

**THE ORLANDO  
FURIOSO; VOL. III**

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The Orlando furioso; Vol. III by Lodovico Ariosto & William Stewart Rose

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**LODOVICO ARIOSTO & WILLIAM STEWART ROSE**

**THE ORLANDO  
FURIOSO; VOL. III**



THE  
ORLANDO FURIOSO

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

FROM THE ITALIAN OF

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO  
"

WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE

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VOL. VIII.

LONDON  
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THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

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CANTO XLIII

VOL. VIII.

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ARGUMENT.

*Rinaldo from his courteous landlord hears  
What folly had destroyed his every good ;  
Next learns another story, as he steers  
Towards Ravenna with the falling flood :  
Then last arrives where, conqueror o'er his foes  
Orlando was, but in no joyful mood.  
He, that the Child a Christian made whilom,  
Christens Sobrino, and heals Olivier.*

# THE ORLANDO FURIOSO.

## CANTO XLIII.

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### I.

O EXECRABLE avarice! O vile thirst  
Of sordid gold! it doth not me astound  
So easily thou seizest soul, immersed  
In baseness, or with other taint unsound;  
But that thy chain should bind, amid the worst,  
And that thy talon should strike down and wound  
One that for loftiness of mind would be  
Worthy all praise, if he avoided thee.

### II.

Some earth and sea and heaven above us square,  
Know Nature's causes, works, and properties;  
What her beginnings, what her endings are;  
And soar till Heaven is open to their eyes:  
Yet have no steadier aim, no better care,  
Stung by thy venom, than, in sordid wise,  
To gather treasure: such their single scope,  
Their every comfort, and their every hope.



## III.

Armies by him are broken in his pride,  
 And gates of warlike towns in triumph past:  
 The foremost he to breast the furious tide  
 Of fearful battle; to retire the last;  
 Yet cannot save himself from being stied  
 Till death, in thy dark dungeon prisoned fast.  
 Of others that would shine thou dimm'st the praise;  
 Whom other studies, other arts would raise.

## IV.

What shall of high and beauteous dames be said?  
 Who (from their lovers' worth and charms secure)  
 Against long service, I behold, more staid,  
 More motionless, than marble shafts, endure:  
 Then Avarice comes, who so her spells hath laid,  
 I see them stoop directly to her lure.  
 —Who could believe?—unloving, in a day  
 They fall some elder's, fall some monster's prey.

## V.

Not without reason here I raise this cry:  
 —Read me who can, I read myself—nor so  
 I from the beaten pathway tread awry,  
 Nor thus the matter of my song forego.  
 Not more to what is shown do I apply  
 My saying, than to what I have to show.  
 But now return we to the paladine,  
 Who was about to taste the enchanted wine.

## VI.

Fain would he think awhile, of whom I speak,  
(As said) ere to his lips the vase he bore ;  
He thought; then thus: " When finding what we seek  
" Displeases, this 'tis folly to explore.  
" My wife 's a woman; every woman's weak.  
" Then let me hold the faith I held before.  
" Faith still has brought, and yet contentment brings.  
" From proof itself what better profit springs?

## VII.

" From this small good, much evil I foresee:  
" For tempting God moves sometimes his disdain.  
" I know not if it wise or foolish be,  
" But to know more than needs, I am not fain.  
" Now put away the enchanted cup from me;  
" I neither will, nor would, the goblet drain;  
" Which is with Heaven's command as much at strife,  
" As Adam's deed who robbed the tree of life.

## VIII.

" For as our sire who tasted of that tree,  
" And God's own word, by eating, disobeyed,  
" Fell into sorrow from felicity,  
" And was by misery evermore o'erlaid ;  
" The husband so, that all would know and see ;  
" Whatever by his wife is done and said ;  
" Passes from happiness to grief and pain,  
" Nor ever can uplift his head again."

## IX.

Meanwhile the good Rinaldo saying so,  
And pushing from himself the cup abhorred,  
Beheld of tears a plenteous fountain flow  
From the full eyes of that fair mansion's lord;  
Who cried, now having somewhat calmed his woe,  
" Accursed be he, persuaded by whose word,  
" Alas! I of the fortune made assay,  
" Whereby my cherished wife was reft away!

## X.

" Wherefore ten years ago wast thou not known,  
" So that I counselled might have been of thee?  
" Before the sorrows and the grief begun,  
" That have nigh quenched my eyes; but raised shall be  
" The curtain from the scene, that thou upon  
" My pain mayst look, and mayst lament with me;  
" And I to thee of mine unheard-of woe  
" The argument and very head will show.

## XI.

" Above, was left a neighbouring city, pent  
" Within a limpid stream that forms a lake;  
" Which widens, and wherein Po finds a vent.  
" Their way the waters from Benacus take.  
" Built was the city, when to ruin went  
" Walls founded by the Agenorean snake<sup>1</sup>.  
" Here me of gentle line my mother bore,  
" But of small means, in humble home and poor.