

**THE ORLANDO
FURIOSO, VOL. VII**

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The Orlando Furioso, Vol. VII by Lodovico Ariosto & William Stewart Rose

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LODOVICO ARIOSTO & WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

**THE ORLANDO
FURIOSO, VOL. VII**

THE
ORLANDO FURIOSO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO
//

WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

VOL. VII.

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THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XXXVII.

ARGUMENT.

*Lament and outcry loud of some that mourn,
Attract Rogero and the damsels two.
They find Ulania, with her mantle shorn
By Marganor, amid her moaning crew.
Upon that felon knight, for his foul scorn,
A fierce revenge Marphisa takes: a new
Statute that maid does in the town ordain,
And Marganor is by Ulania slain.*

THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

CANTO XXXVII.

I.

IF, as in seeking other gift to gain,
(For Nature, without study, yieldeth nought)
With mighty diligence, and mickle pain,
Illustrious women day and night have wrought;
And if with good success the female train
To a fair end no homely task have brought,
So—did they for such other studies wake—
As mortal attributes immortal make;

II.

And, if they of themselves sufficient were
Their praises to posterity to show,
Nor borrowed authors' aid, whose bosoms are
With envy and with hate corroded so,
That oft they hide the good they might declare,
And tell in every place what ill they know,
To such a pitch would mount the female name,
As haply ne'er was reached by manly fame.

III.

To furnish mutual aid is not enow,
For many who would lend each other light.
Men do their best, that womankind should show
Whatever faults they have in open sight ;
Would hinder them of rising from below,
And sink them to the bottom, if they might :
I say the ancients ; as if glory, won
By woman, dimmed their own, as mist the sun.

IV.

But laud or tongue ne'er had, nor has, the skill,
Does voice or lettered page the thought impart,
Though each, with all its power, increase the ill,
Diminishing the good with all its art,
So female fame to stifle, but that still
The honour of the sex survives in part :
Yet reacheth not its pitch, nor such its flight,
But that 'tis far below its natural height.

V.

Not only Thomyris and Harpalice,
And who brought Hector, who brought Turnus aid,
And who, to build in Lybia crost the sea,
By Tyrian and Sidonian band obeyed ;
Not only famed Zenobia, only she
Who Persian, Indian, and Assyrian frayed ;
Not only these and some few others merit
Their glory, that eternal fame inherit :

VI.

Faithful, chaste, wise, and bold, the world hath seen
In Greece and Rome not only, but where'er
The Sun unfolds his flowing locks, between
The Hesperides and Indian hemisphere ;
Whose gifts and praise have so extinguished been,
We scarce of one amid a thousand hear ;
And this ; because they in their days have had
For chroniclers, men envious, false, and bad.

VII.

But ye that prosper in the exercise
Of goodly labours, aye your way pursue ;
Nor halt, O women, in your high emprise,
For fear of not receiving honour due :
For, as nought good endures beneath the skies,
So ill endures no more ; if hitherto
Unfriended by the poet's pen and page,
They now befriend you in our better age.

VIII.

Erewhile Marullo¹ and Pontane for you
Declared, and—sire and son—the Strozzi twain ;
Capello, Bembo, and that writer, who
Has fashioned like himself the courtier train ;
With Lewis Alamanni, and those two,
Beloved of Mars and Muses, of their strain
Descended, who the mighty city rule,
Which Mincius parts, and moats with marshy pool².

IX.

One of this pair (besides that, of his will,
 He honours you, and does you courtesies;
 And makes Parnassus and high Cynthus' hill
 Resound your praise, and lift it to the skies)
 The love, the faith, and mind, unconquered still,
 Mid threats of ruin, which in stedfast wise
 To him his constant Isabel hath shown^s,
 Render yet more your champion than his own.

X.

So that he never more will wearied be
 With quickening in his verse your high renown;
 And, if another censures you, than he
 Prompter to arm in your defence is none;
 Nor knight, in this wide world, more willingly
 Life in the cause of virtue would lay down:
 Matter as well for other's pen he gives,
 As in his own another's glory lives;

XI.

And well he merits, that a dame so blest,
 (Blest with all worth, which in this earthly round
 Is seen in them who don the female vest,)
 To him hath evermore been faithful found;
 Of a sure pillar of pure truth possest
 In her, despising Fortune's every wound.
 Worthy of one another are the twain;
 Nor better ere were paired in wedlock's chain.