

Orlando Furioso Revivens

Verso I: Grey Niche, High Summer, A.S. XI

On Valor's field with sword and mace he stood
In helm and gauntlets, bracing for the fight.
The foes arrayed against him, foul and good
Stood forth to battle, seasoned Squire and Knight.
He faced them all, and in the end they fell
None cried for mercy, though that was their right.
Instead they took each blow he did compel
They saw it not, his sword too swift to see
The ranks of fallen, names all men knew well
Brave Albert, Polidor, none sought to plea
No ragged arms nor punctured spirits bared
Yet bold Orlando caused all hope to flee
His martial prowess stood beyond compare
His feats of arms proved Mars' anointed Heir.

Verso II: Troll Fen, In the Spring, A.S. XII

The Frenchman and Italian, battle-joined,
Both strove to gain advantage in the fray,
To reach this moment, both had victories earned,
Their scattered foes undone, in disarray.
In every fight, the dance of death revealed,
In every battle, cunning skills displayed,
For every triumph, death's embrace repealed,
Till now—the final battle-dance ensues,
And all the finest skills of war unsealed,
For Crown, both warriors pursue,
Each one is keen to fix upon his brow.
At battle's end, the Realm once more renewed,
On Field of Honor, all men might allow,
Orlando King, yet both are Champions now.

Verso III: Iron Mountain, the Abbey in May, A.S. XV

In Benedictine Abbey, cool and dark,
A murdered King, Francois, in sweet repose.
His brother, Thomas, robbed him of his spark,
This slaying, from foul jealousy arose.
Now Realm needs Heir, Orlando must arise,
Must stand to Throne, assume the Regal pose.
In Court of brightest white, none might despise
The Argent King, his Crown and might display.
To all who witness, feasting with their eyes,
As supplicants come forth in fine array.
Among them, Leonora, fair and bright,
Receiving arms from noble King this day,
A moment fixed in time by High Church light,
This glimpse towards a lifetime of delight.

Verso IV: The Several Lands of Bryn Madoc, early in A.S. XLIX

The wheel of years has danced around the orb,
The decades roll, and much that was is gone.
Yet still remain some moments to absorb,
And still some deeds demanding to be done.
In world of constant change, one yet endures,
For worthy fights remain that may be won,
And as his aging armour he secures,
Orlando faces sternest foe in time.
His years of prowess help him to ensure
The outcome of his quest is worth the climb,
What once youth served, now wisdom may bring forth,
To persevere is triumph, youth to mime,
And length of years reveals the fullest truth,
That, in the striving, man reveals his worth.

With love, to a brother and friend, as he goes once more into the breach.....

AEdwardus fecit

5.19.14. A.S. XLIX

Notes

“Orlando Furioso: a Terze Rime (a pale imitation of that form made famous by M. Alighieri) celebrating the Duc's return to the Crown List field.....and several decades of friendship.....”