

**ORLANDO  
FURIOSO. VOL. III**

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Orlando Furioso. Vol. III by Lodovico Ariosto & John Hoole

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**LODOVICO ARIOSTO & JOHN HOOLE**

**ORLANDO  
FURIOSO. VOL. III**



FRONTISPIECE TO VOL. III.



BOOK XXIII, LINE 969.

# ORLANDO FURIOSO:

TRANSLATED

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO;

WITH

NOTES,

BY JOHN HOOLE.

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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THE  
*EIGHTEENTH BOOK*  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.



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### THE ARGUMENT.

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CHARLES and his Paladins attack Rodomont, and at last compel him to leave the city. He repasses the Seine, and hears that Doralis is carried off by Mandricardo. Rodomont being gone, Charles returns to the field. General battle renewed with great slaughter on both sides. Ferrau and Dardinello signalize themselves. Lurcanio killed by Dardinello. Gryphon being set at liberty, to revenge the shame he had suffered, makes a great slaughter among the people of Damascus. Norandino appears him. Aquilant meets with Martano and Origilla, seizes and carries them to Damascus: end of that adventure. Norandino institutes another tournament in honour of Gryphon. Arrival of Sansonetto, Astolpho, and Marphisa, at Damascus. Confusion on account of a suit of armour offered by the king as the prize of the victor. Marphisa, Astolpho, and Sansonetto, overthrow all opposers. Gryphon and Aquilant unhorsed. At last the four knights are known to each other, and peace is restored. Astolpho, Sansonetto, Gryphon, Aquilant, and Marphisa depart for France: they embark on board a ship; arrive at Cyprus; are overtaken by a dreadful storm. Account of the general battle resumed. Dardinello is slain by Rinaldo. The Pagans begin to give ground; at last the rout becomes universal, and the Pagans retire to their entrenchments. Medoro and Cleridano, two Moorish youths, leave their posts in the middle of the night, and venture into the enemy's camp in order to seek out, and give burial to the body of their dead master, Dardinello.

THE  
EIGHTEENTH BOOK  
OF  
ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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**S**TILL, generous prince! my loyal muse displays  
Your high deserts, and ever seeks to praise:  
But much I fear too weak to' exalt your name,  
She but defrauds you of a nobler fame.  
Amidst your virtues, one above the rest 5  
My tongue, my bosom ever has confess'd:  
While open audience all from you receive,  
None find you ever ready to believe  
Each light report—your goodness will befriend  
Th' accus'd when absent, oft attention lend 10  
To each fair plea, and keep a gracious ear  
When present, from himself his tale to hear;  
And rather months and years the cause defer,  
Than to another's wrong in hasty sentence err.  
Had Norandino well his conduct weigh'd, 15  
His lips might ne'er on Gryphon's head have laid  
The doom unjust: while honour crowns your name,  
He, unadvis'd, has stain'd his future fame.  
Through him his people breathless on the plain,  
Fall by the raging hand of Gryphon slain; 20

Who thrusts or whirls, by turns, the mortal steel,  
 And thirly near the car his fury feel.  
 Swift fly the rest, as terror bids them stray;  
 One seeks the field, and one the beaten way:  
 One hopes again to enter in the wall;                    25  
 Where each on each in mingled heaps they fall.  
 Without a word or menace Gryphon glows  
 With silent wrath, no soft compassion knows,  
 But drives his sword amidst the trembling throngs,  
 And takes dire vengeance for his former wrongs.           30  
 Of those, who first dispersing o'er the plain,  
 With nimble feet the city walls can gain,  
 Impetuous some, as sense of danger sways,  
 Forgetful of their friends the drawbridge raise.  
 Some fly with ghastly looks in pale affright,           35  
 Nor cast a look behind them in their flight:  
 While wide in every distant quarter rise  
 The shouting clamours and distressful cries.  
 Pious Gryphon, as aloft the bridge they drew,  
 (Ill chance for them) two luckless wretches flew.           40  
 Of these, one dash'd against the stony plain  
 Pour'd from his batter'd skull the smoaking brain:  
 One, wounded in the breast, fell headlong down,  
 As up the walls he climb'd to reach the town:  
 The trembling crowds, with terror chill'd, behold           45  
 The breathless carcass from the ramparts roll'd.  
 Great is the fear that many a mind appalls,  
 Lest furious Gryphon should o'erleap the walls:  
 Not deeper tumults could around prevail,  
 Should the stern Soldan with his host assail           50  
 Damascus' gates—arms flash, loud shouts ascend;  
 Now here, now there the thronging people bend: