

**THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH
VERSE FROM THE ITALIAN OF
LUDOVICO ARIOSTO WITH
NOTES. VOL. V. CANTO XXV**

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LODOVICO ARIOSTO & WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

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TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

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//

WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

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THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XXV.

ARGUMENT.

*Rogero Richardetto from the pains
Of fire preserves, doomed by Marsilius dead:
He to Rogero afterwards explains
Fully the cause while he to death was led.
Them mournful Aldigier next entertains,
And with them the ensuing morning sped,
Vivian and Malagigi to set free;
To Bertolagi sold for hire and fee.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XXV.

I.

OH ! mighty springs of war in youthful breast,
Impetuous force of love, and thirst of praise !
Nor yet which most avails is known aright :
For each by turns its opposite outweighs.
Within the bosom here of either knight,
Honour, be sure, and duty strongly sways :
For the amorous strife between them is delayed,
Till to the Moorish camp they furnish aid.

II.

Yet Love sways more ; for, save that the command
Was laid upon them by their lady gay,
Neither would in that battle sheathe the brand,
Till he was crowned with the victorious bay ;
And Agramant might vainly with his band,
For either knight's expected succour, stay.
Then Love is not of evil nature still ;
—He can at times do good, if often ill.

III.

'Twas now, suspending all their hostile rage,
One and the other paynim cavalier,
The Moorish host from siege to disengage,
For Paris, with the gentle lady, steer ;
And with them goes as well that dwarfish page,
Who tracked the footsteps of the Tartar peer,
Till he had brought the warrior front to front,
In presence with the jealous Rodomont.

IV.

They at a mead arrived, where, in disport,
Knights were reposing by a stream, one pair
Disarmed, another casqued in martial sort ;
And with them was a dame of visage fair.
Of these in other place I shall report,
Not now ; for first Rogero is my care,
That good Rogero, who, as I have shown,
Into a well the magic shield had thrown.

V.

He from that well a mile is hardly gone
Ere he a courier sees arrive at speed,
Of those dispatched by King Troyano's son
To knights whom he awaited in his need ;
From him Rogero hears that ' so foredone
' By Charles are those who hold the paynim creed,
' They will, save quickly succoured in the strife,
' As quickly forfeit liberty and life.'

VI.

Rogero stood awhile in pensive case,
Whom many warring thoughts at once opprest :
But neither fitted was the time nor place
To make his choice, or judge what promised best.
The courier he dismiss, and turned his face
Whither he with the damsel was address ;
Whom aye the Child so hurried on her way,
He left her not a moment for delay.

VII.

Pursuing thence their ancient road again,
They reached a city, with the westering sun ;
Which, in the midst of France, from Charlemagne
Marsilius had in that long warfare won :
Nor them to interrupt or to detain,
At drawbridge or at gate, was any one :
Though in the fosse, and round the palisade,
Stood many men, and piles of arms were laid.

VIII.

Because the troop about that fortress see
Accompanying him, the well-known dame,
They to Rogero leave the passage free,
Nor even question him from whence he came.
Reaching the square, of evil company
He finds it full, and bright with ruddy flame ;
And, in the midst, is manifest to view
The youth condemned, with face of pallid hue.

IX.

As on the stripling's face he turns his eyes,
Which hangs declined and wet with frequent tear,
Rogerio thinks he Bradamant descries ;
So much the youth resembles her in cheer :
More sure the more intently he espies
Her face and shape : when thus the cavalier ;
" Or this is Bradamant, or I no more
" Am the Rogerio which I was before.

X.

" She hath adventured with too daring will,
" In rescue of the youth condemned to die ;
" And, for the enterprize has ended ill,
" Hath here been taken, as I see. Ah ! why
" Was she so hot her purpose to fulfil,
" That she must hither unattended hie !
" —But I thank Heaven, that hither have I made :
" Since I am yet in time to lend her aid."

XI.

He drew his falchion without more delay,
(His lance was broken at the other town) †,
And, through the unarmed people making way,
Wounding flank, paunch, and bosom, bore them down.
He whirled his weapon, and, amid the array,
Smote some across the gullet, cheek, or crown.
Screaming, the dissipated rabble fled ;
The most with cloven limbs or broken head.