft took, and oft beguil'd.

XLI.

This luſty Lady came from *Perſia* late;
She with the *Chriſtians* 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 bereſt:
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 lift, I nought refuſe at all.

XLVII.

To whom the King——What Land ſo far remote
From *Aſia*'s Coaſts, or *Phœbus*' 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.

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 Commandreſs 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 *Iſmen* 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, outragious, keen as ſharp'ned Brand:
  Scorner 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 Nobleſs, 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;
Ægypt 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 Thraldom 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 ſail, 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 Victuals 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' *Ægyptian* 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 *Aletes:* 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' *Ægyptian* 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 bluſt'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 denay;
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 priſe 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 ſeemed, 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 *Typhœus* 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.

Argant 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 keſt,
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 addreſt;
Each Heart attends, each longing Eye beholds
What Beam the *Eaſtern* Window firſt unfolds.

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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'* 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.

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 amiſs
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 gliſt'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 chear'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 keſt;
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 toſs 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 keſt;
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
Aſſail'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 Wiſe;
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 helmleſs 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 ſtrucken, and he warded 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 Reſpit 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 toſorn,
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 toſore 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 curſed 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'rers* 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'rers* Troop, whoſe Prowefs ſeld doth fail;
High Birth, grave Years, with Practice long in War,
And fearleſs Heart, make him renowned far.

XL.

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 Grafs or Ground;
His Pride hath loft the Praife his Prowefs 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 Worthinefs,
The Slaughter rageth in the Plain at large;
Tancred and young *Rinaldo* break the Prefs;
They bruife the Helm, and pierce the fev'n-fold Targe:
The Troop by *Dudon* led perform'd no lefs,
But in they come, and give a furious Charge:
Argantes felf, fell'd at one fingle Blow,
Inglorious, bleeding lay, on Earth full low.

XLII.

Nor had the Boafter ever rifen more,
But that *Rinaldo*'s Horfe e'en then down fell,
And with the Fall his Leg oppreft fo fore,
That for a Space there muft be algates dwell:
Mean while the *Pagan* Troops were nigh forlore;
Swiftly they fled, glad they efcap'd fo well:
Argantes, and with him *Clorinda* ftout,
For Bank and Bulwark ferv'd to favé the Rout.

XLIII.

Thefe fled the laft, and with their Force fuftain'd
The *Chriftians* Rage, that follow'd them fo near;
Their fcatter'd Troops to Safety well they train'd,
And while the Res'due fled, the Brunt thefe bear:
Dudon purfu'd the Victory he gain'd,
And on *Tigranes* nobly broke his Spear;
Then with his Sword head-lefs to Ground him caft;
So Gard'ners Branches lop, that fpring too faft.

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 *Almanſor* 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 uneath,
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 inraged 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 lift 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 oppreſt;
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'reſs want
To ſhrowd 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 oppreſt,
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 lift 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 Graſs, 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 Braſs.

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.

Preſages 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* oppreſt,
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 Forteresſ,
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;
Leſt 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.

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 Plaints 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,
Icleped *Night*, had thick inveloped
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 Adviſement 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 ſighed, 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;

LXXVI.

The ſhooter Yew, the broad-leav'd Sycamore,
The barren Platane, and the Wallnut ſound;
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
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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 Curſes, 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 loathſom 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 Braſs;
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 Crags, 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 ſhrill,
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 gladſom Sky
Of *Titan*'s Brightneſs, that ſo glorious is,
In this deep Darkneſs 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 poſſeſs 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 algates 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 paſſed 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 gaſtly 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 Miſchief, 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 agone
  This latter Age hears little Truth or none.

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 wiſhed Ending, or Succeſs preſage;
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 Priſe,
And fear'd the doubtful Gain of bloody War,
He, that was cloſely falſe, and ſlily 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 ſought,
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, wiſh'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 beſeem 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;
Leſt 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 commenden ſo;
A haplefs 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 prevaileth 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 baſhfull Shame her Speeches ſtaid;
At laſt the courteous *Duke* her gently chears:
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.

XL.

And I, though bred in *Macon*'s heath'nish Lore,
Which thou oppressest 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' Oppress;
Nor greater Glory brings a Scepter broke,
Than doth Deliv'rance of a Maid distrest;
  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 *Cariclia*——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 ſought 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 beſeem'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 curriſh 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 gaſtly Viſions break my Sleep by Night;
  Grief, Horror, Fear my fainting Soul did kill,
  For ſo my Mind foreſhew'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
Foreſhews 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,
Leſt 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.

LII.

In thefe Extremes (for fo my Fortune would,
Perchance preferving me to further Ill)
One of my noble Father's Servants old,
That for his Goodnefs bore his Child good Will,
With Store of Tears this Treafon 'gan unfold;
And faid, my Guardian would his Pupil kill;
And that himfelf, if Promife made be kept,
Should give me Poifon dire, ere next I flept:

LIII.

And further told me, if I wifh'd to live,
I muft convey myfelf by fecret Flight;
And offer'd then all Succours he could give
To aid his Miftrefs, banifh'd from her Right:
His Words of Comfort Fear to Exile drive;
The Dread of Death made leffer Dangers light;
So we concluded, when the Shadows dim
Obfcur'd the Earth, I fhould depart with him.

LIV.

Of clofe Efcapes the aged Patronefs
Blacker than erft her fable Mantle fpread,
When with two trufty Maids in great Diftrefs
Both from my Uncle and my Realm I fled:
Oft look'd I back, and hardly could fuppref
Thofe Streams of Tears my Eyes inceffant fhed;
For when I looked on my Kingdom loft,
It was a Grief, a Death, an Hell almoft.

LV.

My Steeds drew on the Burden of my Limbs;
But ftill my Looks, my Thoughts drew back as faft;
So fare the Men, that from the Heaven's Brims,
Far out to Sea, by fudden Storm are caft:
Swift o'er the Grafs the rolling Chariot fwims;
Through Ways unknown all Night, all Day we hafte;
At laft (nigh tir'd) a Caftle ftrong we fand,
The utmoft 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 unbridled 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'* Forteresſ,
And murder him, unleſs he yield the Hold;
And me and mine threats not with War, but Death;
Thus cauſeleſs Hatred endleſs is uneath:

LX.

LX.

And ſo he truſts to waſh away the Stain,
And hide his ſhamefull Fact with mine Offenſe;
And ſaith, 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 Aſſiſtence 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 denaying;
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 Sobbings 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 Plaints 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 ſees 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, ſith 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 rory *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 Plaint 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 Tygreſs gave him Suck, on rougheſt Part
Midſt the rude Crags, 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 Priſe,
That we forſook ſo fair a Cheviſance,
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 Plaints and Shews of Wóe:
Her Lips caſt forth a Chain of ſugar'd Words,
That captive led moſt of the *Chriſtian* Lords.

LXXXIV.

Euſtace recall'd her, and beſpake her thus:
Beauty's chief Darling, let theſe Sorrows be;
For ſuch Aſſiſtence 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 *Phœbus* 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 Enterpriſe 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 hopeleſs 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 ſing'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 Offenſes:
Cupid's deep Rivers have their ſhallow Fords,
His Griefs 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 Griefs 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 *Phœbus* holds the crimſon *Morn* in chace:
Full ſeem'd her Looks of Anger and of Shame,
Yet Pity ſhone tranſparent through the ſame.

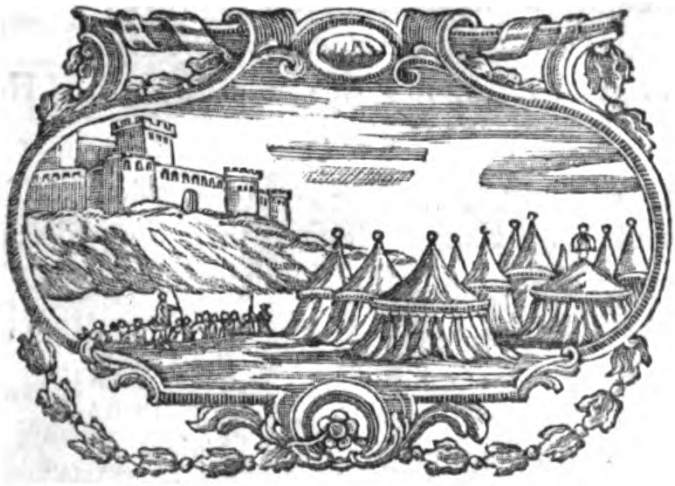
XCV.

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 ſhe 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
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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'rers* 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 *Dudon* might ſucceed,
And of that glorious Troop ſhould take Protection;
So none ſhould grieve, diſpleaſed at the Deed,
Nor blame the Cauſer 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, ſought 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 Enterpriſe:
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 Empriſe:
  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 beforn:
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 eſteemeſt 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 ſcantly 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.

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
Dudon'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, Striſe, 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 ſomedeal 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 uneſpy'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 lyeſt, 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 Reſiſtence made.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

With that a Thouſand Blades of burniſh'd Steel
Gliſter'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 raiſed 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 incenſed 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 ſtrucken 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 haplefs Prince with Death oppreſt,
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 appeaſed 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 mantain,
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 Striſe
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 Chear,
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 ſought;
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;
Leſt 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 aſſwage:
Patience a Praiſe, Forbearance is a Treaſure,
Suff'rance an Angel is, a Monſter Rage:
At leaſt your Actions by Enſample 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.

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 leaſt him fear'd:
He ſeem'd my Friend, and I diſcover'd not
His ſecret Covetiſe, which ſince 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 Diſgrace, your Hands refuſe;
Or if your Thoughts ſtill to mantain are bent
Your Liberty, as Men of Honor uſe;
What if to *Antioch* forthwith you went,
And left me here your Abſence to excuſe?
There with Prince *Bœmond* live in Eaſe and Peace,
Until this Storm of *Godfrey*'s Anger ceaſe.

L.

For ſoon, 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 ſeem an Arm without a Hand,
Amid our Troops unleſs thy Eagle ſhine.
With that came *Guelpho*, and thoſe Words approv'd,
And pray'd him go, if him he fear'd, or lov'd.

LI.

Their Speeches ſoften much the Warrior's Heart,
And make his willfull Thoughts at laſt relent,
So that he yields, and ſaith, he will depart,
And leave the *Chriſtian* Camp incontinent:
His Friends, whoſe Love did never ſhrink or ſtart,
Proffer'd their Aid, what Way ſoe'er he went:
He thank'd them all, but left them all, beſides
Two bold and truſty Squires, and ſo 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 mantain,
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 inticing 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 ſtedfaſt 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.

LXIV.

The Dame, who thought that one Glance of her Eye
Could make the chaſteſt 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 lift 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.

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.

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, *Artimidore*;
Doubtleſs the *County* thought his Chance well ſtaken:
Next *Gerrard* follow'd; then with Treſſes 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.

Guaſchar 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:

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 eſpy'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, replyed 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 ſtept, 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 wiſh 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 Aſſiſtence 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 uneath;
From *Ægypt* come they all; this lets thee weet
William, Lord Adm'ral of the *Genoa* Fleet.

LXXXVII.

Beſides, a Convoy, coming from the Shore
With Victuals for this noble Camp of thine,
Surprized was, and loſt is all that Store,
Mules, Horſes, Camels loaden, 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 ſparſed 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:
Tofore HIS Tomb when conq'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
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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 feafting and good Chear they fpend,
Nor dare we once their Banquets fweet moleft;
The Days and Nights likewife they bring to End
In Peace, Affurance, Quiet, Eafe and Reft:
But we muft yield, whom Hunger foon will fhend,
And make for Peace (to fave our Lives) Requeft;
Elfe, if th' *Egyptian* Army ftay too long,
Like Cowards dye within this Fort'refs ftrong.

V.

Yet never fhall my Courage great confent,
So vile a Death fhould end my noble Days;
Nor on my Arms, within thefe Walls ipent,
To-morrow's Sun fhall fpread his timely Rays:
Let facred Heav'ns difpofe, as they are bent,
Of this frail Life, yet not withouten Praife
Of Valour, Prowefs, Might, *Argantes* fhall
Inglorious dye, or unrevenged fall.

VI.

But if the Roots of wonted Chivalry
Be not quite dead your princely Breaft within,
Devife not how with Fame and Praife to dye,
But how to live, to conquer and to win:
Let us together at thefe Gates out-fly,
And Skirmifh bold, and bloody Fight begin;
For when laft Need to Defperation drives,
Who dareth moft, he wifeft Council gives.

VII.

But if in Field your Wifdom dare not venture
To hazard all your Troops to doubtfull Fight,
Then bind yourfelf to *Godfrey* by Indenture
To end your Quarrels by one fingle Knight:
And, for the *Chriftian* this Accord fhall enter
With better Will, fay, Such you know your Right,
That he the Weapons, Place, and Time fhall chufe;
And let him for his beft that Vantage ufe.

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 cloſed up in ſecret Mew,
Will with his Sword in open Field mantain,
(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.

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 foreſlow'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 Enterpriſe,
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 Vental 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 Wiſe,
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 ſalve 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.

XL.

Theſe Sons of *Mavors* bore, inſtead of Spears,
Two knotty Maſts, which none but they could lift;
Each foaming Steed ſo faſt his Maſter bears,
That never Beaſt, Bird, Shaft flew half ſo ſwift:
Such was their Fury, as when *Boreas* tears
The ſhatter'd Crags 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 reſound;
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 Maſters of War's dreadfull Art,
Pluck'd forth their Swords, and ſoon from Earth up-ſtart.

XLII.

Cloſe at his ſureſt Ward each Warrior lies,
And wiſely guides his Hand, his Foot, his Eye;
This Blow he proveth, that Defenſe he tries,
He traverſes, retireth, preſſeth nigh;
Now ſtrikes he out, and now he falſifies;
This Blow he wardeth, that he lets ſlip by;
And for Advantage oft he lets ſome Part
Diſcover'd ſeem; thus Art deludeth Art.

XLIII.

The *Pagan* ill defens'd with Sword or Targe
Tancredi's Thigh, as he ſuppos'd, eſpy'd,
And 'gainſt 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, ſore and wide;
That done, himſelf ſafe 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 Defenſes:

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.

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 Light'ning 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 wiſe *Pindore*,
The Man that brought the Challenge proud before.

LI.

Theſe Men their Scepters interpoſe between
The doubtful Hazards of incertain 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 Enterpriſe,
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 miſs'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 ſeely Maid in ſecret Longing pin'd;
Her Hope a Mote drawn up by *Phœbus'* 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 *Phœbus'* 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 ſighed, 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 Preſages 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
Beſeeming 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 curſed 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 virtueleſs 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 couragious 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 haſt,
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.

Or deem'ſt thou it a Praiſe of little Priſe
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 ſly 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 *Phœbus* 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;

LXXX.

That kept ſhe 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 Thraldom eaſy, 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 Plaints 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 Rafter 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 doſt, 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 oppreſſed 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 laughed, 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 exiled Fear;
Love to her tired Limbs new Vigor lent,
'Till ſhe approached 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 ſore 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 ſore:
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'rers 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 harmfull 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
Leſs 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 Redreſs 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 *Phœbe*'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 Tygreſs 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* ſlew,
When that bright Shield and ſilver Helm he ſpies,
The Championeſs 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 booted not to ſojourn there alone.

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 addreſt,
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 ſingles from the Rout,
And rides in Haſte, though Half his Arms he miſs;
Among thoſe ſandy Fields, and Valleys green,
To ſeek his Love he gallops faſt unſeen.

TASSO's

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

Book 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 Plaints 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 Plaints 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 ſeely Man and his were ſore diſmay'd;
But ſweet *Erminia* comforted their Fear,
Her Vental 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'rs
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 ſeld 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,
Thefe filver Locks were golden Treffes then)
That country Life I hated as a Crime,
And from the Foreft's fweet Contentment ran:
To *Memphis'* ftately Palace would I climb,
And there became the mighty *Caliph's* Man;
And though I but a fimple Gard'ner were,
Yet could I mark Abufes, fee and hear:

XIII.

Inticed on with Hope of future Gain
I fuffer'd long what did my Soul difpleafe;
But when my Youth was fpent, my Hope was vain,
I felt my native Strength at laft decreafe:
I 'gan my Lofs of lufty Years complain,
And wifh'd I had enjoy'd the Country's Peace:
I bad the Court farewell, and with Content
My later Age here have I quiet fpent.

XIV.

While thus he fpake, *Erminia* hufh'd and ftill
His wife Difcourfes heard with great Attention;
His Speeches grave thofe idle Fancies kill,
Which in her troubled Soul bred fuch Diffention:
After much Thought reformed was her Will;
Within thofe Woods to dwell was her Intention,
'Till Fortune fhould Occafion new afford
To turn her home to her defired Lord.

XV.

She faid therefore; O Shepherd fortunate,
That Troubles fome did'ft whilom feel and prove,
Yet liveft now in this contented State,
Let my Mifhap thy Thoughts to Pity move,
To entertain me as a willing Mate
In Shepherds Life, which I admire and love:
Within thefe pleafant Groves perchance my Heart
Of her Difcomforts may unload fome Part.

XVI.

XVI.

If Gold or Wealth, of moſt eſteemed dear,
If Jewels rich thou diddeſt hold in Priſe,
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 courſe 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 *Phœbus'* ſcorching Rays,
Unto her Knight ſhe Songs and Sonnets made,
And them ingrav'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 Griefs 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 bleſs'd;
My Aſhes cold ſhall bury'd on this Green
Enjoy that Good this Body ne'er poſſeſs'd.
Thus ſhe complained 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 ſhaked 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,
Whoſe Conduit-Pipes, united all in one,
Throughout a rocky Channel gaſtly 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 ſighed 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.

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'reſs 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 *Phœbus* 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 Inchantment lay;
But had he known e'en there he ſhould have dy'd,
Yet would his Looks no Sign of Fear bewray;
For wherefoever 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;
Curſed 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 curſed 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 imployed 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 chiefeſt Reſidence:
At his proud Threats the *Gaſcoign* Warrior quakes,
And uncouth Fear appalled 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 Reſiſtence 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.

XLI.

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 extinguiſhed,
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 *Comachian* 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 imploy'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 lift not more with Words contend,
But in his Heart kept cloſe his Griefs 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 oppreſt,
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 *Phœbus* mid'ſt 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 ſwoll'n 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 Harneſs 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*' 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*' 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;
Bœmond 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,
Bluſhed for Shame, yet ſilent ſtill abide;
For none there was, that ſought to purchaſe Fame
In ſo great Peril; Fear exiled Shame.

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 aſſwage;
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 *Bœmond*'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 aſſwage,
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 forſakes;
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 *Goliah*'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 asswage,
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* ſlew
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
Mantain 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 buts 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.

XCII.

Among a thouſand Blows, the *Saracen*
At laſt ſtruck one, when *Raimond* was ſo near,
That not the Swiftneſs of his *Aquiline*
Could his brave Lord from that huge Danger bear:
But lo! at Hand unſeen was Help divine,
Which ſaves, 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 Hardneſs 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 ſlew the Knight.

XCV.

Go fetch (he would have ſaid) another Blade;
When in his Heart a better Thought aroſe;
How for CHRIST's Glory 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'ſt 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 Reſts 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 waſted.

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 ſought, the thickeſt Preſs among,
To take Revenge for late receiv'd Diſgrace;
A greedy Wolf he ſeem'd, and would aſſwage
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 Reſiſtence never could have made,
As did *Argantes* with his ſingle Blade.

CXII.

CXII.

The Strokes of Swords, and Thrufts of many a Spear,
The Shock of many a Juft he long fuftain'd;
He feem'd of Strength enough this Charge to bear,
And Time to ftrike now here now there he gain'd:
His Armours broke, his Members bruifed were;
He fweat, and bled, yet Courage ftill he feign'd:
  But now his Foes upon him prefs'd fo faft,
  That with their Weight they bore him back at laft.

CXIII.

His Back againft this Storm at length he turn'd,
Whofe headlong Fury bore him backward ftill,
Not like to one that fled, but one that mourn'd,
Becaufe he did his Foes no greater Ill:
His threat'ning Eyes, like flaming Torches, burn'd;
His Courage thirfted yet more Blood to fpill:
  And ev'ry Way, and ev'ry Mean he fought
  To ftay his flying Mates, but all for Nought.

CXIV.

This Good he did, while thus he play'd his Part,
His Bands and Troops at Eafe, and fafe retir'd;
Yet coward Dread lacks Order, Fear wants Art,
Deaf to attend, commanded or defired.
But *Godfrey*, who perceiv'd in his wife Heart,
How his bold Knights to Victory afpir'd,
  Frefh Soldiers fent to make more quick Purfuit,
  And help to gather Conqueft's pretious Fruit.

CXV.

But this alas was not th' appointed Day
Set down by Heav'n to end this mortal War;
The *Weftern* Lords this Time had borne away
The Prife, for which they travell'd had fo far,
Had not the Dev'ls, who faw the fure Decay
Of their falfe Kingdom by this bloody War,
  At once made Heav'n and Earth with Darknefs blind,
  And ftirr'd up Tempefts, Storms, and bluft'ring Wind.

CXVI.

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 wiſe *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 ceaſed 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.

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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 *Alecto* fram'd.

II.

Alecto, 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 beſeems 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.

Sweno, 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 hafted forward then without Delay,
And with him took of Knights a chofen 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 ftay,
And there an Herald fent from you we fand,
How *Antioch* was won, who firft declar'd,
And how defended nobly afterward;

IX.

Defended 'gainft *Corbana*, valiant Knight,
Who all the *Perfian* Armies had to guide;
And brought fo many Soldiers bold to fight,
That void of Men he left that Kingdom wide:
He told thine Acts, thy Wifdom, and thy Might,
And told the Deeds of many a Lord befide:
His Speech at length to young *Rinaldo* pafs'd,
And told his great Atchievements, firft and laft.

X.

And how this noble Camp of yours of late
Befieged had this Town, and in what Sort;
And how you pray'd him to participate
Of the laft Conqueft of this noble Fort:
In hardy *Sweno* open'd was the Gate
Of worthy Anger by this brave Report;
So that each tardy Hour feem'd five Years long,
'Till he were fighting with thefe *Pagans* ftrong.

XI.

And while the Herald told your Fights and Frays,
Himfelf of Cowardife reprov'd he thought;
And him, to ftay who councils him or prays,
He hears not, or elfe heard regardeth nought:
He fears no Perils, but, whilft he delays,
Left this laft Work without his Help be wrought;
In this his Doubt, in this his Danger lies;
No Hazard elfe he fears, no Peril fpies.

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 dreadfull Sound,
Which deaf'd the Earth, and tremble made the Ground.

XVII.

Arm, arm, they cry'd; Prince *Sweno* at the ſame,
Gliſt'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 gliſt'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 wherefoe'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 Darkneſs 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 *Sweno* 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'reſs 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 *Sweno* flew.

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 ſore 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 whiſp'ring 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 denay'th
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 *Phœbe* 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 ſtept,
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 bluſheth 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 uſed 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 Crags
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 itoſt,
Rejoice for thoſe high Honors they have won,
Which cannot be by Chance or Fortune croſt:
But, for thou askeſt for *Bertoldo*'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,
Leſt 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 Enterpriſe;
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 Graſs 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'rers by the Arms they wore
For Soldiers of our Camp he well did know:
The Carcaſs I diſarm'd, and weeping ſore,
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 Amazedneſs and ſudden Fear,
Which falſe *Alecto* 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'rers 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.

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 Griefs could not provoke our quiet Mind;
But now alas the mortal Blow is ſtroken:
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 aſunder?

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 revil'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 couragious 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.

LXXII.

'Mongſt them *Alecto* ſtrowed waſtefull Fire,
Invenoming the Hearts of moſt and leaſt;
Folly, Diſdain, Striſe, 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 Griefs, 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 ſeld 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 appeaſed 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 Fone:
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 inviron'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 Thraldom 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 leſt Hand had a ſplendent 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'reſs 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 *JERUSALEM.*

BOOK IX.

I.

THE grisly 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' *Æmonian* 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 forenenſt the *Greekiſh* Shore he held,
From *Sangar*'s Mouth to crook'd *Meander*'s Fall;
Where they of *Phrygia*, *Myſia*, *Lydia* dwell'd,
Bythinia's Towns, and *Pontus*' 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 aye 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 enter'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 hit 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 *Alecto* 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 ſteepled 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 Wilderneſſes 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 lift 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 ſable 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;
Alecto'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.

Alecto 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 sound:
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 sighed from the Caves around;
Alecto 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 *Boreas*' 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, Light'ning, Tempeſt, Wind and Tide;
The *Soldan* ſo withſtood *Latinus'* Band,
And unremov'd did all their Juſts abide;
And of that haplefs 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-ſqueeſed from his bruiſed Corſe,
With ugly Painfullneſs 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 priſe;
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 ſtreamed 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 Reſiſtence 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.

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 ſore;
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 aſſwage:
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.

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 ſhrinked 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 light
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.

LVI.

From whence, with Grace and Goodneſs compaſs'd round,
HE ruleth, bleſſeth, 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 loathſom 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 paſſed 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 ſable 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 ſighing 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 *Alecto* left him to infeſt
With the hot Brands of her infernal Fire;
'Round his arm'd Head his trenchant Blade he bleſt,
And thoſe thick Ranks, which ſeemed 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 *Clorinda* 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 Championeſs 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 *Oſmida* 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 hye;
  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 Uprore
From Priſon looſed was; and what he fand,
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 Darkness 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 *Agricalt*, and *Muleasses* dy'd;
And at one wond'rous Blow his Weapon fine
Did *Adiazel* 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 ſought,
'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.

Thefe fifty Champions were; 'mongft whom there ftands
In filver Field the Enfign 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 flew, I could recount uneath:
In vain the *Turks* refift, th' *Arabians* fly;
For if they fly, th'are flain; if fight, they dye.

XCIII.

Fear, Cruelty, Grief, Horror, Sorrow, Pain,
Run through the Field, difguis'd in diverfe Shapes;
Death might you fee triumphant on the Plain,
In Blood him drowning, that from Blows efcapes:
The King mean while with Parcel of his Train
Comes haft'ly out, and for fure Conqueft gapes;
And from a Bank, whereon he ftood, beheld
The doubtfull Hazard of the bloody Field.

XCIV.

But when he faw the *Pagans* fhrink away,
He founded the Retreat, and 'gan Defire
His Meffengers in his Behalf to pray
Argantes and *Clorinda* to retire:
The furious Couple both at once faid nay,
Ev'n drunk with fhedding Blood, and mad with Ire;
At laft they went; and to recomfort thought,
And ftay their Troops from Flight, but all for nought;

XCV.

For who can govern Cowardife or Fear?
Their Hoft already had begun to fly;
They caft their Shields and cutting Swords arrear,
As not defended, but made flow thereby:
A hollow Dale, the City's Bulwark near,
From *Weft* to *South* out-ftretched long doth lie;
Thither they fled, and in a Mift of Duft
Towards the Walls they run, they throng, they thruft.

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

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

Book 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 Harneſs 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 *Ægypt*'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 Griefs 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 ſteep
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.

O *Soliman*, thou far renowned King,
'Till better Seaſon ſerve, forbear thy Reſt;
A Stranger doth thy Lands in Thraldom 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 writhen Staff his Steps unſtable guies,
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 weeneſt, 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 *Ægypt*'s mighty King,
Unleſs my Judgment fail, you are prepar'd;
I prophecy, about a needleſs 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 *Ægypt*'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 Thickneſs 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 it is to ſatisfy thy Will;
Iſmen 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 incourage 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 fertil *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,
Compaſs'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'ns 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 inviron'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-sight 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 Forteress
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 darkſom 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 walked at Eaſe the Men,
Ere they had paſſed half that ſecret Den.

XXXIV.

A privy Door *Iſmen* 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 imbarr'd,
Unſeen, at Will did all the Preſs 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;

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 wiſe)
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 *Ægypt*'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.

XL.

My Lord, quoth he, I will not reprehend
The earneſt Zeal of this audacious Speech,
From Courage ſprung, which ſeld 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 eatheſt 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 *Ægypt*'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 *Iſmen* 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 ſtretched lay,
And up to open Heav'n forthwith was borne,
And left the Prince in View of lightſom Day;
With princely Look amid the Preſs 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 mantain'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 Wiſe;
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 *Iſmen* 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 nould 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 Thraldom 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'th,
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 thefe the hardy Champion knew;
We faw his Valour, and his Voice we heard:
Then is the Rumor of his Death untrue;
His Life is fafe, good Fortune long it guard!
Three Times the golden Sun hath rifen new,
Since us he left, and rode to *Antioch* ward;
But firft his Armour broken, hack'd, and cleft,
Unfit for Service, there he doft and left.

LXXIII.

Thus fpake the *Briton* Prince: with humble Chear
The *Hermit* fage to Heav'n caft up his Eyne;
His Colour and his Count'nance changed were;
With heav'nly Grace his Looks and Vifage fhine:
Ravifh'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 laft he fpoke in more than human Sound,
And told what Things his Wifdom great forefaw;
And at his thund'ring Voice the Folk around
Attentive ftood, with Trembling and with Awe:
Rinaldo lives, he faid; the Tokens found
From Womens Craft their falfe Beginnings draw;
He lives, and Heav'n will long preferve his Days
To greater Glory, and to greater Praife.

LXXV.

Thefe are but Trifles yet, though *Afia*'s Kings
Shrink at his Name, and tremble at his View;
I well forefee he fhall do greater Things,
And wicked Emp'rors conquer and fubdue;
Under the Shadow of his Eagle's Wings
Shall holy Church preferve her facred Crew;
From *Cæfar*'s Bird he fhall the fable Train
Pluck off, and break her Talons fharp 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 Enterpriſe;
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 uneath,
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

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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, Aſſiſtence, 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.

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, amated 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 fertil 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 wonts 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,
Leſt 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.

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 Vollies huge of Arrows ſharp diſcharge;
Upon the Ditches ſome imploy'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:
Adraſtus 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 ſoe'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
Mantain'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 ſteeled Shaft there flew,
But that ſome Blood the curſed Engine got,
Blood of ſome valiant Knight, or Man of Fame;
For that proud Shoot'reſs 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 ſcantly 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 *Clotharius* 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 ſtood 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.

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* bleſs 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'ercaſt.

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 incouraged;
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'reſs 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 *Euſtace* 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;
Fury the firſt provok'd, Diſdain the laſt,
Who ſcorn'd the Challenge, ere his Lips it paſt.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Upon their Foes unlooked for they flew;
Each ſpited other for his Virtue's Sake:
So many Soldiers this fierce Couple flew,
So many Shields they cleft, and Helms they brake,
So many Ladders to the Earth they threw,
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 *Latines*,
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 ſought
Divine *Dictamnum* 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 chear'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

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

Book 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 keſt;
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 mused, 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 prises,
For this thy proffer'd Aid, requir'd uneath:
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 lift 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 deadest 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 *Iſmen* 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 foll'wing 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 flowed 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 ſeld 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 couldeſt 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 Plaints 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 denay
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 ſeely 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 addreſt,
Where horrid Shades inclos'd me round about;
A Tygreſs 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 Tygreſs 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 ſeely Home I had Deſire,
Loth ſtill to warm me at another's Fire.

XXXIV.

To *Ægypt* 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 ſhaked 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 Tygreſs 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 *Tithon*'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.

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 ſable Arms; appeaſe thy Wrath.
This ſaid, he wept; ſhe penſive ſtood, 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 haſt;
I will not change it for Religion new;
Nor, with vain Shews of Fear or Dread agaſt,
This Enterpriſe 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:
Iſmen, with Words, more haſty ſtill did make
Their Virtue great, which by itſelf did fly:
Two Balls he gave them, made of hollow Braſs,
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 Enterpriſe:
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 ſparſed 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 Preſs, the Night, and darkſom 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 Preſs, that none her ſaw or knew.

LI.

Then as a Wolf, guilty of ſome Miſdeed,
Flies to ſome Grove to hide himſelf from View,
So, favour'd with the Night, with ſecret Speed,
Diſſever'd from the Preſs, the Damſel flew:
Tancred alone of her Eſcape took Heed;
He on that Quarter was arrived new;
When *Arimon* ſhe kill'd, he thither came;
He ſaw it, mark'd it, and purſu'd the Dame.

LII.

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 Haſte 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 Haſte 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 Liſts, 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 ſought 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 dreadfull 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 Defire 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 diſdained 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 Witnefs all we mifs,
That fhould our Prowefs and our Praife dilate:
If Words in Arms find Place, yet grant me this——
Tell me thy Name, thy Country and Eftate,
That I may know, this dang'rous Combat done,
Whom I have conquer'd, or who hath me won.

LXI.

What I nill tell, you ask (quoth fhe) in vain,
Nor mov'd by Pray'r, nor yet conftrain'd by Pow'r;
But thus much know——one am I of thofe twain,
Who late with kindled Flame deftroy'd the Tow'r.
Tancred at her proud Words fwell'd with Difdain;
That haft thou faid, 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 Breafts 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 mantain'd the Fight:
Their Swords both Points and Edges fharp embay
In purple Blood, where e'er they hit or light;
And if weak Life yet in their Bofoms lye,
They liv'd, becaufe they both difdain'd to dye.

LXIII.

As *Ægene* Seas, when Storms are calm'd again,
Which roll'd their tumbling Waves with troublous Blaft,
Do yet of Tempefts paft fome Shew retain,
And here and there their fwelling Billows caft;
So, though their Strength were gone, and Might were vain,
Still of their Fierceneft doth the Fury laft,
Wherewith fuftain'd, they to their Combat ftood,
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 increaſe;
She ſmil'd, and ſaid; farewell, I dye in Peace.

LXIX.

As Violets blue 'mongſt palid Lilies ſhow,
So Paleneſs mid'ſt 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 Paleneſs, Stillneſs, Wounds, and Streams of Blood;

LXXI.

And his weak Sprite, to be unbodyed
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 hafted full of Grief and Fear;
Her dead, him feeming fo, he there beheld,
And for that ftrange Mifhap fhed many a Tear:
He would not leave their Corfes in the Field
For Food to Wolves, though fhe a *Pagan* were,
  But in their Arms the Soldiers both uphent,
  And both, lamenting, brought to *Tancred*'s Tent.

LXXIII.

With thofe fad Burdens to their Camp they pafs,
Yet would not that dead-feeming Knight awake;
At laft he deeply groan'd, which Token was,
His feeble Soul had not her Flight yet take:
The other lay a ftill and heavy Mafs;
Her Spirit had that earthen Cage forfake:
  Thus were they brought, and thus they placed were
  In fundry Rooms, yet both adjoining near.

LXXIV.

All Skill and Art his carefull Servants us'd
To Life again their dying Lord to bring;
At laft his Eyes unclos'd, with Tears fuffus'd;
He felt their Hands, and heard their Whifpering:
But how he thither came long Time he mus'd;
His Mind aftonifh'd was with ev'ry Thing:
  He gaz'd about; his Squires in Fine he knew;
  Then, weak and wofull, thus his Plaints out-threw:

LXXV.

What——live I yet? and do I breathe, and fee
Of this accurfed Day the hatefull Light?
This fpitefull Ray, which ftill upbraideth me
With that accurfed Deed I did this Night?
Ah, coward Hand! afraid why fhould'ft thou be?
Thou Inftrument of Death, Shame, and Defpite,
  Why fhould'ft thou fear with fharp 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 darksom 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 Plaints, 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 aſſwage:

LXXXV.

But as a mortal Wound the more doth ſmart,
The more it ſearched is, handled or ſought,
So their ſweet Words to his afflicted Heart
More Grief, more Anguiſh, Pain and Torment brought:
But rev'rend *Peter*, that nould 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 Miſt, 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 Atchievements, 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, bridle 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 cœleſtial 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.

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 nill 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 Griefs 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 Plaints to Heav'n up-thrown,
As if the City's ſelf new-taken were
With conq'ring Foes; or as if Flame and Fire
Nor Houſe, nor Church, nor Street had left intire.

CI.

But all Mens Eyes were on *Arſetes* 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 unclose?
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
JERUSALEM.

Book 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 vail 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 unshod,
And whisper'd dreadfull Charms in gastly Wise;
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:
Iſmen 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 ſparſed 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 curſed Work performed was,
The Wizard to the King declar'd his Feat;
My Lord, let Fear, let Doubt and Sorrow paſs;
Henceforth in Safety ſtands your regal Seat:
Your Foe, as he ſuppos'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.

Beſides this Help, another Hap, quoth he,
Will ſhortly chance, that brings not Profit ſmall;
Within few Days *Mars* and the *Sun* I ſee
Their fiery Beams unite in *Leo* ſhall;
And then extreme the ſcorching 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 foreſhow:

XIV.

So great with us will be the Warmth therefore,
As with the *Garamants*, or thoſe of *Inde*;
Yet nill it grieve us in this Town ſo ſore;
We have ſweet 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 vanquiſh firſt; then *Ægypt*'s Crew
Deſtroy them quite, weak, weary, faint and few.

XV.

Thou ſhalt ſit ſtill and conquer; prove no more
The doubtfull Hazard of incertain Fight:
But if *Argantes* bold, that hates ſo ſore
All Cauſe of quiet Peace, though juſt and right,
Provoke thee forth to Battle as before,
Find Means to calm the Rage of that fierce Knight;
For ſhortly Heav'n will ſend thee Eaſe and Peace,
And War and Trouble 'mongſt thy Foes increaſe.

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 bruis'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* nould this while bring forth his Pow'r
To give Aſſault againſt that Fort in vain,
'Till he had builded new his dreadfull 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 fearfull 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 fearfull 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 dreadfull Trees with hardy Stroke.

XX.

XX.

Thefe drawing near the Wood, where clofe ipent
The wicked Sprites in fylvan Pinfolds were,
Their Eyes upon thofe Shades no fooner bent,
But frozen Dread pierc'd through their Entrails there;
Yet on they ftalked ftill, and on they went,
Under bold Semblance hiding coward Fear;
And fo far wander'd forth with trembling Pace,
'Till they approached that inchanted Place;

XXI.

When from the Grove a fearfull Sound out breaks,
As if fome Earthquake Hill and Mountain tore,
Wherein the *Southern* Wind a Rumbling makes;
Or like Sea Waves againft the craggy Shore:
There Lions grumble; there hifs fcaly Snakes;
There howl the Wolves; the rugged Bears there roar:
There Trumpets fhrill are heard, and Thunders fell;
And all thefe Sounds one Sound expreffed well.

XXII.

Upon their Faces pale well might you note
A thoufand Signs of Heart-amating Fear;
Their Reafon gone, by no Device they wot
How to prefs nigh, or ftay ftill where they were:
Againft that fudden Dread, their Breafts which fmote,
Their Courage weak no Shield of Proof could bear;
At laft 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 Senfe he wanteth, who fo hardy is
To hear the Foreft thunder, roar, and hifs.

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 inviron'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 loathſom 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 chace,
  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, triſt,
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 Shamefac'dneſs 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 dreadfull 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 dreadfull 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 wond'rous 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 ſpatious 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 nould 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 repoſſeſs'd the ſame;

XLVII.

Yet nould 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 compoſed 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.

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 dreadfull 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 *Phœbus* 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 Preſage 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 Cryſtal on the *Chriſtian* Bands,
The Pebbles naked in his Channel ſhows,
And ſcantly 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 *Ægypt* 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 booted 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 woſull 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 Witneſs 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 Abjects vile, to Death he thus ſhould bring,
That ſo his Empire may be ſtill mantain'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 dryed 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 ſaith:

LXXI.

FATHER and LORD, if in the Deſerts waſte
Thou had'ſt Compaſſion on thy Children dear,
The craggy Rock when *Moſes* cleft and braſt,
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.

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 incounter, 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 bleſs of long-deſired Rain.

LXXV.

A ſudden Cloud, as when *Elias* pray'd,
Not from dry Earth exhal'd by *Phœbus*' 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 Sickneſs 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.

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
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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 *Phœbus* comes, a cryſtal Port there is;
And ere the Sun his broad Doors open wide,
The Beam of ſpringing Day unclofeth 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 imbrace 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 imbrace;
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 Mariſh 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,
Leſt 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' inchanted 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* addreſt:
Good Prince, mild though unask'd, kind unbeſought,
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 inchanted 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 *Sweno*'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.

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 *Bœmond* 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 Glaſs,
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 Deeps;
Such Light they had, as when through Shadows brown
Of thickeſt Deſerts feeble *Cynthia* peeps:
There ſpatious 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 *Tygreſs* 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 Darkneſs 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 fertil 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 ſplendent 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 practiced, 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,
Attendence 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 Harneſs 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 ſly
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 Striſe 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 hides;*
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 ſalve with Forgetfullneſs;
Haſte not 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'red 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 ſeld 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 welleth 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 glaſs 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 inchanted 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
JERUSALEM.

Book XV.

I.

THE rosy-finger'd Morn with gladsom 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 sable 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.

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 Pinnace 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 curded Foam and Froth the Billows hoar
About the Cable murmur, roar, and rave:
At laſt they came, where all his wat'ry Store
The Flood in one deep Channel did ingrave,
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 Glaſs;
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 Hooſs the ſandy Ways out-rent;
And in the Haven many a Ship and Boat,
With mighty Anchors faſten'd, ſwim and float.

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 ſand,
A Town, that firſt to Sailors doth appear,
As they from *Syria* paſs to *Ægypt* Land:
The ſteril Coaſts of barren *Rinocere*
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:

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 *Feſs* 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 ſailed, 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 wunned like your own:
The Land is fertil 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 inviron, 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, Crags, 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 fertil 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, left 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 bleſs,
To view the Place on Land awhile us ſet,
To know the Folk, and what God they confeſs,
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 meeted yet for this Diſcoverment;
Nor is it lawfull, of the Ocean main
That you the Secrets know, or known explain.

XL.

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 ſhow'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 Crags, 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.

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 *Phœbus* 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 Crags and Clifts 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 ſcantly 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 Graſs,
Eat forth a Channel through the tender Green,
And underneath eternal Shade did paſs
With Murmur ſhrill, cold, pure, and ſcantly ſeen,
Yet ſo tranſparent, that perceived was
The Bottom rich, and Sands that golden been;
And on the Brims the ſilken Graſs 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 *Syrens* ſing
Their Notes, inticing Man to Pleaſure vain.
Thus paſs'd they forward, where the Stream did make
An ample Pond, a large and ſpatious 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 Cryſtal 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 Bliſs, this Heav'n, this Paradiſe to ſee!

LXIII.

This is the Place, wherein you may aſſwage
Your Sorrows paſt; here is that Joy and Bliſs,
Which flouriſh'd in the antique *Golden Age*;
Here needs no Law, here none doth ought amiſs:
Put off thoſe Arms, and fear not *Mars* his Rage;
Your Sword, your Shield, your Helmet needleſs 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 paſſed 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

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

BOOK XVI.

I.

THE Palace great is builded rich and round,
And in the Center of the inmoſt Hold
There lies a Garden ſweet on fertil 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'reſs brave,
Like *Dedal*'s Priſon, or *Porſenna*'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 inchaſed, 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' *Ægyptian* Queen:

VI.

Here *Antony* himſelf to Flight betook,
The Empire loſt, to which he would aſpire;
Yet fled not he, nor Fight for Fear forſook,
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.

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 *Phœbus*' 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.

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, inticing 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 bleſſeſt 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 dreſt.

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 uſed 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 uſed 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 houſhold 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 Juſts, 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 Drowſineſs 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 Enterpriſe 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 *Theſſalia* 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 deſpiſed 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 Kiſs 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 fell.

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 inchanted, 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 denay'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 Plaints 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 suppreſt
The springing Tears, that to his Eyes up-came;
But yet ev'n there his Plaints repressed 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 Treſpaſs 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 braſt.

LVI.

LVI.

Of *Sophia* fair thou never wert the Child,
Nor of the *Azzain* Race ifprung thou art;
The mad Sea-waves thee bare; fome Tygrefs wild
On *Caucafus*' cold Crags nurs'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 Breaft one Sigh? one Tear make fall?

LVII.

What fhall I fay, or how renew my Speech?
He fcorns 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 councils me; how he can preach,
Like chafte *Xenocrates*, 'gainft Love divine:
O Heav'ns, O Gods! why do thefe Men of Shame
Thus fpoil your Temples, and blafpheme your Name?

LVIII.

Go cruel, go; go with fuch Peace, fuch Reft,
Such Joy, fuch Comfort, as thou leav'ft me here:
My angry Soul, difcharg'd from this weak Breaft,
Shall haunt thee ever, and attend thee near;
And, *Fury*-like, in Snakes and Fire-brands dreft,
Shall aye torment thee, whom it late held dear;
And if thou 'fcape the Seas, the Rocks and Sands,
And come to fight amid the *Pagan* Bands,

LIX.

There lying wounded, 'mongft the hurt and flain,
Of thefe my Wrongs thou fhalt the Vengeance bear,
And oft *Armida* fhalt thou call in vain
At thy laft Gafp; this hope I foon to hear.
Here fainted fhe with Sorrow, Grief and Pain;
Her lateft Words fcant well expreffed were,
But in a Swoon on Earth out-ftretch'd fhe 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 woſull 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 Treſſes 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.

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,
Inviron'd all the Place with Darkneſs ſad,
Wherein a Fire-brand gave a dreadfull Light,
Kindled in Hell by *Tiſiphon* 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 Crags, 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.

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 ſame,
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
JERUSALEM.

Book XVII.

I.

GAZA 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 Wilderneſſes lie, and Deſerts wide,
Which the ſtrong Winds lift from the parched Lands,
And toſs, like roaring Waves in rougheſt Tide;
That from thoſe Storms poor Paſſengers almoſt
No Refuge find, but there are 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 *Pharohs* 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*' fertil 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 mantain'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 beſeemen 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 Corſlets ſtrong,
And by their Sides their crooked Swords down hing:
Thus ſet, thus ſeated his grave Lords among,
His Hoſts and Armies great beheld the King;
And 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;
Araſpes 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 Phœnix 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' *Ægyptian* 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 *Agricalt*, 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 *Aſſamiro*, 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.

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 *Alarco* fierce, and *Odemare*
The Muſter-maſter was, and *Hidraort*,
And *Rimedon*, whoſe Raſhneſs took no Care
To ſhun Death's bitter Stroke in Field or Fort:
Tigranes, *Rapold* 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* hight;
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 Phœnix 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 ſullen, 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 loſty Stage,
To whom his Hoſt, his Army, and his Men
He would commit, now in his graver Age:
With ſtately Grace the Man approached then;
His Looks his coming Honor did preſage;
The Guard aſunder cleft, and Paſſage made;
He to the Throne up-went, and there he 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
Adraſtus 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, Shootreſs divine,
Of thine Artillery to feel the Might;
To wreak thine Ire behold me preſt and fit;
I will his Head cut off, and bring thee it:

L.

I will his Heart with this ſharp Sword divide,
And to the Vultures caſt his Carcaſs out.
Thus 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 couragious 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 imploy, 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' inchanted 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:

LX.

For, though you wot it not, I am your Friend,
And for your Profit work, as thefe 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 fharp perchance, attend,
Nor be aggriev'd, although they feem too fell;
But keep them well in Mind, 'till in the Truth
A wife and holier Man inftruct thy Youth.

LXI.

Not underneath fweet Shades, and Fountains fhrill,
Among the Nymphs, the Fairies, Leaves and Flow'rs,
But on the Steep, the rough, and craggy Hill
Of Virtue ftands this Blifs, this Good of ours:
By Toil and Travel, not by fitting ftill
In Pleafure'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 fhould'ft lift thine Eyes,
And purchafe Fame by Deeds well done and wrought;
She gives thee Ire, by which hot Courage flies
To Conqueft, 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, fpurr'd forth with noble Wrath,
With greater Fury might CHRIST's Foes affault;
And that you bridle fhould with leffer Scathe
Each fecret Vice, and kill each inward Fault:
For fo his godly Anger ruled hath
Each righteous Man beneath Heav'n's ftarry 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 compil'd;
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,

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
Aquilia'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 *Alphorisio*. *Azzo* was
With his dear Brother into Exile sent;
But homewards they in Arms again repass
(The *Herule* King oppreſt) 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 *Sclaves* 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 ſly;
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 *Otho*, 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 *Azzo* ſtood in Rew,
With *Berengarius* who did long debate,
'Till after often Change of Fortune's Stroke,
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:
Forenenſt 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 ſought,
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 Darkneſs 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 *Latine*,
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 Graſs, of Oak, of Bays.

XCII.

His graver Age (as well that Eild it fits)
Shall happy Peace preſerve, and Quiet bleſt;
And from his 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 *Phœbus* clears the darkſom 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.

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

BOOK 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 ſit:
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 advised, and the hardy Knight,
Prepar'd him gladly to this Enterprise;
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'ns 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.

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 Paleneſs 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 Whiteneſs 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 dreadfull 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:

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 denay'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 ſilken 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 Aſs,
How would they wonder, if they had behold
Such Sights, as from the Myrtle high did paſs!
Thence came a Lady fair with Locks of Gold,
That like in Shape, in Face, and Beauty was
  To fair *Armida*; *Rinald* 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 nilt thou ſpeak, why not thy Face diſarm?

XXXII.

Com'ſt thou a Friend or Foe? I did not frame
That golden Bridge to entertain my Foe;
Nor 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 lift 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 Gianteſs 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 skilleſs 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 deviſed, 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'reſs 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*
Th' Ægyptian *Chieftain wiſheth, Health, and Peace.*

LII.

LII.

Fear not, renowned Prince; reſiſt, indure,
'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'reſs 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'reſs 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 Crags 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:

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, ſly 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 miſdone,
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* ſought;
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 Glaſs,
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 *Ægypt* 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,
Leſt 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 Reſiſtence 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;
Forenenſt *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 ſcantly 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 Clifts 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 couragious 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 mantain 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.

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 ſought;
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 dreadfull Storm preſerv'd the Crew:
Defended thus, their ſpeedy Courſe they take,
And to the Wall without Reſiſtence 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 *Oſſa* 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 ſore;
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 oppreſt;
'Till all, that would his Entrance bold debar,
He backward drove, up leaped, and poſſeſt
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 toſs'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 Rafters 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.

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 thoſe, 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 *Iſmen*, 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:

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 *Iſmen* 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'reſs 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 Fone
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 toſs'd, he turn'd, he caſt
That glorious Enſign, with a thouſand Twines;
Thereon the Wind breathes with it's ſweeteſt Blaſt,
Thereon with golden Rays glad *Phœbus* 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 Maſs 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.

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

Book 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 dreadleſs, doubtleſs, careleſs ſeem'd his Face;
Nor Death, nor Danger, but Diſgrace he fears,
And ſtill unconquer'd, though o'erſet, 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 Conqu'ror 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, hye,
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'reſs 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* sought to enter on his Foe,
'Voiding his Point, which at his Breast was bent;
Argantes at his Face a Thrust did throw,
Which while the Prince awards, and doth prevent,
His ready Hand the *Pagan* turned so,
That all 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,
Aſſwag'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 feebled 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 chaſte 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 chaced 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 toſs'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 woſull Slaughter black and loathſom 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 forbad,
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 Defenſes 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'reſs ſafe up-lock;

XL.

XL.

For well this Fort'refs ſhall thee and thy Crown
Defend; a while here may we ſafe 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 Wiſdom grave,
And Courage ſtout? the angry *Soldan* ſaid;
Let *Chance* our Kingdoms take, which erſt ſhe gave,
Yet in our Hearts our kingly Worth is laid:
But come, and in this Fort your Perſon ſave;
Refreſh your weary Limbs, and Strength decay'd.
Thus councill'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 truſty 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 flew,
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.

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-brast:
He sent his Folk up to the Fort'ress 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 *Sweno* slain.

L.

And now his armed Hand that Castle great
Would have assaulted, and had shortly won,
Nor safe pardie the *Soldan* there a Seat
Had found, his fatal Foe's sharp Wrath to shun,
Had not *Godfredo* sounded the Retreat;
For now dark Shades to shroud the Earth begun;
Within the Town the *Duke* would lodge that Night,
And with the Morn renew 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 Fone;
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' *Ægyptian* 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, *Vafrino* goes
  Unknown amid ten thousand armed Foes:

LVII.

The Sun nigh-set had brought to End the Day,
When *Vafrine* went the *Pagan* Host to spy;
He 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 Harneſs brave
At *Caire*, and under them theſe Words ingrave.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Thefe Arms Ormondo *took in noble Fight*
From Godfrey *proud, who fpoil'd all* Afia'*s Lands,*
And with them took his Life; and here on Height
In Memory thereof this Trophy ftands.
The Chief reply'd, ne'er fhall that Deed, bold Knight,
Pafs unrewarded at our Sov'reign's Hands;
What thou demandeft fhall he gladly grant,
Nor Gold, nor Guerdon fhalt thou wifh or want:

LXV.

Thofe counterfeited Armours then prepare,
Becaufe the Day of Fight approacheth faft.
They ready are, quoth he. Then both forbear
From further Talk; thefe Speeches were the laft.
Vafrine, thefe great Things heard, with Grief and Care
Remain'd aftound, and in his Thoughts oft caft
What Treafon falfe this was, how feigned were
Thofe Arms; but yet that Doubt he could not clear.

LXVI.

From thence he parted, and broad-waking lay
All that long Night, nor flumber'd once, nor flept;
But when the Camp by Peep of fpringing Day
Their Banner fpread, and Knights on horfeback lept,
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 ftalk'd about
To hear and fee, and learn this Secret out.

LXVII.

Searching about, on a rich Throne he fand
Armida fet, with Dames and Knights around;
Sullen fhe fat, and figh'd; it feem'd, fhe fcann'd
Some weighty Matters in her Thoughts profound:
Her rofy Cheek lean'd on her lily Hand,
Her Eyes, Love's twinkling Stars, fhe bent to Ground;
Weep fhe or no, he knows not; yet appears
Each humid Eye big fwoll'n with ftarting Tears.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

He ſaw before her ſet *Adraſtus* 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 *Tiſiphern* 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 Griefs 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 *Tisiphern* 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 *Tisiphernes* 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 lept,
But up their Mistress 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 aſſays
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 *Almanſore*.
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 rejoyced 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.

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 beſeem
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 chace)
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'reſs 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 denay'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 Plaints I utter bold,
Where none, that hears, can help or ease my Grief:
From him I parted, and did close upfold
My Wounds within my Bosom; Death was chief
Of all my Hopes and Helps, 'till Love's sweet Flame
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 suppreſt,
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 addrest,
Incounter'd me, nor could I fly from it:
Thus was I ta'en; and those, who had me caught,
Ægyptians were, and me to *Gaza* brought,

C.

And for a Preſent to their Captain gave,
Whom I intreated and beſought 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 Harneſs 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.

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 Plaints 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, Plaint 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 alonely doth remain.
The *Pagan* dead they lifted up on high,
And after *Tancred* bore him through the Plain;
Cloſe by the Virgin chaſte did *Vafrine* ride,
As he that was her Squire, her Guard, her Guide.

CXVIII.

Not home, quoth *Tancred*, to my wonted Tent,
But bear me to this royal Town, I pray,
That if cut ſhort by human Accident
I die, there I may ſee my lateſt Day;
The Place, where CHRIST upon HIS Croſs was rent,
To 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* beforn,
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 *Tiſiphern*, 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 behove;
But we their Strength and Manhood will aſſay,
And try, in open Field and open Day:

CXXXI.

The Fame of our great Conqueſts to ſuſtain,
Or bide our Looks, and Threats, they are not able;
And when this Army is 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.

TASSO's

TASSO's
JERUSALEM.

Book 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 Darkneſs 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 Nobleſs 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 inviron 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'rers* 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 chears 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 incounter 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 incompaſs'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 *Altamore* 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 chaſes, 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 flew,
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 *Argeus* ſlain; the firſt lay in a Trance:
Iſmael's left Hand cut off fell in the Duſt,
For on his Wriſt her Sword fell down by Chance;
The Hand let go the Bridle, where it luſt;
The Blow upon the Courſer's Ears did glance,
Who felt the Reins at large, and, with the Stroke
Half-mad, the Ranks 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 ſav'd other; each for other's Wrong
Would Vengeance take, but not revenge their own:
The valiant Ruler, *Artabano* ſtrong,
Of *Bœcan* 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 Wiſe 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 uneath!)
He laugh'd for Pain, and laugh'd himſelf to Death.

XL.

Nor thefe alone with that accurfed Knife
Of this fweet Light and Breath deprived lie,
But with that cruel Weapon loft their Life
Gentonio, *Guafchar*, *Rofimond*, and *Guy:*
Who knows how many in that fatal Strife
He flew? what Knights his Courfer fierce made die?
The Names and Countries of the People flain
Who tells? their Wounds and Deaths who can explain?

XLI.

With this fierce King incounter durft not one,
Not one durft combat him in equal Field;
Gildippe undertook that Task alone,
No Doubt could make her fhrink, no Danger yield;
Nor by *Thermodon* e'er was *Amazon*,
That manag'd fteeled Axe, or carry'd Shield,
Who feem'd fo bold as fhe, fo ftrong, fo light,
When forth fhe ran to meet that dreadfull Knight.

XLII.

She hit him, where with Gold and coftly 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 Creft down came;
Strong feem'd her Arm, that could fo well affail:
The *Pagan* fhook for Spite, and blufh'd for Shame;
Forward he rufh'd, and would at once requite
Shame with Difgrace, and with Revenge Defpite;

XLIII.

And of this Lady bold the Front he fign'd
With an huge Blow, fo ftrong, fo great, fo fore,
That out of Senfe of Feeling down fhe twin'd;
But her dear Knight his Love from Ground up-bore:
Were it their Fortune, or his noble Mind,
He ftaid his Hand, and ftruck the Dame no more;
A Lion fo ftalks by, and with proud Eyes
Beholds, but fcorns 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'erſhades 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 lept:

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 *Muleaſſes* 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 *Tiſiphernes* 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 *Tiſiphernes* 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 ſullen 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 fand,
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 Fone 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 ſpatious Plain;
Againſt the Rocks as Sea-waves murmur ſhrill,
But ſilent paſs amid the open Main,
Rinaldo ſo, when none his Force withſtood,
Aſſwag'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'ns 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 miſt 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 exchang'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 *Phœbe*'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 mantain'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' *Ægyptians* 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.

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'reſs ſtay; come follow——dye, or win.

LXXV.

Whether the ſame were Providence divine,
That made him leave the Fort'reſs 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 incounter 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 haſtes, 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 againſt;
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 Fone
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 *Soliman* 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 kiſs:
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 ſore,
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.

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 ſeld 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, *Rimedon*, I gave not thee
To be the Witneſs of thy Fear and Flight;
Coward, doſt thou thy Lord and Captain ſee
In Battle ſtrong, and runn'ſt thyſelf from Fight?
What ſeek'ſt thou? Safety? come, return with me;
The Way to Death is Path to Virtue right;
  Here let him fight, 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 addreſt:
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, inlarg'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 Fone;
On a ſwift Horſe ſhe mounts, and forth ſhe rides
Alone, ſave for Diſdain and Love, her Guides.

CXVIII.

In Days of old Queen *Cleopatra* ſo
Alone fled from the Fight and cruel Fray,
Againſt *Auguſtus* great, his happy Foe,
Leaving her Lord to Loſs, and ſure Decay;
And as that Lord for Love let Honor go,
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 *Typhœus*' 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 pleaſed 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
Imploy 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 paſt,
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 Viſions 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 unwiſh'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, leſt 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:

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' *Ægyptian* 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 passed by;
And cryed 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 fought 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 eſpyed, 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 *Altamoro* great thy Conqueſt bold
Of Glory ſhall be rich, and rich of Gold:

CXLII.

My loving Queen, my Wife and Lady kind
Shall ranſom me with Jewels, Gold and Treaſure.
God ſhield (quoth *Godfrey*) that my noble Mind
Should Praiſe and Virtue ſo by Profit meaſure;
All that thou haſt from *Perſia* and from *Inde*
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 ſteep;
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.

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'reſs 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

THE

ALLEGORY,

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 imployed, 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 faithfull 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 Enterprize, 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 Miſtreſs. 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*

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 Vehemence 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*

> *Sdegno Guerrier de la Ragion 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*

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 disinchanted, 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.*

GLOSSARY.

GLOSSARY.

A.

A Brayed, *awaked.*
To Affront, *to confront, or face.*
Algates, *even now.*
Alonely, *singly, only.*
Amated, *discouraged, affrighted.*
Appaid, *paid, rewarded.*
Arrear, [*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 bless, *or* To bliss, [*Fr.* blesser] *to strike* or *wound,* also *to wave or flourish.*
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.
Brast, *for* burst.
A Bray, [*Fr.* Braye] *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,

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 dreſt.*
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.*
Erſt, *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 foreſlow, *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 glaſs, *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,

Greves, *for* Groves.
Guerdon, [*Fr.* Guerdon] *Reward.*
To guie, *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,*
Horda, a *Tartarian* Term, ſignifying literally a Multitude. *uſed for a Company or Tribe of wandering People, who have no ſettled Habitation.*
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.

Macon, *or* Mahown, *Mahomet.*

Mariſh

Marish, *marsh Ground.*
Meed, *Reward.*
To mew, [*Gr.* Μυω] *to shut up, or inclose.*
Mirksom, *obscure.*
Mister, *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* Mought, } *for* might.

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,

Rave, [*for* rove] *pierced, or broke asunder.*
Raught, *reached.*
To reak, or To reck, } *to care or regard.*
To reave, *to deprive, or bereave.*
Recure, *Recovery.*
A Regreet, *a Re-salute.*
To remue, *to remove.*
Reprefe, *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 shrive, *to confess.* A shrift 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.*

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 { *this Word ſeems to denote any* plain, flat Surface. { Web *of a broad cutting Sword — the* Blade *of it.* B. 2. S. 93. B. 7. S. 94. Web *of Cloth — a* Piece *of Cloth in Weaving.* B. 4. St. 24. Web *of Lead — a* Sheet *of Lead.* B. 10. St. 26.

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 wiſs, *or* wiſt, *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.*

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