

**THE JERUSALEM DELIVERED OF  
TORQUATO TASSO,  
TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH  
VERSE. IN TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso, Translated into English Verse. In Two Volumes.  
Vol. I by Torquato Tasso & Sir John Kingston James

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JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

VOL. I.

THE  
JERUSALEM DELIVERED  
OF  
TORQUATO TASSO.

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

SIR JOHN KINGSTON JAMES, BARONET, M.A.,  
*Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy della Crusca.*

'O Victor, unsurpassed in modern song' (BYRON).

IN TWO VOLUMES.  
VOL. I.



LONDON:  
KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & CO., 1, PATERNOSTER SQUARE.  
1884.

523. 6. 1.

TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE  
PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BOURBON  
(CAPUA).

I little deemed when first I sought thy name,  
To grace the efforts of my idle hours,  
That thou my indolent nature couldst inflame  
With the desire in this cold clime of ours,  
To acclimatise thy native country's flowers ;  
Nor had I in Torquato's magic lore,  
Not in Erminia's love, Armida's bowers  
Found inspiration equal thine—of yore  
Such drew the enraptured bard from lovely Eleonore.

From her proud race thy princely sire is sprung,  
Its azure streams meander in thy veins,  
And as I echo what the minstrel sung,  
I trace in those fair-worded, high-flown strains,  
Where he his idol in Sophronia feigns—  
The prototype of thee in her he loved ;  
Thy peerless beauty now the world enchains,  
As Leonora once his being moved,  
Thy rival graces have thy kindred lineage proved.

Yet not alone thy beauty and thy birth,  
 I fain would in this transitory lay  
 Immortalise as noblest upon earth,  
 These patent are to all—but only they  
 Who know thy temperament's unceasing play,  
 Can realise its all absorbing power,  
 Or feel the warmth of its unclouded ray :  
 Aye—tho' around the storms of fortune lower,  
 Thy rainbow smiles to light can turn the darkest hour.

Like bold Clorinda, thou canst back the steed,  
 And wing the wild bird in its rapid flight ;  
 Nor, tho' thou dost in such pursuits exceed,  
 Fails thy more ample nature to unite  
 Those gentler graces which she held in slight.  
 Unlike Clorinda, thou dost not disdain  
 Our eyes to gladden, and our ears delight,  
 Now on the canvas, nature's self to feign,  
 Now rival seraph's song by thy bewitching strain.

On the blue margent of the Midland sea  
 A city lies, beyond expression fair,  
 The heaven-descended, bright Parthenope ;  
 With it none made by mortal can compare :  
 Ah ! couldst thou to its Paradise repair,  
 The rare perfection of thy mind and face  
 Had soon created a new Tasso there,  
 A living Leonora to replace  
 The lost—were found in thee—fair scion of her race.



DEDICATION.

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I then had ventured not my voice to raise,  
But left to poets of thy classic land  
To shed the lustre of its golden rays  
O'er thee, now exiled from its sunny strand.  
E'en as I write, my dreams, my thoughts expand,  
In hopes thy banishment may soon be o'er ;  
There—thou hadst with delighted vision scanned  
The Siren's isle, and on that haunted shore  
Hadst to their number added one enchantress more.

Then I had not thy glorious countryman  
Presented in this barbarous disguise,  
To one who in their native splendour can  
See to what height his lofty numbers rise :  
Still as thy mother's tongue, I deemed thine eyes  
Might trace some memories which its sight endear,  
Waking sweet thoughts of home—in this surmise  
To thee I dedicate my task, nor fear  
How the cold world will judge, if it but please thine ear.



## P R E F A C E.

HAVING been elected a corresponding member of the Royal Academy della Crusca in testimony of their approval of my translation of the "Gerusalemme liberata," I have deemed it a duty to revise and correct this present edition in the hope of rendering it still more worthy of that high honour.

J. K. J.

*London, 1834.*