

**ORLANDO FURIOSO:
TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN
OF LODOVICO ARIOSTO;
IN SIX VOLUMES, VOL. VI**

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Lodovico Ariosto & John Hoole

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LODOVICO ARIOSTO & JOHN HOOLE

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TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES,

BY JOHN HOOLE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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THE
FORTY-THIRD BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

THE ARGUMENT.

RINALDO refuses to taste the enchanted cup. His host relates to him the cause of his misfortunes. Tale of the Mantuan knight. Rinaldo takes his leave of the knight, and embarks in a vessel to sail down the Po. Description of the places by which he passes. His conversation with the pilot. Tale of Adonio and the Judge's wife. Rinaldo pursues part of his journey by land, and then goes by sea to Lipadusa, where he arrives after the battle between the six knights. The news of Brandimart's death brought to Flordelis. Her lamentation. Preparations for the funeral of Brandimart. Orlando's speech over the dead body. The funeral procession. Death of Flordelis. Orlando, Rinaldo, Sobrino, and Olivero, arrive at the island of the hermit, by whom Rogero had been received after the tempest. Olivero's foot is cured, and Sobrino's wounds are healed by the hermit, who gives the latter baptism. Rogero is made known to the other knights.

THE
FORTY-THIRD BOOK
OF
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

O WRETCHED Avarice! O thou fiend accur'd!
Hunger for gold! of Virtue's foes the worst!
Well may thy bane infect the sordid breast,
By every other human vice possess,
Since thou canst fetter in thy cruel chain, 5
And in thy dreadful gripe his soul detain,
Who, had he scap'd thy power, might justly claim,
For noblest gifts, the foremost rank in fame!
Behold one measures earth, and seas, and skies,
And Nature's springs explores with searching eyes! 10
From known effects can trace each latent cause,
And prove the depth of God's eternal laws.
Poison'd by thee, whose venom can destroy
Each generous thought, he knows no future joy
But heaping wealth—for this he will forego 15
Peace, honour, safety, every good below.
One conquers armies, breaks the bulwarks down,
And wins from foes the well-defended town;

In every peril of th' ensanguin'd field,
 The first to rush on fate, the last to yield: 20
 Thou every virtue from its base wilt shake,
 And him till death thy wretched captive make.
 By learning, some; by arts, some merit praise;
 But touch'd by thee, each envy'd wreath decays.
 How shall I speak of noble dames and fair, 25
 Who, scornful of the generous lover's prayer,
 Like pillar'd marble cold, obdurate stood
 When youth, and grace, and constant service woo'd;
 Lo! Avarice comes, with all-seducing power,
 T' infect their heart, and one detested hour 30
 Unloving, gives their youth and bloom of charms
 A prey to some old dotard's wither'd arms.
 Not without cause such mischiefs I bewail,
 Nor think in this I wander from my tale;
 Though what I speak relates not here so well 35
 To what is past, as what remains to tell.
 Now to the Paladin we turn the strain,
 Who seem'd prepar'd the magic bowl to drain:
 I told you ere his lips the draught essay'd,
 Awhile debating with his thoughts he stay'd: 40
 Then to himself—Insensate is the mind
 Who seeks for that it ne'er would wish to find.
 My wife's a woman—all the sex is frail—
 But let not hence my good opinion fail:
 Till now my faith has made me blest, and why 45
 Should proof itself more certain bliss supply?
 Much may I harm, but little mend my state,
 And Heaven forbids too far to tempt our fate.
 On me let praise or censure man bestow,
 Ne'er will I seek what fits me not to know. 50

B. XLIII. ORLANDO FURIOSO. 5

Hence from my sight this boasted cup remove,
Nor have I thirst, nor mean such thirst to prove.
God more forbids a proof like this to make,
Than our first sire the tree of life to take.
As Adam, when the fatal fruit he try'd, 55
Which God himself had to his taste deny'd,
Incurr'd what pains from disobedience flow,
And fell from highest bliss to deepest woe:
So when a husband, with too curious eye,
Into his wife's recluser deeds would pry, 60
He quits content, his folly to deplore,
And never shall his peace recover more.

As good Rinaldo spoke, he thrust aside
The hateful vase, and looking up, espy'd
The castle's lord, adown whose features stole 65
Such tears, as spoke the anguish of his soul;
Who thus at length with words impassion'd said:
Accurs'd the lips that ever could persuade
My wretched heart the dire advice to take,
Which made my much-lov'd wife these arms forsake! 70
O! had I known thee once, thy prudent thought
To wholesome purpose had my bosom wrought;
Ere yet my woes began—ere yet my sighs
Had learnt to heave, or tears suffus'd my eyes.
But let me lift the veil—nor longer keep 75
My tale untold, so thou with me shalt weep
My fortune past, while I relate the cause,
From which my life its present suffering draws.

Thou left'st, not far remote, a town behind,
Where round is seen a crystal stream to wind, 80