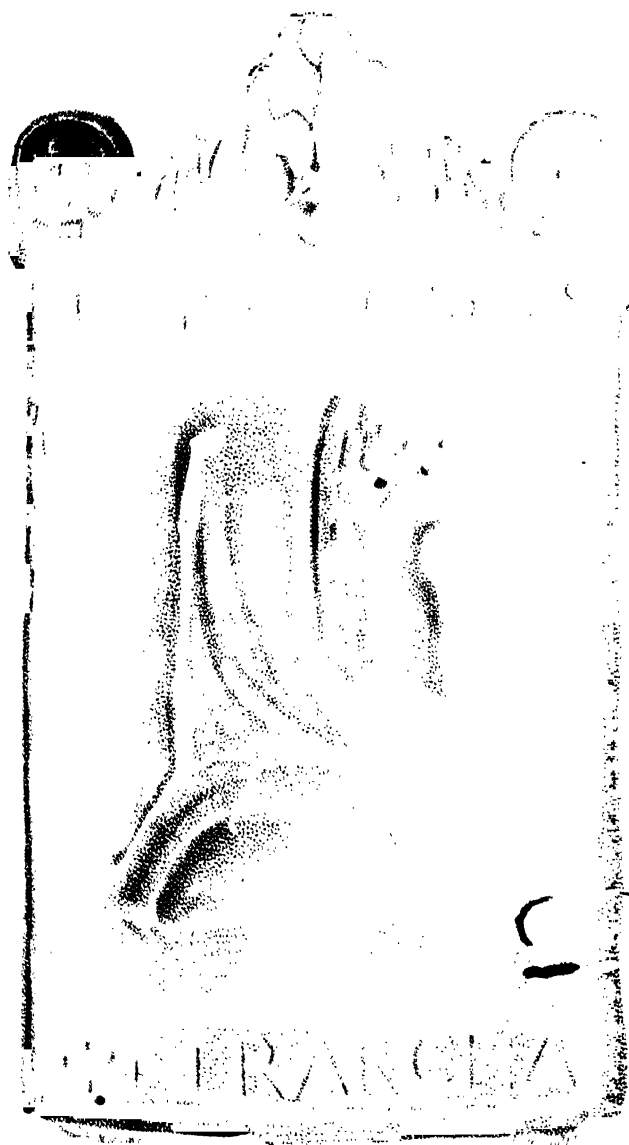


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PETRARCH

TRANSLATED;

IN A

SELECTION

OF HIS

SONNETS. AND ODES;

ACCOMPANIED WITH

NOTES, AND THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN;

ALSO WITH

THE HEAD OF PETRARCH FROM AN ANTIQUE BRON

Donec erunt ignes, arcusque Cupidinis arma, &c.

OVID.

*Printed by W. Pople,
22, Old Boswell Court, Strand,*

DEDICATION.

TO RICHARD HEBER, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

YOUR eminent acquirements in every branch of polite literature, and distinguished reputation, will exempt me from all suspicion of flattery, when I confess myself proud in being permitted to inscribe to you this little Volume.

I sincerely wish its merit were such as might justly entitle it to your regard: I trust, however, it will be accepted as a proof of the high esteem I bear your character; in which I know not whether to admire most, the correctness of your taste,

DEDICATION.

and the extensiveness of your erudition
that generous ardour, and liberality of
spirit, which lead you to encourage every
attempt towards enlarging the bounds,
facilitating the attainment of knowledge

I am,

Sir,

Your very faithful and obliged servant,

THE TRANSLATOR

August 1, 1808.

A Prayse of Petrarche, and of Laura his ladie.

FROM

SONGS and SONNETS of uncertaine Auctors;

SUBJOINED TO THE POEMS OF HENRY HOWARD EARL OF
SURREY, AND OF SIR THOMAS WYAT THE ELDER.

RICHARD TOTTEL'S EDIT. 1557.

O Petrarche, hed and prince of poets al
Whose lively gift of flowing eloquence
Well may we seeke, but finde not how, or whence,
So rare a gift with thee did rise and fall,
Peace to thy bones, and glory immortall
Be to thy name, and to her excellence,
Whose beauty lighted in thy time and sence,
So to be set forth as none other shall.
Why hath not our pens rimes so farfit wroughte,
Nor why our time forth bringeth beauty such?
To trye our wittes as golde is by the touche,
If to the stile the matter aided ought!
But ther was never Laure more then one,
And her had Petrarche for his paragone.

ADVERTISEMENT.

BEFORE I exhibit what would appear to me some of the most beautiful, and certainly some of the most esteemed Sonnets, and Odes of Petrarch, both in their original form, and in an English dress; it may not be impertinent to remark, that hitherto the celebrity of the GREAT TUSCAN has, with the generality of his readers at least, rested entirely on his amorous, and poetical compositions: these, in Italian, consist of 317 Sonnets; 49 Odes (CANZONI, some of which are denominated SESTINE, BALLATE, or MADRIGALI) and 6 Poems entitled Triumphs, or Pageants, most of them divided into Parts (CAPITOLI). But it ought to be understood, that they form a very inconsiderable, and, in one point of view, not the most meritorious part of

his works. Petrarch was one of the first moral philosophers, that any age has produced: and the revival of letters owes as much to his taste, genius, and industry, as to those of any other individual literature has to boast. This will be in a great measure evident from a list of his works, which to the curious reader may not prove unacceptable, extracted from the Basil edition of 1581, in folio.

1. *Of the Remedies against good, and bad Fortune: II BOOKS.*
2. *Of Solitary Life: II BOOKS.*
3. *Of the Leisure of Monastic Persons: II BOOKS.*
4. *Of True Wisdom: II DIALOGUES.*
5. *Of Contempt of the World: III DIALOGUES.*
6. *On the Seven Penitential Psalms.*
7. *Concerning the best Administration of Government.*
8. *On the Duties, and Virtues of Commanders.*
9. *Of memorable Things: IV BOOKS.*
10. *An abridgement of the Lives of illustrious Men.*
11. *An Exhortation to restore Peace to Italy.*
12. *An Oration to the ancient Defenders of the Roman State.*
13. *An Exhortation to attempt the recovery of Liberty.*

14. *Concerning the Fidelity, and Obedience of Wives*
15. *Of the shunning Avarice.*
16. *An Itinerary to the Holy Land.*
17. *Letters on his own Affairs: VIII BOOKS.*
18. ——— *to some of the most illustrious of the Ancients: I BOOK.*
19. ——— *without any address: I BOOK.*
20. ——— *concerning his affairs in his old Age: XVI BOOKS.*
21. ——— *on Various Subjects: I BOOK.*
22. *On Ignorance both of one's ownself, and others.*
23. *A Reply to the Invective of an anonymous Frenchman.*
24. *An Invective against a certain Physician: IV BOOKS.*
25. *Letters relative to his obtaining the Laurel.*

Petrarch wrote in Latin verse:

1. *Pastoral Eclogues.*
2. *Africa, an Heroic Poem on the Carthaginian War: XII BOOKS.*
3. *Epistles: III BOOKS.*

Besides what are published, there are extant in several libraries in Italy, and in the national library at Paris, in manuscript, many small Tracts, and a great number of Letters addresse'd by Pe-

trarch to the most eminent characters of his times ; which are described, by those who have consulted them, as highly curious, and interesting. Nothing is more called for, or would prove more acceptable, than a complete, and correct edition of Petrarch's Latin works. Of the existing editions, that of 1501, by Simon de Luere, and that of Marco Origo, 1516 (dated by mistake 1416) both printed at Venice, are considered the best. The two Basil editions of 1554, and 1581, though the most common, are by far the worst : in many places, the typographical errors render entire passages inexplicable.

SONNETS, AND ODES.

SONETTI, E CANZONI

DI

PETRARCA.

SONETTO I.

1.

*Voi ch' ascoltate in rime sparse il suono
Di quei sospiri ond' io nudriva il core
In sul mio primo giovenile errore,
Quand' era in parte altr' uom da quel ch' i' sono ;
Del vario stile, in ch' io piango, e ragiono
Fra le vane speranze, e 'l van dolore ;
Ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,
Spero trovar pietà, non che perdono.
Ma ben veggì or, sì come al popol tutto
 Favola fui gran tempo ; onde sovente
Di me medesmo meco mi vergogno :
E del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto,
E 'l pentirsi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente,
Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.*

SONNETS, AND ODES

OF

PETRARCH.

SONNET I.

O YE, who list in scatter'd verse the sound
Of all those sighs with which my heart I fed,
What time by youthful error first misled,
When I unlike the present man was found ;
Who list the plaints, the reas'nings that abound
Throughout my song, by hopes, and vain griefs bred :
If e'er true love its influence o'er ye shed,
O let your pity be with pardon crown'd !
But now full well I see how to the crowd
For length of time I prov'd a public jest :
E'en by myself my folly is allow'd :
And of my vanity the fruit is shame,
Repentance, and a knowledge strong imprest,
That worldly pleasure is a passing dream.

SONETTO II.

2.

*PER far una leggiadra sua vendetta,
 E punir in un dì ben mille offese,
 Celatamente Amor l' arco riprese,
 Com' uom ch' a nocer luogo, e tempo aspetta.*
*Era la mia virtute al cor ristretta,
 Per far' ivi, e ne gli occhi sue difese ;
 Quando 'l colpo mortal laggiù discese
 Ove solea spuntarsi ogni saetta.*
*Però turbata nel primiero assalto,
 Non ebbe tanto nè vigor, nè spazio,
 Che potesse al bisogno prender l' arme ;
 Ovvero al poggio faticoso, ed alto
 Ritrar'mi accortamente dallo strazio ;
 Del qual oggi vorrebbe, e non può aitarne.*

SONNET II.

FOR many a crime at once to make me smart,
And a delicious vengeance to obtain,
Love secretly took up his bow again,
As one who acts the cunning coward's part ;
My courage had retir'd within my heart,
There to defend the pass bright eyes might gain ;
When his dread archery was pour'd amain
Where blunted erst had fallen ev'ry dart.
Scar'd at the sudden brisk attack, I found
Nor time, nor vigour to repel the foe
With weapons suited to the direful need ;
No kind protection of rough rising ground,
Where from defeat I might securely speed,
Which fain I would e'en now, but ah, no method know !

SONETTO III.

7.

LA gola, e 'l sonno, e l' oziose piume
Hanno del mondo ogni virtù sbandita,
Ond' è dal corso suo quasi smarrita
Nostra natura vinta dal costume :
Ed è sì spento ogni benigno lume
Del ciel, per cui s' informa umana vita ;
Che per cosa mirabile s' addita,
Chi vuol far d' Ellicona nascer fiume.
Qual vaghezza di lauro? qual di mirto?
Povera, e nuda vai, Filosofia,
Dice la turba al vil guadagno intesa.
Pochi compagni avrai per l' altra via ;
Tanto ti prego più, gentile spirto,
Non lassar la magnanima tua impresa.

SONNET III.

INTEMP'RANCE, slumber, and the slothful down
 Have chas'd each virtue from this world away;
 Hence is our nature nearly led astray
 From its due course, by habitude o'erthrown:
 Those kindly lights of heav'n so dim are grown,
 Which shed o'er human life instruction's ray;
 That him with scornful wonder they survey,
 Who would draw forth the stream of Helicon.
 " Whom doth the laurel please, or myrtle now ?
 " Naked and poor, Philosophy, art thou !"
 The worthless crowd, intent on lucre, cries.
 Few on thy chosen road will thee attend ;
 Yet let it more incite thee, gentle friend,
 To prosecute thy high-conceiv'd emprise.

SONETTO IV.

8.

A PIE de' colli, ove la bella vesta
Prese delle terrene membra pria
La donna, che colui ch' a te ne 'nvia,
Spesso dal sonno lagrimando desta :
Libere in pace passavam per questa
Vita mortal, ch' ogni animal desia,
Senza sospetto di trovar fra via
Cosa ch' al nostr' andar fosse molesta.
Ma del misero stato ove noi semo
Condotte dalla vita altra serena,
Un sol conforto, e della morte, avemo:
Che vendetta è di lui ch' a ciò ne mena ;
Lo qual in forza altrui, presso all' estremo,
Riman legato con maggior catena.

SONNET IV.

BENEATH those very hills, where beauty threw
 Her mantle first o'er that earth-moulded fair,
 Who oft from sleep, while shedding many a tear,
 Awakens him that sends us unto you,
 Our lives in peacefulness and freedom flew,
 E'en as all creatures wish who hold life dear ;
 Nor deem'd we aught could in its course come near,
 Whence to our wand'rings danger might accrue.
 But from the wretched state to which we 're brought,
 Leaving another with serceness fraught,
 Nay, e'en from death, one comfort we obtain ;
 That vengeance follows him who sent us here ;
 Another's utmost thraldom doom'd to bear,
 Bound he now lies with a still stronger chain.*

CANZONE I.

1.

*L*ASSARE il velo o per sole, o per ombra,
 Donna, non vi vid' io,
 Poi, che 'n me conosceste il gran desio,
 Ch' ogni altra voglia dentr' al cor mi sgombra.
*M*entr' io portava i be' pensier celati,
 C' hanno la mente desiando morta,
 Vidrvi di pietate ornare il volto:
 Ma poi, ch' Amor di me vi fece accorta,
 Fur' i biondi capelli allor velati,
 E l' amoroso sguardo in se raccolto.
 Quel, che più desiava in voi, m' è tolto;
 Sì mi governa il velo,
 Che per mia morte ed al caldo, ed al gielo,
 De' be' vostr' occhi il dolce lume adombra.

O D E I.

W^HEREFORE, my unkind fair-one, say,
 Whether the sun fierce darts his ray,
 Or whether gloom o'erspreads the sky,
 That envious veil is ne'er thrown by ;
 Though well you read my heart, and knew
 How much I long'd your charms to view ?
 While I conceal'd each tender thought,
 That my fond mind's destruction wrought,
 Your face with pity sweetly shone ;
 But, when Love made my passion known,
 Your sunny locks were seen no more,
 Nor smil'd your eyes as heretofore ;
 Behind a jealous cloud retir'd
 Those beauties which I most admir'd.

And shall a veil thus rule my fate ?
 O, cruel veil, that whether heat,
 Or cold be felt, art doom'd to prove
 Fatal to me, shadowing the lights I love ! ,

SONETTO V.

11.

SE la mia vita dall' aspro tormento
Si può tanto schermire, e dagli affanni,
Ch' i' veggia per virtù degli ultim' anni,
Donna, de' be' vostr' occhi il lume spento :
E i cape' d' oro fin farsi d' argento,
E lassar le ghirlande, e i verdi panni,
E' l viso scolorir che ne' miei danni
A lamentar mi fa pauroso, e lento :
Pur mi darà tanta baldanza Amore,
Ch' i' vi scoprirò de' miei martiri
Qua' sono stati gli anni, e i giorni, e l' ore :
E se 'l tempo è contrario ai be' desiri ;
Non fia, ch' almen non giunga al mio dolore
Alcun soccorso di tardi sospiri.

SONNET V.

MY life, sweet lady, could I but maintain
 Free from all rig'rous torment, and from care,
 That I might view through each declining year
 Your beauteous eyes no longer bright remain;
 Your locks of fine gold silver whiteness gain;
 Those gay-green robes, the wreaths you wont to wear
 Thrown by; and, ah, faded that face so fair,
 Which makes me slow, and fearful to complain!
 Love then at least such daring should inspire,
 That of the suff'rings I've been doom'd to feel
 The years, days, hours I might to you reveal.
 And, though the period suit not fond desire,
 Yet the soft griefs that in my bosom rise
 Still may she mitigate with tardy sighs.

SONETTO VI.

18.

VERGOGNANDO talor, ch' ancor si taccia,
Donna, per me vostra bellezza in rima,
Ricorro al tempo, ch' i' vi vidi prima,
Tal che null' altra fia mai che mi piaccia.
Ma trovo peso non dalle mie braccia,
Nè opra da polir con la mia lima :
Però l' ingegno, che sua forza estima,
Nell' operazion tutto s' agghiaccia.
Più volte giù per dir le labbra apersi ;
Poi rimase la voce in mezzo 'l petto.
Ma qual suon poria mai salir tant' alto ?
Più volte incominciai di scriver versi :
Ma la penna, e la mano, e l' intelletto
Rimaser vinti nel primier' assalto.

SONNET VI.

ASHAM'D sometimes thy beauties should remain
 As yet unsung, sweet lady, in my rhyme ;
 When first I saw thee I recall the time,
 Pleasing as none shall ever please again.
 But no fit polish can my verse attain,
 Not mine is strength to try the task sublime :
 My genius, measuring its pow'r to climb,
 From such attempt doth prudently refrain.
 Full oft I op'd my lips to chant thy name ;
 Then in mid utterance the lay was lost :
 But say what muse can dare so bold a flight ?
 Full oft I strove in measure to endite ;
 But ah, the pen, the hand, the vein I boast
 At once were vanquish'd by the mighty theme !

SONETTO VII.

19.

MILLE fiate, o dolce mia guerrera,
 Per aver co' begli occhi vostri pace,
 V' aggio profferto il cor: m' a voi non piace
 Mirar sì basso con la mente altera:
 E se di lui fors' altra donna spera;
 Vive in speranza debile, e fallace:
 Mio, perchè sdegno ciò ch' a voi dispiace,
 Esser non può giammai così, com' era.
 Or s' ò lo scaccio, ed e' non trova in voi
 Nell' essilio infelice alcun soccorso,
 Nè sa star sol, nè gire ov' altr' il chiama;
 Porria smarrire il suo natural corso;
 Che grave colpa fia d' ambeduo noi,
 E tanto più di voi, quanto più v' ama.

SONNET VII.

A THOUSAND times, sweet warrior, to obtain
 Peace with those beauteous eyes I've vainly tried,
 Proff'ring my heart ; but with that lofty pride
 To bend your looks so lowly you refrain :
 Expects a stranger fair that heart to gain ;
 In frail, fallacious hopes will she confide :
 It never more to me can be allied ;
 Since what you scorn, dear lady, I disdain.
 In its sad exile if no aid you lend,
 Banish'd by me ; and it can neither stay
 Alone, nor yet another's call obey ;
 Its vital course must hasten to its end :
 Ah me, how guilty then we both should prove,
 But guilty you the most, for you it most doth love !

CANZONE II.

3.

*A QUALUNQUE animale alberga in terra ;
 Se non se alquanti c' hanno in odio il sole ;
 Tempo da travagliare è quanto è 'l giorno :
 Ma poi, ch' il ciel accende le sue stelle,
 Qual torna a casa, e qual s' annida in selva
 Per aver posa almeno infin' all' alba.*

*Ed io da che comincia la bell' alba
 A scuoter l' ombra intorno della terra,
 Svegliando gli animali in ogni selva,
 Non ho mai triegua di sospir col sole.
 Poi, quand' io veggio fiammeggiar le stelle,
 Vo lagrimando, e desiando il giorno.*

O D E II.

EACH creature, on whose wakeful eyes
The bright sun pours his golden fire,
By day a destin'd toil pursues ;
And, when heav'n's lamps illumine the skies,
All to some haunt for rest retire,
Till a fresh dawn that toil renews.

But I, when a new morn doth rise,
Chasing from earth its murky shades,
While ring the forests with delight,
Find no remission of my sighs ;
And, soon as night her mantle spreads,
I weep, and wish returning light.

*Quando la sera scaccia il chiaro giorno,
 E le tenebre nostre altrui fann' alba ;
 Miro pensoso le crudeli stelle,
 Che m' hanno fatto di sensibil terra ;
 E maledico il dì ch' i vidi 'l sole,
 Che mi fa in vista un' uom nudrito in selva.*

*Non credo che pascesse mai per selva
 Sì aspra fera, o di notte, o di giorno,
 Come costei, ch' i piango all' ombra, e al sole :
 E non mi stanca primo sonno, od alba ;
 Che bench' i fia mortal corpo di terra,
 Lo mio fermo desir vien dalle stelle.*

*Prima ch' i torni a voi, lucenti stelle,
 O tomi giù nell' amorosa selva
 Lassando il corpo, che fia trita terra ;
 Vedess' io in lei pietà : ch' in un sol giorno
 Può ristorar molt' anni, e 'nnanzi l' alba
 Puommi arricchir dal tramontar del sole.*

Again when eve bids day retreat,
 O'er other climes to dart its rays ;
 Pensive those cruel stars I view,
 Which influence thus my am'rous fate ;
 And imprecate that beauty's blaze,
 Which o'er my form such wildness threw.

No forest surely in its glooms
 Nurtures a savage so unkind
 As she, who bids these sorrows flow :
 Me, nor the dawn, nor sleep o'ercomes ;
 For, though of mortal mould, my mind
 Feels more than passion's mortal glow.

Ere up to you, bright orbs, I fly,
 Or to Love's bow'r speed down my way,
 While here my mould'ring limbs remain ;
 Let me her pity once espy :
 Thus, rich in bliss, one little day
 Shall recompense whole years of pain. •

*Con lei foss' io da che si parte il sole ;
E non ci vedess' altri che le stelle ;
Sol una notte, e mai non fosse l' alba ;
E non si trasformasse in verde selva
Per uscirmi di braccia, come il giorno
Che Apollo la seguía quaggiù per terra.*

*Ma io sarò sotterra in secca selva ;
E 'l giorno andrà pien di minute stelle,
Prima ch' a sì dolce alba arrivi il sole.*

Be Laura mine at set of sun ;

Let heav'n's fires only mark our loves,

And the day ne'er its light renew ;

My fond embrace may she not shun ;

Nor, Phœbus-like, through laurel groves

May I a nymph transform'd pursue !

But I shall cast this mortal veil on earth,

And stars shall gild the noon, ere such bright scenes have
birth.

SONETTO VIII.

26.

GIÀ fiammeggiava l' amorosa stella
 Per l' oriente, e l' altra, che Giunone
 Suol far gelosa, nel settentrione
 Rotava i raggi suoi lucente, e bella ;
 Levata era a filar la vecchierella
 Discinta, e scalza, e desto avea 'l carbone:
 E gli amanti pungea quella stagione
 Che per usanza a lagrimar gli appella ;
 Quando mia speme già condotta al verde
 Giunse nel cor, non per l'usata via ;
 Che 'l sonno tenea chiusa, e 'l dolor molle ;
 Quanto cangiata, oimè, da quel di pria !
 E pareva dir, perchè tuo valor perde ?
 Feder questi occhi ancor non ti si tolle.

SONNET VIII.

THROUGHOUT the orient now began to flame
 The star of love ; while o'er the northern sky
 That, which has oft rais'd Juno's jealousy,
 Pour'd forth its beauteous scintillating beam :
 Beside her kindled hearth the housewife dame,
 Half-drest, and slipshod 'gan her distaff ply :
 And now the wonted hour of woe drew nigh,
 That wakes to tears the lover from his dream :
 When my sweet hope unto my mind appear'd,
 Not in the custom'd way unto my sight ;
 For grief had bath'd my lids, and sleep had weigh'd ;
 Ah me, how chang'd that form by love endear'd !
 " Why lose thy fortitude ? " methought she said,
 " These eyes not yet from thee withdraw their light."

SONETTO IX.

27.

*APOLLO; s' ancor vive il bel desio,
 Che t' infiammava alle Thessaliche onde;
 E se non hai l' amate chiome bionde
 Volgendo gli anni già poste in oblio;
 Dal pigro cielo, e dal tempo aspro, e rio,
 Che dura quanto 'l tuo viso s' asconde;
 Difendi or l' onorata, e sacra fronde
 Ove tu prima, e poi fu' invescat' io:
 E per virtù dell' amorosa speme
 Che ti sostenne nella vita acerba,
 Di queste impression l' aere disgombra.
 Si vedrem poi per maraviglia insieme
 Seder la donna nostra sopra l' erba,
 E far delle sue braccia a sè stess' ombra.*

SONNET IX.

O PHÆBUS, if that fond desire remains,
 Which fir'd thy breast near the Thessalian wave;
 If those bright tresses, which such pleasure gave,
 Through lapse of years thy mem'ry not disdains;
 From sluggish frosts, from rude inclement rains,
 Which last the while thy beams our region leave,
 That honour'd sacred tree from peril save,
 Whose name of dear accordance wak'd our pains !
 And, by that am'rous hope which sooth'd thy care,
 What time expectant thou wert doom'd to sigh
 Dispel those vapours which disturb our sky !
 So shall we both behold our fav'rite fair
 With wonder, seated on the grassy mead,
 And forming with her arms herself a shade.

SONETTO X.

28.

SOLO, e pensoso i più deserti campi
Vo misurando a passi tardi, e lenti ;
E gli occhi porto per fuggir intenti
Dove vestigio uman la rena stampi.
Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampì
Dal manifesto accorger delle genti :
Perchè negli atti d' allegrezza spenti
Di fuor si legge com' io dentro avvampi :
Sì, ch' io mi credo omai, che monti, e piagge,
E fiumi, e selve sappian di che tempre
Sia la mia vita ; ch' è celata altrui.
Ma pur sì aspre vie, nè sì selvagge
Cercar non so, ch' Amor non venga sempre
Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

SONNET X.

ALL solitary, lost in thought, I stray,
Meas'ring with slow, slack step the plains most drear ;
And round me look, intent on flight, where'er
The tread of human kind may print the way.
To shield me from th' observant world's survey
No other refuge I discover near :
For all my acts such lack of joyance wear,
They show without what fires within me prey :
Nay, well I ween that ever is reveal'd
To mountain, river, forest, and to plain
My woe of life, from mortal race conceal'd.
But rough, and rugged haunts I seek in vain ;
Still in those haunts am I by Love assail'd,
Who converse with me holds, which I in turn maintain.

SONETTO XI.

37.

*IL mio avversario ; in cui veder solete
 Gli occhi vostri, ch' Amore, e 'l ciel' onora ;
 Con le non sue bellezze v' innamora,
 Più che 'n guisa mortal, soavi, e liete.
 Per consiglio di lui, donna, m' avete
 Scacciato del mio dolce albergo fora ;
 Misero csilio ! avvegnach' io non fora
 D' abitar degno ove voi sola siete.
 Ma s' io v' era con saldi chiovi fisso,
 Non devea specchio farvi per mio danno,
 A voi stessa piacendo, aspra e superba.
 Certo se vi rimembra di Narcisso ;
 « Questo, e quel corso ad un termino vanno :
 Benchè di sì bel fior sia indegna l' erba.*

SONNET XI.

MY rival, in whose face you're wont to view
 Your own bright eyes, which Love and heav'n adore,
 With beauty not its own delights you more
 Than all that's fair in mortal guise could do.
 Its counsel, lady, which with cause I rue,
 Compels me from my home so sweet before;
 Unhappy exile ! merit gives no pow'r
 To share a station occupied by you.
 But to your glass if I transferr'd could be,
 Not your proud image only should you see,
 Becoming self-enamour'd, to my cost.
 Rightly reflect upon Narcissus' fate;
 Both his, and yours a like event await :
 Although no soil has worth so choice a flow'r to boast.

SONETTO XII.

41.

*PERCH' io t' abbia guardato di menzogna
 A mio podere, ed onorato assai,
 Ingrata lingua, giù però non m' hai
 Renduto onor, ma fatto ira, e vergogna :
 Che quando più 'l tuo ajuto mi bisogna
 Per dimandar mercede, allor ti stai
 Sempre più fredda ; e sc parole fai,
 Sono imperfette, e quasi d' uom che sogna.
 Lagrime triste, e voi tutte le notti
 M' accompagnate, ov' io vorrei star solo :
 Poi fuggite dinanzi alla mia pace.
 E voi sì pronti a darmi angoscia, e duolo,
 Sospiri, allor traete lenti, e rotti.
 Sola la vista mia del cor non tace.*

SONNET XII.

ALTHOUGH from falsehood I did thee restrain
 With all my pow'r, and paid thee honour due,
 Ungrateful tongue; yet never did accrue
 Honour from thee, but shame, and fierce disdain :
 Most art thou cold, when most I want the strain
 Thy aid should lend while I for pity sue ;
 And all thy utt'rance is imperfect too,
 When thou dost speak, and as the dreamer's vain.
 Ye too, sad tears, throughout each ling'ring night
 Upon me wait, when I alone would stay ;
 But, needed by my peace, you take your flight :
 And, all so prompt anguish, and grief t' impart,
 You sighs, then slow, and broken breathe your way :
 My looks alone truly reveal my heart.

CANZONE III.

9.

NELLA stagion che 'l ciel rapido inchina
 Verso occidente, e che 'l dì nostro vola
 A gente che di là forse l' aspetta ;
 Veggendosi in lontan paese sola,
 La stanca vecchierella pellegrina
 Raddoppia i passi, e più e più s' affretta :
 E poi così soletta
 Al fin di sua giornata
 Talora è consolata
 D' alcun breve riposo ; ov' ella obblia
 La noja, e 'l mal della passata via.
 Ma lasso, ogni dolor che 'l dì m' adduce,
 Cresce, qualor s' invia
 Per partirsi da noi l' eterna luce.

ODE III.

WHAT time towards the western skies
 The sun with parting radiance flies,
 And other climes gilds with expected light,
 Some aged pilgrim dame who strays
 Alone, fatigued, through pathless ways,
 Hastens her step, and dreads th' approach of night.

Then, the day's journey o'er, she'll steep
 Her sense awhile in grateful sleep;
 Forgetting all the pain, and peril past;
 But I, alas! find no repose,
 Each sun to me brings added woes,
 While light's eternal orb rolls from us fast.

*Come 'l sol volge le 'nfiammate rote,
 Per dar luogo alla notte ; onde discende
 Dagli altissimi monti maggior l' ombra ;
 L' avaro zappador l' arme riprende ;
 E con parole, e con alpestri note
 Ogni gravezza del suo petto sgombra :
 E poi la mensa ingombra
 Di povere vivande,
 Simili a quelle ghiande,
 Le qua' fuggendo tutto 'l mondo onora.
 Ma chi vuol, si rallegri ad ora ad ora :
 Ch' i' pur non ebbi ancor non dirò lieta,
 Ma riposata un' ora,
 Nè per volger di ciel, nè di pianeta.*

When the sun's wheels no longer glow,
And hills their lengthen'd shadows throw,
The hind collects his tools, and carols gay ;
Then spreads his board with frugal fare,
Such as those homely acorns were,
Which all revere, yet casting them away.

Let those, who pleasure can enjoy,
In cheerfulness their hours employ ;
While I, of all earth's wretches most unblest,
Whether the sun fierce darts his beams,
Whether the moon more mildly gleams,
Taste no delight, no momentary rest !

*Quando vede 'l pastor calare i raggi
 Del gran pianeta al nido ov' egli alberga,
 E' mbrunir le contrade d' oriente ;
 Drizzasi in piedi, e con l' usata verga,
 Lassando l' erba, e le fontane, e i faggi,
 Move la schiera sua soavementę :
 Poi lontan dalla gente
 O casetta, o spelunca
 Di verdi frondi ingiunca ;
 Ivi senza pensier s' adagia, e dorme.
 Ahi crudo Amor, ma tu allor più m' informe
 A seguir d' una fiera, che mi strugge,
 La voce, e i passi, e l' orme ;
 E lei non stringi, che s' appiatta, e fugge.*

When the swain views the star of day
Quench in the pillowing waves its ray,
And scatter darkness o'er the eastern skies ;
Rising, his custom'd crook he takes,
The beech-wood, fountain, plain forsakes,
As calmly homeward with his flock he hies.

Remote from man, then on his bed
In cot, or cave, with fresh leaves spread,
He courts soft slumber, and suspense from care ;
While thou, fell Love, bidst me pursue
That voice, those footsteps which subdue
My soul ; yet movest not th' obdurate fair !

*E i naviganti in qualche chiusa valle
 Gettan le membra, poi che 'l sol s' asconde,
 Sul duro legno, e sotto l' aspre gonne.
 Ma io ; perchè s' attuffi in mezzo l' onde,
 E lassi Ispagna dietro alle sue spalle,
 E Granata, e Marrocco, e le Colonne ;
 E gli uomini, e le donne,
 E 'l mondo, e gli animali
 Acquetino i lor mali ;
 Fine non pongo al mio ostinato affanno :
 E duolmi, ch' ogni giorno arroge al danno :
 Ch' i son già pur crescendo in questa voglia
 Ben presso al decim' anno ;
 Nè poss' indovinar chi me ne scioglia.*

Lock'd in some bay, to taste repose
On the hard deck, the sailor throws
His coarse garb o'er him, when the car of light,
Granada, with Morocco leaves,
The Pillars fam'd, Iberia's waves,
And the world's hush'd, and all its race, in night.

But never will my sorrows cease,
Successive days their sum increase,
Though just ten annual suns have mark'd my pain :
Say, to this bosom's poignant grief
Who shall administer relief ?
Say, who at length shall free me from my chain ?

*E, perchè un poco nel parlar mi sfogo ;
 Veggio la sera i buoi tornare sciolti
 Dalle campagne, e da' solcati colli.
 I miei sospiri a me perchè non tolti
 Quando che sia? perchè nò 'l grave giogo?
 Perchè dì, e notte gli occhi miei son molli?
 Misero me, che volli,
 Quando primier sì fiso
 Gli tenni nel bel viso,
 Per iscolpirlo immaginando in parte
 Onde mai nè per forza, nè per arte
 Mosso sarò ; fin ch' i' sia dato in preda
 A chi tutto diparte?
 Nè so ben' anco, che di lei mi creda.*

And, since there's comfort in the strain,
 I see at eve along each plain,
 And furrow'd hill, the unyok'd team return :
 Why at that hour will no one stay
 My sighs, or bear my yoke away ?
 Why bath'd in tears must I unceasing mourn ?

Wretch that I was, to fix my sight
 First on that face with such delight,
 Till on my thought its charms were strong imprest,
 Which force shall not efface, nor art,
 Ere from this frame my soul dispart !
 Nor know I then if passion's vot'ries rest.

Canzon ; se l' esser meco

Dal mattino alla sera

T' ha fatto di mia schiera ;

Tu non vorrai mostrarti in ciascun loco:

E d' altrui loda curerai sì poco,

Ch' assai ti fia pensar di poggio in poggio,

Come m' ha concio 'l foco

Di questa viva petra ov' io m' appoggio.

O, hasty strain devoid of worth,
 Sad as the bard who brought thee forth,
Shew not thyself, be with the world at strife,
 From nook to nook indulge thy grief;
 While thy lorn parent seeks relief,
Nursing that am'rous flame which feeds his life !

CANZONE IV.

14.

*PERCHE quel che mi trasse ad amar prima,
 Altrui colpa mi toglia;
 Del mio sermo voler già non mi svoglia.*

*Tra le chiome dell' or nascose il laccio
 Al qual mi strinse Amore;
 E da' begli occhi mosse il freddo ghiaccio
 Che mi passò nel core
 Con la virtù d' un subito splendore,
 Che d' ogni altra sua voglia
 Sol rimembrando ancor l' anima spoglia.*

ODE IV.

THOUGH cruelty denies my view

Those charms which led me first to love ;
To passion yet will I be true,
Nor shall my will rebellious prove.

Amid the curls of golden hair,

That wave those beauteous temples round,
Cupid spread craftily the snare
With which my captive heart he bound :

And from those eyes he caught the ray,

Which thaw'd the ice that fenc'd my breast,
Chasing all other thoughts away
With brightness suddenly imprest.

*Tolta m' è poi di que' biondi capelli,
Lasso, la dolce vista ;
E 'l volger di duo lumi onesti, e belli
Col suo fuggir m' attrista :
Ma perchè ben morendo onor s' acquista ;
Per morte, nè per doglia
Non vo' che da tal nodo Amor mi scioglia.*

But now that hair of sunny gleam,
Ah me ! is ravish'd from my sight ;
Those beauteous eyes withdraw their beam,
And change to sadness past delight.

A glorious death by all is priz'd ;
'Tis death alone shall break my chain :
O be love's timid wail despis'd !
Lovers should nobly suffer pain.

CANZONE V.

18.

PERCHE la vita è breve,
E l' ingegno paventa all' alta impresa ;
Nè di lui, nè di lei molto mi fido ;
Ma spero che sia intesa
Là dov' io bramo, e là dov' esser deve,
La doglia mia, la qual tacendo i' grido :
Occhi leggiadri, dov' Amor fa nido,
A voi rivolgo il mio debile stile
Pigro da sè ; ma 'l gran piacer lo sprona :
E chi di voi ragiona,
Tien dal soggetto un abito gentile ;
Che con l' ale amorose
Levando, il parte d' ogni pensier vile.
Con queste alzato vengo a dire or cose,
Ch' ho portate nel cor gran tempo ascose.

O D E V.

SINCE human life is frail,
 And genius trembles at the lofty theme ;
 I little confidence in either place ;
 But let my tender wail
 There, where it ought, deserv'd attention claim,
 That wail which e'en in silence we may trace.
 O beauteous eyes, where Love doth nestling stay !
 To you I turn my insufficient lay,
 Unapt to flow ; but passion's goad I feel :
 And he, of you who sings,
 Such courtcous habit by the strain is taught,
 That, borne on am'rous wings,
 He soars above the reach of vulgar thought :
 Exalted thus, I venture to reveal
 What long my cautious heart has labour'd to conceal.

Non perch' io non m' avveggia
Quanto mia laude è ingiuriosa a voi :
Ma contrastar non posso al gran desio,
Lo quale è in me dapoi
Ch' i' vidi quel che pensier non pareggia ;
Non che l' agguagli altrui parlar', o mio.
Principio del mio dolce stato rio,
Altri che voi, so ben, che non m' intende,
Quando a gli ardenti rai neve divvegno ;
Vostro gentile sdegno
Forse ch' allor mia indegnitate offende.
O, se questa temenza
Non temprasse l' arsura che m' incende ;
Beato venir men : che 'n lor presenza
M' è più caro il morir, che 'l viver senza.

Yes, well do I perceive
 To you how wrongful is my scanty praise :
 Yet the strong impulse cannot be withstood,
 That urges, since I view'd
 What fancy to the sight before ne'er gave,
 What ne'er before grac'd mine, or higher lays.
 Bright authors of my sadly-pleasing state,
 That you alone conceive me, well I know,
 When to your fierce beams I become as snow !
 Your elegant disdain
 Haply then kindles at my worthless strain.
 Did not this dread create
 Some mitigation of my bosom's heat,
 Death would be bliss : for greater joy 'twould give
 With them to die, without them than to live.

Dunque ch' i' non mi sfaccia,
Sì frale oggetto a sì possente foco ;
Non è proprio valor che me ne scampi :
Ma la paura un poco ;
Che 'l sangue vago per le vene agghiaccia ;
Risalda 'l cor, perchè più tempo avvampi.
O poggi, o valli, o fiumi, o selve, o campi,
O testimon' della mia grave vita,
Quante volte m' udiste chiamar morte ?
Ahi dolorosa sorte !
Lo star mi strugge, e 'l fuggir non m' aita.
Ma ; se maggior paura
Non m' affrenasse ; via corta, e spedita
Trarrebbe a fin quest' aspra pena, e dura ;
E la colpa è di tal che non ha cura.

If not consumed quite,
 I the weak object of a flame so strong ;
 'Tis not that safety springs from native might :
 But that some fear restrains,
 Which chills the current circling through my veins ;
 Strength'ning this heart, that it may suffer long.
 O hills, O vales, O forests, floods, and fields,
 Ye who have witness'd how my sad life flows,
 Oft have ye heard me call on death for aid.

 Ah, state surcharg'd with woes !
 To stay destroys, and flight no succour yields.

 But had not higher dread
 Withheld, some sudden effort I had made,
 To end my sorrows, and protracted pains,
 Of which the beauteous cause insensible remains.

Dolor, perchè mi meni
Fuor di cammin' a dir quel ch' i' non voglio ?
Sostien' ch' io vada ove 'l piacer mi spigne.
Già di voi non mi doglio,
Occhi sopra 'l mortal corso sereni,
Nè di lui ch' a tal nodo mi distrigne.
Vedete ben, quanti color dipigne
Amor sovente in mezzo del mio volto ;
E potrete pensar, qual dentro fammi,
Là 've dì e notte stammi
Addosso col poder ch' ha in voi raccolto,
Luci beate, e liete ;
Se non che 'l veder voi stesse v' è tolto :
Ma quante volte a me vi rivolgete,
Conoscete in altrui quel che voi siete.

Why lead me, grief, astray
 From my first theme to chant a different lay ?
 Let me proceed where pleasure may invite.

Tis not of you I plain,
 O eyes, beyond compare serenely bright;
 Nor yet of him, who binds me in his chain !
 Ye clearly can behold the hues that Love
 Scatters ofttime on my dejected face ;
 And fancy may his inward workings trace

There where, whole nights and days,
 He rules with pow'r deriv'd from your bright rays :

What rapture would ye prove,
 If you, dear lights, upon yourselves could gaze !
 But, frequent as you bend your beams on me,
 What influence you possess you in another see.

S' a voi fosse sì nota
La divina incredibile bellezza
Di ch' io ragiono, come a chi la mira ;
Misurata allegrezza
Non avria 'l cor : però forse è remota
Dal vigor natural che v' apre, e gira.
Felice l' alma che per voi sospira,
Lumi del ciel ; per li quali io ringrazio
La vita, che per altro non m' è a grado.
Oimè ; perchè sì rado
Mi date quel, dond' io mai non son sazio ?
Perchè non piu sovente
Mirate, qual' amor di me fa strazio ?
E perchè mi spogliate immantenente
Del ben, ch' ad ora ad or l' anima sente ?

O if to you were known
 That beauty which I sing, immense, divine,
 As unto him on whom its glories shine !

The heart had then o'erflown
 With joy unbounded, such as is denied
 Unto that nature which its acts doth guide.
 How happy is the soul for you that sighs,
 Celestial lights ; which lend a charm to life,
 And make me bless what else I should not prize !

Ah why, so seldom why
 Afford what ne'er can cause satiety ?

More often to your sight
 Why not bring Love, who holds me constant strife
 And why so soon of joys despoil me quite,
 Which ever and anon my tranced soul delight ?

Dico, ch' ad ora ad ora,
Vostra mercede, i' sento in mezzo l' alma
Una dolcezza inusitata, e nova ;
La qual' ogni altra salma
Di nojosi pensier disgombrava allora,
Sì che di mille un sol vi si ritrova :
Quel tanto a me, non più, del viver giova :
E se questo mio ben durasse alquanto,
Nulla stato agguagliarsi al mio potrebbe :
Ma forse altrui farebbe
Invido, e me superbo l' onor tanto :
Però, lasso, conviensi
Che l' estremo del riso assaglia il pianto ;
E 'nterrompendo quelli spirti accensi,
A me ritorni, e di me stesso pensi.

Yes, debted to your grace,
 Frequent I feel throughout my inmost soul
 Unwonted floods of sweetest rapture roll ;

Relieving so the mind,
 That all oppressive thoughts are left behind,
 And of a thousand only one has place ;
 For which alone this life is dear to me.
 O might the blessing of duration prove,
 Not equall'd then could my condition be !

But this would haply move
 In others envy, in myself vain pride.

That pain should be allied
 To pleasure is, alas, decreed above !
 Then, stifling all the ardour of desire,
 Homeward I turn my thoughts, and in myself retire.

L' amoroso pensiero,
Ch' alberga dentro, in voi mi si discopre
Tal, che mi trae del cor' ogni altra gioja :
Onde parole, ed opre
Escon di me sì fatte allor, ch' i' spero
Farmi immortal, perchè la carne moja.
Fugge al vostro apparire angoscia, e noja ;
E nel vostro partir tornano insieme :
Ma perchè la memoria innamorata
Chiude lor poi l' entrata ;
Di là non vanno dalle parti estreme :
Onde s' alcun bel frutto
Nasce di me ; da voi vien prima il seme :
Io per me son quasi un terreno asciutto
Colto da voi, e 'l pregio è vostro in tutto.

So sweetly shines reveal'd
 The am'rous thought within your soul which dwells,
 That other joys it from my heart expels :

Hence I aspire to frame
 Lays whereon hope may build a deathless name,
 When in the tomb my dust shall lie conceal'd.
 At your approach anguish, and sorrow fly ;
 These as your beams retire again draw nigh :
 Yet outward acts their influence ne'er betray ;

For doting memory
 Dwells on the past, and chases them away.

Whatever then of worth
 My genius ripens owes to you its birth :
 To you all honour, and all praise is due ;
 Myself a barren soil, and cultur'd but by you.

*Canzon, tu non m' acqueti, anzi m' infiammi
A dir di quel ch' a me stesso m' invola:
Però sia certa di non esser sola.*

Thy strains, O song ! appease me not, but fire ;
Chanting a theme that wings my wild desire :
Trust me, thou shalt ere long a sister song acquire.

SONETTO XIII.

58.

QUANDO giunse a Simon l' alto concetto
 Ch' a mio nome gli pose in man lo stile;
 S' avesse dato all' opera gentile
 Con la figura voce, ed intelletto;
 Di sospir molti mi sgombrava il petto:
 Che ciò ch' altri han più caro, a me fan vile:
 Però che 'n vista ella si mostra umile,
 Promettendomi pace nell' aspetto.
 Ma poi ch' i' vengo a ragionar con lei;
 Benignamente assai par che m' ascolte;
 Se risponder sapesse a' detti miei.
 Pigmalion, quanto lodar ti dei
 Dell' immagine tua, se mille volte
 N' avesti quel, ch' i' sol una vorrei!

SONNET XIII.

WHEN Simon at my wish the proud design
 Conceiv'd, which in his hand the pencil plac'd,
 Had he, while loveliness his picture grac'd,
 But added speech, and mind to charms divine ;
 What sighs he then had spar'd this breast of mine :
 That bliss had giv'n to higher bliss distaste :
 For, when such meekness in her look was trac'd,
 'Twould seem she soon to kindness might incline.
 But, urging converse with the portray'd fair,
 Methinks she deigns attention to my pray'r,
 Though wanting to reply the pow'r of voice.
 What praise thyself, Pygmalion, hast thou gain'd ;
 Forming that image, whence thou hast obtain'd
 A thousand times what, once obtain'd, would me rejoic

SONETTO XIV.

69.

*ERANO i capei d' oro all' aura sparsi,
 Che'n mille dolci nodi gli avvolgea ;
 E 'l vago lume oltra misura ardea
 Di quei begli occhi, ch' or ne son sì scarsi ;
 E 'l viso di pietosi color farsi,
 Non so se vero, o falso mi pareva :
 I' che l' esca amorosa al petto avea,
 Qual meraviglia, se di subit' arsi ?
 Non era 'l andar suo cosa mortale,
 Ma d' angelica forma ; e le parole
 Sonavan altro, che pur voce umana.
 Uno spirto celeste, un vivo sole
 Fu quel ch' i' vidi : e se non fosse or tale ;
 Piaga per allentar d' arco non sana.*

SONNET XIV.

HER golden tresses on the wind she threw,
 Which twisted them in many a beauteous braid ;
 And in her fine eyes burning glances play'd,
 With lovely light, which now they seldom shew :
 Ah then it seem'd her face wore pity's hue,
 Yet haply fancy my fond sense betray'd ;
 Nor strange that I, in whose warm heart was laid
 Love's fuel, suddenly enkindled grew !
 Not like a mortal's did her step appear,
 Angelic was her form ; her voice, methought,
 Pour'd more than human accents on the ear.
 A living sun was what my vision caught,
 A spirit pure ; and though not such still found,
 Unbending of the bow ne'er heals the wound.

SONETTO XV.

71.

PIANGETE, donne, e con voi pianga Amore ;
Piangete, amanti, per ciascun paese ;
Poi che morto è colui che tutto intese
In farvi, mentre visse al mondo, onore.
Io per me prego il mio acerbo dolore,
Non sian da lui le lagrime contese ;
E mi sia di sospir tanto cortese,
Quanto bisogna a disfogare il core.
Piangan le rime ancor, piangano i versi ;
Perchè 'l nostro amoroso Messer Cino
Novellamente s' è da noi partito.
Pianga Pistoja, e i cittadin perversi,
Che perdut' hanno sì dolce vicino,
E rallegres' il cielo, ov' ello è gito.

SONNET XV.

WEEP beauteous damsels, and let Cupid weep,
 Of ev'ry region weep ye lover train ;
 He, who so skilfully attun'd his strain
 To your fond cause, is sunk in death's cold sleep !
 Such limits let not my affliction keep,
 As may the solace of soft tears restrain ;
 And, to relieve my bosom of its pain,
 Be all my sighs tumultuous, utter'd deep !
 Let song itself, and votaries of verse,
 Breathe mournful accents o'er our Cino's bier,
 Who late is gone to number with the blest !
 O weep, Pistoia, weep your sons perverse ;
 Its choicest habitant has fled our sphere,
 And heav'n may glory in its welcome guest !

SONETTO XVI.

81.

CESARE, poi che 'l traditor d' Egitto
Li fece il don dell' onorata testa,
Celando l' allegrezza manifesta
Pianse per gli occhi fuor, siccome è scritto :
Ed Annibál, quand' all' imperio afflitto
Vide farsi fortuna sì molesta,
Rise fra gente lagrimosa, e mesta,
Per isfogare il suo acerbo despetto :
E così avven che l' animo ciascuna
Sua passion sotto 'l contrario manto
Ricopre con la vista or chiara, or bruna.
Però, s' alcuna volta i' rido, oc anto ;
Fácciol, perch' i' non ho se non quest' una
Via da celare il mio angoscioso pianto.

SONNET XVI.

WHEN Egypt's traitor Pompey's honour'd head
 To Cesar sent ; then, records so relate,
 To shroud a gladness manifestly great,
 Some feigned tears the specious monarch shed :
 And, when misfortune her dark mantle spread
 O'er Hannibal, and his afflicted state,
 He laugh'd midst those who wept their adverse fate,
 That rank despite to wreak defeat had bred :
 Thus doth the mind oft variously conceal
 Its sev'ral passions by a different veil ;
 Now with a countenance that's sad, now gay :
 So mirth, and song if sometimes I employ ;
 'Tis but to hide those sorrows that annoy,
 'Tis but to chase my am'rous cares away.

SONETTO XVII.

91.

DELL' empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita
Ogni vergogna, ond' ogni bene è forì ;
Albergo di dolor, madre d' errori,
Son fuggit' io per allungar la vita.
Qui mi sto solo ; e, come Amor m' invita,
Or rime, e versi, or colgo erbetto, e fiori,
Seco parlando, ed a' tempi migliori
Sempre pensando ; e questo sol m' aita.
Nè del vulgo mi cal, nè di fortuna,
Nè di me molto, nè di cosa vile ;
Nè dentro sento, nè di fuor gran caldo :
Sol due persone cheggio ; e vorrei l' una
Col cor ver me pacificato, e umile ;
L' altro col piè, sì come mai fu, saldo.

SONNET XVII.

YES, out of impious Babylon I'm flown,
 Whence flown all shame, whence banish'd is all good,
 That nurse of error, and of guilt th' abode,
 To lengthen out a life which else were gone :
 There as Love prompts, while wandering alone,
 I now a garland weave, and now an ode ;
 With him I commune, and in pensive mood
 Hope better times ; this only checks my moan.
 Nor for the throng, nor fortune do I care,
 Nor for myself, nor sublunary things ;
 No ardour outwardly, or inly springs :
 I ask two persons only ; let my fair
 For me a kind, and tender heart maintain ;
 And be my friend secure in his high post again !

SONETTO XVIII.

98.

QUEL vago impallidir, che 'l dolce riso

D' un amorosa nebbia ricoperse,

Con tanta maestade al cor s' offerse,

Che li si fece incontr' a mezzo 'l viso.

Conobbi allor, sìcome in paradiso

Vede l' un l' altro ; in tal guisa s' aperse

Quel pietoso pensier ch' altri non scerse :

Ma vidil' io, ch' altrove non m' affiso.

Ogni angelica vista, ogni atto umile,

Che giammai in donna ov' amor fosse, apparve,

Fora uno sdegno a lato a quel ch' i' dico.

Chinava a terra il bel guardo gentile ;

• E tacendo dicea, com' a me parve,

Chi m' allontana il mio fedele amico ?

SONNET XVIII.

THE pallid tint of loveliness, which threw
 A tender cloud upon her smiling face,
 Came to my heart with such an awful grace,
 That in my looks that heart to meet it flew.
 Then how in paradise the blessed view
 Each other I perceiv'd ; e'en so took place
 The gentle sentiment none else could trace,
 Save me, whose gaze no other object knew.
 The most angelic look that face could wear,
 The mildest manners female love could show,
 Compar'd with what I sing might scorn appear :
 To earth she calmly bent her decent brow ;
 And silently she said, or seem'd to say, .
 " Who bears far hence my faithful friend away ? "

CANZONE VI.

26.

*SE 'l pensier che mi strugge,
 Com' è pungente, e saldo,
 Così vestisse d' un color conforme :
 Forse tal m' arde, e fugge,
 Ch' avria parte del caldo ;
 E desteriasi Amor là dov' or dorme :
 Men solitarie l' orme
 Foran de' miei piè lassi
 Per campagne, e per colli :
 Men gli occhi ad ogni or molli ;
 Ardendo lei che come un ghiaccio stassi ;
 E non lassa in me dramma,
 Che non sia foco, e fiamma.*

O D E VI.

O THAT my cheeks were taught
 By the fond, wasting thought
 To wear such hues as could its influence speak ;
 Then the dear, scornful fair
 Might all my ardour share ;
 And where Love slumbers now he might awake !
 Less oft the hill, and mead
 My wearied feet should tread ;
 Less oft perhaps these eyes with tears should stream ;
 If she, who cold as snow,
 With equal fire would glow ;
 She who dissolves me, and converts to flame.

*Però ch' Amor mi sforza,
 E di saver mi spoglia ;
 Parlo in rim' aspre, e di dolcezza ignude :
 Ma non sempre alla scorza
 Ramo, nè 'n fior, nè 'n foglia
 Mostra di fuor sua natural virtude.
 Miri ciò che 'l cor chiude,
 Amor, e que' begli occhi
 Ove si siede all' ombra.
 Se 'l dolor che si sgombra,
 Avven che 'n pianto, o 'n lamentar trabocchi ;
 L' un' a me noce, e l' altro
 Atrui ; ch' io non lo scaltro.*

Since Love exerts his sway,
 And bears my sense away,
 I chant uncouth, and inharmonious songs :
 Nor leaves, nor blossoms show,
 Nor rind, upon the bough,
 What is the nature which thereto belongs.
 Love, and those beauteous eyes,
 Beneath whose shade he lies,
 Discover all the heart can comprehend :
 When vented are my cares
 In loud complaints, and tears ;
 These harm myself, and others those offend.

Dolci rime leggiadre ;
Che nel primiero assalto
D' Amor' usai, quand' io non ebbi altr' arme ;
Chi verrà mai, che squadre
Questo mio cor di smalto ;
Ch' almen, com' io solea possa sfogarme ?
Ch' aver dentr' a lui parme
Un, che Madonna sempre
Dipinge, e di lei parla :
A voler poi ritrarla,
Per me non basto ; e par ch' io me ne stempre :
Lasso, così m' è scorso
Lo mio dolce soccorso.

Sweet lays of sportive vein,
Which help'd me to sustain
Love's first assault, the only arms I bore ;
This flinty breast say who
Shall once again subdue,
That I with song may sooth me as before ?
Some pow'r appears to trace
Within me Laura's face,
Whispers her name ; and strait in verse I strive
To picture her again,
But the fond effort's vain :
Me of my solace thus doth fate deprive.

*Come fanciul, ch' appena
 Volge la lingua, e snoda ;
 Che dir non sa, ma 'l più tacer gli è noja ;
 Così 'l desir mi mena
 A dire: e vo' che m' oda
 La mia dolce nemica anzi ch' io moja.
 Se forse ogni sua gioja
 Nel suo bel viso è solo,
 E di tutt' altro è schiva ;
 Odi 'l tu verde riva ;
 E presta a' miei sospir sì largo volo,
 Che sempre si ridica
 Come tu m' eri amica.*

E'en as some babe unties
Its tongue in stamm'ring guise,
Who cannot speak, yet will not silence keep :
So fond words I essay ;
And listen'd be the lay
By my fair foe, ere in the tomb I sleep !
But if, of beauty vain,
She treats me with disdain ;
Do thou, O verdant shore, attend my sighs :
Let them so freely flow,
That all the world may know,
My sorrow thou at least didst not despise !

Ben sai, che sì bel piede
Non toccò terra unquanco,
Come quel, di che già segnata fosti:
Onde 'l cor lasso riede
Col tormentoso fianco
A partir teco i lor pensier nascosti.
Così avestu riposti
De' bei vestigi sparsi
Ancor tra' fiori, e l' erba :
Che la mia vita acerba
Lagrimando trovasse ove acquetarsi.
Ma come può s' appaga
L' alma dubbiosa, e vaga.

And well art thou aware,
That never foot so fair
The soil e'er prest as that which trod thee late :
My sunk soul, and worn heart
Now seek thee, to impart
The secret griefs that on my passion wait.
If on thy margent green,
Or midst thy flow'rs, were seen
Some traces of her footsteps ling'ring there ;
My wearied life 'twould cheer,
Bitter'd with many a tear :
Ah, now what means are left to sooth my care ?

*Ovunque gli occhi volgo,
Trovo un dolce sereno,
Pensando ; qui percosse il vago lume.
Qualunque erba, o fior colgo,
Credo che nel terreno
Aggia radice, ov' ella ebbe in costume
Gir fra le piagge, e 'l fiume,
E talor farsi un seggio
Fresco, fiorito, e verde :
Così nulla sen' perde ;
E più certezza averne fora il peggio.
Spirto beato, quale
Se', quando altrui fai tale ?*

Where'er I bend mine eye,
 What sweet serenity
 I feel, to think here Laura shone of yore.
 Each plant, and scented bloom
 I gather, seems to come
 From where she wander'd on the custom'd shore :
 Oftimes in this retreat
 A fresh, and fragrant seat
 She found ; at least so *fancy's vision shows* :
 And never let truth seek
 Th' illusion dear to break——
 O spirit blest, from whom such magick flows !

O poverella mia, come se' rozza :
Credo che tel conoschi :
Rimanti in questi boschi.

To thee, my simple song,
No polish doth belong ;
Thyself art conscious of thy little worth :
Solicit not renown
Throughout the busy town,
But dwell within the shade that gave thee birth.

SONETTO XIX.

103.

*Amor m' ha posto come segno a strale,
 Com' al sol neve, come cera al foco,
 E come nebbia al vento ; e son già roco,
 Donna, mercè chiamando ; e voi non cale.*
*Dagli occhi vostri uscìo 'l colpo mortale,
 Contra cui non mi val tempo, nè loco :*
Da voi sola procede (e parvi un gioco)
Il sole, e 'l foco, e 'l vento, ond' io son tale.
I pensier son saette, e 'l viso un sole ;
E 'l desir foco ; e 'nsieme con quest' arme
Mi punge Amor, m' abbaglia, e mi distrugge :
E l' angelico canto, e le parole,
Col dolce spirto, ond' io non posso aitarne,
Son l' aura innanzi a cui mia vita fugge.

SONNET XIX.

LOVE makes me as the target for his dart,
As snow in sunshine, or as wax in flame,
Or gale-driv'n cloud ; and, Laura, on thy name
I call, but thou no pity wilt impart.
Thy radiant eyes first caus'd my bosom's smart ;
No time, no place can shield me from their beam ;
From thee (but, ah, thou treat'st it as a dream !)
Proceed the torments of my suff'ring heart.
Each thought's an arrow, and thy face a sun,
My passion's flame : and these doth Love employ
To wound my breast, to dazzle, and destroy.
Thy heav'nly song, thy speech with which I'm won,
All thy sweet breathings of such strong controul,
Form the dear gale that bears away my soul.

SONETTO XX.

104.

*P*ACE non trovo, e non ho da far guerra ;
E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son' un ghiaccio ;
E volo sopra 'l cielo, e giaccio in terra :
E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.
Tal m' ha in prigion, che non m' apre, nè serra ;
Nè per suo mi riten, nè scioglie il laccio ;
E non m' ancide Amor, e non mi sferra ;
Nè mi vuol vivo, nè mi trae d' impaccio.
Veggio senz' occhi ; e non ho lingua, e grido ;
E bramo di perir, e cheggio aita ;
Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui :
Pascomi di dolor ; piangendo rido ;
Eguamente mi spiace morte, e vita.
In questo stato son, donna, per vui.

SONNET XX.

WARFARE I cannot wage, yet know not peace ;
I fear, I hope, I burn, I freeze again ;
Mount to the skies, then bow to earth my face ;
Grasp the whole world, yet nothing I obtain.
His pris'ner Love nor frees, nor will detain ;
In toils he holds me not, nor will release ;
He slays me not, nor yet will he unchain ;
Nor joy allows, nor lets my sorrow cease.
Sightless I see my fair ; though mute, I mourn ;
I scorn existence, and yet court its stay ;
Detest myself, and for another burn ;
By grief I'm nurtur'd ; and, though tearful, gay ;
Death I despise, and life alike I hate :
Such, lady, dost thou make my wayward state !

SONETTO XXI.

105.

*FIAMMA dal ciel su le tue treccie piova,
 Malvagia ; che dal fiume, e dalle ghiande
 Per l' altru' impoverir se' ricca, e grande ;
 Poi che di mal' oprar tanto ti giova :*
Nido di tradimenti ; in cui si cova
Quanto mal per lo mondo oggi si spande :
Di vin serva, di letti, e di vivande ;
In cui lussuria fa l' ultima prova.
Per le camere tue fanciulle, e vecchi
Vanno trescando, e Belzebub in mezzo
Co' mantici, e col focco, e con gli specchi.
Già non fostu nudrita in piume al rezzo ;
Ma nuda al vento, e scalza fra li stecchi :
Or vivi sì, ch' a Dio ne venga il lezzo.

SONNET XXI.

MAY fire from heav'n rain down upon thy head,
 Thou most accurst ; who simple fare casts by,
 Made rich and great by others' poverty ;
 How dost thou glory in thy vile misdeed !
 Nest of all treachery, in which is bred
 Whate'er of sin now through the world doth fly ;
 Of wine the slave, of sloth, of gluttony ;
 With sensuality's excesses fed !
 Old men, and harlots through thy chambers dance ;
 Then in the midst see Belzebub advance
 With mirrors, and provocatives obscene.
 Erewhile thou wert **not** shelter'd, nurs'd on down ;
 But naked, barefoot on the straw wert thrown ;
 Now rank to Heav'n ascends thy life unclean.

CANZONE VII.

33.

DI tempo in tempo mi si fa men dura

L' angelica figura, e 'l dolce riso ;

E l' aria del bel viso,

E degli occhi leggiadri meno oscura.

Che fanno meco omai questi sospiri,

Che nascean di dolore,

E mostravan di fore

La mia angosciosa, e disperata vita ?

S' avven che 'l volto in quella parte giri,

Per acquetar il core ;

Parmi veder Amore

Mantener mia ragion', e darmi aita :

Nè però trovo ancor guerra finita,

Nè tranquillo ogni stato del cor mio :

Che più m' arde 'l desio,

Quanto più la speranza m' assicura.

ODE VII.

FROM time to time less cruelty I trace
 In her sweet smile, and form divinely fair ;
 Less clouded doth appear
 The heav'n of her fine eyes, and lovely face.
 What then at last avail to me those sighs,
 Which from my sorrows flow,
 And in my semblance show
 The life of anguish, and despair I lead ?
 If towards her perchance I bend mine eyes,
 Some solace to bestow
 Upon my bosom's woe ;
 Methinks Love takes my part, and lends me aid :
 Yet still I cannot find the conflict stay'd,
 Nor tranquil is my heart in ev'ry state :
 For, ah, my passion's heat
 More strongly glows within, as my fond hopes increase !

SONETTO XXII.

118.

NON d' atra, e tempestosa onda marina
Fuggió in porto giammai stanco nocchiero ;
Com' io dal fosco, e torbido pensiero
Fuggo, ove 'l gran desio mi sprona, e 'nchina :
Nè mortal vista mai luce divina
Vinse ; come la mia quel raggio altero
Del bel dolce soave bianco, e nero,
In che i suoi strali Amor dora, ed affina.
Cieco non già, ma faretrato il veggo ;
Nudo, se non quanto vergogna il vela ;
Garzon con l' ali, non pinto, ma vivo.
Indi mi mostra quel ch' a molti cela :
Ch' a parte a parte entr' a' begli occhi leggo
Quant' io parlo d' amore, e quant' io scrivo.

SONNET XXII.

NO wearied mariner to port e'er fled
 From the dark billow, when some tempest's nigh;
 As from tumultuous gloomy thoughts I fly,
 Thoughts by the force of goading passion bred:
 Nor wrathful glance of heav'n so surely sped
 Destruction to man's sight; as does that eye,
 Within whose bright black orb love's Deity
 Sharpens each dart, and tips with gold its head.
 Enthron'd in radiance there he sits, not blind,
 Quiver'd, and naked, or by shame just veil'd,
 A live, not fabled boy, with changeful wing;
 Thence unto me he lends instruction kind,
 And arts of verse from meaner bards conceal'd:
 Thus am I taught whate'er of love I write, or sing.

SONETTO XXIII.

123.

*I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,
 E celesti bellezze al mondo sole,
 Tal, che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole ;
 Che quant' io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi:
 E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,
 C' han fatto mille volte invidia al sole :
 Ed udì sospirando dir parole,
 Che farian gir i monti, e star i fiumi.
 Amor, senno, valor, pietate, e doglia
 Facean piangendo un più dolce concento
 D' ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia :
 Ed era 'l cielo all' armonia sì 'ntento,
 Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia ;
 Tanto dolcezza avea pien l' aere, e 'l vento.*

SONNET XXIII.

YES, I beheld on earth angelick grace,
And charms divine which mortals rarely see,
Such as both glad, and pain the memory ;
Vain, light, unreal is all else I trace :
Tears I saw shower'd from those fine eyes apace,
Of which the sun oftimes might envious be ;
Accents I heard sigh'd forth so movingly,
As to stay floods, or mountains to displace.
Love, and good-sense, firmness, with pity join'd,
And wailful grief a sweeter concert made
Than ever yet was pour'd on human ear :
And heav'n unto the musick so inclin'd,
That not a leaf was seen to stir the shade ;
Such melody had fraught the winds, the atmosphere.

SONETTO XXIV.

126.

IN qual parte del ciel', in quale idea
Era l' esempio onde, Natura tolse
Quel bel viso leggiadro, in ch' ella volse
Mostrar quaggiù, quanto lassù potea ?
Qual ninfa in fonti, in selve mai qual dea
Chiome d' oro sì fino all' aura sciolse ?
Quand' un cor tante in sè virtuti accolse ?
Benchè la somma è di mia morte rea.
Per divina bellezza indarno mira
Chi gli occhi di costei giàmmai non vide,
Come soavemente ella gli gira.
Non sa com' Amor sana, e come ancide,
Chi non sa come dolce ella sospira,
E come dolce parla, e dolce ride.

SONNET XXIV.

SAY from what part of heav'n 'twas Nature drew,
From what idea, that so perfect mould
To form such features, bidding us behold,
In charms below, what she above could do?
What fountain-nymph, what dryad-maid e'er threw
Upon the wind such tresses of pure gold?
What heart such num'rous virtues can unfold?
Although the chiefest all my fond hopes slew.
He for celestial charms may look in vain,
Who has not seen my fair-one's radiant eyes,
And felt their glances pleasingly beguile.
How Love can heal his wounds, then wound again,
He only knows, who knows how sweet her sighs,
How sweet her converse, and how sweet her smile.

SONETTO XXV.

129.

*L*IETI fiori, e felici, e ben nate erbe,
 Che Madonna passando premer sole ;
 Piaggia, ch' ascolti sue dolci parole,
 E del bel piede alcun vestigio serbe ;
 Schietti arboscelli, e verdi frondi acerbe ;
 Amorosctte, e pallide viole ;
 Ombrose selve, ove percote il sole,
 Che vi fa cò suoi raggi alte, e superbe ;
 O soave contrada ; o puro fiume,
 Che bagni 'l suo bel viso, e gli occhi chiari,
 E prendi qualità dal vivo lume ;
 Quanto v' invidia gli atti onesti, e cari :
 Non fia in voi scoglio omai, che per costume
 D' arder con la mia fiamma non impari.

SONNET XXV.

GAY joyous blooms, and herbage glad with show'rs
 O'er which my pensive fair was wont to stray !
 You plain, who listen her melodious lay,
 As her fair feet imprint your waste of flow'rs !
 Ye shrubs so spruce ; ye green, unfolding bow'rs ;
 Ye violets clad in am'rous, pale array ;
 You shadowy grove, gilded by beauty's ray,
 Whose top made proud majestically tow'rs !
 O, pleasant country ! O, translucent stream,
 Bathing her lovely face, her eyes so clear,
 While of their living light you catch the beam !
 I envy ye her actions chaste, and dear :
 No rock shall stud your soil, but what shall learn
 Henceforth with passion strong as mine to burn.

SONETTO XXVI.

137.

Più volte già dal bel sembiante umano
Ho preso ardir con le mie fide scorte,
D' assalir con parole oneste, accorte
La mia nemica in atto umile, e piano:
Fanno poi gli occhi suoi mio pensier vano ;
Perch' ogni mia fortuna, ogni mia sorte,
Mio ben, mio male, e mia vita, e mia morte
Quei, che solo il può far, l' ha posto in mano.
Ond' io non pote' mai formar parola,
Ch' altro che da me stesso fosse intesa ;
Così m' ha fatto Amor tremante, e fioco :
E veggì' or ben, che caritate accesa
Lega la lingua altrui, gli spirti invola.
Chi può dir com' egli arde, è 'n picciol foco.

SONNET XXVI.

OFT as her angel face compassion wore,
 With tears whose eloquence scarce fails to move,
 With bland and courteous speech, I boldly strove
 To sooth my foe, and in meek guise implore :
 But soon her eyes inspire vain hopes no more ;
 For all my fortune, all my fate in love,
 My life, my death, the good, the ills I prove,
 To her are trusted by one sov'reign Pow'r.
 Hence 'tis, whene'er my lips would silence break,
 Scarce can I hear the accents which I vent,
 By passion render'd spiritless, and weak.
 Ah, now I find that fondness to excess
 Fetters the tongue, and overpow'rs intent :
 Faint is the flame that language can express !

SONETTO XXVII.

147.

Po, ben puo' tu portartene la scorza
Di me con tue possenti, e rapid' onde:
Ma lo spirto, ch' iv' entro si nasconde,
Non cura nè di tua, nè d' altrui forza:
Lo qual, senz' alternar poggia con orza,
Dritto per l' aure al suo desir seconde
Battendo l' ali verso l' aurea fronde
L' acqua, e 'l vento, e la vela, e i remi sforza.
Re degli altri; superbo, altero fiume;
Ch' ncontri 'l sol quando e' ne mena il giorno,
E 'n ponente abbandoni un più bel lume;
Tu te ne vai col mio mortal sul corno:
L' altro converto d' amoroze piume
Torna volando al suo dolce soggiarno.

SONNET XXVII.

THOU Po to distant realms this frame mayst bear
 On thy all-powerful, thy headlong tide ;
 But the free spirit that within doth bide
 Nor for thy might, nor ought of might doth care :
 Not varying here its course, nor shifting there,
 Before the kind, wish'd gale it joys to glide ;
 Clapping its wings, it seeks the laurel's pride,
 In spite of sails, or oars, of sea, or air.
 Monarch of floods, magnificent, and great ;
 That meet'st the sun as he leads on the day,
 But in the west dost quit a fairer light ;
 Thy curved course this body wafts elate ;
 While on love's pinions my soul speeds its way,
 And to its darling home directs its flight !

SONETTO XXVIII.

159.

*S*IIAMO, Amor, a veder la gloria nostra
 Cose sopra natura altere, e nove:
 Vedi ben, quanta in lei dolcezza piove:
 Vedi lume che 'l cielo in terra mostra:
 Vedi, quant' arte dora, e 'mperla, e 'nnostra
 L' abito eletto, e mai non visto altrove;
 Che dolcemente i piedi, e gli occhi move
 Per questa di bei colli ombrosa chiostra.
 L' erbetta verde, e i fior di color mille
 Sparsi sotto quell' elce antiqua, e negra,
 Pregan pur, che 'l bel piè li prema, o tochi;
 E 'l ciel di vaghe, e lucide faville
 S' accende intorno; e 'n vista si rallegra
 D' esser fatto seren da sì begli occhi.

SONNET XXVIII.

HERE tarry, Love, our glory to behold ;
 Nought in creation so sublime we trace ;
 Ah, see what sweetness show'rs upon that face,
 What brightness to this earth the heav'ns unfold !
 See, with what cunning, crimson, pearls and gold,
 Her chosen vest, ne'er yet seen elsewhere, grace :
 Mid the hills' arching shades observe her pace,
 Her glance replete with elegance untold !
 The variegated flow'rs, the verdant blade,
 That grow beneath yon aged holm-oak's gloom,
 Court her fair feet to press them, and to tread ;
 The golden stars that stud yon beauteous sky,
 Cheer'd by her presence, and her smiles, assume
 Superior lustre, and serenity.

SONETTO XXIX.

161.

L' AURA gentil, che rasserena i poggi
Destando i fior per questo ombroso bosco,
Al soave suo spirto riconosco ;
Per cui conven che 'n pena, e 'n fama poggi.
Per ritrovar ove 'l cor lasso appoggi,
Fuggo dal mio natío dolce aere Tosco :
Per far lume al pensier torbido, e fosco,
Cerco 'l mio sole ; e spero vederlo oggi :
Nel qual provo dolcezze tante, e tali,
Ch' Amor per forza a lui mi riconduce ;
Poi sì m' abbaglia, che 'l fuggir m' è tardo.
Io chiedere' a scampar non arme, anzi ali :
Ma perir mi dà 'l ciel per questa luce ;
Che da lunge mi struggo, e da press' ardo.

SONNET XXIX.

THE gale, that o'er yon hills flings softer blue,
 And wakes to life each bud that gems the glade,
 I know ; its breathings such impression made,
 Wafting me fame, but wafting sorrow too :
 My wearied soul to sooth, I bid adieu
 To those dear Tuscan haunts I first survey'd ;
 And, to dispel the gloom around me spread,
 I hope this day my cheering sun to view :
 Whose sweet attraction is so strong, so great,
 That Love again compels me to its light ;
 Then he so dazzles me, that vain were flight.
 Not arms to brave, 'tis wings to scape my fate
 I ask ; but by those beams I'm doom'd to die,
 When distant which consume, and which enflame when nig

SONETTO XXX.

163.

*L' AURA serena, che fra verdi fronde
 Mormorando a ferir nel volto viemme,
 Fammi risovvenir quand' Amor diemme
 Le prime piaghe sì dolci, e profonde ;
 E 'l bel viso veder ch' altri m' asconde,
 Che sdegno, o gelosia celato tiemme ;
 E le chiome or avvolte in perle, e 'n gemme,
 Allora sciolte, e sovra or terso bionde :
 Le quali ella spargea sì dolcemente,
 E raccogliea con sì leggiadri modi,
 Che ripensando ancor trema la mente.
 Torsele il tempo po' in più saldi nodi ;
 E strinse 'l cor d' un laccio sì possente,
 Che morte sola fia ch' indi lo snodi.*

SONNET XXX.

THE gentle gale, that plays my face around,
 Murm'ring delightful through the verdant grove,
 To fond remembrance brings the time, when Love
 First gave his deep, although delightful wound ;
 Gave me to view that beauteous face, ne'er found
 Veil'd, as disdain, or jealousy might move ;
 To view her locks that shone bright gold above,
 Then loose, but now with pearls and jewels bound :
 Those locks she sweetly scatter'd to the wind,
 And then coil'd up again so gracefully,
 That but to think on it still thrills the sense.
 These time has in more sober braids confin'd ;
 And bound my heart with such a pow'ful tie,
 That death alone can disengage it thence.

SONETTO XXXI.

165.

L' AURA soave, ch' al sol spiega, e vibra
L' auro, ch' Amor di sua man fila, e tesse ;
Là da' begli occhi, e dalle chiome stesse
Lega 'l cor lasso, e i levi spirti cribra.
Non ho medolla in osso, o sangue in fibra,
Ch' i' non senta tremar ; pur ch' i' m' appresse
Dov' è chi morte, e vita insieme spesse
Volte in frale bilancia appende, e libra ;
Vedendo arder i lumi ond' io m' accendo ;
E folgorar i nodi ond' io son preso,
Or su l' omero destro, ed or sul manco.
I nol posso ridir ; che nol comprendo :
Da ta' due luci è l' intelletto offeso,
E di tanta dolcezza oppresso, e stanco.

SONNET XXXI.

THE pleasant gale, that to the sun unplaits
 And spreads the gold Love's fingers weave, and braid
 O'er her fine eyes, and all around her head,
 Fetters my heart, the wishful sigh creates :
 No nerve but thrills, no artery but beats,
 Approaching my fair arbiter with dread,
 Who in her doubtful scale hath oftimes weigh'd
 Whether or death, or life on me awaits ;
 Beholding too those eyes their fires display,
 And on those shoulders shine such wreaths of hair,
 Whose witching tangles my poor heart ensnare.
 But how this magic's wrought I cannot say ;
 For twofold radiance doth my reason blind,
 And sweetness to excess palls, and o'erpow'rs my mind.

SONETTO XXXII.

166.

O BELLA man, che mi distringi 'l core,
E 'n poco spazio la mia vita chiudi ;
Man' ov' ogni arte, e tutti loro studi
Poser natura, e 'l ciel, per farsi onore ;
Di cinque perle oriental colore,
E sol nelle mie piaghe acerbi, e crudi,
Diti schietti soavi ; a tempo ignudi
Consente or voi, per arricchirmi Amore.
Candido, leggiadretto, e caro guanto,
Che copria netto avorio, e fresche rose ;
Chi vide al mondo mai sì dolci spoglie ?
Così avess' io del bel velo altrettanto.
O incostanza dell' umane cose !
Pur questo è furto ; e vien ch' i' me ne spoglie.

SONNET XXXII.

O BEAUTEOUS hand, that dost my heart subdue,
 And in a little space my life confine ;
 Hand where their skill, and utmost efforts join
 Nature, and heav'n their plastic pow'rs to shew !
 Sweet fingers, seeming pearls of orient hue,
 To my wounds only cruel, fingers fine !
 Love, who towards me kindness doth design,
 For once permits ye naked to our view.
 Thou glove most dear, most elegant, and white,
 Encasing iv'ry tinted with the rose ;
 More precious cov'ring ne'er met mortal sight !
 Would I such portion of thy veil had gain'd !
 O fleeting gifts which fortune's hand bestows !
 'Tis justice to restore what theft alone obtain'd.

SONETTO XXXIII.

170.

*L*asso, ch' i' ardo, ed altri non me 'l crede :
 Sì crede ogni uom, se non sola colei,
 Che sovr' ogni altra, e ch' i' sola vorrei :
 Ella non par che 'l creda, e sì se 'l vede :
*I*nfinita bellezza, e poca fede,
 Non vedete voi 'l cor negli occhi miei ?
 Se non fosse mia stella, i' pur devrei
 Al fonte di pietà trovar mercede.
*Q*uest' arder mio, di che vi cal sè poco,
 E i vostri onori in mie rime diffusi
 Nè porian' infiammar fors' ancor mille :
 Ch' i' veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,
 Fredda una lingua, e duo begli occhi chiusi
 Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.

SONNET XXXIII.

ALAS, with ardour past belief I glow!

None doubt this truth, except one only fair,

Who all excels, for whom alone I care;

She plainly sees, yet disbelieves my woe.

O, poor in faith, but rich in charms! canst thou

Look in these eyes, nor read my whole heart there?

Were I not fated by my baleful star,

For me from pity's fount might favour flow.

My flame, of which thou tak'st so little heed,

And thy high praises pour'd through all my song,

O'er many a breast may future influence spread:

These, my sweet fair, so warns prophetic thought,

Clos'd thy bright eye, and mute thy poet's tongue,

E'en after death shall still with sparks be fraught.

SONETTO XXXIV.

172.

DOLCI ire, dolci sdegni, e dolci paci,
 Dolce mal, dolce affanno, e dolce peso,
 Dolce parlar, e dolcemente inteso,
 Or di dolce òra, or pien di dolci faci.
Alma, non ti lagnar: ma soffrì, e taci;
 E temprà il dolce amaro che n' ha offeso,
 Col dolce onor che d' amar quella hai preso,
 A cu' io dissi; "Tu sola mi piaci."
Forse ancor fia, chi sospirando dica
 Tinto di dolce invidia; "Assai sostenne
 "Per bellissimo amor quest' al suo tempo."
Altri; "O fortuna a gli occhi miei nemica
 "Perchè non la vid' io? Perchè non venne
 "Ella più tardi, ovver' io più per tempo?"

SONNET XXXIV.

SWEET scorn, sweet anger, and sweet misery,
 Forgiveness sweet, sweet burden, and sweet ill;
 Sweet accents that mine ear so sweetly thrill,
 That sweetly bland, now sweetly fierce can be.
 Mourn not, my soul, but suffer silently;
 And those embitter'd sweets your heart that fill
 With the sweet honour blend of loving still
 Her whom I told: "Thou only pleasest me."
 Mov'd with sweet envy, haply some may say:
 "For that high-boasted beauty of his day
 "Enough the bard has borne!" then heave a sigh.
 While some exclaim: "O, hostile fortune, why
 "Could not these eyes that lovely form survey?
 "Why was she early born, or wherefore late was I?"

SONETTO XXXV.

173.

*R*APIDO fiume, che d' alpestra vena
 Rodendo intorno, onde 'l tuo nome prendi,
 Notte, e dì meco desioso scendi
 Ov' amor me, te sol natura mena ;
 Vattene innanzi : il tuo corso non frena
 Nè stanchezza, nè sonno : e pria che rendi
 Suo dritto al mar ; fiso, u' si mostri, attendi
 L' erba più verde, l' aria più serena :
 Ivi è quel nostro vivo, e dolce sole
 Ch' adorna, e 'nfiora la tua riva manca :
 Forse, O che spero ! il mio tardar le dole.
 Baciale 'l piede, o la man bella, e bianca :
 Dille : il bacciar sie 'n vece di parole :
 Lo spirito è pronto, ma la carne è stanca.

SONNET XXXV.

IMPETUOUS flood, that from the Alps' rude head,
 Eating around thee, dost thy name obtain;
 Anxious like me both night, and day to gain
 Where thee pure nature, and me love doth lead;
 Pour on: thy course nor sleep, nor toils impede;
 Yet, ere thou pay'st thy tribute to the main,
 O tarry where most verdant looks the plain,
 Where most serenity the skies doth spread!
 There beams my radiant sun of cheering ray,
 Which decks thy left banks, and gems o'er with flow'rs;
 E'en now, vain thought! perhaps she chides my stay:
 Kiss then her feet, her hand so beauteous fair;
 In place of language let thy kiss declare
 Strong is my will, though feeble are my pow'rs.

SONETTO XXXVI.

178.

GRAZIE, ch' a pochi 'l ciel largo destina :
Rara virtù, non già d' umana gente :
Sotto biondi capei canuta mente ;
E' n umil donna alta beltù divina :
Leggiadria singulare, e pellegrina ;
E 'l cantar che nell' anima si sente :
L' andar celeste ; e 'l vago spirto ardente,
Ch' ogni dur rompe, ed ogni altezza inchina :
E que' begli occhi, che i cor fanno smalti,
Possenti a rischiarar abisso e notti,
E torre l' alme a' corpi, e darle altrui ;
Col dir pien d' intelletti dolci, ed alti ;
Coi sospir soavemente rotti :
Da questi magi trasformato fui.

SONNET XXXVI.

GRACES, that lib'ral heav'n on few bestows ;
 Rare excellence, scarce known to human kind ;
 With youth's bright locks age's ripe judgment join'd ;
 Celestial charms, which a meek mortal shows ;
 An elegance unmatch'd ; and lips, whence flows
 Musick that can the sense in fetters bind ;
 A goddess step ; a lovely glowing mind,
 That breaks the stubborn, and the haughty bows ;
 Eyes, whose refulgence petrifies the heart,
 To glooms, to shades that can a light impart,
 Lift high the lover's soul, or plunge it low ;
 Speech link'd by tenderness and dignity ;
 With many a sweetly-interrupted sigh ;
 Work the strong witchcrafts that transform me so.

SONETTO XXXVII.

183.

*IL cantar novo, e 'l pianger degli augelli
 In sul di fanno risentir le valli,
 E 'l mormorar de' liquidi cristalli
 Giù per lucidi freschi rivi, e snelli.
 Quella, c' ha neve il volto, oro i capelli;
 Nel cui amor non fur mai inganni, nè falli;
 Destami al suon degli amorosi balli,
 Pettinando al suo vecchio i bianchi velli.
 Così mi sveglio a salutar l' aurora,
 E 'l sol, ch' è seco, e più l' altro, ond' io fui
 Ne' prim' anni abbagliato, e sono ancora.
 I' gli ho veduti alcun giorno ambedui
 Levarsi insieme; e 'n un punto, e 'n un' ora,
 Quel far le stelle, e questo sparir lui.*

SONNET XXXVII.

THE birds' sweet wail, their renovated song,
 At break of morn, make all the vales resound;
 With lapse of crystal waters pouring round,
 In clear swift runnels, the fresh shores among.
 She, whose pure passion knows nor guile nor wrong,
 With front of snow, with golden tresses crown'd,
 Combing her aged husband's hoar locks found,
 Wakes me when sportful wakes the warbling throng.
 Thus, rous'd from sleep, I greet the dawning day,
 And its succeeding sun, with one more bright,
 Still dazzling, as in early youth, my sight:
 Both suns I've seen at once uplift their ray;
 This drives the radiance of the stars away,
 But that which gilds my life eclipses e'en his light.

SONETTO XXXVIII.

184.

*ONDE tolse Amor l' oro, e di qual vena,
 Per far due treccie bionde? e 'n quali spine
 Colse le rose? e 'n qual piaggia le brine
 Tenerc, e fresche; e diè lor polso, e lena?
 Onde le perle, in ch' ci frange, ed affrena
 Dolci parole, oneste, e pellegrine?
 Onde tante bellezze, e sì divine
 Di quella fronte più che 'l ciel serena?
 Da quali angeli mosse, e di qual spera
 Quel celeste cantar che mi disface
 Sì, che m' avanza omai da disfar poco?
 Di qual sol nacque l' alma luce altera
 Di que' begli occhi, ond' i' ho guerra, e pace;
 Che mi cuocono 'l cor' in ghiaccio, e 'n foco?*

SONNET XXXVIII.

WHENCE could Love take the gold, and from what vein,
 To form those bright twin locks? What thorn could grow
 Those roses? And what mead that white bestow
 Of the fresh dews, which pulse and breath obtain?
 Whence came those pearls that modestly restrain
 Accents which courteous, sweet, and rare can flow?
 And whence those charms, that so divinely show,
 Spread o'er a face serene as heav'n's blue plain?
 Taught by what angel, or what tuneful sphere,
 Was that celestial song, which doth dispense
 Such potent magick to the ravish'd ear?
 What sun illum'd those bright commanding eyes,
 Which now look peaceful, now in hostile guise;
 Now torture me with hope, and now with fear?

SONETTO XXXIX.

187.

QUANDO 'l sol bagna in mar l' aurato carro ;

E l' aer nostro, e la mia mente imbruna ;

Col cielo, e con le stelle, e con la luna

Un' angosciosa, e dura notte innarro :

Poi, lasso, a tal che non m' ascolta, narro

Tutte le mie fatiche ad una ad una ;

E col mondo, e con mia cieca fortuna,

Con amor, con madonna, e meco garro.

Il sonno è 'n bando, e del riposo è nulla ;

Ma sospiri, e lamenti infin' all' alba,

E lagrime, che l' alma a gli occhi invia.

Vien poi l' aurora, e l' aura fosca inalba :

Me pò ; ma 'l sol che 'l cor m' arde, e trastulla,

Quel può solo addolcir la doglia mia.

SONNET XXXIX.

WHEN sinks in ocean the sun's golden wain,
 And my mind darkens, and th' expanse of air ;
 Soon beam in heav'n the moon, and each bright star,
 My nightly earnest of approaching pain :
 I then recount, ah wretched me ! in vain
 To the un pitying deaf each am'rous care ;
 Of love, of wayward fortune, of my fair,
 Of the whole world, and of myself I plain.
 I know not rest ; my couch soft slumber flies :
 I wail, I sigh, and till the dawn shed tears
 Forc'd from my sad soul through my streaming eyes.
 Then the dun sky morn gilds with cheerful light,
 But glads not me. 'Tis but one sun that cheers
 My life, and renders all its prospects bright.

SONETTO XL.

188.

S' UNA fede amorosa, un cor non finto,
Un languir dolce, un desiar cortese ;
S' oneste voglie in gentil foco accese ;
S' un lungo error' in cieco laberinto ;
Se nella fronte ogni pensier dipinto,
Od in voci interrotte appena intese,
Or da paura, or da vergogna offese ;
S' un pallor di viola, e d' amor tinto ;
S' aver altrui più caro, che sè stesso ;
Se lagrimar, e sospirar mai sempre ;
Pascendosi di duol, d' ira, e d' affanno ;
S' arder da lunge, ed agghiacciar da presso,
Son le cagion ch' amando i' mi distempre ;
Vostro, donna, 'l peccato, e mio fia 'l danno.

SONNET XL.

IF faith impassion'd, and a heart sincere ;
 If tender languishment, and chaste desire ;
 Wishing what only modest hopes require ;
 And wand'ring long through passion's maze with fear ;
 If on the brow each thought be pictur'd clear ;
 If words half-utter'd from the tongue retire,
 As apprehension, or as shame inspire ;
 If on the cheek the violet's hue to wear ;
 If dearer than oneself another prove ;
 If constantly to weep, as much to sigh,
 Nursing the pangs, the griefs, the wrath of love ;
 To burn when distant, and to freeze when nigh ;
 If such fond causes doom me to despair, .
 Though death be mine, thine is the guilt, my fair !

SONETTO XLI.

191.

AURA, che quelle chiome bionde, e crespe
Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro
Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
E poi 'l raccogli, e 'n bei nodi 'l rincrespe ;
Tu stai negli occhi ond' amorose vespe
Mi pungon sì, che 'n fin quà il sento, e ploro,
E vacillando cerco il mio tesoro,
Com' animal che spesso adombre, e 'ncespe :
Ch' or mel par ritrovar ; ed or m' accorgo,
Ch' i' ne son lunge: or mi sollevo ; or caggio ;
Ch' or quel ch' i' bramo, or quel ch' è vero, scorgo.
Aer felice, col bel vivo raggio
Rimanti : e tu corrente, e chiaro gorgo,
Che non poss' io cangiar teco viaggio ?

SONNET XLI.

THOU gale, that movest, and disportest round
 Those bright crisp'd locks, by them mov'd sweetly too,
 That all their fine gold scatter'st to the view,
 Then coil'st them up in beauteous braids fresh wound ;
 About those eyes thou playest, where abound
 The am'rous swarms, whose stings my tears renew ;
 And I my treasure tremblingly pursue,
 Like some scar'd thing that stumbles o'er the ground.
 Methinks I find her now, and now perceive
 She's distant ; now I soar, and now descend ;
 Now what I wish, now what is true believe.
 Stay and enjoy, blest air, the living beam ;
 And thou, O rapid, and translucent stream,
 Why can't I change my course, and thine attend ?

CANZONE VIII.

37.

*Non ha tanti animali il mar fra l' onde ;
 Nè lassù sopra 'l cerchio della luna
 Vide mai tante stelle alcuna notte ;
 Nè tanti augelli albergan per li boschi ;
 Nè tant' erbe ebbe mai campo, nè spiaggia ;
 Quant' ha 'l mio cor pensier ciascuna sera.*

*Di dì in dì spero omai l' ultima sera,
 Che scevri in mè dal vivo terren l' onde,
 E mi lasci dormir in qualche spiaggia:
 Che tanti affanni uom mai sotto la luna
 Non sofferse, quant' io: sánnolsi i boschi,
 Che sol vo ricercando giorno, e notte.*

O D E VIII.

COUNT the ocean's finny droves ;
 Count the twinkling host of stars,
Round the night's pale orb that moves ;
 Count the groves' wing'd choristers ;
Count each verdant blade that grows ;
Counted then will be my woes.

When shall these cyes cease to weep ;
 When shall this world-wearied frame,
Cover'd by the cold sod, sleep?—
 Sure, beneath yon planet's beam,
None like me have made such moan ;
This to ev'ry bow'r is known.

*I' non ebbi giammai tranquilla notte :
 Ma sospirando andai mattino, e sera ;
 Poi eh' amor femmi un cittadin de' boschi.
 Ben fia in prima, ch' i' posi, il mar senz' onde ;
 E la sua luce avrà 'l sol dalla luna ;
 E i fior d' april morranno in ogni spiaggia.*

*Consumando mi vo di spiaggia in spiaggia
 Il dì pensoso ; poi piango la notte ;
 Nè stato ho mai, se non quanto la luna.
 Ratto, come imbrunir veggio la serra,
 Sospir del petto, e degli occhi escon' onde,
 Da bagnar l' erbe, e da crollare i boschi.*

Sad my nights ; from morn till eve,
 Tenanting the woods, I sigh :
But, ere I shall cease to grieve,
 Ocean's vast bed shall be dry,
Suns their light from moons shall gain,
And spring wither on each plain.

Pensive, weeping, night and day,
 From this shore to that I fly,
Changeful as the lunar ray ;
 And, when ev'ning veils the sky,
Then my tears might swell the floods,
Then my sighs might bow the woods !

*Le città son nemiche, amici i boschi
 A' miei pensier, che per quest' alta spiaggia
 Sfogando vo col mormorar dell' onde
 Per lo dolce silenzio della notte,
 Tal, ch' io aspetto tutto 'l dì la sera,
 Che 'l sol si parta, e dia luogo alla luna.*

*Deh, or foss' io col Vago della luna
 Addormentato in qualche verdi boschi ;
 E questa ch' anzi vespro a me fa sera,
 Con essa, e con Amor' in quella spiaggia
 Sola venisse a stars' ivi una notte ;
 E 'l dì si stesse, e 'l sol sempre nell' onde.*

Towns I hate, the shades I love ;
 For relief to yon green height,
 Where the rill resounds, I rove
 At the grateful calm of night ;
 There I wait the day's decline,
 For the welcome moon to shine.

O, that in some lone retreat,
 Like Endymion I were lain ;
 And that she, who rules my fate,
 There one night to stay would deign ;
 Never from his billowy bed
 More might Phœbus lift his head !

*Sovra dure onde al lume della Luna,
Canzon, nata di notte in mezzo i boschi,
Ricca spiaggia vedrai diman da sera.*

Song, that on the wood-hung stream

In the silent hour wert born,

Witness'd but by Cynthia's beam,

· Soon as breaks to-morrow's morn,

Thou shalt seek a glorious plain,

There with Laura to remain !

SONETTO XLII.

211.

QUAL paura ho, quando mi torna a mente
Quel giorno, ch' i' lasciai grave, e pensosa
Madonna, e 'l mio cor seco : e non è cosa
Che sì volentier pensi, e sì soventè.
I' la riveggio starsi umilmente
Tra belle donne, a guisa d' una rosa
Tra minor fior, nè lietà, nè dogliosa ;
Come chi teme, ed altro mal non sente.
Deposta avea l' usata leggiadria,
Le perle, e le ghirlande, e i panni allegri,
E 'l riso, e 'l canto, e 'l parlar dolce umano.
Così in dubbio lasciai la vita mia :
Ot tristi auguri, e sogni, e pensier negri
Mi danno assalto ; e paccia a dio, che 'n vano !

SONNET XLII.

WHAT dread I feel, when I revolve the day
I left my mistress, sad, without repose,
My heart too with her : and my fond thought knows
Nought on which gladlier, oft'ner it can stay.
Again my fancy doth her form portray
Meek among beauty's train, like to some rose
Midst meaner flow'rs ; nor joy, nor grief she shows ;
Not with misfortune prest, but with dismay.
Then were thrown by her custom'd cheerfulness,
Her pearls, her chaplets, and her gay attire,
Her song, her laughter, and her mild address ;
Thus doubtingly I quitted her I love :
Now dark ideas, dreams, and bodings dire
Raise terrors, which heav'n grant may groundless prove !

SONETTO XLIII.

221.

CERCATO ho sempre solitaria vita,
(Le rive il sanno, e le campagne, e i boschi)
Per fuggir quest' ingegni sordi, e loschi,
Che la strada del ciel' hanno smarrita :
E se mia voglia in ciò fosse compita,
Fuor del dolce aere de' paesi Toschi
Ancor m' avria tra suoi be' colli foschi
Sorga ; ch' a pianger, e cantar m' aita.
Ma mia fortuna a me sempre nemica
Mi risospigne al loco, ov' io mi sdegno
Veder nel fango il bel tesoro mio :
Alla man', ond' io scrivo, è fatta amica
A questa volta : e non è forse indegno :
Amor sel vide, e sal Madonna, ed io.

SONNET XLIII.

STILL have I sought a life of solitude ;
The streams, the fields, the forests know my mind ;
That I might scape the sordid, and the blind,
Who paths forsake trod by the wise, and good :
Fain would I leave, were mine own will pursued,
These Tuscan haunts, and these soft skies behind,
Sorga's thick-wooded hills again to find ;
And sing, and weep in concert with its flood.
But fortune, ever my sore enemy,
Compels my steps, where I with sorrow see
Cast my fair treasure in a vicious soil :
Yet less a foe she justly deigns to prove,
For once, to me, to Laura, and to love ;
Fav'ring my song, my passion with her smile.

SONETTO XLIV.

228.

*O*IME il bel viso ; oimè il soave sguardo ;
 Oimè il leggiadro portamento altero ;
 Oimè 'l parlar, ch' ogni aspro ingegno, e fero
 Faceva umile ; ed ogni uom vil, gagliardo ;
 Ed oimè il dolce riso, ond' uscìo 'l dardo
 Di che morte, altro bene omai non spero :
 Alma real, dignissima d' impero,
 Se non fossi fra noi scesa sì tardo.
 Per voi convien ch' io arda, e'n voi respire :
 Ch' i' pur fui vostro; e se di voi son privo,
 Via men a' ogni sventura altra mi dole.
 Di speranza m'empieste, e di desire,
 Quapa' io partì dal sommo piacer vivo :
 Ma 'l vento ne portava le parole.

SONNET XLIV.

AH me, that lovely look ! that beauteous face !

That gay demeanor blent with dignity !

That speech, which could the soul from discord free,

And to ingenuous could convert the base !

Ah me, that smile by which the dart took place,

Whence death ; nor hope I other destiny !

Spirit, that worthy of a realm mightst be,

Less late adorning our unworthy race !

For you I still will burn, for you respire ;

Since yours through life I've been : of you depriv'd,

All other woe with patience I can bear.

My soul you fill'd with hope, and with desire,

When last to these delighted eyes you liv'd :

But now those words are all dispers'd in air.

CANZONE IX.

40.

CHE debb' io far ; che mi consigli, Amore?
Tempo è ben di morire ;
Ed ho tardato più, ch' i non vorrei.
Madonna è morta, ed ha seco 'l mio core ;
E volendol seguire,
Interromper convien quest' anni rei :
Perchè mai veder lei
Di qua non spero, e l' aspettar m' è noja,
Poscia, ch' ogni mia gioja
Per lo suo dipartire in pianto è volta ;
Ogni dolcezza di mia vita è tolta.

O D E IX.

WHAT should I do ; what, Love, dost thou advise ?

Full time it is to die :

And longer than I wish have I delay'd.

My mistress is no more, and with her gone my heart ;

To follow her, I must need

Break short the course of my afflictive years :

To view her here below

I ne'er can hope ; and irksome 'tis to wait.

Since that my ev'ry joy

By her departure unto tears is turn'd ;

Of all its sweets my life has been depriv'd.

*Amor, tu 'l senti, ond' io teco mi doglio,
 Quant' è 'l danno aspro, e grave ;
 E so, che del mio mal t'è pesa, e dole ;
 Anzi del nostro ; perçh' ad uno scoglio
 Avem rotto la nave :
 Ed in un punto n' è scurato il sole.
 Qual' ingegno a parole
 Poria agguagliar' il mio doglioso stato ?
 Ahi orbo mondo ingrato,
 Gran cagion' hai di dover pianger meco ;
 Che quel ben, ch' era in te, perdut' hai seco.*

Thou, Love, dost feel, therefore to thee I plain,
How grievous is my loss ;
I know my sorrows grieve, and weigh thee down ;
E'en as our common cause : for on one rock
We both have wreck'd our bark :
And in one instant was its sun obscur'd.
What genius can with words
Rightly describe my lamentable state ?
Ah, blind, ungrateful world,
Thou hast indeed just cause with me to mourn ;
That beauty, thou didst hold, with her is fled !

*Caduta è la tua gloria ; e tu nol vedi ;
Nè degno eri mentr' ella
Visse quaggiù, d' aver sua conoscenza,
Nè d' esser tocco da' suoi santi piedi :
Perchè cosa sì bella
Devea 'l ciel' adornar di sua presenza.
Ma io, lasso, che senza
Lei nè vita mortal, nè me stess' amo ;
Piangendo la richiamo :
Questo m' avanza di cotanta spene ;
E questo solo ancor qui mi mantene.*

Fall'n is thy glory, and thou see'st it not ;

Unworthy thou with her,

While here she dwelt, acquaintance to maintain,

Or to be trodden by her saintly feet :

For that, which is so fair,

Should with its presence decorate the skies.

But I, a wretch who, reft

Of her, prize nor myself, nor mortal life,

Recall her with my tears :

This only of my hope's vast sum remains ;

And this alone doth still support me here.

Oimè, terra è fatto il suo bel viso,
Che solea far del cielo,
E del ben di lassù fede fra noi.
L' invisibil sua forma è in paradiso
Disciolta di quel velo,
Che qui fece ombra al fior degli anni suoi,
Per rivestirsene poi
Un' altra volta, e mai più non spogliarsi ;
Quand' alma, e bella farsi
Tanto più la vedrem, quanto più vale
Sempiterna bellezza, che mortale.

Ah me, her charming face is earth become,
Which wont unto our thought
To picture heav'n, and happiness above !
Her viewless form inhabits paradise,
Divested of *that* veil,
Which shadow'd while below her bloom of life,
Once more to put it on,
And never then to cast it off again ;
When so much more divine,
And glorious render'd 'twill by us be view'd,
As mortal beauty to eternal yields.

*Più che mai bella, e più leggiadra donna
 Tornami innanzi, come
 Là, dove più gradir sua vista sente.
 Quest' è del viver mio l' una colonna :
 L'altra è 'l suo chiaro nome,
 Che sona nel mio cor sì dolcemente.
 Ma tornandomi a mente,
 Che pur morta è la mia speranza viva
 Allor, ch' ella fioriva ;
 Sa ben' Amor, qual' io divento ; e spero
 Vedal colei, ch' è or sì presso al vero.*

More bright than ever, and a lovelier fair,
Before me she appears,
Where most she's conscious that her sight will plea
This is one pillar that sustains my life ;
The other her dear name,
That to my heart sounds so delightfully.
But tracing in my mind,
That she who form'd my choicest hope is dead
E'en in her blossom'd prime ;
Thou knowest, Love, full well what I become :
She I trust sees it too, who dwells with truth.

*Donne, voi che miraste sua beltate,
 E l' angelica vita,
 Con quel celeste portamento in terra ;
 Di me vi doglia, e vincavi pietate,
 Non di lei, ch' è salita
 A tanta pace, e me ha lasciato in guerra ;
 Tal, che s' altri mi serra
 Lungo tempo il cammin da seguitarla ;
 Quel ch' Amor meco parla,
 Sol mi riten ch' io non recida il nodo :
 Ma e' ragiona dentro in cotal modo :*

Ye sweet associates, who admir'd her charms,
Her life angelical,
And her demeanour heav'nly upon earth ;
For me lament, and be by pity wrought,
No wise for her, who, ris'n
To so much peace, me has in warfare left ;
Such, that should any shut
The road to follow her, for some length of time ;
What Love declares to me
Alone would check my cutting through the tie :
But in this guise he reasons from within.

- “ Pon freno al gran dolor che ti trasporta ;*
“ Che per soverchie voglie
“ Si perde 'l cielo, ove 'l tuo core aspira ;
“ Dov' è viva colei, ch' altrui par morta ;
“ E di sue belle spoglie
“ Seco sorride ; e sol di te sospira ;
“ E sua fama, che spira
“ In molte parti ancor per la tua lingua,
“ Prega che non estingua ;
“ Anzi la voce al suo nome rischiari ;
“ Se gli occhi suoi ti fur dolci, nè cari.”

- “ The mighty grief transporting thee restrain ;
 “ For passions uncontroll’d
“ Forfeit that heav’n, to which thy soul aspires,
“ Where she is living whom some fancy dead ;
 “ While at her fair remains
“ She smiles herself, sighing for thee alone ;
 “ And that her fame, which lives
“ In many a clime hymn’d by thy tongue, may ne’er
 “ Become extinct, she prays ;
“ But that her name should harmonize thy voice ;
“ If e’er her eyes were lovely held, and dear.”

*Fuggi 'l sereno, e 'l verde ;
Non t' appressar ove sia riso, o canto,
Canzon mia nò, ma pianto : .
Non fa per te di star fra gente allegra,
Vedova sconsolata in vesta negra.*

Fly the calm, green retreat ;
And ne'er approach where song, and laughter dwell,
O strain ; but wail be thine !
It suits thee ill with the glad throng to stay,
Thou sorrowing widow wrapt in garb of woe.

SONETTO XLV.

229.

Rotta è l' alta Colonna, e 'l verde Lauro,
Che facean' ombra al mio stanco pensiero :
Perdut' ho quel che ritrovar non spero
Dal Borea all' Austro, o dal mar' Indo al Mauro.
Tolto' m' hai, morte, il mio doppio tesauo,
Che mi fea rizer lieto, e gire altero ;
E ristorar nol può terra, nè impero,
Nè gemma oriental, nè forza d' auro.
Ma se consentimento è di destino ;
Che poss' io più, se no aver l' alma trista,
Umidi gli occhi sempre, e 'l viso chino ;
O nostra vita, ch' è sì bella in vista ;
Com' perde agevolmente in un mattino
Quel, che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s' acquista !

SONNET XLV.

FALL'N that proud Column, fall'n that Laurel tree,
 Whose shelter once relieved my wearied mind ;
 I'm reft of what I ne'er again shall find,
 Though ransack'd every shore, and ev'ry sea :
 Double the treasure death has torn from me,
 In which life's pride was with its pleasure join'd ;
 Not eastern gems, nor the world's wealth combin'd
 Can give it back, nor land, nor royalty.
 But, if so fate decrees, what can I more,
 Than with unceasing tears these eyes bedew,
 Abase my visage, and my lot deplore ?
 Ah, what is life so lovely to the view !
 How quickly in one little morn is lost •
 What years have won with labour, and with cost.

SONETTO XLVI.

230.

L' ARDENTE nodo, ov' io fui d' ora in ora
Contando anni centuno interi preso,
Morte disciolse : nè giàmmài tal peso
Provai : nè credo ch' uom di dolor morà.
Non volendomi Amor perder ancora,
Ebbe un' altro lacciuol fra l' erba teso,
E di nov' esca un' altro foco acceso,
Tal, ch' a gran pena indi scampato fora :
E se non fosse esperienza molta
De' primi affanni, i' sarei preso, ed arso,
Tanto più, quanto son men verde legno :
Morte m' ha liberato un' altra volta,
E rotto 'l nodo ; e 'l foco ha spento, e sparso,
Contra la qual non val forza, nè 'ngegno.

SONNET XLVI.

THAT burning toil, in which I once was caught,
 While twice ten years and one I counted o'er,
 Death has unloos'd : like burden I ne'er bore :
 That grief ne'er fatal proves I now am taught.
 But Love, who to entangle me still sought,
 Spread in the treach'rous grass his net once more,
 So fed the fire with fuel as before,
 That my escape I hardly could have wrought.
 And, but that my first woes experience gave,
 Snared long since, and kindled I had been,
 And all the more, as I'm become less green :
 My freedom death again has come to save,
 And break my bond ; that flame now fades, and fa
 'Gainst which nor force, nor intellect prevails.

SONETTO XLVII.

231.

LA vita fugge, e non s' arresta un' ora ;
 E la morte vien dietro a gran giornate ;
 E le cose presenti, e le passate
 Mi danno guerra, e le future ancora ;
 E 'l rimembrar, e l' aspettar m' accora
 Or quinci, or quindi sì, che 'n veritate,
 Se non ch' i' ho di me stesso pietate,
 I' sarei già di questi pensier fora.
 Tornami avanti, s' alcun dolce mai
 Ebbe 'l cor tristo ; e poi dall' altra parte
 Veggio al mio navigar turbati i venti :
 Veggio fortuna in porto ; e stanco omai
 Il mio nocchier' ; e rotte arbore, e sarte ;
 E i lumi bei, che mirar soglio, spenti.

SONNET XLVIL.

LIFE flies apace, and tarries not an hour ;
 While death behind with huge stride journeys on :
 Events now present, with those past and gone,
 And all the future too, my life doth sour.
 Remembrance, and expectancy so low'r
 By turns upon my mind ; in truth I own,
 From such reflections I perforce had flown,
 But that self-pity doth my will o'erpow'r.
 If aught of joy this sadden'd heart e'er knew,
 It starts on fancy : but beside yon coast
 By boist'rous winds I see my vessel tost.
 Good-fortune's wish'd-for port is now in view ;
 My pilot's wearied ; rent my mast, and sail ;
 And those fair lights, that guided once, now fail.

SONETTO XLVIII.

238.

SE lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode d' una fiorita, e fresca riva ;
Là 'v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e scriva ;
Lei che 'l cicl ne mostrò, terra n' asconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo : ch' ancor viva
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
 “ *Deh perchè innanzi tempo ti consume ?* ”
Mi dice con pietate : “ A che pur versi,
“ Degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume ?
 “ *Di me non pianger tu, che miei dì fersi,*
“ Morendo, eterni ; e nell' eterno lume,
 “ *Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi.”*

SONNET XLVIII.

IF in sweet accent moans the plaintive bird,
 Or green groves whisper soft in summer air,
 Or from the fresh and flow'ry shore is heard
 Down the rock's side the fall of waters fair,
 There where I sit, enditing midst fond care ;
 Then she, whom heav'n just shew'd us, now inter
 Whom my fond senses living yet declare,
 Answers from skies above each sigh preferr'd.
 " Ah why to waste thy life untimely seek ?"
 With pity she exclaims : " And wherefore flows
 " That flood of sorrow down thy faded cheek ?
 " Weep not for me ; death made for ever bright
 " My days ; and, when these eyes appear'd to cl
 " Then were they open'd in eternal light."

SONETTO XLIX.

240.

QUANTE *fiate al mio dolce ricetta*

*Fuggendo altrui, e, s' esser pud, me stesso,
Vo con gli occhi bagnando l' erba, e 'l petto ;
Rompendo co' sospir l' aere da presso :*

Quante *fiate sol pien di sospetto*

*Per luoghi ombrosi, e foschi mi son messo,
Cercando col pensier l' alto diletto,
Che morte ha tolto ; ond' io la chiamo spesso :*

Or *in forma di ninfa, o d' altra diva,*

*Che del più chiaro fondo di Sorga esca,
E pongasi a seder in su la riva ;*

Or *l' ho veduta su per l' erba fresca*

*Calcer i fior, com' una donna viva,
Mostrando in vista, che di me le 'ncresca.*

SONNET XLIX.

How often to my sweet retreat I haste,
 To fly mankind, nay e'en myself to fly,
 Bathing with tears the green turf and my bre
 Rending the ambient air with many a sigh :
 How often, dreading aught that may molest,
 I've roam'd to glooms and shades of privacy,
 Seeking the fair to fancy's view confest,
 Snatch'd hence by death, death to whom oft
 Now like a naiad, or some form divine,
 From the translucent depth of Sorgia sprung,
 And on its margin joying to recline,
 Have I beheld her ; now, fresh meads among
 Treading the flowrets, like a moratl shine ;
 While on her bard a chiding glance she flung

SONETTO L.

244.

*NÈ mai pietosa madre al caro figlio,
 Nè donna accesa al suo sposo diletto
 Diè con tanti sospir, con tal sospetto
 In dubbio stato sì fedel consiglio ;
 Come a me quella, che 'l mio grave esiglio
 Mirando dal suo eterno alto ricetto,
 Spesso a me torna con l' usato affetto,
 E di doppia pietate ornata il ciglio,
 Or di madre, or d' amante : or teme, or arde
 D' onesto foco ; e nel parlar mi mostra
 Quel, che 'n questo viaggio fugga, o segua,
 Contando i casi de la vita nostra ;
 Pregando, ch' al levar l' alma non tarde :
 E sol quant' ella parla, ho pace, o tregua.*

SONNET L.

NE'ER did fond mother to her darling son,
 Or zealous spouse to her beloved mate
 Sage counsel give, in perilous estate,
 With such kind caution, in such tender tone,
 As gives that fair-one, who, oft looking down
 On my hard exile from her heav'nly seat,
 With wonted kindness bends upon my fate
 Her brow, as friend or parent would have done :
 Now chaste affection prompts her speech, now fear,
 Instructive speech, that points what sev'ral ways
 To seek, or shun, while journeying here below ;
 Then all the ills of life she counts, and prays
 My soul ere long may quit this terrene sphere :
 And by her words alone I'm sooth'd, and freed from woe.

SONETTO LI.

250.

QUAND' io veggio dal ciel scender l' *Aurora*
Con la fronte di rose, e co' crin d' oro ;
Amor m' assale : ond' io mi discoloro ;
E dico sospirando : “ Ivi è Laura ora.”
O felice Titon, tu sai ben l' ora
Da ricovrare il tuo caro tesora :
Ma io che debbo far del dolce alloro ?
Che se 'l vo' riveder, conven ch' io mora.
I vostri dipartir non son sì duri ;
Ch' almen di notte suol tornar colei,
Che non ha schifo le tue bianche chiome :
Le mie notti fa triste, e i giorni oscuri
Quella, che n' ha portato i pensier miei ;
Nè di se m' ha lasciato altro che 'l nome.

SONNET LI.

WHEN from the heav'ns I see Aurora beam,
 With rosy tinctur'd cheek, and golden hair ;
 Love bids my face the hue of sadness wear :
 " There Laura dwells !" I with a sigh exclaim.
 Thou knowest well the hour that shall redeem,
 Happy Tithonus, thy much valued fair ;
 But not to her I love can I repair,
 Till death extinguishes this vital flame.
 Yet need'st thou not thy separation mourn ;
 Certain at evening's close is the return
 Of her, who doth not thy hoar locks despise :
 But my nights sad, my days are render'd drear,
 By her, who bore my thoughts to yonder ~~skies~~,
 And only a remember'd name left here.

SONETTO LII.

251.

*GLI occhi di ch' io parlai sì caldamente ;
 E le braccia, e le mani, e i piedi, e 'l viso,
 Che m' avean sì da me stesso diviso,
 E fatto singular dall' altra gente ;
 Le cresse chiome d' or puro lucente,
 E 'l lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,
 Che solean far in terra un paradiso ;
 Poca polvere son, che nulla sente :
 Ed io pur vivo : onde mi doglio, e sdegno ;
 Rimaso senza 'l lume, ch' amai tanto,
 In gran fortuna, e 'n disarmato legno.
 Or sia qui fine al mio amoroso canto :
 Secca è la vena dell' usato ingegno,
 E la cetera mia rivolta in pianto.*

SONNET LII.

THOSE eyes, of which **my** song so warmly told ;
 Those arms, those hands, those feet, that face so fair,
 Which mine own nature from myself did tear,
 And made me seem as of peculiar mould ;
 Those crisped locks of pure, refulgent gold ;
 The glow that angel smile was wont to wear,
 Which made our earth a paradise appear ;
 Are turn'd to dust insensible, and cold :
 Still life, O grief ! O shame ! in me prevails ;
 ' Though dimm'd those orbs which did such joy bestow,
 Erewhile life's bark was sped by prosp'rous gales.
 Ah now no more my an'rous strain shall flow ;
 The custom'd source of tuneful genius fails,•
 And my lyre utters only sounds of woe !

SONETTO LIII.

258.

Or' è la fronte, che con picciol cenno
Volgea 'l mio core in questa parte, e'n quella ?
Ov' è 'l bel ciglio, e l' una, e l' altra stella,
Ch' al corso del mio viver lume denno ?
Ov' è 'l valor, la conoscenza e 'l senno,
L' accorta, onesta, umil, dolce favella ?
Ove son le bellezze accolte in ella,
Che gran tempo di me lor voglia fenno ?
Ov' è l'ombra gentil del viso umano ;
Ch' óra, e riposo dava all' alma stanca,
E lá 've i miei pensier scritti eran tutti ?
Ov' è colei, che mia vita ebbe in mano ?
Quanto al misero mondo ; e quanto manca
A gli occhi miei, che mai non fieno asciutti.

SONNET LIIL.

WHERE is that countenance, whose slightest sign
Could turn my easy heart now here, now there?
Where those fine brows? Their orbs of radiance where,
That on my being did so kindly shine?
Where now is worth, which sense and knowledge join;
That tender accent, modest, courteous, clear?
Where those united graces which endear,
And which long time to rule me did combine?
Where now the temper'd scorn on beauty's face,
Which o'er my soul has cast a grateful gloom,
When there my hopes, or fears I wont to trace?
And where is she, whose charms have seal'd my doom?
Ah what the loss this sad world must sustain, •
And these fond eyes that ne'er from weeping shall refrain!

SONETTO LIV.

259.

QUANTA invidia ti porto, avara terra ;
Ch' abbracci quella, cui veder m' è tolto ;
E mi contendi l' aria del bel volto,
Dove pace trovai d' ogni mia guerra !
Quanta ne porto al ciel, che chiude, e serra,
E sì cupidamente ha in sè raccolto
Lo spirto dalle belle membra sciolto ;
E per altrui sì rado si disserra !
Quanta invidia a quell' anime, che 'n sorte
Hann' or sua santa, e dolce compagnia ;
La qual' io cercai sempre con tal brama !
Quanta a la dispietata, e dura Morte ;
Ch' avendo spento in lei la vita mia,
Stassi ne' suoi begli occhi, e me non chiama !

SONNET LIV.

WHAT envy do I bear thee, greedy clay ;
 Who dost her wrested from my sight embrace ;
 Dost with me too dispute that lovely face,
 Whose beauties chas'd my warring woes away !
What do I bear the heav'ns, that fold, and stay,
 And midst themselves so eagerly could place
 That spirit freed from its fair mortal case ;
 Heav'ns, that to others rarely ope their way !
What envy bear those favour'd souls, to whom
 Her sweet, and saintly intercourse is known ;
 To which desirous long I made pretence !
What bear fell Death, remorseless in his doom ;
 Who, in her life extinguishing my own,
 Dwells in her beauteous eyes, nor deigns to call me hence !

SONETTO LV.

260.

*V*ALLE, che de' lamenti miei se piena ;
Fiume, che spesso del mio pianger cresci ;
Fere silvestre, vaghi augelli, e pesci,
Che l' una, e l' altra verde riva affrena ;
Aria de' miei sospir calda, e serena ;
Dolce sentier, che s' amaro riesci ;
Colle, che mi piacesti, or mi rincresci,
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;
Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,
Non, lasso, in me ; che da sì lieta vita
Son fatto albergo d' infinita doglia.
Quinci vedea 'l mio bene ; e per quest' orme
Torno a veder, ond' al ciel nuda è gita
Lasciando in terra la sua bella spoglia.

SONNET LV.

THOU vale, that with my plainings dost resound ;
Thou stream, augmented oft with many a tear ;
Ye wand'ring herds, ye winged tribes of air ;
Ye finny droves, whom shores of verdure bound ;
Warm'd by my sighs, thou heav'n that smilest round ;
Thou path that lead'st no more to all that's dear ;
Thou once-lov'd hill, that now dost sad appear,
Where, my accustom'd guide, Love still is found ;
Your wonted forms full well again I know,
But not mine own : this frame, so late th' abode
Of pleasure, now is tenanted by woe !
I see, as from those tracks I bend mine eyes,
Her, who on earth has cast her mortal load,
And, an uncumber'd spirit, reach'd the skies.

SONETTO LVI.

261.

LE VOMMI il mio pensier' in parte, ov' era
Quella, ch' io cerco, e non ritrovo in terra :
Ivi fra lor, che 'l terzo cerchio serra,
La rividi più bella, e meno altera.
Per man mi prese, e disse : “ In questa spera
“ Sarai ancor meco, se 'l desir non erra ;
“ I' son colei che ti die tanta guerra,
“ E compie' mia giornata innanzi sera :
“ Mio ben non cape in intelletto umano :
“ Te solo aspetto ; e quel, che tanto amasti,
“ E laggiuso è rimasto, il mio bel velo.”
Deh perchè tacque, ed allargò la mano ?
Ch' al suon de' detti sì pietosi, e casti,
Poco mancò ch' io non rimasi in cielo.

SONNET LVI.

MY fancy bore me to that region, where
 Dwells her I seek, on earth yet cannot find ;
 Again I saw her amid those, consign'd
 To the third heav'n, less haughty, and more fair.
 She took my hand, and thus did she declare :
 " Still shalt thou dwell with me, if hope prove kind ;
 " 'Twas I, who in such warfare held thy mind,
 " Whose day was clos'd ere evening could appear :
 " No human thought may scan the bliss I prove ;
 " I only wait for thee, and to resume
 " My fair veil cast on earth thou so didst love."
 How could she quit my hand, why mute become ?
 For words thus chastely, pitcously exprest,
 Had nearly render'd me heav'n's lasting guest.

SONETTO LVII.

262.

AMOR, che meco al buon tempo ti stavi
Fra queste rive a' pensier nostri amiche ;
E per saldar le ragion nostre antiche,
Meco, e col fiume ragionando andarci :
Fior, frondi, erbe, ombre, antri, onde, aure soavi,
Valli chiuse, alti colli, e piagge apriche,
Porto dell' amorose mie fatiche,
Delle fortune mie tante, e sì gravi :
O vaghi abitator de' verdi boschi ;
O ninfe ; e voi, che 'l fresco erboso fondo
Del liquido cristallo alberga, e pasce :
I miei dì fur sì chiari ; or son sì foschi ;
Come morte, che 'l fa. Così nel mondo
Sua ventura ha ciascun dal dì che nasce.

SONNET LVII.

T_{HOU} Love, who these soul-friending banks beside
 In luckier times hast my companion been ;
 And, to discharge what former debts remain,
 Hast converse held with me, and with the tide !
 Ye flow'rs, soft airs, streams, verdures spreading wide,
 Ye grots, close vales, proud hills, and sunny plain,
 Who form the port my am'rous toils attain,
 Where my oppressive, num'rous sorrows hide !
 O sportful tenants of the leafy woods !
 O naiad throng, and ye who batt'ning range
 In grassy cool depths of the crystal floods !
 My days, so brilliant once, grow dark of late ;
 E'en dark as death, that wrought the cruel change.—
 Thus from our birth our beings have their fate.

SONETTO LVIII.

264.

*ANIMA, bella, da quel nodo sciolta,
 Che più bel mai non seppe ordir natura,
 Pon dal cicl mente alla mia vita oscura
 Da sì lieti pensieri a pianger volta.*
*La falsa opinion dal cor s' è tolta,
 Che mi fece alcun tempo acerba, e dura
 Tua dolce vista: omai tutta sicura
 Volgi a me gli occhi, e i miei sospiri ascolta,*
*Mira 'l gran sasso, donde Sorga nasce,
 E vedràci un, che sol tra l' erbe, e l' acque,
 Di tua memoria, e di dolor si pasce.*
*Ove giace 'l tuo albergo, e dove nacque
 Il nostro amor, vo' ch' abbandoni, e lasce,
 Per non veder nè tuoi quel, ch' a te spiacque.*

SONNET LVIII.

BRIGHT spirit, from those earthly bonds releas'd,
 The loveliest ever wove in nature's loom,
 From thy bright skies compassionate the gloom
 Shrouding my life that once of joy could taste!
 Each false suggestion of thy heart has ceas'd,
 That whilom bade thee stern disdain assume;
 Now all secure, heav'n's habitant become,
 List to my sighs, thy looks upon me cast.
 Mark the huge rock, whence Sarga's waters rise;
 And see amidst its waves, and borders stray
 One fed by grief, and mem'ry that ne'er dies:
 But from that spot O turn thy sight away
 Where I first lov'd, where thy late dwelling lies;
 That in thy friends thou nought ungrateful mayst survey!

SONETTO LIX.

269.

*ZEFIRO torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
 E i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia ;
 E garrir Progne ; e pianger Filomena ;
 E primavera candida, e vermiglia.
 Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena ;
 Giove s' allegra di mirar sua figlia :
 L' aria, e l' acqua, e la terra è d' amor piena :
 Ogni animal d' amar si riconsiglia.
 Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
 Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
 Quella, ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi :
 E cantar' augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
 E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi
 Sono un deserto, e fere aspre, e selvagge.*

SONNET LIX.

ZEPHYR returns ; and in his jocund train

Brings verdure, flow'rs, and days serenely clear ;

Brings Progne's twitter, Philomel's lorn strain,

With ev'ry bloom that paints the vernal year :

Cloudless the skies, and smiling ev'ry plain ;

With joyance flush'd, Jove views his daughter dear ;

Love's genial pow'r pervades earth, air, and main ;

All beings join'd in fond accord appear.

But nought to me returns save sorrowing sighs,

Forc'd from my inmost heart by her who bore

Those keys which govern'd it unto the skies :

The blossom'd meads, the choristers of air,

Sweet courteous damsels can delight no more ; •

Each face looks savage, and each prospect drear.

SONETTO LX.

270.

QUEL rosignuol, che s'è soave piagne
 Forse suoi figli, o sua cara consorte,
 Di dolcezza empie il cielo, e le campagne
 Con tante note s'è pietose, e scorte :
 E tutta notte par che m' accompagni,
 E m' rammenti la mia dura sorte :
 Ch' altri che me non ho, di cui mi lagne ;
 Che 'n dec non creder' io regnasse morte.
 O che lieve è ingannar, chi s' assicura !
 Que' duo bei lumi assai più che 'l sol chiari
 Chi pensò mai veder far terra oscura ?
 Or conosco io, che mia fera ventura
 Vuol, che vivendo, e lagrimando, impari
 Come nulla quaggiù diletta, e dura.

SONNET LX.

YON nightingale that pours forth tuneful wail
 For its dear mate, or haply for its young,
 Fills all the vaulted heav'n, and echoing dale
 With such sweet-modulated, plaintive song ;
 Methinks it joins my melancholy tale,
 Reminding me of woe the whole night long :
 That death o'er charms divine could ne'er prevail
 I ween'd, but now lament a thought so wrong.
 Who seeks security doth vainly stray :
 Ah me, that unto murky earth should turn
 Those eyes which far outshone the radiant day !
 The precept my hard fortune would convey
 I now perceive ; to live, to weep, and learn.
 Of ev'ry bliss below how transient is the stay.

SONETTO LXI.

271.

NE per sereno ciel 'ir vaghe stelle ;
Nè per tranquillo mar legni spalmati ;
Nè per campagne cavalieri armati ;
Nè per bei boschi allegre fere, e snelle ;
Nè d' aspettato ben fresche novelle ;
Nè dir d' amore in stili alti, ed ornati ;
Nè tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
Dolce cantare oneste donne, e belle ;
Nè altro sarà mai, ch' al cor m' aggiunga ;
Sì seco il seppe quella seppellire,
Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume, e specchio.
Noja m' è 'l viver sì gravosa, e lunga,
Ch' i' chiamo il fine per lo gran desire
Di riveder, cui non veder fu 'l meglio

SONNET LXI.

NOR beamy stars that climb the blue serene ;
 Nor fresh-trimm'd vessel riding the smooth sea ;
 Nor knights stretch'd o'er the plain in arm'd array ;
 Nor deer brisk-bounding forest glades between ;
 Nor early tidings of some good foreseen ;
 Nor love's exalted, and embellish'd lay ;
 Nor beauteous damsels warbling carols gay
 Near limpid fountain, or in meadow green ;
 Nor aught delightful shall this heart hold dear,
 Which deep entomb'd with my lov'd Laura lies.
 Late the sole light, and mirror of these eyes !
 So loath'd and tedious now doth life appear,
 I fain would yield it up ; again to view o
 Her, whom I much lament that e'er I knew.

SONETTO LXII.

274.

TUTTA la mia fiorita, e verde etade
Passava ; e 'ntepidir sentia già 'l foco,
Ch' arse 'l mio cor' ; ed era giunto al loco,
Ove scende la vita, ch' al fin cade :
Già incominciava a prender sicurtade
La mia cara nemica a poco a poco
De' suoi sospetti ; e ricolgera in gioco
Mie pene acerbe sua dolce onestade :
Presso era 'l tempo, dov' amor si scontra
Con castitate ; ed a gli amanti è dato
Sedersi insieme, e dir che lor' incontra.
Morte ebbe invidia al mio felice stato,
Anzi alla speme ; e féglisi all' incontra
A mezza via, come nemico armato.

SONNET LXII.

MY verdurous, and bloomy prime was past ;
 More faintly glow'd my bosom's scorching flame ;
 And to that portion of my days I came,
 When life declining to its end doth haste :
 My hostile fair suspicion had nigh ceas'd,
 Of insecurity did little dream ;
 Oftimes my tender sorrows were her theme,
 On which some courteous merriment she cast :
 Now time at length that sober period brought,
 When chastity might fondness safely greet,
 And social lovers speak each inmost thought :
 Then death, invidious of a joy so sweet
 E'en in expectance, cross'd me on my road,
 And, like an armed foe, despoil'd me of my good.

SONETTO LXIII.

279.

SENTO l' aura mia antica ; e i dolci colli
Veggio apparir, onde 'l bel lume nacque,
Che tenne gli occhi miei, mentr' al ciel piacque,
Bramosi, e lieti ; or li tien tristi, e molli.
O caduche speranze, o pensier folli !
Vedove l' erbe, e torbide son l' acque ;
E voto, e freddo 'l nido, in ch' ella giacque,
Nel qual' io vivo, e morto giacer volli ;
Sperando al fin dalle soavi piante,
E da' begli occhi suoi, che 'l cor m' hann' arso,
Riposo alcun delle fatiche tante.
Ho servito a signor crudele, e scarso :
Ch' arsi, quanto 'l mio foco ebbi davante ;
Or vo piangendo il suo cenere sparso.

SONNET LXIII.

I FEEL the well-known gale ; the hills I spy
 So pleasant, whence my fair her being drew,
 Which made these eyes, while heav'n was willing, shew
 Wishful, and gay ; now sad, and never dry.
 O feeble hopes ! O thoughts of vanity !
 Wither'd the grass, the rills of turbid hue ;
 And void, and cheerless is that dwelling too,
 Where I could both have wish'd to live, to die ;
 Hoping its mistress might at length afford
 Some respite to my woes by plaintive sighs,
 And sorrows pour'd from her once-burning eyes.
 I've serv'd a cruel, and ungrateful lord :
 While liv'd my beauteous flame, my heart he fir'd ;
 And o'er its ashes now I weep expir'd.

CANZONE X.

43.

Amor, quando fioria

*Mia spene, e l' guidardon d' ogni mia fede,
Tolta m' è quella, ond' attendea mercede.*

*Ahi dispietata morte, ah! crudel vita :
L' una m' ha posto in doglia,
E mie speranze acerbamente ha spente :
L' altra mi ten quaggiù contra mia voglia ;
E lei, che sen' è gita,
Seguir non posso ; ch' ella nol consente :*

O D E X.

Y^Es, Love, at that propitious time
When hope was in its bloomy prime,
And when I vainly fancied nigh
The meed of all my constancy ;
Then sudden she, of whom I sought
Compassion, from my sight was caught.

O ruthless death ! O life severe !
The one has sunk me deep in care,
And darken'd cruelly my day,
That shone with hope's enliv'ning ray :
The other, adverse to my will,
Doth here on earth detain me still ;

*Ma pur' ognor presente
Nel mezzo del mio cor madonna siede,
E qual' è la mia vita, ella sel vede.*

And interdicts me to pursue
Her, who from all its scenes withdrew :
Yet in my heart resides the fair,
For ever, ever present there ;
Who well perceives the ills that wait
Upon my wretched, mortal state.

SONETTO LXIV.

287.

ITte, rime dolenti, al duro sasso,
Che 'l mio caro tesoro in terra asconde :
Ivi chiamate, chi dal ciel risponde ;
Benchè 'l mortal sia in loco oscuro, e basso.
Ditele ch' i' son già di viver lasso,
Del navigar per queste orribil' onde :
Ma, ricogliendo le sue sparte fronde,
Dietro le vo pur così passo passo.
Sol di lei ragionando viva, e morta,
Anzi pur viva, ed or fatta immortale ;
Acciò che 'l mondo la conosca, ed ame.
Piacciale al mio passar' esser accorta ;
Ch' è presso omai : siami all' incontro ; e quale
Ella è nel cielo, a sè mi tiri, e chiami.

SONNET LXIV.

Go, plaintive verse, to the dull marble go,
 Which hides in earth my treasure from these eyes ;
 There call on her who answers from yon skies,
 Although the mortal part dwells dark and low.
 Of life how I am wearied make her know,
 Of stemming these dread waves that round me rise :
 But, copying all her virtues I so prize,
 Her track I follow, yet my steps^{are} slow.
 I sing of her, living, or dead, alone ;
 (Dead did I say ? She is immortal made !)
 That by the world she should be lov'd, and known.
 O, in my passage hence may she be near,
 To greet my coming that's not long delay'd ;
 And may I hold in heav'n the rank herself hold there !

SONETTO LXV.

294.

*L*asciato hai, Morte, senza sole il mondo
*O*scuro, e freddo ; *A*mor cieco, ed inferme ;
*L*eggiadria ignuda ; le bellezze inerme ;
*M*e sconsolato, ed a me grave pondo ;
*C*ortesia in bando ; ed onestate in fondo :
*D*ogliom' io sol, nè sol' ho da dolerme :
*C*he svelt' hai di virtute il chiaro germe,
*S*pento il primo valor, qual fia il secondo ?
*P*ianger l' aer', e la terra, e 'l mar dovrebbe
L' uman legnaggio ; che senz' ella è quasi
*S*enza fior prato, o senza gemma anello.
*N*on la conobbe il mondo, mentre l' ebbe :
*C*onobbi' io, ch' a pianger qui ramasi ;
E 'l ciel, che del mio pianto or si fa bello.

SONNET LXV.

THOU, Death, hast left this world's dark, cheerless way
 Without a sun : Love blind, and strip'd of arms ;
 Left mirth despoil'd ; beauty bereav'd of charms ;
 And me self-wearied, to myself a prey ;
 Left vanish'd, sunk whate'er was courteous, gay :
 I only weep, yet all must feel alarms :
 If beauty's bud the hand of rapine harms
 It dies, and not a second views the day !
 Let air, earth, ocean weep for human kind ;
 For human kind, depriv'd of Laura, seems
 A flow'rless mead, a ring whose gem is lost
 None knew her worth, while to this orb confin'd,
 Save me her bard, whose sorrow ceaseless streams,
 And heav'n that's made more beauteous at my cost.

SONETTO LXVI.

302.

GLI angeli eletti, e l' anime beate
Cittadine del cielo, il primo giorno
Che madonna passò, le fur' intorno
Piene di maraviglia, e di pietate.
“ Che luce è questa, e qual nova beltate ? ”
Dicean tra lor : “ Perch' abito sì adorno
“ Dal mondo errante a quest' alto soggiorno
“ Non s' à mai in tutta questa etate.”
Ella, contenta aver cangiato albergo,
Si paragona pur coi più perfetti ;
E parte ad or' ad or' si volge a tergo,
Mirando s' io la segue ; e per ch' aspetti :
Ond' io voglie, e pensier tutti al ciel' ergo,
Perch' io l' odo pregar pur, ch' i' m' affretti.

SONNET LXVI.

THE chosen angels, and the spirits blest,
 Celestial tenants, on that glorious day
 My mistress pass'd them, throng'd in bright array
 Around her, with amaze and awe imprest.
 "What splendour, what new beauty stands confest
 "Unto our sight?" among themselves they say:
 "No soul, in this vile age, from sinful clay
 "To our high realms has risen so fair a guest."
 Delighted to have chang'd her mortal state,
 She ranks amid the purest of her kind;
 And ever and anon she looks behind,
 To mark my progress, and my coming wait;
 Now my whole thought, my wish to heav'n I cast;
 'Tis Laura's voice I hear, and hence she bids me haste.

SONETTO LXVII.

304.

*Da' più begli occhi, e dal più chiaro viso,
 Che mai splendesse ; e da' più bei capelli,
 Che facean l' oro, e 'l sol parer men belli ;
 Dal più dolce parlar', e dolce riso ;
 Dalle man, dalle braccia ; che conquiso
 Senza moversi avrian quai più rebelli
 Fur d' amor mai ; da' più bei piedi snelli ;
 Dalla persona fatta in paradiso
 Prendean vita i miei spirti : or n' ha diletto
 Il re celeste, e i suoi alati corrieri ;
 Ed io son qui rimasto ignudo, e cieco.
 Sol' un conforto alle mie pene aspetto ;
 Ch' ella, che vede tutti i miei pensieri,
 M' impetre grazia, eh' i' possa esser seco.*

SONNET LXVII.

THE brightest eyes, the most resplendent face
 That ever shone ; and the most radiant hair,
 With which nor gold, nor sunbeam could compare ;
 The sweetest accent, and a smile all grace ;
 Hands, arms, that would e'en motionless abase
 Those who to love the most rebellious were ;
 Fine, nimble feet ; a form that would appear
 Like that of her, who first did Eden trace :
 These fann'd life's spark—Now heav'n, and all its choir
 Of angel hosts those kindred charms admire ;
 While lone, and darkling I on earth remain :
 Yet is not comfort fled ; she, who can read
 Each secret of my soul, shall intercede ;
 And I her sainted form behold again.

SONETTO LXVIII.

310.

VOLO con l' ali de' pensieri al cielo
Sì spesse volte, che quasi un di loro
Esser mi par, c' hann' ivi il suo tesoro,
Lasciando in terra lo squarciato velo.
Talor mi trema 'l cor d' un dolce gelo
Udendo lei, per ch' io mi discoloro,
Dirmi: "Amico, or t' am' io, ed or t' onoro,
" Perc' hai costumi variati, e 'l pelo."
Menami al suo Signor': allor m' inchino
Pregando umilmente, che consenta
Ch' i' sti' a veder e l' uno, e l' altro volto.
Risponde: " Egli è ben fermo il tuo destino ;
" E per tardar ancor vent' anni, o trenta,
" Parrà a te troppo, e non fia però molto."

SONNET LXVIII.

So often on the wings of thought I fly
 Up to heav'n's blissful seats, that I appear
 As one of those whose treasure is lodg'd there,
 The rent veil of mortality thrown by.
 A pleasing chilness thrills my heart, while I
 Listen her voice, who bids me paleness wear—
 " Ah now, my friend, I love thee, now revere,
 " For chang'd thy face, thy manners !" doth she cry.
 She leads me to her Lord : and then I bow,
 Preferring humble pray'rs he would allow
 That I his glorious face, and hers might see.
 Thus he replies : " Thy destiny's secure ;
 " To stay some twenty, or some ten years more,
 " Is but a little space, though long it seems to thee."

SONETTO LXIX.

313.

*I' vo piangendo i miei passati tempi,
 I quai posi in amar cosa mortale
 Senza levarmi a volo, avend' io l' ale,
 Per dar forse di me non bassi esempi.
 Tu, che vedi i miei mali indegni, ed empi,
 Re del cielo invisibile, immortale ;
 Soccorri all' alma disviata, e frale,
 E 'l suo difetto di tua grazia adempi.
 Sicchè, s' io vissi in guerra, ed in tempesta ;
 Mora in pace, ed in porto: e se la stanza
 Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.
 A quel poco di viver, che m' avanza ;
 Ed al morir, degni esser tua man presta :
 Tu sai ben, che 'n altrui non ho speranza.*

SONNET LXIX.

STILL do I weep the days that are gone by,
 When sublunary things my fondness sway'd,
 And no bold flight, though having wings, I made,
 Haply to give of me examples high.
 Thou, who my impious, foul misdeeds dost spy,
 Dread Lord of heaven immortal, viewless ! aid
 The soul that's frail, that has from duty stray'd ;
 And its defect O let thy grace supply !
 Thus if life's warfare, and its storm I prov'd,
 Peace, and a harbour may in death be mine :
 Though vain my stay, I'll worthily depart.
 For that short period ere I'm hence remov'd,
 And at the last, extend thy hand divine :
 Thou knowst, that thou alone giv'st hope unto my heart.

SONETTO LXX.

317.

*V*AGO augelletto, che cantando vai,
 Oover piangendo il tuo tempo passato
 Vedendoti la notte, e 'l verno a lato,
 E 'l dì dopo le spalle, e i mesi gai;
 Se come i tuoi gravosi affanni sai,
 Così sapessi il mio simile stato;
 Verresti in grembo a questo sconsolato
 A partir seco i dolorosi guai.
I non sò se le parti sarian pai;
 Che quella, cui tu piangi, è forse in vita;
 Di ch' a me morte, e 'l ciel son tanto avari:
 Ma la stagione, e l' ora men gradita,
 Col membrar de' dolci anni, e degli amari,
 A parlar teco con pietà m' invita.

SONNET LXX.

SWEET bird, that singest on thy airy way,
 Or else bewailest pleasures that are past ;
 What time the night draws nigh, and wintry blast ;
 Leaving behind each merry month, and day ;
 O, couldst thou, as thine own, my state survey,
 With the same gloom of misery o'ercast ;
 Unto my bosom thou mightst surely haste,
 And, by partaking, all my griefs allay.
 Yet would thy share of woe not equal mine,
 Since the lov'd mate thou weep'st may haply live ;
 While death, and heav'n, me of my fair deprive :
 But hours less gay, the season's drear decline ;
 With thoughts on many a sad, and pleasant year,
 Tempt me to ask thy piteous presence here.

NOTES.

NOTES

TO THE

SONNETS, AND ODES.

SONNET I.

IN this first Sonnet, which serves as a proem to the Sonnets in general, the classic reader will perceive how closely Horace is copied in the fourth, ninth, and tenth lines of the Italian. See his *Od.* 1. *Lib.* 4. and *Epod.* 11. The Abbé de Sade, author of *Memoires pour la Vie de Petrarque*, remarks, however, that Sonnet VI. *Vergognando talor*, &c. ought perhaps to stand as the first in the collection: for he therein accuses himself of not having yet sung the beauty of his mistress, it may therefore justly be supposed the first Sonnet he wrote upon her.

A translation in old English of the present poem may be found in the same collection of *Songes and Sonnettes* as contain the preceding prefatory Sonnet in black letter; it is entitled: *The lover asketh pardon of his passed folly in love.*

SONNET II.

This stands as the first of the many Sonnets Petrarch composed, to celebrate that memorable day, which gave such colour to his life, when he first saw Laura at the church of St. Claire, in Avignon ; it was on a Monday, April 6, 1327. "Till " then," says he, " I had been guilty of much offence towards " Love, by not sooner submitting to his power ; but he has at " length avenged himself." And to express this, our poet assumes a military metaphor.

SONNET III.

A well-educated lady, named Giustina Levi Perotti of Sassoferrato, daughter of Andrea Perotti of the ancient, and illustrious house of Levi, was enthusiastically fond of poetry ; and this turn having drawn upon her the raillery of some of her friends, she consulted Petrarch in a Sonnet whether he would advise her to indulge it. He answered her by the present Sonnet, which is composed of the same rhymes with that the lady sent. In the twelfth line of the original some few editions have *l'alta via*.

SONNET IV.

Petrarch, it would appear, sometimes amused himself with the sports of the field. Having one day caught a brace of birds, which some contend were woodpigeons, others partridges, in the country near Laura's birth-place, he sent them to a friend, probably James Colonna, the bishop, with the

present Sonnet, which the birds themselves are supposed to speak, although in no living state, as is evident from the eleventh line. This composition is by the Abbé de Sade referred to the year 1331. Tassoni, who is often humorous, as well as severe, in his criticisms on Petrarch, observes with respect to the first eight lines, that, *l'ordine è più sconvolto, e ritorto, che non è la coda del gran diavolo.*

ODE I.

“ In early beauty,” says Petrarch, “ ere you were aware of my passion, and when you endeavoured to render yourself generally pleasing, you then displayed to me all your charms; but now that you know my attachment, you hide with your veil those particular beauties to which I am so partial, your fine hair, and lovely eyes. What else can account for your so constantly wearing that veil; whether the sun requires it, or no; whether it be warm, or cold?” Such is the interpretation of Daniello, Vellutello, and others. He again expresses his hostility towards this veil, in Sonnet XXXII. Tacitus attributes a similar artifice of the veil to Poppea: *Velata parte oris, ne satiaret aspectum, vel quia sic decebat.*

In what high estimation Petrarch was held by the writers, particularly the amatory poets, in the beginning of the 16th century, is evident from their frequent translations, and imitations of his verse. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, two of the most polite scholars, and gentlemen of Henry the eighth's court, are striking instances of this: they copy him continually; and have been justly termed the reformers of our English metre, and style. As a specimen of Lord Surrey's manner, I will give his translation entire of this first *Canzone* of Petrarch, which he entitles:

Complaint that hys Ladie after she knew of hys love, kept her
face alwayes hydden from hym.

I never sawe my ladie laye apart
Her cornet blacke, in colde nor yet in heate,
Sith fyrst she knew my grieve was growen so greate,
Whyche other fansies dryveth from my harte,
That to myselfe I do the thought reserve,
The whyche unwares dyd wound my woful brest,
But on her face mine eies mought never rest:
Yet synce I knew I dyd her love and serve,
Her golden tresses cladde allway with blacke ;
Her smyleying lookes that had thus evermore,
And that restraynes which I desire so sore :
So doth this cornet governe mee, alacke!
In somer sunne, in winter's breathe, a frost
Wherebye the lyghte of her fayre lookes I lost.

SONNET V.

Petrarch is supposed to have written this Sonnet during the year 1331. In the seventh line he takes occasion to mention, as he does in other parts of his poems, the very garment, and its colour, which Laura had on the first day he saw her. Tassoni calls those sighs of Laura in her old-age, mentioned in the last line: *Il soccorso di Pisa, che arrivò quaranta giorni dopo ch' ella fu presa.*

SONNET VI.

See the note to Sonnet I. The metaphor taken up in the fifth line is evidently in imitation of Horace.

*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
Viribus: et versate diu, qui ferre recusant
Quid valeant humeri.*

HORAT. De Arte poetica.

SONNET VII.

This Sonnet, Castelvetro observes, is grounded upon the Platonic philosophy. The soul of the lover is said to reside in the beloved object, not in the lover's self: if then the beloved object despises that soul, and drives it away; as it cannot exist out of the human frame, and will not reside with any other than the beloved object, it must of necessity die. "What rhetoric belongs to enamoured poets of high genius!" exclaims La Ceva: "Few like Petrarch could express with perspicuity, and poetic dignity, the many subtle ideas which these lines contain." And to transfuse them into another language is scarcely practicable.

ODE II.

The second line of this *Canzone* I have not translated; the exception it affects seems little pertinent, and meant only to introduce scriptural quotation, which we shall find our bard frequently aimed at. See the royal Psalter, *Psalm* 104. *ver.* 20—23. By the *amorosa selva*, in the fifth stanza, Petrarch has in view the *nemus umbriferum* of Virgil, where Dido again met her husband Sichæus. See *Æncid.* 6. *ver.* 472. The sixth stanza, wherein the story of Phœbus and Daphne is evidently alluded to, has been adduced by the Abbé de Sade, in his *Memoires*, as a proof, among many others, that our poet's pas-

sion for Laura was of a more sensual nature than has generally been supposed.

SONNET VIII.

This Sonnet is supposed to have been written during a dangerous illness that befel Laura, from a disorder then prevalent at Avignon, occasioned by the extreme drought of the season; at which time she appeared to Petrarch as a vision in his sleep. Lucifer, or the morning star, and Callisto, or the greater bear, are the only stars that are brightened by the rising sun; all the other stars grow dim, and disappear. See the metamorphosis of Callisto in Ilyginus, *Iab.* 184.

SONNET IX.

Petrarch had planted a laurel by the side of a stream, to which Laura in her walks frequently resorted; and he implores Apollo to protect it. Our Poet affected a partiality for the laurel, by reason of its coincidence with the name of his mistress Laura; and he presumes that Apollo entertained the same partiality, by reason of his beloved Daphne being transformed into that tree, on the banks of the river Peneus. This will sufficiently explain the Sonnet, and its *concetti* which are almost untranslatable.

SONNET X.

It is uncertain at what period, or upon what occasion, Petrarch composed this Sonnet; it may perhaps be referred to

the year 1334, as it seems to be written in the same frame of mind with other poems he composed in that year.

SONNET XI.

This is one of the most sportive of Petrarch's Sonnets. He complains that Laura by frequent contemplation of her beauty in the looking-glass, which he calls his rival, grows too fond of herself, and neglects him. "If," says he to her, "I could but fix my image in that glass, you would not regard yourself alone; you would of necessity regard me also, Remember the lot of Narcissus, who for self-admiration was transformed into a flower; yet, were you so transformed, in what soil sufficiently worthy could you grow?"

SONNET XII.

This Sonnet is supposed to have been written 1336, about the same time with *Canzone* IV. Petrarch here accuses his tongue, his tears, and his sighs of not doing him the same justice, in the declaration of his passion, as his countenance does him. Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder has translated this Sonnet, entitling it: *Against his tong that failed to utter his suites.*

ODE III.

Petrarch here complains of the wretchedness of his condition, by comparing it with that of a pilgrim (an aged, and female one too, whose wanderings must be most painful), a labouring peasant, a shepherd, and a sailor; they have all

their repose, but his passion allows him none. The perpetual allusions to Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, in his choice of imagery, it is needless to point out to the classic reader. The fourth Italian stanza would perhaps inform us, that this Ode was composed about the year 1337, nearly ten years (*ben presso al decim' anno*) after he first saw Laura. The end of the fifth stanza alludes to the different opinions maintained by the Peripateticks, and Platonists, respecting the soul when freed from our mortal body ; the former supposed, that it was then no longer influenced by the passions ; the latter believed the contrary, hence Virgil, *Æneid.* 6. *ver.* 444. *Cura non ipsa in morte relinquunt.* And, from the conclusion, Castelvetro, with Daniello would infer, that it was written in the space of a day ; which, observes Tassoni, is probable enough : the poet therefore recommends to his Ode, that, for want of due polish, it should not obtrude itself on the public, but be content like himself with seclusion.

ODE IV.

Propertius expresses a like sentiment to that contained in the conclusion of this *Canzone*.

Laus in amore mori.

PROPERT. Eleg. 1. Lib. 2.

ODE V.

This is the first of three successive *Canzoni*, the most celebrated of all Petrarch's poetical compositions, written at Vaucluse, about the year 1339. They are addressed to the eyes of his mistress ; and have acquired the appellations of " the

three Sisters," " the three Graces," " the three Divinities." All Italy entertains for them, even at this day, the most enthusiastic admiration. The Abbé Salvini calls them " perfect Venuses, which the most fastidious critic cannot find the " smallest fault with." Sebastian Erizzo, who has explained them, says, that they abound with sublime thoughts, and are decorated with every poetical ornament. Even the severe Tassoni denominates them " the Queens of song," affirming, that they might alone entitle their author to the laurel crown. And Muratori insists, that every reader of taste must allow, that Italian poetry can boast of nothing more exquisite. The Abbé de Sade, however, does not find them wholly void of defects.

SONNET XIII.

This Sonnet, though it may not perhaps rank among the highest of poetic excellence, is yet valuable, as it informs us, that our poet had employed Simon Memmi of Siena, a celebrated artist of that day, to paint Laura's picture : and it is preceded by another to the same purpose. Vasari remarks upon these two Sonnets, that Simon would be more obliged to them for future fame than to all the pictures he ever painted ; the former might be transmitted to latest posterity, time must inevitably destroy the latter.

SONNET XIV.

Petrarch evidently wrote these lines when Laura was no longer in her bloom, and, as is supposed, about the year 1342. His description of her charms is perhaps imitated from Virgil, *Æneid*. 1. *ver.* 406. Some pretend, that a noble friend of

our poet's, desirous of seeing such a miracle of beauty, expressed, on being introduced to her, much disappointment ; on which occasion Petrarch presented him this Sonnet. In the concluding line we trace the old Latin proverb :

Gladius retusus non sanat vulnus.

SONNET XV.

Cino of Pistoia was an eminent civilian, who read lectures at Bologna, where Petrarch, when young, studied under him ; he was also an elegant poet, which endeared him to his pupil, who thus laments his loss. The citizens of Pistoia are called perverse, for some neglect towards so celebrated a character.

The turn of this Sonnet is not unlike that of the third *Carmen* of Catullus :

Lugete, ó Veneres, Cupidinesque.

SONNET XVI.

Tassoni accuses Petrarch of having stolen this Sonnet from Antonio di Beccari, a poet of Ferrara ; and he quotes Beccari's Sonnet, which certainly has a strong resemblance. The Abbé de Sade supposes, that our bard had in the present corrected the Sonnet of his friend Beccari. It was perhaps written in the year 1344. As Cesar disguised his joy by tears, so Hannibal concealed his grief by laughter. Petrarch alludes to these two circumstances, as related the one by Lucan, and the other by Livy. See Lucan, *Lib.* 9. *ver.* 1035, where he describes Cesar's behaviour, on receiving Pompey's head from Ptolemy Dionysius, Egypt's traitor. See also Livy, *Lib.*

10. *decad.* 3. where the vanquished Hannibal affected laughter, amidst his weeping Carthaginians, when they reluctantly paid the heavy fine imposed upon them, as the purchase of peace. A translation of this Sonnet in old English is found in Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. 1. by Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, who entitles it, in his works : *Of others' fained sorrow, and the lover's fained mirth.*

SONNET XVII.

This is one of the Sonnets, in which our poet inveighs against the profligacy of the court of Avignon, designating it by the appellation of Babylon; it is not however one of those condemned by Papal power, and suppressed in some editions of his works. We may perhaps date it about the year 1343. The last *terzetto* has a reference to his mistress Laura; and his friend Stephen Colonna, who was driven from Rome by the Orsini faction, and consequently insecure in his station. Some pretend that a fit of the gout, which the Cardinal laboured under, is here alluded to.

SONNET XVIII.

Petrarch taking leave of Laura, previous to his departure from Avignon, in 1345, she became sensibly affected, and turned pale. The subject of the present is best explained by the note to Sonnet XXVII. *Po, ben puo' tu, &c.*

ODE VI.

This much admired *Canzone* is always accompanied with another, which succeeds it : *Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque, &c.*

and of which a most elegant free translation, in the same measure with the present, is found among the Poems of the late Sir William Jones. Gravina calls these *Canzoni* "The two pretty Sisters." They both turn upon the same subject, the rural scenery that witnessed the tender intercourse of Petrarch and Laura. They were both written probably in the year 1344. Commentators have been unnecessarily divided respecting the locality of the country alluded to. Supposing, as the Italians generally do, that Laura lived at Cabrières, and that Petrarch fixed his residence at Vacluse, for the sake of being near, and gaining opportunities of seeing her, the scene must then of course lie between these two places, on the banks of the Sorga: Voltaire indeed, who translated the second of these pieces, makes it addressed to the Fountain of Vacluse; whereas Vellutello, Tassoni, and others assert, perhaps erroneously, that the present *Canzone* was composed on the banks of the Coulon, a muddy stream about a mile distant from Cabrières, where the country is not very inviting; and the second only on the banks of the Sorga.

SONNET XIX.

Petrarch affects a scriptural quotation, so frequent with him, in the beginning of this Sonnet. "He hath bent his bow, and set me as a mark for the arrow." Prophet Jeremiah, *Lament. Ch. 3. ver. 12*. And he then relates his wretchedness under four different similitudes. In the last line, the play upon his mistress's name, as *L'aura* (the gale) cannot escape the Italian reader.

SONNET XX.

It was probably written in the year 1346, when Petrarch's mind was more particularly distracted with the hopes and fears of his passion. The chain of antithesis it contains would remind us of the 8th *Basium* of Bonefonius: *Salve melque meum; atque amaritudo*, &c. We may be also led to fancy, that we can trace in it the following stanza, which begins a little poem composed by our royal Elizabeth, "upon Mount Zeurs departure." (Ashmol. Mus. MSS. 6969—781—p. 142.)

I greeve yet dare not shewe my discontent,
 I love and yet am forst to seeme to hate,
 I doe yet dare not say I ever meant,
 I seeme starke mute but inwardly doe prate,
 I am and not, I freeze and yet am burn'd,
 Since from myself my other selfe I turn'd.

That the higher ranks of Queen Elizabeth's day were conversant with Petrarch is evident from this very Sonnet, with others of his, being found faithfully translated into old English in Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. 1. among which is the present by Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, in whose collection of poems it is entitled: *Description of the contrarious passions of a lover*.

SONNET XXI.

This Sonnet, a translation of which is found in Harrington's *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. 1. was written on the same grounds as Sonnet XVII. It stands the first of those three condemned by the court of Rome, and suppressed in all the then printed editions of Petrarch's poetry; they have consequently found

but few translators, or commentators. "A dieu ne plaise que j'entreprenne de les traduire!" squeamishly exclaims the Abbé de Sade. Some ridiculously enough pretend, that this poetical invective was meant against a noble lady of the house of Medici, for whom our bard had reason to entertain an aversion: others affirm, it was against the wife of Marco Brusco a Provencal poet, who was herself a poetess, it is said, and the rival of Petrarch. In the seventh line of the present we may trace the first of Sonnet III. Among the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder we find a translation of the present piece.

ODE VII.

The Abbé de Sade would refer this *Canzone* to the year 1346, when Petrarch vainly fancied that Laura gave some encouragement to his passion. But Vellutello would refer it to the year 1344, when he was graciously received by her, on his return from Italy, making the visit he promises himself in Sonnet XXIX. I cannot forbear giving the Italian reader a specimen of Tassoni's mirthful criticism, in his remark on the first two lines of this poem: *Quel farsi men duro il riso, è qualità più convenevole al riso, che si cuoce per minestra, che non è quello, che si fa colla bocca.* The measure, and arrangement of the rhymes, in this translation, are exactly conformable to those of the original.

SONNET XXII.

From the present Sonnet we may conjecture, that Laura was a dark-eyed beauty. The conceit of Cupid making her eyes his armoury, there finishing his golden arrows, is elegant;

and his picture of the little deity truly classical. To the bard, who could so paint him, may be applied those lines of Propertius, *Eleg. 4. Lib. 2.*

*Quicumque ille fuit puerum qui pinxit Amorem,
Nonne putas miras hunc habuisse manus ?*

The three last lines rather betray a vain glory.

SONNET XXIII.

Commentators tell us, that Petrarch composed this Sonnet in 1346, on seeing Laura lament the loss of either one of her parents, or of some friend : Ermessenda her mother, and Paul de Sade her father-in-law, I believe, both died that year. The ingenious Dr. Burney, in his *History of Musick, Vol. 2. page 334*, adduces this, with other passages from Petrarch's poems, to prove that Laura was conversant with musick : her bard, we know, cultivated that science ; for he bequeaths his " good lute to Master Thomas Bombasio of Ferrara, that he might sound it, not for the vanity of a fleeting age, but to the praise and glory of the eternal God."

SONNET XXIV.

The Platonists, and some other philosophers, pretended that in heaven were kept the ideas, or models of every animal, and of all created beings ; to which opinion the beginning of our Sonnet alludes. By the chiefest of ~~human~~ virtues is meant chastity, which precluded all pretension to the indulgence of passion. And in the conclusion of the Sonnet we evidently trace Horace, *Ode 22. Book 1.*

*Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.*

SONNET XXV.

This Sonnet points out the custom, which the ladies of Avignon still observe, of bathing in the Rhone during the warm summer months: it was perhaps written in those months of the year 1348, and proves that Laura then dwelt at Avignon. Some commentators pretend that the Sorga, others that the Lumergue, or the Coulon, both running near Cabrières, is the *puro fiume* alluded to; but the two last are certainly only poor muddy streams.

SONNET XXVI.

The Power of Love is intended in the eighth line; and similar to the last line is the idea of our amorous English poet, Sedley:

Cupid that lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

With the same thought too Samuel Daniel concludes his first Sonnet:

Who can shew all his love, doth love but lightly.

SONNET XXVII.

Petrarch wrote the present Sonnet in the spring of 1345, after taking that tender farewell of Laura to which he alludes in that beautiful one, *Quel vago impallidir*, &c. when he quitted Avignon, intending to pass the remainder of his days in Italy. We are told he embarked on the Po at Parma, to go to Verona; in which case, *cornio*, in the 12th line, is a most happy expression; it being a horned, or bent branch of that river which joins those towns. The Po running from west to east,

it of course quits the westward situation of Avignon, the residence of the bright Laura, to meet the rising sun.

SONNET XXVIII.

Tassoni highly extols this Sonnet, as a masterly composition; and the Abbé de Sade adduces it, as authentically designating one of the gay suits of Laura's apparel, which, from the sixth line, it would seem she then chose to have put on for the first time.

SONNET XXIX.

Petrarch is supposed to have written it in the year 1344, approaching Avignon, on his return from Italy. In this journey he had a fall from his horse, which greatly endangered him. In the fourth line a conceit is intended: Laura (*I'aura*, the gale) occasioned Petrarch both grief, and renown; by his unfortunate passion, and by his celebrated verse.

SONNET XXX.

Petrarch, herein, alludes to that period of time when he first knew Laura, and that she was yet a young married woman, having scarce left off her girlish attire, but still wearing her hair in a negligent unornamented style: whereas now, says he, she wears it less exposed, covered, and adorned with rich head-dresses, as is usual in womanhood. *Altri*, in the fifth line, implies her husband.

SONNET XXXI.

The lovely Laura combing and adjusting her beautiful tresses, is designated by the gale sporting with them ; and, as it were, performing the office of her fingers. By twofold, in the tenth line, our poet alludes to the brightness both of the eyes, and hair of his mistress.

SONNET XXXII.

Petrarch in the present Sonnet lays aside his usual querulous tone, and assumes that of sportive gallantry. Laura, being at a public assembly, dropt her glove, which Petrarch, ever attentive to her, picked up, and would fain have detained; she however with some vivacity took it from him, though he reluctantly resigned it: and upon this subject he composed three successive Sonnets, of which this is the first. Our poet in the second obscure line, which I have rendered verbatim, perhaps only meant to give the literal of a familiar figurative expression: "my life is in your hands, you are the mistress and arbiter of my fate." By the *cinque perle*, in the fifth line, some imagine that the nails of his mistress's beautiful fingers are intended; but this is construing too refinedly, in my opinion. A reference to the first *Canzone* will perhaps best explain the twelfth line.

SONNET XXXIII.

It was written 1346, when Laura, on some occasion, doubted her Poet's passion. The two last lines have been usually quoted, with what propriety I cannot see, in the notes to Gray's *Elegy*, as giving the hint of the following stanza in it:

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

Our poet, I believe, meant to say, that the warmth, and genius of his verse, when he and his mistress were no more, would inspire many a future lover.

SONNET XXXIV.

Our poet in the eight line evidently had his eye upon Ovid :

Elige cui dicas, tu mihi sola places.

OVID. De Arte Amandi. Lib. 1.

SONNET XXXV.

This Sonnet was written in the year 1345, between Lyons and Avignon, riding by the side of the Rhone ; and he erroneously makes this river derive its name from the Latin, or Italian, *rodere* ; though Pliny, and some others derive it from Rhoda, a city of Spain, whose inhabitants once peopled its banks ; but it is perhaps more properly derived from the Celtic *rhedeg*, to flow rapidly, according to Father Pezron. In like manner Horace speaks of the Liris eating its way :

*Non rura, quæ Liris quietâ
 Mordet aquâ taciturnus amnis.*

HOR. Od. 31. Lib. 1.

By the plain, in the seventh line, is intended the country about Avignon, where Laura then dwelt. And in the last line the original is literally scriptural. See ST. MARK. Chap. 14. ver. 38.

SONNET XXXVI.

It appears from one of his Epistles, written 1342, that Petrarch lost the freshness of youth at an early period of life; owing, as he says, to the perpetual discord between his soul and his body. One of his friends remarking, that such a change could be no other than the effect of sorcery, the poet replied to him in the present Sonnet.

SONNET XXXVII.

In Petrarch's day, the fine ladies literally rose with the sun; and it would appear from this, as well as from a variety of other Sonnets, that our bard was accustomed to take his early morning-walk near Laura's habitation, to gain a sight of her at her window. Aurora is alluded to in the fifth line, who was wedded to Tithonus, a beautiful youth, for whom she obtained immortality, but whom she could not exempt from old-age; the gods therefore in compassion transformed him to a grasshopper.

SONNET XXXVIII.

It would seem probable, that Laura wore her hair, as might be the custom of those days, flowing over either shoulder. Lips, and teeth are here poetically denominated roses, and pearls. In the ninth line, allusion is made to the Pythagorean doctrine of the musick of the spheres.

SONNET XXXIX.

In the beginning of this Sonnet the poet evidently had his eye upon Virgil.

*Tum sol pallentes haud unquam discutit umbras ;
Nec cum invecus equis altum petit æthera ; nec cum
Præcipitem oceani rubro lavit æquore currum.*

VIRG. Georg. 3.

SONNET XL.

It is pretty closely translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, he names it : *Charging of his love as unpitious, and loving other*. Samuel Daniel too had an eye to it in his fifteenth Sonnet to Delia. In the eighth line we readily trace Horace :

Nec tinctus violâ pallor amantium.

HOR. Od. 10. Lib. 3.

SONNET XLI.

Sir William Jones, in the preface to his poetical Translations from the Asiatic languages, observes thus : “ Some
“ of the Persian songs have a striking resemblance to the
“ Sonnets of Petrarch ; and even the form of those little
“ amatory poems was, I believe, brought into Europe by the
“ Arabians ; one would almost imagine the following lines
“ to be translated from the Persian,

“ Aura, che quelle chiome bionde, e cresse, &c.”

ODE VIII.

Some pretend, that Petrarch wrote this *Canzone* as he was passing the river Durance, which he designates, in the last

stanza, by the expression *dure onde*, and that he meant to send it to Laura, on the next day, at Avignon. The fourth line of the first stanza, and the same of the fifth stanza, are almost literally Virgil's :

Quam multa in sylvis avium se millia condunt.

GEORG. 4. ver. 473.

—— *tacitæ per amica silentia lunæ.*

ÆNEID. 2. ver. 255.

On the sixth stanza the Abbé de Sade has bestowed a similar comment to that on the same stanza of Ode II. to which the reader may refer.

SONNET XLII.

This Sonnet was written on the same occasion as the eighteenth. Herein Petrarch describes the agitation of his mind after parting from Laura, possessed with the idea that some misfortune would happen to her.

SONNET XLIII.

By *fango*, in the eleventh line, is meant the licentious city of Avignon, where his valued Laura dwelt. As the three last lines in the original are so very obscure, and have been so variously interpreted, I only give the general idea, that fortune, in some one particular instance, was less unkind to our bard. Many pretend that he alludes to a reconciliation with his mistress, when she cordially took him by the hand ; others, that she favourably received from him some

poetry he had written her. But, as the Abbé de Sade observes, the reader must form his own conjecture.

SONNET XLIV.

This is the first of the Sonnets of Petrarch's second Book ; and the succeeding Sonnets, and Odes are from the same. All the poems of that book were written after Laura's death, and most of them may be considered as so many elegies on the subject.

ODE IX.

A manuscript copy of this *Canzone* is said to have been found in Petrarch's own hand writing, wherein he begins it thus :

*Amor in pianto ogni mio riso è volto,
Ogn' allegrezza in doglia,
Ed è oscurato il sole a gli occhi miei ;
Ogni dolce pensier del cor m' è tolto,
E sol ivi una doglia
Rimasa m' è di finir gli anni rei,
E di seguir colei,
La qual di què vedere omai non spero.*

He had written in the margin at top : “ *Non sat triste principium.*” and below : “ *Ne quid ultra.*” After which, it is presumed, he altered the first stanza as it now stands. Our poet's allusions to the doctrines of Platonism cannot escape the intelligent reader, particularly in the fourth stanza, wherein he speaks of the soul as *l'invisibil forma*. His address in the last line: *Vedova sconsolata*, &c. is quite appropriate, the word *Canzone* being feminine. Upon the whole, the present

poem would remind us of that reasoning on suicide, which our Shakspeare holds in the celebrated soliloquy of his Hamlet : " To be, or not to be, &c." This one almost verbal version, in blank verse, may serve to give the English reader a more immediate idea of the diction, and phrase of the Tuscan bard : his inimitable expression cannot be rendered in any translation,

SONNET XLV.

It was written on the deaths of Cardinal Colonna, and of Laura; which explains the *concetti* intended in the first line of the original. These esteemed personages died within three months of each other of the plague, which so ravaged Europe in the year 1348.

Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder has imitated it under the title of: *The lover laments the death of his love.*

SONNET XLVI.

Curious, and interesting is the present Sonnet, in as much as it informs us of a circumstance in Petrarch's life, less touched upon than any other by his biographers, namely, that, after the decease of his beloved Laura, he had nearly engaged in a new amour, which was only interrupted by the death of its fair object. Petrarch first saw Laura 1327. She died 1348, which explains the second line.

SONNET XLVII.

Parallel passages to the beginning of this Sonnet may be found in many of the ancient poets ; for instance, in Horace,

Lib. 2. Od. 4. ver. 1. in Ovid, *Amorum, Lib. 1. Eleg. 8. ver. 49.* in Virgil, *Georg. Lib. 3. ver. 66.* The port he alludes to, in the twelfth line, is either old-age, or the grave, both of which extinguish the turbulent passions. And the lights, in the last line, may either imply his mistress Laura, and his friend Colonna, or the eyes of Laura only.

SONNET XLVIII.

Written, I will presume, at Vacluse in the year 1352. It is supposed to be one of those tributary compositions to the memory of his mistress, which, we are told, Petrarch delighted to make at the return of spring. See the note to Sonnet II.

SONNET XLIX.

This present, similar in subject to the preceding Sonnet, was evidently composed at Vacluse.

SONNET L.

Tassoni says, this Sonnet may rank among those of the very first class. Fondly enthusiastick was the imagination of Petrarch, who fancied that his beloved friend and mistress visited him after death, to warn him against the evils of this life, and prepare him for eternity.

SONNET LI.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that Aurora is alluded to in the sixth line. See the note to Sonnet XXXVII.

SONNET LII.

The last line of the original exhibits one of our bard's favourite scriptural quotations: "My harp also is turned to mourning." *JOB, Chap. xxx. ver. 31.*

SONNET LIII.

The present Sonnet would seem modelled after the following lines from Statius, *Lib. 2. Sylv. 1.*

*O ubi purpureo suffusus sanguine candor,
Sydereique orbes, radiataque lumina cælo,
Et castigatæ collecta modestia frontis,
Ingenuique super crines, mollisque decoræ
Margo comæ, blandis ubinam ora arguta querelis,
Osculaque impliciti vernos redolentia flores?*

SONNET LIV.

It is highly extolled by La Ceva, for its skilful management in the introduction of those objects which excite Petrarch's envy, namely, earth, heaven, the blessed spirits above, and lastly death itself.

SONNET LV.

This Sonnet would appear to have been written near Vaucluse; the spot discovering a view of the country round, and its different interesting objects, the vale in which Avignon was situate, the road to it, the river Sorga, and some adjacent hill.

SONNET LVI.

La Ceva bestows the most enthusiastic encomium on the present Sonnet: the conclusion, says he, is of a celestial cast; *ha un nonso che di celeste*. Yet he with great propriety criticises it, for having improperly blended the christian with the pagan mythology. In the beginning our poet places Laura in the third heaven, or sphere of Venus, according to the Platonists; and, in the first *terzetto*, he makes her speak as a christian, of the resurrection of the body.

SONNET LVII.

The three last lines of this Sonnet have undergone much fanciful, and far-fetched interpretation; but I believe the simple idea Petrarch wished to express is, that the departure of Laura had caused all his days to become gloomy as that power (Death) which occasioned it. And he concludes with observing, that we all have from our birth our particular destinies allotted us.

SONNET LVIII.

The meaning intended by Petrarch in the last lines is very obscure. Whether he alludes to any unfortunate circumstance in Laura's own family, or to the vicious manners of the inhabitants of the place in general, has been doubted. Perhaps he may refer to something temporary, of which we can have no knowledge.

SONNET LIX.

This beautiful Sonnet, wherein Petrarch seems to have had an eye to the beginning of the first book of Lucretius, was most probably written at Vacluse, 1353, on the same occasion with Sonnets II. XLVIII. XLIX. with some others; and, as a critick observes, it seems to have been the germ of Metastasio's charming description of spring :

*Gia riede primavera
Col suo fiorito aspetto, &c.*

Love and mirth are the keys alluded to in the eleventh line, says Castelvetro.

Drummond of Hawthornden, whose exquisite little poems are all studded over with the gems of Petrarch, has very happily imitated, or rather played upon the present Sonnet, in one of his, which begins with :

Sweet spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train, &c.

He never, like some of the early English poets, translated any piece from Petrarch entire; but rather kept him in view.

SONNET LX.

Evidently written in the spring, when every circumstance of the season brought to Petrarch's recollection his beloved Laura, and the memorable sixth of April when he first beheld her. Virgil will here readily occur to the classic reader.

*Qualis populeæ mærens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amisos queritur factus, quos durus arator*

*Obscuro nido implumes, detraxit ; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, et mæstis late loca questibus implet.*

VIRG. Georg. 4. ver. 511.

The last line expresses a correspondent sentiment with that of Sonnet I.

Che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.

SONNET LXI.

Our poet here tells us, that nothing delightful either to sight, or hearing, and he enumerates some images perhaps the most grateful to those senses in himself, can henceforth afford pleasure, since Laura is no more.

SONNET LXII.

Petrarch laments that, having arrived at an age when he might have held a friendly and unimpassioned intercourse with Laura, death should deprive him of such innocent enjoyment, by snatching her away. The decline of life our poet describes in three different metaphors, that of a plant ceasing to flourish ; that of flame extinguishing itself ; and that of an arch, meaning the arch of life, whose highest point may be supposed to mark about the age of forty. The following passage from Horace applies to our subject.

*Fuge suspicari,
Cujus octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere lustrum.*

HOR. Od. 4. Lib. 2.

SONNET LXIII.

It is supposed to have been written on Petrarch's return from Italy to Vacluse, when he perhaps necessarily passed near Laura's birth-place, which must have occasioned him much tender and sorrowful reflection. He begins it with that play upon his mistress's name, *L'aura* (the gale) he so frequently affects even in his serious strain. Love is alluded to in the twelfth line.

ODE X.

This little simple Ballad, which needs no comment, has however obtained the following from the ludicrous Tassoni: "Our poet had foolishly flattered himself, that in his old age he should sit with Laura by the fire-side, roasting chestnuts, and telling her his love-stories; but he must still honourably remain as he is, composing amorous ditties, which may possibly acquire him some small reputation."

SONNET LXIV.

The metaphor assumed in the seventh line of the present Sonnet is scarcely translatable into our language: it would seem taken from Virgil, alluding to the Sybil's leaves.

Foliis tantum ne carmina manda;

Ne turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis.

VIRG. *Æneid.* 6. *ver.* 74.

Of the last *terzetto* the sense, rather than a close translation, is given. According to Castelvetro, it alludes to a re-

ceived opinion, that, in our passage to another world, we are assisted, and defended from the assaults of the devil, by the intervention of some blessed spirit, perhaps once dear to us in this life, and then of acknowledged sanctity.

SONNET LXV.

In the eighth line Petrarch seems to have a reference to the golden branch of Virgil's tree.

——— *Primo avulso, non deficit alter*
Aurcus, et simili frondescit virga metallo.

VIRG. *Æneid.* 6. ver. 144.

SONNET LXVI.

This Sonnet is by some commentators denominated the Apotheosis of Laura.

SONNET LXVII.

Tassoni observes, that a number of very familiar images are here introduced in a new and pleasing manner. Castelvetro interprets the word *snelli*, in the seventh line, as applied to feet, "active in avoiding the snares of love:" but this is certainly a very far-fetched construction. I conceive the poet merely meant to express the beauty of Laura's feet, by saying, that they were like those of her who was first created in paradise, meaning Eve, consequently the model of human perfection.

SONNET LXVIII.

The sentiment of tenderness, and affection, even beyond the grave, which prevails throughout this Sonnet, is exquisite, and beautiful. The third line exhibits another instance of our poet's love of scriptural allusion; it has a reference to the 6th *Chap.* of St. MATHEW, 20th *Verse*. "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, &c."

SONNET LXIX.

It is purely of a religious cast; and is one of the few of our poet that does not immediately point at love, and Laura. He repents of having so misapplied in his youth the talents with which he was gifted, craving pardon for the same, and assistance from heaven.

SONNET LXX.

This is the last of all Petrarch's Sonnets, according to their order. Drummond of Hawthornden, has imitated it in part very prettily, beginning thus :

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care, &c.

TAVOLA

De' SONETTI, e CANZONI.

I caratteri Romani mostrano i Canzoni.

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<i>Amor, quando fioria.</i>	208
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<i>A piè de' colli, ove la bella vesta.</i>	8
<i>Apollo; s' ancor vive il bel desio.</i>	26
<i>A qualunque animale alberga in terra.</i>	18
<i>Aura, che quelle chiome bionde, e crespe.</i>	138
<i>Cercato ho sempre solitaria vita.</i>	150
<i>Cesare, poi che 'l traditor d' Egitto.</i>	72
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<i>Dell' empia Babilonia, ond' è fuggita.</i>	74
<i>Di tempo in tempo mi si fa men dura.</i>	98
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<i>Gli occhi di ch' io parlai si caldamente.</i>	184
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<i>Il mio avversario; in cui veder solcte.</i>	30
<i>In qual parte del ciel', in quale idea.</i>	104
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<i>Lasso, ch' i' ardo, ed altri non me 'l crede.</i>	122
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THE END.

ERRATA.

- Page 26. Line 2. For *Thessalice* read *Thessaliche*.
104. — 2. Place the comma that is after *onde* before.
108. — 11. For *Amor* read *amor*.
109. — 8. For *Pow'r* read *pow'r*.
124. — 12. After *fortuna* put a comma, and another after *nemica*
182. — 6. For *tesoru* read *tesoro*.
196. — 1. Dele comma after *ANIMA*.
255. — 7. Put a comma after *speak*.

