

SONNETS AND  
BALLATE OF  
GUIDO  
CAVALCANTI

Translated by EZRA POUND

We have had many translations of the *Divina Commedia*, a few of the *Vita Nuova*. Rossetti has translated a miscellany of "Early Italian Poets," but in these "Sonnets and Ballate" of Guido Cavalcanti we have a new thing, the endeavour to present a 13th century Tuscan poet, other than Dante, as an individual. More than one Italian critic of authority has considered Cavalcanti second to Dante alone in their literature. Dante places him first among his forerunners.

STEPHEN SWIFT

SONNETS AND  
BALLATE OF  
GUIDO  
CAVALCANTI

R I P O S T E S O F  
E Z R A P O U N D

-----  
A SHORT VOLUME  
OF  
ORIGINAL VERSE

*IN PREPARATION*

SONNETS AND  
BALLATE OF  
GUIDO  
CAVALCANTI

WITH TRANSLATIONS  
OF THEM AND AN  
INTRODUCTION BY  
EZRA POUND



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**I have owned service to the deathless dead,  
Grudge not the gold I bear in livery.**

AS MUCH OF THIS BOOK AS IS MINE

I SEND TO MY FRIENDS

VIOLET AND FORD MADDOX HUEFFER



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	I
SONNETS	16
MADRIGALE	86
BALLATE	90



**O** *H, dissi lui, non sei tu Oderisi,  
L' onor d' Agobbio, e l' onor di quell' arte  
Ch' alluminare è chiamata in Parisi ?*

**F** *RATE, diss' egli, più ridon le carte,  
Che pennelleggia Franco Bolognese :  
L' onore è tutto or suo, e mio in parte.*

**B** *EN non sare' io stato sì cortese  
Mentre ch' io vissi, per lo gran disio  
Dell' eccellenza, ove mio core intese.*

**D** *I tal superbia qui si paga 'l fio :  
Ed ancor non sarei qui, se non fosse,  
Che, possendo pèccar, mi volsi a Dio.*

**O** *VANAGLORIA dell' umane posse,  
Com' poco verde su la cima dura,  
Se non è giunta dall' etati grosse !*

**C** *REDETTE Cimabue nella pittura  
Tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido,  
Sì che la fama di colui oscura.*

**C** *OSÌ ha tolto l' uno all' altro Guido  
La gloria della lingua : e forse è nato  
Chi l' uno e l' altro cacerà di nido.*

**N** *ON è il mondan romore altro ch' un fiato  
Di vento, ch' or vien quinci ed or vien  
quindi,  
E muta nome, perchè muta lato.*

# GUIDO CAVALCANTI

## INTRODUCTION

“ Cimabue thought that in portraiture  
He held the field ; now Giotto hath the cry  
And all the former fame is turned obscure ;  
Thus hath one Guido from the other reft  
The glory of our tongue, and there's perchance  
One born who shall un-nest both him and him.”

Even the qualification in the last line of this speech which Oderesi, honour of Agobbio, illuminator of fair pages, makes to Dante in the terrace for the purgation of Pride, must be balanced by Dante's reply to Guido's father among the burning tombs (*Inferno*, x.) [*sic*].

Cavalcante di Cavalcanti :

“ If by the height of genius thou dost go  
Through this blind prison house ; where is my  
son ?  
Why is he not with thee ?

Dante :

“ I come not of myself,  
 But he, who awaiteth there (*i.e.* Virgil), doth  
 lead me through.”

After these passages from the *Commedia* there should be small need of my writing introductions to the poems of Guido Cavalcanti, for if he is not among the major prophets, he has at least his place in the canon, in the second book of *The Arts*, with Sappho and Theocritus and all those who have sung, not all the modes of life, but some of them, unsurpassedly, those who in their chosen or fated field have bowed to no one.

It is conceivable that poetry of a far-off time or place requires a translation not only of word and of spirit, but of “ accompaniment,” that is, that the modern audience must in some measure be made aware of the mental content of the older audience, and of what these others drew from certain fashions of thought and speech. Six centuries of derivative convention and loose usage have obscured the exact significances of such phrases as : “ The death of the heart,” and “ The departure of the soul.”

Than Guido Cavalcanti, no psychologist of the emotions is more keen in his understanding, more precise in his expression ; we have in him no rhetoric, but always a true description, whether it be of pain itself, or of the apathy that comes when the emotions and possibilities of emotion are ex-

## INTRODUCTION

hausted, or of that stranger state when the feeling by its intensity surpasses our powers of bearing, and we seem to stand aside and watch it surging across some thing or being with whom we are no longer identified.

The relation of certain words in the original to the practice of my translation may require gloze. *L' anima* and *la Morte* are feminine, but it is not always expedient to retain this gender in English. *Gentile* is noble; gentleness in our current sense would be *soavitate*. *Mente* is mind, consciousness, apperception. The *spiriti* are the senses, or the intelligences of the senses, perhaps even "the moods," when they are considered as "spirits of the mind." *Valore* is power. *Virtute*, virtue, potency, requires a separate treatise. Pater has explained its meaning in the preface to his *The Renaissance*, but in reading a line like

" *Vedrai la sua virtù nel ciel salita* "

one must have in mind the connotations alchemical, astrological, metaphysical, which Swedenborg would have called the correspondences.

The equations of alchemy were apt to be written as women's names, and the women so named endowed with the magical powers of the compounds. *Virtù* is the potency, the efficient property of a substance or person. Thus modern science shows us radium with a noble virtue of energy. Each thing or person was held to send forth magnetisms

of certain effect ; in Sonnet xxxv. the image of his lady has these powers. It is a spiritual chemistry, and modern science and modern mysticism are both set to confirm it.

“ *Vedrai la sua virtù nel ciel salita.*”

The heavens were, according to the Ptolemaic system, clear concentric spheres with the earth as their pivot ; they moved more swiftly as they were far removed from it, each one endowed with its *virtue*, its property for affecting man and destiny ; in each its star, the sign visible to the wise and guiding them. A logical astrology, the star a sort of label of the spiritual force, an indicator of the position and movement of that spiritual current. Thus “ her ” presence, his Lady’s, corresponds with the ascendancy of the star of that heaven which corresponds to her particular emanation or potency. Likewise

“ *Vedrai la sua virtù nel ciel salita,*”

“ Thou shalt see the rays of this emanation going up to heaven as a slender pillar of light.” Or returning and correlating this line with the first stanza of the ballata, one subtile body issues from the lips of the lady, from that a subtler body, and from that a body of pure flame, “ the star,” in which is heard the voice.

I would go so far as to say, that *Il Paradiso* and the form of the *Commedia* might date from

## INTRODUCTION

this line ; very much as I think I find in Guido's " Place where I found people whereof each one grieved overly of Love," some impulse that has ultimate fruition in *Inferno*, v.

These are lines in the sonnets ; is it any wonder that " F. Z." is able to write :

" His (Guido's) canzone solely on the nature of Love was so celebrated that the rarest intellects, among them ' il beato Egidio Colonna,' set themselves to illustrating it with commentaries, of which the most cited is that of Mazzucchelli " ?

Another line, of which Rossetti completely loses the significance, is

" *E la beltate per sua Dea la mostra*" (Sonnet vii. II),  
" Beauty displays her for her goodness." That is to say, as the spirit of God became incarnate in the Christ, so is the spirit of the eternal beauty made flesh dwelling amongst us in her. And in the line preceding,

" *Ch' a lei s' inchina ogni gentil virtute*"

means, that " she " acts as a magnet for every " gentil virtute," that is, the noble spiritual power, the invigorating forces of life and beauty bend toward her ; rather than :

" To whom are subject all things virtuous,"  
as Rossetti translates it.

The *inchina* implies, I think, not the homage of an object but the direction of a force.

## GUIDO CAVALCANTI

In the matter of these translations and of my knowledge of Tuscan poetry, Rossetti is my father and my mother, but one man cannot be expected to see everything at once.

The twelfth ballata, being psychological and not metaphysical, need hardly be explained. Exhausted by a love born of fate and of the emotions, Guido turns to an intellectual sympathy,

“ Love that is born of loving like delight,”

and in this new force he is remade

“ *formando di disio nova persona,*”

yet with some inexplicable lack. His sophistication prevents the complete enthusiasm. This “ new person ” which is formed about his soul

“ *amar gia non osa* ”

knowing “ The end of every man’s desire.”

The facts of Guido’s life, as we know them from other evidence than that of his own and his friends’ poems, are about as follows :—Born 1250 (*circa*), his mother probably of the Conti Guidi. In 1266 or 1267 “ Cavalcante de Cavalcanti gave for wife to his son Guido one of the Uberti,” *i.e.* the daughter of Farinata. Thus Villani. Some speak of this as a “ betrothal.” In 1280 he acted as one of the sureties of the peace arranged by Cardinal Latino. We may set 1283 as the date of the reply to Dante’s

## INTRODUCTION

first sonnet. In 1284 he was a member of the Grand Council with Dino Compagni and Brunetto Latino. In party feuds of Florence Guelf, then a "White" with the Cherci, and most violent against Corso Donati. 1292-96 is the latitude given us for the pilgrimage to the holy house of Galicia. Corso, it is said, tried to assassinate him on this pilgrimage. It is more plausible to accept 1292 as the date of the feud between the Cavalcanti and the Bundelmonti, dating so the sonnet to Nerone; for upon his return from the pilgrimage which had extended only to Toulouse, Guido attacks Corso in the streets of Florence, and for the general turmoil ensuing, the leaders of both factions were exiled. Guido was sent with the "Whites" to Sarzana, where he caught his death fever. Dante at this time (1300), being a prior of Florence, was party to decree of exile, and perhaps, though no one so far as I know has suggested it, a cause of Cavalcanti's speedy recall. "Il nostro Guido" was buried on August 29, whence writes Villani, "and his death is a great loss, for as he was philosopher, so was he man of parts in more things, although somewhat punctilious and fiery." Boccaccio considers him "probably" the "other just man," in Dante's statement that there were two in Florence.

Benvenuto says so positively, "*alter oculus Florentiæ.*" In the *Decameron* we hear that, "He was of the best logicians in the world, a very fine natural philosopher. Thus was he *leggiadrisimo*"



(*there is much in that word wherewith to confute* those who find no irony in his sonnets), "and habile, and a great talker." On the "sixth day" (Novel ix.) the queen herself tells how he leapt over an exceeding great tomb to escape from that bore, Betto Brunelleschi. Other lines we have of him as: "noble and pertinent and better than another at whatever he set his hand to"; among the critics, Crescimbene notes, "*robustezza e splendore*"; Cristoforo Landiano, "*sobrio e dotto*, and surpassed by a greater light he became not as the moon to the sun. Of Dante and Petrarca, I speak elsewhere."

Filippo Villani, with his translator Mazzuchelli, set him above Petrarch, speaking of him as "Guido of the noble line of the Cavalcanti, most skilled in the liberal arts, Dante's contemporary and very intimate friend, a man surely diligent and given to speculation, 'physicus' (? natural philosopher) of authority . . . worthy of laud and honour for his joy in the study of 'rhetoric,' he brought over the fineness of this art into the rhyming compositions of the common tongue (*eleganter traduxit*). For canzoni in vulgar tongue and in the advancement of this art he held second place to Dante, nor hath Petrarch taken it from him."

Dino Compagni, who knew him, has perhaps left us the most apt description, saying that Guido was "*cortes e ardito, ma sdegnoso e solitario*," at least I would so think of him, "courteous, bold, haughty.

## INTRODUCTION

and given to being alone." It is so we find him in the poems themselves.

Dante's delay in answering Cavalcante's question (*Inferno*, x.): "What said you, he (Guido) *had*? Lives he not still, with the sweet light beating upon his eyes?" is, I think, a device for reminding the reader of the events of the year 1300. One who had signed a decree of exile against his friend, however much civic virtue was thereby displayed, might well delay his answer.

And if that matchless and poignant ballad,

"*Perch' io non spero di tornar gia mai,*"

had not reached Florence before Dante saw the vision, it was at least written years before he wrote the tenth canto of the *Inferno*.

Guido left two children, Andrea and Tancia. Mandetta of Toulouse is an incident. "Our own Lady" is "presumably" that Giovanna of whom Dante writes in the *Vita Nuova* (Sonnet xiv., and the prose preceding), weaving his fancy about Primavera, the first coming Spring, St John the Forerunner, with Beatrice following Monna Vanna, as the incarnate love. Again, in the sonnet of the enchanted ship, "*Guido vorrei . . .*" we find her mentioned in the chosen company. One modern writer would have us follow out the parallels between the *Commedia* and "Book of His Youth," and identify her with the "Matilda" of the Earthly Paradise. By virtue of her position and certain

similarities of phrasing in *Purgatory*, xxviii., and one of the lives of the saint. We know that Matilda in some way corresponds to or balances John the Baptist. Dante is undoubtedly reminded of his similar equation in the *Vita Nuova* and shows it in his

“ *Tu mi fai remembrar, dove e qual era  
Proserpina, nel tempo che perdette  
La madre lei, ed ella primavera.*”

Dante's commentators, in their endless search for exact correspondences, seem never to suspect him of poetical innuendo, of calling into the spectrum of the reader's mind associated things which form no exact allegory. So far as the personal Matilda is concerned, the great Countess of Tuscany has some claims, and we have nothing to show that Giovanna was dead at the time of the vision.

As to the actual identity of Guido's lady—granting her to have been one and not several; no one has been rash enough to suggest that *il nostro Guido* was in love with his own wife, to whom he had been wedded or betrothed at sixteen. True, it would have been contrary to the laws of chivalric love, but Guido was not one to be bound by a convention if the whim had taken him otherwise. Such explanation might give us one more reason, which were superfluous, for the respect paid to Farinata (*Inferno*, x.). The discussion of such details and theories is futile, except in so far as it may serve

## INTRODUCTION

to bring us more intimately in touch with the commune of Florence and the year of grace one thousand three hundred.

As for the verse itself : I believe in an ultimate and absolute rhythm as I believe in an absolute symbol or metaphor. The perception of the intellect is given in the word, that of the emotions in the cadence. It is only, then, in perfect rhythm joined to the perfect word that the twofold vision can be recorded. I would liken Guido's cadence to nothing less powerful than line in Blake's drawing.

In painting, the colour is always finite. It may match the colour of the infinite spheres, but it is in a way confined within the frame and its appearance is modified by the colours about it. The line is unbounded, it marks the passage of a force, it continues beyond the frame.

Rodin's belief that energy is beauty, holds at least this far, namely, that all our ideas of beauty of line are in some way connected with our ideas of swiftness or easy power of motion, and we consider ugly those lines which connote unwieldy slowness in moving.

Rhythm is perhaps the most primal of all things known to us. It is basic in poetry and music mutually, their melodies depending on a variation of tone quality and pitch respectively, as is commonly said ; but if we look more closely we will see that music is, by further analysis, pure rhythm ; rhythm and nothing else, for the variation of pitch is the varia-

tion in rhythms of the individual notes, and harmony the blending of these varied rhythms. When we know more of overtones we shall see that the tempo of every masterpiece is absolute, and is exactly set by some further law of rhythmic accord. Whence it should be possible to show that any given rhythm implies about it a complete musical form, fugue, sonata, I cannot say what form, but a form, perfect, complete. *Ergo*, the rhythm set in a line of poetry connotes its symphony, which, had we a little more skill, we could score for orchestra.

The rhythm of any poetic line corresponds to a particular emotion. It is the poet's business that this correspondence be exact, *i.e.* that it be the emotion which surrounds the thought expressed. For which cause I have set here Guido's own words, that those few of you who care, may read in them the signs of his genius. By the same token, I consider Carducci and Arnone blasphemous in accepting the reading

*E fa di claritate tremar l'are*

instead of following those MSS. which read

*E fa di clarità l'aer tremare.*

I have in my translations tried to bring over the qualities of Guido's rhythm, not line for line, but to embody in the whole of my English some trace of that power which implies the man. The science of the music of words and the knowledge of their

## INTRODUCTION

magical powers has fallen away since men invoked Mithra by a sequence of pure vowel sounds. That there might be less interposed between the reader and Guido, it was my first intention to print only his poems and an unrhymed gloze. This has not been practicable. I cannot trust the reader to read the Italian for the music after he has read my English for the sense.

These are no sonnets for an idle hour. It is only when the emotions illumine the perceptive powers that we see the reality. It is in the light born of this double current that we look upon the face of the mystery unveiled. I have lived with these sonnets and ballate daily, month in and month out, and have been drawn daily deeper into them and daily into contemplation of things that are not of an hour. And I deem, for this, that *voi altri pochi*, who understand, will love me better for my labour in proportion as you read more carefully.

For the rest, I can but quote an *envoi*, that of Guido's Canzone, "*Donna mi pregna*" :

Thou mayest go assured, my Canzone,  
Whither thou wilt, for I have so adorned thee  
That praise shall rise to greet thy reasoning  
Mid all such folk as have intelligence ;  
To stand with any else, thou'st no desire.

EZRA POUND.

*November 15, 1910.*



SONNETS



# SONETTI

## SONETTO I

**V**OI, che per gli occhi miei passaste al core,  
E svegliaste la mente che dormìa,  
Guardate a la' ngosciosa vita mia,  
Che sospirando la distrugge Amore.  
E' va tagliando di sì gran valore,  
Che i deboluzzi spiriti van via :  
Campa figura nova in signoria,  
E boce è quando mostra lo dolore :  
Questa virtù d' Amor, che m' ha disfatto,  
Du' vostri occhi gentil presta si mosse,  
Lanciato m' ha d' un dardo entro lo fianco ;  
Si giunse il colpo dritto al primo tratto,  
Che l'anima tremando si riscosse,  
Veggendo morto il cor nel lato manco.

# SONNETS

## SONNET I

**Y**OU, who do breach mine eyes and touch the  
heart,

And start the mind from her brief reveries,  
Might pluck my life and agony apart.

Saw you how love assaileth her with sighs,  
And lays about him with so brute a might  
That all my wounded senses turn to flight.

There's a new face upon the signiory,  
And new is the voice that maketh loud my grief.

Love, who hath drawn me 'down through devious  
ways,

Hath from your noble eyes so swiftly come !  
'Tis he hath hurled the dart, wherefrom my pain,  
'First shot's resultant ! and in flanked amaze  
See how my affrighted soul recoileth from  
That sinister side wherein the heart lies slain

## SONETTO II

**I**O vidi gli occhi dove Amor si mise,  
 Quando mi fece di sè pauroso,  
 Che mi sguardar come fosse annoioso ;  
 Allora, dico, che il cor si divise ;  
 E se non fosse, che donna mi rise,  
 Io parierei di tal guisa doglioso,  
 Ch' Amor medesmo ne faria crucciooso,  
 Che fè l' immaginar, che mi conquise.  
 Dal ciel si mosse un spirito in quel punto,  
 Che quella donna mi degnò guardare,  
 E vennesi a posar nel mio pensiero.  
 E là mi conta sì d' amor lo vero,  
 Che ogni sua virtù veder mi pare,  
 Sì come fossi dentro al suo cor giunto.

## SONNETS

### SONNET II

**I** SAW the eyes, where Amor took his place  
When love's might bound me with the fear  
thereof,

Look out at me as they were weary of love.  
I say : The heart rent him as he looked on this,  
And were't not that my Lady lit her grace,  
Smiling upon me with her eyes grown glad,  
Then were my speech so dolorously clad  
That Love should mourn amid his victories.

The instant that she deigned to bend her eyes  
Toward me, a spirit from high heaven rode  
And chose my thought the place of his abode  
With such deep parlance of love's verities  
That all Love's powers did my sight accost  
As though I'd won unto his heart's mid-most.

## SONETTO III

**O** DONNA mia, non vedestu colui,  
 Che su lo core mi tenea la mano,  
 Quand' io ti rispondea fiocchetto e piano  
 Per la temenza de gli colpi sui?  
 El fu Amore, che trovando vui  
 Meco ristette, che venìa lontano <sup>1</sup>  
 A guisa d' uno arcier presto soriano,  
 Acconcio sol per ancidere altrui,  
 E trasse poi degli occhi miei sospiri.  
 I quai si gittan da lo cor sè forte,  
 Ch' io mi partii sbigottito fuggendo.  
 Allor mi parse di seguir la morte,  
 Accompagnato di quelli martiri,  
 Che soglion consumar altrui piangendo.

<sup>1</sup> Cioè, io credo, da Venere. — E. P.

## SONNETS

### SONNET III

**O** LADY mine, doth not thy sight allege  
Him who hath set his hand upon my heart,  
When parched responses from my faint  
throat start

And shudder for the terror of his edge ?  
He was Amor, who since he found you, dwells  
Ever with me, and he was come from far ;  
An archer is he as the Scythians are  
Whose only joy is killing someone else.

My sobbing eyes are drawn upon his wrack,  
And such harsh sighs upon my heart he casteth  
That I depart from that sad me he wasteth,  
With Death drawn close upon my wavering track,  
Leading such tortures in his sombre train  
As, by all custom, wear out other men.

## SONETTO IV

**S'** IO priego questa donna, che pietate  
 Non sia nemica del suo cor gentile ;  
 Tu di' ch' io sono sconoscente e vile,  
 E disperato e pien di vanitate.  
 Onde ti vien sì nova crudeltate ?  
 Già rassomigli a chi ti vede umile,  
 Saggia, e adorna, ed accorta, e sottile,  
 E fatta a modo di soavitate.  
 L' anima mia dolente e paurosa  
 Piange nei sospiri, che nel cor trova,  
 Sì che bagnati di pianto escon fore :  
 Allor mi par, che ne la mente piova  
 Una figura di donna pensosa,  
 Che vegna per veder morir lo core.

## SONNETS

### SONNET IV

**I**F I should pray <sup>to</sup> this lady pitiless  
That Mercy to her heart be no more foeman,  
You'd call me clownish, vile, and say that no  
man

Was so past hope and filled with vanities.

Where find you now these novel cruelties ?  
For still you seem humility's true leaven,  
Wise and adorned, alert and subtle even,  
And fashioned out in ways of gentleness ?

My soul weeps through her sighs for grievous fear,  
And all those sighs, which in the heart were found,  
Deep drenched with tears do sobbing thence depart,  
Then seems that on my mind there rains a clear  
Image of a lady, thoughtful, bound  
Hither to keep death-watch upon that heart.



## SONETTO V

**G**LI miei folli occhi, che 'n prima guardaro  
 Vostra figura piena di valore,  
 Fur quei, che di voi, donna, m' accusaro  
 Nel fiero loco, ove tien corte Amore.  
 Immantenente avanti a lui mostraro,  
 Ch' io era fatto vostro servitore,  
 Perchè sospiri e dolor mi pigliaro  
 Vedendo, che temenza avea lo core.  
 Menarmi tosto senza riposanza  
 In una parte là 've trovai gente,  
 Che ciaschedun si dolea d' Amor forte.  
 Quando mi vider, tutti con pietanza  
 Dissermi : Fatto sei di tal servente,  
 Che non dèi mai sperare altro che morte.

## SONNETS

### SONNET V

**L**ADY, my most rash eyes, the first who used  
To look upon thy face, the power-fraught,  
Were, Lady, those by whom I was accused  
In that harsh place where Amor holdeth court.  
And there before him was their proof adduced,  
And judgment wrote me down : " Bondslave " to  
thee,  
Though still I stay Grief's prisoner, unloosed,  
And Fear hath lien upon the heart of me.  
For the which charges, and without respite,  
They dragged me to a place where a sad horde  
Of such as love and whom Love tortureth  
Cried out, all pitying as I met their sight,  
" Now art thou servant unto such a Lord  
Thou'lt have none other one save only Death."

## SONETTO VI

**T**U m' hai sì piena di dolor la mente  
 Che l' anima sen briga di partire :  
 E di sospir, che manda il cor dolente  
 Dicono a gli occhi, che non puon soffrire.  
 Amore, che lo tuo gran valor sente,  
 Dice : El mi duol, che ti convien morire  
 Per questa bella donna, che neente  
 Pur, che pietate di te voglia udire.  
 Io fo come colui, ch' è fuor di vita  
 Che mostra a chi lo guarda ched el sia  
 Fatto di pietra, o di rame, o di legno :  
 E porto nello core una ferita,  
 Che si conduca sol per maestria,  
 Che sia, com' egli è morto, aperto segno.

## SONNETS

### SONNET VI

**T**HOU fill'st my mind with grief so populous  
That my soul irks him to be on the road.  
Mine eyes cry out, " We cannot bear the load  
Of sighs the grievous heart sends upon us."  
Love, sensitive to thy nobility,  
Saith, " Sorrow is mine that thou must take thy  
death  
From this fair lady who will hear no breath  
In argument for aught save pitying thee."  
And I, as one beyond life's compass thrown,  
Seem but a thing that's fashioned to design,  
Melted of bronze or carven in tree or stone.  
A wound I bear within this heart of mine  
Which by its mastering quality is grown  
To be of that heart's death an open sign.

## SONETTO VII

**C**HI è questa che vien, ch' ogni uom la mira,  
 Che fa di clarità l' aer tremare!  
 E mena seco Amor, sì che parlare  
 Null' nom de puote, ma ciascun sospira,  
 Ahi, Dio, che sembra quando gli occhi gira?  
 Dicalo Amor, ch' io nol saprei contare:  
 Cotanto d' umiltà donna mi pare,  
 Che ciascun' altra in vér di lei chiam' ira.  
 Non si potria contar la sua piacenza,  
 Ch' a lei s' inchina ogni gentil virtute,  
 E la beltate per sua Dea la mostra.  
 Non fu sì alta già la mente nostra,  
 E non sì è posta in voi tanta salute,  
 Che propriamente n' abbiám conoscenza.

## SONNETS

### SONNET VII

**W**HO is she coming, drawing all men's gaze,  
Who makes the air one trembling clarity  
Till none can speak but each sighs piteously  
Where she leads Love adown her trodden ways ?

Ah God ! The thing she's like when her glance strays,  
Let Amor tell. 'Tis no fit speech for me.  
Mistress she seems of such great modesty  
That every other woman were called " Wrath."

No one could ever tell the charm she hath  
For all the noble powers bend toward her,  
She being beauty's godhead manifest.

Our daring ne'er before held such high quest ;  
But ye ! There is not in you so much grace  
That we can understand her rightfully.

## SONETTO VIII

**P**ERCHÈ non furo a me gli occhi miei spenti,  
 O tolti sì, che de la lor veduta  
 Non fusse ne la mente mia venuta  
 A dire : Ascolta se nel cor mi senti ?  
 Una paura di nuovi tormenti  
 M' apparve allor sì crudele ed acuta,  
 Che l' anima chiamò : Donna, or ci aiuta,  
 Che gli occhi, ed io non rimagniam dolenti.  
 Tu gli hai lasciati sì, che venne Amore  
 A pianger sovra lor pietosamente  
 Tanto, che s' ode una profonda boce,  
 La qual dà suon : Chi grave pena sente  
 Guardi costui, e vederà 'l suo core  
 Che Morte 'l porta in man tagliato in croce.

## SONNETS

### SONNET VIII

**A**H why ! why were mine eyes not quenched  
for me,  
Or stricken so that from their vision none  
Had ever come within my mind to say  
“ Listen, dost thou not hear me in thine heart ? ”  
Fear of new torments was then so displayed  
To me, so cruel and so sharp of edge  
That my soul cried, “ Ah, mistress, bring us aid,  
Lest th’ eyes and I remain in grief always.”

But thou hast left them so that Amor cometh  
And weepeth over them so piteously  
That there’s a deep voice heard whose sound in part  
Turned unto words, is this : “ Whoever knoweth  
Pain’s depth, let him look on this man whose heart  
Death beareth in his hand cut cruciform.”



## SONETTO IX

**A**ME stesso di me gran pietà viene  
 Per la dolente angoscia, ch' io mi veggio  
 Di molta debolezza : quand' io seggio,  
 L' anima sento ricoprir di pene :  
 Tanto mi struggo, perch' io sento bene,  
 Che la mia vita d' ogni angoscia ha 'l peggio :  
 La nova donna, a cui mercede io chieggio,  
 Questa battaglia di dolor mantiene :  
 Però che quand' io guardo verso lei,  
 Drizzami gli occhi de lo suo disdegno  
 S'ì fieramente che distrugge il core :  
 Allor s'ì parte ogni virtù da' miei ;  
 Il cor s'ì ferma per veduto segno,  
 Dove s'ì lancia crudeltà d' Amore.

## SONNETS

### SONNET IX

**A**T last I am reduced to self compassion,  
For the sore anguish that I see me in ;  
At my great weakness ; that my soul hath  
been

Concealed beneath her wounds in such a fashion :  
Such mine oppression that I know, in brief,  
That to my life ill's worst starred ills befall ;  
And this strange lady on whose grace I call  
Maintains continuous my stour of grief,  
For when I look in her direction,  
She turns upon me her disdeigning eyen  
So harshly that my waiting heart is rent  
And all my powers and properties are spent,  
Till that heart lieth for a sign ill-seen,  
Where Amor's cruelty hath hurled him down.

## SONETTO X

**D**EH spirti miei, quando voi me vedite  
 Con tanta pena, come non mandate  
 Fuor de la mente parole adornate  
 Di pianto doloroso sbigottite ?  
 Deh, voi vedete che 'l core ha ferite  
 Di sguardo, di piaccere e d' umiltate :  
 Deh, io vi priego, che voi 'l consoliate,  
 Che son da lui le sue virtù partite.  
 Io veggio a lui spirito apparire  
 Alto e gentile, e di tanto valore,  
 Che fa le sue virtù tutte fuggire.  
 Deh, io vi priego, che deggiate dire  
 A l' alma trista, che parla in dolore ;  
 Com' ella fu, e fia sempre d' Amore.

## SONNETS

### SONNET X

**A** LAS, my spirits, that ye come to find me  
So painful poor, waylaid in wretchedness,  
Yet send no words adorned with deep distress  
Forth from my mind to say what sorrows bind me.  
Alas, ye see how sore my heart is wounded  
By glance, by fair delight and by her meekness ;  
'Las ! Must I pray ye that ye aid his weakness,  
Seeing him power-stripped, naked, confounded.

And now a spirit that is noble and haut  
Appeareth to that heart with so great might  
That all th' heart's virtues turn in sudden flight.

Woe ! and I pray you greet my soul as friend,  
Who tells through all her grief what things were  
wrought  
On her by Love, and will be to the end.

Cf. " *Se fosse amico il re del universo.*" — *Inferno*, v. 91.

## SONETTO XI

**S**E mercè fosse amica a' miei desiri,  
 E 'l movimento suo fosse dal core ;  
 Di questa bella donna il suo valore  
 Mostrasse la vertute a' miei martiri ;  
 D' angosciosi diletti i miei sospiri,  
 Che nascon de la mente, ov' è Amore ;  
 E vanno sol ragionando dolore,  
 E non trovan persona, che gli miri ;  
 Girano agli occhi con tanta vertute,<sup>1</sup>  
 Che 'l forte, e duro lagrimar, che fanno,  
 Ritornerebbe in allegrezza e 'n gioia ;  
 Ma si è al cor dolente tanta noia,  
 Ed a l' anima trista tanto danno,  
 Che per disdegno uom non da lor salute.

<sup>1</sup> Of Guido's relentless irony, in this case directed against himself, the artistic temperament, and "service" generally, this sestet may serve as example.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XI

**I**F Mercy were the friend of my desires,  
Or Mercy's source of movement were the heart,  
Then, by this fair, would Mercy show such art  
And power of healing as my pain requires.  
From torturing delights my sighs commence,  
Born of the mind where Love is situate,  
Go errant forth and naught save grief relate  
And find no one to give them audience.

They would return to the eyes in galliard mode,  
With all harsh tears and their deep bitterness  
Transmuted into revelry and joy ;  
Were't not unto the sad heart such annoy,  
And to the mournful soul such rathe distress  
That none doth deign salute them on the road.

## SONETTO XII

**U**NA giovane donna di Tolosa  
 Bella e gentil, d' onesta leggiadria,  
 Tant' è diritta, e simigliante cosa  
 Nè suoi dolci occhi de la donna mia,  
 Che fatto ha dentro al cor desiderosa  
 L' anima in guisa, che da lui si svia,  
 E vanne a lei : ma tanto è paurosa,  
 Che non le dice di qual donna sia.  
 Quella la mira nel suo dolce sguardo,  
 Ne lo qual fece rallegrare Amore,  
 Perchè v' è dentro la sua donna dritta :  
 Poi torna piena di sospir nel core,  
 Ferita a morte d' un tagliente dardo,  
 Che questa donna nel partir le gitta.

## SONNETS

## SONNET XII

**T**HE grace of youth in Toulouse ventureth ;  
 She's noble and fair, with quaint sincerities,  
 Direct she is and is about her eyes  
 Most like to our Lady of sweet memories.  
 So that within my heart desirous  
 She hath clad the soul in fashions peregrine.<sup>1</sup>  
 Pilgrim to her he hath too great chagrin  
 To say what Lady is lord over us.  
 This soul looks deep into that look of hers,  
 Wherein he rouseth Love to festival,  
 For deep therein his rightful lady resteth.  
 Then with sad sighing in the heart he stirs,  
 Feeling his death-wound as that dart doth fall  
 Which this Tolosan by departure casteth.

<sup>1</sup> *Vita Nuova*, xli. 46, and Sonnet xxiv. and Sonnet v. l. 4 :  
 " *In guisa che da lui si svia e vanne a lei.*"



## SONETTO XIII

**P**ER gli occhi fiere un spirito sottile,  
 Che fa in la mente spirito destare,  
 Dal qual si muove spirito d' amare,  
 Ch' ogn' altro spiritel si fa gentile.  
 Sentir non può di lui spirito vile,  
 Di cotanta virtù spirito appare :  
 Questo è lo spiritel, che fa tremare  
 Lo spiritel, che fa la donna umile.  
 E poi da questo spirito si muove  
 Un altro dolce spirito soave,  
 Che segue un spiritello di mercede ;  
 Lo quale spiritel spiriti piove ;  
 Ch' ha di ciascuno spirito la chiave,  
 Per forza d' uno spirito, che 'l vedc.

## SONNETS

### CONCERNING THE SOURCE, THE AFFECTS, AND THE PROGENY OF THE LITTLE SPIRIT OF PURE LOVE :

Born of the perception of beauty, he arouseth that power of the mind whence is born that quality of love which ennobleth every sense and every desire ; misunderstood of base minds who comprehend not his power, he is the cause of that love in woman which teacheth modesty. Thus from him is born that love in woman whence is born Mercy, and from Mercy "as a gentle rain from heaven" descend those spirits which are the keys of every spirit, perforce of the one spirit which seeth.

### SONNET XIII

**S**UBTLE the spirit striking through the eyes  
Which rouseth up a spirit in the mind  
Whence moves a spirit unto love inclined  
Which breeds, in other sprites, nobilities.  
No turbid spirit hath the sense which sees  
How greatly empowered a spirit he appeareth ;  
He is the little breath which that breath feareth,  
Which breedeth virginal humilities.  
Yet from this spirit doth another move  
Wherein such tempered sweetness rightly dwells  
That Mercy's spirit followeth his ways,  
And Mercy's spirit as it moves above  
Rains down those spirits that ope all things else,  
Perforce of One who seeth all of these.

## SONETTO XIV

**C**ERTO non è da l' intelletto accolto  
 Quel che staman ti fece disonesto :  
 Or come ti mostrò mendico presto  
 Il rosso spiritel, che apparve al volto.  
 Sarebbe forse, che t' avesse sciolto  
 Amor da quella, ch' è nel tondo sesto,  
 O che vil raggio t' avesse richiesto  
 A far te lieto, ov' io son tristo molto ?  
 Di te mi duole in me puoi veder quanto :  
 Che me ne fiede mia donna a traverso,  
 Tagliando ciò, che Amor porta soave,  
 Ancor dinanzi mi è rotta la chiave,  
 Che del disdegno suo nel mio cor verso ;  
 Sì che amo l' ira, e la tristezza, e 'l pianto.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XIV

**S**URELY thine intellect gives no embrace  
To him who hath bred this day's dishonesty ;  
How art thou shown for beggared suddenly  
By that red spirit showing in thy face !  
Perhaps it is some love within thee breedeth  
For her who's folly's circumscription,  
Perhaps some baser light doth call thee on  
To make thee glad where mine own grief exceedeth.

Thou are my grief, my grief to such extent  
That I trust not myself to meet Milady,  
Starving myself of what Love sweetest lent me  
So that before my face that key's forbent  
Which her disdeign turned in my heart and made  
me  
Suitor to wrath and sadness and lamenting.

## SONETTO XV

**A**VETE in voi li fiori, e la verdura,  
 E ciò che luce, o è bello a vedere.  
 Risplende più, che 'l sol vostra figura,  
 Chi voi non vede, mai non può valere.  
 In questo mondo non ha creatura  
 Sì piena di beltà, nè di piacere :  
 E chi d' Amor temesse, l' assicura  
 Vostro bel viso, e non può più temere.  
 Le donne, che si fanno compagnia  
 Assai mi piacen per lo vostro amore ;  
 Ed io le prego per lor cortesia,  
 Che qual più potete, più vi faccia onore,  
 Ed aggia cara vostra signoria,  
 Perchè di tutte siete la migliore.

*E lo nome di questa donna era Giovanna, salvo che per la sua beltade, secondo ch' altre crede, imposto l'era nome Primavera : e così era chiamata (Dante, Vita Nuova, xxiv.).*

*Cf. Purgatorio, xxviii. 49 et circa ; ref. Matelda, by Adolpo Borgognoni ; pub. S. Lapi, Citta da Castello.*

## SONNETS

### SONNET XV

**T**HOU hast in thee the flower and the green  
And that which gleameth and is fair of sight,  
Thy form is more resplendent than sun's  
sheen ;

Who sees thee not, can ne'er know worth aright.  
Nay, in this world there is no creature seen  
So fashioned fair and full of all delight ;  
Who fears Amor, and fearing meets thy mien,  
Thereby assured, he solveth him his fright.

The ladies of whom thy cortège consisteth  
Please me in this, that they've thy favour won ;  
I bid them now, as courtesy existeth,  
Holding most dear thy lordship of their state,  
To honour thee with powers commensurate,  
Sith thou art thou, that art sans' paragon.

## SONETTO XVI

A GUIDO ORLANDI

**L** *A bella donna, dove Amor si mostra,  
 Che tanto è di valor pieno ed adorno  
 Tragge lo cor de la persona vostra,  
 E prende vita in far con lei soggiorno.  
 Perchè ha sì dolce guardia la sua chiostra,  
 Che il sente in India ciascum Unicorno :  
 E la virtù de l' armi a farvi giostra  
 Verso di noi fa crudel ritorno.  
 Ch' ella è per certo di sì gran valenza,  
 Che già non manca a lei cosa di bene,  
 Ma creatura lo credè mortale.  
 Poi mostra, che in ciò mise provvidenza ;  
 Che al vostro intendimento si conviene  
 Far pur conoscer quel, che a lei sia tale.*

# SONNETS

## SONNET XVI

TO GUIDO ORLAND

**T**HIS most lief lady, where doth Love display  
him

So full of valour and so vested bright,  
Bids thy heart " Out ! " He goes and none  
gainsay him ;

And he takes life with her in long delight.

Her cloister's guard is such that should you journey  
To Ind you'd see each unicorn obey it ;

Its armed might against thee in sweet tourney  
Cruel riposteth, thou canst not withstay it.

And she is surely in her valliances

Such that she lacks not now worth's anything,

And yet He made her for a mortal creature.

Then showed her forth, and here His foresight is,

And His providence, Ah, how fair a thing

If by her likeness thou mayst learn its nature !



## SONETTO XVII

A BERNARDO DI BOLOGNA

**C**IASCUNA fresca, e dolce fontanella  
 Prende in sè sua chiarezza, e vertute,  
 Bernardo amico mio, e sol da quella,  
 Che ti rispose a le tue rime acute  
 Perocchè in quella parte ove favella  
 Amor de le bellezze, che ha vedute,  
 Dice, che questa gentilesca e bella  
 Tutte nuove adornezze ha in sè compiute,  
 Avvegnachè lu doglia io porti grave  
 Per lo sospiro che di me fa lume,  
 Lo core ardendo in la disfatta nave,  
 Mando io a la Pinella un grande fiume  
 Piena di lancie, servito da schiave,  
 Belle, ed adorne di gentil costume

Vai l 2, ' Prende in Liscian "

## SONNETS

Concerning Pinella, he replies to a sonnet by Bernardo da Bologna and explains why they have sweet waters in Galicia (Liscian).

### SONNET XVII

**N**OW every cool small spring that springeth  
sweetly  
Takes clarity and virtue in Liscian climes,  
Bernard my friend, from one sole source, discretely :  
So she who answereth thy sharpened rimes.  
For in that place where Love's reports are laid  
Concerning all who to his sight are led,  
He saith that this so gracious and fair maid  
Hath in herself all graces gatherèd.

Whereas my grief in this is grown more grave  
And sighs have turned me to one light and flame,  
I send my burning heart, in her acclaim  
Unto Pinella, upon a magic stream  
Where fairies and their fair attendants gleam,  
In this wrecked barque ! where their show is so  
brave !

## SONETTO XVIII

**B**ELTÀ di donna, e di saccente core,  
 E cavalieri armati, che sian genti,  
 Cantar d' augelli, e ragionar d' amore  
 Adorni legni in mar, forti e correnti :  
 Aria serena, quando appar l' albore,  
 E bianca neve scender senza venti,  
 Rivera d' acqua, e prato d' ogni fiore,  
 Oro, e argento, azzurro in ornamenti.  
 Ciò che può la beltade e la valenza,  
 De la mia Donna in suo gentil coraggio,  
 Par, che rassemble vile a chi ciò guarda ;  
 E tanto ha più d' ogni altra conoscenza  
 Quanto lo ciel di questa terra è maggio,  
 A simil di natura ben non tarda.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XVIII

**B**EAUTY of woman, of the knowing heart,  
And courtly knights in bright accoutrement  
And loving speeches and the small birds' art,  
Adorned swift ships which on high seas are sent,  
And airs grown calm when white the dawn appeareth  
And white snow falling where no wind is bent,  
Brook-marge and mead where every flower flareth,  
And gold and silver and azure in ornament :

Effective 'gainst all these think ye the fairness  
And valour of my Lady's lordly daring ?

Yea, she makes all seem base vain gathering,  
And she were known above whome'er you'd bring  
As much as heaven is past earth's comparing ;  
Good seeketh out its like with some address.

## SONETTO XIX \*

**N**OVELLA ti so dire, odi Nerone,  
 Che i Buondelmonti trieman di paura,  
 E tutti i Fiorentin non gli assicura  
 Vedendo che tu hai cor di lione.  
 E più treman di te, che d' un dragone,  
 Veggendo la tua facciu, che è sì dura :  
 Che non lo riterran ponti, nè mura,  
 Ma sì la tomba del re Faraone.  
 O come fai grandissimo peccato,  
 Sì alto sangue vover discacciare,  
 Che tutti vanno via senza ritegno !  
 Ma ben è vèr che rallargar lo pegno,  
 Di che potresti l' anima salvare,  
 Se fussi paziente del mercato.

## SONNETS

He suggests to his kinsman Nerone that there may be one among all the Buondelmonti of whom they might in time make

### SONNET XIX

**N** EWS have I now for thee, so hear, Nerone,  
How that the Buondelmonti shake with  
fear,

And all the Florentines cannot assure them,  
Seeing thou hast in thee the lion-heart.  
They fear thee more than they would fear a dragon,  
Seeing that face of thine, how set it is  
That neither bridge nor walls could hold against it  
Lest they were strong as is King Pharaoh's tomb.  
Oh how thou dost of smoky sins the greatest  
In that thou wouldst drive forth such haughty blood  
Till all be gone, gone forth without retention.  
But sooth it is, thou might'st extend the pawn  
Of one whose soul thou *mightest* give salvation  
Wert thou more patient in thine huckstering.

## SONETTO XX

**L'**ANIMA mia vilmente è sbigottita  
 De la battaglia, ch' ella sente al core ;  
 Che se pur si avvicina un poco Amore  
 Più presto a lei che non soglia, ella muore.  
 Sta come quei, che non ha più valore,  
 Ch' è per temenza dal mio cor partita :  
 E chi vedesse com' ella v' è gita,  
 Diria per certo : questa non ha vita.  
 Per gli occhi venne la battaglia pria,  
 Che ruppe ogni valor immantenente,  
 Sì che dal colpo fier strutta è la mente.  
 Qualunquc è quel, che più allegrezza sente,  
 S' ei vedesse il mio spirito gir via,  
 Sì grande è la pietà che piangeria.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XX

**S**O vilely is this soul of mine confounded  
By strife grown audible within the heart,  
That if toward her some frail Love but start  
With unaccustomed speed, she swoons astounded.

She is as one in whom no power aboundeth ;  
Lo, she forsakes my heart through fearfulness,  
And any seeing her, how prone she is,  
Would deem her one whom death's sure cloak  
surroundeth.

Through th' eyes, as through the breach in wall, her  
foes  
Came first to attack and shattered all defence,  
Then spoiled the mind with their down-rained blows.

Whoe'er he be who holdeth joy most close  
Would, should he see my spirit going hence,  
Weep for the pity and make no pretence.

*Cf. Sonnet i.*



## SONETTO XXI

**V**EDER potesti, quando voi scontrai,  
 Quello pauroso spirito d' Amore,  
 Lo qual suol apparer quand' uom si more,  
 Che in altra guisa non si vede mai.  
 Egli mi fu sì presso, che pensai,  
 Ch' egli ancidesse il mio dolente core,  
 Allor sì mise nel morto colore  
 L' anima trista in voler tragger guai.  
 Ma poi si tenne quando vide uscire  
 Da gli occhi vostri un lume di mercede,  
 Che porse dentro al cor una dolcezza.  
 E quel sottile spirito, che vede  
 Soccorse gli altri, che credean morire  
 Gravati di angosciosa debolezza.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXI

#### THE DREAD SPIRIT

**T**HOU mayest see, who seest me face to face,  
That most dread spirit whom Love summoneth

To meet with man when a man meets with Death ;  
One never seen in any other case.

So close upon me did this presence show

That I thought he would slay my heart his colour

And my sad soul clad her in the dead colour

That most accords the will and ways of woe.

Then he restrained him, seeing in true faith

The piteous lights forth-issue from your eyes

The which bore to my heart their foreign sweetness,

While the perceptive sense with subtle fleetness

Rescued those others<sup>1</sup> who had considered death

The one sure ending for their miseries.

<sup>1</sup> The senses or the spirits of the senses.

## SONETTO XXII

A DANTE ALIGHIERI

**V**EDESTI al mio parere ogni valore  
 E tutto gioco, e quanto bene uom sente,  
 Se fusti in pruova del signor valente,  
 Che signoreggia il mondo de l' onore ;  
 Poi vive in parte, dove noia muore,  
 E tien ragion ne la piatosa mente ;  
 Si va soave ne' sonni a la gente,  
 Che i cor ne portò senza far dolore.  
 Di voi lo cor se ne portò, veggendo,  
 Che vostra donna la morte chiedea :  
 Nodrilla d' esto cor, di ciò temendo.  
 Quanto t' apparve, che sen già dogliendo,  
 Fu dolce sonno, ch' allor si compiea,  
 Che 'l suo contrario lo venìa vincendo.

In *Vita Nuova*, iii., Dante writes: "Many replied to this sonnet (*A ciascun' alma presa, e gentil core*) with varying interpretations; among those who replied was he whom I call first of my friends; he wrote at that time a sonnet which began:

' *Vedesti al mio parere ogni valore.*'

And this was, as it were, the inception of the friendship between us, when he learned that I was the one who had sent him this (sonnet)."

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXII

(To Dante, in answer to the first sonnet of the *Vita Nuova*.)

**T**HOU sawest, it seems to me, all things  
    availing,

    And every joy that ever good man feeleth.  
Thou wast in proof of that lord valorous  
Who through sheer honour lords it o'er the world.  
Thou livest in a place where baseness dieth,  
And holdest reason in the piteous mind :  
So gently move the people in this sleep  
That the heart bears it 'thout the feel of grief.

Love bore away thy heart, because in his sight  
Was Death grown clamorous for one thou lovest,  
Love fed her with thy heart in dread of this,  
Then, when it seemed to thee he left in sadness,  
A dear dream was it which was there completed,  
Seeing it contrary came conquering.

· *Note*.—Dante, v. n. 111: "The true significance of the dream was not then seen by anyone."

## SONETTO XXIII

AL MEDESIMO

**I**O vengo il giorno a te infinite volte,  
 E trovoti pensar troppo vilmente :  
 Molto mi duol de la gentil tua mente,  
 E d' assai tue virtù, che ti son tolte.  
 Solevati spiacer persone molte ;  
 Tuttor fuggivi la noiosa gente :  
 Di me parlavi si coralemente,  
 Che tutte le tue rime avea accolte.  
 Or non mi ardisco, per la vil tua vita,  
 Far dimostranza, che 'l tuo dir mi piaccia  
 Nè 'n guisa vegno a te che tu mi veggi.  
 Se 'l presente sonetto spesso leggi  
 Lo spirito noioso, che ti caccia,  
 Si partira da l' anima invilita.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXIII

(To Dante, rebuking him for his way of life after the death of Beatrice.)

**I** DAILY come to thee uncounting times  
And find thee ever thinking over vilely ;  
Much doth it grieve me that thy noble mind  
And virtue's plenitude are stripped from thee ;

Thou wast so careless in thy fine offending,  
Who from the rabble always held'st apart,  
And speaking of me so straightly from thy heart  
That I gave welcome to thine every rime.

And now I care not, sith thy life is baseness  
To give the sign that thy speech pleaseth me,  
Nor come I to thee in guise visible,  
Yet if thou'lt read this sonnet many a time,  
That malign spirit which so hunteth thee  
Will sound forloyn<sup>1</sup> and spare thy affrighted soul.

<sup>1</sup> The recall of the hounds.

## SONETTO XXIV

AL MEDESIMO

**S**E vedi Amore, assai ti prego, Dante,  
 In parte, la 've Lappo sia presente,  
 Che non ti gravi di por sù la mente,  
 Che mi riscrivi, s' egli il chiama amante :  
 E se la donna gli sembra aitante,  
 E se fa vista di parer servente :  
 Che molte fiate così fatta gente  
 Suol per gravezza d' Amor far sembante  
 Tu sai che ne la corte, là ove regna  
 Non può servire uomo, che sia vile  
 A donna, che là dentro sia perduta :  
 Se la soffrenza lo servente aiuta,  
 Puoi di leggier conoscer nostro stile,  
 Lo quale porta di mercede insegna.

## SONNET XXIV

**D**ANTE, I pray thee, if thou Love discover  
 In any place where Lappo Gianni is,—  
 If 't irk thee not to move thy mind in this,  
 Write me these answered: " Doth he style him  
 Lover? ";  
 And, " Doth the lady seem as one approving? ";  
 And, " Makes he show of service with fair skill? ";  
 For many a time folk made as he is, will  
 To assume importance, make a show of loving.

Thou know'st that in that court where Love puts on  
 His royal robes, no vile man can be servant  
 To any lady who were lost therein ;  
 If servant's suff'ring doth assistance win,  
 Our style could show unto the least observant,  
 It beareth mercy for a gonfalon.



## SONETTO XXV

**G**UARDA, Manetto, quella sgrignutuzza,  
 E pon ben mente com' è sfigurata,  
 E come bruttanemtc è divisata,  
 E quel che par, quand' ella si raggruzza.  
 E s' ella fosse vestita d' un' uzza  
 Con cappellina e di vel soggolata,  
 E apparisse di dî accompagnata  
 D' alcuna bella donna gentiluzza,  
 Tu non avresti iniquità sì forte,  
 Nè tanta angoscia, o tormento d' amore,  
 Nè sì rinvolto di malinconia,  
 Che tu non fossi a rischio de la morte  
 Di tanto rider, che aprirebbe il core,  
 O tu morresti, o fuggiresti via.

He is in part parodying Guido Guinicelli's technically questionable sonnet, "*Che vedesse a Lucia un var capuzo*"

## SONNET XXV

"Hoot Zah!!!"

**C**OME, come Manetto, look upon this scarecrow  
 And set your mind upon its deformations,  
 Compute th' extent of its sad aberrations,  
 Say what it looks like where she scarcely dare go !

Nay, were she in a cloak most well concealèd  
 And snugly hooded and most tightly veiled,  
 If, by her, daylight should once be assailed  
 Though by some noble woman partly healèd,

Still you could not be so sin-laden or quite  
 So bound by anguish or by love's abstractions  
 Nor so enwrapped in naked melancholy  
 But you were brought to deathly danger, solely  
 By laughter, till your sturdy sides grew fractions,  
 'Struth you were dead, or sought your life in flight.

## SONETTO XXVI

## L' IMAGIN MORTA

**C**ERTO mie rime a te mandar vogliendo  
 Del grave stato quale il mio cor porta,  
 Amor m' apparve in un' imagin morta,  
 E disse: Non mandar, ch' io ti rispando.  
 Però che se l' amico è quel, ch' io intendo,  
 E' non avrà già sì la mente accorta,  
 Ch' udendo la ingiuriosa cosa, e torta,  
 Ch' io ti fo soffrir tuttora ardendo,  
 Temo non prenda tale smarrimento,  
 Che avanti, che udito abbia tua pesanza,  
 Non si diparta da la vita il core.  
 E tu conosci ben, ch' io sono Amore,  
 E ch' io ti lascio questa mia sembianza,  
 E portone ciascun tuo pensamento.

*Note.*—To him who understands it this is the most terrible of all the sonnets.

# SONNETS

## SONNET XXVI

### OF LOVE IN A DEAD VISION

**N**AY, when I would have sent my verses to  
thee

To say how harshly my heart is oppressed,  
Love in an ashen vision manifest  
Appeared and spake . " Say not that I foredo thee,

For though thy friend be he I understand,  
He will not yet have his mind so enured  
But that to hear of all thou hast endured,  
Of that blare flame that hath thee 'neath its hand,

Would blear his mind out. Verily before !  
Yea, he were dead, heart, life, ere he should hear  
To the last meaning of the portent wrought.

And thou ; thou knowest well I am Amor  
Who leave with thee mine ashen likeness here  
And bear away from thee thine every thought."

## SONETTO XXVII

**S'** IO fossi quello, che d' Amor fu degno,  
 Del qual non trovo sol che rimembranza,  
 E la donna tenesse altra sembianza,  
 Assai mi piacereia sì fatto segno.  
 E tu, che se' de l' amoroso regno  
 Là onde di mercè nasce speranza,  
 Riguarda, se 'l mio spirito ha pesanza,  
 Ch' un presto arcier di lui ha fatto segno ;  
 E tragge l' arco, che li tese Amore  
 Sì lietamente, che la sua persona  
 Par che di giuoco porti signoria.  
 Or odi maraviglia, ch' ella fia,  
 Lo spirito fedito li perdona  
 Vedendo, che li strugge il suo valore.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXVII

**W**ERE I that I that once was worthy of Love  
(Of whom I find naught now save the  
remembrance)

And if the lady had another semblance,  
Then would this sort of sign please me enough.

Do thou, who art from Love's clear realm returned,  
Where Mercy giveth birth to hopefulness,  
Judge as thou canst from my dim mood's distress  
What bowman and what target are concerned.

Straining his arc, behold Amor the bowman  
Draweth so gaily that to see his face  
You'd say he held his rule for merriment,  
Yet hear what's marvellous in all intent :  
The smitten spirit pardoneth his foeman  
Which pardon doth that foeman's power debase.

Anyone who can, from the text as it stands, discern what happens to whom in the final lines of this sonnet, is at liberty to emend my translation.

## SONETTO XXVIII

*U*N amoroso sguardo spiritale  
 M' ha rinnovato Amor tanto piacente,  
 Che assai più che non suole uomo, m'  
 assale,  
 Ed a pensar mi stringe coralmente  
 Vêr la mia donna, verso cui non vale  
 Mercè, nè pietà, nè esser soffrente,  
 Che sovent' ore mi dà pena tale,  
 Che 'n poca parte il cor la vita sente.  
 Ma quando sento, che sì dolce sguardo  
 Per mezzo gli occhi passò dentro al core,  
 E posevi uno spirito di gioia,  
 Di farne a lei mercè giammai non tardo ;  
 Così pregata fosse ella d' Amore  
 Che un po' di pietà non fusse noia.

## SONNET XXVIII

**A** LOVE-LIT glance, with living powers  
 fraught,  
 Renewed within me love's extreme delight,  
 So love assails me with unwonted might,  
 And cordially he driveth me in thought  
 Towards my lady with whom 'vaileth not  
 Mercy nor pity not the suffering wrought,  
 So oft and great, her torments on me fall  
 That my heart scarce can feel his life at all.

But when I feel that her so sweet regard  
 Passeth mine eyes and to the heart attaineth  
 Setting to rest therein spirits of joy,  
 Then do I give her thanks and without retard ;  
 Love asked her to do this, and that explaineth  
 Why this first pity doth her no annoy.



## SONETTO XXIX

A DANTE ALIGHIERI

**D**ANTE, un sospiro messagger del core  
 Subitamente m' assalì dormendo ;  
 Ed io mi disvegliai allor temendo,  
 Ched egli fosse in compagnia d' Amore :  
 Poi mi girai, e vidi il servitore  
 Di' Mona Lagia, che venia dicendo,  
 Aiutimi pretà, sì che dicendo  
 Io presi di pretà tanto valore.  
 Ch' io giunsi Amore, che affilava i dardi  
 Allor lo domandai del suo tormento,  
 Ed elli mi rispose in questa guisa :  
 Di' al servente, che la donna è presa,  
 E tengola per far suo piacimento,  
 E se crede, di' che agli occhi guardi

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXIX

**D**ANTE, a sigh, that's the heart's messenger  
Assailed me suddenly as I lay sleeping ;  
Aroused, I fell straightway into fear's  
    keeping,  
For Love came with that sigh as curator.

And I turned straight and saw the servitor  
Of Monna Lagia, who came there a-crying,  
" Ah pity ! Aid me ! " and at this his sighing  
I took from Pity this much power and more :

That I found Love a-filing javelins  
And asked him of both torment and solution,  
And in this fashion came that Lord's replies :  
" Say to the servant that his service wins.  
He holds the Lady to his pleasure won.  
If he'd believe it, let him watch her eyes."

## SONETTO XXX

**I**O temo, che la mia disavventura  
 Non faccia sì. ch' io dica : Io mi dispero :  
 Però ch' io sento nel cor un pensiero,  
 Che fa tremar la mente di paura.  
 E par ch' ei dica : Amor non t' assicura  
 In guisa che tu possa di leggiero  
 A la tua donna sì contare il vero,  
 Che morte non ti ponga in sua figura.  
 De la gran doglia, che l' anima sente,  
 Sì parte da lo core un tal sospiro,  
 Che va dicendo : Spiritei fuggite.  
 Allor null' uom, che sia pietosa, miro,  
 Che consolasse mia vita dolente,  
 Dicendo : Spiritei, non vi partite.

Cf. A. C. S., "Triumph of Time." Cf. stanza 30, l. 7-8.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXX

**I** FEAR me lest unfortune's counter thrust  
Pierce through my throat and rip out my  
despair.

I feel my heart and that thought shaking there  
Which shakes the aspen mind with his distrust,  
Seeming to say, " Love doth not give thee ease  
So that thou canst, as of a little thing,  
Speak to thy Lady with full verities,  
For fear Death set thee in his reckoning."

By the chagrin that here assails my soul  
My heart's parturèd of a sigh so great  
It crieth to the spirits : " Get ye gone ! "  
And of all piteous folk I come on none  
Who seeing me so in my grief's control  
Will aid by saying e'en : " Nay, Spirits, wait ! "

## SONETTO XXXI

**O** TU che porti ne gli occhi sovente  
 Amor tenendo tre saette in mano,  
 Questo mio spirto, che vien di lontano  
 Ti raccomanda l' anima dolente :  
 La qual ha già feruta ne la mente  
 Di due saette l' arcier soriano,  
 E a la terza apre l' arco, ma s'è piano,  
 Che non m' aggiunge, essendoti presente,  
 Perchè suria de l' alma la salute,  
 Che quasi giace infra le membra morta  
 Di due saette, che fan tre ferute.  
 La prima dà piacere e disconforta,  
 E la seconda desia la virtute  
 De la gran gioia, che la terza porta.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXXI

**Y**OU, who within your eyes so often carry  
That Love who holdeth in his hand three  
arrows,

Behold my spirit, by his far-brought sorrows,  
Commends to you a soul whom hot griefs harry.

A mind thrice wounded she<sup>1</sup> already hath,  
By this keen archer's Syrian shafts twice shot.  
The third, less tautly drawn, hath reached me not,  
Seeing your presence is my shield 'gainst wrath.

Yet this third shot had made more safe my soul,  
Who almost dead beneath her members lies ;  
For these two arrows give three wounds in all :

The first : delight, which payeth pain his toll ;  
The second brings desire for the prize  
Of that great joy which with the third doth fall.

<sup>1</sup> *I. e.* The Soul. I have kept the Italian gender in those few sonnets where there is no danger of confusing "her," the soul, with the subjects of other feminine pronouns.

## SONETTO XXXII

**S**E non ti caggia la tua Santalena  
 Giù per lo colto tra le dure zolle,  
 E venga a man di qualche villan folle,  
 Che la stropicci e rendalati appena ;  
 Dimmi, se 'l frutto che la terra mena,  
 Nasce di secco, di caldo o di molle ,  
 E qual è 'l vento, che l' ammorta, e tolle ;  
 E di che nebbia la tempesta è piena ?  
 E se ti piace, quando la mattina  
 Odi la voce del lavoratore,  
 E 'l tramazzar dell' altra sua famiglia ?  
 Io ho per certo, che se la Bettina  
 Porta soave spirito nel core,  
 Del nuovo acquisto spesso ti ripiglia.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXXII

TO CECCO

**I**F Santalena does not come unto you  
Down in the plow-lands where the clods are  
hard,

But falls into the hands of some hot clod-pole  
Who'll wear her out and hardly then return her ;  
Then tell me if the fruit which this land beareth  
Is born of drought or heat or from the dampness,  
And say what wind it is doth blight and wither  
And which doth bring the tempest and the mist.

Say if it please you, when at break of morning  
You hear the farmer's workman bawling out  
And all his family meddling in the noise ?

Egad ! I think that if your sweet Bettina  
Beareth a mellow spirit in her heart

She'll rescue you once more from your last choice.



## SONETTO XXXIII

**M**ORTE gentil, rimedio de' cattivi,  
 Mercè, mercè, a man giunte ti chieggio,  
 Viemmi a vedere, o prendimi, che peggio

    Mi face Amor, chè miei spiriti vivi  
 Son constumati, e spenti, sè che quivi,  
 Dov' io stava gioioso, ora m' avveggio  
 In parte lasso là, dov' io passeggio,  
 Pene, e dolor, e 'n pianto vuol ch' arrivi.

E molto maggior mal, s' esser più puote  
 Morte or è il tempo, che valer mi puor  
 Di tormi da le man di tal nimico.

Aimè lasso, quante volte dico :

Amor, perchè fai mal sol pure a' tuoi,  
 Com' fa quel de l' inferno, che percuote ?

## SONNETS

## SONNET XXXIII

## WITH DEATH

**D**EATH who art haught, the wretched's  
 remedy,  
 Grace! Grace! hands joined I do beseech  
 it thee,  
 Come, see and conquer for worse things on me  
 Are launched by love. My senses that did live,  
 Consumèd are and quenched, and e'en in this place  
 Where I was galliard, now I see that I am  
 Fallen away, and where my steps I misplace,  
 Fall pain and grief; to open tears I nigh am.  
 And greater ills He'd send if greater may be,  
 Sweet Death, now is the time thou may'st avail me  
 And snatch me from His hand's hostility.  
 Ah woe! how oft I cry, "Love tell me now:  
 Why dost thou ill only unto thine own,  
 Like him of hell who maketh the damned groan?"

## SONETTO XXXIV

**A**MORE e Mona Lagra, e Guido, ed io  
 Possiam ben ringraziare un Ser costui,  
 Che n' ha partiti, sapete da cui ?

Nol vo' contar per averlo in oblio.

Poi questi tre più non v' hanno disio ;

Ch' eran serventi di tal guisa in lui,

Che veramente più di lor non fui,

Immaginando, ch' elli fosse Iddio.

Sia ringraziato Amor, che se ne accorse

Primieramente, poi la donna saggia,

Che in quel punto li ritolse il core.

E Guido ancor, che n' è del tutto fore,

Ed io ancor, che n' sua virtute caggia ,

Se poi mi piacque, non si crede forse.

## SONNETS

### SONNET XXXIV

**A** MORE and Mona Lagia and Guido and I  
Can give true thanks unto Ser Such-a-one  
• Who hath now ridded us of Know-you-who ?  
I'll name no name for I'd have it forgotten.  
And these three people have no wish for it  
Though they were servants to him in such wise  
That they, in sooth, could not have served him more  
Had they mistaken him for God himself.

Let Love be thanked who was first made aware,  
And then give thanks unto the prudent lady  
Who at Love's instance hath called back her heart ;  
Then thanks to Guido<sup>1</sup> who's not here concerned  
And to me too who drove him back to virtue,  
If then he please me, think it not perchance.

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.* Guido Orlando.

## SONETTO XXXV

**U**NA figura de la donna mia  
 S' adora Guido, a San Michele in Orto,  
 Che di bella sembianza, onesta e pia,  
 De' peccatori è refugio e conforto :  
 E quale a lei divoto s' umilìa  
 Chi più languisce, più n' ha di conforto :  
 Gl' infermi sana, i demon caccia via,  
 E gli occhi orbati fa vedere scorto.  
 Sana in pubblico loco gran languori :  
 Con reverenza la gente l' inchina :  
 Due luminara l' adornan di fuori :  
 La voce va per lontane cammina ;  
 Ma dicon, ch' è idolatra, i Fra' Minori,  
 Per invidia, che non è lor vicina.

# SONNETS

## SONNET XXXV

TO GUIDO ORLANDO

He explains the miracles of the Madonna of Or San Michele,  
by telling whose image it is.

**M**Y Lady's face it is they worship there,  
At San Michele in Orto, Guido mine,  
Near her fair semblance that is clear and  
holy,

Sinners take refuge and get consolation.  
Whoso before her kneeleth reverently  
No longer wasteth but is comforted ;  
The sick are healed and devils driven forth,  
And those with crooked eyes see straightway  
straight.

Great ills she cureth in an open place,  
With reverence the folk all kneel unto her,  
And two lamps shed the glow about her form.  
Her voice is borne out through far-lying ways  
'Till brothers minor cry : " Idolatry,"  
For envy of her precious neighbourhood.

MADRIGALE

**O** CIECO mondo, di lusinghe pieno,  
 Mortal veleno è ciascun tuo diletto,  
 Fallace e pien d'inganni, e con sospetto.  
 Folle è colui che ti addrizza il freno,  
 Quando per men che nulla quel ben perde,  
 Che sovra ogn' altra Amor luce e sta verde.  
 Però già mai di te colui non curi,  
 Che 'l frutto vuol gustar di dolci fiori.

## MADRIGAL

### MADRIGAL

**O** WORLD gone blind and full of false deceits,  
Deadly's the poison with thy joys connected,  
O treacherous thou, and guileful and sus-  
pected .

Sure he is mad who for thy checks retreats  
And for scant nothing loseth that green prize  
Which over-gleans all other loveliness ;

Wherefore the wise man scorns thee at all hours  
When he would taste the fruit of pleasant flowers.





**BALLATE**

# BALLATE

## BALLATA I

**P**OICHÈ di doglia cor convien ch' io porti,  
E senta di piacere ardente foco,  
Che di virtù mi tragge a sì vil loco ;

*Dirò come ho perduto ogni valore.*

*Io dico, che miei spiriti son morti,*

*E 'l cor, ch' ha tanta guerra e vita poco :*

*E se non fosse che 'l morir m' è gioco,*

*Fare' ne di pietà piangere amore :*

*Ma per lo folle impo, che m' ha giunto,*

*Mi cangio di mia ferma opinione*

*In altrui condizione ;*

*Si ch' io non mostro, quant' i' sento affanno,*

*Là ond' io ricevo inganno :*

*Che dentro da lor cor mi passa anianza,*

*Che se ne porta tutta mia speranza.*

# BALLATE

## BALLATA I

**S**ITH need hath bound my heart in bands of  
grief,  
Sith I turn flame in pleasure's saffron fire,  
I sing how I lost a treasure by desire  
And left all virtue and am low descended.

I tell, with senses dead, what scant relief  
My heart now *was* hath in his life's small might.  
Nay I were not hath turned pleasure in my sight,  
Then Love would weep to see me so outended.

Yet, nor I'm come upon a madder season,  
The fore opinion which I held of late  
Stand in a changèd state,  
And I show not how much my soul is grievèd  
There where I am deceivèd  
Since through my heart, midway, a mistress went  
And in her passage all mine hopes were spent.

*Note.* — This is not really a ballata but is the first stanza of a lost canzone, one mentioned by Dante in the *D. V. E.*

## BALLATA II

**I** O vidi donne con la donna mia :  
 Non che niuna mi sembrasse donna ;  
 Ma simigliavan sol la sua ombria.  
 Già non la lodo, se non perch' è 'l vero,  
 E non biasimo altrui, se m' intendete :  
 Ma ragionando muovesi un pensiero  
 A dir : Tosto, miei spiriti, morrete,  
 Crudei, se me veggendo non piangete ;  
 Che stando nel pensier gli occhi fan via  
 A lagrime del cor, che non la oblia.

BALLATA II

**L**ADIES I saw a-passing where she passed ;  
 Not that they seemed as ladies to my vision,  
 Who were like nothing save her shadow cast.

I praise her in no cause save verity's,  
 None other dispraise, if ye comprehend me.  
 A spirit moveth speaking prophecies  
 Foretelling : Spirits mine, swift death shall end ye,  
 Gruel ! if seeing me no tears forelend ye,  
 Sith but the being in thought sets wide mine eyes  
 For sobbing out my heart's full memories.

## BALLATA III

**S**E m' hai del tutto obliato mercede,  
 Gia però fede il cor non abbandona ;  
 Anzi ragiona di servire a grato  
 Al dispietato core.

E qual ciò sente, simil me non crede,  
 Ma chi tal vede ? certo non persona ;  
 Ch' Amor mi dona uno spirito in suo stato,  
 Che figurato more :  
 Che quando quel piacer mi stringe tanto,  
 Che lo sospir si mova,  
 Par, che nel cor mi piova  
 Un dolce Amor sì buono,  
 Ch' io dico : Donna, tutto vostro sono.

## BALLATE

### BALLATA III

**T**HO' all thy piteous mercy fall away  
Not for thy failing shall my faith so fall,  
• That Faith speaks on of services unpaid  
To the unpitièd heart.

What that heart feeleth ? Ye believe me not.  
Who sees such things ? Surely no one at all,  
For Love me gives a spirit on his part  
Who dieth if portrayed.

Thence when that pleasure so assaileth me,  
And the sighing faileth me,  
Within my heart a rain of love descendeth  
So fragrantly, so purely  
That I cry out, " Lady, thou hold'st me surely ! "



## BALLATA IV

**V**EDETE, ch' io son un, che vo pian-  
gendo,

*E dimostrando il giudizio d' Amore ;*

*E già non trovo sì pietoso core,*

*Che me guardando una volta sospiri.*

*Novella doglia m' è nel cor venuta,*

*La qual mi fa dolere e pianger forte ;*

*E spesse volte avvien, che mi saluta*

*Tanto d' appresso l' angosciosa morte,*

*Che fa in quel punto le persone accorte,*

*Che dicono in fra lor : Questi ha dolore ;*

*E già secondo che ne par di fore,*

*Dovrebbe dentro aver nuovi martiri.*

*Questa pesanza ch' è nel cor discesa,*

*Ha certi spiritei già consumati,*

*I quali eran venuti per difesa*

*Del cor dolente, che gli avea chiamati :*

*Questi lasciaro gli occhi abbandonati,*

*Quando passò ne la mente un romore,*

*Il qual dicea : Dentro biltà, che more ;*

*Ma guarda, che biltà non vi si miri.*

## BALLATE

### BALLATA IV

**W**EEPING ye see me, in Grief's company,  
One showing forth Love's jurisdiction.  
Of pity-shrouded hearts I find not one  
Who sigheth, seeing me disconsolate.

New is the grief that's come upon my heart,  
And mournful is the press of my deep sighs,  
And oft Death greeteth me, by tricksome art  
Drawn close upon me with his agonies,  
Yea close, drawn close till every dullard sees ;  
I hear their murmuring, " How grief hath bent  
This man ! And we from the apparent testament,  
Deem stranger torments in him sublimate."

Within my heart this grievous weight descended  
Hath slain that band of spirits which was bent  
Heartward, that th' heart might by them be de-  
fended.

When the sad heart had summoned them they'd left  
Mine eyes of every other guard bereft  
Till Rumour, courier through the mind, ran crying,  
" A vileness in the heart, Oyez ! lies dying.  
On guard lest vileness strike at *your* estate ! "

## BALLATA V

**V**EGGIO ne gli occhi de la donna mia  
 Un lume pien di spiriti d' Amore,  
 Che portano un piacer novo nel core,  
 Sì che vi desta d' allegrezza vita.

Cosa m' avvien, quand' io le son presente,  
 Ch' i' non la posso a lo 'ntelletto dire :  
 Veder mi par de le sue labbia uscire  
 Una sì bella donna, che la mente  
 Comprendre non la può che 'mmantenente  
 Ne nasce un altra di bellezza nova :  
 Da la qual par, ch' una stella si mova,  
 E dica : Tua salute è dipartita.

Là dove questa bella donna appare  
 S' ode una voce, che le vien davanti,  
 E par, che d' umiltà 'l suo nome canti  
 Sì dolcemente, che s' io 'l vo' contare,  
 Sento che 'l suo valor mi fa tremare ;  
 E movonsi ne l' anima sospiri,  
 Che dicono : Guarda, se tu costei miri,  
 Vedrai la sua virtù nel ciel salita.

## BALLATE

### BALLATA V

**L**IGHT do I see within my Lady's eyes  
And loving spirits in its plenisphere  
Which bear in strange delight on my heart's  
• care

Till Joy's awakened from that sepulchre.

That which befalls me in my Lady's presence  
Bars explanations intellectual,  
I seem to see a lady wonderful  
Forth issue from Her lips, one whom no sense  
Can fully tell the mind of and one whence  
Another fair, swift born, moves marvellous,  
From whom a star goes forth and speaketh thus :  
" Lo, thy salvation is gone forth from thee."

There where this Lady's loveliness appeareth,  
There's heard a voice which goes before her ways  
And seems to sing her name with such sweet praise  
That my mouth fears to speak what name she  
beareth,  
And my heart trembles for the grace she weareth,  
While far in my soul's deep the sighs astir  
Speak thus : " Look well ! For if thou look on her,  
Then shalt thou see her virtue risen in heaven."

*Vide* Introduction.

## BALLATA VI

**L**A forte, e nova mia disavventura  
 M' ha disfatta nel core  
 Ogni dolce pensier, ch' i' avea d' Amore.  
 Disfatta m' ha già tanto de la vita,  
 Che la gentil piacevol donna mia  
 Da l' anima distrutta s' è partita ;  
 Sì ch' io non veggio là, dov' ella sia :  
 Non è rimasa in me tanta balla,  
 Ch' io de lo suo valore  
 Possa comprender ne la mente fiore.

Vien, che m' uccide un sì gentil pensiero,  
 Che par, che dica, ch' io mai non la veggia,  
 Questo tormento dispietato e fero,  
 Che struggendo m' incende ed amareggia :  
 Trovar non posso, a cui pietate chieggia,  
 Mercè di quel signore,  
 Che gira la fortuna del dolore.

Pien d' ogni angoscia in loco di paura  
 Lo spirito dal cor dolente giace,  
 Per la fortuna, che di me non cura,  
 Ch' ha vólta morte dove assai mi spiace ;

## BALLATE

### BALLATA VI

**T**HE harshness of my strange and new mis-  
venture  
Hath in my mind distraught  
The wonted fragrance of love's every thought.

Already is my life in such part shaken  
That she, my gracious lady of delight,  
Hath left my soul most desolate forsaken  
And e'en the place she was, is gone from sight ;  
And there rests not within me so much might  
That my mind can reach forth  
To comprehend the flower of her worth.

This noble thought is come well winged with death,  
Namely, that I shall ne'er see her again,  
And this harsh torment, with no pity fraught,  
Increaseth bitterness and in its strain  
I cry, and find none to attend my pain,  
While for the flame I feel,  
I thank that lord who turns grief's fortune wheel.

Full of all anguish and within Fear's gates  
The spirit of my heart lies sorrowfully,  
Thanks to that Fortune who my fortune hates,  
Who 'th spun death's lot where it most irketh me

*E dà speranza ch' è stata fallace.  
Nel tempo, che si more,  
M' ha fatto perder dilettevoli ore.*

*Parole mie disfatte e paurose,  
Dove di gir vi piace ve n' andate,  
Ma sempre sospirando, e vergognose  
Lo nome de la mia donna chiamate :  
Io pur rimango in tanta avversitate,  
Che qual mira di fore  
Vede la morte sotto 'l mio colore.*

## BALLATE

And given hope that's ta'en in treachery,  
Which ere it died aright  
Had robbed me of mine hours of delight.

O words of mine foredone and full of terror,  
Whither it please ye, go forth and proclaim  
Grief. Throughout all your wayfare, in your error  
Make ye soft clamour of my Lady's name,  
While I downcast and fallen upon shame  
Keep scant shields over me,  
To whomso runs, death's colours cover me.

•



## BALLATA VII

**E**RA in pensier d' Amor, quand' io trovai  
 Due forosette nove ;  
 L' una cantava . E' piove  
 Gioco d' Amore in nui.

Era la vista lor tanto soave,  
 Tanto quieta, cortese ed umile,  
 Ch' io dissi lor : Voi portate la chiave  
 Di ciascuna virtute alta, e gentile :  
 Deh forosette, non mi aggate a vile :  
 Per lo colpo, ch' io porto,  
 Questo cor mi fa morto,  
 Poichè 'n Tolosa fui.

Elle con gli occhi lor si volser tanto,  
 Che vider come 'l core era ferito ;  
 E come un spiritel nato di pianto  
 Era per mezzo de lo colpo uscito,  
 Pochè mi vider così sbigottito,  
 Disse l' una, che rise ;  
 Guarda, come conquise  
 Gioia d' Amor costui.

Molto cortesemente mi rispose  
 Quella, che di me prima aveva riso.

BALLATA VII

**B**EING in thought of love I came upon  
 Two damsels strange  
 Who sang, " The joyous rains  
 Of love descend within us."

So quiet in their modest courtesies  
 Their aspect coming softly on my vision  
 Made me reply, " Surely ye hold the keys  
 O' the virtues noble, high, without omission.  
 Ah, little maids, hold me not in derision,  
 For the wound I bear within me  
 And this heart o' mine ha' slain me.  
 I was in Toulouse lately."

And then toward me they so turned their eyes  
 That they could see my wounded heart's ill ease,  
 And how a little spirit born of sighs  
 Had issued forth from out the cicatrice.  
 Perceiving so the depth of my distress,  
 She who was smiling, said,  
 " Love's joy hath vanquished  
 This man. Behold how greatly ! "

Then she who had first mocked me, in better part  
 Gave me all courtesy in her replies.

*Disse : La donna che nel cor ti pose  
 Con la forza d' Amor tutto 'l suo viso,  
 Dentro per gli occhi ti mirò sì fiso,  
 Ch' Amor fece apparire :  
 Se t' è grave il soffrire,  
 Raccomandati a lui.*

*L' altra pietosa piena di mercede,  
 Fatta di gioco in figura d' Amore  
 Disse : Il tuo colpo, che nel cor si vede,  
 Fu tratto d' occhi di troppo valore ;  
 Che dentro vi lassaro uno splendore,  
 Ch' i' nol posso mirare :  
 Dimmi, se ricordare  
 Di quegli occhi ti puoi ?*

*A la dura quistione, e paurosa,  
 La qual mi fece questa forosetta,  
 Io dissi : E' mi ricorda che 'n Tolosa  
 Donna m' apparve accordellata e stretta,  
 La qual Amor chiamava La Mandetta :  
 Giunse si presta e forte,  
 Che 'nfin dentro alla morte  
 Mi colpì gli occhi sui.*

## BALLATE

She said, " That Lady, who upon thine heart  
Cut her full image, clear, by Love's device,  
Hath looked so fixedly in through thine eyes  
That she's made Love appear there ;  
If thou great pain or fear bear,  
Recommend thee unto him ! "

Then the other piteous, full of misericorde,  
Fashioned for pleasure in love's fashioning :  
" His heart's apparent wound, I give my word,  
Was got from eyes whose power's an o'er great  
• thing,  
Which eyes have left in his a glittering  
That mine cannot endure.  
Tell me, hast thou a sure  
Memory of those eyes ? "

To her dread question with such fears attended,  
" Maid o' the wood," I said, " my memories render  
Tolosa and the dusk and these things blended :  
A lady in a corded bodice, slender  
—Mandetta is the name Love's spirits lend her—  
A lightning swift to fall,  
And naught within recall  
Save, Death ! My wounds ! Her eyes ! "

## GUIDO CAVALCANTI

*Vanne a Tolosa, Ballatetta mia ;  
Ed entra quietamente a la dorata  
Ed ivi chiama, che per cortesia  
D' alcuna bella donna sia menata  
Dinanzi a quella, di cui t' ho pregata ;  
E s' ella ti riceve,  
Dille con voce leve :  
Per mercè vegno a vui.*

## BALLATE

(*Envoi*)

Speed Ballatet' unto Tolosa city  
And go in softly neath the golden roof  
And there cry out, " Will courtesy or pity  
Of any most fair lady, put to proof,  
Lead me to her with whom is my behoof? "  
Then if thou get *her* choice  
Say, with a lowered voice,  
" It is *thy* grace I seek here."

## BALLATA VIII

**G**LI occhi di quella gentil forosetta  
 Hanno distretta sì la mente mia  
 Ch' altro non chiama, che lei, nè disia.

Ella mi fiere sì, quando la sguardo,  
 Ch' i' sento lo sospir tremar nel core.  
 Esce da gli occhi suoi, là ond' io ardo,  
 Un gentiletto spirito d' Amore,  
 Lo quale è pieno di tanto valore,  
 Che, quando giugne, l' anima va via,  
 Come colci, che soffrir nol porrà.

Io sento poi gir fuor gli miei sospiri,  
 Quando la mente di lei mi ragiona :  
 E veggio piover per l' aer martìri,  
 Che traggon di dolor la mia persona,  
 Sì che ciascuna virtù m' abbandona  
 In guisa, ch' i' non so là ov' i' mi sia :  
 Sol par, che morte m' aggia in sua balìa.

Sì mi sento disfatto, che mercede  
 Già non ardisco nel pensier chiamare :  
 Ch' i' truovo Amor, che dice : Ella si vede  
 Tanto gentil, che non può 'mmaginare,

## BALLATA VIII

**T**HE eyes of this gentle maid of the forest  
 Have set my mind in such bewilderment  
 That all my wistful thoughts on her are bent.

•  
 So doth she pierce me when mine eyes regard her  
 That I hear sighs a-trembling in mine heart  
 As from her eyes aye sources of mine ardour  
 The quaint small spirits of Amor forth-dart  
 From which small sprites such greater powers start  
 That when they reach me my faint soul is sent  
 Exhausted forth to swoon in banishment.

I feel how from mine eyes the sighs forth-fare  
 When my mind reasoneth with me of her,  
 Till I see torments raining through the air.  
 Draggled by griefs, which I by these incur,  
 Mine every strength turns mine abandoner,  
 And I know not what place I am toward,  
 Save that Death hath me in his castle-yard.

And I am so outworn that now for mercy  
 I am not bold to cry out even in thought,  
 And I find Love, who speaking saith of her, " See,  
 She is not one whose image could be wrought.



## GUIDO CAVALCANTI

*Ch' uom d' esto mondo l' ardisca mirare,  
Che non convenga lui tremare in pria :  
Ed io, s' i' la guardassi, ne morria.*

*Ballata, quando tu sarai presente  
A gentil donna, so che tu dirai  
De la mia angoscia dolorosamente :  
Di' : Quegli, che me manda a voi, trae guai ;  
Però che dice, che non spera mai  
Trovar pietà di tanta cortesià,  
Ch' a la sua donna faccia compagnia.*

## BALLATE

Unto her presence no man could be brought  
Who did not well to tremble for the daring."  
And I? Would swoon if I should meet her faring.

*(Envoi)*

Go! Ballad mine, and when thy journey has won  
Unto my Lady's presence wonderful,  
Speak of mine anguish in some fitting fashion,  
Sorrowfully thus, "My sender is sorrowtul,  
Lo, how he saith, he hath no hope at all  
Of drawing pity from such courtesy  
As keeps his Lady's gracious company."

## BALLATA IX

**I**N un boschetto trovai pastorella  
 Più che la stella bella al mio parere  
 Capegli avea biondetti e ricciutelli,  
 E gli occhi pien d' amor, cera rosata ;  
 Con sua verghetta pasturava agnelli ;  
 E scalza, e di rugiada era bagnata :  
 Cantava come fosse innamorata,  
 Era adornata di tutto piacere.

D' Amor la salutai 'mmantenente,  
 E domandai, s' avesse compagnia :  
 Ed ella mi rispose dolcemente,  
 Che sola sola per lo bosco già :  
 E disse : Sappi quando l' augel pia,  
 Allor disia lo mio cor drudo avere.

Poichè mi disse di sua condizione,  
 E per lo bosco augelli udlo cantare,  
 Fra me stesso dicea : Or è stagione  
 Di questa pastorella gioi' pigliare ;  
 Mercè le chiesi, sol che di baciare,  
 E d' abbracciare fosse 'l suo volere.

BALLATA IX

**I**N wood-way found I once a shepherdess,  
 More fair than stars are was she to my seeming.

Her hair was wavy somewhat, like dull gold.  
 Eyes? Love-worn, and her face like some pale rose.  
 With a small twig she kept her lambs in hold,  
 And bare her feet were bar the dewdrop's gloze;  
 She sang as one whom mad love holdeth close,  
 And joy was on her for an ornament.

I greeted her in love without delaying:  
 "Hast thou companion in thy solitude?"  
 And she replied to me most sweetly, saying,  
 "Nay, I am quite alone in all this wood,  
 But when the birds 'gin singing in their coverts  
 My heart is fain that time to find a lover."

As she was speaking thus of her condition  
 I heard the bird-song 'neath the forest shade  
 And thought me how 't was but the time's provision  
 To gather joy of this small shepherd maid.  
 Favour I asked her, but for kisses only,  
 And then I felt her pleasant arms upon me.

## GUIDO CAVALCANTI

*Per man mi prese d' amorosa voglia,  
E disse, che donato m' avea 'l core :  
Menommi sotto una freschetta foglia,  
La dov' io vidi fior d' ogni colore ;  
E tanto vi sentio gioi' e dolzore,  
Che Dio d' Amor mi parve ivi vedere.*

## BALLATE

She held to me with a dear wilfulness,  
Saying her heart had gone into my bosom,  
She drew me on to a cool leafy place  
Where I gat sight of every coloured blossom,  
And there I drank in so much summer sweetness  
Meseemed Love's god connived at its completeness.

## BALLATA X

**P**OSSO de gli occhi miei novella dire,  
 La quale è tal, che piace sì al core,  
 Che di dolcezza ne sospira Amore.

Questo novo piacer, che 'l mio cor sente,  
 Fu tratto sol d' una donna veduta  
 La quale è sì gentile ed avvenente,  
 E tanto adorna, che 'l cor la saluta :  
 Non è la sua biltate conosciuta  
 Da gente vile : che lo suo colore  
 Chiama intelletto di troppo valore.

Io veggio, che ne gli occhi suoi risplende  
 Una virtù d' amor tanto gentile,  
 Ch' ogni dolce piacer vi si comprende :  
 E muove allora un' anima sottile,  
 Rispetto de la quale ogni altra è vile ;  
 E non sì può di lei giudicar fore  
 Altro che dir, quest è nuovo splendore.

Va Ballatetta, e la mia donna trova  
 E tanto la dimanda di mercede,  
 Che gli occhi di pietà verso te mova

## BALLATE

### BALLATA X

**N**OW can I tell you tidings of mine eyes,  
News which such pleasure to my heart  
supplieth  
That Love himself for glory of it sigheth.

This new delight which my heart drinketh in  
Was drawn from nothing save a woman seen  
Who hath such charm and a so courtly mien  
And such fair fashion that the heart is fain  
To greet her beauty, which nor base nor mean  
Can know, because its hue and qualities demand  
Intelligence in him who would understand.

I see Love grow resplendent in her eyes  
With such great power and such noble thought  
As hold therein all gracious ecstasies,  
From them there moves a soul so subtly wrought  
That all compared thereto are set at naught  
And judgment of her speaks no truth save this :  
“ A splendour strange and unforeseen she is.”

*(Envoi)*

Go, Ballatetta, forth and find my Lady,  
Ask if she have this much of mercy ready,  
This namely, that she turn her eyes toward thee ?



GUIDO CAVALCANTI

*Per quel, che' n lei ha tutta la sua fede ,  
È s' ella questa grazia ti concede,  
Manda una voce d' allegrezza fore  
Che mostri quello che t' ha fatto onore.*

## BALLATE

Ask in his name whose whole faith rests in her,  
And if she gracious, this much grace accord thee,  
Offer glad-voicèd incense of sweet savour  
Proclaiming of whom thou receiv'st such favour.

## BALLATA XI

**P**ERCH' io non spero di tornar già mai,  
 Ballatetta, in Toscana,  
 Va tu leggiera e piana  
 Dritta a la donna mia,  
 Che per sua cortesia  
 Ti farà molto onore.

Tu porterai novelle de' sospiri ;  
 Piene di doglia, e di molta paura ;  
 Ma guarda che persona non ti miri,  
 Che sia nimica di gentil natura ;  
 Che certo per la mia disavventura  
 Tu saresti contesa,  
 Tanto da lei ripresa,  
 Che mi sarebbe angoscia ;  
 Doppo la morte poscia  
 Pianto e novel dolore.

Tu senti Ballatetta, che la morte  
 Mi stringe sì, che vita m' abbandona ;  
 E senti, come 'l cor sì sbatte forte  
 Per quel, che ciascun spirito ragiona ;  
 Tant' è distretta già la mia persona,  
 Ch' i' non posso soffrire :

BALLATA XI

**B**ECAUSE no hope is left me, Ballatetta,  
 Of return to Tuscany,  
 Light-foot go thou some fleet way  
 Unto my Lady straightway,  
 And out of her courtesy  
 Great honour will she do thee.

Tidings thou bearest with thee sorrow-fain  
 Full of all grieving, overcast with fear.  
 On guard! Lest any one see thee or hear,  
 Any who holds high nature in disdain,  
 For sure if so, to my increase of pain,  
 Thou wert made prisoner  
 And held afar from her,  
 Hereby new harms were given  
 Me, and after death even  
 Dolour and griefs renewed.

Thou knowest, Ballatetta, that Death layeth  
 His hand upon me whom hath Life forsaken ;  
 Thou knowest well how great a tumult swayeth  
 My heart at sound of her whom each sense crieth  
 Till all my mournful body is so shaken  
 That I cannot endure here,

*Se tu mi vuoi servire  
Mena l' anima teco ;  
Molto di ciò ti prego,  
Quando uscirà' del core.*

*Deh Ballatetta a la tua amistate  
Quest' anima, che triema, raccomando ;  
Menala teco ne la sua pietate  
A quella bella donna, a cui ti mando :  
Deh Ballatetta, dille sospirando,  
Quando le se' presente :  
Questa vostra servente  
Vien per istar con vui,  
Partita da colui,  
Che fu servo d' Amore.*

*Tu voce sbigottita, e deboletta,  
Ch' esci piangendo de lo cor dolente,  
Con l' anima, e con questa Ballatetta  
Va ragionando de la strutta mente.  
Voi troverete una donna piacente  
Di sì dolce intelletto,  
Che vi sarà diletto  
Starle davanti ognora :  
Anima, e tu l' adora  
Sempre nel tuo valore.*

## BALLATE

Would'st thou make service sure here ?  
Lead forth my soul with thee  
(I pray thee earnestly)  
When it parts from my heart here.

Ah! Ballatetta, to thy friendliness  
I do give o'er this trembling soul's poor case.  
Bring thou it there where her dear pity is,  
And when thou hast found that Lady of all grace  
Speak through thy sighs, my Ballad, with thy face  
Low bowed, thy words in sum :  
"Behold, thy servant is come,  
This soul who would dwell with thee,  
Asundered suddenly  
From Him, Love's servitor."

O smothered voice and weak that tak'st the road  
Out from the weeping heart and dolorous,  
Go crying out my most sad mind's alarm  
Forth with my soul and this song piteous  
Until thou find a lady of such charm,  
So sweetly intelligent  
That e'en thy sorrow is rent.  
Take thy fast place before her.  
And thou, Soul mine, adore her  
Alway, with all thy might.

## BALLATA XII

**Q**UANDO di morte mi convien trar vita,  
 E di gravezza gioia  
 Come di tanta noia,  
 Lo spirito d' Amor d' amar m' invita ?  
 Come m' invita lo mio cor d' amare ?  
 Lasso, ch' è pien di doglia,  
 E da' sospir s'è d' ogni parte priso,  
 Che quasi sol mercè non può chiamare ;  
 E di virtù lo spoglia  
 L' affanno che m' ha già quasi conquiso ;  
 Canto, piacer con beninanza e riso,  
 Mi son doglie e sospiri ;  
 Guardi ciascuno e miri,  
 Che morte m' è nel viso già salita.  
 Amor, che nasce di simil piacere,  
 Dentro dal cor si posa,  
 Formando di desio nova persona,  
 Ma fa la sua virtù 'n vizio cadere ;  
 Si ch' amar già non osa  
 Qual sente, come servir guiderdona :  
 Dunque d' amar perchè meco ragiona ?  
 Credo sol, perchè vede,

BALLATA XII

**I**F all my life be but some deathly moving,  
 Joy dragged from heaviness ;  
 Seeing my deep distress  
 How doth Love's spirit call me unto loving ?

How summon up my heart for dalliance ?  
 When 'tis so sorrowful  
 And manacled by sighs so mournfully  
 That e'en the will for grace dare not advance ?  
 Weariness over all  
 Spoileth that heart of power, despoiling me.  
 And song, sweet laughter, and benignity  
 Are grown three grievous sighs,  
 Till all men's careless eyes  
 May see Death risen to my countenance.

•  
 Love that is born of loving like delight  
 Within my heart sojourneth  
 And fashions a new person from desire  
 Yet toppleth down to vileness all his might,  
 So all Love's daring spurneth  
 That man who knoweth service and its hire.  
 For Love, then why doth he of me inquire ?  
 Only because he sees



*Ch' io dimando mercede  
A morte, ch' a ciascun dolor m' addita.  
Io mi posso biasmar di gran pesanza,  
Più che nessun giammai .  
Che morte dentro al cor mi tragge un core,  
Che va parlando di crudele amanza,  
Che ne' miei forti guarì,  
M' affana , laond' io perdo ogni valore.  
Quel punto maladetto sia, ch' Amore  
Nacque di tal maniera,  
Che la mia vita fiera  
Gli fu di tal piacere a lui gradita.*

## BALLATE

Me cry on Death for ease,  
While Death doth point me on toward all mis-  
chance.

And I can cry for Grief so heavily  
As hath man never,  
For Grief drags to my heart a heart so sore  
With wandering speech of her, who cruelly  
Outwarieth me ever . . . . .  
O Mistress, spoiler of my valour's store !  
Accursed by the hour when Amor  
Was born in such a wise  
That my life in his eyes  
Grew matter of pleasure and acceptable !

## BALLATA XIII

**S**OL per pietà ti prego, giovinezza,  
 Che la dischiesta di mercè ti caglia,  
 Poi che la morte ha mosso la battaglia.

Questa dischiesta anima mia si trova  
 S'è sbigottita per lo spirto torto,  
 Che tu non curi, anzi sei fatta pruova,  
 E mostri bene sconoscenza scorto.  
 Tu sei nimico, ond' or prego colui,  
 Ch' ogni durezza muove, vince e taglia,  
 Ch' anzi a la fine mia mostri che vaglia.

Tu vedi ben, che l' aspra condizione  
 Ne' colpi di colei, che ha in odio vira,  
 Mi stringe in parte, ove umiltà si pone :  
 S'è che veggendo l' anima, ch' è in vita  
 Di dolenti sospir dicendo volta,  
 Ch' io veggio ben, com' il valor si scaglia,  
 Deh prendati mercè sì, che in te saglia.

## BALLATE

### BALLATA XIII

**F**OR naught save pity do I pray thy youth  
That thou have care for Mercy's castaway  
Lo, Death's upon me in his battle array !

And my soul finds him in his decadence  
So over-wearied by that spirit wried  
(For whom thou car'st not till his ways be tried,  
Showing thyself thus wise in ignorance  
To hold him hostile) that I pray that mover  
And victor and slayer of every hard-wrought thing  
That ere mine end he show him conquering.

Sith at his blows, who holds life in despite,  
Thou seest clear how in my barbed distress  
He wounds me there where dwells mine humbleness,  
Till my soul living turneth in my sight  
To speech, in words that grievous sighs o'ercover.  
Until mine eyes see worth's self wavering  
Grant me thy mercies for my covering !

## BALLATA XIV

**I**O prego voi che di dolor parlate,  
 Che per virtuite di nuova pietate,  
 Non disdegnate la mia pena udire.

Davanti agli occhi miei veggio lo core,  
 E l' anima dolente, che s' ancide,  
 E muor d' un colpo che le diede Amore,  
 Entro 'n quel punto, che madonna vide.

Il suo gentile spirito, che ride  
 Questi è colui che mi si fa sentire :  
 Questi mi dice : E' ti convien morire.

Se voi sentiste, come 'l cor si dole,  
 Dentro del vostro cor voi tremereste ;  
 Ch' Amor mi dice sì dolci parole,  
 Che sospirando pietà chiamereste,  
 E solamente voi lo 'ntendereste,  
 Ch' altro cor nol porria pensar, nè dire  
 Quant' è 'l dolor, che mi convien soffrire.

Lagrime scendon da la mente mia,  
 Sì tosto come questa donna sente ;  
 E van facendo per gli occhi una via,

BALLATA XIV

**I** PRAY ye gentles, ye who speak of grief,  
 Out of new clemency, for my relief  
 That ye disdain not to attend my pain.

I see my heart stand up before mine eyes,  
 While my self-slaying mournful soul receiveth  
 Love's mortal stroke and in that moment dies,  
 Yea, in the very instant he perceiveth  
 Milady, and yet that smiling sprite who cleaveth  
 To her in joy, that very one is he  
 Who sets the seal of my mortality.

But should ye hear my sad heart's lamentation  
 Then would a trembling reach your heart's mid-  
 most.

For Love holds with me such sweet conversation  
 That Pity, by your sighs, ye would accost.  
 To all less keen than ye the sense were lost,  
 Nor other hearts could think soft nor speak loudly  
 How dire the throng of sorrows that enshroud me.

Yea from my mind behold what tears arise  
 As soon as it hath news of Her, Milady,  
 Forth move they making passage through the eyes

GUIDO CAVALCANTI

*Per la qual passa un spirito dolente ;  
Entra per l' aria sì debolmente,  
Ch' oltre non puote color discovrire,  
Nè immaginar, s' i' ne porria morire.*

## BALLATE

Wherethrough there goes a spirit sorrowing,  
Which entereth the air so weak a thing  
That no man else its place discovereth  
Or deems it such an almoner of Death.



