THE DIVINE COMEDY IN ENGLISH

VOLUME THREE

APPENDICES

Appendix		pages
I	Specimens of English Translations	1-201
II	Additional Parallel Passages in English	202-217
III	Translations in other Western European Languages: discussion, bibliography, specimens	218-363
IV	An original translation in terza rima of nine cantos	364-392
V	Tables	393-407

For detailed Contents see beginning of each Appendix

EX BIBL. UNIV. EDINBURGEN.

APPENDIX I

This Appendix contains specimens of the work of 93 British and American translators, viz. the 76 to each of whom an article is devoted and 17 others mentioned in the articles on minor translations. The specimens are arranged in alphabetical order of the names of their authors, and are preceded by an Index.

In all cases where available specimens consist of Inf. XXVI. 91-142 (narrative of Ulysses), Purg. II. 1-51 (arrival of souls in Purgatory), Par. III. 70-87 (Piccarda's second speech) and Par. XXXIII. 1-21 (beginning of St. Bernard's prayer to the Virgin). Where these are not available, some other passage is given, usually part of the Francesca episdde from Inf. V. In one or two instances additional passages are given to illustrate some point referred to in the article.

Appendix I

INDEX OF SPECIMENS

	pages
Anderson, Melville Best	6-8
Auchmuty, Arthur Compton	9
Ayres, Harry Morgan	10-12
Bandini, Albert R.	13-15
Bannerman, Patrick	16-18
Bergin, Thomas Goddard	19-20
Bickersteth, Geoffrey Langdale	21-23
Binyon, Laurence	24-26
Bodey, Ralph Thomas	27-29
Boyd, Henry	30-34
Brooksbank, Thomas	35
Butler, Arthur John	36-38
Carlyle, John Aitken	39
Cary, Henry Francis	40-42
Cayley, Charles Bagot	43-45
Chaplin, Gauntlett	46
Chapman, John Jay	47-48
Charteris, William	49
Cotterill, Henry Bernard	50
Cummins, Patrick	51-53
Dayman, John	54-56
Dugdale, William Stratford	57
Duncan, Thomas Watson	58-60
Edwardes, Edward Joshua	61

Appendix I, Index (contd.)

	pages
Ellaby, Ernest Ridsdale	62
Fletcher, Jefferson Butler	63-65
Ford, James	66-69
Fraser, Isabella Frances	70
Garnier, John Carpenter	71
Grandgent, Charles Hall	72
Griffith, Samuel Walker	73-76
Hammond, Eleanor Prescott	77
Haselfoot, Frederick K. H.	78-82
Heraud, John Abraham	83
Home, Samuel	84
Hooper, Henry John	85
How, Louis	86-88
Howard, Nathaniel	89
Hume, Joseph	90
Hunt, Leigh	91-92
Johnson, Henry	93-95
Johnston, David	96-98
Langdon, Courtney	99-101
Lee-Hamilton, Eugene Jacob	102
Lockert, Lacy	103-104
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth	105-107
Lowe, Edward Clarke	108-110
MacGregor, James	111
MacKenzie, David James	112-114
Merivale, John Herman	115
Minchin, James Innes	116-119

Appendix I, Index (contd.)

	pages
Money, Agnes Louisa	120
Murray, Eleanor Vinton	121
Musgrave, George	122-123
Norton, Charles Eliot	124-126
O'Donnell, E.	127-129
Okey, Thomas	130
Oliphant, Margaret O.	131
Parsons, Thomas William	132-133
Peabody, J. C.	134
Pike, Warburton	135
Plumptre, Edward Hayes	136-138
Pollock, William Frederick	139-141
Potter, Caroline C.	142-143
Ramsay, Claudia Hamilton	144-146
Ramsey, Thomas Weston	147
Rogers, Charles	148
Rossetti, William Michael	149
Sayers, Dorothy Leigh	150
Shadwell, Charles Lancelot	151-154
Shaw, Edith Mary	155-157
Sibbald, James Romanes	158
Sinclair, John Dickson	159-161
Sullivan, Edward	162
Thomas, John Wesley	163-165
Tomlinson, Charles	166
Tozer, Henry Fanshawe	167-169
Urquhart, Robert	170

	pages
Vernon, William Warren	171-174
Vincent, Marvin Richardson	175
Wheeler, Charles Edwin	176-178
White, Lawrence Grant	179-181
Whitfield, John H.	182
Whyte, Bruce	183-184
Wicksteed, Philip Henry	185
Wilberforce, Edward	186-188
Wilkie, William Patrick	189
Wilson, Epiphanius	190
Wilstach, John Augustine	191-193
Wordsworth, John Craufurd	194
Wright, Charles Gordon	195
Wright, Ichabod Charles	196-198
Wright, Sydney Fowler	199-201

'When
Of Circe I had taken leave,--the same
who held me near Gaeta a year and more,
ere yet AEneas gave it such a name,--
Nor tender love of son, nor pity for
my aged father, nor affection due
that should have cheered Penelope, o'erbore
The ardour that was in me to pursue
experience of the world, that I might be
in human vices versed and virtue too:
But I put forth on the deep open sea
with but one vessel, and that little train
which hitherto had not deserted me.
Both of the shores I saw as far as Spain,
Morocco, and Sardinia's isle, and so
the other islands bathing in that main.
I and my company were old and slow
when in upon that narrow pass we bore,
where Hercules set up his bounds to show
That man beyond might venture nevermore.
Here left I Seville back upon the right,
and had left Ceuta on the other shore.
"O brothers," said I, "who are come despite
ten thousand perils to the West, let none,
while still our senses hold the vigil slight
Remaining to us ere our course is run,
be willing to forgo experience
of the unpeopled world beyond the sun.
Regard your origin,--from whom and whence!
not to exist like brutes, but made were ye
to follow virtue and intelligence."
With this brief speech I made my company
so keen to go, that scarce to be denied
would they have been thereafter, even by me.
And having turned the stern to morning-tide,
for the mad flight we plied the wingèd oar,
steadily gaining on the larboard side.
Night saw the constellations more and more
of the other pole, and ours at such descent
that it rose not above the ocean-floor.
Five times rekindled and as many spent
the light beneath the moon did wane away,
since to the passage of the deep we went,
When there appeared to us a mountain, gray
with distance, and upreared a loftier brow
than I had ever seen until that day.
At this rejoiced we, but it turned to woe,
for out of the new land a whirling blast
arose and struck the vessel on the prow--
Thrice with the waters all, it whirled her fast;
the fourth upheaved the stern and sunk amain
the prow, as pleased Another, till at last
The ocean had above us closed again.'

Melville Best Anderson (~~1921~~) (revised 1932)

The sun by now to that horizon came
the arc of whose meridian is at height
just at the point above Jerusalem:
And, circling opposite to him, the Night
was issuing forth from Ganges with the Scales
which fail her hand when she exceeds in might;
So, where I was, the cheek that glows and pales
of fair Aurora, sallowed with the ray
of orange, because age on her prevails.
Beside the sea we pondered on the way
like folk who, lingering still along the shore,
hasten in heart and in the body stay;
And as, a little while the dawn before,
Mars reddens through the vapour baleful-bright
low in the west above the ocean-floor,
I saw,--O may it bless again my sight!--
a lustre coming on across the main
with speed unparalleled by any flight.
And when I let mine eye awhile remain
detached from it, to question of my Guide,
larger and brighter now it showed again.
Then there emerged to view on either side
a whiteness indistinct, and down below
little by little another I descried.
My Master uttered not a word, till lo!
the first white spots appeared as wings to shine,
then, when he surely did the Pilot know,
He cried: 'Make haste, make haste, the knee incline,
fold hands,--it is God's Angel! thou shalt use
henceforth to see such ministers divine.
Look, how doth he all human means refuse,
scorning device of sail or oar, nor drew
aught but his wings upon so far a cruise;
Look, look how heavenward he holds them true,
fanning the welkin with those plumes eterne
which do not moult as mortal feathers do!'
Then, near and nearer come, might I discern
the Bird of God more dazzling than before,
until mine eyes that with the blaze now burn
Fall down undone. But he drew near the shore
on pinnace light and rapid,--such an one
the water swallowed nothing of the prore.
Astern the Pilot stood, with benison
of Heaven inscribed upon his face devout:
a hundred and more spirits sat thereon.
'When Israel from Egypt issued out,'
they chanted as with single voice the lay,
with what there afterward the Psalmist wrote.
When sign of holy cross he made them, they
flung themselves one and all upon the strand,
and swiftly as he came he swept away.

Melville Best Anderson (~~1921~~) (revised 1932)

But tell me, ye whose blessedness is here,
do ye desire a loftier place above
to grow in vision or become more dear?
Her flitting smile lit up the faces of
those others; then she spoke so blithesomely
she seemed to kindle with first fire of love:
'Brother, the influence of charity
contents our will, alone solicitous
for what we have,--no craving else have we.
Did we desire a place more glorious,
then our desires would be at variance
with will of Him who here assigneth us;
These circles have no room for dissonance,
as thou shalt see, for herein love is fate,
if thou behold its nature not askance.
Nay, 't is the essence of this blessed state
to dwell within the Will Divine alone,
whereby our wills with His participate.
So that throughout this realm, from zone to zone,
we pleasure the whole realm without surcease,
and please the King who inwills us with His Own;
And in His Will is our eternal peace;
and everything is moving to that sea,--
all it creates as nature gives increase.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Daughter of thine own Son, thou Virgin Mother,
of the eternal counsel issue fated,
lowlier and loftier than any other,
To such nobility hast thou translated
man's nature that its Maker did not spurn
to make Himself the thing that He created.
Beneath thy heart was made again to burn
the Love by virtue of whose warmth withal
this Flower has blossomed in the peace eterne.
A living torch here art thou to us all
To kindle love, and down where mortals sigh
thou art a fount of hope perennial.
Thou art so prevailing, Lady, and so high
that who wants grace and will to thee not run
would have his longing without pinions fly.
Thy loving-kindness fails to succour none
imploring it, but often is so free
as to anticipate the orison.
In thee is mercy, pity is in thee,
in thee munificence, in thee a host
of human virtues are in unity.

Melville B. Anderson (~~1921~~) (revised 1932)

Now reach'd the Sun the rounding hem,
  Whose arc meridian, at mid-height,
  Covers aloft Jerusalem:
And Ganges-forth came circling Night,
  His opposite, the Scales in hand,
  To drop them in her hour of might:
So that the white cheeks, where I stand,
  And vermeil, of Aurora fair
  To orange turn, with eld's demand.
We yet on the sea-border were,
  Like those, who muse their road ahead,
  Going in heart, in body there:
And lo! as when grows fiery red
  Mars thro' thick mists, when morn is nigh,
  Down westward on the oceanbed,
I saw approach--may yet mine eye
  Behold it!--o'er the sea a light,
  So swift, no wing with it could vie.
Wherefrom when for a space my sight,
  My Guide to question, I withdrew,
  I found it wax'd more large and bright.
Then, each side, on my vision grew
  Something--a whiteness; and, below,
  Soft stole another into view.
Nought spake the Master yet, as slow
  The first white gan to wings unfold:
  Anon he doth the Pilot know,
And cries: 'Quick, quick; kneel down; behold
  God's Angel! fold thy hands; shalt see
  Henceforth such here each office hold.
Mark him, of human means how free!
  No oar he needs, nor sail beside
  His own wings, o'er so vast a sea.
Mark how he bears them high enskied!
  Fanning the air with plumes, that aye,
  No mortal growth, unchanged abide!'
Then, as still more he drew our way,
  Bright glowed the Bird Divine the more;
  The eye his nearness might not stay:
Down fell mine; and he brought to shore
  A bark, that--'twas so swift and light,--
  Whole unimmersed the flood upbore.
Astern the Helmsman High, upright:
  'Blessed' seem'd written in his face.
  Within sat spirits an hundred, quite.
'When out of Egypt Israel's race--'
  Sang they together all as one,
  With the rest that in that psalm hath place.
Then the holy rood he sign'd, and on
  The shore all cast themselves, and, lo!
  He, swift as he had come, was gone.

Arthur Compton Auchmuty (1899)

When I took leave of Circe who for more than a year detained me hard by Gaeta, ere yet Aeneas had so named it, not the winsomeness of my son, nor piety toward my old father, nor the due love that should have made Penelope happy could overcome the yearning I had to gain knowledge of the world and of the vices of men and of their worth; but I put out to the open high sea, with one sole craft and that small company of the which I was never abandoned. The one shore and the other I watched even to Spain, even to Morocco, and the isle of the Sardinians and the other isles this sea washes round about.

I and my companions were aged and slow when we came to that narrow mouth where Hercules set up his bounds so that man should not venture beyond. On the right hand I left behind Seville and on the other I had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers,' I said, 'that through a hundred thousand perils are come to the sunset, to this so short watch that is left remaining to our wits, ye would not deny to make trial, following the sun, of the unpeopled world. Give thought to your begetting; ye were not made to live like brutes but to follow right doing and right knowing.'

My fellows I made with this little oration so eager for the journey that afterwards I could scarce have held them back; and with our stern pointed towards the morning, of our oars we made wings for the mad flight, bearing a steady course to the left. By now I saw at night all the stars of the other pole and ours so low it rose not above the sea-brim. Five times relumed and as many times quenched was the light beneath the moon since we embarked on the high emprise, when there appeared to us a mountain obscured by the distance, and it seemed to me high beyond any I had seen. We rejoiced us, but our joy shortly turned to weeping; for from the new land there rose a storm and smote upon the bow of the ship. Three times it whirled it about and all the waters with it; at the fourth it lifted the stern in air and made the prow to plunge downwards, as another willed, till the sea closed again over our heads.

Harry Morgan Ayres (posthumously, 1949)

By now the sun had touched the horizon whose meridian circle covers Jerusalem at its highest point, and night, that circles opposite to it, was coming forth from Ganges with the Scales which she drops from her hand as she passes the day in length; so that the white cheeks and rosy of Aurora where I was were yellowed with age. We ourselves were still hard by the sea, like folk that puzzle over their route who move forward in heart but linger in body

And lo, as at the approach of day Mars reddens with thick vapors low in the west above the sea-floor, there appeared to me, so may I see it once again! - a light coming across the sea so swiftly that no flying equalled its motion. After I had a little withdrawn my eye from it to make question of my leader, I looked at it again, grown brighter and larger. Then on both sides of it I saw a whiteness, I knew not what, and from below by little and little another whiteness came forth therefrom. My master still said no word till the first whitenesses put on the appearance of wings; then when he had clearly recognized the pilot he cried out: 'Fall, fall upon thy knees; behold the angel of the Lord; fold thy hands; from now on thou shalt behold suchlike ministers. Behold how he scorns all human devices, so that he wants no oar nor other sail than his wings betwixt such distant shores. Behold how he holds them pointed straight to heaven, beating the air with eternal feathers that moult not like mortal plumage.'

Then as the divine bird came nearer and nearer to us, it appeared more resplendent; so that my eyes could not bear it at near hand, but I lowered them; and the angel reached the shore with a bark swift and light so that it was but little immersed in the water. At the stern was standing the celestial helmsman such that his blessedness appeared written on his countenance; and more than a hundred spirits sat within. They were all singing together in one voice, 'When Israel went out of Egypt' with so much of that psalm as is written thereafter. Then he made to them the sign of the holy cross and thereat they cast themselves forth upon the shore; and he departed, as he had come, swiftly.

Harry Morgan Ayres (posthumously, 1953)

Brother, our will is quieted by the virtue of charity that makes us desire only that which we have, and makes us thirst for naught else. If we desired to be more exalted our desires would be out of harmony with the will of him who appoints our room here, the which thou shalt see has no place in these circles, if to be in charity is here a logical necessity and if to its nature thou wilt give due heed. Rather is it essential to this blessed state of being to keep oneself within the divine will; by so doing our own wills are made one; so that as we be stage by stage throughout this kingdom, it is pleasing to the whole kingdom as to the King that makes us will according to his will. And in his will is our peace; that sea it is to which all things move, what itself creates and what nature fashions.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin mother, daughter of thy Son, more lowly and more exalted than creature, established end of eternal plan, thou art she that so ennobled human nature that the Maker disdained not to be made by it. In thy womb was rekindled the love by whose warmth this flower has thus burgeoned in eternal peace. Here art thou unto us a noon-day radiance of love, and below among mortals thou art the living well-spring of hope. Lady, thou art so great and of such avail that whoso seeks grace and runs not to thee his desire seeks to fly without wings. Thy benignity succors not only him that asks but many a time freely fore-runs the asking. In thee mercy, in thee pity, in thee magnificence, in thee is made one whatsoever of bounty there be in creature,

Harry Morgan Ayres (posthumously, 1953)

'When Circe had held me, as well you know,
A year and over, near Caieta's shore--
Before the time Aeneas had called it so--
Nor my son's fondness, nor the grief that tore
My agéd parent, nor the love deserved
Which would have gi'en my spouse the joy hoped for,
Could have within my heart that passion swerved
For which I searched the world's remote confine
And vice and virtue in mankind observed.
I left and sailed the high and open brine
Alone, with only one boat and with that band
But small, that from my risks did not decline.
Toward Spain on either side we viewed the land,
Morocco, too, and Sardinia; and to the rest
Of isles that that sea bathes our ship we mann'd.
When by our labors and by age oppressed,
I and my partners reached that narrow way
Where Hercules had set his warnings, lest
Man further out should his advance essay.
Seville already was left upon our rear
To the right hand, and leftward Ceuta lay.
'To what remains'--I said--'of your career,
To this brief hour before your sense is spent,
Brethren, through a hundred thousand perils, here
Arrived unto the closing Occident,
Do not deny the experience to run
With Phoebus to the unpeopled continent.
Think of your noble origin and shun
A brutish life; seek ye as man's own weal,
Knowledge and virtue, always further on.'
Such my brief sermon made my partners feel
So eager for the goal yet unattained
That I could hardly have kept back their zeal.
As to the point of dawn our poop was trained
Our oars became as wings to our mad flight
In which upon our left constantly we gained.
All of its stars already I saw by night
On th'other pole; our own was then so low
The ocean floor itself hid it from sight.
Five times relumed and quenched had been the glow
Beneath the moon after the time we steered
Into that mighty sea our flimsy bow,
And then a mount ahead I saw that reared
So high above the waves its brownish flanks:
Nowhere to me had such a height appeared.
We then rejoiced, but soon amidst our ranks
Woe spread a whirlwind coming from the lee
Which of our vessels struck the foremost planks.
Three times it hurled it 'round with all the sea,
The fourth, it lifted high its poop and pushed
Downward its prow, for such was Fate's decree.
Then over us the smoothéd billows hushed.'

Albert R. Bandini (1928)

Now that horizon touched the Sun's ascent
'Neath whose meridian's most lofty height
Stands of Jerusalem the holy enceinte.
And in her counter-circle rose the night
From Ganges--in her hands the Scales held fast
Which she lets drop when she exceeds daylight.
Thus--where I was--the white and ruddy cast
Of beautiful Aurora's cheeks obtained
That orange shade which shows her freshness past.
Still alongside the sea we two remained
Like people who their way are thinking o'er--
Their heart is eager but their feet seem chained.
When lo! as Mars at dawn is wont to soar--
A reddish glare through the thick vapors' haze--
Down toward the West, above the ocean floor,
Such then I saw--would that again my gaze
Could feast on it--a light upon the brine
Coming so fast, no wing with it could race.
After I did from it a while decline
My eyes, to pose a question to my Guide,
Brighter and larger yet it seemed to shine.
Then something white appeared from every side
Of it--I knew not what--and some such ~~thing~~ flare
Sprouting from under it I also espied.
My Master from all speaking did forbear
Till the first white as wings appeared; then he,
Having well recognized the mariner,
--'Make haste--' exclaimed--'make haste to bend thy knee.
Behold God's Angel coming; fold thy hands:
To see such officers 'tis now gi'en thee.
See how his course no human means demands;
No oar he wants, no sail helps him to fly
But his own wings, between these distant strands.
See how their tips point to the heaven high,
Beating the air with those eternal plumes
Which not like human hairs may moult or die.'
Closer and closer yet before us looms
The heavenly Bird--and now from him must shrink
My eyes and bend to earth, such light illumes
His aspect, as he nears the sandy brink
On a fast bark of such a lightsome swoop
That in the waters naught of it may sink.
Stood the celestial pilot on the poop
And God-sealed bliss upon his semblance shone:
More than a hundred shades sat in the sloop.
IN EXITU ISRAEL, in unison
Did all the shades their chanting voices lift,
With all that of that psalm then follows on.
After, he made on them the sign of shrift;
Whereon they all threw them upon the shore
And, as he had arrived, he vanished swift.

Albert R. Bandini (1930)

Brother, our yearnings all are satisfied,
  Through love's own virtue which our will confines
  To what we have, and naught we thirst beside.
Were we desirous of superior shrines
  Then would our will become not in accord
  With that of Him who here our kind assigns.
For that these circles can no place afford,
  If here all life must needs with love pulsate
  And if its nature is, in truth, explored.
Nay, it is formal to this blest estate
  To keep within the will of God alone:
  In their oneness with it our wills are sate.
And thus our gradual stations 'neath the throne
  Of this vast realm, to all this realm must please -
  And to the King whose will informs our own.
His will is the foundation of our peace:
  It is that sea toward which at last must bear
  All It creates, and natural increase.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son;
  Humble, and higher than created thing,
  Point where th'Eternal Plan was fixéd on;
Thou art who didst to human nature bring
  Such nobleness, its Maker did not spurn
  To give Himself unto its fashioning.
Within thy womb anew the Love did burn
  Whose warmth beneficent has caused this rose
  To flower in this realm of peace eterne.
Thou art to us a torch of love that glows
  Like sun at noon: to mortals in their plight
  A fount of hope thou art that ceaseless flows.
Lady, so great thou art, such is thy might,
  Whoever craves for grace and seeks not thee,
  His hope, deprived of wings, attempts a flight.
Not only answers thy benignity
  Those who have asked; oft, of the spoken word
  Thou dost most liberally forestall the plea.
Pity is in thee, in thee misericord:
  In thee magnificence; whate'er we call
  Noble in creatures, all in thee is stored.

Albert R. Bandini (1931)

When I left Circe, for a year constrained
And more, and when to land of Gaeta came,
Before Aeneas had conferred the name,
Nor sweetness of my son, nor piety
For aged father, nor arrear of love
To glad Penelope, my mind could move,
Could conquer yet the ardour in my breast
In the worldly wisdom to become expert -
In every virtue, and in every art.
I put myself upon the open deep,
Alone in bark, and with a company:
Small as it was, it ne'er deserted me,
On either coast, until we looked on Spain,
Morocco then, and then Sardinian ground,
And other isles that salt wave bathes around.
In tardy age declined, at length attained
The ocean strait to sea which runs within,
Where Hercules beheld his pillars' sign,
Beyond the bound where enterprise abates.
Of groves of Seville on the right bereft,
Ceuta before me passed upon the left -
'O brothers! through a hundred thousand ills,'
I said, 'we've steered in voyage to the west;
One little watch remains to reach our rest.
While senses yet somewhat of strength retain,
Refuse not yet experiment to try
Of lands beyond the sun and living world that lie.
Consider, then, the birth from which you sprung:
You were not made, like brutes, to live and die:
The path of virtue and of knowledge try.'
No longer blunt, but sharper than before,
With short address I made them by the way
So bent, I scarce had made companions stay,
We turned our prow again at morning dawn.
Our oars we made like wings, with which we flew;
Wider and wider course on larboard grew.
Already all the stars of other pole
The night beheld; and ours was now so low,
Emerging scarce above evening billow.
Five times rekindled, and as many quenched,
The light sublunar of the lofty moon,
Since the deep passage first we entered on,
And then appeared at last a mountain brown:
At distance loftier itself upreared
Than any former I had seen upreared.
Our joy too soon was turned into complaint,
For from the new-found land a whirlwind rose,
Which struck the vessel on her landward bows.
Three times it made her whirl with all the waves,
And at the fourth it lifted up the poop;
So pleased, another made the prow to stoop,
Until the sea rolled o'er us with its swoop.

Patrick Bannerman (1850)

The sun had now to that horizon reached,
Where its meridian line, at highest peep,
Overhangs Jerusalem with circling sweep;
And night, which opposite her circle makes,
From Ganges issued forth with glittering scales,
She drops whene'er her darker reign prevails:
The white and red on fair Aurora's cheek,
Where I was placed, as she increased in age,
Turned to the orange at a later stage.
We wandered, lingering by the ocean still,
Like people pondering on the journey's ways,
Whose heart is moving while the body stays.
And lo! just as the morning was to break,
The planet Mars reddened through thick vapour,
Low in the west, upon the ocean floor,
When there appeared what I'd behold again.
A light came swiftly o'er the sea to sight,
Its motion all beside outstripped in flight;
From which, when I withdrew my eye a space,
To ask my guide my doubting to inform,
It looked still brighter, and of greater form.
And then, on every side appeared to me
Something, I knew not what it was, but white--
And by-and-by one more came up to light.
My Master yet had uttered not a word,
Until the white at first discovered wings:
And when the pilot understood the things,
He cried--'Take care--make genuflexions meet;
The angel of God behold, and bend your hands--
Official he to execute commands.
All human arguments how he disdains,
So that nor oar he seeks nor other sail,
But wings, the distant shores to countervail.
See how he has stretched them towards the skies!
Governing air with his eternal wings,
Which feel no change that mortal plumage brings.'
Clearer the bird of heaven--so bright and pure,
For such, when near, the eye could not endure;
But bent me then, and he came to the beach,
Within a vessel small and light of prow--
Scarcely drew water from the stern to bow.
The heavenly pilot stood upon the poop,
Blessèd was written upon his countenance clear--
More than a hundred spirits sitting near.
'In Israel's exit out of Egypt',
Sang they altogether, and with one voice,
With all beside the rest of psalm supplies.
He made on all the sign of sacred cross,
And afterwards they all leaped to the plain--
Swift, as he had come returned he again.

Patrick Bannerman (1850)

Brother! our will is tranquil, and can find
Virtue in charity, with which we wish
That only which we have, ambition hush.
Should we desire to be above our place,
Discordant then our wishes must appear
With His - the will of Him who placed us here -
Which were impossible within these gyres,
If charity must be our native sphere,
And its bright character you well revere.
And to this blessed state it more belongs
To keep itself within the rule divine,
And make our wills to His alone incline.
Thus onward as we move, from step to step,
Through all this kingdom, undisturbed in peace,
As the King's self, his own desire must please;
In his good-will, our only peace resides:
That is the law to which all currents tend,
Creation all - th all that on it depend.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Virgin and mother! - daughter of thy Son! -
Humblest and loftiest of the creatures made! -
The boundary by the eternal counsel weighed!
Thou art the one who human nature so
Ennoblest, that thy Maker did not scorn
Of thee, Himself creating, to be born;
For in thy womb he kindled love anew,
Through heat which germinates where finds increase
This flower that bossoms to eternal peace:
To us meridian torch of charity
Above; and to the mortals here below,
Hope from whose fountain living waters flow.
Lady! so great xx thou art, and of such worth,
Who, wanting grace, to thee his suit now brings,
Has sure desire to fly, but wanting wings.
And thy benignity not only lends
To him who asks, but, ere request be sent,
The asker's wish will liberally prevent;
For mercy, piety, reside in thee -
In thee magnificence - in thee abound
Whate'er of goodness in the creature's found.

Patrick Bannerman (1850)

After in dalliance a year and more
I spent with Circe by Gaeta's shore
(Though yet the town was vacant of the name
Aeneas gave), our day of parting came.
Then thought of child nor filial piety
Nor e'en the love I owed Penelope
Could check the hunger in my restless mind
To learn the vice and valour of mankind,
Nor quench the zeal that burned within my breast
To probe the unknown world beyond the west.
Into the open sea I sailed anew
With one small bark and my companions few
But faithful and through all our perils tried.
The inland sea as far as Spain we spied:
Morocco's coast, sharp to the south defined,
Sardinia and the isles we left behind;
Strength spent, no longer young, we came at last
To that dread strait which never sail has passed
Since Hercules set up in days of old
His warning to the foolish or the bold.
Ceuta far astern was out of sight
And when Seville appeared upon our right
I rose to speak: 'O comrades who have won
Through countless perils to the setting sun,
To the few years that may before us lie
Let not your hearts experience deny
Of lands beyond, as yet by none surveyed;
Men are you and reflect that men are made
To follow valor's lure and wisdom's quest
And not like beasts content in ease to rest.'
With this short speech my weary crew I roused
And with such zeal enterprise they 'spoused
That even I could scarce have turned them back.
We set our sails, our stern left foaming track
Eastward behind us;.west by south we bore
And as we sailed we madly plied the oar.
The friendly constellations of the north
Sank in the sea, and nightly shining forth
The stars attendant on the southern pole
Lighted our journey toward our unknown goal.
A full five times, as o'er the waves we went,
The moon was lighted and five times was spent
Ere a huge mountain, looming dim and high
Beyond compare, we could at last descry.
The welcome sight we hailed with joy but soon
Joy turned to woe; a furious typhoon
Came from the land and churned a waterspout
That struck our prow and whirled our ship about.
Three times in giddy circles round we spun
And then, as pleased a nameless Mighty One,
Down went the prow, the poop uplifted tall -
Then plunged and ocean covered bark and all.

Thomas Goddard Bergin (1948)

By now the sun had that horizon reached
The highest point of whose meridian
Looks down upon Jerusalem, while Night
Forever opposite to him, came forth
From Ganges' waters, carrying the scales
That, when she waxes great, fall from her hands.
Thus where I was I saw Aurora's cheek,
First white and ruddy hued, age with the morn
And turn to orange. Still beside the shore
Like folk who, studying their journey's road,
Set forth in spirit while the body stays,
We lingered when, behold! as when Mars glows
Low in the western heavens above the sea
Deep red through heavy mist while dawn comes on,
Even so I saw - and may I see again -
Above the waves a splendor drawing near
So swiftly that no flight could match its speed,
And when but briefly I withdrew my gaze
To make inquiry of my guide and looked
Again, I found it greater and more bright.
On either side of it my eyes beheld
A whiteness wax and as it nearer drew
Another white shape underneath appeared.
Until the first white forms were clearly wings
My master watched in silence; learning then
The nature of the helmsman: 'Kneel,' he cried,
'Before God's angel, join your hands; henceforth
Prepare to meet such officers as this.
Observe how he disdains all human arts
And has no need of oars nor other sail
Than his own pinions over seas so wide;
See how he points them ever heavenward,
Stirring the air with his eternal plumes
That unlike mortal locks are never mewed.'
As near and ever nearer on he came
The bird divine shone bright and brighter still
So that my eye could not sustain the sight.
My glance I lowered: to the shore came he
And beached his vessel, swift and trim and yare
And skimming on the surface of the wave.
High on the poop the heavenly pilot stood
As one whose bliss was written clear to see;
Within more than a hundred spirits sat.
Together they were singing with one voice
'When Israel came forth from Egypt land,'
And all that follows after in that psalm.
Then over them the angel made the sign
Of Holy Cross; they sprang out on the strand
While he, as swift as he had come, was gone.

Thomas Goddard Bergin (1953)

When
I quitted Circë who had held me fast
for more than twelve months near Gaëta, ere
Aeneas had so named it, at long last,
no fondness for my son, no filial care
of my old father , nor the love I owed
Penelopë, which should have gladdened her,
could quench the ardour which within me glowed
to gain experience of all lands that be
and of man's nature whether bad or good.
But I put forth upon the wide deep sea
with one ship only, and with that small band
of comrades who had not deserted me.
I saw both coasts, e'en to Morocco and
as far as Spain, and the Sardinians' isle
and, of that sea, each other wave-girt land.
I and my comrades had grown old the while,
and slow, ere we approached the narrows where
Hercules set his landmarks up to foil
the aim of whoso would beyond them dare:
I left Seville to starboard, Ceuta I'd
already seen to larboard disappear.
'O brothers, who have reached the West,' I cried,
'through a hundred thousand perils, do not let
our senses' brief remaining eventide
of life so dwindle, that we fail to get
experience of the world undenizen'd,
by following the sun e'en farther yet.
Think of your breed: Nature did not intend
mankind to live as brutes, but to pursue
virtue and knowledge to the very end.'
So eager for the voyage I made my crew
with this short speech, that I should scarce have kept
them back thereafter, had I wanted to.
And so, our poop turned toward the morning, shaped
we our course, with oars made wings for the mad flight,
and, gaining still to larboard, on we swept.
All stars of the other pole had now by night
come into view, while ours had sunk so low,
it rose not from the ocean-floor to sight.
Five times re-lit, as many quenched, had now
the light been 'neath the moon, since first to run
across the deep main we had turned our prow,
when there appeared to us a mountain, dun
thro' its distance, and it seemed to me so high
as up till then to match it I'd seen none.
We joyed, but soon it turned to a bitter cry;
for from the new land rose a whirlwind, found
the ship, and smote its forepart violently.
Three times it caused her to whirl round and round
with all the waves: and at the fourth - for thus
Another willed - it raised the poop, and down'd
the prow, until the sea closed over us.

Geoffrey Langdale Bickersteth (unpublished)

By now the sun was touching with his flame
the horizon whose meridian, where its height
is greatest, overhangs Jerusalem;
and, circling, o'er against him, issued Night
from Ganges, scales in hand - the scales she would
let fall, what time she gains on him in might;
so that, as seen from there, where I now stood,
the fair Aurora's cheeks, all white and red,
thro' excess of age were growing orange-hued.
We by the margin of the sea yet stay'd,
like folk who, while their road they ponder o'er,
linger in body, in heart have onward sped.
And lo! as through thick vapour, just before
the daybreak, Mars burns with a ruddy glow
down in the west above the ocean-floor,
so seemed - oh once again to see it so! -
a light that o'er the sea came on: nor flies
aught that for speed can be compared thereto.
From which when I had somewhat turned my eyes
to question him who led me, I again
saw it, now brighter and increased in size.
On either side thereof I noticed then
a something white, and underneath it out
loomed by degrees another no less plain.
My master all this time had uttered nought,
until the first white objects showed as wings:
then, when he knew the pilot past all doubt,
'Bend, bend thy knees,' he said; 'God hither brings
his angel: fold thy hands: so fashioned are
all here appointed to such ministerings.
Look how he scorns all man-invented gear,
so that no oar he wills nor other sail
than his own pinions between shores so far.
Look how he lifts them heavenward and how well
the air do these eternal feathers ply,
which unlike mortal hair change not nor fail.'
Then as drew nigh to us and still more nigh
the bird divine, he yet more brightly shone,
so that mine eyes endured him not close by,
but down I bent them; he to shore came on
with vessel which so swiftly and lightly hied,
that of its bulk the water swallowed none.
Such that he seemed by writ beatified,
on the stern stood the heavenly mariner;
more than a hundred spirits sat inside.
'When Israel came out of Egypt' were
the words that all were chanting, with the rest
which in the sequel of that psalm occur.
Then with the sign of the holy cross he blessed
them all, whereat they flung themselves ashore;
and off he sped, as he had come, in haste.

Geoffrey Langdale Bickersteth (unpublished)

But tell me, ye who tarry here in bliss,
would ye not fain ascend to regions higher,
to win more friends or to see more than this?
All smiled at first to hear me thus inquire;
then with such radiant gladness she replied,
methought her burning in love's primal fire:
'Brother, our wills are wholly satisfied
by love, whose virtue makes us will alone
what we possess, and thirst for nought beside.
Wished we to make a loftier seat our own,
our wish discordant with his will would be,
who hath assigned this planet for our throne;
the which these orbs admit not, as thou'lt see,
if here to be in love must needs befall,
and thou regard love's nature carefully.
Nay, 'tis essential to the being we call
blest, that it should the will of God fulfil,
so making one the very wills of all:
therefore our being thus, from sill to sill
the whole realm through, alike the realm doth please
and ruler who in-wills us to his will.
And in his will our souls discover peace:
it is that ocean whither all things fare
which it creates and nature bids increase.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Maiden and mother, daughter of thy son,
lowly and high above all beings displayed,
chosen of God, ere time had yet begun,
thine was the excellence which so arrayed
man's nature that its maker thought no shame
to make himself of that himself had made.
Within thy womb rekindled glowed the flame
of love, that fed the germ from which this flower
in endless peace to such perfection came.
To us in heaven like sun at day's mid-hour,
thy charity is a well of hope on earth,
whence mortal men draw draughts of quickening power.
Lady, so great thou art and such thy worth,
that whoso longs for grace nor calls on thee,
bids the wish fly, yet wingless speeds it forth.
Thy loving heart not only grants the plea
of every suppliant, but ofttimes, ere yet
'tis uttered, answers prayer spontaneously.
Mercy, compassion, bounty without let,
whate'er of good created being may boast,
in thee, have all in thee, together met.

Geoffrey L. Bickersteth (1932)

'When I from Circe broke at last,
Who more than a year by Gaeta (before
Aeneas had so named it) held me fast,
Not sweet son, nor revered old father, nor
The long-due love which was to have made glad
Penelope for all the pain she bore,
Could conquer the inward hunger that I had
To master earth's experience, and to attain
Knowledge of man's mind, both the good and bad.
But I put out on the deep, open main
With one ship only, and with that little band
Which chose not to desert me; far as Spain,
Far as Morocco, either shore I scanned.
Sardinia's isle I coasted, steering true,
And the isles of which that water bathes the strand.
I and my crew were old and stiff of thew
When, at the narrow pass, we could discern
The marks that Hercules set far in view
That none should dare beyond, or further learn.
Already I had Sevilla on the right,
And on the larboard Ceuta lay astern.
"Brothers," I said, "who manfully, despite
Ten thousand perils, have attained the West,
In the brief vigil that remains of light
To feel in, stoop not to renounce the quest
Of what may in the sun's path be essayed,
The world that never mankind hath possessed.
Think on the seed ye spring from! Ye were made
Not to live life of brute beasts of the field
But follow virtue and knowledge unafraid."
With such few words their spirit so I steel'd,
That I thereafter scarce could have contained
My comrades from the voyage, had I willed.
And, our poop turned to where the Morning reigned,
We made, for the mad flight, wings of our oars,
And on the left continually we gained.
By now the Night beheld within her course
All stars of the other pole, and ours so low,
It was not lifted from the ocean-floors.
Five times beneath the moon rekindled slow
The light had been, and quenched as oft, since we
Broached the hard issue we were sworn to know,
When there arose a mountain in the sea,
Dimm'd by the distance: loftier than aught
That ever I beheld, it seemed to be.
Then we rejoiced; but soon to grief were brought
A storm came out of the strange land, and found
The ship, and violently the forepart caught.
Three times it made her to spin round and round
With all the waves; and, as Another chose,
The fourth time, heaved the poop up, the prow drowned,
Till over us we heard the waters close.'

Laurence Binyon (1933)

Now the sun touched the horizon with his flame,
The circle of whose meridian, at the height
It reaches most, covers Jerusalem;
And opposite to him in her circling, Night
Came up from Ganges, and the Scales with her
That from her hand fall as she grows in might;
So that the fair cheeks of Aurora, there
Where I was, gave their red and white away,
Sallowing, as if old age had turned them sere.
We lingered yet by the ocean-marge, as they
Who think upon the road that lies before
And in their mind go, but in body stay;
And lo! as at the approach of morning frore
Mars through the mist glimmers a fiery red
Down in the West over the ocean-floor,
(May mine eyes yet upon that sight be fed!)
Appeared, moving across the water, a light
So swift, all earthly motion it outsped.
From which when for a space I had drawn my sight
Away, and of my Guide the meaning sought,
I saw it now grown bigger and more bright.
On either side of it I knew not what
Of white appeared to gleam out; and below
Another whiteness by degrees it got.
My master spoke not yet a word, till lo!
When those first whitenesses as wings shone free
And his eyes now could well the Pilot know,
He exclaimed: 'Bend, see that thou bend the knee,
Behold the Angel of God! Lay hand to hand!
Such ministers henceforth thou art to see.
Look, how he scorneth aid that man hath planned,
And wills not oar nor other sail to ply,
But only his own wings from far land to land.
See how he has them stretcht up towards the sky,
Sweeping the air with that eternal plume
Which moulteth not as the hair of things that die.'
Such an exceeding brightness did allume
The Bird of God, who near and nearer bore,
Mine eyes to endure him might not now presume,
But bent them down; and he came on to shore
Upon a barque so swift and light and keen
As scarely a ripple from the water tore.
On the heavenly Steersman at the stern was seen
Inscribed that blissfulness whereof he knew;
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
Together all were singing <u>In exitu
Israel de Egypto</u> as one host
With what of that psalm doth those words ensue.
With the holy sign their company he crossed;
Whereat themselves forth on the strand they threw:
Swift as he came, he sped, and straight was lost.

Laurence Binyon (1938)

But tell me: you that are made happy here,
Do ye to a more exalted place aspire,
To see more, or to make yourselves more dear?
She smiled a little, and with her smiled that choir
Of spirits; then so joyous she replied
That she appeared to burn in love's first fire:
'Brother, the virtue of love hath pacified
Our will; we long for what we have alone,
Nor any craving stirs in us beside.
If we desired to reach a loftier zone,
Our longings would be all out of accord
With His will who disposeth here His own.
For that, these circles, thou wilt see, afford
No room, if love be our whole being's root
And thou ponder the meaning of that word.
Nay, 'tis of the essence of our blessed lot
In the divine will to be cloistered still
Through which our own wills into one are wrought.
As we from step to step out stations fill
Throughout this realm, to all the realm 'tis bliss
As to its King, who wills us into His will;
And in His will is perfected our peace.
It is the sea whereunto moveth all
That it creates and nature makes increase.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Maiden and Mother, daughter of thine own Son,
Beyond all creatures lowly and lifted high,
Of the Eternal Design the corner-stone!
Thou art she who did man's substance glorify
So that its own Maker did not eschew
Even to be made of its mortality.
Within thy womb the Love was kindled new
By generation of whose warmth supreme
This flower to bloom in peace eternal grew.
Here thou to us art the full noonday beam
Of love revealed: below, to mortal sight,
Hope, that for ever springs in living stream.
Lady, thou art so great and hast such might
That whoso crave grace, nor to thee repair,
Their longing even without wing seeketh flight.
Thy charity doth not only him up-bear
Who prays, but in thy bounty's large excess
Thou oftentimes dost even forerun the prayer.
In thee is pity, in thee is tenderness,
In thee magnificence, in thee the sum
Of all that in creation most can bless.

Laurence Binyon (1943)

'When I left Circe, who a year and more
Kept me sequestered by Gaeta's coast,
Ere yet Aeneas had bestowed that name;
Nor my son's gentle ways, nor reverence
For my old father, nor the love deserved
Whose duty 'Twas to cheer Penelope,
Could overcome mine inward ardency
To store experience of this our world,
Of human pravity and human worth;
But o'er the deep and open sea I fared
With but a single ship, and that small crew
By which I had not been abandoned. Far
As Spain, far as Morocco, I observed
The shores on either hand; the Sardian isle,
And others round whose coast that sea doth wash.
I and my crew were old and slow by now,
When to that narrow strait we came, whereon
Hercules set his warning signals up,
That man should go no farther. On the right
I passed by Seville; on the other side
Already Ceuta had been dropped astern.
'O brothers,' said I, 'who through dangerous toils
Innumerable have won into the West,
For this brief watch of all your faculties
That yet remains, let it not be your wish
To shun experience of the unpeopled world,
Following the track o' the sun. Consider now
What seed you are: you were not made to live
As do the brutes, but ever to pursue
Where manhood leads and whither knowledge calls.'
With such a brief address I made my crew
So eager for the voyage, that afterwards
Scarcely could I have held them in restraint.
With poop toward the morn, we made our oars
As wings to the wild flight, and ever went
Veering toward the left. And now by night
The stars of th' other pole all rose to view,
While ours so low remained that it clomb not
Out of the level surface of the sea.
Five times rekindled, and as oft extinct,
Was the illumination 'neath the moon,
Since we had entered on that path profound;
When, dim in distance, there appeared to us
A mountain, and meseemed it was so high
That I had never seen the like before.
So we rejoiced; and joy soon turned to woe;
For from the new land swept a hurricane,
And struck upon the prow of our good ship.
With all its waves it span her thrice around;
The fourth time caused the poop to rise aloft,
The prow dip downward, as Another pleased,
Until the sea had closed in over us.

R. T. Bodey (1938)

By now the sun had that horizon reached
Whose circle of meridian has its crown
Immediately o'er Jerusalem;
And, circling opposite, the night came forth
From Ganges with the Scales, which from her hand
Drop as she rises in ascendancy;
So that from where I was, the pallid cheeks
Of fair Aurora, and her roseate,
Now showed the orange of excessive age.
Still we were by the margin of the sea,
Like people rapt in thought about their road,
Who long to go yet linger bodily.
And lo! as, when the dawn is imminent,
Through heavy vapours Mars more ruddy glows,
Low in the West upon the level sea;
Such seemed (may I but see it once again!)
A light, so swiftly coming o'er the sea,
No flight can ever parallel its pace.
When I had momently withdrawn my gaze
To make enquiry of it from my guide,
Again I saw it, brighter, larger grown.
Then upon both its sides grew visible
I knew not what of whiteness, and beneath
By slow degrees another came in sight.
Never a word my master uttered yet,
Till the first whitenesses appeared as wings;
Then, when he knew the pilot certainly,
Aloud he cried:- 'Down, down upon thy knees;
Behold God's angel; fold, fold thou thy hands;
Henceforth thou shalt behold such ministers.
See how he scorns appliances of man,
So that, between such distant shores, he wills
Nor oar nor other sail than his own wings.
See how he bears them pointing straight to Heaven,
Winnowing the air with everlasting plumes,
That are not shed like mortal covering.'
As nearer then and nearer to us drew
The Bird Divine, the brighter he appeared,
Insufferable to the eye when close;
But mine I drooped. On to the shore he came,
So swift his vessel, and so light of draught,
That none of her was swallowed by the sea.
High on the poop the heavenly helmsman stood,
His very look inscribing him as blest;
And in her sat a hundred spirits and more.
'<u>In exitu Israel de Aegypto</u>'
They all together sang in unison,
With what is written after of that psalm.
Then over them he signed the holy cross;
When on the sloping shore all cast themselves,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

Ralph Thomas Bodey (1938)

Brother, the power of love becalms our will,
And causes us to yearn for naught but that
Which we possess, nor other thirst excites.
Were we desirous of a loftier seat,
Our longings would be inharmonious
With His volition, who decrees us here;
Which thou wilt see is inadmissible,
If in these spheres our being must consist
In love, and if thou scan its nature well.
'Tis the prime essence of this blessèd state
To hold itself within the Will Divine,
Whereby our very wills become as one.
And thus our stationing, from sill to sill
Throughout this realm, glads all the realm, and Him,
The King who makes our will accord with His.
Our peace lies in His will; that is the sea
Whither is moving all that it creates
And Nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Thou, lowliest of all creatures, loftiest,
The purposed end of the eternal plan,
Thou who on human nature didst confer
Such nobleness that He who fashioned it
Disdained not to become that which it made;
Within thy womb was lit once more the love,
Enabled by those fervency this flower
Thus germinated in eternal peace.
Here thou art unto us love's noonday torch,
And among mortal men that are below
Thou art the ever-welling fount of hope.
So great art thou, O Lady, such thy power,
That he who pants for grace, yet not to thee
Betakes himself, would fain that his desire
Flew wingless. Thy benevolence doth aid
Not only him who asks, but many a time
Foreruns spontaneously the request.
In thee is mercy, pity is in thee,
In thee magnificence, in thee is summed
Of every creature all the excellence.

Ralph Thomas Bodey (1938)

Ye wand'ring Shades! Laertes' son behold,
Who left the lov'd Circaean bow'rs of old,
Ere good Aeneas bless'd Caieta's shore!
Yet, after all my toils, nor aged sire,
Nor son, nor spouse, could check the wild desire
Again to tempt the sea, with vent'rous oar.

In search of fame I measur'd various climes,
Still vers'd in deeper frauds and nameless crimes.
With slender band, and solitary sail,
I circled round the Celtiberian strand:
I saw the Sardian cliffs, Morocco's land,
And pass'd Alcides' straits with steady gale.

The broad Atlantic first my keel impress'd,
I saw the sinking barriers of the west,
And boldly thus address'd my hardy crew:
'While yet your blood is warm, my gallant train,
Explore with me the perils of the main,
And find new worlds unknown to mortal view.

'Recall your glorious toils, your lofty birth,
Nor like the grov'ling herds, ally'd to earth,
No base despondence quit your lofty claim.'
They heard, and thro' th' unconquerable band
My potent words the living ardor fann'd,
And instant breath'd around the fervent flame.

With measur'd stroke the whit'ning surge they sweep,
Till ev'ry well-known star beneath the deep
Declin'd his radiant head: and o'er the sky
A beamy squadron rose, of name unknown,
Antarctic glories deck'd the burning zone
Of night, and southern fires salute the eye.

Now five successive moons with borrow'd light
Had silver'd o'er the sober face of night,
Since first the western surge receiv'd our prow:
At length a distant isle was seen to rise,
Obscure at first, and mingling with the skies,
Till nearer seen, its shores began to grow.

A mountain rose sublime above the coast,
Immeasurably tall, in vapours lost;
Where hurricanes for ever howl around.
Curs'd be the day I saw the dismal shore!
Accurst the rending sail and faithless oar!
And curs'd myself that pass'd the fatal bound!

Trembling I saw the Heav'n-commissioned blast
The canvas tear, and bend the groaning mast;
In vain we toil'd the ruin to prevent;
Thrice round and round the found'ring vessel rides,
The op'ning plank receiv'd the rushing tides,
And me and mine to quick perdition sent!

Henry Boyd (revised, 1802)

Now on Heav'n's verge arriv'd, the jocund Sun,
Who on old Zion's hallow'd hills at noon
Had look'd direct, and gilt her glitt'ring fanes;
Slow-handed Night revers'd his ebon car
O'er India, in her van appear'd the Star,
Whose radiant balance ne'er at rest remains.

Aurora late had ris'n from Tithon's bed,
Her wan cheek turn'd at length to rosy red,
While far along the chiding beach we stray'd;
Slowly we march'd, but Fancy sped before,
And view'd our coming perils o'er and o'er,
Full on the tablet of the mind display'd.

Soon, as the fiery eye of Mars afar,
Thro' the dim evening looks revenge and war,
O'er Ocean's brim, retiring to the west,
Seaward, a red wing'd meteor seem'd to sweep;
No waving plume, that skims the toiling deep,
Sped o'er the swelling flood with equal haste.

I turn'd to Maro, with an anxious eye,
And look'd again, along the morning sky;
The coming splendour seem'd to gild the flood
With brighter glance, and more diverging rays;
And now, discern'd amid the sunny blaze,
Its new-born beam a second glory show'd.

Silent, my Guide observ'd the meteor wave;
But when th' expanding wing the signal gave,
The Pilot and the pinnace both, he knew;
'This instant bend the suppliant knee, ' he cry'd;
'With lifted hands salute the Heavenly Guide;
Soon other forms like his, shall meet your view.

'See, what the reas'ning pride of man confounds!
No lab'ring oar divides those liquid bounds,
No shifting cancass courts the hallow'd gale;
Yon' heav'nward-pointed plumes, from shore to shore,
The vessel urge, contemning sail and oar;
Sky-tinctur'd plumes, that never change, or fail.'

The dazzling Vision now approach'd the coast,
My visual powers, that seem'd in glory lost,
Sunk at the splendour of the Seraph's look;
While the swift vessel, steer'd by art divine,
Scarce dip'd, but seem'd to skim, the level brine;
No billow on her sides, insulting, broke.

The heavenly Pilot at the helm was seen,
A glimpse of glory lighten'd in his mien:
A ghostly squadron, rank'd in dim array,
Fill'd the long deck, twice fifty in a throng;
From stem to stern they rais'd a gen'ral song,
Of Israel's triumph, and the foe's dismay.

Soon as the sacred Psalmody had ceas'd,
The welcome sign the ransom'd crew releas'd;
While on the shore, the disembodied band,
New to their state, and wond'ring at the view,
Stood gazing, as the sacred barge withdrew,
With light wing steering from the level strand.

Henry Boyd (1802)

Love tunes our longings with celestial skill,
Still to the tenour of the heavenly will;
   What we enjoy, we love, nor wish for more:
If we aspir'd to stations mor sublime,
Our fervours would disturb th' eternal chime
   That rules the Universe with sapient lore.

This is the Pole-star of eternal Joy,
Still with celestial Wisdom to comply,
   And by his great behest our voyage steer;
With harmonizing will, thro' ev'ry round
Of this great Theatre's eternal bound,
   Mild Resignation's gen'ral song we hear.

When to his great design our will accords,
This high communion to the Soul affords
   A sense of bliss, which in those climes on high
Is only known; yon Orbs that never stay,
Shadow, as thro' yon boundless space they play,
   The mental harmony that fills the Sky.

With steady course, to that unbounded Deep
All things their everlasting tenour keep,
   And hither fleet on Dissolution's wing.

Henry Boyd (1802)

O Virgin! who thy soft attraction drew
From him, who ow'd his mortal Form to you,
Whose lowly Mind those Angel plumes admir'd,
That rais'd thee to the Stars; the mighty Plan
Of Man's Salvation, which in Heav'n began,
Thro' thee deriv'd, new energy acquir'd.

On thee the Majesty of Heav'n bestow'd
Such matchless honour, that the Son of God
Came from the Skies, and chose that humble Shrine,
Where, for a time, he deign'd his Light to shroud;
Then, like the Sun emerging from a Cloud,
Call'd forth to Light and Life those Germs divine.

Hence Charity derives her fervent glow,
And hope on heav'nly prospects lives below;
The Souls, that to another Fount apply
Than thy First-born, a broken cistern find,
And, with judicial impotence of Mind,
Try with a plumeless wing to mount the Sky.

By thee preventing Grace each bold demand
Heeds not, but oft bestows, with lib'ral hand,
Her choicest Blessings on the Heart contrite;
The mingled bounties of the heav'nly Throne,
And soft Compassion's stores, by thee were shown,
Which ransom'd Nature filled with new delight.

Henry Boyd (1802)

When I had fled
From Circe, who when, many moons recurr'd,
Spell-bound me still near Caieta to toy,
Before Aeneas had that name conferr'd,
Nor my old father's reverence, nor the boy
I fondly cherish'd, nor the debt of love
Which should have crown'd Penelope with joy,
Suffic'd my eager longing to remove
To master knowledge in the world untried,
The vice and virtue of my kind to prove.
So for the Ocean, unenclos'd and wide,
I started with one ship, and that small train
Whose constancy would never quit my side.
Both coasts I saw as far as Fez and Spain,
And I beheld the Sardian's island shore,
And all the others water'd by that main.
I and my comrades had grown weak and hoar,
When thro' those narrow passages we steer'd,
Where, that mankind might never pass them more,
Great Hercules distinct his land-marks rear'd;
And now upon our right Sevilla set,
And Ceuta on our left had disappear'd.
'Brothers! who by a myriad perils met,
To this far West,' I cried, 'have struggled on,
For the brief vigil that remaineth yet
Unto your falling sense, refuse to shun
Experience in this daring enterprise,
To scan the unpeopled world beyond the sun.
Recall the origin wherefrom ye rise;
To live like beasts ye nevermore were fram'd,
But to pursue where worth or knowledge flies.'
And with this little speech I so inflam'd
Their onward courage, that I doubt me now
If even I their ardour could have tam'd,
So from the dawn we turn'd away our prow;
Our oars grew wings to speed our headstrong flight,
Veering, still veering to the larboard bow.
The stars about the other pole the night
Beheld now, and our own so lowly gloom'd,
Not rising o'er the ocean-floor to sight.
Five times had dwindled, five times been relum'd,
The light which underneath the moon is cast,
Since our impetuous course had been resum'd,
When now a mountain broke on us at last
Hazy from distance, nor in all my years
Had I beheld methought a hill so vast.
And we rejoic'd, but soon we chang'd to tears,
For from that new-found land a whirlwind surg'd,
Smiting our galley on her foremost piers.
Thrice round with all the waters she was urg'd--
Yet once again, and high the stern-post rush'd--
Then as one listed, was the prow submerg'd,
Till over us the closing waves were hush'd.

Thomas Brooksbank (1854)

When I departed from Circe, who had drawn me away
more than a year there hard by Gaeta, before that
Aeneas named it so, neither the sweetness of my son,
nor my affection for my old father, nor the due love
which ought to have made Penelope happy, could conquer
within me the ardour which I had to become experienced
in the world, and in the vices of men and in their
goodness; but I set me forth upon the open deep sea
lonely with one bark, and with that little company,
by the which I was not deserted. The one coast and
the other I saw as far as Spain, even to Morocco,
and the isle of the Sards, and the others which that
sea washes round about. I and my companions were old
and slow when we came to that narrow passage where
Hercules marked his backward looks, to the end that
man should not set himself further; on the right hand
I left Seville, on the other I had already left Ceuta.
O brothers, I said, who through a hundred thousand
perils are come to the West, to this waking-time of
our senses so little as it is which our remaining
life possesses, desire not to deny the experience,
in wake of the sun, of the unpeopled world. Consider
your begetting; ye were not made to live as brutes,
but to follow virtue and knowledge.--I made my fellows
with this short speech so keen for the journey, that
hardly thereafter should I have held them back.
And, our ppop turned toward the sunrise, we made of
our oars wings to our mad flight, ever bearing to the
left side. All the stars of the other pole did the
night already see, and our own so low that it did not
rise forth of the ocean floor. Five times kindled,
and as often put out had been the light below the
moon since we entered upon the passage of the deep,
when there appeared to us a mountain, dun through its
distance, and it seemed to me high in such measure as
none had been seen by us. We were blithe, but soon
it turned to wailing, for from the new land a whirlwind
had birth, and smote the foremost angle of our vessel.
Three times it caused it to whirl round with all the
waves, at the fourth it made the poop lift on high,
and the prow go downward, as it pleased Another, even
till the sea had closed again over us.

Arthur John Butler (1892)

Already was the Sun come to that horizon whose meridian circle covers Jerusalem with its highest point; and the night which circles opposite to him was issuing forth from the Ganges with the Balances which fall from her hand when she gets the mastery: so that the white and ruddy cheeks of fair Aurora, there where I was, through too much age were becoming orange.

We still were alongside the sea, like folk who ponder on their road, who go in heart, but in body loiter; and lo! as on the point of morn Mars glows ruddy through the thick vapours low in the west above the ocean-floor, just such a light (so may I again behold it!) appeared to me to come over the sea so swift that no flight might match its motion. From the which when I had a short while withdrawn my eye to make inquiry of my Leader, I saw it again grown more shining and greater. Then on each side straightway appeared to me a something white, and on the lower side by small degrees came forth another. My Master as yet spake no word until the first white objects appeared as wings; then when he well recognised the helmsman, he cried: 'See, see that thou bend thy knees; behold the Angel of God; fold thy hands; henceforth thou wilt see thus-fashioned officers. See how he disdains human implements, so that he seeks not oar, nor other sail than his own wings between shores so distant. See how he has them pointed towards the heaven, drawing the air with his eternal feathers, that are not moulted like mortal hair.' Then as more and more towards us came the bird of God, more bright he appeared, by reason whereof the eye endured him not near, but I bent it downward, and he came his way to shore, with a little vessel, swift and so light that the water sucked not aught of it in. On the poop stood the heavenly helmsman, such that he appeared blessed by a sure title; and more than a hundred spirits sat within it. <u>In exitu Israel de Egypto</u>, were they all together singing in one voice, with so much of that psalm as is after written. Then made he them the sign of holy Cross; whereat they threw themselves all upon the beach, and he went his way swift as he had come.

Arthur John Butler (~~1880~~) (revised 1892)

Brother, a virtue of charity sets at rest our will, which makes us wish that only which we have, and lets us not thirst for aught else. If we desired to be more on high, our desires would be out of harmony with the will of Him who distributes us here, for which thou wilt see there is no capacity in these circles, if to be in charity is necessary here, and thou regardest well its nature. Rather is it formal to this blessed existence to hold oneself within the divine will, wherefore our wills themselves become one. So that as we are from threshold to threshold throughout this realm it pleases all the realm as well as the King who makes us will within His will. In His will is our peace; is it that sea whereunto all moves, that which it creates and which nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son, humble and exalted more than any creature, end determined of eternal counsel, thou art she who didst so ennoble human nature that He who made it disdained not to be of its making. In thy womb was rekindled the Love, through whose warmth in the eternal peace this flower has thus sprung. Here art thou to us a noonday light of charity, and below among mortals art thou a living fountain of hope. Lady, thou art so great, and of such avail, that whoso wishes for grace and has not recourse to thee, his desire would fain fly without wings. Thy loving-kindness not only succours whoso asks, but oftentimes freely prevents the asking. In thee mercy, in thee pity, in thee mighty deeds, in thee is united all of goodness that is in a creature.

Arthur John Butler (~~1898~~) (revised 1891)

When I departed from Circe, who beyond a year detained me there near Gaeta, ere Aeneas thus had named it, neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged father, nor the due love that should have cheered Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour that I had to gain experience of the world, and of human vice and worth: I put forth on the deep open sea, with but one ship, and with that small company, which had not deserted me. Both the shores I saw as far as Spain, far as Morocco; and saw Sardinia and the other isles which that sea bathes round.

I and my companions were old and tardy, when we came to that narrow pass, where Hercules assigned his landmarks to hinder man from venturing farther. On the right hand, I left Seville; on the other, had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers!' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not, to this the brief vigil of your senses that remains, experience of the unpeopled world behind the Sun. Consider your origin: ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' With this brief speech I made my companions so eager for the voyage, that I could hardly then have checked them. And, turning the poop towards morning, we of our oars made wings for the foolish flight, always gaining on the left. Night already saw the other pole, with all its stars; and ours so low, that it rose not from the ocean floor. Five times the light beneath the Moon had been rekindled and quenched as oft, since we had entered on the arduous passage, when there appeared to us a Mountain, dim with distance; and to me it seemed the highest I had ever seen. We joyed, and soon our joy was turned to grief; for a tempest rose from the new land, and struck the forepart of our ship. Three times it made her whirl round with all the waters; at the fourth, made the poop rise up and prow go down, as pleased Another, till the sea was closed above us.

John Aitken Carlyle (1849)

When I escaped
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had held me near Caieta by her charms,
Ere thus Aeneas yet had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crowned Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sailed
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Morocco, either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions, when we came
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordained
The boundaries not to be o'erstepped by man.
The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the other hand already Ceuta past.
'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the west
Through perils without number now have reached;
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phoebus. Call to mind from whence ye sprang:
Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'
With these few words I sharpened for the voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the dawn
Our poop we turned, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the other pole night now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean floor
It rose not. Five times re-illumed, as oft
Vanished the light from underneath the moon,
Since the deep way we entered, when from far
Appeared a mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight;
But soon to mourning changed. From the new land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirled her round
With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow; so fate decreed:
And over us the booming billow closed.

Henry Francis Cary (final revision, 1844)

Now had the sun to that horizon reached,
That covers, with the most exalted point
Of its meridian circle, Salem's walls;
And night, that opposite to him her orb
Rounds, from the stream of Ganges issued forth,
Holding the scales, that from her hands are dropped
When she reigns highest: so that where I was,
Aurora's white and vermeil-tinctured cheek
To orange turned as she in age increased.
Meanwhile we lingered by the water's brink,
Like men, who, musing on their road, in thought
Journey, while motionless the body rests.
When lo! as, near upon the hour of dawn,
Through the thick vapours Mars with fiery beam
Glares down in west, over the ocean floor;
So seemed, what once again I hope to view,
A light, so swiftly coming through the sea,
No winged course might equal its career.
From which when for a space I had withdrawn
Mine eyes, to make inquiry of my guide,
Again I looked, and saw it grown in size
And brightness: then on either side appeared
Something, but what I knew not, of bright hue,
And by degrees from underneath it came
Another. My preceptor silent yet
Stood, while the brightness, that we first discerned,
Opened the form of wings: then when he knew
The pilot, cried aloud, 'Down, down; bend low
Thy knees; behold God's angel: fold thy hands:
Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed.
Lo! how all human means he sets at naught;
So that nor oar he needs, nor other sail
Except his wings, between such distant shores.
Lo! how straight up to heaven he holds them reared,
Winnowing the air with those eternal plumes,
That not like mortal hairs fall off or change.'
As more and more toward us came, more bright
Appeared the bird of God, nor could the eye
Endure his splendour near: I mine bent down.
He drove ashore in a small bark so swift
And light, that in its course no wave it drank.
The heavenly steersman at the prow was seen,
Visibly written Blessed in his looks.
Within a hundred spirits and more there sat.
'In Exitu Israel de Aegypto,'
All with one voice together sang, with what
In the remainder of that hymn is writ.
Then soon as with the sign of holy cross
He blessed them, they at once leaped out on land:
He, swiftly as he came, returned.

Henry Francis Cary (final revision, 1844)

Brother! our will
Is, in composure, settled by the power
Of charity, who makes us will alone
What we possess, and naught beyond desire:
If we should wish to be exalted more,
Then must our wishes jar with the high will
Of him, who sets us here; which in these orbs
Thou wilt confess not possible, if here
To be in charity must needs befall,
And if her nature well thou contemplate.
Rather it is inherent in this state
Of blessedness, to keep ourselves within
The divine will, by which our wills with his
Are one. So that as we, from step to step,
Are placed throughout this kingdom, pleases all,
Even as our King, who in us plants his will;
And in his will is our tranquillity:
It is the mighty ocean, whither tends
Whatever it creates and nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Created beings all in lowliness
Surpassing, as in height above them all;
Term by the eternal counsel pre-ordained;
Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn,
To make himself his own creation;
For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
Revealed, whose genial influence makes now
This flower to germine in eternal peace:
Here thou to us, of charity and love,
Art, as the noonday torch; and art, beneath,
To mortal men, of hope a living spring.
So mighty art thou, lady, and so great,
That he, who grace desireth, and comes not
To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
Fly without wings. Not only him, who asks,
Thy bounty succours; but doth freely oft
Forerun the asking. Whatsoe'er may be
Of excellence in creature, pity mild,
Relenting mercy, large munificence,
Are all combined in thee.

Henry Francis Cary (final revision, 1844)

When I took leave of Circe, who in thrall
Had kept me off Caieta 'bove a year,
Before Eneas did the strand so call,
No aged father's wretchedness, nor dear
Child's aspect, nor the love so nobly earned,
That should have made Penelope's glad cheer,
Could the great passion quell with which I burned,
To get me knowledge of the globe, and be
One that the vice and worth of man had learned.
And forth upon the deep and unshut sea
I launched me with one boat, and that small train
Of comrades that had not forsaken me.
I saw this coast and that as far as Spain,
And as the Sardians' island, and the rest
Which that sea washes, and the Moors' domain,
And I and all my crew were age-opprest
And stiffened, when we reached that narrow strait,
Where Hercules his bounding columns placed,
That man should never further penetrate;
And passing Seville now upon the right,
And Ceuta towards the left of ocean's gate,
'O comrades, who to this far-west, in spite,'
Said I, 'of dangers million threats have run,
For this brief gloaming of perception's light
That we inherit still, ere life is done,
Be loth to abdicate the experience
Of yon unpeopled world behind the sun;
Consider that original from whence
Ye spring, to live not like the beasts, but strain
After all knowledge and all excellence.'
And by this little speech I made so fain
My comrades for the voyage, that back to warn
Them afterwards I might have sought in vain.
And having turned our poop against the morn,
We made our sails wings for the mad emprize,
And further ever toward the left were borne.
And now night looked on us with all the eyes
Of yonder pole, and ours had so declined,
As hardly from the ocean-floor to rise.
Five times had been rekindled, five had pined,
Since first we entered on the daring way,
That sheen by which the moon is underlined,
When there appeared to us a mountain grey
From distance, and far loftier to view
Than all which I had seen before that day.
We joyed, and soon it gave us cause to rue,
When rose a whirlwind from that coast new-found
That on the vessel's foremost corner flew,
And thrice, with all his waters, whirled us round
Till up our poop was lifted at the will
Of whom I name not, and our bows were drowned;
Then the shut waves above my head were still.

Charles Bagot Cayley (1851)

Now did the sun to that horizon slope,
  Whose circle of the noontides covereth
  Jerusalem beneath her zenith cope;
And night, who still against him travelleth,
  Arising out of Ganges river, swayed
  The scales, which leave her when she triumpheth.
So the fair cheeks, with crimson overlaid,
  Of bright Aurora, which I thence descried,
  Through Time's acquaintance had begun to fade.
We kept along the border of the tide,
  As those who ponder yet which way to go,
  Whose hearts are wending and their bodies bide.
And look, as near the morning hour may show
  Through the gross vapours Mars declining red
  To floor of Ocean in the westward low,
I saw (so may my sight again be fed)
  A vessel, that with swiftness, which no flight
  Could parallel, across the waters sped;
From which, when I had turned away my sight
  A little, for instruction of my guide,
  I saw it all afresh more large and bright.
Then from it there appeared, on either side,
  A what I knew not white, and thence below,
  By small degrees, another was descried.
My master made as yet no sign or show,
  As white he saw the two first wings appear,
  But when he fairly could that helmsman know,
'Bow down thy knees,' he said, 'bow to revere
  God's angel; look, he cometh! clasp thy hands;
  Thou shalt behold such functionaries here.
See how he scorns the means on which man stands;
  And wills not oars, nor sails, except alone
  His wings between such widely parted lands.
See how he keeps them unto heavenward thrown,
  And parts with everlasting plumes the air;
  They change not, as on mortal hide when grown.'
And still the nearer that we saw repair
  The bird divine, the brighter still he grew,
  Till his approach the eye no more could bear,
But down I bowed it, and ashore he drew,
  Within his little pinnace light and fleet,
  Of which the water sucks no part from view.
At poop this heavenly pilot on his feet
  Stood, who described alone would make thee blest;
  Within had full a hundred souls their seat;
'When Israel from the land of bondage prest,'
  Sang all together in a single tone,
  And of that psalm that follows all the rest.
Then made he sign of holy cross, whereon
  They drew themselves together on the shore,
  And he, as rapid as he came, was gone.

Charles Bagot Cayley (1853)

Our wills, O brother mine, are set at rest
By power of Charity, which makes us will,
For nought else thirsting, only things possest.
If we should crave to be exalted still
More highly, then would not our wills agree
With His, who granteth us the place we fill;
Which in these orbs impossible must be,
If all to live in Charity are bound,
And if its Nature thou dost rightly see.
For 'tis of that blest thing the very ground,
That in the will of God we govern ours,
Which from the twain doth one sole will compound.
So that as we live here from bowers to bowers
Distributed, the realm doth each one please,
Pleasing that King, who makes his own will ours.
In his good pleasure we have each his peace;
This is the main sea, whereto all things bear
That he creates, and Nature's whole increase.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Thou Maid and Mother, Daughter of thy Sonne,
Thou humble and high above created thing,
Fixt bourne to which counsails eternal ronne,
Thou art that She, who didst our Nature bring
So high, that its Creator did not spurn
To grow the work of his own fashioning.
Within thy womb began afresh to burn
That Love, whereof the ardency could raise
This flower, unfolded unto peace eterne.
Thou here art unto us the noonday blaze
Of Charity, and thou to mortal sight
Art the most living Well of hope that plays.
Thou, Lady, art so great, and hast such might,
That whoso would have grace, and asks not thee,
His wish adventures on a wingless flight.
Not him alone, who seeks thy clemency,
Thou succorest, but oftentimes in sooth
Outrunnest prayer with liberality.
In thee is mercy, and in thee is ruth,
In thee magnificence, thou dost enfold
Of every creature's excellence the truth.

Charles Bagot Cayley (1854)

When I left Circé, who had held me bound,
A year and more, in soft Cajeta gulf,
Before the time Aeneas gave that name,
No gladness in my boy, nor reverence
For my old father, nor the loving care
I owed to dear Penelope, my wife,
Could check the burning passion of my heart
To win experience of the vast unknown;
To learn of man's depravity and worth.
I set me forth upon the wide, deep sea;
I had one bark, manned by that little crew
Of shipmates who had ever shared my lot
On either hand I looked upon the coasts;
Spain, and Morocco, and Sardinia isle
I saw, and other lands by ocean bathed.
Feeble and old were all our company,
I trow, when we drew near the Narrows where
Alcides placed those lofty beacon-towers,
Which warn presuming man to stay his march.
Seville lay far upon the starboard side;
Ceüta was behind upon our lee.
'Brothers,' I said, 'ye who have journeyed far,
Thro' countless perils, to these Western seas -
In the short watch that yet remains to you,
Wherein to give your senses quick delight,
Think not, I beg you, to forgo the quest
Of that abandoned world beyond the Sun.
Regard the stock from which ye claim descent;
'Tis not for you to live as lives the brute;
Knowledge and virtue are your destined goal.'
With these few words I stirred in every heart
Such keen desire to enter on the voyage,
That I could not have thought to hold them back.
And now we left the rising sun astern;
Our oars made wings to serve our foolish flight;
Our course bent ever to the larboard side.
Soon night revealed to us the stars that deck
The Southern sky; those of the North were low;
They rose no more above the ocean plain.
The light that comes from 'neath the moon had been
Five times enkindled, and as often quenched,
Since we had ventured on the mighty deep,
When, in the distance, rose a mountain-peak;
It was but dimly seen, tho' of a height
Which no one of our crew had looked upon.
We were right glad; but joy was changed to grief,
When tempest issued from that new-found land,
And struck our vessel full upon the bow.
Thrice were we whirled about amid the waves;
The fourth shock came, and now the poop leaped high,
While sank the prow, as it had been decreed,
Until the waters closed above our heads.

Gauntlett Chaplin (1913)

At labor when a heaving thought suspires,--
'When I from Circe parted,' out it flung,
'Who had beguiled me with her sorcery,
Near that Gaëta which thy Muse hath sung,
Neither my son's embrace, nor piety
For my old father, nor the love more kind
That should have solaced my Penelope,
Could quench the deathless ardor of my mind
To plumb the wisdoms of the world, and view
The vices and the valor of mankind.
On the high open seas my bark I threw,
Alone, yet fellowed by the little band
Who ne'er deserted me, but were my crew.
We skirted past the shores on either hand,
Sardinia and Morocco far or nigh,
And many another sea-washed isle and strand.
Time-worn and tardy were my braves and I
Ere we approached that narrow watery gate
Where Hercules his pillars raised on high
To mark the boundaries of man's estate.
Behind us lay Sevilla on the right,
And Ceuta on the left within the strait.
'Brothers,' I said, 'through perils infinite
And toils enduring ye have reached the West.
Ye'll not refuse to feed your fading sight,--
If glint of life be left within your breast,--
On the unpeopled World behind the Sun.
Think of your ancestry!--And were't not best
To strike for honor earned and wisdom won,
Rather than drowse along in length of days
Like brutes whose life is nothing when 'tis done?'
With these few words I set them so ablaze
That I thereafter scarce could hold them back:
With winged oars we flashed through ocean's haze,
And rounded landward on the southern track.
Night fell and gave us all the stars that shine
In southern skies, while ours were bent so low
They scarcely could be seen above the brine.
Five times the moon with light did overflow:
We watched her kindle and we watched her pine;
And then a distant mountain rose in air.
All joy were we; but when a whirlwind broke
From off the land our joy became despair.
Three times our ship went round beneath the stroke;
And on the fourth her poop above the wave
Was seen; her prow was down, and deeper still
She plunges, heaven's judgments to fulfil,
While over us the closing waters rave.'

John Jay Chapman (1927)

Like travelers, whose journey fills their mind,
  We paced the strand at sunrise by the sea;
Our hearts pressed on, our bodies lagged behind.
  And lo, as when in rosy mystery,
At dawn Mars glimmers in the vaporous floor
  Of ocean's westering immensity,
Even so, I saw (and trust to see once more)
  A glow that came so nimbly through the haze
That nought e'er ran so fast on land or shore.
  For when I turned a moment from the rays
To ask my Duke a question, and looked back,
  'Twas larger, brighter, nearer on my gaze.
One brightness shone aloft, above its track;
  Then, by degrees, another from below.

And yet my Master neither moved nor spake
  Till wings were seen within the upper glow;
And then he cried, 'Down, down upon your knees:
  Behold the Angel! Bend your forehead low:
Such Servitors stand ever by the Throne.
  Without an oar or sail, across the seas
He wends his winged way from zone to zone.
  His pinions beat the eternal air with ease;
Nor moults a feather from the harness bright
  That glittering and sky-pointing bears him on.'
Then, as the Bird of Heaven bent in flight
  To usward, such a splendor on us fell
That human eye could not abide the light.

He beached his little, daring coracle,
  That drank no drop of the sustaining brine.
Alone he stood (Oh blessed miracle!)--
  Above the freighting souls he guided in,
Like a celestial pilot, in the stern.
  'When Israel fled from Egypt,' they begin
In unison, and chant each verse in turn:
  Above them, next, he signs the Cross, and they
Fling themselves on the strand; and instantly
  He speeded like a shaft across the spray.

John Jay Chapman (1927)

Brother the grace divine of Charity
Our wills so tranquillizes, that we aspire
To only what we have - nor more desire.
Were we to wish to higher state to rise,
Then all discordant with decision wise
Of him who placed us here, would be our hearts!
And you must see, such discord in these parts,
Can ne'er exist, for in them must prevail
The law of charity. Nor will you fail,
This to admit, if you will well observe
Her nature. - Nay 'tis clear we cannot swerve
From will of God but keep within its line,
For that our wills be one with the divine,
Essential is in happiness to live!
Like pleasure then to all it well may give,
As it does to our King, who to his will
Us all suborns, that souls are made to fill
Step after step within this holy Heaven.
To do his will, us all this peace has given,
That will, the ocean whither all things flow
Which he creates or Nature makes us know!

William Charteris (c. 1875)

'The city where I was born sitteth
on the sea-coast where the Po descends
to find peace with all its followers.
Love, that by a gentle heart is quickly set aglow
inflamed this man for the fair form
which was taken from me; and the manner still offends me.
Love, that excuses no one loved from loving,
inflamed me so strongly with pleasure in this man
that, as thou seest, it doth not yet abandon me.
Love brought us to one death;
Caina awaits him who quenched our life.'
These words were directed by them toward us.
As soon as I understood these tormented souls
I bowed my face, and held it low so long
until the Poet said to me, 'What art thou thinking?'
When I answered I thus began: 'Alas!
How many sweet thoughts, how great desire,
led these to this dolorous pass!'
Then I turned to them, and I myself spoke,
and thus began: 'Francesca, thy sufferings
make me sad and pitiful even to tears.
But tell me: at the time of those sweet sighs,
at what and how did love concede
that ye should recognise your dubious desires?'
And she to me: 'There is no greater pain
than to be reminded of a happy time
in misery; and that your Teacher knows.
But, if to know the first root
of our love thou hast such longing,
I will do as he who weeps and speaks.
We were reading one day, for pastime,
of Launcelot, how love enthralled him.
We were alone and with no suspicion.
Many a time that reading drew together
our eyes, and drave the colour from our faces
But one sole moment 'twas that conquered us.
When we read of the longed-for smile
being kissed by such a lover,
this one, who never from me shall be divided,
kissed my mouth, all trembling.
The book was Galahad and he who wrote it.
That day we read no further in it.'
While that the one spirit said this
the other wept so that for pity
I swooned, as if I had died,
and fell as a dead body falls.

Henry Bernard Cotterill (1922)

'From Circe when I parted, who me claimed
more than a year, close to Gaeta geared,
before it thus Aeneas had benamed:
not sweetest son, not aged sire endeared,
could me retain: nor could that due affection,
which dear Penelope should long have cheered,
conquer in me that ancient predilection,
which held me e'er the unknown world glad hailing,
seeking men great, by good or bad election:
hence I put forth, the deep sea open sailing,
with one sole ship, and with companions clannish,
of comrades all the few who were unfailing.
Each shore I saw as far as confines Spanish,
Morocco saw, and saw the isle Sardinian
with other sea-bathed isles behind me vanish.
Toil-spent and old was I and every minion,
when to that pass we came, that strait full narrow,
where Hercules set mark to man's dominion,
that further man should never shoot his arrow:
there at my right I left Seviglia's shore,
nor did at left Ceuta longer harrow.
"Brothers," I said, "by thousand toils and more,
this unknown West who have at length attained,
in this short space before we reach death's door,
in vigil brief still to our senses deigned,
be not, I beg, experience deneid
of world untrod, behind the sun contained.
Your lineage high with equal deeds be vied:
to live like brutes were never ye created,
but born like me to follow paths untried."
Companions all, with this brief speech elated,
eager I made to set our vessel churning,
I could not damp their ardor unabated:
and with our poop set toward the sunrise burning,
each on fool flight his oars like wings incited,
more to horizon left our course e'er turning.
Now other pole with all its stars I sighted
by night: and ours by leaping waves so drenched,
by us o'er ocean floor it went unsighted.
Five times o'er us rekindled, five times quenched,
had been the light beneath the moon-sphere shining,
since we our ship into that hard pass wrenched:
when mountain vast, horizon's verge outlining,
I saw in distance dim, of lofty elevation,
one of such height had ne'er mine eyes been signing.
Our joy, so keen, quick turned to lamentation:
from that new land tempestuous storm came curling,
and smote our time-worn vessel's foremost station.
Three times around with wildest waters whirling:
then time the fourth the poop went upward soaring,
as pleased on high, while prow sank downward swirling,
until o'er us the mighty sea closed roaring.'

Patrick Cummins (1948)

EX BIBL. UNIV. GRONINGEN

Already had the sun horizon gained,
whose mid-meridian looks down sharp-heeding
upon Jerusalem from point supreme attained:
and night, which opposite to him is steeding,
from Ganges forth those scales still held unfainted,
which then she drops when she becomes exceeding:
so that the cheeks, the white and ruddy painted,
there where I stood, of dawn in purest lotion,
by passing age were now with orange tainted.
We still were standing there beside the ocean,
like men their road with plan alone adorning,
who go in heart while body knows no motion:
when lo, as on the slow approach of morning,
through thickening mists Mars we behold red-burned,
low in the west o'er ocean-floor give warning:
I saw--and hope again to see inurned--
a light come o'er the sea all slowness spurning:
by flight of wing no equal motion earned.
When for a space mine eyes from it were turning,
with questioning gaze round to my leader veered:
the light I saw more big and bright now burning.
This side of it, and that, there now appeared
I know not what of white: then, lower shining,
to eyes another whiteness slowly cleared.
A while my master stood no word refining,
till right and left the white in wings extended:
but when he within he saw the pilot shrining,
he sudden cried: 'Thy knees, thy knees be bended:
God's angel see: be folded hands replying,
to ministers like these henceforth commended.
See how he stands man's instruments defying,
no other oar nor sail by him beyearned,
than his own wings, 'tween shores most distant lying.
See how those wings he heavenward holds turned,
fanning the air with plumes eternal dured:
by change, unlike your mortal plumes, unturned.'
Then more and more, as nearer came assured
the bird divine, a light much brighter followed:
whereof mine eyes him nearer not endured,
but downward fell: while he, o'er depth less hollowed,
came on to shore in skiff so lightly flitting,
that e'en its keel the waters nowise swallowed.
Stood on the stern the pilot heaven-fitting,
so that he seemed with blessedness o'erwritten:
and more than hundred souls within were sitting.
'In exitu Israel', thus stands written,
from all their lips the song that sweetly darted,
with all that follows there though here unwritten.
With sign of cross by him on them imparted,
themselves they flung upon the blessed shore,
and he, e'en as he came, so quick departed.

Patrick Cummins (1948)

Love's quality, dear brother, will unthirsting,
gives us in what we have full satiation:
so that no higher rank sets us athirsting.
Did we desire more lofty elevation,
discordant from his will were aspirations,
who to each soul assigns well-suited station:
for that discord no room in these girations,
if charity be here necessitated,
and on love's nature rest thy contemplations.
Nay, as with form our blessedness is weighted,
to live within the sweep of God's volition:
our wills by his informed and regulated.
Just as from stage to stage we have position
this realm throughout, thus is our kingdom's pleasure:
drawn e'er by King to his love-born condition:
by will divine our depth of peace we measure:
to ocean of that will each drop runs straining,
or made by him, or wrought in nature's treasure.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter by Son begotten:
humbly above all creatures else exalted:
predestined term of counsel unbegotten:
temple wherein lives human nature vaulted
so high, that there, within that winsome bower,
as creature lived Creator undefaulted.
Within thy womb rekindled was love's power:
under whose warmth, peace sempiternal bringing,
has burgeoned here this everlasting flower.
Thee here meridian torch we e'er are singing
of sun of love: and to those down there dying,
art fount of hope forever upward springing.
Lady, to prayer so strong and sweet replying:
who would find grace, to thee yet unrecurring,
desire makes bird that without wings were flying.
Thy kindliness all benefits conferring
on whoso pleads, shows ofttimes utmost passion,
with answering plea unspoken wish precurring.
In thee is tenderness, in thee compassion,
in thee munificance: in thee united
created good in all-excelling fashion.

Patrick Cummins (1948)

'When I brake
From Circe's arms, that hid me as my grave,
More than a year content with her to toy
Hard by Caieta, or e'er AEneas gave
That name; nor sweet remembrance of my boy,
Nor old Laertes' grief, nor debt of love,
Which owed Penelope the' arrear of joy,
Could quench my burning zeal, that only strove,
And bade the wisdom of the world explore,
And human vices, human worth to prove.
I tried the deep and open sea once more
With but one vessel, and the faithful few
That ne'er forsook their chieftain. Either shore
Far as the Spanish confine met my view;
Marocco's and Sardinia's wave I ploughed,
And the' islands' that sea girdles. But my crew
And I were clogged with tardiness, and bowed
By age, when toward the straitened jaws we steered,
Where Hercules, in sign of none allowed
To pass, his limitary marks had reared.
I venturous, on my right hand left Seville,
And on my left ere now had Ceuta cleared.
'Brothers,' I reasoned, 'ye that struggling still
Through myriad perils the far west have won,
To such brief remnant as awaits to fill
Your senses' vigil, ere their work be done,
Do not experience of that world refuse,
Which, yet unpeopled, hides behind the sun.
Bethink you of your birth-rank and its dues:
Ye were not thus for brutish life endued,
But Virtue's path and Learning's born to choose.'
Scant was my pleading, yet so well renewed
My sharpened comrades in their zeal to try,
Hardly had I restrained them of their mood
Thenceforth; and, veering under morning's eye
Our stern, while ever toward the left we sped,
Our oars for wings in unwise flight we ply.
Now other pole, with all his stars o'erhead,
I saw by night, our own so far deprest,
He might not rouse him from his watery bed.
The light which under doth the Moon invest,
Five times relumed, as oft had emptied been,
Since we to cross that unsailed ocean's breast
Entered; when darkling from the space between
A mountain showed, gigantic, that to scale
So high, methought, mine eyes had never seen.
Gladness was ours--and quickly turned to wail,
When from that new found earth a whirlwing springs
Our vessel's forepart sudden to assail:
Thrice round and round bark, waves, and all it swings;
At the fourth shock (so Other willed to be),
The stern aloft, the prow it downward flings,
Till o'er us closed again the glutted sea.'

John Dayman (1865)

The sun already that horizon's hem
Surmounted, whose meridian circle stands
In the full zenith o'er Jerusalem;
And Night, who wheels opposing him, her hands
Poising the scales that quit them, when she seeks
Unequal sway, from Ganges' hidden sands
Was rising, that the white and vermeil cheeks
Of fair Aurora, while I stood, put on
The saffron hue that waning prime bespeaks.
We tarried yet the ocean's brink upon,
Like unto people musing of their way,
Whose body lingers when the heart hath gone;
And lo! as near the dawning of the day,
Down in the west, upon the watery floor,
The vapour-fogs do Mars in red array,
Even such appeared to me a light that o'er
The sea so quickly came, no wing could match
Its moving. Be that vision mine once more!
From which as I a moment dared to snatch
Mine eye, to ask my leader, 't was more bright
And larger grown, when I resumed the watch
Then presently I knew not what of white
Upon its every side was visible,
And from below did other rise to sight
Little by little. From my master fell
No word, while yet those former white unrolled
The wings; but when he knew the pilot well,
'Down, down upon thy knees,' he cried, 'and fold
Thy hands, for lo! the Angel of the Lord--
Henceforth shalt thou such ministers behold.
See how he scorns what human helps afford,
That wills nor oar nor other sail, to ply
'Tween shores so distant, than his wings accord.
See how he spreads them heavenward, the sky
With those imperishable plumes to fan
That change them not, like hair of those who die.'
Then, as his course toward us he closer ran,
That wingèd thing of heaven more bright appeared,
Nor brooked mine eye his nearer face to scan,
But low I dropped it, and for shore he steered
With boat so fleet, so light upon the flood,
Her very keel the greedy waters cleared.
High on the stern that heavenly pilot stood,
His brow with bliss engraven, and ranged to sit
More than a hundred souls the freight made good.
When Israël did Egypt's bondage quit,
Together all in unison they sang,
With what for sequel of that psalm is writ.
Then, as he signed with holy cross, they flung
Themselves with one consent upon the strand,
And, swift as in his coming, off he sprung.

John Dayman (1865)

Brother, the might of charity allays
Our will with calm that makes us covet what
Alone we hold, nor thirst of more doth raise.
Should we desire more elevated spot,
Our wishes thus discordant should repel
The will of Him who here awards our lot;
Of which thou 'lt find these orbs incapable,
If to abide in love is here ordained,
And if thou meditate love's nature well.
Rather to keep within God's will restrained,
Is to that blessed life the formal source,
That our own wills be all in one contained.
Thus to our ranging step by step in course
Throughout this realm is all the realm agreed,
As is the King, whose will lends our will force.
From His good pleasure doth our peace proceed;
I t is that ocean whither runs, whate'er
Or it creates, or nature makes to breed.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humbler than creature and more elevate,
Determined end of counsel unbegan,
'T is thou that hast ennobled man's estate
To such as HE disdained not to assume,
Its own Creator, and Himself create!
Then was the love rekindled in thy womb,
By whose prolific heat thus blossoming
Doth yonder flower in peace eternal bloom;
For us thou art meridian lamp to bring
Warmth of pure love; and down where mortals lie
Thou art of hope the vivifying spring.
Lady, thou art of rank and might so high,
Whoe'er needs grace, nor yet to thee repairs,
Wills his desire without a wing to fly.
Thy bounty succours not alone for prayers
Of any asking, but, times numberless,
Freely prevents them, ere to ask be theirs.
With thee is mercy, thine is tenderness,
Thine is munificence; in thee arrayed
All goodness meets that creature can possess.

John Dayman (1865)

The Sun had already reached the horizon, whose meridian circle with its highest point covers Jerusalem, and Night which goes round opposite to him, issued forth from Ganges with the Scales, which she drops when she becomes longer than the day. So that the white and vermilion cheeks of the fair Aurora, there where I was, had become orange-coloured through advanced age. We were as yet by the sea-shore, like people who are pondering on their way, that travel with their minds, though their bodies are standing still: and lo, as at the approach of the morning through its thick vapours Mars grows red down in the West, above the surface of the sea. So there appeared to me (and may I see it again!) a light coming so swiftly over the sea that no flight of birds can be compared to its course. From which having for an instant withdrawn my eyes to interrogate my guide, on looking again I perceived it had become larger and brighter. Then, from either side of it, there appeared to me an unknown white object, and by degrees from underneath came forth another one to join it. My master spoke not a word, till the first white visions were seen to be wings. Then, when he clearly recognised the pilot, he cried aloud, 'Bend, bend thy knees. Behold the Angel of God; fold thy hands. Henceforth thou shalt see similar ministers. Behold how he disdains all human means, so that he needs no oar, nor other sail than his wings, between such distant shores. Behold, how he keeps them uplifted towards Heaven, cleaving the air with his eternal plumes, that change not like mortal hair.' Then, as by degrees he came towards us, the divine winged one appeared more clearly, so that the eye looked towards the ground, not bearing to gaze at him too closely. But he drew near to the strand in a swift bark, so light withal that it scarce displaced the water. On the poop was standing the heavenly pilot; blessedness appeared written on his brow; and more than a hundred spirits sat within the boat and sang all together with one voice, 'In exitu Israel de Aegypto,' with the remainder of that psalm.

Then he blessed them with the sign of the holy cross; whereupon they at once leaped out on the shore, and he departed as swiftly as he had come.

William Stratford Dugdale (1883)

When I left Circe, who had kept me for more than a year near to Gaeta before Aeneas thus named it, neither reverence for my aged father, nor the charms of my son, nor the love I owed to Penelope to make her happy, could overcome the eager desire I had within me to gain experience of the world, and of human virtue and vices; so I set forth upon the deep open sea in a solitary ship, with the small company that had not deserted me; and I saw both shores as far as Spain and Morocco, and the island of Sardinia, and the other islands that are bathed by that sea.

My companions and I were old and slow when we came to that narrow strait where Hercules set up his marks so that men should put forth no further; Seville I had left on the right, and already Ceuta on the left when I said: 'O brothers, who through unnumbered dangers have reached the west, be not willing to deny to such a brief vigil of your senses as now remains to you, the experience of that uninhabited world behind the Sun. Consider your race; ye were not made to live like the beasts, but to follow after virtue and knowledge.' With this brief speech I made my companions so sharply eager for the journey that hardly could I have restrained them afterwards, so turning our poop towards the morning we made wings of our oars for the foolish flight, always gaining on the left. Now all the stars of the other pole were visible by Night, while ours was so low down that it did not rise above the ocean floor. Five times had the Moon's light been rekindled upon the Earth, and five times extinguished since we entered upon the passage of the deep, when there appeared in the dim distance a Mountain of such height that I had never seen any sight like to it. We rejoiced, but soon our joy was turned to mourning, because from that new land there arose a tempest which struck the ship on its forepart. Three times it whirled her round and round with all the waters, and at the fourth it lifted up her stern, and plunged her prow, all as it pleased Another, until at last the Ocean closed upon us.

Thomas Watson Duncan (1926)

We were still along by the sea like men whose thoughts are on their journey, who travel with the spirit, but with the body stay behind, and lo! as through the morning mists one sees Mars to redden in the west low down o'er the ocean floor, so appeared to me, and may I see it yet again, a light coming o'er the sea so rapidly that no flight could compare with it in motion. When I turned my eyes away from it for a moment to inquire of my Guide, I saw it again become larger and brighter, and now on one side and on the other there appeared to me something white, I knew not what, and little by little another issued from beneath. Still my Master spake no word till the first white things appeared as wings. Then when he well recognized the Pilot, he cried: 'Down, down on thy knees and fold thy hands; behold the Angel of God; henceforth thou shalt see such Ministers. See how he disdains the human arts; he will have no oar, nor other sail than his wings 'twixt shores so distant. See how he holds them up to Heaven, beating the air with those eternal pinions that cast no mortal feathers.' Then as nearer and nearer he came to us, that Bird Divine, the brighter he appeared, till the eye could bear no closer presence, but bent its gaze. He came to land in barque so light and agile that no water could draw it in. Upon the poop he stood, the Heavenly Pilot, such that he seemed with blessedness inscribed; and more than a hundred spirits sat therein, who all with one accord began to sing the psalm In exitu Israel de Aegypto with what is after written. Then he signed them all with the sign of holy cross, whereon they cast themselves upon the shore, and swiftly as he came he went his way.

Thomas Watson Duncan (1926)

'Brother,' she said, 'the virtue of charity quieteth our will, making us wish only for that which we have, and for naught else do we thirst. Did we desire to ascend to loftier regions, our wishes would not be in accord with the will of Him who disposeth of us here, which thou wilt see can have no place throughout those spheres, if being in charity is here a necessity, and if thou wilt reflect well upon its nature. Nay, rather it is the essential form of this blessed state of being to hold itself within the Divine will, so that our very wills are themselves made one. Thus, as we are ranged from plane to plane throughout this Kingdom, the whole Realm is in delight, and likewise the King who draweth our wills to His; and His will is our peace; it is that ocean towards which all is moving, both what It creates, and that which Nature makes.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin Mother, Daughter of thy Son, humble and exalted above every creature, fixed term of the Eternal Counsel; thou art She who didst so ennoble human nature that its Maker did not disdain to become its handiwork. In thy womb was kindled again the Love through whose ardour this Flower is germinated in the Eternal peace. To us here thou art the meridian torch of Love, and to mortals there below thou art of hope the ever living fountain. Lady, thou art so great and of such avail, that he who would have grace without recourse to thee seeks in his desires to fly without wings. Thy benignity not only succours him who asks, but oftentimes of thine own free will anticipates his request. In thee is mercy, in thee is pity, grandeur and munificence are to be found in thee, yea all that is of goodness in the creature is summed up in thee.

Thomas Watson Duncan (1926)

When I away
From Kirké went, who had detained me there
close on Gaiéta more than a year, before
it had that appellation from Aeneas,
nor sweetness of my son, nor piety
t'wards my old father, nor the affection due
that happy should have made Penelope,
could overcome the ardour that I had
within, to gain experience of the world
and of the wickedness and worth of man.
But on the deep wide sea I put myself
with a solitary ship, together with
that little band that not deserted me.
I looked on either shore as far as Spain,
far as Morocco, and Sardinia's isle
and others too which that sea bathes around.
I and my company were old and slow
when we arrived within the narrow straits
where Hercules assigned his boundaries
that none should venture further on. Seville
I left upon my right hand. I had left
Ceuta already on the other hand.
'O brothers'--said I--'ye who have arrived
thro' a hundred thousand perils to the West,
do not refuse to this short waking time
that of your senses yet remaineth o'er
to you, to gain a knowledge of the world
without inhabitants, behind the sun.
Think of your origin; ye were not made
in manner of the brutes to pass away
your lives, but virtue and knowledge to pursue.'
So eager my companions for the voyage
I rendered, by this exhortation brief
that hardly after it had I held them back.
And so, our poop being turned towards the dawn,
wings made we of our oars unto that flight
insensate, ever bearing towards the left.
Already all the stars of the other pole
the night beheld, and so low down our own
that it arose not o'er the floor marine.
Five times extinguished and as many times
rekindled was the light beneath the moon
since we had entered on the hard emprise,
when there appeared to us a mountain, dim
by reason of the distance, and it seemed
so high none such had ever been beheld.
Glad were we, but our joy soon turned to tears,
because a whirlwind rose from that new land
and smote the foremost angle of the ship.
Three times it made it whirl'd around with all
the waves, the fourth it raised the poop on high
and down the prow went, so it pleasèd God,
until above us closed again the sea.

Edward J. Edwardes (1915)

'The land where I was born lies by the sea,
That gleams along that coast, where Po descends,
To have repose with his attendant streams.
Love, that in gentle heart soon glows, o'ercame
Him for that beauty which was reft from me
So foully that the anguish yet remains.
Love, that to none beloved remitteth love's
Return, seized me for his enchanting self
So strongly that it still lingers as thou seest.
Love brought us to one grave: the lowest hell
Awaiteth him by whom our lives were sped.'
Such was the utterance from her lips that fell,
At hearing which from these woe-wearied souls,
I bow'd my head, and held it down so long
That the Bard said to me: 'What ponderest thou?'
After some pause, I thus began: 'Alas!
What yearnings, and what blissful reveries
Impelled them to that lamentable pass!'
And then I turned to them, and thus again
My speech renewed: 'Francesca, thy afflictions
Bring tears of grief and pity to mine eyes.
But tell me - at the time of those sweet sighs
How happened it that Love enabled you
Each other's dubious wish to recognise?'
And she replied: 'There is no greater sorrow
Than recollecting times of happiness
In misery: and this thy Teacher knows.
But if thou hast so great desire to know
How that entrancing love began to sway
Our hearts, I will repeat the tale of woe.
We chanced to read for our delight one day
Of Lancelot, how love enthralled him:
Alone we read, all unsuspectedly,
And many times that tale our eyes made dim
With tears, and paled our cheeks; but 'twas one place
Alone that vanquish'd us: for when we came
To where it was narrated how that fair
Enchanting face was kiss'd by one so fond,
So dear, he who from me will never be
Dissever'd, kiss'd my lips all tremblingly.
The book, the writer served as Galahad
For us. We read therein no more that day.'
Thus while one spirit spake, the other stay'd
Speechless, but moan'd, and wept. I at that tale
Of sorrow swoon'd, and was as one half dead,
And, as a corpse falls, to the ground I fell.

Ernest Ridsdale Ellaby (1874)

'When I departed
From Circe, who for one whole year and more
Had been detaining me there near Gaëta,--
Before Aeneas yet had named the shore,--
Not fondness for my son, not piety
Towards my now agèd father, nor due love
That should have comforted Penelope,
Could overcome in me-- not even then--
The zeal to have experience of the world,
And of the vices and the worth of men.
But I put forth on the deep open sea
With one sole ship, and with those followers--
How few!--who still had not deserted me.
I saw one shore and other far as Spain,
Far as Morocco; saw Sardinia
With neighbor isles sea-washed upon that main.
I and my comrades were grown old and slack
By time we entered in the narrow strait
Where Hercules, to warn the wanderer back,
Had set his beacon-towers. Even so,
Seville I left behind me on the right,
With Ceuta on the left passed long ago.
"O brothers," said I, "who have turned your prow
Through countless perils hither to the West,
To the brief vigil of your senses, now
When its allotted term is almost run,
Be ye not willing to refuse the quest
Of the unpeopled world behind the sun.
Consider ye the seed from which ye grew;
Ye were not made to live like unto brutes,
But to strive after what is good and true."
I made, by the few simple words I spake,
My comrades all so eager for the voyage,
That hardly then could I have held them back.
And turning now our poop into the morn,
We of ours oars made wings for the mad flight,
And ever bearing to the left were borne.
Already night was seeing every star
About the other Pole, with ours so low
That it rose not above the ocean floor.
Five times the light beneath the moon again
Was kindled, and so many times was quenched,
Since we had entered on that arduous main.
And into sight there rose a mountain, dun
Because of distance, and yet taller seemed
Than any we had ever looked upon.
We were rejoiced; but soon joy turned to woe,
Because a tempest rose from that strange land,
And beat upon our ship about her bow.
Three times round with the waters she had spun;
The fourth time high she lifted up her poop,
And downward plunged her prow,--as pleased it One,--
Until the water over us closed up.'

Jefferson Butler Fletcher (1938)

Toward that horizon now the sun took flight
  Whereof the meridian circle's highest point
  Is set above Jerusalem; and night,
Which circles opposite him upon her way,
  Was issuing forth from Ganges with the Scales,
  Which are let drop when she exceedeth day;
So that, the while I there was lingering,
  Radiant Aurora's white and rosy cheeks
  Were turning orange for o'er-ripening.
And still beside the sea we made delay,
  Like people who take thought upon their road,
  And go in spirit, but in body stay;
And lo! as, when the dawn is drawing near,
  Through heavy mists Mars reddens in the west
  O'er ocean's floor, even so I saw appear--
And may I see it yet again--a light,
  Coming so swiftly onward o'er the sea
  That like unto its motion is no flight;
And when from it I had withdrawn mine eyes
  An instant, to put question to my Guide,
  I saw it grown in glory and in size.
Then on its either side there came in sight
  I know not what of whiteness, and beneath
  Grew by degrees a something other white.
And still no word was spoken by my Guide
  Till those first whitenesses were seen as wings;
  Then, knowing who the pilot was, he cried:
'Mind, mind that, as I bid, thou bend the knee!
  Behold the Angel of God! And fold thy hands!
  Such ministers henceforward thou shalt see.
See how all instruments of men he scorns,
  That would have neither oar nor other sail
  Than his own wings between such distant bourns.
See how straight unto heaven he trusts them forth,
  Stroking the air with those eternal plumes,
  Which are not shed like plumage upon earth.'
Then, as nearer and nearer held his course
  The bird divine, yet brighter he appeared,
  Till close mine eyes endured him not. Perforce
I cast them down. And then ashore came he,
  And with a little boat so swift and light
  That nought of it was swallowed by the sea.
Astern the heavenly Pilot stood,--and writ
  Upon him seemed to be all blessedness.
  Therein I saw an hundred spirits sit,
And heard them with one voice together sing:
  In exitu Israel de Aegypto,
  With that which in the psalm goes following.
The sign of Holy Cross he made anon;
  Whereat all cast themselves upon the strand;
  And he, swiftly as he had come, was gone.

Jefferson Butler Fletcher (1938)

'But tell me this: ye who are happy here,
Do ye desire a more exalted place
To see more, or to make yourselves more dear?
First did she smile a little with those other
Spirits; and then so gladsome answered me
She seemed to burn in love's first fire. 'My brother',
She said, 'so is our each will pacified
By virtue of our love that we do wish
For what we have, and thirst for nought beside.
Did we desire a more exalted place,
Discordant with His will were our desire
Who hath assigned us hither of His grace,--
Which in these spheres thou'lt see not possible,
If all here have their being in God's love,
And that love's nature thou consider well.
Nay, very essence of this blessèd being
'Tis to abide within the will divine,
Which maketh our wills one, in all agreeing.
So that, even as we are from sill to sill
Throughout this realm, to all the realm is pleasing,
As to the King who maketh His our will.
And His will is our peace; it is that sea
Whereunto moveth all that which Itself
Creates, and that which Nature makes to be.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Thou Maid and Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Thou humble and high over every creature,
Bourn by eternal counsels fixed upon,
Verily thou art she who, by partaking,
Didst even so ennoble human nature,
Its Maker scorned not to be of its making.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love
Under whose warmth in the eternal peace
This flower had its burgeoning. Here above
Unto ourselves meridian torch thou art
Of charity, and thou art there below
The living spring of hope in mortal heart.
Lady, thou so prevailest in all things
That whoso would have grace, and seeks not thee,
Would have his wish fly upward without wings.
Not only aideth thy benignity
All them that ask of thee, but oftentimes
Forerunneth of its own accord the plea.
In thee pity, in thee compassion dwells,
In thee magnificence; in thee unites
Whate'er in creature is of goodness else.

Jefferson Butler Fletcher (1931)

When Circe I escap'd, who me deceiv'd
More than twelve months, nigh to Gaeta, ere
That title from Aeneas it receiv'd,
Nor duty to mine aged sire, nor dear
Joy in my son, with that sweet love combin'd,
Claim'd by Penelope, her heart to cheer,
Could over-rule the ardour of my mind
To gain experience, what the world might be,
And learn the good and evil in mankind.
I launched me forth on the deep open sea,
Lone in a single ship; and with that train,
In number few, who ne'er deserted me.
Both continents I saw, as far as Spain,
Far as Morocco and Sardinia's isle,
With others, bath'd by the same circling main.
Myself was now, as they, who shar'd my toil,
Grown stiff and old, when to that firth confin'd
We came, where stands the monitory pile
Of Hercules, man's enterprize to bind:
On my right hand I seville left, and pass'd,
When on the other Ceuta was behind.
'O brothers, who have reach'd the far-off West,
In face of dangers numberless,' I said,
'For this brief season--it may be our last--
For vigorous waking up of heart and head,
Following the sun, grudge not yourselves the view
Of the new world, not yet inhabited.
Think of th' original, from whence ye grew:
'Twas not to live, as brutes, that ye were made;
But knowledge and all goodness to pursue.'
So sharpen'd I my comrades by the aid
Of these few simple words, the voyage to run,
That scarce their eagerness I could have stay'd.
And so the stern turn'd towards the rising sun,
We wing'd our oary and infatuate flight,
Still more and more gaining the larboard on.
All the clear stars of th' other pole the night
Contemplated, with ours, depress'd so low,
It rose not from the ocean-floor to sight.
Five time rekindled, lost five times to view,
Was th' under-shining lustre of the moon,
Since we essay'd the painful transit new;
When there appear'd, dim in the distance thrown,
A Mountain; and, methought, it soar'd so high,
As in my memory to stand alone.
We joy'd; but grief soon superseded joy:
For from the land new-found a storm was whirl'd,
Which struck the ship, her forepart to destroy.
Her round three times with a full sea it twirl'd;
At the fourth shock, the stern it high uprear'd;
Then down the prow--so Heaven decreed--was hurl'd:
Beneath the closing sea we disappeared.

James Ford (1865)

Already had the sun th' horizon gain'd,
That covers Salem with meridian light,
What time its altitude is full attain'd,
And, in his circling orb adverse, the night
Now from the Ganges with her scales forthcame,
To drop them, when the day should reach its height;
So that the pale and crimson-colour'd flame,
That deck'd Aurora's cheeks, seen where I stood,
By full-grown age, of orange tint became.
Still on the beach we stay'd, in doubting mood;
Like men, uncertain where their course to take,
Whose minds outrun their bodies on the road.
When, Lo, as Mars appears at morning-break,
Red through the misty mantling veil to glare,
Far in the West above the ocean-lake,
I saw--again, Oh, may I see it there!--
A light along the sea, so swift of pace,
No winged flight could with its speed compare.
And, after that from it some little space
I had mine eyes withdrawn, to ask my Guide,
Its form more large, more brilliant, I could trace.
Then something, strangely white, on either side
'Gan to unfold; and by degrees a new
And second white, beneath it, I espied.
My Master spake not, while as yet to view
The first apparent shape the wings unroll'd;
But, when the Pilot, thus revealed, he knew,
He cried: 'Kneel, quickly kneel, and reverent fold
Thine arms; for see, God's Angel is at hand:
More such officials thou shalt now behold.
Mark, how he scorns the means, frail men demand:
Oars none he asks; his wings alone supply
Sails for a voyage so far from land to land.
Mark, how erect he points them to the sky,
And with the eternal pinions stirs the air,
Unlike our mortal wings, that change, and die.'
Then, as the Bird of Heaven more near, and near,
Towards us came, his form more strongly shone
Resplendent, that no eye the sight could bear:
But mine I lowly bent; and he anon
Drew in a skiff, so light of keel, to shore,
It scarcely dipp'd the wave, it floated on.
Heaven's Pilot stood upon the poop, and bore
'Blessed', as if plain written on his brow:
On board, a hundred spirits sat, and more.
'In exitu Israel de Egypto'--
With what that Psalm, in sequel, doth contain,
They chaunted all, in one melodious flow.
Sign of the Holy Cross he made; and then,
So blest, they all sprang quick upon the strand;
Swift, as before, he parted thence again.

James Ford (1870).

Brother, our wills with full content abide
In that sweet Love, that stays our whole desire
On what we have, and thirsts for nought beside.
Had we a wish to be promoted higher,
Maugre His Will, who sets us here to dwell,
Our hearts in disobedience would aspire.
This dost thou know a thing not possible;
For in His Love our being have we here;
And, if Love's quality thou ponder well,
The very essence of our halcyon sphere
Keeps us for ever to His Will confin'd;
We all thus live in one volition dear.
Therefore, as steps from heaven to heaven we find,
Throughout this realm, the realm entire is glad;
As glad the King, who shapes us to His mind.
And in His Will our peace is surely laid:
He is that Ocean, whither all repair -
Things by Himself, or things by nature made.

James Ford (1870)

O Virgin-mother, daughter of thy Son,
Most meek of creatures, yet most high display'd,
Term, in the Eternal purpose, fix'd upon;
Thou, thou art she, such glory who hast laid
On human nature, that He thought no scorn
Of it, who was its Maker, to be made;
Kindled was in thy womb, and of thee born,
That loving warmth, whence in Eternal peace
This Rose springs up, with beauties so adorn.
Thou art the noonday Sun in this blest place
To us of charity; and, below, the spring
Of living hope to all the human race.
Lady, thy voice such help can pleading bring,
That whoso, lacking grace, that help denies,
Is one, who fain would fly without a wing.
Nor him alone, to thee who suppliant flies,
Enablest thou; for oft thy largess free
Foreruns the prayer of want with full supplies.
In thee is mercy; piteousness in thee;
In thee magnificence: in thee alone
Is summ'd the good create, in all we see.

James Ford (1870).

Brother, our will that power of charity
Doth satisfy which causeth us to will
But that we have, nor makes us thirst for other.
If to be more exalted we desired,
Then our desirings were discordant with
His Will Who here beholds us; which thing thou
Shalt see may in these Circles not have place;
If to be in charity is here 'necesse',
And if its nature thou consider well.
'Tis of the essence of this blest existence
To hold itself within the Will Divine,
Whereby one will do our own wills become.
So that, as we be ranked from grade to grade
Throughout this Realm, best liketh all the Realm,
As it doth like That King Who of His Will
Enamoureth us; and His Will is our peace:
It is that sea whereunto moveth all
That It creates, and all that nature makes.

Frances Isabella Fraser (1908)

When I departed from Circe, who for more than a year detained me by allurements near Gaeta, before Aeneas gave it that name, neither the sweetness of my son (Telemachus), nor the reverence due to my aged father, nor the well-merited love which ought to have made Penelope happy, could conquer the ardent desire which I had within me to have experience of the world, and of human vices and virtues; but I set out with only one ship on the deep open sea, and with that little company by which I was never deserted. I saw both shores as far as Spain, and as far as Morocco; I saw the island of Sardinia, and the other islands, the shores of which are bathed by that sea. I and my companions were old and tardy when we arrived at that narrow strait, where Hercules prescribed his limits, so that man should not advance beyond; on the right hand I left Seville, on the other hand Ceuta had already left me. 'Oh brothers,! I said: 'Who through a hundred thousand perils have arrived at the far West, you would not wish, at this short period of life which remains to you, to decline to see and know the uninhabited world behind the sun. Consider your human nature; ye were not made to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' With this short oration, I made my companions so ardent for the voyage, that after it I could hardly have restrained them. Then turning our poop to the east, we made our oars into wings for our foolish flight, always gaining on the left side. At night I now saw all the stars of the other Pole, and those of our Pole so low, that they did not rise above the surface of the sea. The light under the moon was five times illuminated, and as many times spent when we had entered the beginning of the deep ocean, when there appeared a mountain, dark from its distance, and it seemed so lofty that I had never seen one so great before. We were joyful, but soon our joy was turned to weeping, for from the new land a hurricane sprang up, which struck the ship on its prow. Three times it caused it to go round in the waters, at the fourth it lifted up the stern, and caused the bow to go down, so it pleased another Power, until at last the sea closed over us.

John Carpenter Garnier (1901)

'When I left Circe, who a year and more
Delayed me near Gaëta by the sea
(Before Aeneas ever named that shore),
No tenderness for child, nor sympathy
For aged sire, nor love legitimate
Which should have gladdened my Penelope,
Had power my inborn passion to abate
To know the world, its every nook and crook,
The good and evil of our human state.
O'er open deep once more my course I took;
A single ship had I, a tiny band
Of comrades who my side had ne'er forsook.
I visited the shore on either hand,
Morocco, Spain; Sardinia did I spy,
And, in that sea, each wave-encompast land.
Full stiff and old my fellows were, and I,
When finally we reacht the narrow cleft
Where Hercules his pillars lifted high,
A mark for men, of further flight bereft.
Sevilia then I past upon my right;
Already Septa faded on the left.
'Brethren,' I spake, 'thro' many and many a plight,
Despising dangers, ye have reacht the West.
Few moments now remain before the night
Enfold your senses in eternal rest.
Permit this fleeting eventide to scan
Th' unpeopled world, in sun-pursuing quest.
Consider what a noble thing is man!
Ye were not born to ruminate like kine,
But to achieve what wit and valor can.'
My comrades I so keenly did incline,
With brief harangue, untraveled ways to learn,
That scarce had they been checkt by words of mine.
And, leaving all the morning skies astern,
With flapping oars we winged our reckless flight;
But ever to the left our course did turn.
Already all the stars were seen by night
Of th' other pole, and ours so downward bent,
The sea's horizon hid it from our sight.
Five times rekindled, and as many spent,
Beneath the moon was all its monthly sheen,
While we upon our mighty journey went.
Then hove in sight a mount, of misty mien,
So far away it was; and towered so
That I its mate for height had never seen.
Great joy was ours, but soon it turned to woe:
On that new shore, a whirlwind did begin,
And swept upon our bow with sudden blow.
Three times it made the boat and waters spin,
And, at the fourth, lifted our stern amain;
At Someone's back, our stem went plunging in,
Till over us the ocean closed again.'

C.H. Grandgent (c. 1915)

'From Circe
When that I had departed, who withheld me
More than a year there close beside Gaëta,
(Before Aeneas by that name had called it,)
Nor sweetness of my son, nor filial duty
To my old father, nor the love I owed her
That should have made Penelope still happy,
Could overcome within me the great ardour
I had to be of all the world experienced,
As well of human vices as of virtue;
But out upon the open deep I put me,
Alone, with but one bark, and those companions
So few, by whom I never was deserted.
One and the other shore--far as Morocco,
And far as Spain--I saw, the Sardians' island,
And the others which that sea around doth water.
I and my comrades all were old and laggard,
What time we came unto that narrow gullet
Where Hercules set up to view his landmarks,
For signal so that none should put out further.
On my right hand I left behind me Seville;
Ceuta had left already on the other.
'O brothers,' said I, 'who through hundred thousand
Of perils now at last have reached the Sunset,
To this so very short a time of vigil,
This only remnant left unto your senses,
Do not deny experience of seeing,
In the sun's wake, the world devoid of people:
Consider ye the seed that ye are sprung from:
Ye were not made to live as the brute creatures,
But that ye virtue might pursue and knowledge.'
Those comrades mine I made so sharply eager,
With this my little oration, for the journey,
That hardly, afterwards, had I restrained them.
And, with our stern directed to the Morning,
Of oars for our wild flight we made us pinions,
Ever upon the left hand somewhat gaining.
Now all the stars of the other pole already
The night did see, and ours at such low level
It did not rise out of the plain of ocean.
Five times beneath the moon had been rekindled
The light, and been as many times extinguished,
After that we the pass profound had entered,
When there appeared to us a mountain darkling
By reason of the distance; and so lofty
It seemed as I had never seen another.
Joyous we were; and soon it turned to weeping;
For from the new found land arose a whirlwind,
And smote upon the forepart of the vessel;
Three times it made it spin i' the swirling waters;
At the fourth time it made the stern lift upward,
And made the prow go down, as pleased Another,
Until the sea had closèd in above us.'

Samuel Walker Griffith (1911)

The sun had now attained to the horizon
Whereof the true meridian circle covers
Jerusalem with its most lofty segment:
And Night, who circles in opposing aspect,
Was issuing forth from Ganges with the Balance
That falleth from her hand when she hath mastery;
So that the cheeks, the white and the vermilion,
Of fair Aurora, there where I was standing,
Were from increase of age becoming orange.
We still were by the margin of the ocean,
Like folk who are about their road debating,
Who go in spirit, and in body linger:
And lo! like as at the approach of morning
Through the thick vapours Mars makes ruddy glimmer
Down in the West over the ocean level,
Appeared to me--may I again behold it!--
A lustre athwart the sea, coming so quickly
No sort of flight is equal to its motion:
From which whenas I had withdrawn a little
My eye, to make inquiry of my Leader,
I saw it again, more shining and grown larger.
Then on each hand appeared to me beside it
A something white--I know not what--and under,
Little by little, another from it issued.
Not any word as yet my Master uttered,
Until the first white things were wings apparent.
Then, when he clearly recognized the steersman,
He cried: 'Be quick, be quick, thy knees to lower:
Lo! 'tis God's Angel, fold thy hands together:
Such sort of officers shalt see henceforward.
See, how he doth disdain our human methods,
So that of oar he will have none, or canvas ,
Other than his own wings, 'twixt shores so distant:
See how towards the sky he hath them pointed,
Beating the air with his eternal pinions
That are not mutable as hair of mortals.'
Then, as towards us, nearer and still nearer,
The Bird Divine came on, appeared he brighter;
Wherefore my eye close by could not endure him:
Whereat I cast it down: and to the margin
He came with a small vessel, light and speedy
So that the water nothing of it swallowed.
Upon the prow stood the celestial pilot,
Such as, e'en but described, would render blissful:
And more than five score spirits sat within it.
'In exitu Israel de Egypto'
Together, with one voice, they all were singing,
With all that of that psalm is after written.
The sign of holy cross then made he o'er them;
Whereat they all cast themselves upon the shingle,
And he, as he had come, swiftly departed.

Samuel Walker Griffith (1911)

Brother, the power of charity keeps ever
  Our will at rest, making us wish that only
  Which we possess, and not for aught else thirsty.
If that we should desire to be exalted
  More highly, our desires would be discordant
  From the behest of Him who here assigns us;
Which in these Rounds wilt see can have no footing,
  If being in charity is postulated,
  And if thou well dost contemplate its nature.
Nay, 'tis essential to this blessèd being
  Within the Will Divine to be restricted,
  Whereby our wills themselves become but single;
So that as we from step to step are posted
  Throughout this realm to all the realm is pleasing,
  As to the King who with His will inspires us.
And His will is our peace: It is that ocean
  Whereunto moveth onward whatsoever
  It doth itself create and Nature fashion.

Samuel Walker Griffith (1911)

O Daughter of thy Son! O Virgin Mother!
More lowly and more high than any creature,
The goal appointed of Eternal Counsel!
'Tis thou who didst ennoble human nature
So that its Maker deemed it not unworthy
Even to become a creature of its making.
Within thy womb the Love again was kindled
By warmth whereof within the peace eternal
This Flower hath in such manner germinated.
Here art thou unto us a Torch meridian
Of Charity, and down among the mortals
Thou art of Hope an ever-living Fountain.
Lady, thou art so great, and art so potent,
That whoso would have grace, and to thee looks not,
Flight without wings his vain desire would compass.
Thy loving kindness not alone gives succour
To him who asketh, but of its free bounty
Many a time anticipates the asking.
In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,
In thee magnificence, in thee united
Whatever in a creature is of goodness.

Samuel Walker Griffith (1911).

The town where I was born sits on the plain,
There where unto the sea the River Po
Descends to rest with his attendant train.
Love, which in noble heart doth quickly grow,
Seized him with snare of the great loveliness
Now reft me; and how reft, is still my woe.
Love, which on each belovèd lays duress,
Seized me with such delight in him again
That, as thou seest, it doth me still possess.
Love to one death together led us twain;
Caina waiteth for our slayer now.'
These were the words that from them to us came.
When I had heard these wounded souls, my brow
I bent, and down so long I held my face,
My Poet said at length: 'What thinkest thou?'
And as I answered I began: 'Alas!
How many tender thoughts, how great desire
Hath brought these souls unto this woful pass!'
Then once again I turned me (to inquire),
And said: 'Francesca, tears fall from my eyes
Of pitying grief for thy affliction dire.
But tell me: in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what and how did Love instruct you so
That your vague longings you should recognise?'
And she to me: 'There is no greater woe
Than to remember days of happiness
In misery; this doth thy Teacher know.'
But since so eagerly thou dost address
Thyself to learn our passion's earliest prime,
As one who weeping speaks, I will confess.
One day we read, to pass away the time,
Of Lancelot, how love did him constrain;
We were alone, and were without design.
The reading brought our eyes oft and again
Together, made our faces pale and glow,
But 'twas one thing alone that us o'ercame.
When we read how the smile he longed for so
Was kissed by him, that lover glorious,
Then he who from my side shall never go
Kissed me upon the lips all tremulous.
Galeotto book and writer both, thereby;
That day no more its page was read by us.'
While the one shadow thus did make reply,
The other wept so, that my spirit bled
For pity, that it seemed as I should die;
And down I fell, as falls a body dead.

Eleanor Prescott Hammond (1919)

INFERNO III, 1-9

Through me is reached the dolorous abode;
  Through me is reached eternity of woe;
  Through me to reach the lost folk lies the road.
Justice inclined my lofty Maker so;
  From Power divine, from highest Wisdom's spring,
  And from Love's first source did my fabric grow.
Before me there was no created thing
  Save those eternal, and eterne last I;
  Away all hope, O ye who enter, fling.

(edition of 1887)

Through me ye go into the dolesome Place;
  Through me ye go to dolour infinite;
  Through me ye go amid perdition's race.
Justice impelled my Maker in the height;
  As Power divine that Maker is defined,
  Wisdom supreme, and Love first brought to light.
Ere me were no things of created kind,
  If not eterne; eterne I too endure;
  O ye who enter, leave all hope behind.

(edition of 1899)

Frederick Kneller Haselfoot Haselfoot

'When I went,
From Circe, who in her seclusion lone
Me near Gaeta hid, beyond a year,
Before Æneas made that name its own,
Nor cherished son, nor aged father dear
To filial heart, nor love to consort due,
That should have brought Penelope good cheer,
Could quell the longing that within me grew,
Experienced in the world's concerns to be;
The vices and the virtues men pursue;
But I launched forth upon the deep wide sea,
With but one bark and the attendant train
Of those few who had not deserted me.
I saw this shore and that, as far as Spain,
Morocco, and the isle Sardinian show,
And the other isles laved by that girding main.
Age had made me and my companions slow,
When to that narrow strait we came that bore
The landmarks Hercules set up, that so
Men might not seek beyond them to explore;
I now left Seville lying on the right,
And had passed Ceuta on the left before.
"Brothers," I said, "who have arrived in spite
Of hundred thousand perils at the west,
Let the remaining vigil's so swift flight,
To which your faculties are still addressed,
Not have denied to it experience,
Sun-guided to the world by none possessed.
Ye spring from worthy seed, remember whence;
Ye were not made to live as does the brute,
But to seek virtue and intelligence."
With this short speech I rendered so acute
The zeal of my companions for the way,
I then could scarce have checked them from pursuit.
And having turned our poop on dawning day,
Wings of our oars we made for our mad flight,
While ever to the left our progress lay.
The other pole displayed now to the night
Its every star, and ours had sunk so low
That'twas not above Ocean's floor in sight;
Five times was kindled, as oft ceased to glow
The light that gave the moon her nether sheen,
Since we began that arduous course to go;
When, hazy through the space that lay between,
Appeared a mountain, of such height methought,
As I had never in another seen.
This sight first cheered us, but soon sorrow brought,
Because a whirlwind from the new land rose,
Which made the vessel, by the forepart caught,
Whirl thrice with all the waves beneath its blows;
The poop beneath the fourth stroke upwards flew,
And down the prow sank, as Another chose,
Until the sea had closed o'er all our crew.'

Frederick Kneller Haselfoot Haselfoot (revised 1899)

The Sun had now reached that horizon's bound
  Which has directly o'er Jerusalem's site
  The highest point of its meridian's round:
And circling opposite to him the Night
  Came forth from Ganges with the Scales in hand
  That, when she lengthens, from her grasp take flight:
So that, as seen from where I had my stand,
  Aurora's white and red fair cheeks were made
  By too much age to take an orange brand.
We still beside the sea our footsteps stayed,
  Even as do folk who think upon their way,
  And go in heart, in body though delayed.
And lo, as at the near approach of day,
  Down in the west above the ocean floor
  Mars through thick vapours looms in red array,
So I beheld--oh! may I see once more--
  Approach so quickly o'er the sea a light,
  That wing could never with like motion soar.
From which when I had slightly turned my sight
  To make inquiry of my leader, lo
  I saw it next grown larger and more bright.
Then on each side of it began to show
  Something, I knew not what, of white, and then
  Little by little more came forth below.
As yet my Master spoke no word, but when
  The first white could as pinions be descried,
  And he well knew what pilot was in ken,
'See, see that thou bend low thy knees,' he cried:
  'Behold God's angel; fold thy hands, for now
  Such officers before thy sight will glide.
See how he scorns men's artifices; how
  He seeks no oar, and save his wings no sail
  To waft between such distant shores his prow.
See how he points them up tow'rds heaven's high pale;
  Fanning with those eternal plumes the air
  That do not change as mortal tresses fail.'
Then, as came near and nearer to us there
  The bird divine,he brightened more and more;
  Nor could my eye his closer presence bear,
But drooped before it. Soon he touched the shore
  With bark so light and with such swiftness plied
  That naught-immersed it skimmed the waters o'er.
The heavenly pilot at the stern descried
  Stood in his bliss and seemed inscribed with it;
  More than a hundred spirits sat inside.
'In exitu Israel from Egypt quit,
  They sang with their united voices' force,
  With all that in that Psalm is after writ.
He then made sign on them of holy cross;
  Which done, they all leapt forth upon the shore,
  And he retraced, swift as he came, his course.

Frederick Kneller Haselfoot Haselfoot (revised 1899)

Brother, our will by charity so keen
Is calmed, as makes us that alone desire
Which we possess, nor thirst for other scene.
If we should feel a longing to be higher,
Our wish would from His will discordant be,
Who makes us to seclusion here retire:
These orbits brook not that, as thou wilt see,
If to be here in charity we need,
And if its Nature is well conned by thee;
Nay, 'tis essential to this blissful meed,
To be by will Divine controlled and led,
Wherefore our own wills are in one agreed.
Thus as from threshold we to threshold spread
Throughout this realm, herein the whole realm partakes
The King's content, in whose will ours is bred.
Our peace in His will all its longings slakes;
It is that sea towards which all things fare
By it created, or which Nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Of creatures lowliest once, now loftiest though,
Fixed scope of counsel evermore begun,
Thou art she who didst human nature so
Ennoble, that its Maker did not scorn,
What He Himself had made, Himself to grow.
From Love, rekindled in thy womb, was drawn
The warmth which, in eternal peace, makes sprout
The shoots and buds which so this flower adorn.
A noonday torch, whence Charity beams out,
Art thou to us here; mid mortal men below,
A living fount whence Hope is shed about.
Lady, thou art so great, prevailest so,
That whoso seeks not thee for grace besought,
Desires, without wings, upon flight to go.
Thy kindly succour is not only brought
To him who asks, but oft spontaneously
Forestalls him who to asking would resort.
In thee compassion, tenderness in thee,
In thee magnificence, in thee unite
All good gifts which can in a creature be.

Frederick K. H. Haselfoot (1887)

Brother, our will by charity so keen
Is calmed, as makes us that alone desire
Which we possess, nor thirst for other scene.
If we should feel a longing to be higher,
Our wish discordant from His will would be,
Who makes us to seclusion here retire:
These orbits brook not that, as thou wilt see,
If to be here in charity we need,
And if its Nature is well conned by thee;
Nay, 'tis essential to this blissful meed,
To be by will Divine controlled and led,
Wherefore our own wills are in one agreed.
Thus as from threshold we to threshold spread
Throughout this realm, herein the whole realm partakes
The King's content, in whose will ours is bred.
Our peace from His will its existence takes;
That is the sea towards which all things fare
By it created, or which Nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Of creatures most exalted, once most low,
Fixed scope of counsel evermore begun,
Thou art she who didst human nature so
Ennoble, that its Maker did not scorn,
What He Himself had made, Himself to grow.
The Love, rekindled, in thy womb was borne,
Through whose heat, in eternal peace, appear
The shoots and buds which so this flower adorn.
A noonday torch thou art unto us here,
Of Charity; mid mortals there below,
Thou art a living fount where Hope runs clear.
Lady, thou art so great, prevailest so,
That whoso wishes grace, of thee not prayed,
Desires, without wings, upon flight to go.
Not only thy benignity brings aid
To him who makes request, but frequently
Gives freely, ere request has yet been made.
In thee compassion, tenderness in thee,
In thee magnificence, in thee unite
All good gifts which can in a creature be.

Frederick K. H. Haselfoot (revised, 1899).

When
From Circe I escaped, whose spells, ye know,
More than a year detained me nigh where stood
Caieta, ere Aeneas named it so.
Nor fondness for my son, nor pity ~~xxx~~ owed
To my old sire; . . . no, nor the love so true
That should have helped Penelope the good,
Might in my soul the burning thirst subdue
To explore the world, and study on the spot
Of human vice and virtue every hue.
But in the high and open sea afloat
I launched with one sole boat, and those renowned
But few companions, who forsook me not.
I saw both shores, till Spanish land we found,
And reached Marocco and Sardinia's isle,
And others by the ocean bathed and bound;
I an my mates, wearied and old the while;
At length into the narrow straits we steered,
Where Hercules set either signal pile,
To warn from further progress him who feared.
Now Seville on our right in distance wanes,
With Ceuta on the left already cleared.
'O Brothers,' cried I, 'who through toils and pains
Into the west have thus in safety swirled,
Do not to that brief life, which yet remains,
Of pregnant sense, as yet a banner furled,
Deny the experience, to your labours due,
Following the sun, of the unpeopled world.
To live like brutes Heaven made not such as you,
(Regard ye well your sacred origin;)
But knowledge, wisdom, virtue to pursue.'
With this short orison I made so keen
My comrades' wishes for more daring quest,
That after to withhold them hard had been.
Unto the morn our poop we turn, nor rest;
Wings of our oars we made for disard flight
And ever to the left sped further west.
Already of the other pole the night
Saw all the stars, our own depressed so low,
That scarce from the salt sea they challenge sight.
Four (sic) times ~~x~~ekindled, and, the moon below,
As many times extinguished were her beams,
Since we the perilous strait has entered now.
When from afar a mountain dimly gleams,
And far more loftily the summit shot
Than any we had seen, to us it seems.
High was our joy - but soon to change devote;
Now sprang a whirlwind from the new found strand,
And in the foremost part our vessel smote:
Thrice swung the bark around with the waters, and
The fourth time rose the poop above the main,
Sinking the prow - (such was His high command!) -
Then over ~~xxx~~ us the sea was closed again.

John Abraham Heraud (c. 1840)

Now had the sun attained to that horizon
Whereof the highest circle, at its zenith,
Standeth directly o'er the Holy City.
While Night, upon the opposing sphere revolving,
Issued from out the Ganges, with the Balance
Which droppeth from her hand when she doth triumph.
So that the cheeks of beautiful Aurora,
Radiant erewhile with white and with vermilion,
Changed, as she aged, into the hue of orange.
Still did we linger on the water's margin
Like unto men who, pondering their voyage,
Go with the heart, but with the body tarry;
When lo! as, on the near approach of morning,
Through the dense vapours Mars doth gleam all ruddy
Down in the west above the floor of ocean;
So there appeared--may I again behold it!--
Over the sea a light which came so quickly,
Nothing that flyeth could its swiftness equal.
Wherefrom when I withdrew mine eyes a little
(Wishing to make enquiry of my leader)
Then looked again, it showed more large and lustrous.
Then from both sides of it there seemed to issue
Something all white, I knew not what, and under,
Little by little, came there out another.
Never a word my master, watching, uttered
Till the first whitenesses as wings did open,
But then, as well he recognised the Pilot.
'Bow down,' he cried, 'bow down thy knees in homage,
God's angel cometh, fold thy hands together,
Such Ministers shalt thou behold hereafter.
See How all human arguments he spurneth,
Needing no oar, betwixt two shores so distant,
Neither a sail, save only his own pinions.
See how he holdeth them towards the heavens,
Beating the ether with those plumes eternal
Which know no change, as doth the hair of mortals.'
As that celestial Bird drew near and nearer
Unto our station, did he grow in lustre
So that the eye could not sustain the brilliance.
Mine I bent down. He to the shore came onward,
Guiding a bark so swift, and so ethereal,
It swept the waters with its keel unswallowed.
Upon the poop stood the celestial Pilot,
Who did appear to bear the inscription 'Blessed,'
And within sat more than a hundred spirits.
'In exitu Israel de Egitto'
Sang they as with a single voice together,
With all the psalm that followeth thereafter.
The angel signed the holy Cross upon them,
Whereon they all leapt out upon the margin,
And he, as swiftly as he came, departed.

Samuel Home (1901)

When from Circe
I made my escape - to whose charms I fell captive,
And who for a year or more, nigh to Gaeta
Concealed me before 'twas so named by Aeneas -
Not tenderness felt for my Son, nor the reverence
Due to my dear aged Father, nor even
My love for Penelope, - which should have cheered her -
Could conquer within me the eager desire
I had, to obtain of the world more experience,
As well of Mankind, with their Vices, and Virtues;
I ventured far out on the deep sea wide-spreading,
With only one vessel, and but the small remnant
Of shipmates, who had not me wholly deserted.
Both shores I explored, e'en as far as Morocco,
And Spain; I, the isle of Sardinia saw also:
With other isles too, which that same sea surroundeth.
Myself and companions were old and inactive,
When that narrow pass we had reached, where were
Those Headlands, which Hercules chose as his landmarks,
To warn 'gainst the danger of venturing farther.
Then Seville I left on the right hand; already
Upon the left hand having coasted by Ceuta.
'O brothers', said I 'who, through numberless perils,
Have reached thus far westward, to this so scant vigil
Of that which remains of your bodily senses,
Refuse not experience of regions unpeopled,
Behind the sun lying. Your origin think of,
To live not as Brutes were ye formed, but to follow
In quest of High Knowledge, with Virtue, and Wisdom.'
With this brief address I so strongly encouraged
These shipmates of mine to continue their voyage,
That e'en if I would, I could hardly restrain them.
And turning our poop tow'rds the Dawn, we so managed
Our oars, as to make of them wings for our somewhat
Mad flight, and so kept on the larboard side gaining.
Already night saw round the other pole, circle
Its group of bright stars, while as yet so much lower
Was ours, that it still 'neath the ocean-floor lingered.
Five times had the light of the moon been rekindled,
And then again quenched, since we first on our arduous
Journey had entered; when dim in the distance,
A mountain, in outline, loomed large on our vision;
Of all that I ever seen, the most lofty.
At this we rejoiced, but grief quickly succeeded;
For soon, from that new land arose a fierce tempest,
Which smote with full force the fore part of our vessel.
Three times with the heave of those billowy waters as destined -
She whirled round and round; at the fourth time,
With poop rising up, and prow downwards, she foundered
And sank till the deep closed above us for ever.

Henry John Hooper (1922)

'On taking ship
From Circe, when a year beneath her yoke
There near Gaeta, where I had been wrecked,
Before AEneas christened it with smoke;
No longing for my son, and no respect
I bore my father, and no love I owed
Penelope, no joy she might expect,
Could down the vast desire wherewith I glowed
To make myself an expert in the world,
Of human vice and virtue's every mode.
Forth on the open deep with sail unfurled
I started, with that little faithful train
Whose loyalty had ever been unburled.
I coasted both the shores as far as Spain,
Morocco; saw Sardinia; I was borne
Among the other isles those seas contain.
Both I and all my mates were old and worn
Before we came upon the narrow bourn
Where Hercules set pillars up to warn
All men to go no further, but return.
Upon the right I left behind Seville,
Upon the left Ceuta was astern.
"A hundred thousand perils, brothers, thrill
Our memories," I said; "And here's the West:
To that brief vigil of our senses, still
Remaining to us ere we find our rest,
Do not deny the knowledge of the earth
Behind the sun, unpeopled and unguessed.
Consider, it was men procured your birth:
Not one of you was born to be a brute,
But keen on virtue's quest, with minds of worth."
I made my mates' desire grow so acute
By this short speech, to hurry on the way,
That I could not have held them from pursuit.
And with the stern presented to the day,
We winged our foolish flight with steady oar;
And ever upon the left our progress lay.
The stars of the other pole now shone before,
By night; and ours soon lay upon the rim,
And then did not arise from Ocean's floor.
Five times rekindled and as many dim,
The light beneath the moon, since when we flew
On lofty quest, and lo! there seemed to swim
A mountain into sight, of murky hue
Because of distance; and whose towering head
Seemed higher than had ever met my view.
The joy we felt soon turned to fear instead:
A whirlwind issued from the novel ground,
And smote out tiny vessel full ahead.
Three times it whirled us and the waters round;
The fourth it lifted up our stern amain,
The stem went down,--for so was Someone bound,--
And then the sea closed over us again.'

Louis How (1934)

The sun had come to the horizon's hem,--
That, whose meridian circle's highest tip
Looks down directly on Jerusalem.
Out of the Ganges night began to slip,--
She circles opposite to him,--the Scales
In hand, which, when she exceeds, escape her grip.
The fair Aurora, who so quickly fails
From age, lost from her cheeks, as seen by me,
White and vermilion, and to orange pales.
We still were lingering alongside the sea,
Thinking what path we ought to take, like folk
Whose bodies halt, whose hearts fare onward free.
And lo!--as if red Mars, while morning broke
Upon the ocean's floor, far down the West
Burned redder yet amid his heavy smoke:--
I saw a light I pray I may be blest
To see again, move over the ocean drift
Faster than flying at its rapidest.
Within the moment I employed to shift
My eyes to ask a question of my guide,
Brighter it grew and bigger, 'twas so swift.
And then I seemed to see on either side
A something white, and underneath inferred
Other white, which I bit by bit descried.
Before my master yet had said a word,
The first white showed as wings; and when he sees
Who is the ferryman, profoundly stirred
He cries: 'Fall down, fall down upon thy knees.
This is God's angel. Fold thy hands. From hence
Thou shalt behold such ministers as these.
See how he scorns all human implements;
No oars or sail wants, save his wings to fly
From strand to strand at distances immense.
See how he holds them straight up to the sky
And with eternal feathers cleaveth space,
To which no mortal moulting laws apply.'
Then as that bird divine approached the place
Where we were, it grew brilliant more and more.
Eyes could not bear it; I cast down my face.
Thereon he brought his vessel to the shore,
So light and buoyant that it did not stoop
To waves, but softly brushed their surface o'er.
On the celestial pilot at the poop
Beatitude seemed writ. Within sat well
Over a hundred spirits in a group.
As on one voice, '<u>In exitu Israël</u>
<u>De AEgypto</u>,' and the words the Psalmist placed
Next, on their mingled voices rose and fell.
They tumbled out--as soon as he had traced
The sign of the holy cross--upon the beach;
And he went off, as he had come, in haste.

Louis How (1938)

Brother, the power of charity contents
Our will, and makes us want but what we find
We have. No thirst for other things comes thence.
If we were toward a loftier place inclined,
Our inclination then would wrongly spell
Thw wish of Him who hath us here assigned;
Which in these spheres jibes not, as thou canst tell,
If being in charity here necesse is,
And if thou'lt look into its nature well.
Nay, to this blessed esse essential 'tis
That we should be inside the divine will;
Wherefore our own wills are made one with His.
So, how we are in this realm, sill on sill,
The realm entire, and the King too, doth list,
Who into His own will doth us inwill.
In what He wishes doth our peace consist.
That is the ocean toward which all moves, what
He creates, and what nature makes exist.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O virgin mother, daughter of thy Son,
More humble than all creatures and more high,
Goal unto which the eternal plan has run,
Thou art she who did so greatly dignify
Man's nature, that no feeling of disdain
Was in his Maker at being made thereby.
Within thy womb was love kindled again,
Through whose heat there hath sprung to bloom this flower
Within the peace that ever shall remain.
Charity's torch ablaze like noonday's hour
Art thou to us. And down where mortals throng,
Thou art a living spring whence hope doth shower.
Lady, thou art so great, so very strong,
That who'd have grace, nor seeks thine aid to find,
Attempts a wingless flight where wings belong.
Not only those requesting help, thy kind
Solace assists, but oftentimes of free
Liberality it leaves requests behind.
Mercy is in thee, pity is in thee,
In thee is lavishness, in thee the whole
Goodness that in created things can be.

Louis How (1940)

What time I broke from Circè, whose strong charms
Thro' twelve full months enthrall'd me on that shore
Caïeta, ere Aeneas gave it name,
Nor sweet affection for an infant son,
Nor reverence for an aged sire, nor love
That should have blest Penelopè with joy,
Could quench the ardour, raging in my breast,
To coast around the various world, and learn
The vice and virtue of the human race.
Full on the rough abyss of shoreless sea
I ventur'd, in a solitary bark,
Steer'd by a faithful few; each shore I saw
From Celtiberia to Marocco's land,
Sardinia, and full many a nameless isle,
Bath'd by the circling ocean. Ere we touch'd
The straits, beyond whose bound Alcides meant
Mortals should never dare, slow, withering age
Crept on us; on the right by Seville's realm,
And Ceuta on the left, we sail'd along.
'O band of brothers! who have past,' I cried,
'Through countless perils, coasting now the west,
Our senses have but little more to watch,
Small share of life remains; be resolute,
Follow the sun, and new, unpeopled world
Explore. Cherish in mind your noble birth:
Ye were not, heroes! form'd to live like brutes,
But dare where Virtue and fair Science lead.'
Forth at this brief harangue, my fellow crew
Leapt for the voyage with electric joy,
Scarce could I bridle them from running wild.
Our stern we pointed to the rising morn,
Our oars were pinion'd for the giddy flight;
Leftward we glided:. . . soon th' Antarctic pole
Blaz'd with the fires of night, while lowly sank
Our starry watch beneath the marble sea.
Her disk, five times, the moon kindled with light,
Five times, the lustre from her visage fled,
Since down the deep we voyag'd, when afar
His vastness a dun mountain full upheav'd,
Immeasurably high! such height before
Was never seen. Our bosoms throbb'd with joy;
But joy soon turn'd to sadness. For uprear'd
A whirlwind from the new-discover'd shore,
Full-smiting on our bark. The demon storm,
Thrice with the deafening billows, whirl'd us round,
Then rais'd our shatter'd poop, and whelm'd us deep.
Such was the dread decree of fate,--we sank,
And o'er our heads the foamy surges clos'd.

Nathaniel Howard (1807)

After twelve months on Circe's witching shores
(Since by Aeneas, Gaeta nam'd) detain'd
A prisoner, my Ithaca I gain'd.
There not my fondness for my noble son,
My duties to my venerable sire,
Nor my affections and vast gratitude
For my Penelope, retain'd me long.
A wish of restless force, the distant wave
To dare, for shores unknown where various man
Shews mind and manners new, drove me from home.
A crew of shipmen skilful mann'd my bark--
A faithful crew, that to my int'rests clave.
With them to the mid ocean first we steer'd.
Sardinia's isle we coasted; then we made
Those other isles far wide dispers'd, beetling
That rose proudly above the stormiest wave.
We next saw Spain's grand coast, Morocco's shores;
Our right shew'd Seville's tow'rs; Ceuta's our left.
At length were seen, what boldest mariners
As yet beholding, back'd their sail, nor dar'd
Farther to venture,--Abyla, Calpé,
Pillars by mighty Hercules uprear'd,
Standing stupendous!--Staggard was my crew.
Myself and faithful band had now grown old,
Yet I, the moment critical, thus spake:
'Brethren in perils, shall the thousands past,
Gaining this western sea, discourage us
The remnant few to brave, we who both hold
And curious bent our sail with other hopes
Than to return in dastard ignorance?
Let us the glorious sun pursue to lands
Unpeopled yet. Our mighty origin
Uphold: we are not here, like brutes merely
To breathe. A virtuous knowledge is our goal.'
This heard, there was not one of them but plied
With double force their oar, that sent our keel
Far upon the western water flying:
To us a woful flight.--Night now came on.
The constellations of th' Antarctic pole
Glitter'd on ev'ry wave our prow drove down;
Those of the Arctic scarce th' horizon clear'd.
Our course still southward, we, for five long moons
(Ocean and Heav'n's expanse our only guests)
Steer'd on: when far a-head my crew descried
A mountain's top wrapt round in misty brown.
To view the vast majestic stranger joy'd
Us all. Alas, we joy'd not long! A wind
Came rioting offland that struck our prow,
Plunging beneath the mounting surge the stern.
Thrice this. When now black storm surrounded us
And overwhelm'd the ship. Judgment and strength
Avail'd us nothing now. The hull, a wreck,
Upset; and the deep ocean buried us.

Joseph Hume (1812)

'The place where I was born is on the shore,
Where Po brings all his rivers to depart
In peace, and fuse them with the ocean floor.
Love, that soon kindleth in a gentle heart,
Seized him thou look'st on for the form and face,
Whose end still haunts me like a rankling dart.
Love, which by love will be denied no grace,
Gave me a transport in my turn so true,
That lo! 'tis with me, even in this place.
Love brought us to one grave. The hand that slew,
Is doomed to mourn us in the pit of Cain.'
Such were the words that told me of those two.
Downcast I stood, looking so full of pain
To think how hard and sad a case it was,
That my guide asked what held me in that vein.
His voice aroused me; and I said, 'Alas!
All their sweet thoughts then, all the steps that led
To love, but brought them to this dolorous pass.'
Then turning my sad eyes to theirs, I said,
Francesca, see - these human cheeks are wet -
Truer and sadder tears were never shed.
'But tell me. At the time when sighs were sweet,
What made thee strive no longer? - hurried thee
To the last step where bliss and sorrow meet?'
'There is no greater sorrow,' answered she,
'And this thy teacher here knoweth full well,
Than calling to mind joy in misery.
But since thy wish be great to hear us tell
How we lost all but love, tell it I will,
As well as tears will let me. It befell,
One day, we read how Lancelot gazed his fill
At her he loved, and what his lady said.
We were alone, thinking of nothing ill.
Oft were our eyes suspended as we read,
And in our cheeks the colour went and came;
Yet one sole passage struck resistance dead.
'Twas where the lover, moth-like in his flame,
Drawn by her sweet smile, kissed it. O then, he
Whose lot and mine are now for aye the same,
All in a tremble, on the mouth kissed me.
The book did all. Our hearts within us burned,
Through that alone. That day no more read we.'
While thus one spoke, the other spirit mourned
With wail so woful, that at his remorse
I felt as though I should have died. I turned
Stone-stiff; and to the ground, fell like a corse.

Leigh Hunt (1846)

When I departed from Circe, who withdrew me to her for morethan a year in the neighbourhood of Gaieta, before Aeneas had so named it, neither the sweet company of my son, nor pious affection of my old father, nor the long-owed love with which I ought to have gladdened Penelope, could conquer the ardour that was in me to become wise in knowledge of the world, of man's vices and his virtue. I put forth into the great open deep with only one bark, and the small remaining crew by whom I had not been left. I saw the two shores on either side, as far as Spain and Morocco; and the island of Sardinia, and the other isles which the sea there bathes round about. Slowly we went, my companions and I, for we were old; till at last we came to that narrow outlet, where Hercules set up his pillars, that no man might go further. I left Seville on the right hand: on the other I had left Ceuta. O brothers, said I, who through a hundred thousand perils are at length arrived at the west, deny not to the short waking day that yet remains to our senses, an insight into the unpeopled world, setting your backs upon the sun. Consider the stock from which ye sprang: ye were not made to live like the brute beasts, but to follow virtue and knowledge. I so sharpened my companions with this little speech on our way, that it would have been difficult for me to have withheld them, if I would. We left the morning right in our stern, and made wings of our oars for the idle flight, always gaining upon the left. The night now beheld all the stars of the other pole; while our own was so low, that it arose not out of the ocean-floor. Five times the light had risen underneath the moon, and five times fallen, since we put forth upon the great deep; when we descried a dim mountain in the distance, which appeared higher to me than ever I had seen any before. We rejoiced, and as soon mourned: for there sprung a whirlwind from the new land, and struck the foremost frame of our vessel. Three times, with all the waters, it whirled us round; at the fourth it dashed the stern up in air, and the prow downward; till, as seemed fit to others, the ocean closed above our heads.

Leigh Hunt (1834)

When I departed
From Circe, who hid me a year and more
There near Gaeta, at a time before
Aeneas had thus given it its name,
Neither sweet care of son, nor piety
Toward my old father, nor the love due her
Which should have gladdened my Penelope,
Could overcome the ardor that I had
In me to gain experience of the world
And of the vices and the worth of men;
But I put forth on the deep, open sea
With but one ship, and with that company
Not large, and which had not deserted me.
Both shores I visited as far as Spain,
Even to Morocco, and Sardinia's isle
And others bathed in the surrounding sea.
Myself and my companions had grown old
And slow, when we had reached that narrow strait
Where Hercules had set his boundaries,
In order that man put not out beyond;
Seville I left behind upon the right,
With Ceuta passed already on the left.
'O brothers', said I, 'who are come at last,
A hundred thousand perils undergone,
Into the west, to that which still remains
Of this, your senses' vigil, now so brief,
Do not deny experience, with the sun
In front of you, of the unpeopled world.
Consider of what origin ye are;
Ye were not made to live as do the brutes,
But to seek virtue and to learn the truth.'
With these few words addressing them, I made
So eager my companions for the voyage,
That I could scarcely then have held them back;
And when our stern to the morning had been turned,
The oars became our wings for that mad flight,
As we went, ever gaining on the left.
The night already looked on all the stars
About the other pole, with ours so low
That it rose not above the ocean floor.
Five times rekindled and as many quenched
Had been the light beneath the moon, since we
Had entered on the passage of the deep,
When there appeared to us a mountain, dark
Because of distance; and it seemed to me
Of such a height as I had never seen.
We felt great joy, but soon it turned to grief
Because a whirlwind rose from that new land
And struck our ship upon the forward part.
Three times it made her whirl around with all
The waters, and the fourth, lifted the stern
And downward sent the bow, as pleased Another,
Until the sea again closed over us.

Henry Johnson (1915)

The sun had now to this horizon mounted,
Whose noonday circle at its highest point
Sweeps through the zenith of Jerusalem;
And night which circles opposite to him
Was issuing from the Ganges with the Scales
Which fall from her hands' grasp when she exceeds;
So that the beautiful Aurora's cheeks,
Where I was then, began to change from white
And red to orange from oncoming age.
We still were there beside the sea, like those
Who think about the road and with the heart
Go forward while the body tarries still,
When lo! as, at the coming of the day,
Through the thick vapors Mars glows red afar
Within the west above the ocean floor,
Appeared,--and may I see it yet again!--
A light that came so swiftly o'er the sea
That like its motion there was never flight;
And when I had withdrawn my gaze from it
A little only to interrogate
My Leader, it had brighter, larger grown.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
A something white, I knew not what; beneath
Came slowly forth another whiteness still.
My Master uttered not a word until
The first white gleams appeared the wings they were;
Then, when he clearly knew the pilot, called:
'Bend thou thy knees, bend thou thy knees! it is
God's Angel! Fold thy hands! Henceforth thou seest
Such doers of the holy offices!
See how he scorns the instruments of men,
And will not use an oar, or other sail
Than his own wings between such distant shores!
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Beating the air with his eternal feathers,
That are not moulted as upon the earth!'
Then as he near and nearer drew to us,
The winged one of God appeared more bright,
So that my eyes no longer bore the sight,
But were perforce bent down. He came to shore
With vessel of such swiftness and so light
The waters had not swallowed it at all;
And at the stern the heavenly Pilot stood
Like one whose blessedness is writ in heaven;
While more than five score spirits sat within.
<u>In exitu Israel de Egypto</u>
They were together singing with one voice
With all that more is written in that psalm;
And then he made the sign of Holy Cross,
Whereat they cast themselves upon the strand,
And he, as he had come, was swift to go.

Henry Johnson (1915)

Brother, virtue of charity doth put
Our will to rest, and make us only wish
For what we have, and thirst for naught beside.
If we desired to have a higher place,
Then our desires would be discordant from
The will of Him who bids us here abide,
Which thou shalt see can not be in these circles,
If life in charity must needs be here,
And if its nature thou consider well.
Nay, it is the essence of this blessed being
To keep itself within the will divine,
By which our wills themselves become as one.
So that as we exist from seat to seat
Throughout this realm, it pleases all the realm
As it does Him,who wills in us His will;
And His will is our peace; it is that sea
Toward which in self-motion are all things,
What He creates, and that which nature does.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Lowly, and higher than all creatures raised,
Term by eternal counsel fixed upon,
Thou art she who didst so ennoble man,
That even He who had created him
To be Himself his creature disdained not.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
By virtue of whose heat this flower thus
Is blossoming in the eternal peace.
Here thou art unto us a noon-day torch
Of charity, and among mortal men
Below, thou art a living fount of hope.
Lady, thou art so great and so prevailest,
That who seeks grace without recourse to thee,
Would have his wish fly upward without wings.
Thy loving-kindness succors not alone
Him who is seeking it, but many times
Freely anticipates the very prayer.
In thee is mercy, pity is in thee,
In thee magnificence,whatever good
Is in created being joins in thee.

Henry Johnson (1915)

What time
I fled from Circe, who my life had hid
More than a year near Gaeta ere yet,
This from Aeneas had its name receiv'd;
My son's sweet ways, the sacred duty claim'd
By my old father, nor that debt of love
Due to Penelope, her source of joy,
Could conquer in my soul the burning thirst
To see and know the deep things of the world,
To study human worth and human vice.
Forth on the great and open sea I went,
Lonely, with but one ship, and with a band
Scanty, but faithful to the end and true.
Both continents I saw as far as Spain,
I saw Morocco and Sardinia's isle,
And others by the inland ocean bath'd.
I and my company were infirm and old,
When we at length came to that narrow strait
Where Hercules his guardian signals rear'd,
That beyond this, man might not further go;
Seville I pass'd upon my dexter hand,
Ceuta was pass'd already on my left.
'Brothers,' I said, 'ye who have perils fac'd
A thousand thousand, and the far west reach'd,
In the short portion of this breathing life
Which still remaineth unto you, say ye
That you will not th' experience refuse
Of the unpeopl'd earth behind the sun.
Consider well the seed from whence you sprung;
You were not made to live as live the beasts,
But to seek virtue and true knowledge grasp.
So keenly rose the spirit of my crew
At this my little speech, the path to dare;
To check them then had been no easy task.
Towards the rising sun our stern we turn'd,
Our oars were wings to our adventurous flight,
Still ever gaining on our larboard course.
Now all the stars which stud the southern pole
I saw at night, whilst the north lay so low,
Scarce from the ocean level it uprose.
Five times re-kindl'd and as often void
Was the clear light of the moon's nether curve,
Since we had enter'd on this path sublime,
When, lo! upon our sight a mountain grew
From distance dim, to me it seem'd so high,
That it surpass'd all mem'ry could recall.
Our joy was great, but soon was turn'd to grief;
For from this new land swept a tempest fierce,
Which on the fore part rushing struck the ship.
Three times this whirl'd with the wild whirling waves,
At the fourth stroke the poop rose high in air,
The prow sunk downwards, so by Him decreed,
And over us engulphed the ocean roll'd.

David Johnston (1867)

Now had the sun to the horizon reached,
Whose arc meridian forms the covering vault
Which at its greatest height Jerusalem copes;
And night, which in opposing circuit rolls,
Now from the Ganges rising holds the Scales,
To let them drop when in excess of day;
So that the white and rosy tinted cheeks
Of beautiful Aurora, where I stood,
By gathering age the hue of orange took.
We still were loitering by the ocean's verge,
Like men who weighed their journey in their thoughts,
The mind in action but the body still;
When, lo! as at the early break of day
Through the thick fog Mars shews his ruddy disk
In the far west, above the watery waste
I saw--ah, could I see it once again!--
A light which streamed so swiftly o'er the sea
No flying pinion might its speed surpass,
And which, in the short moment I withdrew
My gaze to ask my master what it meant,
More bright in hue and larger had become.
From either side of it there seemed to flow
I know not what of white, whence, by degrees
And underneath, more glittering radiance came.
Still gave my master neither sign nor word,
Till into wings the first-seen whiteness grew;
Then well he knew who piloted the ship,
And cried--'Incline, in reverence bend thy knee;
God's angel, lo, thou seest! fold thy hands;
Now His true minister thou shalt behold;
See how he scorns all ways and means of man!
So that he seeks no oar, and needs no sail,
Save his own wings, between such distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed towards the heaven,
Beating the air with his eternal plumes,
Which know no change as mortal pinions do.'
Then as to us he near and nearer came,
The bird divine, more bright his presence shewed,
So that its glory eye could not sustain;
Mine I cast down;--he to the strand drew near
In a small bark, so swift and light of bulk
That it scarce sunk into the yielding wave.
Upon the poop the heavenly pilot stood
With holiness upon his forehead writ;
More than a hundred spirits sat within.
<u>In exitu Israel de Egypto</u>
They chanted all in unison of voice,
With every line which followed of the psalm.
When he had signed them with the holy cross,
They all did cast themselves upon the beach,
And swift as he had come the angel went.

David Johnston (1867)

'Brother,' she said, 'our wills are quite content,
For in the strength of mighty love we wish
Only what we possess and nothing more.
If we should crave a higher sphere to reach,
Then our desire would in discordance be
With Him whose will our place for us decreed;
And discord in these orbs may not be found,
For if we here must wholly dwell in love,
And that love's quality is studied well,
Essential rather to the blessèd state
Is being held within the will of God,
Because, if so, then all our wills are one.
Therefore as we are spread from heaven to heaven
Throughout this realm, the realm entire is pleased,
As He, the King, who wills us to His will;
And in His will it is our peace resides;
It is the ocean whither all things move
By him created or by nature made.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Oh, Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humblest and greatest of created things,
Purpose elect of the eternal mind,
Thou - thou art she who hath such glory brought
To human nature: He did not disdain
Himself its Maker to become its work.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
The warmth of which has caused that blessed flower
In everlasting peace to germinate.
Here unto us thou art the noonday sun
Of holy love, and on the earth below,
Thou art the fount of ever living hope.
Lady, so great thy might, so potent thou,
Whoever seeketh grace and seeks not thee,
He wills a flight without the wings to fly.
Thy bounteousness not only succour brings
To him who asks it, but uncounted times
Has freely given before the prayer was made.
In thee is mercy, pity is thy name,
Glory supreme is thine, in thee is heaped
Whate'er of goodness in the creature lies.

David Johnston (1868)

When I departed
from Circe, who concealed me near Gaeta
more than a year before Aeneas so
had named the place, nor fondness for my son,
nor pious reverence for my aged father,
nor e'en the bounden love which should have cheered
Penelope, could overcome within me
the eagerness I had to gain experience
both of the world, and of the vice and worth
of men; but forth I put upon the deep
And open sea with but a single ship,
and with that little company, by whom
I had not been deserted. Both its shores
I then beheld, as far away as Spain,
Morocco and the island of the Sards,
and all the rest that sea bathes round about.
Both old and slow were I and my companions,
when we attained that narrow passage-way,
where Hercules set up those signs of his,
which warned men not to sail beyond their bounds;
Seville I left behind me on the right hand,
Ceuta I'd left already on the other.
And then I said:'O brothers, ye who now
have through a hundred thousand perils reached
the West, to this so short a waking-time
still left your senses, will not to refuse
experience of the world behind the sun
which knows not man! Bethink you of the seed
whence ye have sprung; for ye were not created
to lead the life of stupid animals,
but manliness and knowledge to pursue.'
So eager for the voyage did I make
my fellows by this little speech of mine,
that, after it, I hardly could have checked them.
Hence, to the morning having turned our stern,
we with our oars made wings for our mad flight,
e'er veering toward the left as on we sped.
Night was already seeing all the stars
of the other pole, and our pole so low down,
that from the ocean's floor it never rose.
Five times rekindled, and as often quenched,
had been the light beneath the moon, since first
we entered on the passage of the deep,
when low, a mountain loomed before us, dim
by reason of the distance, and so high
it seemed to me, that I had seen none such.
And we rejoiced; but soon our happiness
was turned to grief; for from the new-found land
a whirlwind rose, and smote our vessel's prow;
three times it made her whirl with all the waters;
then at the fourth it made her stern go up,
and prow go down, even as Another pleased,
till over us the ocean's waves had closed.

Courtney Langdon (1918)

And now already had the sun arrived
at that horizon, whose meridian circle
rests with its zenith o'er Jerusalem;
and Night, which circles opposite thereto,
was issuing from the Ganges with the Scales,
which, when she gains, are falling from her hands;
so that the white and pure vermilion cheeks
of beautiful Aurora, where I was,
were turning orange through excessive age.
Along the seaside we were lingering still,
like folk who, taking thought about their road,
go on in heart, but with their body stay,
when lo, as, at the approach of morning, Mars,
because of heavy vapors, growth red
down in the West above the ocean's floor;
even so I saw--may I again behold it!--
a light which o'er the sea so swiftly moved,
that no flight is as rapid as its motion;
from which when I a moment had withdrawn
mine eyes, to ask a question of my Leader,
again I saw it grown more bright and large.
And on each side of it there then appeared
I knew not what white thing, and underneath
little by little came another forth.
Meanwhile my Teacher uttered not a word
until the first white objects looked like wings;
then, having recognized the Pilot well,
he cried: 'See, see now that thou bend thy knees!
This is God's Angel; fold thy hands! Henceforth
shalt thou behold such officers as this.
See how he so scorns human instruments,
as to wish neither oar, nor other sail
than his own wings, between such distant shores!
See how he holds them straight up toward the sky,
stroking the air with those eternal plumes,
which do not moult as mortal feathers do!'
And then, as more and more the Bird divine
drew near to us, the brighter he appeared;
therefore mine eyes endured him not near by,
but down I cast them; with a little boat
he came ashore, so agile and so light,
the water swallowed up no part of it.
Such on its stern the heavenly Pilot stood,
that he would bless one, were he but described;
more than a hundred spirits sat within.
'When Israel out of Egypt came', they all
in unison were singing there together,
with what is written after in that psalm.
Then, having signed them with the holy Cross,
whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
he went away as swiftly as he came.

Courtney Langdon (1920)

But, tell me, ye who here so happy are,
are ye desirous of a higher place,
that ye may see more friends, or make you more?
First with those other shades she smiled a little,
and then replied to me so joyously,
that she appeared to burn with love's first fire:
'Brother, love's virtue sets our will at rest,
and makes us wish for only what we have,
and doth not make us thirsty for aught else.
If higher we desired to be, our wishes
would be discordant with the will of Him,
who here discerneth us, which, thou wilt see,
can in these circles not occur, if love
be necessary to existence here,
and if love's nature thou consider well.
Nay more, essential to this blessed life
it is, that we should be within the Will
Divine, whereby our wills become one will;
and so, even as we are, from grade to grade
throughout this Realm, to all the Realm is pleasing,
as to its King, who in His Will in-wills us;
and HIS WILL IS OUR PEACE; and that
the Ocean is, whereunto moveth all
that It creates, and all that Nature makes.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, Daughter of thy Son,
humbler and loftier than any creature,
eternal counsel's predetermined goal,
thou art the one that such nobility
didst lend to human nature, that its Maker
scorned not to make Himself what He had made.
Within thy womb rekindled was the Love,
through whose warm influence in the eternal Peace
this Flower hath blossomed thus. Here unto us
thou art a noonday torch of Charity;
and down below 'mong mortal men, thou art
a living fount of Hope. Lady, so great
thou art, and hast such worth, that one who longs
for Grace, and unto thee hath not recourse,
wingless would wish to have his longing fly.
Not only doth thy Kindliness give help
to him that asketh it, but many times
it freely runs ahead of his request.
In thee is Mercy, Pity is in thee,
in thee Magnificence, and all there is
of Goodness in a creature meets in thee.

Courtney Langdon (1921)

'As soon as
I went away from Circe, who delayed me
More than a year, out there hard by Gaëta
(Before it had been named so by AEneas),
Nor gentleness of son, nor the devotion
To an old father, nor the due affection
That should have made Penelope so happy,
Could, in my heart, get better of the ardour
Which I then had to see the world and know it,
And all the vices of mankind and virtues.
But I set out upon the deep wide sea there
With one sole vessel, and with that same escort
Of scanty number, which did not desert me.
This shore and that, I saw as far as Spain then,
Till Morocco and the Isle of the Sardinians
And all the others that that same sea washeth.
I and my comrades, we were old and sluggish,
When we arrived at last at that tight outlet
Where Hercules had once set up his landmarks,
That man might never venture out beyond them.
Upon the right I left behind me Seville;
Upon the left I'd left already Ceuta.
"O mates," I said, "who, through a hundred thousand
Perils, have made your way into the west here,
To this so very limited a vigil
Of your sensations, which is still remaining,
Insist not on denying the experience,
On the sun's track, of yon unpeopled world there.
Consider what the seed is you are sprung from:
Ye were not made to live like lower creatures,
But to pursue both excellence and knowledge."
I rendered my companions all so eager,
By this short exhortation, for the voyage,
That I could scarce thereafter have restrained them,
And turning round our poop towards the morning,
We changed our oars to wings for the mad flitting,
Encroaching ever further to the larboard.
Already all the stars of th'other pole now
I saw at night, and ours was sunk so low now
That it no longer rose above the sea-floor.
Five times re-lit, and yet as oft extinguished,
Had the light been, upon the moon's sub-surface
Since we had entered on the deep-sea passage,
When there appeared to us a mountain, dusky
From the great distance, and which seemed so lofty,
That I had never seen another like it.
We all rejoiced; but soon it changed to wailing,
For from the new-seen land there rose a whirlwind
And struck the forward quarter of the vessel.
Three times it whirled it round with all the waters,
And at the fourth it made the poop go upward ~~up~~
And the prow down--for so it pleased Another--
Until the sea had closed again above us.'

Eugene Lee-Hamilton (1898).

'When I left Circe, who had near unto
Caieta past a year sequestered me
Before Aeneas gave the name thereto,
Nor fondness for my son, nor piety
For my old father, nor to these combined
The love that should have cheered Penelope,
Could conquer the desire in me to find
Experience of the world, and verily
To know the vice and virtues of mankind.
I put forth on the deep and open sea
With but a single ship and that small band
Which even till then had not deserted me.
Both sides as far as Spain I saw the land,
Far as Morocco, and Sardinia so
And many another wave-girt island scanned.
My company and I were old and slow
When of that narrow strait we came in sight
Where Hercules set up his bounds to show
That no man should essay a farther flight;
And having already on my left hand passed
Ceuta, I passed Seville upon my right.
"O brothers," said I, "who unto the West
Have through a hundred thousand perils come,--
In this brief waking-time, the very last
That for your senses yet remains to run,
Be willing nowise to renounce the view
Of the unpeopled world behind the sun.
Think of the seed from which ye sprang; for you
Were never born like brutes your ease to take,
But manliness and knowledge to pursue."
So eager for the voyage did I make
My comrades with this utterance brief and burning,
That scarcely could I then have held them back;
And having set our stern unto the morning,
We sped with oars for wings on that mad flight,
Ever and ever more to leftward turning.
Now all the stars of the other pole the night
Beheld, and ours so low they never shone
Above the ocean floor. Five times the light
Upon the under surface of the moon
Had been rekindled, as many times to die,
Since we that arduous quest had entered on,
When there appeared to us against the sky
A mountain dim with distance, and methought
That never any had I seen so high.
Then we rejoiced, but weeping soon were taught,
Because a tempest came from that new shore
And on the forepart of the vessel smote.
Three times it whirled her round with all the stour
Of waters; the fourth time the poop exposed
And sank the prow, as willed a Higher Power,
Until above our heads the sea had enclosed.'

Lacy Lockert (1931)

When I awoke before the dawn, I heard
My children, who were with me, in their sleep
Moaning aloud for bread. My every word
Proves thee unpitying if now thou keep
From tears to think whereof my heart was seer.
Nay, if thou weep not, what can make thee weep?
They had awakened, and the hour drew near
When it was wont our food should there be placed;
But each debated o'er his dream in fear.
And then I heard the outer door made fast
Of the horrible tower; at which all silently
Upon the faces of my sons I gazed.
I wept not, so to stone within grew I;
They wept; and darling little Anselm cried;
'Thou lookest so! Father! what aileth thee?'
Yet still I shed no tear, nor word replied
All that day or the next night, till the sun
Once more came forth upon the world outside.
But when into the prison shadows wan
A little glimmer found its way, and lit
Four faces wherein I might read my own,
Both of my hands in agony I bit;
And they, supposing it through hunger's stress,
Rose suddenly up and said: 'If thou wilt eat
Of us, O Father, we should suffer less.
'Twas thou thyself didst clothe us with this poor
Flesh; do thou strip it off.' To quietness
I forced me then, not to afflict them more.
That day we all stayed dumb, and all next day.
O obdurate earth, thou didst not gape - wherefore?
The fourth day Gaddo threw him down and lay
Stretched out before my feet, crying: 'Hast thou
No help, no help for me, my father?' - yea,
And died there; and as thou seest me, I saw
The three fall one by one between the fifth
And sixth days, whereon I betook me, now
Already blind, to groping over each,
And two days called them after they were dead.
Then fasting was more powerful than grief.

Lacy Lockert (1931)

'When I
From Circe had departed, who concealed me
More than a year there near unto Gaëta.
Or ever yet AEneas named it so,
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
For my old father, nor the due affection
Which joyous should have made Penelope,
Could overcome within me the desire
I had to be experienced of the world,
And of the vice and virtue of mankind;
But I put forth on the high open sea
With one sole ship, and that small company
By which I never had deserted been.
Both of the shores I saw as far as Spain,
Far as Morocco, and the isle of Sardes,
And the others which that sea bathes round about.
I and my company were old and slow
When at that narrow passage we arrived
Where Hercules his landmarks set as signals,
That man no farther onward should adventure.
On the right hand behind me left I Seville,
And on the other already had left Ceuta.
"O brothers, who amid a hundred thousand
Perils," I said, "have come unto the West,
To this so inconsiderable vigil
Which is remaining of your senses still
Be ye unwilling to deny the knowledge,
Following the sun, of the unpeopled world.
Consider ye the seed from which ye sprang;
Ye were not made to live like unto brutes,
But for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge."
So eager did I render my companions,
With this brief exhortation, for the voyage,
That then I hardly could have held them back.
And having turned our stern unto the morning,
We of the oars made wings for our mad flight,
Evermore gaining on the larboard side.
Already all the stars of the other pole
The night beheld, and ours so very low
It did not rise above the ocean floor.
Five times rekindled and as many quenched
Had been the splendour underneath the moon,
Since we had entered into the deep pass,
When there appeared to us a mountain, dim
From distance, and it seemed to me so high
As I had never any one beheld.
Joyful were we, and soon it turned to weeping;
For out of the new land a whirlwind rose,
And smote upon the fore part of the ship.
Three times it made her whirl with all the waters,
At the fourth time it made the stern uplift,
And the prow downward go, as pleased Another.
Until the sea above us closed again.'

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1865)

Already had the sun the horizon reached
Whose circle of meridian covers o'er
Jerusalem with its most lofty point,
And night that opposite to him revolves
Was issuing forth from Ganges with the Scales
That fall from out her hand when she exceedeth;
So that the white and the vermilion cheeks
Of beautiful Aurora, where I was,
By too great age were changing into orange.
We still were on the border of the sea,
Like people who are thinking of their road,
Who go in heart, and with the body stay;
And lo! as when, upon the approach of morning,
Through the gross vapours Mars grows fiery red
Down in the West upon the ocean floor,
Appeared to me--may I again behold it!--
A light along the sea so swiftly coming,
Its motion by no flight of wing is equalled;
From which when I a little had withdrawn
Mine eyes, that I might question my Conductor,
Again I saw it brighter grown and larger.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I knew not what of white, and underneath it
Little by little there came forth another.
My Master yet had uttered not a word
While the first whiteness into wings unfolded;
But when he clearly recognised the pilot,
He cried: 'Make haste, make haste to bow the knee!
Behold the Angel of God! fold thou thy hands!
Henceforward shalt thou see such officers!
See how he scorneth human arguments,
So that nor oar he wants, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between so distant shores.
See how he holds them pointed up to heaven,
Fanning the air with the eternal pinions,
That do not moult themselves like mortal hair!'
Then as still nearer and more near us came
The Bird Divine, more radiant he appeared,
So that near by the eye could not endure him,
But down I cast it; and he came to shore
With a small vessel, very swift and light,
So that the water swallowed naught thereof.
Upon the stern stood the Celestial Pilot;
Beatitude seemed written in his face,
And more than a hundred spirits sat within.
'In exitu Israel de AEgypto!'
They chanted all together in one voice,
With whatso in that psalm is after written.
Then made he sign of holy rood upon them,
Whereat all cast themselves upon the shore,
And he departed swiftly as he came.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1867)

Brother, our will is quited by virtue
Of charity, that makes us wish alone
For what we have, nor gives us thirst for more.
If to be more exalted we aspired,
Discordant would our aspirations be
Unto the will of Him who here secludes us;
Which thou shalt see finds no place in these circles,
If being in charity is needful here,
And if thou lookest well into its nature;
Nay, 'tis essential to this blest existence
To keep itself within the will divine,
Whereby our very wishes are made one;
So that, as we are station above station
Throughout this realm, to all the realm 'tis pleasing,
As to the King, who makes his will our will.
And his will is our peace; this is the sea
To which is moving onward whatsoever
It doth create, and all that nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Thou Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humble and high beyond all other creature,
The limit fixed of the eternal counsel,
Thou art the one who such nobility
To human nature gave, that its Creator
Did not disdain to make himself its creature.
Within thy womb rekindled was the love,
By heat of which in the eternal peace
After such wise this flower has germinated.
Here unto us thou art a noonday torch
Of charity, and below there among mortals
Thou art the living fountain-head of hope.
Lady, thou art so great, and so prevailing,
That he who wishes grace, nor runs to thee,
His aspirations without wings would fly.
Not only thy benignity gives succour
To him who asketh it, but oftentimes
Forerunneth of its own accord the asking.
In thee compassion is, in thee is pity,
In thee magnificence; in thee unites
Whate'er of goodness is in any creature.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1867)

'What time
I left Cicre, who for a year and more
Nigh Gaeta detained me in retreat,
Before AEneas thus that city named,
No sweet thought of my son, nor duty to
My aged sire, not e'en the love wherewith
I should have gladdened my Penelope,
Could overbear in me the ardent wish
I had to make experience of the world,
And all the vice and virtue of mankind;
But to the depths of open sea myself
I trusted in one single ship with that
Small crew, that never had deserted me.
The coast on either side as far as Spain,
Morocco and Sardinia's isle I saw,
And all the rest which that sea washes round.
My comrades now and I were stiff and old,
When to that narrow strait we came, where stand
The landmarks, which by Hercules were fixed,
That man no farther should presume to pass.
On my right hand I left Seville, and had
Already on the other Ceuta passed.
'Brothers, who through a hundred thousand risks,'
I said to them, 'have reached the western main,
For such brief span as still remains to you
To try your senses' vigilance, grudge not
A hearty will to make behind the sun
Acquaintance with the lands untrod by man.
Consider now the stock from whence ye spring:
Ye were not made to live the brute beasts' lives,
But knowledge to pursue and valour's fame.'
So keen I made my comrades to push on
A farther voyage by this brief appeal,
That scarce could I have after held them back.
And with stern set against the morning sun,
We made our oars the wings of our fools' flight,
Always advancing with the helm to port.
The stars already of the other pole
At night I saw; our own was sunk so low,
It rose no more above the ocean floor.
Five times enkindled, and as oft extinct
Had been the light shed from beneath the moon,
Since we had entered on our arduous course;
When darkly to our view in distance far
A mountain rose, that seemed to me so high,
Methought the like I never had beheld.
Great was the joy; a joy soon turned to grief:
From the new land a hurricane burst forth,
And smote upon the fore part of our ship.
Three times the swirl of water whirled her round;
The fourth on high raised up the poop in air,
Down went the prow, such was Another's Will,
Until above us all the sea closed in.'

Edward C. Lowe (1902)

The sun had now to the horizon come,
The curve meridian of which o'erhangs,
When at its highest point, Jerusalem:
And night, which opposite to him revolves,
Forth from the Ganges issued with the Scales,
Which her hands drop, as she predominates;
So that the white and vermeil tinted cheeks
Of beautiful Aurora, where I stood,
With the advancing hour to orange turned.
We still were standing 'longside of the sea,
Like folks, who pondering on the road to take,
Move on in heart, but with the body halt;
And lo! as at the near approach of morn
Mars through thick vapour gleams in fiery red,
Down in the West over the ocean floor,
Such seemed to me, (so may I see't again!)
A light so swift in motion o'er the sea,
No flight of wing could equal it in speed;
From which when I a moment had withdrawn
Mine eye to make inquiry from my Guide,
I saw't again more bright and larger grown.
Then on its either side to me there seemed
A something white, I knew not what; and next
Another by degrees 'neath this loom'd forth.
As yet my Master utter'd not a word,
Till the first whiteness open'd into wings;
Then as the pilot well he recognised,
'Down, down,' he cried, 'and quickly bend the knee;
Behold, 'tis God's own Angel; fold thy hands;
Henceforth such messengers thou oft wilt see.
Mark, he disdains machinery of men,
So that no oar wills he, nor other sail
Than his own wings 'twixt shores so far apart.
See how he holds them heavenward set direct,
Beating the air with their eternal pens,
Which never moult, as mortal plumage doth,'
Then as to us nearer and nearer drew
The bird divine, the brighter he appeared,
So that the eye could not endure him near,
But dropped to earth, while to the shore he came
In a small galley, very swift and light,
Such that the water swallowed none of it.
Upon the poop the heavenly helmsman stood;
Beatitude seemed written on his brow;
More than a hundred spirits sat within.
'In Exitu Israel de Egitto'
They all, as with one voice, together sang,
With what of that Psalm afterwards is writ,
Then o'er them made he sign of Holy Cross;
Whereon they cast them all upon the shore,
And he departed, as he came, with speed.

Edward C. Lowe (1902)

Brother, our wills the grace of charity
Keeps ever calm, and makes us only wish
For what we have, and thirst for nothing else.
Did we desire a station higher still,
Such a desire in us would not accord
With will of Him, who here assigns our place;
Which thou wilt see in these spheres cannot be,
If life in love be here necessity,
And love's own nature thou examine well.
Nay, 'tis the formal cause of this our bliss
To keep ourselves within the will of God,
Whereby the wills of all of us are one.
That thus we dwell, all in gradation due
Throughout the realm, is to the realm its joy,
As to its King, who wills our will be His;
And in this Will indeed is all our peace;
It is that sea, whereto all things flow on,
That it creates, and nature fashioneth.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, Daughter of thy Son,
Lowly and loftier than all creature else,
Predestined Term of Purposes Divine,
Thyself it is, that human nature hast
Ennobled so, that its Creator e'en
Disdained not His Own Creature to become.
Within Thy womb the fire of love revived,
By warmth whereof, here in Eternal Peace
This flower hath grown, expanding thus in bloom.
Here art Thou unto us the noontide torch
Of Charity; to mortals down below
The living Fountain of perennial Hope.
Lady, so great art Thou, Thy might so great,
That who would grace desire, and not to Thee
Refer his wish, would fly without a wing.
Thine own benignity brings succour, not
To him alone that asks, but oftentimes
Doth liberally the prayer anticipate.
In Thee are clemency and pity found;
In Thee munificence; in Thee combines
Whate'er in creature can be found of good.

Edward Clarke Lowe (1902)

Brother, the power of Charity so calms our will that it makes us wish only for what we have and for aught else we thirst not. If we desired to be more highly placed our desire would be discordant with the will of Him who has assigned our lot. The which (discordance) thou shalt see not to be contained - to have no place within these circles if to be in love (with God) is here necessity and if the nature of it (love) thou dost well remark: rather is it essential (word of the schools) to this happy condition to be kept within the will divine in order that our wills may make but one. So that being, as we are, distributed throughout this realm from threshold on to threshold - from grade to grade - from sphere to sphere ? ? ? pleases all it as it does the King who enwills us in His will - makes our wills one with His. In His will is our peace. It is that sea towards which all things move whether that which it creates direct or that which Nature makes.

James MacGregor (c. 1880)

'Ah, then,
When from the toils of Circe I withdrew
who, prisoned in Gaeta held me for a year,
ere, by AEneas given, that name it knew,
Neither did fondness for my offspring dear,
nor reverence for my father, nor the love
that should have stayed Penelope to cheer,
Restrain me from the keen desire to rove
throughout the world, and some experience gain
of vice and virtue that men's spirits move.
Forth did I set upon the deep wide main.
one ship contained me and the little band
that chose beside me faithful to remain.
As far as Spain the ocean's bound I scanned,
even to Morocco and the clustered isles
that, bathed in ocean, by Sardinia stand.
Old were we, tired by many laboured miles,
when we came near that strait where Hercules
cleft the great hills into opposing piles
Lest foolish men should wander beyond these.
to right we passed Seville, nor did we rest
by Ceuta, ploughing through the unknown seas.
"Oh, brothers," then I cried, "since to the West
we have attained through dangers manifold,
spend we our life's short vigil in this quest.
Let not your senses fail you, but be bold
to sail, and find what strange adventures yet
the unpeopled lands behind the Sun may hold.
Think on your lineage, nor your sires forget;
to live the life of brutes you were not made
but virtue to pursue, and knowledge get."
So well did I my comrades dear persuade
by this brief speech, so eager they to go,
that scarcely could I have their voyage stayed.
With stern to Eastward, we began to row
with wing-like oars upon our foolish way:
to leftward ever moved our eager prow.
That night we saw the Southern Pole's array
of shining stars, and ours was drawn so low
that scarce above the ocean's rim it lay.
Five times the Moon above us was aglow,
five times extinguished, since our boat first sailed
this narrow passage of the ocean through.
Then there appeared a mighty Mountain, veiled
with distance, and it seemed to me more high
than any that my eyes, till then, had hailed.
We joyed, but joy, alas, fell suddenly
to grief, for there arose a mighty wind
from that new land and struck in passing by
Our vessel's prow. With the whole sea combined,
three times she turned around. At the fourth sweep
her stern rose, and she sank. Another Mind
So willed it; and above us closed the deep.'

David James Mackenzie (1927)

The Sun already on the horizon stood
while his meridian splendour shone upon
Jerusalem, at its highest altitude:
A Night, whose circle, countering his, had gone,
issued from out the Ganges, at her side
the Scales that from her shadowing hand are thrown.
Aurora's cheeks, that in the morning tide
in white and rose appeared, from where I stood,
now waned with age and were with orange dyed.
Now were we close upon the ocean's flood
pondering our path, like those whose souls go on
while their feet linger in incertitude.
When, lo! as in the coming of the dawn
Mars rises ruddy through the gathering haze,
low, on the ocean's floor, a radiance shone
Out of the West, such that,--as may my gaze
again light on it!--I deemed no other flight
could pass more swiftly onward than its rays:
So that, when, for the nonce, I turned my sight
backward, my Guide to question, it had grown
larger, and its refulgence was more bright.
And there, on either side of it there shone
a marvellous whiteness, and, beneath it, grew
another of the like as it came on.
My Master spoke not, till within our view
these spotless glories seemed like wings to extend,
then, when, for certain, he the pilot knew,
He cried, 'With folded hands now must you bend
kneeling:--it is an Angel of the Lord!
henceforth such Servants shall on us attend.
See how he scorns all human act and word.
no oar he plies, nor any other sail
from that far shore than what his wings afford.
See how towards heaven he raises in the gale
his plumes eternal winnowing the air
that fall not as the locks of man may fail.'
Then, nearer as the boat began to fare,
that Bird of heaven appeared in such a light
the eye could scarce its blinding brilliance bear.
Mine own I dropped, as, in a skiff so slight
that scarce the water swallowed aught of it,
I saw him on the level shore alight.
This heavenly pilot on whose form was writ
a blessed impress, steered, and in his view
we saw more than a hundred spirits sit.
They, all together, sang '<u>in exitu
Israel de Egypto</u>'--and each line
written in all that psalm, they chanted through.
Then, of the Holy Cross he made the sign,
and, while they threw themselves upon the shore,
he went, as swift as he had crossed the brine.

David James MacKenzie (1927)

But tell me, you who here in happiness dwell,
do you desire some loftier place to see
or a more wide-flung friendship to compel?
Then to the other shades she turned from me
smiling, and answered with so glad a tone,
alight with love's first flame she seemed to be.
'Brother,' she said, 'the power of love alone
so calms our will, we ask for nothing more:
no further thirst beyond to us is known.
Did we aspire more loftily to soar
our wishes were discordant with His will
who all our places has assigned before.
No other fortune can we here fulfil
if love alone compel us, and if you
keep love's own nature in your memory still.
It is the joy of this existence true
to love in limits of the Will Divine
and to make one in bliss out of the two:
So that from threshold unto threshold shine
the joys whereby our King through all His lands
rejoicing, does our wills to His incline.
And His will is our peace. That Sea commands
even to itself all things that it creates,
and all that nature fashions with her hands.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
humble, yet raised above creation's height,
the end eternal counsel fixes on,
'Twas thou who to our nature didst unite
such nobleness as made its Maker deign
to issue from His own creative might.
Within thy womb was kindled love again
by whose warm glow, in the eternal peace,
this flower expanded ever will remain.
Thou, the meridian torch of love's increase
to us, and among mortals there below
a fount of living hope that will not cease.
Lady, so great thy power is, we know,
that he who seeks for grace without thy aid,
nought but a longing without wings can show.
Thy help not only is to him conveyed
who asks for it, but oft, ere being sought
the gift of thy benevolence is made.
Pity and Goodness are together brought
in thee, munificence, and all that may
of virtue in created hearts be wrought.

David James Mackenzie (1927)

'My place of birth is seated by the main,
On that sea-shore to which descendeth Po,
In quest of peace, with all his vassal train.
Love, whom the gentle heart soon learns to know,
Him bound a slave to that fair form, which I
Was doom'd - (ah how reluctant! -) to forego.
Love, that no loved one suffers to deny
Return, entwined us both with cords so strong
That, as thou seest, he still is ever nigh.
Love to one fate conducted us along,
While Caina 'waits him who our lives did spill.'
Such was the burthen of that mournful song,
Which, with their tale, did so my bosom thrill,
As made me droop my head, and bend full low;
When thus the bard: 'Thy mind what evils fill?'
Thereon I recommenced, 'Alas for wo!
How many sweet thoughts, what intense desire,
Has brought them to this dolorous pass below?'
I then turn'd back to them, and thus to inquire
Began - 'Francesca! thy sad destinies
With grief and pity' at once my breast inspire
But tell me, - in the season of sweet sighs -
How, and by what degrees thy passion rose,
So as to read his love's dim phantasies.'
Then she to me, 'Among severest woes
Is to remember days of dear delight
In misery - and this thy teacher knows.
But if thou hast so fond an appetite
From its first source our love's sad maze to thread,
Though tears may flow, I will the tale recite.
One day, for pastime, we together read
Of Lancelot - how love his heart enchain'd.
We were alone, and knew no cause for dread.
But oft as met our eyes, our cheeks were stain'd
With blushes by the glowing tale inspired;
Till one sole point the fatal victory gain'd.
For when we read the smile, so long desired,
Which to the lover's kiss her answer bore,
He who shall ne'er from me be parted - fired
With passion - kiss'd my lips, all trembling o'er
Like his. The book was pandar to our thought,
And he that wrote. That day we read no more.'
Thus, while one spake, that other spirit was wrought
To such a flood of tears, that with the swell
Of pity all my sense was quite o'erfraught;
And, as a lifeless body falls, I fell.

John Herman Merivale (1838)

What time
Circe I left, who lured me in her reach
Near to Gaëta, upwards of a year,
Before Eneas had thus named the beach;
Not my son's sweetness, nor compassionate fear
For my old father, nor the lawful love
That should have cheered Penelope so dear,
Could from my mind the ardent wish remove
Of the wide world experience to attain,
And human vices and man's worth to prove.
Once more I launched upon the open main
With one sole bark and those companions true,
The few who did not even desert me then.
As far as Spain both shores I past in view,
Morocco, and Sardinia's seagirt bourne,
And the other islands which those waters strew.
I and my comrades were grown old and worn
When we had reached unto the narrow bar
Where Hercules his motto placed to warn
Mankind no farther o'er the waves to dare.
On the right hand I left Seville behind,
On the other Ceuta was already far.
'O brothers!' then I said, 'who here have joined
Through many thousand perils to the West,
To this so brief a vigil of the mind,
And high perception, that to ye doth rest,
Ye will not all experience refuse,
Following the sun, of the world without a guest.
Over your noble birthright ye should muse;
To live like senseless brutes ye were not made,
But knowledge to pursue and virtue use.'
With this concise oration which I said
I made my comrades for the voyage so fain,
That afterwards I scarcely them had stayed.
Our stern still turned towards the morn, again
With oars, we made our wings for the mad design,
Aye to the larboard steering o'er the main.
Now, of the other Pole, the stars that shine,
The night beheld, and ours did scarcely rise,
So far adown they sank, above the brine.
Five times there filled and vanished to our eyes
The light that streameth from the moon's low rim,
Since we had entered on our high emprise,
When there appeared to us a mountain dim
In the far distance, which to me appears
Higher than other mountain e'er could climb.
Then we rejoiced, but soon all changed to tears;
For from that land new-found a storm arose,
And on its quarter our frail bark it sheers;
Three times it turned it round with whirling throes,
At the fourth time the stern uprose in air,
And as to one it pleased the prow down goes
Until the sea had closed upon us there.

James Innes Minchin (1885)

The sun already to the horizon's rim
Had travelled, whose meridian circle lieth
In apogee above Jerusalem:
And opposite to him the night that flieth,
Issued from out the Ganges, with the Scales
That from his hands fall when too late she hieth;
So that the white and vermeil hue that veils
The fair Aurora's cheeks, as rose the day
By waning time grows orange-hued and pales.
Alongside of the seashore still we stay
Like people who are thinking of their road,
Who go in heart, and yet with limbs delay.
And lo! as towards the morning, red like blood
Through heavy vapours Mars is wont to flame,
Down in the West, above the ocean flood:
So there appeared, still can I see the same,
Across the sea a light so swiftly sweep,
No flight of bird with that can semblance claim:
On which, when I a moment failed to keep
My eye, to ask my leader to explain,
Brighter I saw it then, and grown in shape.
Then o'er the whole of it there seemed to gain
I knew not what of white, and underneath
There issued by degrees its semblance twain.
As yet my master not a word essayeth,
Till what was white at first as wings he sees,
Then when the Pilot he distinctly seeth,
He cried aloud: 'Now bend, now bend thy knees:
Behold God's angel, towards him bow thy hands;
Henceforth thou'lt see such ministers as these.
See in no need of human means he stands:
So that he wants not oars, nor other sail
Except his pinions, from such distant strands.
See how he rears them towards the Heavenly pale,
Drawing the breezes with the eternal plumes,
That like our mortal hair ne'er change nor fail.'
Then, as towards us nearer still he looms,
The bird divine more brilliant clear appeared,
So that the eye shrank back as near he comes.
I bent mine down: and he the landing neared,
With his small bark, so rapid and so light
That as it went the wave it scarcely sheared.
Stood on the stern Heaven's pilot, clothed in light,
Amongst the blest inscribed, did he appear;
Within the bark a hundred spirits sit:
In exitu Israël, from Egypt's fear,
They all together in one voice did sing,
With all that follows when that Psalm we hear.
When he had signed the holy cross they flung
Themselves, together all, upon the plain,
And as he came, he vanished, swift of wing.

James Innes Minchin (1885)

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humble and lofty more than any creature,
The fixt bound where the eternal councils run,
Thou art the perfect one who human nature
Didst so ennoble that did not disdain
Its Maker from thee to take form and feature.
Within thy womb the love was lit again,
Through warmth of which in its eternal peace
This flower in beauty hath thus bloomed amain.
Thou art the midday torch within this place
Of charity, and unto mortals lower
The living fountain of all hope and grace.
Lady, thou art so great and hast such power
That whoso willeth grace and runs to thee,
Would without pinions wish his will could soar.
Not only succours thy benignity
Whoso demands it, but full many a time,
Or ere the prayer be formed, 'tis offered free.
In thee fairy Mercy, in thee Pity's prime,
In thee magnificence, in thee unite
Whatever goodness doth in creature limn.

James Innes Minchin (1884).

Brother, our will is quieted with lore
Of charity, which makes us only seek
That which we have, nor ever thirst for more.
If higher lots for us we would bespeak
Then our desires would all discordant be
With His high will, who here our lots doth make.
Which in these circles cannot be, thou'lt see;
If here to dwell in charity is need,
And if thou seest the law of charity.
Nay, 'tis essential to our blessed meed
To be restrained within the will Divine,
That unto one our wills be all agreed.
So that as we throughout this kingdom shine
From sphere to sphere, it pleaseth every grade,
As to the King, to whose will all incline.
In his high pleasure all our peace is laid;
This is that ocean unto which are brought
All things which it creates, or Nature made.

James Innes Minchin (1884)[5]

Already had the sun the horizon touched,
whose circle of meridian covered o'er
now, with its highest point, Jerusalem;
and night, which opposite to him revolves,
was issuing from Ganges with the Scales
which fall from her when she exceeds the day;
so that e'en now, the cheeks both white and red
of beautiful Aurora in my sight
orange became as she the older grew.
We still were lingering beside the sea,
like those who, pondering their farther road,
in heart advance, but yet in body stay,
when, as at near approach of matin hour
Mars ever reddens through the vapours dense,
low in the west over the ocean floor,
thus there appeared--may I once more behold--
a light that came so swiftly o'er the sea
no flight of wing could with its speed compare.
When for short space I had withdrawn mine eyes
that I might make inquiry of my Guide,
again I saw it, grown more large and bright.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
I know not what of whiteness, and below,
little by little, came another forth.
As yet my Master had not spoken word,
till the first whiteness did as wings appear;
but when the Pilot he had recognised,
he cried, 'Go down, go down upon thy knees;
behold God's Angel: do thou fold thy hands:
henceforward thou wilt see such officers.
Look how he scorns all human instruments,
so that he needs not oar nor any sail
save his own wings, betwixt so distant shores.
Look how his wings point upward straight to Heaven,
fanning the air with those eternal plumes
that never change as mortal feather do.'
As towards us nearer drew and yet more near
the bird divine, still brighter he appeared
so that mine eyes at length could not endure,
but downwards bent, while to the shore he came
in a small craft, so very swift and light
that none of it the water did engulf.
Upon the poop the heavenly Pilot stood,
such that if but described 'twould blessing give:
more than a hundred spirits sat within.
'<u>In exitu Israel de Aegypto</u>,'
so sang they all together with one voice,
with whatsoever follows in that Psalm.
Then over them he signed the holy cross;
and they all cast themselves upon the shore,
and he departed swiftly as he came.

A. L. Money (1910)

"When I left Circe who had hidden me
More than a twelvemonth by Gaeta's site,
Before Aeneas did its name decree,
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence right
For my old sire, nor yet devotion due
Which should have made Penelope's delight,
Could quench the ardor keen which then I knew,
A full experience of the world to gain,
Of human vices, human virtues too.
So I put forth upon the broad deep main
With one lone ship and the diminished band
Whom on that fateful day I could retain.
As far as Spain, both sides, we saw the land,
Morocco and Sardinia's isle and more
Encircled by the sea on every hand.
My mates and I were old and slow of yore
When we in sailing reached the narrow strait
Where Hercules set signs to bar the door,
That man beyond no more might penetrate.
Upon the right was Seville left behind
And Ceuta on the left we had passed but late.
I said: 'O Brothers, who, in sun and wind,
The West, at last, through countless risks, have won,
To this so fleeting vigil now assigned
Unto your senses, while you sands shall run,
Do not deny the experience, I plead,
Of the unpeopled world behind the sun!
I pray you of your origin take heed;
For you the life of beasts was not ordained,
But that which goes where light and valor lead!'
The thought which my brief words to them explained
Made all my mates so eager to obey
Thereafter they could scarce have been restrained.
Our poop then turning toward the break of day,
The oars made wings for our insensate flight,
We bearing ever to the left away.
Of the other pole I then beheld at night
The starry hosts; our own so low was seen,
Above the ocean floor it scarce gave light.
Five times enkindled, five times quenched had been
The beams which from the fickle moon outpour
Since our good ship had braved the waters green,
When, dark and dim upon the distant shore,
Unto our sight a lofty mount appeared,
Methought I had seen none so high before.
We then rejoiced, but soon to weeping veered;
The new land bred a tempest from the breeze
Which smote the pinnace forward as she reared,
Then whirled her round, o'erwhelmed by rushing seas,
Three times, and at the fourth the poop arose
And prow went down, Another's will to please,
Till did above our heads the billows close.'

Eleanor Vinton Murray (1920)

When
I quitted Circe, who, beyond a year,
Held me her captive by Gaëta near,
Ere yet Aeneas thus had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my Son, nor reverence dear
Of my old Sire, nay, nor the love I bore
Penelope, which should have cheered her life once more,

Could overcome in me my mighty zeal
Experience of the world of men to gain,
Their virtues and their vice, their woe and weal.
So putting forth on the deep open Main
With one sole vessel, and my little train
Of Comrades that were never faithless found;
Both shores I coasted far as unto Spain -
Far as Morocco - and the Islands round,
Sardinia and the rest, within the same Sea's bound.

I and my Mariners were old and slow
When to that Narrow Pass we drave our flight
Where Hercules had stampt his Pillars so
That ne'er beyond might venture mortal wight.
Then, leaving Seville lying on our right,
Ceuta already passed on the other side:
'O Brothers who, thro' perils infinite,
Have pusht with me into the West,' I cried,
'Whiles somewhat yet remains, O be it not denied

Now, in the waning vigil of your sense,
To sail behind the Sun for worlds unknown,
And crown with me a life's experience.
Consider ye your origin - ye none
Were born to the low life of brutes, but on
To quest for Noble deeds, and Knowledge high.'
And so it fell, with these brief words, I won
Such zeal in my Companions, that I
Now scarcely could have checkt the voyage they would try.

So having swung our helm to face the morn,
We of our oars made wings for the fatuous flight,
Still gaining on the South. Thus, seaward borne,
Around the other Pole, I saw by night
The stars upcreep - our Pole so sink to sight,
Longer it rose not from the ocean-floor.
Five times, rekindled and requencht, the light
Had grown beneath the moon, when lo! before
Our eyes - tho' dimly seen - as still we onward bore,

A Mountain, in the distance, rose to view,
Whose like I never saw, up-looming vast!
Large was our joy, but soon to grief it grew;
For, from the New Land, sudden rusht a blast
And smote the good ship's bows. Thrice, tempest-fast,
She reeled; the fourth - deep in the trough enclosed -
Up-heaved her stern, while down her prow at last
Plunged, even as Another had disposed;
And thus the Yawning Deep forever o'er us closed.

George Musgrave (1893)

When
I quitted Circe, who, beyond a year,
Held me her captive there Gaeta near,
Eye yet AEneas thus had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence dear
For my old sire, nay, nor the love I bore
Penelope, which should have cheered her life once more,

Could overcome in me my burning zeal
Experience of the world of men to gain,
Their virtues and their vice, their woe and weal.
So putting forth on the deep open main
With one sole vessel and my little train
Of comrades that were never faithless found,
Both shores I coasted far as unto Spain -
Far as Morocco - and the islands round,
Sardinia and the rest, within the same sea's bound.

I and my mariners were old and slow
When to that narrow pass we drave our flight
Where Hercules had fixed his Pillars so
That ne'er beyond should venture mortal wight.
Then, leaving Seville lying on our right,
Ceuta already passed on the other side:
'O brothers who, through perils infinite,
Have pushed with me into the West,' I cried,
'While somewhat yet remains, O be it not denied

Now, in the waning vigil of your sense,
To seek the unpeopled world behind the Sun,
And crown with me a life's experience.
Bethink ye of your origin - that none
Was born to live a brute, but every one
To quest for knowledge new and actions high.'
And so it fell, with these brief words I won
My shipmates to such frenzied zeal that I
Could scarcely now have checked the voyage all would try.

So, having swung our helm to face the morn,
We of our oars made wings for the fond flight,
Still verging to the left. Thus, Southwards borne,
Around the other Pole we saw each night
Fresh stars appear - our own so sink from sight,
Longer it rose not from the ocean-floor.
Five times rekindled and requenched the light
Had been beneath the moon, when lo! before
Our eyes - though dimly seen - as still we onward bore,

A Mountain in the distance rose to view,
Whose like I never saw, up-looming vast!
Great was our joy, but soon to grief it grew;
For, from the new land, sudden rushed a blast
And smote the good ship's bows. Thrice, tempest-fast,
She reeled; then, deeper in the foam enclosed,
Up-heaved her stern, while down her prow at last
Plunged, even as Another had disposed;
And thus the yawning deep for ever o'er us closed.

When I departed from Circe, who had detained me more than a year there near to Gaeta, before Aeneas had so named it, neither fondness for my son, nor piety for my old father, nor the due love which should have made Penelope glad, could overcome within me the ardor which I had to become experienced of the world, and of the vices of men, and of their virtue. But I put forth on the deep, open sea, with one vessel only, and with that little company by which I had not been deserted. I saw one shore and the other as far as Spain, as far as Morocco and the island of Sardinia, and the others which that sea bathes round about. I and my companions were old and slow when we came to that narrow strait where Hercules set up his bounds, to the end that man should not put out beyond. On the right hand I left Seville, on the other I had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand perils have reached the West, to this so brief vigil of your senses which remains wish not to deny the experience, following the sun, of the world that has no people. Consider your origin; ye were not made to live as brutes, but to pursue virtue and knowledge.' With this little speech I made my companions so keen for the voyage that hardly afterwards could I have held them back. And turning our stern to the morning, with our oars we made wings for the mad flight, always gaining on the left hand side. The night saw now all the stars of the other pole, and ours so low that it rose not forth from the ocean floor. The light beneath the moon had been five times rekindled and as many quenched, since we had entered on the passage of the deep, when there appeared to us a mountain dark in the distance, and it seemed to me so high as I had never seen one. We rejoiced, and soon it turned to lamentation, for from the new land a whirlwind rose and struck the fore part of the vessel. Three times it made her whirl with all the waters, the fourth it made her stern lift up and the prow go down, as pleased Another, till the sea had closed over us.

Charles Eliot Norton (revised 1902)

The sun had now reached the horizon whose meridian circle covers Jerusalem with its highest point; and the night which circles opposite to him was issuing forth from the Ganges with the Scales which fall from her hand when she exceeds; so that where I was the white and red cheeks of the beautiful Aurora were becoming orange through too much age.

We were still alongside the sea, like folk who are thinking of their road, who go in heart and in body linger; and lo! as, at approach of the morning, Mars glows ruddy through the dense vapours, down in the west above the ocean floor, such appeared to me,--so may I again behold it!--a light along the sea coming so swiftly that no flight equals its motion. From which when I had a little withdrawn my eye to ask my Leader, again I saw it, brighter become and larger. Then on each side of it appeared to me a something, I knew not what, white, and beneath, little by little, another came forth from it. My Master still said not a word, until the first white things appeared as wings; then, when he clearly recognised the pilot, he cried out: 'Mind, mind thou bend thy knees: Lo! the Angel of God: fold thy hands: henceforth shalt thou see such officials. See how he scorns human instruments, so that he wills not oar, or other sail than his own wings, between such distant shores. See, how he holds them straight toward heaven, stirring the air with his eternal feathers, which are not changed like mortal hair.'

Then, as the Bird Divine came more and more toward us, the brighter he appeared; so that my eye endured him not near by, but I bent it down: and he came on to the shore with a little vessel, swift and light, so that the water swallowed naught of it. At the stern stood the Celestial Pilot, such that he seemed inscribed among the blest; and more than a hundred spirits sat within. '<u>In exitu Israel de Egypto</u>' they all were singing together with one voice, with whatso of that psalm is after written. Then he made them the sign of the Holy Cross; whereon they all threw themselves upon the strand; and he went away swift as he had come.

Charles Eliot Norton (1891)

But tell me, ye who are happy here, do ye desire a more exalted place, in order to see more, or to make for yourselves more friends? With those other shades she first smiled a little, then answered me so glad, that she seemed to burn in the first fire of love: 'Brother, virtue of charity quiets our will, and makes us wish only for that which we have, and quickens not our thirst for aught else. If we desired to be more on high, our desires would be discordant with the will of Him who assigns us here, which thou wilt see is not possible in these circles, if to exist in charity is here of necessity, and if thou dost well consider its nature. Nay, it is the essence of this blessed existence to hold itself within the divine will, whereby our wills themselves are made one. So that as we are, from seat to seat throughout this realm, to all the realm is pleasing, as to the King who inwills us with His will; and His will is our peace; it is that sea whereunto everything is moving which It creates and which nature makes.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin Mother, daughter of thine own Son, humble and exalted more than any creature, fixed term of the eternal counsel, thou art she who didst so ennoble human nature that its own Maker disdained not to become its creature. Within thy womb was rekindled the Love through whose warmth this flower has thus blossomed in the eternal peace. Here thou art to us the noonday torch of charity, and below, among mortals, thou art the living fount of hope. Lady, thou art so great, and so availest, that whoso would have grace, and had not recourse to thee, would have his desire fly without wings. Thy benignity not only succors him who asks, but oftentimes freely foreruns the asking. In thee mercy, in thee pity, in thee magnificence, in thee whatever of goodness is in any creature, are united.

Charles Eliot Norton (1892)

When I left Circe, who detained me more than a year near Gaëta, before it was thus called by Aeneas, neither affection for my son, nor compassion for my old father, nor mutual love capable of making Penelope happy, could overcome my ardent desire to know the world, with the virtues and vices of mankind: and so I set out on the open sea, with a single vessel and a few companions, who remained faithful to me. I coasted along both shores as far as Spain, Morocco, and Sardinia, and other islands surrounded by that sea. I and my companions were then old and weary when we arrived at the narrow strait, where Hercules placed his boundaries to caution man not to sail beyond it. I left Seville to the right, after having passed Ceuta at the left.

O brothers, said I, ye who are come to the West through a hundred thousand dangers, considering the short span of life that yet remains for us, do not refuse to make an experiment in exploring that uninhabited region of the world behind the sun's course. Consider your origin; ye are not created to live like brutes, but to acquire virtue and knowledge. I animated my companions so much by these few words, that with difficulty I could check their ardent desire for the voyage. And turning the poop towards the east, we made sails of our oars for our foolish navigation, always directing our course along the left coast. During the night I saw all the stars of the other pole, and ours was so low that it scarcely rose on a level with the sea. The light of the moon appeared and disappeared five times on the new horizon, since we entered the dangerous passage, when we came in sight of a mountain, that appeared dim and gloomy at a distance, and so high that I have never seen the like. We were rejoiced; but our joy was of short duration, for a hurricane arose from the newly discovered land, and violently struck the foremost part of the vessel. Thrice it made her reel with all the waves, and the fourth time it lifted up the poop, and sunk the prow so low until the ocean became our grave, as was the decree of heaven.

E. O'Donnell (1852)

The sun had by this time appeared on the horizon, whose meridian at its most elevated point covers Jerusalem; and the night that revolves on the opposite, was rising from the Ganges with the scales that drop from her hands, when she becomes longer than day; so that the white and rosy coloured cheeks of the pleasant Aurora became yellow from age, when I chanced to be there.

We were still along the sea shore, like people who, thinking of their journey, travail (sic) with the mind and remain motionless with the body. And behold, as early in the morning Mars is seen through his thick vapours with fiery rays, glaring in the west over the level of the sea - there appeared to me (how I wish to see it again) a light coming rapidly over the water, which no bird on wing could equal in velocity; turning my eyes a moment from it to ask my Master something, I saw it again larger and more brilliant. Then on both sides of it I perceived something white, and under it another colour gradually appeared. My Master remained silent all this time, until he noticed the first to be white wings, then recognising the pilot, he cried aloud:

On thy knees, on thy knees, behold God's angel; put thy hands together, now thou hast true ministers to see. Behold how he disdains all human ingenuity; he wants neither oars nor sails, but his wings, to steer his course between shores so far asunder. Behold how he keeps them erect towards heaven, fanning the air with his eternal wings, not changeable like mortal plumes.

The more the divine seraph approached us the more brilliant he appeared, so that the eye could not endure his splendour. But I bent my head, and he arrived at the shore in such a quick, light, sailing vessel, that it skimmed along the surface of the water. Heaven's pilot was at the poop, and blessedness was stamped on his countenance. More than a hundred spirits were sitting within it, and all singing together with one voice, In exitu Israel de Egypto, with the rest of the same psalm. Then he made the sign of the Holy Cross over them, and they all instantly jumped with joy on the shore, and he went off as quick as he came.

E. O'Donnell (1852)

Brother, our will is satisfied with the power of charity, which makes us wish merely for what we have, and desire nothing else. Had we wished to be more exalted, our wishes would be in contradiction to the will of Him who stations us here, which thou shalt admit cannot be possible in these spheres, if to live here in charity be necessary, and if thou attentively consider the nature of charity. Therefore, in order to be happy, it is essentially necessary to conform ourselves to Divine will, for that will and ours are but one. So that if we be placed from sphere to sphere throughout this great kingdom, it pleases all as it does the King, who makes His will ours. In this will is our whole peace, - it is the mighty ocean, towards which tends all it creates, and all that nature does.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother! daughter of thy Son, in humility and glory far above any creature, infallible object of the Omnipotent Will, it is thou who hast given so much dignity to human nature, that the Creator did not disdain to participate in its operation. In thy womb has been enkindled the love by whose benign influence this flower has been made to bloom in eternal peace. Thou art here for us the meridian sun of charity, and below for mortals a living fountain of hope. O my lady! so great is thy power, so great is thy glory, that whoever wishes for grace and has not recourse to thee, wishes in his vain fancy to fly without wings. Thy benevolence is not only favourable to him that asks, but oftentimes spontaneously anticipates his request. In thee is mercy, in thee piety, in thee munificence; in thee is combined whatever excellence can be in any creature.

E. O'Donnell (1852)

Already had the sun reached the horizon, whose
meridian circle covers Jerusalem with its
highest point,
and night which opposite to him revolves, from
Ganges forth was issuing with the Scales,
that fall from her hand when she prevails;
so that fair Aurora's white and ruddy cheeks,
there where I was, through too great age were
turning orange.
We were alongside the ocean yet, like folk who
ponder o'er their road, who in heart do go
and in body stay;
and lo, as on the approach of morn, through the
dense mists Mars burns red, low in the West
o'er the ocean-floor;
such to me appeared - so may I see it again! -
a light coming o'er the sea so swiftly, that no
flight is equal to its motion;
from which, when I had a while withdrawn
mine eyes to question my Leader, I saw it
brighter and bigger grown.
Then on each side of it appeared to me a some-
thing white; and from beneath it, little by
little, another whiteness came forth.
My Master yet did speak no word, until the
first whitenesses appeared as wings; then,
when well he knew the pilot,
he cried: 'Bend, bend thy knees; behold the
Angel of God: fold thy hands: henceforth
shalt thou see such ministers.
Look how he scorns all human instruments, so
that oar he wills not, nor other sail than his
wings, between shores so distant.
See how he has them heavenward turned, plying
the air with eternal plumes, that are not mewed
like mortal hair.'
Then as more and more towards us came the
bird divine, brighter yet he appeared, where-
fore mine eyes endured him not near:
but I bent it down, and he came on to the shore
with a vessel so swift and light that the waters
nowise drew it in.
On the stern stood the celestial pilot, such, that
blessedness seemed writ upon him, and more
than a hundred spirits sat within.
'In exitu Israel de Aegypto,' sang they all to-
gether with one voice, with what of that psalm
is thereafter written.
Then made he to them the sign of Holy Cross,
whereat they all flung them on the strand and
quick even as he came he went his way.

Thomas Okey (1900)

'Where Po and all his tributaries seek
Rest in the ocean, held my house command;
There was I born where the sea-waters break.
Love, still to gentle hearts so near at hand,
Seized him for that fair form that once was mine,
Reft from me by an unforgotten brand.
Love, which permits not that the loved decline
To love, made him to me so close and dear,
That, as thou seest, his lot is still with mine.
Love led us forth together to one bier;
The murderer's hell waits him our lives who shed.'
These were the words borne to my listening ear.
When I had heard these wounded souls, my head
I drooped, and mournful let the moments pass,
Until, 'What think ye now?' the poet said;
And I, responding, thus began: 'Alas!
How many gentle thoughts, what wishes sweet,
Have brought their steps unto this mournful pass!'
Then turned I back towards them to repeat
My suit: 'Francesca, for thy woe mine eyes
Salt tears, and sad, have shed; now I entreat,
Tell me how, at that moment of sweet sighs,
And when, the love, at last conceded, came,
And how the doubtful wishes might arise?'
And she to me: 'There is no greater pain
Than to go back upon our happy days,
In time of grief; your leader knows the strain.
But if to understand the earliest rays
Of this our love you are so strongly bent,
Then will I do as one who weeps and says.
One day we read together, with intent
Of pleasure, and without one evil thought,
Of Lancelot, and how his soul was rent
By love. We were alone; the reading wrought
So that our eyes we oft cast down, the while
Blushing. But one sole point the victory brought;
When we had read how the beloved smile
Was kissed by such a lover, then this youth,
Who ne'er from me can part by any wile,
Turned round and kissed me trembling on the mouth.
The book was Galeotto, and so he
Was named who wrote, and led to harm: in truth
That day we read no more.' While one to me
Thus spake, the other wept so sore, that, led
By pity, I became as one that dies,
And prone I fell, as falls a body dead.

Margaret O. Oliphant (1877)

'When, for a year and more,
Circe had held me near Gaëta pent,
Ere yet AEneas had so named the shore,
I 'scaped her spell; but not my gentle boy,
Nor pious reverence for mine aged sire,
Nor the due love that should have warmed with joy
My dear Penelope, could quell the fire
Of my deep wish the world and human worth,
And human vices, too, to understand:
But on the broad, high seas I ventured forth
With one sole vessel, and that little band
Who ne'er deserted my attempt the while;
And coasted either shore as far as Spain,
Far as Morocco, past Sardinia's isle,
And all the rest bathed round there by the main.

'At last, when old and slow with life's decline,
We reached the strait where Hercules, of yore,
His boundary set, in everlasting sign
That none the ocean further should explore,
On the right hand receding Seville lay;
On the left, Ceuta sank in ocean's breast.
Then I: "O brothers who have stemmed your way
Through many thousand perils to the west!
To this brief vigil which remains to run
Of your worn senses, grudge not, I entreat,
To add the experience, following still the sun,
Of yonder world untrod by mortal feet.
Consider, men, the seed from which ye grew!
To live like brutes ye surely were not formed,
But virtue still, and knowledge, to pursue."
With this brief speech my comrades' minds I warmed,
Till for the voyage they so keenly yearned
To hold them back I vainly had essayed;
So to the morn our stern again was turned
For the mad flight, and wings of oars we made.
Still towards the left our constant course we steered,
Till night saw all the stars that spangle o'er
The other pole, and ours no longer reared
Its glittering host above the ocean floor.

'Five times the moon had now renewed her ray,
Five times the light had failed beneath her rim,
Since first we entered on our lofty way,
When lo! a mountain, in the distance, dim;
So high a peak before I never saw.
We joyed, but soon our joy became lament;
For from the new-found land arose a flaw,
That on our vessel's bow its fury spent.
Three times with all the waves it whirled us round;
At the fourth whirl the stern was lifted high;
Down went the prow, as best by Him was found!
And o'er our heads the ocean closed for aye.'

Thomas William Parsons (1893)

Now that horizon whose meridian arch
Hangs o'er Jerusalem its topmost height,
The sun had reached; while opposite, her march
Holding in counter-course, the circling night
Walked forth from Ganges, bearing in her hand
The Scales that she lets fall with her advance.
So fair Aurora's cheeks, by ripe age tanned,
From white and red grew orange to my glance.
Still by the sea we made some brief delay,
Like lingering men that on their journey dream,
Who go in spirit, but in body stay:
And lo! as when, surprised by morning's beam,
Through the gross vapors Mars doth redly burn
Down in the west upon the ocean floor,
A light appeared (oh, may that light return!)
So rapidly those waters traveling o'er
That to its motion flying were but slow;
Then, having momently withdrawn my gaze
To question of my Guide, I looked, and lo!
Larger it burned, and seemed almost ablaze.
Soon from each side thereof, although I knew
Naught what they were, something appeared of white,
And underneath another of like hue
Little by little grew forth into sight.
My Master spake not; I meantime could spell
Wings in those first white objects at the side.
Soon as he recognized the pilot well,
'Behold God's angel! bend thy knees!' he cried;
'Lift up thy palms to him; henceforward more
Such heavenly delegates thou shalt behold!
Look how he scorns man's arguments of oar
And sail, but simply doth unfold
His own pure pinions (winnowing the air,
And heavenward stretching those eternal pens)
From shore to shore so distant; plumes that ne'er
Moult like the changing tresses that are men's.'
Then as more near and nearer to us drew
That divine bird, so grew the splendor more,
Till scarce the eye could bear a closer view.
I bent mine down, and he arrived ashore
With a fleet skiff, so light upon the flood
That without wake it skimmed the water's breast.
High on the stern the heavenly helmsman stood,
In aspect such as Holy Writ calls blest.
More than an hundred spirits in one band
Within sat blending in one voice their strains,
'In exitu Israèl, from the land
Of Egypt,' and what else that psalm contains.
The sign of holy cross he made them then,
Whereat they bounded all upon the strand,
And he, swift as he came, sped back again.

Thomas William Parsons (final revision, 1893)

And now there came upon the turbid waves,
The clashing of a sound with terror filled,
And both the shores did greatly quake thereat;
It seemed not otherwise than as a wind
Which is impetuous for the adverse heats
That smites the forest without any rest,
Shakes off the boughs, beats down, and sweeps away
Dusty in front, it goeth proudly on,
And makes the wild beasts and the shepherds flee.
Then he released my eyes, and said, 'Now turn
Thy nerve of vision on that ancient foam,
There at the place where sharpest is the smoke.'
Like as the frogs before their serpent foe,
Scrambling away, all through the water run,
Till on the bottom each collects himself,--
More than a thousand spirits there I saw
Thus flee away before one who passed o'er,
Yet with dry feet, the ferry of the Styx.
He waved that gross air from his face away,
Moving before him often his left hand,
And only of that trouble weary seemed.
I well discerned he was one sent from Heaven,
And to the master turned, who made a sign
That I should quiet stand, and bow to him.
How full of indignation he appeared!
He came unto the gate, and with a wand
He opened it,--for it resisted not.
'O, ye outcasts from heaven! O, race despised!'
Upon the horrid threshold he began;
'Why doth this insolence reside in ye?
And why do ye rise up against that will,
Whose object never can frustrated be,
And which full often has increased your pain?
What profits it to butt against the fates?
Your Cerberus, if ye remember well,
Still bears his chin and his throat pealed therefor'
Then he returned along the filthy way;
He spake no word to us, but looked like one
Whom other care inviteth and compels,
Than that of those who may before him stand.
Toward the city then we moved our feet,
Feeling secure after the sacred words;
And without any strife we entered in.

J. C. Peabody (1857)

Paradiso XXXIII. 1-21 — Anonymous

O Virgin Mother! Daughter of thy Son!
Higher than aught beside! more humbly low!
End by Eternal Counsel fixed upon!
Thou'rt she, who Humankind ennobledst so,
That its Creator thought it not unmeet
His own creation in thy womb to grow.
Wherein there was rekindled Love, whose heat
Has caused to germinate and bloom for aye
This flower, in Peace eternal and complete.
Here unto us thou art the noontide ray
Of Charity; to men below who die
Thou art the living fount of hope alway.
Lady! Thou art so great, thou art so high,
That he who needeth grace, and seeks not thee,
Is like to one who wingless yet would fly.
And not alone does thy benignity
Lend help to him who asks it, but the prayer
Ofttimes anticipates spontaneously.
In thee all grace, in thee all loving care
Unite with all of noble, all of high
And all of good, created beings share.

By an unnamed lady, included in Warburton Pike's Translations of 1879 (see relevant article, page 288)

'When I could tear
From Circe, who for more than one year's space,
Hard by Gaeta, hid me and forbade
To part, ere so AEneas named the place,
Nor tenderness for son, nor reverence had
For father now grown old, nor plighted love
That should have made Penelope so glad,
Could overcome within me, or e'en move
The passion felt to know the whole world through,
And all men's virtues and their vices prove.
So I sailed out to sea on voyages new,
With one bark only, and in company
With some who would not leave me, a small crew,
I saw both shores to Spain successively,
And to the Moors, and the Sardinian isle
Was touched at, and all circled by that Sea.
I and my mates, grown old and slow meanwhile,
Arrived at last, where Hercules has set
Pillars as tokens by the sea-defile,
That men no further might presume to get.
I stood out, leaving Seville to the right,
And Ceuta on the left much further yet;
"O Brothers, that through perils infinite,"
I said, "came hither to the Western Main,
To such small waking season ere the night,
As to your senses may unspent remain,
Grudge not the knowledge of unpeopled Earth,
That, following the sun, you may attain.
Bear in remembrance your most noble birth,
Not to live like the brutes were ye born men,
But to pursue all science and all worth."
All my companions grew so eager then,
Through that small speech, to prosecute the way,
I scarcely could have turned them back again.
Keeping the stern towards the rise of day,
We made us wings of oars for that mad flight;
Our course still gaining southing westward lay.
Night saw yon skies with all their stars grow bright,
Our northern heaven so far beneath had gone,
It did not show above the ocean's height.
Five times were quenched, as oft rekindled, shone
The beams that from the lower moon-disk pour,
Since that adventure high was entered on,
When we descried a mountain all dimmed o'er,
And grey, through distance, that appeared to go
So high, as I had ne'er seen one before.
Whence we had joy, which soon was turned to woe,
For a tornado came from that high ground,
And struck our vessel's bows a heavy blow,
And thrice in whirling waters turned her round;
On the fourth turn the force, since so willed He,
Made poop mount upward, and stem downward bound,
Until above our heads had closed the sea.'

Warburton Pike (1881)

When I from Circe parted, who did make
Me hide a year and more Gaeta near,
Ere from AEneas it that name did take,
Neither my son's sweet presence, nor my fear
And love for my old father, nor the love
Which should have given Penelope good cheer,
Could check the strong desire I had to rove,
And so become experienced in mankind,
With human vice and virtue hand in glove.
On the wide sea I gave me to the wind,
With one sole bark, and with that company,
The few by whom I ne'er was left behind.
Both shores as far as Spain then met mine eye,
Far as Morocco and Sardinia's isle,
And others that on all sides sea-girt lie.
I and my friends were old and spent with toil,
When to that narrow strait we came at last
Where Hercules set landmarks on the soil,
That they might never more by man be passed;
On the right hand I left Seviglia's shore,
And on the left by Ceuta had sailed past.
'O brothers,' then I said, ' who evermore
Through thousand toils have journeyed to the West,
To this short remnant of your life of yore,
Still with the sense of watchful insight blest,
Deny ye not the great experiment
Of worlds unpeopled where the sunsets rest;
Let your thoughts be on your high lineage bent:
Ye were not born to live as lives the brute
But to seek good and wisdom's high intent.'
I made my friends so eager and acute
For travel, with that little speech of mine,
That no delay thenceforth their mood would suit;
And, our stern turned to where the mornings shine,
We made our oars as wings for that mad flight,
Still gaining on the left horizon line:
And all the stars I saw that lit the night
Of the otherpole, our own being sunk so low,
It rose not from its ocean bed to sight.
Five times was kindled, five times quenched the glow
By which the moon's inferior face was lit,
Since into that deep pass 'twas ours to go,
When through the distance dim and dark did flit
The vision of a mount that seemed so high
I ne'er had looked on any like to it.
Joyous were we, but soon there came a cry,
For from that new land rose a whirlwind blast,
And smote the good ship's prow full terribly.
Three times amidst the water's whirl it passed,
Then on the fourth the stern aloft did rise,
The prow sank as Another willed; at last
The sea's wild waters closed upon our eyes.

Edward Hayes Plumptre (1886)

The sun already had the horizon gained,
Whose full meridian circle covers o'er
Jerusalem, with highest point attained;
And night, whose path wheels where his went before,
Forth from the Ganges with the Scales uprose,
Which she lets fall when reigning high once more,
So that Aurora's beauteous cheeks disclose,
From where I stand, the white and crimson sheen,
Now passing with the hours to orange glows.
Still lingering by the sea our steps did lean,
As those who on their way more pensively,
Who go in heart, and yet with loitering mien.
And lo! as when the morning draweth nigh,
Through the thick vapour Mars grows fiery red,
Down in the west, where ocean's wide plains lie,
It chanced--so may its beams on me be shed
Once more!--a light across the sea so flew,
No wing of bird more rapidly had sped.
From which as I my gaze awhile withdrew
To ask my leader questions yet again,
I saw it, as it brighter, fuller grew;
And then on either side there did appear
I knew not what of white, and then below
Came forth another slowly, and drew near.
My Master for a while did silent go,
While those white objects now as wings we saw,
Then, when that pilot he began to know,
He cried, 'Haste, haste, and bend thy knee in awe;
Behold God's angel; fold thou then thine hands;
Now shalt thou see such ministers of law.
See how above man's instruments he stands,
So that he needs nor oar, nor other sail
Than his own wings, between such distant lands.
See how he points them heavenward, nor doth fail
With his eternal wings to fan the air;
Nor, as with mortal plumes, does change prevail.'
Then as he nearer drew to where we were,
That bird of God in clearer light was drest,
Wherefore mine eye that near sight could not bear,
But down I bent it. Then he came to rest
Hard by the shore, with boat so quick and light,
It barely skimmed the waves that round it pressed.
The heavenly pilot on the stern upright
Stood, with all bledding on his look enrolled,
And in it sat a hundred spirits bright.
Then '<u>Israel de Egypto</u>' heard I told,
As with one voice they chanted out their lay,
With all the psalm doth afterward unfold.
Then on them he the cross's sign did lay,
And they all threw themselves upon the shore,
And quick, as when he came, he went his way.

Edward Hayes Plumptre (1886)

Brother, the might of Love gives such employ
To our desires, that it can make us will
Just what we have, unmixed with thirst's alloy.
If we desired to pass on higher still,
Then our desires would be at variance found
With His who bids us here His mansions fill:
This thou wilt see in these spheres hath no ground,
If love be still the one thing needful here,
And if its nature thou search well all round.
So of our bliss this is cause formal, clear,
That each upon God's will himself should stay,
That so our wills may all one Will appear.
So our whole realm rejoiceth in the way
In which from stage to stage we upward mount,
As doth the King whose Will doth our wills sway;
And in His Will of our peace is the fount;
That is the Sea whereto all beings move,
Which as its works or Nature's works we count.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Lowlier and loftier than all creatures seen,
Goal of the counsels of the Eternal One,
Thyself art she who this our nature mean
Hast so ennobled that its Maker great
Deigned to become what through it made had been.
In thy blest womb the Love renewed its heat
By whose warm glow in this our peace eterne
This heavenly flower first did germinate.
Here, in Love's noon-tide brightness, thou dost burn
For us in glory; and to mortal sight
Art living fount of hope to all that yearn.
Lady, thou art so great and of such might,
That he who seeks grace yet turns not to thee,
Would have his prayer, all wingless, take its flight;
Nor only doth thy kind benignity
Give help to him who asks, but many a time
Doth it prevent the prayer in bounty free.
In thee is mercy, pity, yea, sublime
Art thou in greatness, and in thee, with it,
Whate'er of good is in creation's clime.

Edward Hayes Plumptre (1887)

'What time
From Circe I departed, who allured
Me near Gaëta longer than a year
Before Aeneas gave to it that name,
Neither love for my son, nor piety
To my old father, nor the affection due
Which should have happy made Penelope,
Within could overcome the burning thirst
I had to be acquainted with the world
And with the vice and virtue of mankind;
But I put forth on the deep open sea
Alone with one ship and that company
Not numerous, by whom I was not left.
One and the other shore I saw by Spain
Down to Morocco and Sardinia's isle,
And all the rest which that sea washes round.
I and my company were old and spent
When we arrived at that contracted strait
Where Hercules his limits has prescribed,
That further onwards man should not advance.
Seville upon the right hand I had past,
And on the larboard I had Ceuta left:
'Brethren,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand
Dangers have now attained unto the West,
In the so brief a time of wakefulness
Remaining to you, of your faculties,
Ye should not choose the knowledge to refuse,
Following the sun, of the unpeopled world.
Consider of your generation well:
Ye were not made as brutes to spend your lives,
But excellence and knowledge to pursue.'
So keen I rendered my companions
For sailing onward, by this short address,
To hold them back I should have had much toil:
And towards the morning turning our poop,
Of oars we made wings for our unwise flight,
Making way always on the larboard side.
The constellations of the other pole
The evening saw, and ours so depressed
It did not rise from out the ocean floor.
Five times rekindled and as many quenched
The light was of the moon, to us below,
Since we had entered by the lofty straits,
When there loomed out on us a mountain, dark
In the distance, and it seemed to me so high
That such another I had never seen.
We were rejoiced, but soon to tears were turned,
For from the new found land a whirlwind rose,
And struck the foremost timbers of our ship:
With all the water, thrice it spun us round,
The fourth time lifted up the poop in air
And sank the prow, as to Another pleased,
Until at last the sea closed over us.'

W. Frederick Pollock (1854)

The sun was now to that horizon come
  Whose circle of meridian hangs above
  Jerusalem in its most lofty point:
And to him opposite the wheeling night,
  Was rising forth from Ganges with the Scales,
  Which from her hand fall, while she is increasing;
So that the pale and rosy-blushing cheeks
  Of fair Aurora, where I that time was
  Saffron became in her more forward age.
Still were we on the border of the sea,
  Like men whose thoughts are on a journey bent,
  Who move in wish, but in the body stay.
And now behold! as when the morn is near,
  Through the dense vapours Mars shines ruddily,
  Down in the west along the ocean floor,
Appeared so to me (as may it again)
  Over the sea, a light so swiftly borne,
  That flying with its motion could not vie;
From which whilst but a moment I withdrew
  Mine eye, to ask a question of my guide,
  Looking again, it showed more bright and large.
Then on each side of it, appeared to me
  I know not what of white, and underneath
  Another by degrees loomed out from it.
My master spoke not, all this time, a word,
  Until the first white into wings resolved;
  Then as he recognised the mariner,
He cried: 'Quick, quick, do reverence with thy knees;
  Behold God's Angel; do thou fold thine hands;
  Henceforward thou wilt see such ministers.
Note how he scorns all human instruments,
  Using not oars, nor any other sail
  Than his own wings, between these distant shores.
See how he bears them raised to heavenward,
  Winnowing the air with the eternal plumes
  Which no change suffer, as does mortal hair.'
As nearer then and nearer towards us came
  The bird divine, more spendidly it shone;
  So that the eye could not endure it near:
I bowed my face: and he approached the shore
  In such a light and swiftly moving bark
  As scarely left a trace upon the waves.
Upon the poop the heavenly pilot stood,
  Beatitude was written in his looks;
  More than a hundred spirits sat within.
'In exitu Israël de Aegypto,'
  Chanted they alltogether with one voice,
  And all the rest that follows of that psalm.
He made the sign then of the holy cross,
  On which they all leaped forth upon the strand,
  And he departed swift as he had come.

W. Frederick Pollock (1854)

Brother, within us regulates our wills
The power of Love, and causes us to wish
For only that we have, and seek nought else.
If we desired higher to be placed,
Then our desire would be at variance
With His will, who has here appointed us;
Which in these spheres thou seest cannot be,
If here to exist in Love be necessary,
And if its nature thou wilt ponder well;
For this blest state it is essential hence,
To the divine will to conform the thoughts,
That our wills together may make one:
So that as, throne below throne, we exist
Throughout this realm, to all the realm seems good,
As to the King who sways it by His will:
In following His pleasure is our peace;
That is the ocean, into which flows all
Created by it, or by nature made.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Than other creatures lowlier, yet more raised,
Of the Eternal Counsel the fixed term,
Thou art she, who the nature of mankind
Hast so ennobled, that its Fashioner
Did not disdain his own work to become.
Within thy womb thus kindled was the Love,
By whose warmth in eternal peacefulness
On this wise has this flower blossomed forth.
Here thou art to us as a noon-day torch
Of love, and among mortals on the earth
Thou art a living fountain-spring of hope.
Lady, thou art so great and powerful,
That whoso seeks grace and turns not to thee,
His wish aspires to flying without wings.
Not only thy benignity gives aid
To them who ask for it, but oftentimes
It liberally anticipates the prayer.
Mercy in thee, within thee piety,
Within thee grandeur, within thee unites
Whatever is in creatures excellent!

(Sir) William Frederick Pollock (1854)

To paler hues had changed the vermeiled sky;
As forth the Sun from his horizon crept,
On Salem's Heights to shine, nor mounting high; -
Pillowed on faded Rose, the belle Aurora slept.

Following its course now on the shore we stood, -
The boundary of a wide and unknown sea; -
Like those, who, powerless to attempt the flood,
Retain their heart's desire, - though vain the shore to flee.

When lo! as dawn had changed to early day,
Amid the vaporous, red, and murky air,
That further than the coast-line dared not stray, -
Borne on the waves, a light appeared, which seemed approaching there.

Sailless and swift; whereat in some surprise,
Turning towards my Chief for that he knew,
I saw a radiance in his widening eyes,
Gazing intently as it nearer came in view.

Soon I could faintly trace the form of one,
Seen only by its whiteness, and behind
Another, sheltered by his wings that shone,
Borne onwards towards us with the swiftness of the wind.

Whereat my Master Virgil spake no word
Till he had seen the whiteness of their wings, -
When at the bark afloat his soul was stirred: -
'Beware, beware! your bark but to the jungle brings

The Angel of the Lord! - Oh, raise your hand
In token that our service is divine;
No human anger warns them from this land,
Nor will of ours to come from far and make this sign.

Say that to them no right divine was given
As messengers to treat of mundane things; -
Nor with decrees of the unchanging heaven
Hither to cleave the air on their immortal wings.'

Yet nearer still and nearer towards the shore
Approached the Light Divine, that pierced the mist: -
Whereat our dazzled eyes could look no more
Till it arrived; - a slight, swift thing that could the waves resist.

And at the helm the heavenly pilot steered,
With his credentials written in his face; -
A hundred souls, or more, with him had neared
The shore, and with one voice they raised the psalm of praise: -

'In Exitu Israel de Egypto'; -
Then with the holy cross they made the sign,
And leapt ashore as in delight to go: -
With joyous steps and swift the troop towards us incline.

Caroline C. Potter (1904)

At this methought the other Shades had smiled,--
But so much pleasure could her answer give,
My ardour as at first the more declined.
'Brother', she said, 'our Charity does not hereafter live
In gifts our selfishness alone supplied;--
The others in as much if not allied,
Become distasteful--otherwise applied,--
And discord when a higher will,--than this descried.
Well known to those within this circling sphere:--
Where Charity's necessity was brought,
And in its nature well remembered here
Whilst more conformable to that the will divine has wrought.
So that we seem not lonely in this place,
Knowing no other than our King's own will,--
To this the rather than our own give place,
All that we knew of peace remaining with us still.
This is the sea where all things in it move
Which were created and in Nature made.--
This light came to me in the Heaven to prove:--
For in this Paradise alone is full fruition made.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Oh Virgin Mother, handmaid of thy Son,
Humble yet higher than of others, chose
In the Eternal's Council to be one
That so created might the Human Race enclose.
As nobly born thy Maker would approve,
And not unworthy his creative power.
Who in thy bosom had received the love
In warmth to generate in peace the eternal flower.
Which to the Mortals in mid course might prove
How charity from life's own fount can rise
In springs of hope true to their source of love.
Oh Lady, held so great in whom such value lies,
And so much grace, who would not then desire
Without thy wings yet if at distance fly,
Seeing thy great good will could first inspire
A liberality anticipating want's supply.
Seeing much Mercy with thy Pity blent,
To thy magnificent assembly brought
Those who created good to Earth if lent,
From lower places of the Universe had turned their thought.

Caroline Potter (1904)

When I departed, on the lone sea-beach,
From Circe's spell, which for a year and more
Imprison'd me near Gaeta (the which
Was by Eneas yet unnamed), the hoar
White hairs of my old father, nor the sweet
Caresses of my son, nor all the store
Of love that should have cheer'd my wife, could yet
The longing quell which ever dwelt in me,
The world and all its good and ill to greet.
Thus I set sail upon the open sea,
With but one ship alone, and the small band
Who ne'er forsook me. Outward did we flee
And saw each shore of the Hesperian land,
Even to Morocco, and Sardinia's isle,
And many an other ocean-bathèd strand.
I and my comrades had grown old, the while,
When we drew near unto the narrow way
Where Hercules erst sign'd each mountain pile,
That man beyond them might no further stray;
On the right hand we Seville's shore had gain'd,
And on the left already Ceuta lay.
I said: 'My brothers, who have now attain'd
To the far west through thousand dangers run,
Here to the light that hath not wholly waned,
The vigil of your life, not wholly done,
Deny ye not the fair experience new
Of the unpeopled world behind the sun.
Consider well the seed from which ye grew;
To live as do the brutes ye were not made,
But virtuous deeds and knowledge to ensue.'
Even from these simple words which I had said,
Such eagerness was by my comrades worn,
That scarcely now their course I could have stay'd.
And then our prow we turnëd from the morn;
The wingëd oars sped on, the while we steer
Our ship in her rash flight, still southward borne.
And now each star of the new hemisphere
We saw by night; and ours had sunk so low,
No more from out the wave did they appear.
Five times lit up, five times the moonlight's glow
Had wanëd from the sea, since our small bark
Enter'd the wild, wide ocean, when we saw
Far off a mountain-summit dim and dark
From the great distance; and it seem'd so high,
The like I never till that hour did mark.
Then we were glad; but soon our joy pass'd by;
Because from out the land so newly found
Sprang forth the storm-wind with an angry cry,
And smore our bark. Three times it whirl'd it round;
And at the fourth, the stern on high uprose:
As fate had willed, the prow, with sudden bound,
Sank, till above our heads the stormy waters close.

(Mrs) C. H. Ramsay (1862)

The sun now low on the horizon lay,
On the horizon of the Holy Land,
Shedding on Sion's mount the close of day;
And Night, who aye opposed to him doth stand,
Came slowly forth from out the Ganges stream,
Bearing the balances, that from her hand
At midnight fall: and thus the rosy gleam,
Tinging the cheeks of the fair Nymph of Day,
All changed to orange here to us did seem.
And still beside the shore did we delay,
As those who musing would their path discern,
Go with their heart and with their footsteps stay.
And lo! as, near the dawning of the morn,
Through the thick vapour Mars, with redder light,
Shines in the west, above the watery bourne,
I saw (and would 'twere now within my sight),
A star come swiftly tow'rds us o'er the sea;
Faster it sped than any arrow's flight.
One moment at my guide I glanced, that he
Might with his wisdom aid my weaker thought,
More large and bright the vision seem'd to be.
Now on each side appear'd I knew not what
Of white; and as the vessel nearer drew,
Beneath, meseem'd, another form its brought.
My guide was silent, till at last he knew
The bark that sped on its unearthly road,
Borne by those wings of white and glistening hue.
He cried: 'Now lower kneel upon the sod;
Behold a heavenly angel; fold thy hands;
For thou shalt see the messenger of God.
Lo! for his wondrous voyage he demands
Nor oar, nor sail, nor any means of flight,
Save his own wings, between such distant strands.
See how he spreads them tow'rds the fount of light,
Those pinions which unchanged do ever wear,
Unlike to human locks, their freshness bright.'
Now, as the bird of heaven to us drew near,
The dazzling radiance lighten'd more and more,
Till human eye the splendour might not bear,
But sank to earth. Softly he touched the shore,
With his bright shallop gliding o'er the flood,
That gently still its charmèd burden bore;
And at the helm the angel pilot stood,
With blessedness inscribed upon his brow.
More than a hundred souls there were who would
Here wash away their mortal stains: and now
'In exitu' they sang; as with once voice
Did all the psalm in sweetest music flow.
And then he made the sign of Holy Cross;
Wherefore they gladly sprang upon the strand:
And, as he came, so swiftly did he pass.

(Mrs) C. H. Ramsay (1862)

Brother, our will doth tranquilly abide
In charity, which makes us but desire
The thing we have, nor long for aught beside.
If to supernal heights we should aspire,
Our wills were then discordantly inclined
From His, who bade our wishes soar no higher;
And discord in these zones ye may not find,
If here we needs must charity possess,
And to its nature well thou bend'st thy mind.
For 'tis essential to this life of bliss,
To hold ourselves within the Will Divine,
That thus our wills should be at one with His.
And we from threshold unto threshold shine,
Throughout this realm; yet all it pleaseth well,
As pleasing Him who doth to his design
Conform our hearts. And surely here we dwell
In peace for evermore; this is the sea
Whereto all Nature and Creation still
Are moved.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Most lowly and most lofty being e'er
Created, scope of all that hath been done
In God's eternal counsel! thou such fair
Nobility didst on our nature shower,
That he who made it did that nature wear.
Within thy womb the love was lit once more,
By whose warm glow in peace eternal thus
Hath sprung and blossomëd this fairest flower.
Here art thou as the noonday sun to us,
Of charity, as on the mortal earth,
The living fountain of all hope, I was.
Lady, thou art of such a lofty worth,
That he who seeketh grace, nor asks of thee,
Would, without wings, to his desire go forth,
In airy flight. Thy great benignity
Not only succours him who asks, but e'en,
Ere the request, doth give with bounty free.
In thee for aye is gentlest pity seen,
In thee magnificence, in thee all good
That in created being e'er hath been.

Claudia Hamilton Ramsay (1863)

'Now tell me; you who seem so happy here,
Do you desire a higher place in heaven,
To see more, or to make yourselves more dear?'
She smiled and all the others, and then came
Her answer to me while she seemed to burn
With joy like one afire in love's first flame.
'Brother, the power of love doth ever bring
Our wills to quiet so that we desire
Just what we have and want no other thing.
If we desired to adorn a higher sphere
You see that our desires would not accord
With Will of Him who has assigned us here.
Which in these heavenly orbs could never be
If all our being has constraint of love,
And if about love's nature we agree.
Rather is it the essence of our bliss
To hold ourselves within the will divine
Unifying our separate wills with his.
And that from rank to rank we are sorted thus
Through all this kingdom all this kingdom pleases,
And pleases Him whose will gives will to us.
Deep in that will our peace of spirit lives;
It is that sea to which all things are drawn,
All that He makes or nature then contrives.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy son,
Lowliest and proudest of created beings,
Far goal to which divine intentions run,
She art thou who didst once our human nature
Ennoble so that our most noble maker
Did not disdain to make himself his creature.
Within thy womb the love again took fire
By the warmth of which in this eternal summer
Unfolds our rose of Paradise entire.
Here unto us thou art the torch of noon
Burning with love and unto those on earth
Fountain of hope, humanity's chief book.
Lady, thou art so gracious and so great
That who wants grace and calleth not on thee
Wingless will find his will to fly frustrate.
Thy love has all humanity in care
That prays to thee and is so bounteous
Fulfilment oft anticipates the prayer
In thee maternal tenderness, in thee
Pity and generosity unite
With every virtue in mortality.

Thomas Weston Ramsey (1952)

When I left Circe, who more than a year
Had me seduc'd, near to Cajeta's Port,
But before thus Aeneas had it nam'd:
Not the sweet fondness for a Son, nor yet
The pious duty for an ancient Sire,
Nor all the love I ow'd Penelope,
That ardor could subdue which me possest,
In distant climes experience to learn,
And human Vices well as Virtues know.
Wherefore I went into the open deep,
With a small crew who did not me forsake.
Both shores I then beheld; on this side Spain,
On that Maurocco: and Sardinia's Isle
I saw, with others by the mid-sea lav'd.
My Company and I were old and slow
Become, when we arrived at that Strait
Where Hercules his well-known Pillars plac'd,
That boldly Men should not beyond advance.
On my right hand I Seville's city left,
As on my left I Ceuta had before.
'Brethren,' I said, 'since at the western Sea
Through perils many thousand you're arriv'd;
To that small remnant left our curious minds
Do not deny th' attempt of following
The Sun into the World unpeopled yet.
On your original reflect, nor think
That you were made, like Brutes, to only live,
But knowledge and to virtuous acts pursue.'
In my Companions I such spirit rais'd
With this short speech, that I could not restrain
Them afterwards from our unhappy flight.
We, turning to the morning's seat our Stern,
Made of our oars swift wings; but always bent
Our course towards the left: the Night soon shew (sic)
All the bright Stars of the antartic Pole; (sic)
And then our northern did so low appear,
As not to rise above that azure Plane.
Five times the Moon had re-allumed her Torch
And five times suffer'd it to be extinct,
From our first ent'ring into this vast Sea,
When to our Crew appear'd a Mountain, brown
By its great distance, and so lofty as,
Before, I had not ever seen: we all
Rejoic'd, but soon our joy to wailing turn'd.
A Whirlwind quick from the new land arose,
Which on its nearest quarter struck our Ship:
Three times it turn'd it with the waves around,
And at the fourth it lifted up the Poop,
Sinking the Prow beneath; nor was it long
Before the Waters clos'd above our heads.

Charles Rogers (1782)

When
From Circe I departed, who beyond
A year withdrew me near Gaeta there,
Before AEneas so had named the place,
Neither son's sweetness, nor the suffering
Of mine old father, nor the love so due
Which ought to have made glad Penelope,
Could quell in me the ardour which I had
For growing to be expert of the world,
And of the worthiness and vice of men.
But I set off on the high open sea
With one ship only, and that little band
By which I had not been deserted yet.
I saw one shore and other far as Spain,
Far as Morocco, and the isle o' the Sards,
And others which that sea bathes roundabout.
I and my fellows we were old and slow
When we had come unto the narrow pass
Where Hercules has stamped his cautionings
That man should so proceed no further on:
On my right left I Seville; I had left
Already Ceuta on my other hand.
'O brothers,' said I, 'ye that are arrived
Through hundred-thousand dangers to the West,--
Unto this now so little waking-time
Which is remaining of your senses still
Endure not to deny the experience
Of the unpeopled world behind the sun.
Consider what is your original:
Ye were not made that ye should live like beasts,
But follow after virtue and the truth.'
I with this brief oration so did make
My comrades eager for the journeying
I scarce could have retained them afterwards.
And, having turned our poop into the morn,
We made the oars wings to the maddened flight,
Toward the left hand gaining evermore.
I saw by night already all the stars
Within the other pole, and ours so low
It rose not forth from the marine expanse.
Five times re-kindled and as many razed
Had been the light from underneath the moon
Since we had entered in the lofty pass,
When a brown mountain there appeared to us
Upon the distance, and to me it seemed
So lofty as I had not witnessed one.
We were rejoiced,--and soon it turned to dole;
For there was bron a whirlwind from the new
Country, and struck the fore-side of the ship.
With all its waters thrice it made her wheel;
The poop rise at the fourth time uppermore,
The prow go down, as pleased Another One,
Till over us again the sea was closed.

William Michael Rossetti (1865)

'When I came
From Circe at last, who would not let me go,
But twelve months near Caieta hindered me
Before Aeneas ever named it so,
No tenderness for my son, nor piety
To my old father, nor the wedded love
That should have comforted Penelope
Could conquer in me the restless itch to rove
And rummage through the world exploring it,
All human worth and wickedness to prove.
So on the deep and open sea I set
Forth, with a single ship and that small band
Of comrades that had never left me yet.
Far as Morocco, far as Spain I scanned
Both shores; I saw the island of the Sardi,
And all that sea, and every wave-girt land.
I and my fellows were grown old and tardy
Or ere we made the straits where Hercules
Set up his marks, that none should prove so hardy
To venture the uncharted distances;
Ceuta I'd left to larboard, sailing by,
Seville I now left in the starboard seas.
"Brothers," said I, "that have come valiantly
Through hundred thousand jeopardies undergone
To reach the West, you will not now deny
To this last little vigil left to run
Of feeling life, the new experience
Of the uninhabited world behind the sun.
Think of your breed; for brutish ignorance
Your mettle was not made; you were made men,
To follow after knowledge and excellence."
My little speech made every one so keen
To forge ahead, that even if I'd tried
I hardly think I could have held them in.
So, with our poop shouldering the dawn, we plied,
Making our oars wings to the witless flight,
And steadily gaining on the larboard side.
Already the other pole was up by night
With all its stars, and ours had sunk so low,
It rose no more from the ocean-floor to sight;
Five times we had seen the light kindle and grow
Beneath the moon, and five times wane away,
Since to the deep we had set course to go,
When at long last hove up a mountain, grey
With distance, and so lofty and so steep,
I never had seen the like on any day.
Then we rejoiced; but soon we had to weep,
For out of the unknown land there blew foul weather,
And a whirlwind struck the forepart of the ship;
And three times round she went in a roaring smother
With all the waters; at the fourth, the poop
Rose, and the prow went down, as pleased Another,
And over our heads the hollow seas closed up.'

Dorothy L. Sayers (1949)

Now had the Sun the horizon met,
Round that meridian circle set,
  Beneath whose summit high
  Jerusalem doth lie:
And Night, that opposite him wheels ever,
Was issuing forth from Ganges river,
  And in her hand the Scales,
  That fall when she prevails.
Before me fair Aurora's face,
Where white and crimson late had place,
  As she was older growing,
  An orange hue was showing.
Beside the sea did we delay,
As those who ponder on their way,
  And, though they move in mind,
  In body stay behind.
And lo! as oft, when dawn is nigh,
Through vapours thick in western sky
  Mars glows a fiery red,
  Down o'er the ocean bed,
So saw I (would I may again!)
A light come swiftly o'er the main,
  Of motion past compare
  With aught that flies in air,
Thence was my eye scarce turned aside
A moment, questioning my Guide:
  When I looked back, that light
  Shone fuller and more bright.
Next upon either side was seen
A something white to gleam, and then
  Below another too
  Little by little grew.
My Master spake not, till as wings
Clearly appeared those first white things:
  Then when his eyes could well
  That helmsman's semblance tell,
'Bend, bend thy knee,' he gave commands;
'Behold God's Angel: fold thy hands:
  Henceforward thou shalt know
  His servants fashioned so.
See how arts human he refuseth;
Nor oar nor any sail he chooseth
  Save his own wings, whereby
  'Twixt those far shores to ply.
See how they point to the supérnal,
Stirring the air with plumes eternal,
  That moult not, nor are made
  As mortal hair to fade.'
Then as came nearer and more near
The Bird divine, it shone more clear,
  Until my blinded sight
  Could not endure that light.
I lowered my eyes: and he was nearing
The bank, a little vessel steering,
  So swift, so light of draught,
  The wave engulfed it naught.

On poop the heavenly pilot stood,
Acknowledged by sure sign for good;
  And spirits seated there
  More than a hundred were.
'When out of Egypt Israel came'
They chanted all with one acclaim,
  As in that psalm is writ,
  With all that follows it.
He signed the holy cross for each:
Whereat they threw them on the beach;
  He, as he came, alone,
  Passed swiftly and was gone.

Charles Lancelot Shadwell (1892)

Brother, our love, which naught will take,
Save what is given, our thirst to slake,
   Hath aye the power to still
   The impulse of our will.
For higher place if we should yearn,
Our longing would to discord turn
   With His love, that hath given
   Our portion here in Heaven.
Naught such within these spheres can be,
Where love is of necessity,
   As thou shalt see, if well
   Love's nature thou wilt spell.
Nay, 'tis our very bliss to find
Ourselves by heavenly will confined,
   Wherethrough in unison
   Is His will with our own.
Wherefore, when here our seats are laid,
Tier above tier, the realm is glad,
   And glad our King, who takes
   Our human wills, and makes
Them His: and His will is our peace.
It is the sea, whereto of grace
   Moveth His every creature,
   And all the work of Nature.

Charles Lancelot Shadwell (1915)

Maid, Mother daughter of thy Son,
Humble, yet high 'bove every one,
   Predestined to fulfil
   The everlasting will;
'tis thou hast given to human nature
Such nobleness in every feature,
   His Maker deigned to take,
   His self himself to make:
Within thy womb was nursed the fire,
Whereby was kindled Love's desire,
   To feed the flower's increase,
   In the Eternal Peace.
To us within this place above
Thou art the noonday torch of love,
   Even as 'mongst those below
   Hope's lively fount doth flow.
Lady, so great thy power, that he,
Who asks for grace of aught but thee,
   Seeks without wings to fly,
   His wish to satisfy.
Not he alone who claims thy aid
Will by thy bounty be repaid;
   Nay, more, thy goodness there
   Ofttimes outruns the prayer.
Mercy and pity both are thine;
In thee magnificence will shine;
   And all the creature's grace
   Is gathered in thy face.

Charles Lancelot Shadwell (1915)

When I left Circe, who for a long year
Had kept me lingering anigh Gaeta,
Not then so called, as later of Aeneas;
Not sweetness of my child, nor piety
For my old father, nor devoted love
Which should have gladdened fair Penelope,
Could conquer in me that prevailing fire
I felt, to learn the secrets of the world,
And of the weakness, and the strength of man.
I put me forth on the deep open sea,
In one small ship with few of company
Who never left me; and I saw two coasts,
Far as Morocco, far as Spain; Sardinia
And other islands which those waters bathe.
And I and my companions had grown old
And slow, when we passed through that narrow strait
Where Hercules had placed his giant marks
To show that voyagers could go no further.
On the right hand I left Seville, as on
The left I had already left Ceuta.
'Brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand
Perils are come at last into the West,
From this so little vigil that is left you
Of your short life, Oh, take not the great knowledge
Of the unpeopled world beyond the sun.
Consider your proud seed; ye are not beasts,
But are to follow worth and understanding.'
And with this little speech I pricked them so,
My comrades, to the road, that scarcely now
I could have held them back. We turned the poop
Back to the morning, made our oars as wings
In a mad flight, went gaining all the time
On our left hand, and night now saw the stars
Of the other pole, and dropped our own so low
It never rose again above the wave.
Five times lit up, as many lost again,
The light was that was given by the moon,
Since we had entered on those deepened seas.
Then a dark mountain in the distance lay
Seeming so high as never I had seen.
We were all joy, but soon returned to grief
When a great storm broke out from that new land.
The ship crashed on a rock; three times the swell
Lifted her round, but at the fourth she raised
Her bow, and dropped the stern. And fate decreed
The swallowing waters that o'erwhelmed us all.

Edith Mary Shaw (1914)

The sun was now arrived at the horizon,
Whence in meridian circle he will cover
Jerusalem at highest of his course.
And night, who circles, and opposes him,
Stole out from Ganges with the Scales in hand
Which drop when she gains height. Where I was now
The white and rose-red cheeks of fair Aurora.
As she grew older, changed to golden flame.
We were still walking by the lonely sea
Like men who meditate upon the way,
And speed in heart, but loiter with the foot.
And as, when morning presses, o'er the sea
Mars through thick vapours reddens in the West;
So there appeared, and lo! I see it still -
A light upon the sea, which came so quick
The bravest flight could not compare with it.
When for a moment I withdrew my eyes
In questioning my leader, and again
Looked, it was shining more, and larger far.
On either side of it appeared to me
I knew not what; but white; and line on line,
Little by little, and below the two
Stood out a form. My master had not spoken
The two white masses opened into wings;
Then he well knew the boatman, and he cried:
'Bow, bow the knee; behold God's angel; fold
Thy hands, for thou shalt see his acts of office.
See how he scorns poor human implements;
He needs no oars, his wings are sails to come
From shores so distant. See how wide he holds them
Toward the sky, and gathers the glad air
With everlasting plumage, which falls not
Like mortal locks.' And still as near and nearer
The bird divine approached, more bright he shone;
No eye could see his splendour close. I dropped
My own; he ran his little boat ashore
So swift, so light, she could not ship a wave.
At the stern stood her heavenly mariner
And all his mien was as if written 'BLEST.'
Some hundred spirits sat within the boat;
'When Israel from Egypt came'; they sang,
All the psalm through. He signed them with the sign
Of Holy Cross; they poured forth on the shore,
And he went back as swiftly as he came.

Edith Mary Shaw (1914)

My Brother

The power of love divine so lulls our will,
We only wish for what we have, and feel
No thirst for aught beyond. If we could wish
Ascent into the higher ranks of heaven,
Desire would be at discord with His will
Who sees, and gives to every one his place.
Thou wilt not find such thing within these spheres;
It cannot be but that we live in charity,
And thou canst well behold the nature of it.
It is the essence of this blessèd state
To hold oneself within the will divine
So that our very wills make one with it.
And how, from step to step, we all are placed
Within this kingdom, pleases all the kingdom,
Pleasing the King, Who folds us in His will.
His pleasure is our peace; that sea to which
All moves that it creates, or nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Mother and Virgin; daughter of thy Son;
Humblest and highest of created beings;
Determined goal of the eternal counsel;
Thou, thou art she who hast ennobled so
The human nature, that its very Maker
Scorned not to make Himself His own creation.
Within thy womb was lit again the Love
Whose heat has made this mystic flower grow
In an eternal peace. And here thou art
To us a noonday sun of charity;
And among mortals down below, a fount
Of lively hope. Lady, thou art so great,
Thy worth is such, that whoso seeks for grace
Without recourse to thee, his wish would fly
Having no wings. For thy benignity
Not only succours him who asks for help,
But freely oftentimes prevents the prayer.
In thee do loving-kindness, piety,
Magnificence, and all there is of goodness
Within the creature, meet,

Edith Mary Shaw (1914)

'When I had gone
From Circe who a long year kept me tame
  Beside her, ere the near Gaeta had
  Receivèd from AEneas that new name;
No softness for my son, nor reverence sad
  For my old father, nor the love I owed
  Penelope with which to make her glad,
Could quench the ardour that within me glowed
  A full experience of the world to gain--
  Of human vice and worth. But I abroad
Launched out upon the high and open main
  With but one bark and but the little band
  Which ne'er deserted me. As far as Spain
I saw the sea-shore upon either hand,
  And as Morocco; saw Sardinia's isle,
  And all of which those waters wash the strand.
I and my comrades were grown old the while
  And sluggish, ere we to the narrows came
  Where Hercules of old did landmarks pile
For sign to men they should no further aim;
  And Seville lay behind me on the right,
  As on the left lay Ceuta. Then to them
I spake: "O Brothers, who through such a fight
  Of hundred thousand dangers West have won,
  In this short watch that ushers in the night
Of all your senses, ere your day be done,
  Refuse not to obtain experience new
  Of worlds unpeopled, yonder, past the sun.
Consider whence the seed of life ye drew;
  Ye were not born to live like brutish herd,
  But righteousness and wisdom to ensue."
My comrades to such eagerness were stirred
  By this short speech the course to enter on,
  They had no longer brooked restraining word.
Turning our poop to where the morning shone
  We of the oars made wings for our mad flight,
  Still tending left the further we had gone.
And of the other pole I saw at night
  Now all the stars; and 'neath the watery plain
  Our own familiar heavens were lost to sight.
Five times afresh had kindled, and again
  The moon's face earthward was illumed no more,
  Since out we sailed upon the mighty main;
Then we beheld a lofty mountain soar,
  Dim in the distance; higher as I thought,
  By far than any I had seen before.
We joyed; but with despair were soon distraught
  When burst a whirlwind from the new-found world
  And the forequarter of the vessel caught.
With all the waters thrice it round was swirled;
  At the fourth time the poop, heaved upward, rose,
  The prow, as pleased Another, down was hurled;
And then above us did the ocean close.'

James Romanes Sibbald (1884)

When I parted from Circe, who held me more than a year near Gaeta before Aeneas so named it, not fondness for a son, nor duty to an aged father, nor the love I owed Penelope which should have gladdened her, could conquer within me the passion I had to gain experience of the world and of the vices and the worth of men; and I put forth on the open deep with but one ship and with that little company which had not deserted me. The one shore and the other I saw as far as Spain, as far as Morocco, and Sardinia and the other islands which that sea bathes round. I and my companions were old and slow when we came to that narrow outlet where Hercules set up his landmarks so that men should not pass beyond. On my right hand I left Seville, on the other had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers,' I said 'who through a hundred thousand perils have reached the west, to this so brief vigil of the senses that remains to us choose not to deny experience, in the sun's track, of the unpeopled world. Take thought of the seed from which you spring. You were not born to live as brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge.' My companions I made so eager for the road with these brief words that then I could hardly have held them back, and with our poop turned to the morning we made of the oars wings for the mad flight, always gaining on the left. Night then saw all the stars of the other pole and ours so low that it did not rise from the ocean floor. Five times the light had been rekindled and as often quenched on the moon's under-side since we had entered on the deep passage, when there appeared to us a mountain, dim by distance, and it seemed to me of such a height as I had never seen before. We were filled with gladness, and soon it turned to lamentation, for from the new land a storm rose and struck the forepart of the ship. Three times it whirled her round with all the waters, the fourth time lifted the poop aloft and plunged the prow below, as One willed, until the sea closed again over us.

John Dickson Sinclair (1939)

Already the sun had reached the horizon whose meridian circle covers Jerusalem with its highest point, and night, circling opposite to it, was issuing from the Ganges with the Scales, which fall from her hand when she exceeds the day, so that, there where I was, the white and rosy cheeks of fair Aurora, with her increasing age, were turning orange. We were still beside the sea, like those that ponder on their road, who go on in heart and in body linger; and lo, as on the approach of morning, Mars glows ruddy through the thick vapours low in the west over the ocean floor, so appeared to me--may I see it again!--a light coming so swiftly over the sea that no flight could match its speed; from which when I had taken my eyes for a moment to question my leader I saw it again, grown brighter and larger. Then on either side of it appeared to me a whiteness, I knew not what, and below it, little by little, another came forth. Still my Master did not say a word till the first whitenesses appeared as wings; then, when he clearly discerned the pilot, he cried: 'Bend, bend thy knees, behold the angel of God, clasp thy hands; such ministers shalt thou see henceforth. See how he scorns human instruments and seeks no oar nor other sail than his wings between shores so distant; see how he has them raised toward the sky, fanning the air with the eternal pinions which do not change like mortal plumage.'

Then, as the divine bird came towards us more and more, he appeared brighter, so that my eyes could not bear him close and I cast them down, and he came on to the shore with a vessel so swift and light that the water took in nothing of it. On the poop stood the heavenly steersman, such that blessedness seemed written upon him, and more than a thousand spirits sat within. <u>In exitu Israel de Aegypto</u> they sang all together with one voice, with all that is written after of that psalm; then he made over them the sign of Holy Cross, at which they all flung themselves on the beach, and he went swiftly as he came.

John D. Sinclair (1939)

Brother, the power of charity quiets our will and makes us will only what we have and thirst for nothing else. Did we desire to be more exalted, our desire would be in discord with His will who appoints us here, which thou wilt see cannot hold in these circles if to be in charity is here necesse and if thou consider well its nature. Nay, it is the very quality of this blessed state that we keep ourselves within the divine will, so that our wills are themselves made one; therefore our rank from height to height through this kingdom is pleasing to the whole kingdom, as to the King who wills us to His will. And in His will is our peace. It is that sea to which all things move, both what it creates and what nature makes.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son, lowly and exalted more than any creature, fixed goal of the eternal counsel, thou art she who didst so ennoble human nature that its Maker did not disdain to be made its making. In thy womb was rekindled the love by whose warmth this flower has bloomed thus in the eternal peace; here thou art for us the noon-day torch of charity, and below among mortals thou art a living spring of hope. Thou, Lady, art so great and so prevailing that whoso would have grace and does not turn to thee, his desire would fly without wings. Thy loving-kindness not only succours him that asks, but many times it freely anticipates the asking, in thee is mercy, in thee pity, in thee great bounty, in thee is joined all goodness that is in any creature.

John Dickson Sinclair (1946)

When I took leave of Circe, she that for more than a year detained me there hard by Gaeta, or ever AEneas had named it be that name; neither affection for my boy, nor reverence for an aged sire, nor even the debt of love that should have filled Penelope with gladness, and power to quell within me the yearning I had nourished to win experience of the world, men's vices and their worth. Into the deep and open sea I launched, with never ship but one, and that poor remnant of my company that had not fled from me. Both shores I saw, as far as Spain, as far too as Moracco, and the Sardinians' isle, and all the other isles bathed by that sea. Stricken with years and slow, were I and my companions, when we came to that narrow strait, where Hercules set up his landmarks, to warn mankind that they should pass no farther. Seville I left on the right; on the other hand I had already left Ceuta. 'Brothers,' I said, 'who through an hundred thousand dangers have reached the region of the setting sun, to the poor paltry watch that still remaineth of your senses, consent not to deny the knowledge of the land behind the sun, where no man dwelleth. Bethink you of your birth: ye were not made to live the life of brutes, but to obey the call of valour and of knowledge.'

With such brief speech I made my comrades so eager for the voyage, that I could hardly then have held them back; and turning our stern towards the morning, of our oars we made us wings for our foolhardy flight, steering ever to the left. At night I had already looked upon all the stars of the other hemisphere, and our dipped down so low, that it showed not above the Ocean's level. Five times beneath the moon was the light kindled, and quenched as many times, since we had passed within the perilous strait, when a mountain loomed on our sight, dun with distance, and higher did it seem to me, than any I had ever looked upon. Our hearts were filled with gladness, but soon it turned to sorrow; for from the new-found land a storm sprang up, and shattered our vessel's prow. Three times did it make her whirl around with all its strength of waters; at the fourth it drave the poop aloft, and forced the bow to sink, as was God's will, until the billows closed again above us.

(Sir) Edward Sullivan (1893)

'When I escaped from where a year and more,
I was detained by Circè, my fair foe,
Who near Gaëta did her spells employ,
Before Aeneas yet had named it so:
Neither my longing to behold my boy,
Nor filial reverence for my aged sire,
Nor love deserved, that should have filled with joy
Penelope, could conquer my desire
The knowledge of the world at large to gain,
Of human vices and of valour's fire:
I sailed along the deep and boundless main,
With one sole bark and with that company,
Faithful though small, that yet composed my train.
As far as Spain I either coast did see,
Far as Morocco and Sardinia's isle,
And th' others bathed on all sides by that sea.
I and my peers grew old and slow meanwhile,
But we arrived at that famed strait at last,
Where Hercules inscribed on either pile,
"Beyond these bounds let no man bend his mast."
On the right hand fair Seville's walls I left,
Already Ceuta on the other passed.
"Brethren," I said, "who have the billows cleft,
And through unnumbered perils reached the west,
To this short watch remaining, ere bereft
Of all activity our senses rest;
Beyond the setting sun pursue your course,
Nor of the unpeopled world refuse this test.
Consider well your elevated source:
Ye were not made to live like brutes, I ween,
But virtue and knowledge to pursue." The force
Of this short speech by its effect was seen.
My comrades now I scarce could have restrained;
Their longing for the voyage was so keen.
Then, turning towards the dawn our stern, we strained
For our mad flight, while wing-like swept each oar,
And constantly upon the left we gained.
Each star of the other pole, as on we bore,
The night beheld, and ours had sunk so low,
That now it rose not on the ocean-floor.
Five times rekindled was the lunar glow,
And then as often was that light consumed,
Since that high path we entered on, when, lo!
A mountain dim that in the distance loomed,
And seemed to me so high that none beside
Had in my sight such aspect e'er assumed.
Our joy was great, but when the land we spied
'Twas turned to mourning: thence a whirlwind sprung
And struck the vessel on the foremost side:
Thrice whirled around with all the waves she swung;
The fourth time lifted (so heaven's will disposed)
The stern; the prow sank down the waves among,
Till o'er our heads the roaring ocean closed.'

John Wesley Thomas (1859)

Now had the Sun to that horizon climbed
With whose meridian circle covered quite
Fair Salem is, by that point most sublimed.
And circling opposite to him the Night
Forth with the Balances from Ganges breaks,
And lets them drop when she has reached her height.
Meanwhile in beautiful Aurora's cheeks
The white and vermeil, where I was that day,
Through ripening age an orange hue partakes.
Still by the ocean-shore we made our stay,
Like those who on some tedious journey pore,
Whose thoughts fly swiftly though their limbs delay.
When, lo! as when the night is nearly o'er,
Through the dense vapour Mars with reddening beam
Sinks in the west above the ocean floor;
So shone (may I again behold its gleam)
A light that o'er the sea so swiftly flew,
No motion else to equal that would seem:
From which when I again mine eyes withdrew,
To ask my guide, and looked again, 'twas grown
More luminous and larger to my view.
On either side of it then was there shown
An unknown shape of brightness to my ken;
And from beneath it by degrees was thrown
Another. Yet my leader spake not, when
The first-seen brightness opened wings; and he
The angelic Pilot recognizing then,
Cried out: 'Fall down, fall down, and bend thy knee:
Behold God's angel; raise thy folded hands;
Now such divine officials thou shalt see.
Lo, how he scorns what human skill demands:
An oar he needs not, spreads no sail in air--
Save his own wings--between such distant strands.
See how toward heaven upraised he spreads them there,
Fanning the air with his eternal plumes,
Which ne'er fall off nor change like human hair.'
Then, as yet near and nearer toward us looms
The feathered form divine, it brightened more,
Dazzling whoe'er to look thereon presumes.
But I bent downward and he came to shore,
In vessel swift and trim, which made a swoop,
Nor gulped the wave she lightly bounded o'er,
With her celestial pilot on the poop.
His looks a blest one legibly proclaim.
Within, more than a hundred spirits droop,
Chanting, 'When Israel out of Egypt came.'
To sing it with one voice they all combine,
And all that's written of that Psalm the same.
Then of the Cross he made the holy sign;
And all at once they leaped forth on the strand:
Swift as he came then went the form divine.

John Wesley Thomas (1862)

'But ye who here are happy, do not ye,
Tell me, a loftier place than this desire,
More to behold and more beloved to be?'
Exchanging smiles first with the shades just by her,
She answered me with so much of delight,
That in her seemed to glow Love's primal fire.
'Brother, the force of charity hath quite
Composed our will to will alone whate'er
We have, nor for aught else leaves appetite.
If we were eager for a higher sphere,
Our wishes with His will would not agree
Whose fiat holds us in seclusion here,
Such discord in these rounds could never be;
Here Charity must dwell, as thou wilt gather,
If thou observe her nature heedfully.
It is our special bliss, our being rather,
That one desire should all our bosoms fill,
And keep within the will of our high Father.
Hence our succession, ranged from sill to sill
Throughout this realm, to us true pleasure brings,
As to our King, who in us plants His will.
And peace is in that will, to which all things
As to an ocean vast move onward, even
What He creates and what from nature springs.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin mother daughter of thy Son,
The humblest and yet most exalted creature,
Term by the Eternal Counsel fixed upon,
Thou hast ennobled so our human nature,
Its Maker, who disdained not to be made,
Took from thy mould its form and every feature.
Love was in thee rekindled when decayed,
Through whose blest ardour in eternal peace,
This flower hath sprouted and its bloom displayed.
Thou art our noon-day torch, who dost increase
The charity of heaven; with men on earth,
The living spring of hopes that never cease.
Lady, thou art so great, and of such worth,
Who that seeks grace does not to thee repair,
Would have desire fly wingless from its birth.
Such is thy bounty that not only where
'Tis asked thy succour comes, but frequently
With liberal hand anticipates the prayer.
In thee is mercy, pity is in thee,
Munificence is thine, in thee are found
All that of goodness can in creatures be.

John Wesley Thomas (1866)

'From Circe I departed who concealed
Me, for above a year, Gaeta near,
Ere from AEneas the name that place had held.
Not my son's sweetness, nor compassion there
For my old father, nor the love so due
Which to Penelope should have brought cheer,
Could in my breast the ardour yet subdue
In worldly knowledge all expert to be,
In human vices, human virtues too.
But I set out on the deep open sea,
With one sole ship, and with that little band
Which never never had deserted me.
As far as Spain's, far as Morocco's strand
Did I adventure; the isle of Sards I know,
And others, of which that sea doth bathe the sand.
I and my company were old and slow:
When we had come unto the narrow strait
Where Hercules his cautionings doth show
That no one further on adventure wait,
On my right hand 'twas Seville I passed by,
And on the other did from Ceuta get.
"Brothers," I said, "who have arrived hereby,
Mid a hundred thousand perils, to the west,
Ye surely are not willing to deny
To the short waking time that may invest
Your senses still, that ye experience win
Of the lone world that 'hind the sun doth rest.
Consider now what is your origin;
Ye were not made like to the beasts to live,
In virtue rather and in truth to shine."
This my oration did such ardour give
To my companions for the voyage on,
Scarce to hold back would they commands receive.
And having turned our poop towards the morn,
Our oars we made as wings to our mad flight,
Our course to larboard evermore we won.
Already all the stars we saw at night
Of the other pole, and ours so very low,
They rose not 'bove the ocean's floor to sight.
Five times rekindled, quenched as oft the glow,
Of that same light from underneath the moon,
Since we on that deep pass had entered so,
When there appeared to us a mountain, dun
Through distance, and it seemed to me so high
As I have never any gazed upon.
Much joy it gave, but soon brought tearful eye;
For the new land to us a whirlwind sent
Which smote the ship's forepart vehemently:
So she and the water all thrice wheeling went,
At the fourth time it made the poop upstrain,
And prow go down as pleased Another's intent,
Till over us the sea was closed again.'

Charles Tomlinson (1877)

When I quitted Circe, who for a year and more kept me in seclusion near Gaeta, before Aeneas so named the spot, neither my fondness for my son, nor my aged sire's distress, nor the affection due which should have rejoiced Penelope's heart, availed to overpower within me my eagerness to win experience of the world, and of the virtues and vices of mankind; but I started on the expanse of the deep sea with a single vessel, and with that small company who had not deserted me. Both coasts I saw as far as Spain and Morocco, and I saw the Sardinians' isle, and the others whose shores are laved by that sea. I and my companions were old and weary, when we reached the narrow strait where Hercules set up his boundary-marks, to the end that no man should proceed beyond; on my right hand I left Seville behind, and on the opposite side Ceuta had already receded from my view. 'O brothers,' I cried, 'ye who through dangers innumerable have reached the west, grudge not to the brief waking-time of our senses which still remains, to win, by following in the sun's wake, the knowledge of the uninhabited world. Bethink you of your origin; ye were not created to live the life of brutes, but to pursue virtue and intelligence.' By this brief address I made my companions so eager for the voyage, that hardly after that could I have restrained them; and turning our stern toward the morn we sped our mad flight with oars for wings, ever trending more and more to the left hand. Already did the eye of night behold all the stars of the other pole, and our pole so low that it rose not above the sea level. Five times was the light kindled, and as often quenched, on the under side of the moon since the commencement of our perilous passage, when there met our view a mountain dim by reason of the distance, the like of which in height methought I had never seen. Joy filled our hearts, but soon it was turned to mourning, for from the newly discovered land a whirlwind arose, which smote the forepart of the vessel. Thrice with a rush of waters it whirled it round; at the fourth onset the stern was raised on high and the prow sank beneath as a Higher Power willed, until the sea closed over us.

Henry Fanshawe Tozer (1904)

The sun had now reached the horizon, the highest point of the meridian circle whereof lies over Jerusalem; and night, which revolves opposite to him, was issuing from the Ganges with the Scales, which fall from her hand when she wins the mastery; so that at my present station the fair Aurora's white and vermeil cheeks from advanced age were passing into orange. We were still by the sea-shore, like folk who ponder on their journey, in spirit advancing but in body dallying; when lo! as at the approach of morn by reason of his dense vapours Mars grows red down in the west above the sea-level, so did I see--and may I once more behold it--a light approaching o'er the sea with such speed, that no bird's flight could rival its motion. And when I saw this again, after having for a moment withdrawn mine eyes from it that I might question my Leader, it had grown larger and more luminous. Then on either side of it appeared an indistinct white object, and gradually another such came forth from it below. My Master as yet spake not a word until the first white features revealed themselves as wings; but when he clearly recognised the pilot, he cried: 'See, see thou bend thy knees; behold the Angel of God; fold thy hands: henceforth thou shalt behold such-like ministers. Mark, how he scorns all human instruments, between so distant shores. Mark, how he has raised them toward heaven, waving the air with that eternal plumage, which changes not like feathers of mortal growth.' Anon, as the bird of heaven came ever towards us, he was more clearly revealed, so that, when near, he overpowered mine eyes, and I let them droop; he the while came to shore in a swift bark, so light that the water engulfed no portion thereof. In the stern the celestial helmsman stood, so glorious that he seemed by a sure title blest; and more than a hundred spirits were seated within. 'When Israel came out of Egypt' they were singing all together in unison, with what follows of the text of that psalm. Then signed he them with the sign of the holy cross; whereupon they all leapt forth upon the shore, and he departed as speedily as he came.

Henry Fanshawe Tozer (1904)

Brother, our wills are transquillized by the power of love, which causes us to desire that only which we have, and to thirst for naught beyond. If we longed for a higher station, our wishes would be at variance with His will who assigns us here; the which thou wilt perceive to be inadmissible in these spheres, if here we must needs exist in love, and if thou dost clearly note what love implies: nay, it is of the essence of this our blessed state to be circumscribed by the divine will, whereby our very wills become one. So that, accordingly as we are ranged, station above station, throughout this realm, the whole realm is well pleased, as is the Sovereign who identifies our will with His: and His will is our peace; it is that sea toward which all things move, both what itself creates, and what Nature produces.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son, humble and exalted beyond all created beings, predestined object of the eternal counsel, 'tis thou who didst ennoble human nature so, that its Creator disdained not to become its creature. In thy womb was rekindled the love, through the warmth whereof this flower hath thus expanded in the eternal peace. Here thou art to us a noonday beam of love, and among mortals below thou art a quickening fount of hope. Lady, thou art so noble and so powerful, that whoso longs for grace and betakes him not to thee, would fain without wings speed the flight of his desires. Thy kindliness doth not alone aid the suppliant, but oftentimes spontaneously anticipates the asking. In thee is compassion, in thee is pity, in thee is magnificence, in thee all the virtues of created beings are combined.

Henry Fanshawe Tozer (1904)

When I departed
From Circè, who her slave of me did make
More than a year near Gaeta, ere yet had
Eneas given it that name to take;
Neither the sweetness of my son, nor sad
Thought of my father old, nor my vowed love
Which ought to have Penelope made glad,
Could rise within me the desire above
Wise to become and of the world expert,
And human wickedness and worth to prove.
I took the high and open seas alert
Sole, with one ship, and with that little train,
Companions who would never me desert.
This shore and that I saw as far as Spain,
Morocco, and Sardinia's island goth,
And all the others watered by that main.
I and my mariners were old and loth
When we attained that narrow ocean throat
Where Hercules inscribed his barriers both,
That never man beyond should steer his boat:
On my right hand I left fair Seville thence,
And on the other now saw Ceuta float.
O brothers, who thro' many and immense
Dangers have reached the far west, I begun,
To that short watch and vigil of your sense,
Your human senses, which is yet to run,
Do not the experience deny and bar
Of the unpeopled world behind the sun.
Consider whence ye spring, and what ye are:
Ye were not made to live like brutes in rest,
But virtue and knowledge to pursue afar.
This little speech which I to them addrest,
So eager for the voyage made my troop,
That scarcely then I could have them represt:
So to the dawning having turned our poop,
Winging our foolish flight with oars that stole
Still winning to the southward, on we swoop.
Already all the stars of the other pole
The night beheld, and ours so low was wrenched
That forth it rose not from the ocean sole.
Five times rekindled, and as often quenched,
On the moon's under part the light had been,
Since on the deep loud passage we were launched;
When there appeared to us a mountain, e'en
By distance looming dim-descried and dark,
Higher than any I had ever seen.
We joyed: but quickly wo was ours; for, hark!
From the new land a raging whirlwind whirled,
And in the fore part smote our fated bark.
Three times with all the waters round 'twas twirled,
And at the fourth the poop was lifted, but
The prow, as one ordained, beneath was swirled,
And over us the surging sea was shut.

Robert Urquhart (1895)

When I parted from Circe, who for more than a year had kept me in seclusion there near unto Gaeta (but) before AEneas had so named it; neither tenderness for my son, nor compassionate reverence for my aged father, nor the rightful love which should have made Penelope glad, were able to overcome in me the ardour which I had to gain experience of the world, and of the vices and the virtue of mankind: but I put forth upon the deep open sea, with one ship alone, and with that small band by whom I had never been deserted. I saw both the one and the other coast as far as Spain, as far as Morocco, and the Island of Sardinia, and the other (isles) around which that sea washes. I and my companions were old and brokendown, when we came to that narrow passage, where Hercules set his land-marks in order that man should not venture further. On my right hand I left Seville, (and) on the other had already left Ceuta. 'O brothers,' I said, 'who through a hundred thousand perils have reached the west, seek not to deny to the waking-time of your senses (i.e. your life) so brief (as it is) which remains to you, experience of the unpeopled world behind the sun. Consider your origin: ye were not created to live like brute beasts, but to pursue virtue and knowledge.' With this brief harangue I made my companions so eager for the voyage, that after it I scarcely could have held them back. And having turned our poop to the morning (i.e. heading for the west), with our oars we made wings for our insensate flight, ever gaining on the left side (i.e. working more and more to port). I would now see all the stars of the other (i.e. the antarctic) pole at night, and ours (the artic pole) so low that it did not rise above the ocean floor. Five times had the light beneath the moon been rekindled, and as many quenched after that we had entered into the highway of the deep, when there appeared to us a mountain dark in the far distance, and it seemed to me so exceedingly high as I had never beheld any before. We rejoiced, and (yet our joy) was soon turned into weeping; for from this new land there uprose a whirlwind, and smote upon the fore part of the ship. Three times it made her whirl round with all the waters, the fourth (time it made) the poop rise aloft, and the prow go down, as was the will of Another (i.e. God), until that the sea had closed over us.

William Warren Vernon (1894)

Now had the sun reached the horizon of that hemisphere, the northern, whose meridian circle hangs, at its most elevated point, above Jerusalem. By horizon understand that point of the horizon.

And the night, which describes her circle in the opposite direction to him, the Sun, who was in the constellation of Aries, was coming forth from the Ganges with the Balances (that is, the constellation of Libra, exactly opposite to that of Aries), which fall from out of her hand, that is, she departs from that constellation when the night predominates over the day.

So that the white and the vermilion cheeks of beautiful Aurora, at the place where I was, through too much age, that is, as the dawn changed more into day, were taking an orange tint.

We were still on the sea-shore, like unto people who are thinking of the way they will go, who move on with their heart, but in body remain where they are, from indecision.

And lo! just as the planet Mars, sul presso del mattino = sull'ora presso del mattino, at the hour when morning is at hand, grows fiery red through the thick vapours down in the West over the ocean floor, i.e. on the edge of the horizon in the extreme West, and over the sea; so there became visible to me (and may God grant that I may so see it a second time) a light coming over the sea with so swift a motion, that no flight of bird could rival such speed.

From which, whilst for a moment, I had withdrawn my gaze, to ask my guide as to what this might be, I saw it, this same light, already increased both in brilliancy and in size; so much nearer to us had the extreme rapidity of its motion brought it to us.

Then (poi), a second or two afterwards, I began to see appearing to me, something, but what I knew not, of white, something indistinct, projecting from either side of the figure (these were the Angel's radiant wings), and, little by little, another something of indistinct white, which was the vessel guided by the Angel, loomed out from under it.

My Master had not as yet uttered a word, until the first-mentioned white objects appeared as wings: then, as soon as he recognized the sacred pilot, he cried out: 'See, see that thou bend thy knees; behold the Angel of God: fold thy hands: from now henceforward thou wilt see these kind of ministers and messengers of life eternal' (as Dante calls them in Purg. XXX, 18).

'See how he scorns all human instruments, so that he seeks not oars, nor any other sail than his own wings to propel the vessel, and that between shores that are so far apart as the shores of Purgatory and the mouth of the Tiber (whence, as we shall see, the Angel had come). See he holds them pointed up towards heaven, beating the air with those everlasting feathers, that do not undergo any periodical change, as does the mortal plumage of birds.'

And then, as the Bird of God came nearer and nearer towards us, the more radiant he appeared; so much so, that mine eye could not endure the sight of him near: but I had to cast it, my eye, downwards. And he approached the shore with a small vessel, swift, and so light, that the water swallowed naught of it; that is, the vessel, though it had more than a hundred souls on board, was so light, that it floated right on the top of the waters. The Angel, as the Commander of the vessel, stands on the poop.

The heavenly pilot stood on the poop, and was of such an appearance, that not only to behold him, but even to attempt to describe him, would make blessed him who would do so, or, was of such an appearance, that he seemed to carry his blessedness written on his brow; and more than a hundred spirits sat within the vessel.

They were all singing together in unison, 'In exitu Israel de Aegypto' (when Israel came out of Egypt), with all the rest of that psalm.

Then he made them the sign of the holy Cross; on which they all cast themselves upon the shore, eager to commence their work of purgation, and he, the Angel, departed as swiftly as he had come.

William Warren Vernon (1889)

Brother, the influence of Love contents our will, which (influence) makes us long for that alone which we have, and sets us not athirst for aught else. Were we to wish to be more exalted, our desires would be at variance with the Will of Him who assigns us our abode here, which (variance) thou wilt see can have no place in these spheres, if to exist in Love be here a necessity, and if thou well considerest the nature of it (i.e. Love). Nay rather, it is essential to this blessed existence to restrain oneself within the Divine Will, and that is why our very wills themselves are made one (with that of God). So that as we are distributed from degree to degree throughout this realm, to the whole realm this (unity of will) gives contentment, as (also) to the King who makes our wills conform to His Will. And His Will is our peace; it is that ocean towards which everything moves, which it (the Divine Will) creates, or which Nature forms.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son, humble and exalted beyond every other creature, the predestined object of the eternal counsel (to become the mother of Jesus Christ), thou art she who didst give such nobility to human nature, that its Maker did not disdain to make Himself of His own making (i.e. the Creator deigns to become one of His own creatures). Within thy womb was rekindled that Love (existing between God and man), by the heat of which this flower (the Heavenly Rose) hath blossomed forth in Eternal Peace. Here (in Heaven) thou art to us (Saints) the noonday torch of Love, and down below among mortals thou art the living fountain-source of Hope. Lady, thou art so great, and of such mighty power, that whosoever desires grace and does not have recourse to thee, wishes that his desire should fly without wings (i.e. wishes for impossibilities). Thy loving kindness renders aid not only to him that asks for it, but oftentimes it spontaneously anticipates the supplication. In thee is mercy, in thee pity, in thee munificence, in thee is concentrated whatever of goodness exists in the creature.

William Warren Vernon (1900)

'When I from Circe went,
Who for a year and more had hidden me
Near to Gaeta, ere AEneas thus
Had named it, neither fondness for my son,
Nor filial reverence for my aged sire,
Nor the love due from me, which should have made
Penelope rejoice, could quell in me
The ardent longing which I had to grow
Experienced in the world, and in the faults
And virtues of mankind; but I put forth
On the deep, open sea, with one sole ship,
And with that little company by which
I had not been forsaken. I beheld
The shores on either side as far as Spain,
As far as to Morocco, and the isle
Of the Sardinians, and the others bathed
By that encircling sea. Aged and slow
Were I and my companions when we reached
That narrow pass where Hercules set up
His boundaries, in order that beyond
Man may not push: on the right hand I left
Sevilla, and had Ceuta left behind
Already, on the other. Thus I spoke:
"Brothers, who through a hundred thousand risks
Have reached the West, desire not to deny
To this your senses' waking hour so brief,
Experience of the world unpeopled, won
By following the sun. Your origin
Consider: not to live as brutes were ye
Created, but to follow in pursuit
Of virtue and of knowledge." With this speech,
Short as it was, I for the voyage made
So keen my comrades, that, thereafter, scarce
I could have held them back. And with our stern
Turned to the morning, with our oars we made
Wings for our crazy flight, to larboard still
Ever more bearing. Now the night beheld
All of the stars about the other pole,
And ours so low that from the ocean-floor
It did not rise. Five times the light had been
Rekindled underneath the moon, and quenched
As many, since upon the dangerous way
We entered, when to us appeared a mount,
By distance dim, which higher seemed to me
Than any I had ever seen before.
Joyful we were, but quickly was our joy
Turned into mourning; for from that new land
Was born a whirlwind, and our ship's fore part
It smote, and made her whirl about three times,
With all the waters, at the fourth the stern
Heave up, and the prow downward go, as pleased
Another, till the sea above us closed.'

Marvin R. Vincent (1904)

'Lo!
More than a year near Gaeta I passed,
Before Aeneas named it, but from thence
Though Circe held me I escaped at last.
Not father's love, nor filial reverence
For honoured age, nor all the joy I owed
To pay Penelope her love immense,
Could stay in me the ardour that abode
To gain a knowledge of all things that be,
Men's worth, men's wrong, and the world's long dim road.
So forth I went on the deep open sea,
With but one ship, and the few faithful found
Who would not leave me--a small company.
I saw both shores up to the Spanish ground,
Far as Morocco and Sardinia's Land,
And all the isles the same sea washes round.
Old men and slow were all who that ship manned,
When in due time we reached the narrow way,
Where Hercules had once his landmarks planned,
All sons of men from further course to stay;
Upon my leftward hand Ceuta I passed,
And on the other side 'twas Seville Lay.
"Brothers," I ~~said~~ cried, "who to this west at last,
Through hundred thousand perils now attain,
To the brief vigil, short and overcast,
That now of living senses doth remain,
Do not deny to learn this knowledge new,
The back of the sun, the world deprived of men.
Consider all that to your race is due;
Ye were not born as brutes to live and die,
But gain in knowing and right deeds pursue."
So keen an eagerness the pass to try,
My words inspired within my gallant band,
No force could then have put their ardour by.
And with our poop turned tow'rds the morning land,
We made our oars wings for our folly's flight,
Constantly gaining on the leftward hand.
Already all the stars were seen at night
That serve the other pole; and ours so low,
Out of the sea it barely rose to sight.
The lamp of light that 'neath the moon doth glow,
Five times was kindled and as many spent,
Since we began our high emprise; when lo!
A mountain dark that filled the firmament,
Gloomed through the distance, so exceeding high
I ne'er saw other that its bulk outwent.
We joyed thereat, but soon found misery;
From the new land its way a whirlwind wound,
And struck upon our ship's prow suddenly;
Three times it made her with the waves spin round;
The fourth, the poop moved by another's will
Was raised aloft, the prow thrust deep and drowned,
And o'er our heads the sea closed deep and still.'

C. E. Wheeler (1911).

Now did the sun on that horizon rise
'Neath whose meridian circle's loftiest sway,
Jerusalem, the holy city, lies;
And night, who circles opposite to day,
From Ganges bore the scales, which when her might
Prevaileth, from her hand must fall away;
So fair Aurora's cheeks of red and white
There where I was, were changing speedily,
Through too great age o'erspread with orange light.
As yet we stayed beside the open sea;
As men who think upon their path we were,
Whose bodies tarry, though their hearts go free.
And, lo, as when the morning draweth near,
Down in the west above the level main,
Through the thick mists, Mars shineth red and clear;
There then appeared, (so may I see't again!)
A light that crossed the sea at such swift pace,
Beside its swiftness any flight were vain.
And when therefrom for a short moment's space
I drew mine eyes to question now my guide,
Larger it shone and with a brighter grace.
Then was there seen by me upon each side,
Some white, unknown thing, and beneath it, still
Another slowly growing I espied.
As yet my master spake no word until
As wings the first great whitenesses were clear,
Then, when at length he knew the pilot well,
'Bend! Bend thy knees!' he cried to me, 'for here
Behold God's angel! Fold thy hands intent!
Such ministers shall oft to thee appear.
See how he scorns all human instrument,
So that for neither oar nor sail has care
Except his wings, between such far shores sent.
See how tow'rd Heaven he directs them there;
With white eternal plumes, that are not shed
As are our mortal locks, plying the air.'
Then as toward us near and nearer sped
The bird divine, he seemed to glow yet more,
Until, close seen, mine eyes were vanquished
And beaten down; and thus he came to shore,
Within a ship so swift and light, it weighed
Nowise upon the waves it glided o'er.
With blessedness upon his clear displayed,
The heavenly pilot on the stern stood fast,
And more than a hundred souls within were stayed.
'When Israel out of Egypt's bondage passed,'
They sang together in right joyful mood,
And all the psalm that follows, to the last.
The sign then made he of the blessed rood,
Whereat they flung them all upon the strand;
And he, swift as he came, his course renewed.

C. E. Wheeler (1911)

But tell me, ye whose bliss is here displayed,
Desire ye ever spheres that are more high,
To have more sight or dearer to be made?
They smiled a little; then she made reply,
With such a joyous mien, it seemed methought
Love's springtide flame possessed her utterly;
'Brother, our will to peacefulness is wrought
By worth of love, that makes us long alone
For what we have, else makes us thirst for nought.
Did we desire a higher sphere to own,
Then would our longing all discordant be,
Unto His will, to Whom our place is known.
And that, these circles must forbid thou'lt see,
If it is needful here to live in love,
And if love's nature be conceived by thee.
The essence of this blest life is to prove
One with the will divine, blending until
Our wills themselves unto one ending move.
That we from threshold unto threshold still
Mount through this realm, makes all its joy increase,
And His, who draws our wills unto His will,
And His desire is our abiding peace;
All it creates, and Nature shapeth fair,
Moves on to it, as rivers to the seas.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humblest and highest in Creation's space,
Goal fixed by plans eternal to be won;
Lo! thou art she in whom our human race
Appeared so noble, He did not disdain,
Who made the whole, to make in it His place.
Within thy womb the love was lit again,
Whose warmth in the eternal peace has made
This flower its full unfolding to attain.
Here as a noonday torch art thou arrayed
Of love to us, and among men who die,
A living fount of hope thou art displayed.
Lady, thou hast such worth, thou'rt raised so high,
That who seeks grace and doth not turn to thee,
His longing hath no wings, yet seeks to fly.
Not only is thy loving-kindness free
To whoso asketh, but 'tis often known
Forestalling prayer in liberality.
All tenderness and pity are thine own,
And gracious giving, and in thee unite
All ways of good, Creation e'er has shown.

C. E. Wheeler (1911)

'When I escaped from Circe, near Gaeta,
Where she had kept me hidden for a year--
Before Aeneas had so named the place--
Neither the tenderness I bore my son,
Nor filial piety, nor yet that love
Which should have gladdened my Penelope,
Sufficed to overcome my eager wish
To gain experience of the world, and learn
The vices and the virtues of mankind.
So I put forth upon the open sea
With but a single ship, and that small band
By whom I never yet had been deserted.
I saw the coasts on either hand, as far
As Spain, Morocco, and Sardinia,
And other islands lying in that sea.
I and my men were old and broken down
When we arrived before that narrow strait
Where Hercules of old set up his marks,
As signs that man should never venture farther.
Upon the right I left Seville behind,
And on my other hand passed by Ceuta.
. "Brothers," I said, "who now have reached the West
By conquering a hundred thousand dangers,
Deny not to that little span of life--
The brief allotment of your waking hours
That yet remains to you--experience
Of that unpeopled world behind the sunset.
Consider from what noble seed you spring:
You were created not to live like beasts,
But for pursuit of virtue and of knowledge!"
So eager to set out I made my men
By this short speech, that after it was spoken
I would have tried in vain to hold them back.
When we had turned our poop toward the dawn,
Winged by our oars for our insensate flight,
We worked our vessel more and more to port.
At night I now could see the strange new stars
That guard the other pole--and ours so low
It did not rise above the ocean floor.
Five times the light beneath the moon was kindled
And then put out as many times again,
While we coursed o'er the highways of the deep,
When there appeared to us a murky cliff.
It loomed afar and seemed exceeding high--
Higher than any I had seen before.
Our sudden joy to weeping soon was turned;
For from this land, a whirlwind now uprose
And smote upon the forepart of our ship.
Three times it whirled us round with all the waters;
The fourth, it made the poop rise in the air,
The prow go down--as was Another's will
Until the ocean had closed over us.'

Lawrence Grant White (1948)

The sun had now progressed to that horizon
Whose great meridian, at its highest point,
Extends its arch above Jerusalem;
And night, which courses opposite to him,
Was issuing from the Ganges with the Scales,
Which drop from her when she exceeds the day.
From where I stood, the white and rosy cheeks
Of lovely dawn took on a deeper hue,
And then, in time, assumed an orange tint.
We still were walking by the water's edge
Like folk whose mind is fixed upon the road,
So that their thoughts outrun their lagging flesh;
And lo! As when, upon approach of dawn,
The ruddy glow of Mars shines through the mists
Of western skies, above the ocean floor:
Just so I saw--and hope to see again!--
A brightness come so swiftly o'er the sea
That never was there flight to match its speed.
And after I had turned my eyes aside
While I was questioning my gentle leader,
Again I saw it, larger, brighter still.
Upon each side of it appeared to me
I know not what, of white; and from below
Another issued forth, like unto it.
And still my master did not speak a word
Until those first white portents showed as wings;
But when he clearly recognized the pilot,
He cried:'Make haste, and humbly bend your knee!
Behold God's angel! Fold your hands in prayer;
Henceforth you'll see such ministrants as this!
See how he scorns all human instruments
And has no need of oars, or other sail
Than his own wings, between such distant shores;
See how he raises them against the sky,
Beating the air with his eternal pinions,
Which change not year by year like mortal plumes!'
Then, as the bird divine came nearer to us,
Brighter and brighter yet his radiance grew,
More dazzling than my mortal eye could bear.
I bowed my head; and he approached the shore
Upon a little vessel swift and light--
So light, it skimmed the surface of the wave.
Upon the stern the heavenly pilot stood:
Merely to tell of him were blessedness!
A hundred souls or more sat in the bark;
In exitu Israel de Aegypto
They sang together with a single voice,
And all the psalm that after this is written.
He made to them the sign of holy rood,
Whereon they all sprang out upon the beach;
And he departed, swift as he had come.

Lawrence Grant White (1948)

The influence of love restrains our will
So that we yearn for naught but what we have,
And are not set athirst for other things.
Were we to wish for more exalted places,
'Twould be at variance with the will of Him
Who has assigned us this for our abode.
Such variance, thou canst see, would be amiss,
Since to exist in love is here required -
And if thou wilt take thought upon its nature.
Nay, 'tis essential to this blessed life
To hold itself within the will divine:
And hence our wills are made as one with it.
Thus, as we dwell within the various spheres,
This unity of will gives sweet content
To all the realm, and to its King as well.
His will, that binds our own, is peace to us:
It is the ocean to which all things flow
Created by the will, or formed by nature.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humbler and more exalted than all others,
Predestined object of the eternal will!
Thou gavest such nobility to man
That He who made mankind did not disdain
To make Himself a creature of His making.
Within thy womb, that love was re-enkindled
Whose heat has germinated this fair flower,
To blossom thus in everlasting peace.
Thou art our noonday torch of charity;
And down below thou art for mortal men
The living fount of hope. Thou art so great,
O Lady, and thou art of so much worth,
That whoso hopes for grace, not knowing thee,
Asks that his wish should fly without its wings.
And thy benignity not only gives
Its succor to the suppliant, but oftentimes
Will lavishly anticipate his plea.
In thee is mercy, and magnificence,
And pity, for in thee is concentrate
Whatever good there be in any creature.

Lawrence Grant White (1948)

'The city of my birth is on the shore where Po comes down to peace with all his followers. Love, that is quickly learnt by gentle hearts, took hold of this man for the beauty that was taken from me; and the way offends me still. Love, that let no loved one off from love, took hold of me in liking him so much, that, as you see, it still is with me yet. Love brought us to one death: Cain waits for him who took our lives away.' These words were uttered by them to us, and hearing these offended souls, I bent my head and held it down so long that at last the poet said: 'What are you thinking?' When I replied, I said, 'Alas, how sweet the thoughts, how much desire, that led these to their grievous end!' And then I turned to them and said: 'Francesca, your sufferings make me sad and near to tears. But tell me: when your sighs were sweet, how and why did love allow you knowledge of doubtful desires?' And she to me: 'There is no greater grief than to recall one's happiness in one's own misery; and this your teacher knows. But if you feel for us so much to wish to know the first roots of our love, then I will do as one who weeps and speaks. We read one day for our delight of Lancelot, when love caught hold of him. We were alone, and unsuspecting. And several times our reading made our eyes to meet, and turned our faces pale; but one page only conquered us. For when we read about that smile so much desired, and kissed by such a lover, this man, who never shall be torn apart from me, all trembling kissed my lips. A pandar was the book, and he who wrote it. That day we read no more.' While the one spirit spoke these words, the other wept, so that I swooned with pity just as one who dies. I fell as a dead body falls.

J. H. Whitfield (1949)

' . . . My native plain
On ocean's margin lies, where Po descends
And bears his various tributes to the main.
Love, who the true and tender heart befriends,
My kinsman fir'd; enamour'd he became
Of that fair person which a traitor's steel
Basely assail'd to his eternal shame.
Love, never slow to make the lov'd one feel,
Awaken'd in my heart so strong a flame
That even here thou dost perceive it glow.
By the same hand Love doom'd us both to bleed,
And dread Caïna will reward the blow!'
Soon as her lips reveal'd the fiend-like deed
Speechless I stood, mine eyes so fix'd below,
My leader grew alarm'd. 'Why droops thy head?'
'Alas, my friend, how these poor souls have burn'd -
What ardent passion urg'd them to their fate!'
Then to the hapless couple I return'd:
'Thy tale, Francesca, makes one desolate.
But prithee tell me, when your hearts first yearn'd,
How love reveal'd the secret of your state!'
She answer'd thus: 'No greater pang there is
Than to remember days of happiness
When we are plung'd in misery's abyss,
A truth thy master did so well express.
But since the secret of our transient bliss
Thou seek'st to fathom with such earnestness,
I will divulge it, tho' I weep the while
Like a poor wretch by his own accents mov'd.
One day, the tedious moments to beguile,
We read of Lancelot and her he lov'd:
We were alone, conceiving nothing vile.
Whilst we perus'd, a mutual wish we prov'd
To read each other's eyes; we blush'd and sigh'd,
One single incident subdued us quite;
'Twas where the longing Lancelot applied
His lips to hers - O moment of delight!
Then he, who ever faithful liv'd and died,
Kiss'd me with rapture - need I more recite?
The tale was Galeott call'd, the author's name.
That day we read no more.' - She ceas'd, and he,
Her soul's adored, so desperate became,
And waken'd in my breast such sympathy,
As a dead body falls supine I fell.

Bruce Whyte (1859)

Escap'd from Circé, who a long, long year
Enthrall'd me near Caieta by her arts,
(Ere yet Aeneas gave the mount its name,)
I, like a pilgrim, roam'd to foreign parts,
A passion which invincible became.
Nor sire, nor son, nor she, my heart of hearts,
The chaste Penelope could quench the flame.
In a poor bark I sail'd in company
Of a few chosen men - a slender crew;
But not a man did e'er abandon mxe.
By turns Morocco open'd to our view,
Spain, and the islands in the middle sea.
Aged we were, and worn with toil we grew,
When we had reach'd the straits where Hercules
Two mighty columns with his name impress'd,
That future mariners beholding these
Might stay their course. Proceeding to the west,
Braving the perils of forbidden seas,
My crew with confidence I thus address'd:
'Brothers in arms! who, like myself, have braved
Unnumber'd perils, we at length attain
A region by the western ocean lav'd.
Let not the few brief years may yet remain
Of life, by fav'ring gods from bondage sav'd,
Pass ere a perfect knowledge we obtain
Of lands beyond the sun - a solitude!
Remember Greece, and what to her is due.
You were not born like beasts to be enmew'd,
But by far travels, and long vigils too,
Gain information for the public good!'
This brief address so fir'd my company,
That had I wish'd their ardour to subdue
I had essay'd in vain. Right merrily
Wings of our oars we made, by Fate impell'd
To seek our ruin in this unknown sea.
Still to the left our frantic course we held,
Till stars antarctic crown'd the queen of night
And the north pole seem'd more and more repell'd.
Five times she had withdrawn her silver light,
Five times renew'd it, when a mountain high
Loom'd at a distance on our ravish'd sight;
So vast a mountain never met mine eye.
We cheer'd, but soon had reason to repent:
A whirlwind from its peak impetuous blew,
And whirling round the prow, together sent
To ocean's lowest bed the bark and crew!'

Bruce Whyte (1859)

Brother, the quality of love stilleth our will,
and maketh us long only for what we have,
and giveth us no other thirst.
Did we desire to be more aloft, our longings
were discordant from his will who here
assorteth us,
and for that, thou wilt see, there is no room
within these circles, if of necessity we have
our being here in love, and if thou think again
what is love's nature.
Nay, 'tis the essence of this blessed being to
hold ourselves within the divine will, whereby
our own wills are themselves made one.
So that our being thus, from threshold unto
threshold throughout the realm,is a joy to all
the realm as to the king, who draweth our
wills to what he willeth;
and his will is our peace; it is that sea to
which all moves that it createth and that
nature maketh.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin mother, daughter of thy son, lowly and
uplifted more that any creature, fixed goal of
the eternal counsel,
thou art she who didst human nature so ennoble
that its own Maker scorned not to become
its making.
In thy womb was lit again the love under whose
warmth in the eternal peace this flower hath
thus unfolded.
Here art thou unto us the meridian torch of
love, and there below with mortals art a
living spring of hope.
Lady, thou art so great and hast such worth,
that if there be who would have grace yet
betaketh not himself to thee, his longing
seeketh to fly without wings.
Thy kindliness not only succoureth whoso re-
questeth, but doth oftentimes freely forerun
request.
In thee is tenderness, in thee is pity, in thee
munificence, in thee united whatever in created
being is of excellence.

Philip Henry Wicksteed (1899)

'Escaped from Circe, who a year and more
Near to Gaeta had my steps delayed,
Before AEneas thus had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence paid
To my old father, nor the love, her due,
Which joyful should Penelope have made,
Could quell the ardour which within me grew,
And bade experienced in the world to be,
In human vices and in virtues too:
But I set forth on the deep open sea
Lone with one bark and that attendant train,
Small as it was, which ne'er deserted me.
This coast and that I saw as far as Spain,
Ev'n to Morocco, and Sardinia's isle,
And others bathed by the surrounding main.
Old and exhausted when the strait defile
We reached, where Hercules his bounds had plann'd,
That nought to further passage should beguile
Mankind, both I and comrades of my band:
Seville upon the right I left recess'd,
Ceuta already on the other hand.
"Oh brothers," I began, "who to the West
Are come, through hundred thousand perils hurl'd
Of this so scanty vigil still possest
Of mortal senses which remains unfurl'd,
Will not the new experience to deny,
Behind the sun, of the unpeopled world.
Consider well your origin, and try:
Ye were not formed the life of brutes to lead,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high."
My comrades on the voyage to proceed
With such keen longing this short speech had torn
Scarce had I afterwards restrained their speed.
And turning still our poop towards the morn,
A wing for our mad flight we made each oar,
To the left side our course for ever borne.
Night of the other pole did well explore
Each several star, and ours so low was placed
It could not rise from out the ocean floor.
Five times rekindled and as oft effaced
Beneath the moon had been its glowing spark,
After we entered the deep watery waste,
When there appeared to us a mountain dark
Through distance, and it seemed to me in height
Such that its equal never did I mark.
We joyed at this, but grief soon quenched delight;
For from the new-found land a whirlwind surged,
The vessel in its foremost part to smite.
Three times to whirl with all its waves it urged,
And on the fourth, Another so disposed,
The poop rose upward and the prow submerged,
Until above our heads the billows closed.'

Edward Wilberforce (1909)

Already had the Sun the horizon gained,
Which its meridian circle bids o'erlay
Jerusalem, the highest point attained:
And night, which circles in opposing way,
From Ganges with those scales forth issuing drew
Dropp'd from her hands when she exceeds the day;
So that the cheeks of white and rosy hue,
Where I was standing, of Aurora fair
From too great age an orange colour grew.
Still by the margin of the deep we were,
Like those who muse upon their journey, led
Onward in thought, the body lingering there:
And lo, through the thick vapours fiery red
As Mars at the approach of morning glows
Down in the West above the ocean bed,
Such seemed,--oh once again that sight disclose!
So swiftly coming o'er the sea, a light,
That no wing'd flight to match its motion knows.
Whence when a little I withdrew my sight
That to my Guide I might a question frame,
Again I saw it larger grown, more bright.
Next something white, I know not how to name,
Showed on each side of it, and 'neath to swell
Little by little other something came.
My Master spake as yet no syllable,
Till wings the first white things were seen to be;
Then when he recognised the pilot well,
He cried: 'See, see in awe thou bend the knee:
Of God behold the Angel: fold thy hands:
Henceforth 'tis thine such ministers to see.
Lo, human instruments with scorn he brands;
So that he needs not oar, nor other sail
Save his own wings, between such distant strands.
Lo, how he makes them turned tow'rd Heaven prevail,
The air by those eternal pennons stirr'd
Which ne'er, like mortal plumage, change or fail.'
Then nearer and more near us as the bird
Divine approached, more lustrous did he rank,
So was the eye from closer gaze deterred:
I bent it downward; and he reached the bank
With an exceeding swift and lightsome sloop,
So as no whit of it the water drank.
Stood the celestial pilot on the poop,
Such that the mere description made him blest;
Seated within some hundred spirits group;
All with one voice '<u>in exitu</u>' expressed
'<u>Israel de Egypto</u>', and essayed
In singing of that psalm what forms the rest.
Then signed the holy cross, and on them laid--
Whereat they cast them all upon the shore,--
Swift as his coming was his parting made.

Edward Wilberforce (1909)

But tell me: ye whom here such bliss attends,
Do ye indeed a higher place desire
For fuller vision, or to make more friends?
She first smiled slightly with those saints in choir;
Thereafter with such gladness she replied
She seemed as glowing in love's primal fire:
'Brother, our will to quiet well is tried
Virtue of charity, which sets our mind
On what we have, to thirst for nought beside.
If we desired to greater heights to wind,
Discordant then would our desires have jarred
Against His will, who here our place assigned;
That from these circles thou wilt see debarred,
If here to be in charity we need,
And if its nature thou dost well regard.
Nay rather 'tis for this blest life decreed
Within the Will Divine to keep us still,
Wherefore our very wills one only feed.
So that our presence here from sill to sill
Throughout this realm serves all the realm to please,
Ev'n as the King who wills us to His will.
And 'tis His will that is our peace: the sea's
Expanse is that, moved whither to repair,
What it creates, or Nature makes, agrees.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

Virgin and mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humbler than creature and of higher grade,
Fixed term by the eternal counsel won,
Thou'rt she who human nature by thine aid
Hast so ennobled that its Maker's power
Disdained not His own making to be made.
Rekindled in thy womb was in that hour
The love whose warmth to germinate and blow
Caused thus in the eternal peace this flower.
Here a meridian torch of love thy glow
Inflames us, and thou art a living spring
Of hope amongst the mortals down below.
Lady, thou art so great, so quickening,
That he who longs for grace nor turns to thee
Wills his desire should fly without a wing.
Nor only succours thy benignity
Him who requests, but oftentimes the prayer
Anticipates with bounty large and free.
Mercy in thee, in thee is pity's care,
In thee munificence, thou dost unite
Whate'er of goodness can the creature share.

Edward Wilberforce (1909)

When I escaped the lures of Circi, who
beyond a year enthralled me near Gaëta's rock,
ere from Eneas' nurse it took that name,
nor fondness for my son, nor reverence for
my aged sire, nor the just debt of love
that should Penelopè have cheered,
could quench in me the ardour I
had to become expert in world lore,
and prove the vices and the virtues of mankind.
I ventured on the deep and open sea
with but a single bark, and with the few
companions who untiring love had shown.
Each shore, far as the Spanish main
and Moorish strand, I saw; Sardinia too,
and all the isles our ocean bathes.
Aged and slow my crew and I had grown,
when we attained the narrow strait,
where Hercules his warning columns placed,
that men might dread the unknown depths beyond.
When on the right I'd past Seville,
and on the left had Ceuta seen,
I thus began: 'O brothers, who
the Western Gate have through a myriad perils won,
unto the poor brief vigil left
your senses now
deny not the experience of
the yet unpeopled plains behind the sun.
Recall your origin and name:
Ye were not made to live like brutes;
but virtue, and all knowledge to pursue.'
Through these few words, such keen desire
spurred my companion's zeal, that I
from that rash voyage had held them back in vain.
So tow'rds the dawn we veered the poop again;
and for our flight we of our oars made wings
then on to evening sped, but with a leftward bend.
Already night the other pole with its
attendant stars displayed, while ours had sunk
below the ocean's nothern marge;
and five times had relumed, and quenched as oft,
the moon her earthward side,
since first we ventured on the arduous way,
when, lo, a Mountain, in the distance dim,
which seemed to me the loftiest
I ever had beheld.
Much joy we had, but quick succeeded dole;
for, from the land new found, a whirlwind sprang,
and struck our weather bow.
The ship and waves it three times swirled around,
and with its fourth blast raised our poop in air,
and plunged our prow, then, as the fates decreed,
we sank, and over us the wildered waters closed.

William Patrick Wilkie (revised 1866)

'Love that on gentle hearts so soon descends,
He for my gracious body felt, since then
Rapt from me, by a crime that still offends;
Love, that can make the loved one love again,
Seized too on me so strongly, that we twain,
Still faithful share this torment, side by side;
'Twas love that did for us one death obtain;
Our murderer yet shall taste Caina's tide';
Such were the words in which the lovely ghost replied.

Soon as the tones of each resentful shade
Had reached me, I cast down my face,' and low
I held it, till the poet question made:
'What ponderest thou?' 'Alas, how swift a flood
Of passion; what sweet dreams to such deep woe
Have sunk then,' said I, turning to the twain;
'Your bitter pangs, Francesca, like a blow
Have struck me,' I began, ''til I am fain
To weep for sadness sore, and pity of your pain.

'Yet say how those sweet sighs to bliss did bring,
And by what turn and in what manner love
Gave you fruition of your wavering
Desires.' And she to me - 'No pang can move
The heart in its calamity above
The pang that comes with thought of past delight;
Yes, and your master well the truth can prove.
But since you crave from me to learn aright
How our love's hidden root burst up into our sight,

'I'll be as one who tells 'mid tears that scald
His cheek; for one day in delight we read
Of Lancelot bold, whose bosom love enthralled;
Yes, and we were alone, and never dread
Of a discovery touched us; yet oft fled
The colour from our cheeks, as sometimes met
Our glances while the hours of reading sped;
But our undoing I can ne'er forget;
'Twas when the tale had told how that sweet kiss was set

'On lips that longed for it, by such a knight,
That he who ne'er from me has parted been,
Kissed me on lips that trembled with delight;
The volume and its writer were, I ween,
Our Galeotts, and our go-between, -
For in the book that day no more we read.'
Her consort with a shriek of anguish keen
Greeted her words, and all my senses fled
For pity, and to earth I fell, as falls the dead.

Epiphanius Wilson (1899)

When me from Circe forth the land-breeze drove
(At Gaëta me more than a year she claimed,
Port through Aeneas' grateful memory named),
Nor fondness for my son, nor filial love
For mine old father, nor affection due
To my Penelope left, of wives most true,
Could quell the burning zeal I felt in me
To know more of the world, to sally forth
And study men, their weaknesses, their worth.
With but one ship I ventured on the sea,
The deep, wide waste, and with those followers few
Who yet desired my fortunes to pursue.
Both shores as far as Spain beheld us guests,
Far as Morocco's and Sardinia's coasts,
And isles besides that inland ocean boasts.
Tardy and old, at last, 'neath various tests,
The narrow pass we gained where Hercules placed
His warning landmarks which the adventurous faced,
That outward further might no pennon wave.
Seville upon the right was passed; the left
Already us of Ceuta had bereft.
'Ye, through a hundred thousand dangers brave,
Brethren,' I said, 'have safely reached the West,
And now apply that vigil brief the rest
Of your prolonged existence is, to learn
The unpeopled world which lies behind the Sun!
Consider whence your origin great is won!
'The noble blood that in your veins doth burn!
Ye were not born to live like brutish beasts!
Virtue and knowledge hail you to their feasts!'
This brief speech ended all demur was gone,
Indeed so eager for the voyage wide
My men became, they could not be denied.
And then our stern we turned towards the dawn,
And to the foolish flight gave wing each oar;
Towards the left we always somewhat bore.
The other pole, with all its stars, rose soon;
Fell ours so low that never came its light
upon the glow that ocean spreads at night.
Five times its light had changed the rolling Moon,
Quenched, kindled, turn by turn, since on the path
We drove where dangers lurk and ruthless wrath,
When brought to us a view remote relief:
A mountain with the distance dim; its height
All others I had seen exceeded quite.
Alas! gave way our transient joy to grief!
From out the new land rose a tempest dark
And struck in its forepart our quivering bark.
Three times round all the waves it made her whirl;
The fourth time rose the stern, the prow went down,
And it Another pleased, with potent frown,
Us into ocean's ravenous jaws to hurl.

John Augustine Wilstach (1888)

Now with the Sun did that horizon glow,
  Whose circle of meridian doth o'erlie
  Jerusalem's towers, where is its arc most high,
And Night, whose sable garments opposite flow,
  Was issuing from the Ganges, with the Scales
  That hold her hands when not in length she fails;
So that the white-and-vermeil tinted cheeks
  Of beautiful Aurora, where was I,
  With age were orange-tinting all the sky.
Like one who, in his thoughts, a journey seeks,
  But who remains, his heart alone abroad,
  So we, as yet, that lonely sea-shore trod;
And lo! as on the approach of morning, when
  Through the gross vapor shines Mars' fiery vest,
  Upon the ocean's floor, down in the West,
To me appeared--may I it see again!--
  A light along the sea, which came with speed
  That doth all flight of mortal wings exceed;
From which while turned I my good Guide to see,
  That might my mind be from its doubts released,
  In size and brightness saw I it increased.
Then on each side of it appeared to me
  I knew not what of white, and then, below,
  Another shape began, at last, to glow.
Had uttered not a word that much-loved Guide
  When wings rose out of that first splendor white,
  But when, at length, he knew the pilot bright,
'Haste, haste, to bow the reverent knee,' he cried,
  'Behold God's Angel! Fold thy hands! Henceforth
  Officials thou shalt see thus high in worth!
See how he scorneth human arguments wise,
  So that nor oar he needs, nor sail beside
  His trusty wings, on so wide-spread a tide!
See how he holds them pointed to the skies,
  Fanning with his eternal plumes the air,
  Plumes that nor moult nor change like mortal hair!'
Then as towards us nearer, nearer, bore
  The Bird Divine, more radiant did he seem,
  So that, near by, the eye quailed 'neath the gleam,
As mine did; and thus, onward to the shore
  A vessel small he brought, so light and swift
  Its motion seemed it from the waves to lift.
Stood on the stern that radiant form, and O,
  Beatitude's lines seemed written in his face;
  Within more than a hundred souls had place.
'<u>In exitu Israel de Aegypto</u>,'
  In song thus rose their chanting voices calm,
  Which then took up what follows in that Psalm.
Then on them sign of holy cross he made,
  Whereat all cast themselves upon the lea,
  And boat and pilot sped again to sea.

John Augustine Wilstach (1888)

'Ah, Brother! Charity leads us unbeguiled
By our own wishes; what we have we enjoy,
Worship, not envy, doth our minds employ.
If we should seek to rise to loftier grace,
Our aspirations would unlovingly meet
The will of Him whom here our love should greet.
Such mood, thou'lt find, in these planes hath no place,
If Heaven's a place where Charity should abide,
And if, as thou'lt confess, it masters pride.
Nay, here we would not live one moment blest,
Unless united with the will divine,
Wherewith in one our wishes should combine.
So that, as rise the several ranks of rest,
Plane following plane, the realm with pleasure fills
King, subjects, all, and his will rules our wills,
And is our peace; this is the embracing mere
To which moves onward constantly whatsoe'er
It doth create and place in nature's care.'

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

'O VIRGIN Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Lowliest and loftiest of the race of man,
The end determined of the eternal plan,
'T is thou that hast for human nature won
Nobility such that its Creator deigned
To make Himself its creature so restrained.
Within thy womb rekindled, shone the love
By warmth whereof, in peace eternal sown,
This flower hath thus to such wide affluence blown.
'A noon-day torch thou art to us above,
Which Charity flames; below, for mortals' cure,
Thou art of Hope a living fountain pure.
Lady, so great art thou in power divine
That he who, seeking grace, thine aid foregoes,
From wings in flying no advantage knows.
Not only doth give aid benignity thine
To him who speaks, but oft it doth forerun
The prayer, and that we sought's already done.
'In thee compassion sweet, and mercy mild,
And large munificence, are; combined in thee
We excellence each of every creature see.'

John Augustine Wilstach (1888)

Paradiso III. 70-87 Wordsworth

Brother, the love wherein our hearts abide
Calms and contents them so that we embrace
The joy we have and seek for naught beside.
If we desired aught higher of his grace
Then would our wishes struggle and rebel
Against his will who set us in this place,
And in our world such discord cannot dwell
If it be necessary here to rest
In love, and if thou mark its nature well.
Nay, 'tis essential to a life so blessed
Within his law divine to keep us still
That makes our hearts one spirit manifest.
So to the order of the spheres we fill
Throughout this kingdom all our minds consent,
One with that King's who draws us to his will.
His will is all our peace and our content;
It is that ocean whereto all things move
Made by his power or power to Nature lent.

Paradiso XXXIII. 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son
Of all creation lowliest and most high,
In whom its end the eternal Purpose won.
Our human nature thou didst glorify
So greatly that its Maker did not scorn
To be incarnate in humanity.
Within thy womb that love again was born
Whose quickening ardour bade so fair a rose
The garden of eternal peace adorn.
Here art thou a meridian flame that glows
And fires with love, and there below a spring
Whence hope among mankind for ever flows.
Such power hast thou with heaven's Almighty King
That whoso, seeking grace, comes not to thee
Would mount to his desire without a wing.
Not only they who ask thy bounty see,
But oft-times with large-heartedness divine
It comes before the asking full and free.
Mercy and magnanimity are thine,
Thine every grace, thine every virtue is,
All good that in created things may shine.

John Craufurd Wordsworth (1929)

Now on the horizon lay the sun, whose midday circle lies o'er Salem at its highest point, and night, that ever doth to him contrary spin, came forth from Ganges with the Scales, that from her hand do fall, when she outwaxeth him. And fair Aurora's white and ruddy cheeks by stress of time grew orange, where I stood. Still nigh the seashore were we, like to folk who pondering on their road with heart do go, with feet do stay withal. Lo, as at touch of dawn through the thick mists Mars flameth red, low in the West above the ocean floor, e'en such a light appeared,-- O that I it may see again!--coming so swiftly o'er the sea, no flight could equal it. Awhile I turned mine eyes therefrom, to ask my Guide, and lo, I saw it brighter grown and larger; then each side of it a wondrous whiteness shone, and from beneath another whiteness issued forth, little by little. Still no word my Master spake, until the whiteness, we saw first, appeared as wings: then he, knowing the Pilot, cried: 'Bend, bend thy knees; he is God's angel; fold thy hands; henceforward shalt thou see like messengers. See how he scorns all instruments of men; nor oar nor other sail than wings, he needs twixt shores so far apart. See how he bears them heavenward turned, beating the air with everlasting plumes, which moult not as the hair of mortals moults.' Then nearer and yet nearer came the bird of God and brighter shone, that down I bent my eyes, that could not bear him nigh. Then came he to the shore with bark so swift and light, no wise the water sucked it in. Stood on the poop the heavenly pilot, such that blessedness seemed writ on him, and souls a thousand more did sit within. 'In exitu Israel de Aegypto' sang they with one voice atune, with what thereafter of that psalm is writ. Then made he the sign of holy Cross, and straight they flung them out upon the shore and quickly as he came, he went away.

C. Gordon Wright (1905)

On leaving Circe, who detained me more
Than twelve full months, Gaieta's headland near,
Ere yet AEneas thus had named the shore; -
Nor fondness for my son, nor care for thee,
My aged Sire, nor love's requital dear,
That should have cheered thy heart, Penelope,
Could in my mind the strong desire arrest
To learn experience in the affairs of man; -
What virtues, and what vices rule his breast.
Over the wide unfathomable main,
In one lone bark, my course I dauntless ran,
With the few faithful friends that formed my train.
As far as Spain I either coast descried,
Far as Morocco and Sardinia's shore,
And other isles washed by that circling tide.
My friends and I were worn, and full of days,
When we that strait arrived at, where of yore
Did Hercules his warning pillars raise,
Lest man to pass the boundary presume.
Seville was left behind us on our right;
On the other hand was Ceuta lost in gloom.
'Comrades,' I said, 'who now have reached the west,
And won your way through perils infinite, -
Short is the space ere all will be at rest;
Let each then rouse his drooping energies
That land without inhabitants to find -
Behind the Sun, which still more westward lies.
Bear your illustrious origin in view;
For not to live like brutes were ye designed,
But knowledge high and virtue to pursue!'
This brief oration, to my comrades made,
Availed so much their ardour to excite,
It could not afterwards have been allayed.
The poop now turning towards the morning sun,
We plied our oars to wing our foolish flight;
And on the left hand still our sea-way won.
The stars that o'er the other pole are spread
That night I saw, while ours was so deprest,
It rose not higher than the ocean's bed.
Five times the moon had shone in brightest ray,
As oft was robbed of her transparent vest,
Since first we entered on our ardous way -
Whem, dim in distance, reared its brow on high
A mountain - which, now bursting on our view,
Appeared the loftiest that e'er met mine eye.
Great was our joy - a joy soon turned to woe -
For rushing from that land unknown and new,
A whirlwind sprang, and with repeated blow
Thrice drove the vessel and the waters round;
The poop ascended as the fourth wave rose;
The prow lay buried in the depth profound;
And o'er our heads Heaven doomed the waves to close.

Ichabod Charles Wright (final revision, 1854)

Now that horizon had the sun attained,
By the high point of whose meridian clear,
Jerusalem with golded light is stained:
And circling opposite to him, the night,
Forth issuing from the Ganges, doth uprear
The scales, which fall when she has reached her height:
So that Aurora's cheek, where then I stood,
Began through age an orange tint to wear -
With white and vermeil colours late imbued.
By ocean's shore we still prolonged our stay,
Like men, who, thinking of a journey near,
Advance in thought, while yet their limbs delay:
When lo! like Mars, in aspect fiery red,
Seen through the vapours when the morn is nigh,
Far in the west above the briny bed; -
So (might I once more view it!) o'er the sea
A light approached with such rapidity -
Flies not the bird that may its equal be.
Now for a moment I had turned mine eyes
To Virgil, when, on looking back, more bright
It seemed again, and of an ampler size.
Then from afar appeared on either side
An object indistinct, all dazzling white;
And gradually another I descried.
My master spoke not, till the forms of light
First seen, were known for wings, now fully spread:
But when the Pilot was revealed to sight,
'Bend, bend thee humbly down upon thy knee;
Behold God's Angel; clasp thy hands,' he said;
'Henceforth prepare such ministers to see.
See how He spurneth human means - nor oars,
Nor other sail except his wings assumes,
To speed his way between such distant shores.
See how he raises them, to heaven directed,
Fanning the air with those eternal plumes,
Not, like to mortal coil, by change affected.'
Nearer and nearer still, as onward drew
The Messenger divine, he seemed more bright,
So that mine eye could not endure the view,
But fell to earth abased: - he to the shore
Came with a little skiff, so swift and light,
The wave it touched not, as it bounded o'er.
Upon the poop the heavenly pilot stood,
With stamp of 'Blessedness' irradiate:
More than a hundred souls within I viewed.
'What time came forth from Egypt Israel's train,'
Harmoniously they chaunted as they sate,
Nor ceased till they had closed that solemn strain.
Sign of the holy cross he made them: - they
Instant alighted all upon the strand;
And he as speedily retraced his way.

Ichabod Charles Wright (final revision, 1854)

O brother, Charity so calms our will, -
We know not what it is to thirst for more
And full contentment every heart doth fill.
To loftier region did we wish to rise,
Our wishes would with His discordant be,
Who for our portion gives these lower skies: -
Which may not be, if thou consider well
The real nature of the charity
Wherein 'tis here our destiny to dwell.
For 'tis essential to this state of bliss
To keep our wills within the Will divine,
That ours may be identified with His:
And hence, though divers are the seats we fill,
All are content as is the King benign,
Who moulds our hearts according to His will.
Our peace is in His will - that ocean vast,
Whither all creatures tend - both those that He
Creates, and those by plastic nature cast.

Paradiso XXXIII, 1-21

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son!
Humblest, yet most exalted of our race,
Forecast of counsel in the Eternal One, -
Man's nature thou didst raise to such high station,
That his Creator thought it no disgrace
To vail His glory in His own creation.
Within thy womb renewed its ancient power
That love, beneath whose vivifying glow
Put forth its buds in peace this blessed Flower.
Here unto us a mid-day torch thou art
Of Charity; and unto men below
The living streams of Hope thou dost impart.
Lady, to thee such worth and power are given,
That whoso grave desires, and asks not thee,
Desires to fly, without a wing, to heaven.
Thy kindness succoureth not him alone
Who asks thy aid; but oft spontaneously
Runs in advance, and is, unasked for, shown.
In thee dwells Mercy - Pity dwells in thee -
In thee Munificence - in thee abounds
Whate'er of Goodness may in creature be.

Ichabod Charles Wright (final revision, 1854)

When I turned
Aside from Circe's later lure, and left
The mount that AEneas named, my heart forgot
My aged father, I regarded not
My fondness for my child, my wife bereft
Of her due rights of love, but through my heart
Again the unconquerable ardour burned
To search experience of the world, anew
The vice and valour of mankind to view,
And seek the events of lonely lands apart
From known adventures of my race. I chose
One ship, and with a little band of those
With heart to follow, steered for open sea,
And left behind the morning.
Either shore,
Spain and Morocco saw we, and between
Sardinia and the isles. At length was seen
That narrow passage of the meeting seas,
Whereat the warning stands of Hercules
That no man dare to pass it. Old were we,
Myself and my companions, old and slow,
When Ceuta lay behind us, and Seville
Was fading on the right, and westward still
We pointed.
'Brothers,' to the rest I said,
'O brothers, following where my star hath led,
That not a thousand shapes of pain could dread
From this so great adventure. Hear me now.
Deny not that we add to all our gains,
While the brief vigil-hour of life remains,
Experience of the unpeopled world that lies
Behind the lights of sunset. Think ye now,
We are not fashioned as the brute that dies,
But born for virtue and exploit.'
Thereat
Such ardour waked that had I sought to stay
I scarce had ruled them. Still the moving poop
Looked back, and left the dawn. A southward loop
We sailed, still bending to the left, the while
We laboured weakly at the oars, and mile
To foolish mile entended, till we moved
Beneath strange stars in unacquainted skies.

Five times the bright bowl of the moon had filled,
Five times through heaven its silver light had spilled,
When as we toiled that silent waste of way,
A mountain, drear and vast, in distance lay,
A mountain of such height and magnitude
As all my wandering life I had not viewed:
But short was our rejoicing. From the land
A tempest smote us. Thrice the beaten prow
Whirled round with all its waters: either hand
The rising waves assailed our decks, and now
The bows tossed upwards, now the poop, for He
At last had spoken. Overwhelmed were we;
And closed again the solitary sea.

Sydney Fowler Wright (1928)

The sun which darkened on Jerusalem
Was dawning here, while night from Ganges came,
Bearing the equal scales she casts away
When, in the late year, she outlasts the day,
Now from the fair Aurora's cheeks had fled
The youthful evidence of white and red,
Their beauty conquered, while we gazed at them
By age's mellower sign of tawny flame.

Still by the bare seashore we stayed, as they
Who travel in their thoughts, before the way
Their feet attempt, till, as the warrior star
Goes redly in the west above the sea,
When vapours thicken, so I watched afar
(God grant me yet once more that sight to see!)
A light so swiftly move, no earthly flight
Could equal. Once my Guide a glance I gave,
And looked back instant, but a larger light
Confronted. On each side a shape of white
Was forming, and emerging from below
A third shone later. Naught my guide would show,
Until the Angel's lifted wings were clear,
Then cried he to me: 'Bend thy knees, and praise!
The Angel of the Eternal God is here.
For thou dost enter to the loftier sphere
Where of such kind He makes His ministers.
Behold how he rejects of sail or oar
The aid to use, but from the distant shore
With over-youthful plumes he cleaves the air,
That do not moult, nor age as mortal hair.'

Thereat I bent, and looked again, and found
That my reluctant eyes desired the ground,
And shrank that glory. But the Angel neared:
Beneath his feet a flying boat, that cleared
The waves so lightly that it scarce displaced
A ripple on the shining path it traced.
Upon the poop he stood, His wings divine
Impelled its passage, and his looks benign
Were on a hundred souls that there I knew,
As with one voice they sang: '<u>In exitu Israel de Aegypto.</u>' With the sign
Most holy, each he blessed, as each ashore
Stept from the boat; and backward course he bore,
Another load to find.

Sydney Fowler Wright (1954)

Brother, the quality of our Love doth still
The impulse of rebellion; all our will
Being God's only. Here we rest content.
What God hath in His perfect counsel meant
In our assorting is our certain good.
Incapable of a different thirst are we,
And, that you may the clear occasion see,
Consider that Love rules omnipotent
From threshold unto threshold, from this low
Soon-circling moon, that for our home we know,
To the vast Ultimate Heaven. And think again.
What is Love's nature? Love itself were vain
If envy could corrupt it. Love must be
Surrender by its own necessity
Unto the God from whom itself derives.
No more desire in emulation strives,
But all our joy is in this will supreme;
And thence is His joy also, that our wills
Find peace in His - the universal sea
Which to Itself all that Itself creates,
And all that Nature thence originates,
Draws in divine attraction.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Virgin and Mother, Daughter of Thy Son,
Humblest and highest of our mortal race,
In whom was Hell's dark counsel first fordone,
In whom high God took being without disgrace,
So did our nature gain in nobleness
From thine incarnate purity: through whom
Love warmed the eternal peace within thy womb
To bear the flower we now unfolded see!
All love is sphered in thee, all loveliness
In thy bright torch; and those who wait below
In thee the living spring of hope shall know.
Lady, such greatness and such worth is thine
That any who without thine aid would shine
Would wings contemn the while he seeks to fly.
Not only those who on thy grace rely
Are fenced about by thy benignity,
But oft thy succour doth the prayer precede.
In thee is pity for the human need,
In thee is tenderness to intercede,
In thee is largesse of that excellence
Which doth include all valours of soul and sense
Wherein thou art supreme of all create.

Sydney Fowler Wright (unpublished)

APPENDIX II

This Appendix contains a number of parallel passages, referred to in the relevant articles, to illustrate the work of the New England translators and their successors.

	pages
Inf. VII. 73-96: Longfellow, Norton	203
Purg. XXVII. 70-90: Longfellow, Norton, Butler	204-205
Par. XXX. 16-33: Longfellow, Norton	206
Inf. XXVII. 37-54: Longfellow, Norton, Johnson, Langdon, Sinclair	207-209
Purg. XIX. 1-24: Longfellow, Norton, Johnson, Langdon, Fletcher, Sinclair	210-212
Par. XIV. 37-60: Longfellow, Norton, Johnson, Langdon, Fletcher, Sinclair	213-215
Par. XX. 1-12: Bickersteth, Anderson, Binyon, Fletcher, Haselfoot	216-217

He whose omniscience everything transcends
  The heavens created, and gave who should guide them,
  That every part to every part may shine,
Distributing the light in equal measure;
  He in like manner to the mundane splendours
  Ordained a general ministress and guide,
That she might change at times the empty treasures
  From race to race, from one blood to another,
  Beyond resistance of all human wisdom.
Therefore one people triumphs, and another
  Languishes, in pursuance of her judgment,
  Which hidden is, as in the grass a serpent.
Your knowledge has no counterstand against her;
  She makes provision, judges, and pursues
  Her governance, as theirs the other gods.
Her permutations have not any truce;
  Necessity makes her precipitate,
  So often cometh who his turn obtains.
And this is she who is so crucified
  Even by those who ought to give her praise,
  Giving her blame amiss, and bad repute.
But she is blissful, and she hears it not;
  Among the other primal creatures gladsome
  She turns her sphere, and blissful she rejoices.

Longfellow.

He whose wisdom transcends all, made the heavens, and gave them their guides, so that every part shines on every part, distributing equally the light. In like wise for the splendors of the world, He ordained a general ministress and guide, who should from time to time transfer the vain goods from race to race, and from one blood to another, beyond the resistance of human wit. Wherefore one race rules, and another languishes, pursuant to her judgment, which is hidden like the snake in the grass. Your wisdom has no withstanding of her: she foresees, judges, and pursues her reign, as theirs the other gods. Her permutations have no truce; necessity compels her to be swift, so often comes he who obtains a turn. This is she who is so set upon the cross, even by those who ought to give her praise, giving her blame amiss and ill report. But she is blessed and hears this not: with the other Primal Creatures glad she turns her sphere, and blessed she rejoices.

Norton.

Purgatorio XXVII, 70-90

And ere in all its parts immeasurable
  The horizon of one aspect had become,
  And Night her boundless dispensation held,
Each of us of a stair had made his bed;
  Because the nature of the mount took from us
  The power of climbing, more than the delight.
Even as in ruminating passive grow
  The goats, who have been swift and venturesome
  Upon the mountain-tops ere they were fed,
Hushed in the shadow, while the sun is hot,
  Watched by the herdsman, who upon his staff
  Is leaning, and in leaning tendeth them;
And as the shepherd, lodging out of doors,
  Passes the night beside his quiet flock,
  Watching that no wild beast may scatter it,
Such at that hour were we, all three of us,
  I like the goat, and like the herdsmen they,
  Begirt on this side and on that by rocks.
Little could there be seen of things without;
  But through that little I beheld the stars
  More luminous and larger than their wont.

Longfellow

And before the horizon in all its immeasurable regions had become of one aspect, and night had all her dispensations, each of us made his bed of a stair; for the nature of the mountain took from us the power, more than the delight, of ascending. As goats, that have been swift and wanton on the peaks ere they were fed, become tranquil while they ruminate, hushed in the shade so long as the sun is hot, watched by the shepherd, who on his staff is leaning and, leaning, tends them; and as the herdsman, who lodges out of doors, passes the night beside his quiet flock, watching that the wild beast may not scatter it: such were we all three then, I like a goat, and they like shepherds, hemmed in on this side and on that by the high rock. Little of the outside could there be seen, but in that little I saw the stars both brighter and larger than their wont.

Norton.

And before that in all its unmeasured parts the
horizon was become of one aspect, and Night had
her full distribution, each of us made of a stair
a bed: for the nature of the mount broke up in
us rather the power of ascending than the delight.
As the goats ruminating become quiet, who have
been swift and wanton on the peaks before that
they were fed, silent in the shade while that the
Sun is hot, watched by the herdsman, who upon his
staff has propped himself, and propped tends them;
and as the shepherd, who lodges out of doors,
passes the night in quiet beside his flock, watching
that wild beast scatter it not; such were we all
three then, I as the goat and they as shepherds,
bound on this side and on that by a high rock.
Little could there appear of the outside; but through
that little I beheld the stars, both clearer and
larger than their wont.

Butler.

If what has hitherto been said of her
  Were all concluded in a single praise,
  Scant would it be to serve the present turn.
Not only does the beauty I beheld
  Transcend ourselves, but truly I believe
  Its Maker only may enjoy it all.
Vanquished do I confess me by this passage
  More than by problem of his theme was ever
  O'ercome the comic or the tragic poet;
For as the sun the sight that trembles most,
  Even so the memory of that sweet smile
  My mind depriveth of its very self.
From the first day that I beheld her face
  In this life, to the moment of this look,
  The sequence of my song has ne'er been severed;
But now perforce this sequence must desist
  From following her beauty with my verse,
  As every artist at his uttermost.

Longfellow.

If what has been said of her so far as here were all included in a single praise, it would be little to furnish forth this turn. The beauty which I saw transcends measure not only beyond our reach, but surely I believe that its Maker alone can enjoy it all. By this pass I concede myself vanquished more than ever comic or tragic poet was overcome by crisis of his theme. For as the sun does to the sight which trembles most, even so remembrance of the sweet smile deprives my memory of its very self. From the first day when in this life I saw her face, until this sight, the following with my song has not been cut off for me, but now needs must my pursuit desist from further following her beauty in my verse, as at his utmost every artist.

Norton.

Inferno XXVII, 37-54

Romagna thine is not and never has been
  Without war in the bosom of its tyrants;
  But open war I none have left there now.
Ravenna stands as it long years has stood;
  The Eagle of Polenta there is brooding,
  So that she covers Cervia with her vans.
The city which once made the long resistance,
  And of the French a sanguinary heap,
  Beneath the Green Paws finds itself again;
Verrucchio's ancient Mastiff and the new,
  Who made such bad disposal of Montagna,
  Where they are wont make wimbles of their teeth.
The cities of Lamone and Santerno
  Governs the Lioncel of the white lair,
  Who changes sides 'twixt summer-time and winter;
And that of which the Savio bathes the flank,
  Even as it lies between the plain and mountain,
  Lives between tyranny and a free state.

Longfellow.

Thy Romagna is not, and never was, without war in the hearts of her tyrants, but no open war have I left there now. Ravenna is as it has been for many years; the eagle of Polenta is brooding there, so that he covers Cervia with his wings. The city that made some while ago the long struggle, and of the French a bloody heap, finds itself again beneath the green paws. And the old mastiff and the new of Verrucchio, who made the ill disposal of Montagna, make an auger of their teeth there where they are wont. The young lion of the white lair, who changes side from summer to winter, rules the cities of Lamone and of Santerno. And she whose flank the Savio bathes lives between tyranny and a free state, even as she sits between the plain and the mountain.

Norton.

Thy land Romagna is not and was never
  Without war in her tyrants' hearts, but none
  Waged openly did I leave lately there.
Ravenna stands, as it has stood long years,
  The eagle of Polenta brooding there,
  So that he covers Cervia with his wings.
The city that the long-drawn struggle made
  Erewhile, and of the French a bloody heap,
  Beneath the green paws finds itself again.
Verrucchio's former mastiff and the new,
  Who gave ill treatment to Montagna, make
  An auger of their teeth, where they are wont.
The cities of Lamone and Santerno
  Are guided by the white lair's lion cub,
  Ere summer yield to winter changing side;
And she whose flank the Savio bathes, as she
  Is lying 'twixt the mountain and the plain,
  Lives between tyranny and free estate.

Johnson.

Thy Romagna is not at present, and she never was,
devoid of war within her tyrants' hearts;
but I left none apparent there just now.
Ravenna is, as she for many years
has been; Polenta's eagle sò broods there,
that Cervia it o'ercovers with its wings.
The town which made the long resistance once,
and of the French a sanguinary heap,
beneath the green paws finds itself again.
Verrucchio's former Mastif and the new,
who foully with Montagna dealt, there make,
where they are wont, a gimlet of their teeth.
The cities of Lamone and Santerno
the little lion of the white lair rules,
who changes sides from summer-time to winter;
and that whose flank is by the Savio bathed,
lives, as it sits twixt plain and mount,
a free state half, and half a tyranny.

Langdon.

Thy Romagna is not, nor ever was, without war in the hearts of her tyrants, but openly I left none there now. Ravenna stands as it has done for many a year; the Eagle of Polenta broods over it and covers Cervia with its pinions. The city which once bore long siege and made of the French a bloody heap finds itself again under the Green Claws. Both the Old and the Young Mastiff of Verrucchio who made ill disposal of Montagna drive their fangs where they are wont. The cities on the Lamone and on the Santerno the Young Lion in the White Lair controls, changing party from summer to winter; and the other whose flank the Savio bathes, as it lies between plain and mountain spends its life between tyranny and freedom.

Sinclair.

Purgatorio XIX, 1-24

It was the hour when the diurnal heat
  No more can warm the coldness of the moon,
  Vanquished by earth, or peradventure Saturn,
When geomancers their Fortuna Major
  See in the orient before the dawn
  Rise by a path that long remains not dim,
There came to me in dreams a stammering woman,
  Squint in her eyes, and in her feet distorted,
  With hands dissevered, and of sallow hue.
I looked at her; and as the sun restores
  The frigid members, which the night benumbs,
  Even thus my gaze did render voluble
Her tongue, and made her all erect thereafter
  In little while, and the lost countenance
  As love desires it so in her did colour.
When in this wise she had her speech unloosed,
  She 'gan to sing so, that with difficulty
  Could I have turned my thoughts away from her.
'I am,' she sang, 'I am the Siren sweet
  Who mariners amid the main unman
  So full am I of pleasantness to hear.
I drew Ulysses from his wandering way
  Unto my song, and he who dwells with me
  Seldom departs, so wholly I content him.'

Longfellow.

At the hour when the heat of day, vanquished by the Earth or sometimes by Saturn, can no longer warm the coldness of the moon, - when the geomancers see in the east, before the dawn, their Greater Fortune rising along a path which short while stays dark for it, - there came to me in dream a woman, stammering, with eyes asquint, and crooked on her feet, with hands lopped off, and pallid in her color. I gazed at her; and as the sun comforts the cold limbs which the night benumbs, so did my look make her tongue nimble, and then in short while set her wholly straight, and so colored her wan face as love requires. Then, when thus she had her speech unloosed, she began to sing, so that with difficulty should I have turned my attention from her. 'I am,' she sang, 'I am the sweet Siren, who bewitch the mariners in mid sea, so full am I of pleasantness to hear. I turned Ulysses from his wandering way by my song; and whoso customs himself with me seldom departs, so wholly do I satisfy him.'

Norton.

It was the hour when, vanquished by the earth
  Or Saturn's rays betimes, the heat of day
  Can warm no more the coldness of the moon;
When geomancers see before the dawn
  Their Greater Fortune in the eastern sky
  Rise by a way that stays but briefly dusk;
I saw in dream a woman, stammering,
  With squinting eyes, and crooked on her feet,
  Her hands deformed, her features colorless.
I gazed at her, and as the sunshine brings
  Comfort to chilly limbs that night weighs down,
  So did my look make nimble then her tongue,
And thereupon in but a little time
  Made her all straight, and to her pallid face
  Did give the color love would look for there.
And as she had her power of speech thus freed,
  Then she began to sing in such a way,
  I hardly could have turned my mind from her.
'I am,' she sang, 'I am the Siren sweet,
  That in mid-sea bewitch the mariners,
  So full am I of pleasure to be heard.
I turned Ulysses from his wandering way
  With song of mine; and he who with me grows
  Familiar, rarely goes, I please him so.'

Johnson

Within the hour, when, vanquished by the earth,
or ev'n at times by Saturn, day-time's heat
can warm the coldness of the moon no longer;
when geomancers see their Greater Fortune
rise in the East ere dawn, and on a path
which doth not long stay dark for it; a Female
approached me in a dream, with stammering tongue,
with eyes asquint, and crooked on her feet,
with hands lopped off, and pallor on her face.
  I fixed my gaze on her; and as the sun
brings comfort to cold limbs which night-time chills,
ev'n so my looking at her freed her tongue,
and afterward, in but a little time,
completely straightened her, and gave that hue
to her discolored face which love desires.
  As soon as she had thus unloosed her speech,
she then began to sing in such a way,
that from her I could hardly take my gaze.
'I am' she sang, 'the lovely Siren, she
who in mid-ocean mariners bewitches;
so much I please whoever heareth me!
I turned Ulysses from his wandering course
to hear my song; and who gets used to me
seldom departs, so wholly I content him!'

Langdon.

It was the hour when all the heat of day,
  By earth o'ermastered, or by Saturn oft,
  The cold o' the moon no longer can allay, -
When ere the dawn the geomancers mark
  Their Greater Fortune rising in the east
  Along a path but little longer dark;
Nigh unto me in dream a woman drew,
  Squint-eyed and stuttering, crooked on her feet,
  With hands lopped off, and ashen in her hue.
I gazed upon her; and as the sun's rays
  Bring comfort to cold limbs, benumbed by night,
  So was her tongue made nimble by my gaze,
And all of her was straightened into grace
  In little while, and such a color came
  As love would wish for unto her wan face.
So soon as thus her utterance was freed,
  In such wise she began to sing that scarce
  Could I have been deterred from giving heed.
'I am,' she sang, 'the Siren, sweet and dear,
  Who in mid-sea unman the mariner,
  So am I full of pleasantness to hear.
I turned Ulysses from his wandering way
  With song of mine; and whoso bides with me
  Seldom departs, so glad I make his stay.'

Fletcher.

In the hour when the day's heat, overcome by the earth and sometimes by Saturn, can no longer temper the cold of the moon, when the geomancers see their Fortuna Major rise in the east before dawn by a path which does not long stay dark for it, there came to me in dream a woman, stammering, cross-eyed, and crooked on her feet, with maimed hands and of sallow hue. I gazed at her, and as the sun revives cold limbs benumbed by the night, so my look gave her a ready tongue and then in a little time made her quite erect and coloured her wan features as love desires. When she had her speech thus set free she began to sing so that it would have been hard for me to turn my mind from her. 'I am,' she sang 'I am the sweet siren who beguile the sailors in mid-sea, so great delight it is to hear me. I turned Ulysses, eager on his way, to my song, and he who dwells with me rarely departs, so wholly I content him.'

Sinclair.

Paradiso XIV, 37-60

. . . As long as the festivity
Of Paradise shall be, so long our love
Shall radiate round about us such a vesture.
Its brightness is proportioned to the ardour,
The ardour to the vision; and the vision
Equals what grace it has above its worth.
When, glorious and sanctified, our flesh
Is reassumed, then shall our persons be
More pleasing by their being all complete;
For will increase whate'er bestows on us
Of light gratuitous the Good Supreme,
Light which enables us to look on Him;
Therefore the vision must perforce increase,
Increase the ardour which from that is kindled,
Increase the radiance which from this proceeds.
But even as a coal that sends forth flame,
And by its vivid whiteness overpowers it
So that its own appearance it maintains,
Thus the effulgence that surrounds us now
Shall be o'erpowered in aspect by the flesh,
Which still to-day the earth doth cover up;
Nor can so great a splendour weary us,
For strong will be the organs of the body
To everything which hath the power to please us.

Longfellow

As long as the festival of Paradise shall be, so long will our love radiate around us such a garment. Its brightness will follow our ardor, The ardor our vision, and that is great in proportion as it receives of grace above its own worth. When the flesh, glorious and sanctified, shall be clothed on us again, our persons will be more acceptable through being all complete; wherefore whatever of gratuitous light the Supreme Good gives us will be increased, - light which enables us to see Him; so that our vision must needs increase, our ardor increase which by that is kindled, our radiance increase which comes from this. But even as a coal which gives forth flame, and by a vivid glow surpasses it, so that its own aspect is defended, thus this effulgence, which already encircles us, will be vanquished in appearance by the flesh which all this while the earth covers; nor will so great a light have power to fatigue us, for the organs of the body will be strong for everything which can delight us.

Norton

. . . As long as lasts the festival
Of Paradise, so long our love shall cast
About us such a vesture's radiance.
Its brightness shall be as our ardor is,
Our ardor as our vision, and that such
As is the grace it has above its worth.
When, glorious and sanctified, the flesh
Shall be put on again, our persons then
Will be more pleasing, being all complete;
Wherefore, whatever of gratuitous light
The Supreme Good gives us will be increased,
Light which prepares us for beholding Him;
Whence it must be the vision shall increase,
Increase the ardor which by that is kindled,
Increase the radiance which comes from this.
But even as a coal which gives a flame
That by a vivid glowing it outdoes
So that it guards its semblance, thus
Shall this effulgence, which now circles us
Be in appearance by that flesh surpassed
Which all this while the earth is covering;
Nor can so great light weary us, because
The organs of the body shall be strong
For all that which can then give us delight.

Johnson

As long as Paradise's joy shall last,
so long our love will radiate around it
a garment such as this. Its clarity
is patterned on our ardor, and our ardor
Upon our vision, and as keen is that,
as is the grace it hath above its worth.
When with our glorious and perfected flesh
we're clothed again, our persons will give greater
pleasure, because of being all complete;
wherefore, whatever freely given light
the Good Supreme may grant us, will increase -
a light permitting us to see Him; whence
our vision needs must grow; and grow the ardor
which from it is enkindled, and hence grow
the radiance, likewise, which proceeds from this.
But as a burning coal emits a flame,
and by its vivid glow surpasses it,
so that its own appearance is maintained;
so will this brightness which surrounds us now
be vanquished in appearance by the flesh,
which still is covered in the earth; nor will
so great a light avail to weary us,
because our body's organs will be strong
for whatsoe'er is able to delight us.

Langdon

. . . Long as the festival shall last
Of Paradise, so long about us love
The radiance of this raiment still shall cast.
The brightness with the ardor shall keep pace,
The ardor with the vision, and that great
Shall be as past desert it hath of grace.
When with the flesh, holy and glorious,
We shall have been reclothed, our persons then,
Being entire, will more advantage us.
Wherefore whatever of gratuitous light
The Highest Good may give us will increase, -
Light wherein we of Him are granted sight;
Increase accordingly the vision gains,
Increase the ardor which the vision kindles,
Increase the radiance which the ardor rains.
And as a coal which, jetting flame, as well
By its own living glow outshines the flame,
And keeps its form still clearly visible,
Even so this radiance which doth round us cling
Will be surpassed in clearness by the flesh
Which in the meanwhile earth is covering.
Nor shall so great a glory tax our sight
For the organs of the body will be strong
To all that then can render us delight.

Fletcher

As long as the feast of Paradise shall last, so long our love shall radiate this vesture about us. Its brightness answers to our ardour, the ardour to our vision, and that is in the measure each has of grace beyond his merit. When the flesh, glorified and holy, shall be put on again, our person shall be more acceptable for being all complete, so that the light freely granted to us by the Supreme Goodness shall increase, light which fits us to see Him; from that must vision increase, the ardour increase that is kindled by it, the radiance increase which comes from that. But like a coal that gives flame and with its white glow outshines it so that its own appearance is preserved, so this effulgence that now surrounds us will be surpassed in brightness by the flesh which the earth still covers. Nor will such light have power to trouble us, for the organs of the body shall be strong for all that can delight us.

Sinclair

Paradiso XX, 1-12

When he who floods the whole, wide world with light
  so far beneath our hemisphere is gone,
  that day on every side melts into night,
the sky, lit up before by him alone,
  suddenly yet again begins to shine
  with many lights, which but reflect the one:
and this sky-change I thought of, when the sign,
  by which the world and the world's lords are sway'd,
  at length was silent in the beak divine;
for all those living lights began to shed
  far brighter radiance and made heaven resound
  with songs which from my memory fall and fade.

Bickersteth.

When he who sheds through all the world his ray
  is from our hemisphere descending so
  that everywhere the daylight fades away,
The sky, ablaze with him short while ago,
  is suddenly rekindled to our ken
  by many lights that answer to one glow:
And I recalled this heavenly action when
  the ensign of the world and of its head
  grew silent in the blessed beak again;
For all those living luminaries, made
  brighter than ever, were beginning chants
  out of my memory to lapse and fade.

Anderson.

Paradiso XX, 1-12

When he who illumines all the world descends
So far, departing from our hemisphere,
That day on all sides vanishes and ends,
The heaven, which he alone before lit clear,
With myriad lights all kindled at one flame
Immediately begins to reappear.
Into my mind this act of heaven came
When the Ensign that the world's great chiefs obeyed
Silent within the blessed beak became;
Because from all those living lights, arrayed
In growing brilliance, songs began to float
Which from my memory lapse and falling fade.

Binyon

When he who lights the whole world with his ray
Out of our hemisphere so far descends
That on all sides is fading out the day,
The heavens, that erst were lit by him alone,
All suddenly again are luminous
With many lights, reflecting only one.
To mind did now that heavenly happening come,
When the ensign of the world and of its chiefs
Was in the sacred beak again made dumb;
For all those living lights, more brilliantly
Than ever shining, then anew began
Songs that have, fleeting, fled my memory.

Fletcher.

When he who all the world illuminates
So far beneath our hemisphere has flown,
That daylight upon every side abates;
Heaven, which before was lit by him alone,
Is suddenly again made manifest
By many lights, in which one's beams are shown.
This act of heaven was on my mind impressed,
Soon as the world's and the world's leaders' sign
Was silent, bringing its blest beak to rest;
Since all those living lights began to shine
Far brighter, raising strains in tuneful choir
Which from my memory fade out and decline.

Haselfoot

APPENDIX III

The Divine Comedy in other Western European Languages

Contents

	pages
Discussion	222-249
Table A: Chronological List of French Translators	250-252
Table B: Chronological View and Formal Analysis of French Translations	253
Table C: Chronological List of German Translators	254-256
Table D: Chronological View and Formal Analysis of German Translations	257
Table E: Chronological List of Spanish Translators	258
Table F: Chronological List of Portuguese Translators	259

List of Specimens

French

Balthazar Grangier	260
Philippe le Hardy	261
Moutonnet de Clairfons	262
Antoine de Rivarol	263
Artaud de Montor	264
Henri Terrasson	265
Brait Delamathe	266
John Charles Tarver	267
Antoine Deschamps	268
Joseph-Antoine de Gourbillon	269
Charles-Calemard de Lafayette	270
A. Ledreuille	271
J. A. de Mongis	272

Appendix III, List of Specimens (contd.)

French (contd.)	pages
Pier-Angelo Fiorentino	273
Eugène Aroux	274
Auguste Brizeux	275
Sébastien Rhéal	276
Louis Ratisbonne	277-278
Victor de Saint-Mauris	279
Jacques A. Mesnard	280
Félicité Robert de Lamennais	281-283
A. Frédéric Ozanam	284
Victor de Perrodil	285
Hippolyte Topin	286-288
Amédée de Margerie	289
André Pératé	290
Martin Saint-René	291
Henri Lognon	292-293
Robert Vivier	294
Philippe Guiberteau	295
Alexandre Masseron	296-298
German	
Johann Nikolaus Meinhard	299
Lebrecht Backenschwanz	300
Christian Joseph Jagemann	301
August Wilhelm Schlegel	302
Karl Edmund	303
August Bode	304
Karl Ludwig Kannegießer	305-306

Appendix III, List of Specimens (contd.)

German (contd.)

	pages
Karl Streckfuß	307-309
Philalethes (Johann, König von Sachsen)	310-312
J. B. Hörwarter und Karl von Enk	313
Johann Friedrich Heigelin	314
August Kopisch	315
Bernd von Guseck	316
Karl Graul	317
Julius Braun	318
Karl Witte	319-321
Karl Bartsch	322
Otto Gildemeister	323-325
Alfred Bassermann	326
Stefan George	327-8
Paul Pochhammer	329
Richard Zoozmann	330
Konrad Falke	331-332
Hans Geisow	333-337
Rudolf Borchardt	338-339
August Vezin	340-342
Friedrich Freiherrn von Falkenhausen	343
Oscar Hecker	344
Karl Vossler	345-347
Hermann Moge	348-350
Hermann Gmelin	351

Spanish	pages
Enrique de Aragón, Marchese de Villena	352
Pedro Fernandez de Villegas	353
Juan de la Pezuela	354-356
Bartolomé Mitre	357
Andreu Febrer	358
Portuguese	
Luis de Simoni	359
Joaquim Pinto de Campos	360
Domingos Ennes	361
José Pedro Xavier Pinheiro	362
Barão de Villa da Barra	363

Note on Specimens

Specimens are as a rule reproduced exactly as printed; thus in some of the German extracts ß is represented by ss.

Wherever possible, the passages used correspond to the English passages of Appendix I so as to facilitate comparison; unfortunately these passages were often unobtainable.

APPENDIX III

The Divine Comedy in other Western European Languages

Bibliographies and catalogues show that the Divine Comedy maintains its record as a subject for translation in languages of every kind, ancient and modern. There are, for instance, an amzing number of renderings in Latin, ranging from the still unpublished hexameters of Matteo Ronto, a contemporary of Dante's, and the prose of John of Serravalle, completed in 1417 but not printed till 1891, to odd cantos still being produced by scholars as a literary recreation. Carlo d'Aquino's hexameters which appeared in 1728 had first to be modified to secure the approval of the papal Curia; those of the Abbate dalla Piazza (Leipzig, 1848) were praised by Carlyle in the essay prefixed to his Inferno in the following year. Topin admired this version also, and printed several extracts from it; Inf. II begins as follows:

> Inclinata dies cedebat, et umbrifer aër
> Mole operum in terris animalia cuncta levabat:
> Atque ego tantum unus veniebam, ferre paratus,
> Quid via, quid pietas mihi belli triste cieret,
> Quod mens aggreditur non errans pingere versu.
> O Musae, o vis ingenii sublimis, adeste,
> Nunc opus auxilio. O mens, quae visa notasti,
> Hic tua nobilitas, hic jam manifesta patescet.

There are fragments in other ancient languages, e.g. Hebrew and Sanskrit.

All the languages of western Europe possess numerous translations; and there is a great variety in central and eastern Europe also: three complete Comedies in modern Greek, four in Russian, and even more in Polish, with an assortment of versions in Czech, Bohemian, Esthonian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, Croatian, Albanian. Farther east we find translations in modern Armenian, Arabic, Ethiopian, Chaldean, Coptic, Siamese,

Chinese and Japanese; the last language in particular now has a quite extensive Dante literature. Specimens from some of these less familiar tongues are reproduced by Marco Besso in La Fortune di Dante fuori d'Italia. Although we were unable to record any sustained version in Lallans, we may mention here a complete Comedy in Welsh verse by Daniel Ress (1903). Fragments in Esperanto and Volapük are in print, and no doubt many other curiosities could be collected from various parts of the world.

The object of this Appendix is to provide a rough picture of the volume and achievement in French and German, where the acitivity of translators has been on a similar scale to that of our own; and to glance still more briefly at Spanish and Portuguese. Tables A, C, E and F, which follow this discussion, contain lists of the major translations in these four languages, drawn up in the same form as Table 1 of Appendix V which lists the English translators, but omitting such details as occupations and vital dates, etc. While an endeavour has been made to see that these lists are complete and up-to-date, there may be some omissions. The main authority for German translations is Ostermann's Dante in Deutschland (1927), an excellent and reliable bibliography. There is no comparable book in French, but I am indebted to Professor Arrighi of the University of Aix-en-Provence for supplying me with a manuscript bibliography containing most of the important items. For the older translations in all languages Friederich's Dante's Fame Abroad has been most serviceable. For recent and contemporary versions I have had to depend on the Italian bibliographies, and lists in periodicals, etc., supplemented by reference to library catalogues and similar publications. Unfortunately the Italian bibliographies have proved no more reliable for these languages than for English; Mambelli's in particular is full of errors, and in very few cases have I used

his information without checking it elsewhere. In several cases it has not been possible to give a description of the form of the translation.

Tables B and D present a chronological view and formal analysis of the French and German translations, drawn up on similar lines to Table 3 in Appendix V, but making no distinction between blank terzine and blank verse, since this differentiation is not always possible. Further reference to these tables is made below.

The tables are followed by specimens of the translations; these are arranged chronologically for each language, i.e. following the order of the lists of translators, which seemed preferable here to an alphabetical arrangement. The specimens are by no means so complete as I would have liked; in many cases only fragments are available, and other translations are missing altogether. Although I have collected quite a number in my own library, these are negligible in proportion to the total. Efforts to obtain some of the more recently published books have been unavailing, particularly in the matter of Spanish and Portuguese. My correspondence with the sources of supply, although persevered in for many months, has brought nothing but a copy of Pezuela, numerous promises, and a great deal of verbal hand-kissing - mañana has not yet dawned. Friederich's D.F.A. has been invaluable in providing samples of the older translations, as also have the rambling but rewarding pages of essays and notes in Hippolyte Topin's Paradiso of 1862. Reginald Kohler's collection of Inf. V in twenty-two German translations (1865) has been useful; other short extracts have been made from books in the British Museum and the Bodleian. Longer passages have been given where available; but it must be pointed out that the extent of the specimens is by no means always in proportion to their importance.

German is particularly wealthy in critical literature on the subject of Dante translation. For the earlier period very useful compact summaries are given in Friederich's D.F.A., while Witte's Dante-Forschungen (1868-79) and Scartazzini's Dante in Germania (1881) are of great service. The excellent references to perioxdical literature in Ostermann simplify greatly the business of consulting reviews. I have also had the great benefit of personal discussion with Mr Jethro Bithell, whose interest in the subject goes far beyond the German versions on which he is an authority. Topin is a mine of information on translations in various languages up to his time; and the Italian bibliographies provide some references to articles in periodicals, although none of the other countries are so rich in these as Germany. Incidentally, the same differences of opinion which we have already noticed in dealing with English translations are to be found in the verdicts of foreign scholars and reviewers; indeed quite occasionally we find that Witte approves and Scartazzini disapproves or vice versa.

Tables B and D show the wide gulf between France and Germany in the practice of translation; the English-speaking peoples, as shown by Table 3 in Appendix V, occupy an intermediate position. In French fully half the versions are in prose; while the rhymed translations, popular over a century ago, are a rapidly diminishing factor. More than half the German renderings are in terza rima, or the defective form called the Schlegelian terzina, with blank verse as a fairly vigorous runner-up.

The prose bias in French is not unexpected; there is no really satisfactory substitute. The line of twelve syllables was early established as the one best suited to narrative, epic and dramatic poetry in the French classical period; and except for lyrics and occasional verse

it had a monopoly for some three centuries. There were valid reasons for this preference. The frequency of silent syllables, and the need for space to exploit sentence stress to counteract the absence of any tonic accent strong enough to form a basis for prosody, favoured the long line. The sense-content suited the genius of the language, being only slightly greater than that of the English decasyllable which, however, in turn exceeds that of the Italian hendecasyllable. This means that the Alexandrine is distinctly too long to represent Dante's verse line for line, so that if each terzina is to be reproduced by three lines in French a good deal of padding has to be resorted to. Nor is the triple rhyme a happy arrangement in French; the long lines, with their rigid syllable count and their lack of strong recurring stress, require, under the classical system at least, to be shaped and held together by regular and obvious rhyme-linkage, whence the couplet, being more concise and more manageable than rimes croisées, has always been the standard form for the long poem. Such a piece as Vigny's Les Destinées is a tour de force; and even in its short compass the strict rotation of the rhymes is more than once broken.

Hippolyte Topin, the first French translator to attempt terza rima, was an adventurous experimenter. That he had given much study to the subject of translating Dante is evident from his long Discours Préliminaire and copious notes, which are a treasury of translator's lore, but so ill-arranged as to be bewildering. He began his version of the Paradiso in couplets, and his account of how he was converted to the metre of Dante is given somewhat inconsequently in a note; until the reader tracks this down he will be puzzled by the lack of consistency in the rhyme scheme. Scattered through the Discours and the notes are

many extracts from other translations in various languages, and also quite a few cantos from the other cantiche by Topin himself. The following is a complete inventory of his version:

Inf. II in vers blancs
Inf. I, III and V in terza rima
Inf. XIII in rhymed couplets
Purg. I, X, XII and XXVIII in rhymed couplets
Purg. XXVII in terza rima
Par. I-III, V and VI in rhymed couplets
Par. IV, VII-IX, XI-XXXIII in terza rima
Par. X in rimes croisées

The account of the 'réunion de professeurs' which caused his switch to terza rima is too long for quotation here; the outcome was that

> Comme le nombre des chants à traduire l'emportait sur celui des chants à rimes plates, malgré les difficultés, la triple rime a été continuée.

His explanation of canto X is far from perspicuous, and he seems to have been under some misapprehension about it himself. He appears to think that he had copied Dante's scheme, but beginning with an odd line; actually his rhymes, after an initial a b a b proceed regularly c d c d c d, and so on in units of six lines, so that his remark, 'Isolez le premier vers, tout reprendra sa place, sauf l'enjambement', is unduly optimistic. It will be seen from the specimens that his ingenuity was considerable, but that he had to resort to a lot of padding, notably a wealth of adjectives, and the result could hardly be called reminiscent of Dante. I am sorry that I have had no opportunity of studying Littré's translation, in which he combined deliberate archaism of vocabulary and style with Dante's rhyme scheme, an idea that has commended itself to subsequent translators in French and other languages. The great lexicographer was doubtless technically competent, but the expedient is a doubtful one. His contemporary Jubert also tried terza rima, but was obliged in many

instances to adopt the Schlegelian plan of leaving the middle line unrhymed. The intention was the laudable one of avoiding the distortion of sense by forcing the third rhyme; but metrically this arrangement is a very weak one in French. No more acceptable is the system of the latest practitioner of terza rima in French, Saint-René, who keeps to Dante's rhyme scheme, but not to his terzine; it will be seen from the specimen that he gets the 52 lines of the Ulysses passage into 40 of his own. There is, of course, no point in wrestling with the triple rhyme at all except for the purpose of reproducing Dante's style and effects, so that we can only regard such an experiment as being very ill-conceived.

Topin was impressed by the unrhymed translations of Philalethes and Pollock, which he quotes at some length in his Discours; and in his discussion he avers that: 'On marche aujourd'hui en France à grands pas vers les sciolti, ou vers blancs'. This was true, but the progress was not along the lines of merely removing the sound-coincidence from the end of the Alexandrines, which is all that Topin did in his version of Inf. II, a few lines of which are quoted among the specimens. His successors remained doubtful, and it was fifty years before blank verse was tried again for the Divine Comedy, by which time unrhymed forms were already firmly established and had proved their value in French poetry. Laminne's version I do not know; but Pératé and Lognon, who both translate line for line, avoid the need of padding by the use of decasyllables - the former throughout, the latter mixed with Alexandrines.

Pératé, a short passage from whom is given in the specimens, is interesting. He was a disciple of Littré, and like his master he sought vigour of expression in the revival of Old French forms. He also introduces rhymes and assonances where he can, something after the fashion we have

noted in Ellaby's blank terzine in English. His rendering was a reaction against the prevalent fashion of prose translation; for although he was eager to reproduce the literal meaning with exactness, he felt that:

> on cherche, auprès de cette intelligence parfaite, le sentiment, le mouvement qui sont la vie; la divine musique des vers italiens fait silence dans les traductions en prose.

Lognon, who emphasises that he desires 'non une paraphrase, mais une traduction', refers to the Chanson de Roland, Ronsard's Franciade and Du Bellay's Antiquités as the French models for the decasyllables which he mingles with his Alexandrines, and he explains that, in view of his aims,

> le lecteur concevra que ma prosodie ait dû s'accommoder de bien des libertés. En fait, j'ai tout soumis, sauf le sens, à l'accent et au rhythme.

His version, crowned by the French Academy, has considerable merit as well as the faults inseparable from his medium. There are inevitable resemblances to similar versions, just as we find in English; compare, for instance, his Par. III.70-87 with Pératé's. Quite often we realise with a start how similar French can be to Italian, as in a line like 'Comme le merle fait pour un peu de bonace' (Purg. XIII.123); at other times, alas, how unlike, e.g. (Purg. V.133-6):

> Je suis Pia: de moi qu'il te souvienne!
> Sienne m'a faite, et la Maremme m'a défaite:
> Il sait comment, celui qui m'épousa
> Et qui m'avait passé l'anneau des fiançailles.

The rhetorical gets across better than the lyrical; but unfortunately it is often here that we miss the rhyme most, e.g. (Inf. XXXI.16-18):

> Quand vint le soir de la triste déroute
> Où Charles l'Empereur perdit sa sainte geste,
> Roland ne sonna pas aussi terriblement.

Generally speaking the parts we tend to look at first are those which leave us with a feeling of flatness, such as Par. XXX.40-2:

Lumière de l'esprit, mais pleine aussi d'Amour,
De l'amour du vrai bien, amour plein de liesse,
Et liesse au-dessus de toutes les douceurs.

Lognon belongs essentially to the classical school, and although he takes liberties with elision and caesura his vers is by no means libre in the modern French sense. Perhaps someone may yet attack the Divine Comedy in the style of Rimbaud or Valéry; but it is significant that the latter wrote his Faust in prose!

The classicists have been rendering the Comedy in rhymed Alexandrines, usually rimes plates, from the time of Terrasson down to the present day. Topin thought the latter's version 'semée de grandes beautés'; but the quality of the adornment conferred on the Comedy by some of the earlier rhyming translators will be seen from the specimens. The much abused Aroux was the most considerable of them all; he translated the entire Comedy, using what Topin considered 'un mélange de vers désordonnées, tantôt à rimes plates, tantôt à rimes croisées, ou libres'. Aroux pads outrageously at times, nor does he always get the sense right; but he had an ear for Dante's effects, and in, for instance, Par. XXX.40-2,

Lumière intelligente et d'amour toute pleine,
Amour du seul vrai bien, tout rempli de bonheur,
Bonheur qui laisse loin tout allégresse humaine,

he seized the essentials much better than did Topin:

Intelligente flamme, amour et plénitude,
Amour, que dans le ciel la joie inaugura,
Joie, amour dominant toute béatitude.

A recent version in Alexandrine couplets, by Amédée de Margerie, has gained some popularity. The writer translates freely but clearly, and the verse, classical in style, is competently written, and follows closely the terzine of the original.

Allied to the foregoing are the writers in rhymed stanzas, a form

abandoned for nearly a century, but dating back to the first French translator, Grangier. Ledreuille and Perrodil both used ten-syllabled lines, the former in quatrains, the latter in the six-line stanza (a b b a c c) later employed in English by Wilstach. The outstanding figure in this class is Louis Ratisbonne, whose version of the entire Comedy, crowned by the French Academy, is in the six-line stanza already familiar to us from the rendering of Henry Boyd (a a b c c b). Ratisbonne, however, kept strictly to Dante's terzine, using one stanza to each pair, and even introducing an odd line, forming a concluding couplet, at the end of each canto. He is always dignified, but not always accurate; and his manner is modelled on strictly classical lines, e.g. (Purg. V.130-6):

'Ah! lorsque tu seras de retour sur la terre
Et reposé du long chemin que tu veux faire,'
Dit un troisième esprit succédant au second,
'Ressouviens-toi de moi: la Pia, c'est moi-même.
Sienne fut mon berceau, mon tombeau la Maremme.
Il le sait bien celui qui d'abord m'épousant
Avait mis à mon doigt l'anneau de diamant!'

The prose translations, representing the greater bulk of the French effort, are very evenly distributed over the whole period, beginning with le Hardy in the seventeenth century and extending to writers still active. This is as we should expect, having regard to the difficulties of reproducing a form like Dante's in French verse, and recognising the perfection of French prose as a vehicle of artistic communication. These versions are too numerous to be dealt with in detail. From the early nineteenth century we single out Artaud de Montor, whose complete Comedy, several times revised and reprinted, and other writings were a valuable contribution to the study of Dante in France. Here too we may mention the name of John Charles Tarver (1790-1851), whose parents were English and who, though born and educated in France, spent his adult life as a teacher in

England and acquired just fame for his Dictionary published in 1845. He issued a translation of the Inferno in French prose, together with a volume of notes, in 1824, a creditable piece of work for the date.

In the year 1840 there appeared another French translation by a foreign writer. Pier-Angelo Fiorentino was a Neapolitan, but his French was excellent; Topin thought his version 'd'un grand mérite pour l'intelligence du texte'. Pier-Angelo's own statement was that 'nous avons suivi Dante tercet par tercet avec l'exactitude la plus scrupuleuse'. This has proved one of the most popular of all French translations, and was still being reprinted at the beginning of the present century. About the same time Sébastien Gayet, under the pseudonym of Rhéal, published a French prose version of the entire body of Dante's work. He claimed that in spite of his medium he had embodied the rhythm of the original in 'la prose rhythmée, sorte de seconde poésie, flexible et majestueuse', and he also used deliberate archaism to 'incarner l'esprit de Dante avec l'essence de sa forme et de sa couleur'. Topin disapproved and thought that Rhéal 'a traduit Dante comme on écrit un Roman'.

During the next twenty years we find a veritable cluster of well-known names: the complete Comedies of Brizeux, Saint-Mauris, Mesnard and Lamennais and the Purgatorio of Ozanam. All have acquired high reputations and are the work of thinkers and scholars. That of Lamennais, in its precision and studied economy of language, seems preferable to the more diffuse style of Ozanam; their versions of Purg. II.1-51 among the specimens show a decided contrast. One of these writers, Mesnard, observed in his preface: 'Toute version parait incomplète, infidèle, et chacun porte en soi, selon sa manière de sentir, le besoin d'une traduction nouvelle'. Thus in spite of the achievement of the mid-century, the prose versions

continued to appear, adapting their style and language to each successive generation, and introducing other improvements, real or imaginary. One of the strangest of these is the device of Durand-Fardel, in whose prose paraphrase Dante's first person is changed throughout to the third, the poem beginning:

> Dante était au milieu du chemin de sa vie. Il se trouva égaré dans une forêt obscure et embrousaillée, où il lui devenait impossible de reconnaître son chemin.

'Man kann nicht trockner sein' said F. X. Kraus, reviewing this new prodigy in the German Literaturblatt.

Among contemporary prose translations that of Guiberteau adopts a method reminiscent of Vernon's Readings. Described as a 'traduction glossée' it is printed in terzine, opposite the Italian, the following explanation being given:

> Les notes en bas de page rompent le fil de la lecture et dispersent l'attention. Dans notre ouvrage ces notes sont remplacées par une glose, sous forme de mots, ou de membres de phrases, intercalés dans la traduction et imprimés en italique.

These intercalations are very considerable, as the specimens show, and the translation uses on an average twice as many words as are in the text. While one cannot judge such a rendering from the point of view of literary quality, it is doubtful if the author's contention is a valid one. Even for the student who merely requires a crib the italics in the text are likely to be quite as disturbing as footnote references would be; and anyhow such a student desires surely to be disturbed. For any other reader these additions have the serious disadvantage of obscuring altogether the structure of the terzine; besides the habit of glossing seems to grow, and in extreme cases we find many more words in italic than in Roman.

The recent translation of Alexandre Masseron has been highly praised,

but not beyond its merits. In his apology for adding one more version to the list, he pays a generous tribute to Henri Hauvette, whose incomplete translation he believes to have been the best ever produced in French, and he adds:

> Mon but n'a été que de continuer et de développer sur un plan plus vaste l'œuvre de mon savant et regretté ami. S'il avait vécu, je ne lui aurais demandé que le plaisir et l'honneur de lui apporter mon très modeste concours. Et peut-être cette traduction eût-elle été signée de deux noms.

The volumes are provided with a full apparatus of arguments and footnotes, besides a complete index and useful bibliographies. It would be vain to pretend that this, or any other prose translation, conveys much of the poetry of Dante; at times M. Masseron falls rather flat, but he does so in good company. He does realise to a great extent what we have already mentioned as lacking among the existing English translations: a really modern, literal and idiomatic version. Since I became acquainted with his work, I have found myself often referring to it in preference to other prose renderings, not only for clarification, but for inspiration as well. Several extracts are given in the specimens, and it is interesting to consider these in conjunction with earlier remarks on the future of prose translation in English.

Turning now from French to German, we find that in the latter language there has not been a single prose translation for well over a century; and of those which do exist only Meinhard's, almost 200 years old, is of any consequence. This restless young scholar, who died before he was forty, published in 1763 his Versuche über den Charakter und die Werke der besten italiänischen Dichter, in which he included prose versions of a large number of passages from the Divine Comedy. The time was hardly ripe for a full appreciation of Dante, and Meinhard shows the limitations of the Age of Reason; but he had a keen sense of poetry, and his own German style was one of the formative influences of the time.

The paucity of prose translations in German is largely due to the confidence with which writers in that language have always approached the problem of naturalising foreign poetry. They had undoubted advantages. The flexibility of German, its wealth of expressive words both long and short, its homogeneity, and the strong accentual basis of its scansion - all these favour the project of transplanting metrical forms. Indeed, we may think with some justice that they are all too tempting, and that German poets have diverted much of their energy to exploring the blind alleys of prosodic experiment or following the will-o'-the-wisp of quantitative scansion. So far as terza rima was concerned, it was taken over without difficulty, and terzine were in use long before they were used to translate Dante. When the process did start, moreover, the language was already at the zenith of its literary achievement. The long list of practitioners is headed by August Wilhelm Schlegel who, between 1791 and 1799, published an extensive selection of passages, amounting to some 1,500 lines, from all parts of the Comedy. For these he employed not the regular terza rima, but the defective form in which the middle line is left unrhymed, a fashion followed by quite a few of his successors, the term 'Schlegelische terzine' becoming early familiar to describe this variation. His defence of the liberty taken has already been quoted in the article on Fletcher.

Schlegel's fragments, a few lines of which are quoted in the specimens, are, as might be expected, well done; but although one or two of his successors used the same rhyme scheme, among them Doerr, whose Inferno was praised by Witte, it was not long before the full terza rima was tried. The first complete Comedy in this form by Kannegießer was quickly followed by that of Streckfuß. Both were popular. The former, an indefatigable reviser, made extensive alterations throughout five editions, some notion of which may be gleaned from the specimens given. The version of Streckfuß

was a notable commercial success; it went through a dozen editions in fifty years, and is still being reprinted to-day, a recent reprint being welcomed by the Giornale Storico with the description 'vecchia e pessima'. Both translators have had their partisans. Scartazzini and Witte were severe on Streckfuß, who had the worst of it in the long run. Modern editions no longer contain the battle which the translator waged with Witte in his notes; the whole story can be read in the latter's Dante-Forschungen, and Friederich gives an amusing summary of it in D.F.A. Kannegießer was certainly the more accurate and painstaking; Scartazzini observed that the Streckfuß version reminded him of the translation which Monti made of Homer without knowing Greek, adding caustically: 'con questo però che lo Streckfuß non era un Monti'.

In the latter part of the century other and better versions superseded these early ones in the estimation of competent critics. Those of Notter and Bartsch represented an advance on previous efforts. I am sorry that I cannot quote the former; Scartazzini found it 'veramente poetica', and Witte noted that he had achieved 'eine Vereinigung von Treue in Form und Inhalt mit Lesbarkeit und dicterischer Würde der Sprache'. To Bartsch still higher praise was given; Scartazzini thought him the best German translator in terza rima so far, and Witte devoted a long article to him which is reprinted in the 1879 volume of Dante-Forschungen.

Towards the end of the century two very notable versions appeared: Otto Gildemeister's Comedy, and soon after it Bassermann's Inferno; the latter was a slow worker, and it was 1921 before he completed the whole poem. Gildemeister was a minor poet and a translator of some repute, who tackled Ariosto, Shakespeare and Byron among others; Bassermann was a Dante scholar of considerable prestige. These two translations quickly

gained recognition for their excellence; among many opinions it must suffice to quote what might be considered a detached view by Ludwig Gorm (Literarische Echo, 1922) when reviewing a series of German versions. Of Gildemeister he says:

> Er hat sich für den mittleren weg zwischen unbedingter Treue und dichterischer Schönheit entschieden der lesbarste unter allen Übersetzern der Komödie,

and of Bassermann:

> nicht leicht lesbar, nicht dichterisch, jedoch gut geeignet für denjenigen, der sich mehr mit dem Geiste als mit der Schönheit Dantes durchtränken will.

The distinction thus made seems borne out by reading. The next large-scale translator in terza rima is Richard Zoozmann, who certainly deserves the epithet, for he claims to have made no fewer than ten distinct translations of the Comedy in the course of the numerous editions and revisions he has published. These include at least one rendering in Schlegelian terzine, which is quoted among the specimens; in spite of the abundance of volumes concerned, I have found them hard tog get hold of. Bassermann thought 'Z.'s Übersetzung ist wenig geeignet, das Verständnis des Lesers zu fördern'; Wiese considered his 'Sprache oft undeutsch und unschön', and found fault with his inaccuracy as well. Others have praised him, but on the whole he seems inferior to his predecessors.

Important far beyond its extent is the selection in terza rima by Stefan George, published at various times from 1900 onwards, and issued in collected form for the centenary in 1921. In his Vorrede he says of himself:

> Was er aber fruchtbar zu machen glaubt ist das dichterische: ton bewegung gestalt: alles wodurch Dante für jedes in betracht kommende volk (mithin auch für uns) am anfang aller Neuen Dichtung steht.

George's style is calculated to repel the casual reader: 'Stacheldraht wider Unberufene' one critic called his mannerisms which affect ortho-

graphy and punctuation as well as the use of language. But the poetry is unmistakably there: 'hier spürt man schon die Hand eines Dichters' wrote Clemens Lugowski in Deutsche Literaturzeitung after quoting the opening terzina; and if the reader will turn to George's version of Par. XXXIII. 1-21 among the specimens he may well agree. On the other hand innumerable objections could be and have been made, and if one dislikes George one is likely to do so pretty thoroughly. 'Ton Bewegung Gestalt', wrote Vossler, 'und dazu ist ihm kein Mittel zu äußerlich'; and he goes on to find him 'einfach undeutsch'. This on the whole was the orthodox view, but George's whole technique is directed against orthodoxy. The following (from a so far unpublished essay communicated to me privately) may be going too far in the opposite direction:

> Translation into terzine is very difficult if not impossible in any language. Stefan George proves that in German it can be done, and I would swear that in some passages he reads better than his original. There is a more dignified and resonant flow of words, a more majestic result.

We can safely say, however, that the indefinable quality found in George's renderings, and missing from most others, is due to the fact that one genuine poet is fusing his genius with that of another. Where the average translator must be content to pant after Dante, George soars with him - although the flight may be bumpy at times.

Among recent terza rima versions Zuckermandel's and Lübbe's have received praise from capable critics; Zielinski's has had strangely contradictory reviews. I am sorry that I do not know any of these versions; efforts to secure the last, published little more than three years ago, have been unavailing. Rudolph Borchardt's Dante Deutsch is the work of a poet who, though he quarrelled with the Georgeans, hovered on the rim of their circle, and wrote interpretations of the 'Master's' poetry. For

his Dante he used a Mittelhochdeutsch of his own invention, which one reviewer called 'modern German curiously tampered with'. At times it is effective and vigorous, but like all such linguistic experiments it tends to create more problems than it solves. Vezin's Auswahl, not far short of a complete Comedy, has found little favour. Bassermann, writing in Literaturblatt, says:

> Dem Verfasser mangelt offenbar das lebendige, sichere Sprachgefühl, das als erster Berater und Führer dem Übersetzer zur Seite stehen muss. . . . Seine Verse fließen zwar glatt und gleichmäßig; auch verfügt er über seinen grossen Vorrat an Reimen. Aber vom Temperament und Pulsschlag des Originals lässt sich nirgends etwas verspüren.

This verdict will be readily confirmed by perusal of the specimens given. Vezin's frequent departures from the text are invariably for the worse, and at times betray a cheap and superficial smartness. Falkenhausen's version, read only in extracts, does not impress. Hermann Moge's seems moderately good, although the tyranny of rhyme is very noticeable in places.

German versions in terza rima have had little influence on British practice, and are seldom referred to by English translators. It is quite otherwise with the second main stream of German renderings, blank verse. Of this medium Philalethes, otherwise King John of Saxony, was virtually the inventor, and he exercised a very wide influence, as has already been shown. Almost lyrical were the eulogies bestowed upon his successive volumes. Scartazzini feels that if he praised this great work further 'potrei meritamente esser tacciato di portar acqua al mare'. The version retained its popularity, and continues to be frequently reprinted; a new edition, in convenient form, was issued last year. The example of Philalethes certainly counted for a good deal in shaping the English, particularly the New England, tradition of blank terzine; but it was admired at a time when translators were more concerned with eliciting Dante's

meaning than reproducing his poetry. We have earlier indicated some of its obvious faults; but the version has probably accomplished more than any other in fostering interest in and appreciation of the Divine Comedy. Several other writers followed Philalethes' lead; others abandoned the principle of keeping to the terzine. Best known among the earlier of the former is August Kopisch, a popular poet of the day; Witte and John A. Carlyle thought well of him, but Scartazzini was decidedly adverse. In the next generation the blank terzine of Ludwig Blanc, the great Dante scholar, proved disappointing. In 1865 his fellow-scholar Witte's translation, in the same medium, was dedicated to him; they had originally planned to work together but, says Witte, 'unsere Ansichten . . . nicht unerheblich divergirten'. Scartazzini thought that 'questo lavoro del Witte è di molto superiore alle lodi che posso farne'. It reads better than that of Philalethes; the admixture of strong line endings lessens the monotony, but rhythm and accentuation are too regular and need still further relief.

The blank terzine form has not fallen off in Germany as it has in the history of English translation. Recent practitioners include Konrad Falke, Oscar Hecker, Karl Vossler and Hermann Gmelin. Falke's is a creditable performance of which Walser (Giornale Storico) says: 'In generale il Falke sa riprodurre assai bene la forma e la maestà del discorso dantesco, meno l'armonia soave del verso'; Mr Bithell describes him as 'unpretentious rather than pedestrian'. Hecker and Gmelin both reach a respectable level, but not noticeably superior to that of their predecessors. Vossler's version, as we should expect from a scholar of his reputation, is admirably clear - 'he who runs may read' says one critic - and competent, although seldom reaching the poetic level. Although for the most part he uses the

same number of lines as Dante, he does not adhere rigidly to the terzine; see for instance the passage from Inf. XXVI in specimens.

There is some cleavage in German expert opinion as to the relative merits of the rhymed and unrhymed forms. Quite recently contrary views were expressed by two authoritative writers, both reviewing recent progress in translation. One deplored the use of terza rima as a foredoomed quest for an impracticable and impossible ideal; the other felt that translations in blank verse were a waste of time, since the excellence of rhymed versions to-day makes any vehicle other than terza rima unacceptable and indeed unthinkable. There can be no doubt that the Germans have produced very good renderings of both kinds, and function as well as intrinsic merit must be borne in mind when appraising them. But in spite of the continued appearance of unrhymed versions, the preponderance of rhymed translations throughout an entire century is clear evidence of a decided feeling in their favour.

The half-dozen translations in other varieties of verse are interesting. Baron's hexameters are something that has not been tried in English, and they were not a success in German. The author argued that the strain of finding triple rhymes distorted sense and fitness, while blank terzine were wearisome in the extreme. His experiment was coldly received, and indeed slated vigorously by Scartazzini; he did not proceed with his announced intention of completing the other two cantiche. Julius Braun's Inferno bore the sub-title 'für das deutsche Volk'; it aimed at clarity and simplicity, and avoided archaisms and unusual expressions. Rhyme, mostly in quatrains, was used, but the terzine were not preserved. Scartazzini found it 'piuttosto una imitazione che una versione', but praised its poetic merits warmly, and expressed regret that although

other translations sold well, 'Il popolo tedesco si curò ben poco del libro destinatogli'. This version likewise did not continue beyond the Inferno. Josefa von Hoffinger, the first female German translator, used the same six-line stanza as Ichabod Charles Wright (a b a c b c); she had a succès d'estime of the same kind as her contemporary, Mrs Ramsay, in Britain. Scartazzini says that her version is 'un lavoro donnesco, e ne ha tutti i pregi ed i difetti', his enumeration of which is rather more gallant than, but otherwise not unlike, Blackwood's handling of her British opposite number.

Much more important than any of these, and again in a metre that no translator into English has tried, was Pochhammer's version of 1901 in ottava rima. Kraus, who reviewed it in Literaturblatt, could not but deplore the form chosen as unfortunate, but found that 'im übrigen ist die Uebertragung als hervorragend gut zu bezeichnen', and referred to its 'edle, flüssige, leichtverständliche Sprache'. Vossler spoke of Pochhammer's 'rednerisch Lyrismus', and Berthold Wiese in the Deutsche Literaturzeitung was moved to be lyrical himself:

> In herrlichen Versen und an Goethe gebildeter Sprache, rauscht der Inhalt der Göttlichen Komödie an uns vorüber.

That it is well written will be obvious from even the short specimen given; and equally obvious the fact that the style and language, like those of so many minor poets, stem from Goethe.

Of the two remaining experimentalists, v. d. Trenck can be dismissed summarily. He had the absurd idea of using triplets rhyming a a a, interspersed with couplets, the former of which he called 'dynamische Terzine'. Bassermann, who gave it a verbal trouncing in Literaturblatt, quotes a triplet and a couplet which may amuse the reader:

> Sinnlosigkeit, pompös und majestätisch,
> wird zum Gesetz. Das Böse wird zum Fetisch -
> es zwingt die Seelen hin, zieht sie magnetisch.
>
> Und es bedarf nicht viel zu meditieren,
> daß mit dem Leben wir den Ruhm verlieren.

The identification of these two fragments may take a minute or two to work out! The nearest approach among translators in English would be the eccentrics - say Bannerman or Wilstach.

The remaining version, Geisow's Dante's Commedia Deutsch of 1921 is such an astonishing performance that it would require an essay to itself. It is a rehandling, in lyric measures, of the entire poem; but rather than describe it, we must refer to the specimens. It provoked violent reactions, but its popularity was considerable, for it went through six editions within a year and is still being reprinted. In his preface the author insists on the impossibility of translating Dante in the ordinary sense, observing that:

> Wir können Dante nur in seiner Ursprache, im Original, ganz kennen lernen. Es bleibt darum selbst die Schöpfung eines solchen Meisters unserer deutschen Sprache wie Stefan George nur eine marmorne Schöne ohne Fleisch und Blut.

He goes on to explain his own aim in words that have a somewhat familiar ring:

> Wenn wir Dante darum dem deutschen Volke erschließen wollen, dürfen wir nicht versuchen, ihn so reden zu lassen, wie er selbst geredet hat: wir müssen es unternehmen, ihn einzudeutschen und Formen zu finden, die auf uns ähnlich wirken, wie seine werdende, mit sich selbst ringende Sprache auf seine Zeitgenossen gewirkt haben mag.

As may be imagined there were varied and conflicting responses. Ludwig Gorm, writing in Das Literarische Echo, had a great deal to say which may be summed up in his final word 'empörend'. Bassermann was hardly more complimentary. But other critics were of a different opinion, and Walser's review in the Giornale Storico is an epitome of these.

> Il Geisow ha un sentimento fine e profonde della poesia . . . nella sua versione, che non è più una versione, ma piuttosto un libero poema foggiato sull'esempio di Dante, coglie talvolta meglio l'intimo senso del divin poeta che se avesse seguito passo passo da buon filologo il suo testo. Così il lavoro del Geisow fa della Divina Commedia un libro completamente moderno.

Geisow himself refers to Klopstock and Goethe as the fountainhead of German poetry, and in his remark on George's Dante we have a key to his position. He is, in spite of his apparently revolutionary treatment of the Comedy, a traditionalist, as Pochhammer was, and his feeling for poetry is unmistakably a backward-looking one. At times he seems to be re-writing Dante in the language of Faust; his talent is imitative to a high degree, and he catches Goethe's manner and exhoes his cadences repeatedly. It is perhaps grudging to point out that the very popularity of the version confirms this diagnosis, and indicates in what sense we must understand the words 'un libro completamente moderno'. The only English version which bears any resemblance to Geisow's is Georgina Grace Moncrieff's Lyrical Meditations on the Paradiso (referred to earlier); her poetic talent is of a much lower order than Geisow's, but the basic conception is similar. Walser's words about 'l'intimo senso del divin poeta' beg a question to which there is no answer. If we pause to consider ~~xhxck~~ an intelligent reader, possessing no acquaintance with Dante's poem, forming a mental conception of it from a perusal either of Geisow or Miss Moncrieff we may find the speculation rewarding.

To Spain belongs the distinction of possessing several of the first translations of Dante made in any modern tongue: namely the Castilian prose of Villena, the Catalan terza rima of Febrer, and the rhymed stanzas of Villegas. The first two of these came only a century after Dante's death; the former is still unprinted, the latter remained unpublished till 1878. Villegas' Inferno, which appeared in 1515, was the first

translation from the Divine Comedy ever printed in any language. We may therefore be excused ~~from~~ for reproducing its title page:

> La traduciõ . del dante / de lengua toscana en verso caste / llano: por el Reurẽdo don Po / Fernãdez de Villegas arcediano / de burgos: y por el comentado / allende d' los otros glosadores / por mãdado d' la muy excelente / señora doña Juana de Aragon / duquesa de frias y Condessa de / haro fija d' l muy poderoso Rey / don Fernãdo de castilla y de ara / gon. llamado el catholico Con / otros dos tratados . vno q̃ se di / ze querella dela fe . y otro aversi / on del mũdo y cõuersiõ a dios.
>
> Imprimiose esta muy noble y mas leal cibdad de Burgos / por Fabrique aleman de Basilea acbose Lunes / a dos dias de Abril del año de nuestra redempciõ / de mill y quinientos y quinze años.

For Febrer Farinelli had the highest praise; he finds the translation:'

> . . . calcata con stupefacente pazienza e fedeltà sull'originale italiano, con alquanto del sapore della prima versione francese dell' Inferno, non diluita mai, aspra e forte nel verso, come aspra e forte era la lingua natia del catalano, non così 'unbeugsam . . . dem italienischen gegenüber', come supponeva l'Ebert, la miglior traduzione, a mio giudizio, di quante s'ebbe la Commedia, prima del lavorìo dei romantici.

The praise has been echoed since, and 'aspra e forte' seems a good description for a language which has something of the starkness of Dante in his gloomier moments, well suited to the Ugolino episode quoted in our specimens. Farinelli is, on the other hand, some what severe on Villena, whose close literal prose is likewise a work of considerable patience, but he finds that 'l'arte sovrana vivificatrice' is missing. It must be borne in mind when considering this version that it was not conceived as a work for ultimate publication, but was a kind of recreation, undertaken at the instance of the Marquis of Santillana, and written in the margins of an Italian manuscript, so that it reminds us ~~t~~of the similar version made five and a half centuries later by James MacGregor, of which we have already given a description.

The rhymed stanzas of Villegas' Inferno are ingenious and in parts quite admirable, but has the faults of diffuseness, irrelevance and false tone which departure from the metrical scheme of the original so often induces. Farinelli describes it as 'ampliando sempre, distendendo, chiosando e parafrasando il forte verso di Dante'; and the fact that, along with the Inferno, Villegas translated also nearly the whole of Landino's commentary indicates where his interests lay. His version of the Francesca episode, included in the specimens, shows, especially in the latter part, just how wide of the mark he flies at times, and how little aware he seems of what are the essential features.

In spite of this magnificent start over the rest of Europe, it was just 350 years after Villegas when the next Spanish translation appeared. There were several reasons. As may be imagined, in the Spain of the Inquisition there was a sufficient tinge of heresy in the Divine Comedy to deter men from meddling with it. The writers of the siglo de oro, like those of the Renaissance elsewhere, read and translated Dante's successors, but left him severely alone. It was not until most of the other European countries had already a large body of Dante renderings that Spanish interest was renewed, resulting in the publication in 1865 of Pezuela's terza rima version, which has remained popular and is still being reprinted. From that date on translations became more frequent, and on an average a new one came out every ten years. Several of them, including Mitre's terza rima, of which we give a short specimen, originated in South America. Most of them are in prose and, as already mentioned, no information can be given about the most recent, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the books for inspection.

One might suppose, on the face of it, that the Spanish tongue would

The rhymed stanzas of Villegas' Inferno are ingenious and in parts quite admirable, but has the faults of diffuseness, irrelevance and false tone which departure from the metrical scheme of the original so often induces. Farinelli describes it as 'ampliando sempre, distendendo, chiosando e parafrasando il forte verso di Dante'; and the fact that, along with the Inferno, Villegas translated also nearly the whole of Landino's commentary indicates where his interests lay. His version of the Francesca episode, included in the specimens, shows, especially in the latter part, just how wide of the mark he flies at times, and how little aware he seems of what are the essential features.

In spite of this magnificent start over the rest of Europe, it was just 350 years after Villegas when the next Spanish translation appeared. There were several reasons. As may be imagined, in the Spain of the Inquisition there was a sufficient tinge of heresy in the Divine Comedy to deter men from meddling with it. The writers of the siglo de oro, like those of the Renaissance elsewhere, read and translated Dante's successors, but left him severely alone. It was not until most of the other European countries had already a large body of Dante renderings that Spanish interest was renewed, resulting in the publication in 1865 of Pezuela's terza rima version, which has remained popular and is still being reprinted. From that date on translations became more frequent, and on an average a new one came out every ten years. Several of them, including Mitre's terza rima, of which we give a short specimen, originated in South America. Most of them are in prose and, as already mentioned, no information can be given about the most recent, owing to the difficulty of obtaining the books for inspection.

One might suppose, on the face of it, that the Spanish tongue would

be an ideal vehicle for a terza rima rendering of the Comedy. The language has many resemblances to Italian in word formation and accent, and many constructional and syntactical features are common to both; sense-content is much the same; and hendecasyllables with triple rhyme were thoroughly naturalised by the beginning of the classical period. The results, however, are disappointing, and one of the reasons almost certainly is that the translator is often hampered as much as helped by the resemblances. Whole lines slide naturally from Italian into Spanish without being remodelled; a large proportion of the vocabulary is as it were supplied ready made; and there is a strong temptation to appropriate as much as possible and then cobble up the rest. Take, for instance, Pezuela's rendering of Par. XX.7-12:

> Y este recuerdo a mi intelecto vino,
> cuando el signo del mundo y de sus Duces,
> del pico puso fin al son divino.
> Todas esas entonces vivas luces,
> aun más luciendo, comenzaron canto
> que tú, débil memoria, mal produces.

Here 'duci - luci' seems a gift, but how diastrous a one is revealed by the equivalent furbished up for 'da mia memoria labili e caduci'. The same kind of disaster overtakes Mitre at Par. III.85, where he has used the Italian rhyme for line 83 (see specimens) - but here Pezuela, who has rearranged, is even worse.

The same feature is noticeable in Portuguese; very much so in the fragment of Inf. III quoted from de Simoni, where indeed it happens to be very convenient. With the Portuguese renderings of Inf. IX.67-72 may be compared Pezuela's Spanish one:

> No es de otro modo el viento que impetuoso
> por el estivo tiempo y sus ardores,
> la selva embiste, y raudo, y sin reposo

troncha ramos, y avienta rotas flores,
y entre polvo soberbio va adelante,
ahuyentando animales y pastores.

It might well be thought that he and Ennes were influenced by the convenience of the rhyme to adopt the inferior reading 'fiori' in line 70. The same kind of difficulty in providing the odd rhyme for an otherwise suitable pair will be noted frequently in the specimens, especially in the longer ones from Pezuela.

Villa de Barra provides the only example of blank verse among the Hispanic versions; and of the prose the only one examined, that of Pinto de Campos in Portuguese, seems unduly wordy. On the whole the Portuguese translators seem to have shown rather more enterprise than the Spanish; but there may be something among the new and inaccessible versions which would prove more attractive. The data provided here is, of course, quite inadequate for a real investigation.

To sum up, we see that, for what the record is worth, the volume of British translation, without the American, of 116 cantiche is almost identical with the 120 cantiche in German and well ahead of 84 in French. With the American quota of 43 cantiche added, the English-speaking races certainly hold the world record for bulk.

As to quality, it is both hazardous and presumptuous to say too much. It would be safe to say that the French prose versions include some very fine examples of their kind and are on the average ahead of those in English. It might also be said that German terza rima reached a high standard earlier than did British or American. In making these concessions we must remember that in each case the language concerned has advantages over English.

The question as to the suitability of one language for translating another may lead us to inquire whether the Schallanalyse of Rutz, Sievers and Becking might throw any light on this problem. This relates the muscular adjustments peculiar to different races to their literary performance. The recognised grouping places Italy (abdominal), Germany and Britain (thoracic) and France (descending) in separate classes; but the individual may vary from the type. Thus Goethe is found to belong to the Italian group and Heine to the French. It is interesting to note that the disciples of Stefan George experimented with the theories of Rutz, although the 'Master' himself described it as 'eine Teufelsfalle der Philologie'. Various investigators have tried out Sievers' 'optical signals', with conflicting results; I have tested them myself, perhaps in a somewhat sceptical spirit, and am afraid that I remain sceptical. Research along these lines seems to have fallen off in recent years.

What is certain is that the challenge of the Divine Comedy, and of other great poems, will never cease to be accepted by writers in all languages. We may consider the time devoted to such a task as largely wasted, and it cannot be denied that the tangible results are often insignificant in proportion to the effort. On the other hand the labour of translation certainly plays its part in the moulding of a language, and helps the infiltration of new ideas and techniques. In this sense its value may well be greater than is readily apparent.

Appendix III

TABLE A

Chronological List of French Translators

S = included among specimens

	Translator	Part translated and date of appearance	Form and remarks
S	Balthazar Grangier	Divine Comedy, 1596	6-line stanzas (a b a b c c)
S	Philippe Auguste le Hardy	Inferno, 17th cent.	prose
S	Moutonnet de Clairfons	Inferno, 1776	prose
S	Antoine de Rivarol	Inferno, 1783	prose
	Paul Edouard Colbert, Duc d'Estouteville	Divine Comedy, 1796 (composed 1751)	prose
S	A. F. Artaud de Montor	Divine Comedy, 1811-13	prose
S	Henri Terrasson	Inferno, 1817	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
S	Brait Delamathe	Inferno, 1823	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
S	John Charles Tarver	Inferno, 1824	prose
S	Antoine Deschamps	20 cantos (11 Inf., 4 Purg., 5 Par.), 1829	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
S	Joseph Antoine de Gourbillon	parts of Inferno, 1831	rhymed Alexandrine couplets arranged in quatrains
S	Charles-Calemard de Lafayette	Inferno, 1835-7	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
S	A. Ledreuille	Inferno, 1837	ten-syllabled lines in rhymed quatrains (a b a b)
S	J. A. de Mongis	Inferno, 1838	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
S	Pier-Angelo Fiorentino	Divine Comedy, 1840	prose
S	Eugène Aroux	Divine Comedy, 1842	Alexandrines irreg. rhymed
S	Auguste Brizeux	Divine Comedy, 1842	prose
S	Sébastien Rhéal (pseud. of Sébastien Gayet de Cesena)	Divine Comedy, 1843-6	rhythmic archaic prose
S	Louis Ratisbonne	Divine Comedy, 1852-60	rhymed stanzas (a a b c c b)
S	Victor de Saint-Mauris	Divine Comedy, 1853	prose

S	Jacques A. Mesnard	Divine Comedy, 1854-7	prose
S	Félicité Robert de Lamennais	Divine Comedy, 1855-6	prose
S	A. Fréderic Ozanam	Purgatorio, 1862	prose
S	Victor de Perrodil	Inferno, 1862	ten-syllabled lines in rhymed stanzas (a b b a c c)
S	Hippolyte Topin	Paradiso, 1862 (also several cantos from Inf. and Purg.)	mainly terza rima (details given in discussion)
	J. F. Costa	Purgatorio, 1864	not examined; described in B.M. catalogue as 'free translation in verse'
	François Villain-Lami	Inferno, 1867	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
	Amédée Jubert	Inferno, 1872	terza rima
	Francisque Michel Reynard	Divine Comedy, 1877	prose
	Paul Émile Littré	Inferno, 1879	terza rima (archaic lang.)
	Henri Dauphin	Divine Comedy, 1886	prose
	Maxime Durand-Fardel	Divine Comedy, 1894	prose paraphrase (narrated in third person)
S	Amédée de Margerie	Divine Comedy, 1900	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
	M. de la Rousselière	Paradiso, 1901	prose
	A. Méliot	Divine Comedy, 1908	prose
	(Mme.) L. Espinasse-Montgenet	Inferno, 1913	prose
	Ernest de Laminne	Inf. & Purg., 1913-14	vers blancs; not examined
	(Comtesse) Horace de Choiseul	Paradiso, 1915	not examined; no description obtained
	R. P. Joachim Berthier	Divine Comedy, 1921	rhymed Alexandrine couplets
	Henri Hauvette	Inf. & Purg., 1921-3	prose
S	André Pératé	Divine Comedy, 1923	vers blancs; ten-syllabled lines, with occ. rhyme and assonance

Appendix III, Table A (contd.)

Henri Hamaide	Inferno, 1923	paraphrase in prose
S Martin Saint-René	Inferno, 1936	Alexandrines arr. in terza rima, but not corr. to D.'s terzine
S Henri Lognon	Divine Comedy, 1938	vers blancs; lines of 10 & 12 syllables
André Doderet	1938	not examined; no description obtained
S Robert Vivier	Selections, 1941	prose
S Philippe Guiberteau	Paradiso, 1947	prose with intercalated explanations
S Alexandre Masseron	Divine Comedy, 1947-50	prose

Notes.- The total number of translators tabulated is 48, including 2 women. Omitting the translations for which no description is available, the following analysis is obtained. Incomplete versions are not included.

	Inferno	Purgatorio	Paradiso	Complete Comedy	Total in cantiche
Terza rima	3	-	1	-	4
Vers blancs	1	1	-	2	8
Other rhymed forms	7	-	-	5	22
Prose	7	2	2	13	50
Total	18	3	3	20	84

Appendix III

TABLE B

Chronological View and Formal Analysis of French Translations

Decade	Terza rima	Vers blancs	Other rhymed forms	Prose
pre-1700			Grangier	le Hardy
1770-80				M. de Clairfons
1780-90				Rivarol
1790-1800				Col. d'Estvlle
1800-10				
1810-20			Terrasson	Art. de Montor
1820-30			Delamathe Deschamps Gourbillon	Tarver
1830-40			Cal. de Lafayte Ledreuille	
1840-50			de Mongis Aroux	Fiorentino Brizeux Rhéal St.-Mauris
1850-60			Ratisbonne	Mesnard Lamennais
1860-70	Topin		Perrodil Villain-Lami	Ozanam
1870-80	Jubert Littré			Reynard
1880-90				Dauphin
1890-1900				Durand-Fardel
1900-10			Am. de Margerie	Rousselière Méliot
1910-20		Laminne		Esp.-Montgenet
1920-30		Pératé	Berthier	Hauvette Hamaide
1930-40	St.-René	Lognon		
since 1940				Vivier Guiberteau Masseron

Appendix III

TABLE C

Chronological List of German Translators

S = included among specimens

	Translator	Part translated and date of appearance	Form and remarks
S	Johann Nikolaus Meinhard	Selections, 1763-4	prose
S	Lebrecht Bachenschwanz	Divine Comedy, 1767-9	prose
S	Christian Joseph Jagemann	Inferno, 1780-2	blank verse
S	August Wilhelm v. Schlegel	Selections, 1791-9	defective terza rima
S	Karl Edmund (pseud. ?)	Selections Inf., 1803	terza rima
S	August Bode	Inf. I-XXIV, 1803-5	terza rima
S	Karl Ludwig Kannegießer	Divine Comedy, 1809-21	terza rima
S	Adolf Friedrich Karl Streckfuß	Divine Comedy, 1824-6	terza rima
S	Philalethes (Johann, König von Sachsen)	Divine Comedy, 1828-49	blank verse
S	J. B. Hörwarter and Karl von Enk	Divine Comedy, 1830-1	prose
S	Johann Friedrich Heigelin	Divine Comedy, 1836-7	blank verse
S	August Kopisch	Divine Comedy, 1837-42	blank verse
S	Bernd von Guseck (Karl Gustav von Berneck)	Divine Comedy, 1840	terza rima
S	Karl Graul	Inferno, 1843	terza rima
S	Julius Braun	Inferno, 1853	rhymed quatrains
	Ludwig Gottfried Blanc	Divine Comedy, 1864	blank verse
	Karl Eitner	Divine Comedy, 1865	blank verse
	Josefa von Hoffinger	Divine Comedy, 1865	six-line stanzas (rhymed a b a c b c)
	Alexander Tanner	Inferno, 1865	blank verse

Appendix III, Table C (contd.)

S	Karl Witte	Divine Comedy, 1865	blank verse
	Adolf Doerr	Inf. I-XVII, 1867	defective terza rima
	R. Baron	Inferno, 1870	rhymed hexameters
	Wilhelm Krigar	Divine Comedy, 1870-1	terza rima
	Friedrich Notter	Divine Comedy, 1871-2	terza rima
S	F. Karl Bartsch	Divine Comedy, 1877	terza rima
	Julius Francke	Divine Comedy, 1883-5	terza rima
	Carl Bertrand	Divine Comedy, 1887-94	blank verse
S	Otto Gildemeister	Divine Comedy, 1888	terza rima
	Sophie Hasenclever	Divine Comedy, 1889	terza rima
S	Alfred Bassermann	Divine Comedy, 1892, 1909, 1921	terza rima
S	Stefan George	Selections, 1900-4	terza rima
	Bartolomäus Carneri	Divine Comedy, 1901	blank verse
	Josef Kohler	Divine Comedy, 1901-3	terza rima
S	Paul Pochhammer	Divine Comedy, 1901	ottava rima
	Hermann von Löhner	Inf. I-XXV, 1903	not examined; no description obtained
S	Richard Zoozmann	Divine Comedy, 1907 and subsequent dates	versions both in full and defective terza rima
	Albert Pohlmeyer	Inferno, 1908	blank verse
	Franz Settegast	Selections, 1910	blank verse
	Lorenz Zuckermandel	Divine Comedy, 1914-20	terza rima
	Seligmann Heller	Paradiso, 1920 (composed 1880)	not examined; no description obtained
	Axel Lübbe	Divine Comedy, 1920	terza rima
S	Konrad Falke (pseud. of Karl Frey)	Divine Comedy, 1921	blank verse
	Hertha Federmann	Selections, 1921	terza rima

Appendix III, Table C (contd.)

S	Hans Geisow	Divine Comedy, 1921	rhymed lyric measures
	Siegfried v. d. Trenck	Divine Comedy, 1921	triplets (rhymed a a a) mixed with couplets
	Konrad zu Putlitz	Inf. & Purg., 1922-4	terza rima
S	Rudolf Borchardt	Divine Comedy, 1923	terza rima (Mittelhochdeutsch)
S	August Vezin	Divine Comedy (not quite complete), 1926	terza rima
	Georg von Poppel	Divine Comedy, 1928	terza rima
S	Friedrich Freiherrn von Falkenhausen	Divine Comedy, 1937	terza rima
S	Oscar Hecker	Inferno, 1938	blank verse
S	Karl Vossler	Divine Comedy, 1942	blank verse
S	Hermann Moge	Divine Comedy, 1947 (not quite complete)	terza rima
S	Hermann Gmelin	Divine Comedy, 1950	blank verse
	Felix Zielinski	Divine Comedy, 1950	terza rima

Notes.- The total number of translators tabulated is 55, including 3 women. Omitting the translations for which no description is available, the following analysis is obtained. Incomplete versions are not included.

	Inferno	Purgatorio	Paradiso	Complete Comedy	Total in cantiche
Terza rima	2	1	-	20	63
Blank verse	4	-	-	11	37
Other rhymed forms	2	-	-	4	14
Prose	-	-	-	2	6
Total	8	1	-	37	120

Appendix III

TABLE D

Chronological View and Formal Analysis of German Translations

Decade	Terza rima	Blank verse	Other rhymed forms	Prose
1760-70				Meinhard
1770-80				Bachenschwanz
1780-90		Jagemann		
1790-1800	Schlegel			
1800-10	Edmund Bode			
1810-20	Kannegießer			
1820-30	Streckfuß			
1830-40	Guseck	Philalethes Heigelin Kopisch		Hörwarter & Enk
1840-50	Graul			
1850-60		Blanc	Braun	
	Doerr	Eitner		
1860-70	Krigar	Tanner Witte	Hoffinger	
	Notter		Baron	
1870-80	Bartsch			
	Francke			
1880-90	Gildemeister			
	Hasenclever	Bertrand		
1890-1900	Bassermann			
	George	Carneri	Pochhammer	
	Kohler	Pohlmeyer		
1900-10	Zoozmann	Settegast		
	Zuckermandel			
1910-20	Lübbe			
	Federmann		Geisow	
1920-30	Putlitz	Falke	v. d. Trenck	
	Borchardt			
	Vezin			
1930-40	Poppel	Hecker		
	Falkenhausen			
since 1940	Moge	Vossler		
	Zielinski	Gmelin		

TABLE E

Chronological List of Spanish Translators

S = included among specimens

	Translator	Part translated and date of appearance	Form and remarks
		Castilian	
S	Enrique de Aragón, Marchese de Villena	Divine Comedy, 1428	prose (in manuscript)
S	Pedro Fernandez de Villegas	Inferno, 1515	rhymed arte mayor stanzas
S	Juan Manuel de la Pezuela y Seballos, Conte de Cheste	Divine Comedy, 1865	terza rima
	Manuel Aranda y Sanjuan	Divine Comedy, 1868	prose
	Pedro Puigbó	Divine Comedy, 1870	prose
	Cayetano Rosell y Lopez	Divine Comedy, 1871-3	prose
	José Maria Carulla y Estrada	Divine Comedy, 1874	terza rima
	J. Sanchez Morales	Divine Comedy, 1875	prose
	Enrique de Montalbán	Divine Comedy, 1888	prose
S	Bartolomé Mitre	Divine Comedy, 1891	terza rima
	Luis G. Manegat	Divine Comedy, 1924	prose
	A. Bobuglia	Divine Comedy, 1941	pub. Buenos Aires; no description obtained
	Fe. Soto y Calvo	Divine Comedy, 1941	described as 'version lirica; pub. Buenos Aires by Ministry of Just. & Pub. Instruc.
	A. de la Cujas Vega	Divine Comedy, 1943(?)	prose; only information is 3rd ed. Madrid 1943
		Catalan	
S	Andreu Febrer	Divine Comedy, 1429	terza rima (pub. 1878)
	Narcis Verdaguer i Callís	Inf. & Purg., 1921	blank verse

Appendix III

TABLE F

Chronological List of Portuguese Translators

S = included among specimens

S	Translator	Part translated and date of appearance	Form and remarks
S	Luis (or Vicente) de Simoni	Fragments, c. 1843	terza rima; former name given by Mambelli; latter by Topin
	José Silvestre Ribeiro	Divine Comedy, 1858	prose
S	Joaquim Pinto de Campos	Inferno, 1886	prose
S	Domingos Ennes	Inferno, 1887	terza rima
S	José Pedro Xavier Pinheiro	Inferno, 1888 Divine Comedy, 1907	terza rima; described as tradução brasileira
S	Barão de Villa da Barra	Divine Comedy, 1888	blank verse
	M. Braga	Divine Comedy, 1944	prose

La gloire de celuy qui régit toute chose
Par l'Univers pénètre, et plus en une part
Resplendit, et bien moins autrepart se repose.
Ie fus au Ciel où plus sa lumière compart.
Et les choses i'ay veu que redire et comprendre
Ne peut ou sçait celui, qu'on voit d'en haut descendre.

D'autant que s'approchant où son désir s'adonne
L'intelligence humaine ainsi tombe au profond,
Que ne peut la mémoire y courir, quoy que bonne.
Vrayment tant que i'ay peu du règne saincte et rond,
En mon entendement faire trésor, matière
Ores digne sera de ma chanson dernière.

Balthazar Grangier (1596)

Cependant, illustre poète, lui dis je, je voudrois bien parler
à ceux deux âmes qui vont ensemble et me paroissent si légères
au vent; ne manques pas, me répondit il, lors qu'elles seront
plus proches de nous, de les prier par ce même amour qui les
transporte de souffrir qu'on les accoste et le vent aussitôt
les poussera vers nous; alors ellevant ma voix je leur criay:
ô âmes fatigués et accablez d'affliction, permettez nous de
vous parler si rien ne vous empêche; aussitôt, semblables à
des colombes appellées par le désir à les ailes deployéez
volant au milieu des airs vers leurs nids où elles sont si
doucement portées par leur volonté; ainsi sortant de la troupe
où est Didon elles vinrent à nous tant ma prière leur fut
obligeante.

Philippe le Hardy

(MS. of 17th century)

J'embrassai d'abord le parti des armes; je pris ensuite l'habit de Cordelier, croyant me corriger de mes défauts, quand je serois ceint d'un cordon. Mon espérance n'eût pas été vaine sans le Pape, qui me replongea dans mes premiers crimes: puisse la Justice divine l'en punir!... Beniface, le Chef des nouveaux Pharisiens, déclara la guerre aux Colonnes et laissa en paix les Sarrasins et les Juifs. Ce Pontife étoit l'ennemi déclaré de tous les Chrétiens; aucun d'eux cependant n'étoit allé assiéger la Ville d'Acre; aucun d'eux n'avoit transporté dans les Etats du Soudan des marchandises prohibitées. Son ambition effrénée lui fit oublier en même temps la place éminente qu'il occupoit, les ordres sacrés dont il étoit revêtu et mon cordon, qui rendoit plus austères ceux qui le ceignoient. De même que Constantin conjura le Pape Silvestre, caché dans une caverne du Mont Siratte, de le guérir de sa lèpre: ainsi Boniface me pria de calmer les transports de son orgueilleuse ambition.

Moutonnet de Clairfons (1776)

Et cependant je ne pleurai point, je ne parlai point du tout ce jour et la nuit d'ensuite, jusqu'au retour d'un autre soleil. Mais dès qu'une foible lueur eut pénétré dans le cachot, je me mis à considérer leurs visages l'un après l'autre; et c'est alors que je vis où j'en étois moi-même. Transporté, forcené de douleur, je me mordis les bras; et mes fils croyant que la faim me poussoit, m'entourèrent en criant: 'Mon père, il nous sera moins dur d'être mangés par toi: reprends de nous ces corps, ces chairs que tu nous a données.' Je m'appaisai donc pour ne pas les contrister encore; et ce jour et le jour suivant nous restâmes tous muets. Ah! terre, terre, que n'ouvris-tu tes entrailles! Comme le quatrième jour commençoit, le plus jeune de mes fils tomba vers mes pieds étendu, en disant: 'Mon père, secours-moi.' C'est à mes pieds qu'il expira; et tout ainsi que tu me vois, ainsi les vis-je tous trois tomber un à un, entre la cinquième et la sixième journée: si bien que n'y voyant déjà plus, je me jetai moi-même, hurlant et rampant, sur ces corps inanimés; les appelant deux jours après leur mort, et les rappelant encore, jusqu'à ce que la faim éteignît en moi ce qu'avoit laissé la douleur.

Antoine de Rivarol (1783)

Quand je parvins à me soustraire à la puissance de Circé, qui me tint éloigné des hommes pendant plus d'un an, auprès de ce lieu qu'Énée a cru, depuis, devoir nommer Gaëte, ni les embrassements d'un fils, ni la douleur d'un vieux père, ni l'amour de mon épouse Pénélope, qui aurait dû assurer son bonheur, ne purent vaincre en moi le désir de connaître le monde, ses vices et ses vertus. Je m'abandonnai, dans la haute mer, sur un vaisseau avec le peu de compagnons qui s'étaient attachés à mon sort: je vis l'un et l'autre rivage jusqu'à l'Espagne, la Sardaigne, les îles voisines, et la partie du royaume des Maures que la mer baigne de ses flots. Moi et mes compagnons nous étions atteints par la vieillesse qui affaiblissait nos forces, lorsque nous arrivâmes à ce détroit où Hercule plaça les deux signaux qui avertissaient l'homme de ne pas pénétrer plus avant. Je laissai Séville à ma droite, comme j'avais laissé Ceuta à ma gauche. 'O mes compagnons, dis-je alors, qui êtes arrivés dans les mers de l'Occident, après avoir bravé tant de dangers, et qui n'avez, comme moi, que peu de temps à survivre, ne vous refusez pas, en marchant contre le cours du soleil, la noble satisfaction de voir l'hémisphère privé d'habitants; considérez votre dignité d'homme: vous n'avez pas été appelés à vivre comme la brute, mais vous devez acquérir de la gloire et de sublimes connaissances.'

A cette courte harangue, mes compagnons furent enflammés d'une telle ardeur pour continuer le voyage, qu'à peine aurais-je pu la contenir: nous dirigeâmes la proue vers le couchant, et, nous abandonnant à la folle entreprise, nous poursuivîmes notre route vers la gauche.

Déjà la nuit voyait se déployer devant elle toutes les étoiles de l'autre hémisphère; l'astre polaire ne se montrait plus qu'à l'extrémité de l'horizon: nous avions vu cinq fois reparaître l'éclat argenté de la lune, depuis que nous entreprenions ce grand voyage, quand nous aperçûmes une montagne que la distance rendait encore obscure, et qui était la plus haute que j'eusse encore observée. Nous nous livrâmes à une joie qui bientôt se changea en douleur. Il s'éleva, de cette terre nouvelle, un tourbillon qui vint frapper la proue du vaisseau; trois fois la tempête fit tourner le navire, puis elle fracassa la poupe, et, comme il plut à cet autre, l'Océan se referma sur nous.

Artaud de Montor (1812)

Elle échappe aux regards de la prudence humaine,
Vend son appui fragile, ou prodigue sa haine
Aux peuples entraînés par ses rapides lois,
Tient le sceptre du monde, et règne sur les rois.
L'empire qui succombe et celui qui s'élève,
Reçoivent de ses mains ou les fers ou le glaive.
Sa volonté se cache; ainsi glisse en rampant,
Enseveli sous l'herbe un flexible serpent.
Des vains projets de l'homme elle a marqué la chute . . .

Henri Terrasson (1817)

Et moi: 'J'en vois les murs pénétrés par le feu.
On les croirait sortis d'une fournaise ardente.'
'Une flamme,' dit-il, 'à jamais dévorante,
Rougit ainsi ces murs, dont l'immense circuit
Ouvre un second enfer au sein de cette nuit.'
Un fossé qui ceignait l'inconsolable ville,
Dans son vaste contour reçoit la nef agile.
Les remparts enflammés semblaient être d'airain.

Brait Delamathe (1823)

Lorsque je m'arrachai de Circé, qui me retint plus d'un an près de ce lieu, auquel Enée donna bientôt après le nom de Gaëte; ni la tendresse paternelle, ni l'affection que je devais à un père âgé, ni l'amour que je devais à Pénélope, et qui aurait pu seul la rendre heureuse, ne purent éteindre dans mon âme la vive ardeur que j'avais de connaître le monde, et les vices et les vertus qui composent le cœur humain.

Je me lançai donc sur la plaine des mers; n'ayant qu'un seul vaisseau, et suivi du petit nombre d'amis fidèles, qui ne m'abandonnèrent jamais.

Je visitai les rives de l'Afrique et de l'Europe, je vis l'île de Sardaigne, et toutes celles que la mer entoure de ses eaux, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin l'Espagne et Maroc se montrèrent à nous.

Mes compagnons et moi nous étions déjà vieux et appesantis par l'âge, lorsque nous parvînmes au détroit où Hercule marqua le terme de ses voyages, afin que d'autres ne se hasardassent pas plus loin. Je laissai Séville sur la droite; j'avais déjà laissé Ceuta sur la gauche.

'Amis fidèles, m'écriai-je, vous qui, à travers mille dangers divers, êtes parvenus aux bords de l'occident; ne refusez pas de consacrer le peu de vie qui vous reste, à la découverte d'un monde inhabité, en suivant le cours du soleil.

Rappelez-vous votre origine divine; vous ne fûtes point créés pour vivre comme de vils animaux, mais pour rechercher la vertu et la sagesse.'

Cette courte harangue anima tellement mes compagnons à faire ce voyage, qu'à peine j'aurais pu les retenir.

Tournant notre poupe vers l'orient, nous hâtâmes avec nos rames notre vol téméraire, en prenant de plus en plus, sur la gauche.

Déjà pendant la nuit, les étoiles du pôle du midi se montraient à nous, et le nôtre était si bas qu'il ne sortait pas du sein des ondes; déjà la lune avait brillé cinq fois à nos yeux, (dans son plein), et cinq fois elle avait disparu, depuis que nous nous étions hasardés sur la plaine profonde, lorsque une montagne se montra à nous; l'éloignement lui prêtait une teinte brunâtre, et elle paraissait si élevée que je n'en avais jamais vu de semblable.

Nous nous abandonnions à la joie que cette vue nous causait; mais elle se changea bientôt en deuil; car un tourbillon qui venait de cette terre nouvelle, vint frapper notre vaisseau à la proue, trois fois il le fit tourner avec un volume d'eau; au quatrième coup, la poupe se souleva, la proue s'enfonça, et la mer nous couvrit de ses ondes, ainsi que le voulut une puissance inconnue.

John Charles Tarver (1824)

Comme autrefois, partant pour des rives lointaines,
Hippolyte sortit de la ville d'Athènes,
Parce que, transformant son amour en courroux,
Phèdre vint l'accuser auprès de son époux,
Il te faudra, mon fils, partir seul de Florence;
C'est ce qu'a résolu, dans une conférence
Celui qui sans remords sur l'autel a marché,
Et qui vend Jésus-Christ comme dans un marché.
Suivant le monde aveugle et sa vieille coutume,
Le parti le plus faible, abreuvé d'amertume,
Sera le seul coupable; il le paraît toujours;
Pourtant la main de Dieu, dans ces malheureux jours,
Au torrent débordé posera la barrière,
Et toi tu t'en iras en laissant en arrière
Ceux à côté desquels ta vie aurait coulé;
C'est là le premier coup qui frappe l'exilé.
Tu sentiras, bien loin de Florence et des nôtres,
Qu'il est dur de monter par l'escalier des autres,
Et combien est amer le pain de l'étranger!
Mais le plus lourd fardeau qui viendra te charger,
C'est ce tas d'hommes vils, race ingrate et sans âme,
Avec qui tu devras passer ce temps infâme.
Les insensés! voilà que sans savoir pourquoi
Des maux qu'ils se sont faits ils n'accusent que toi;
Mais Jésus dans le ciel de leur fureur se joue,
Et je leur vois déjà la honte sur la joue!

Antoine Deschamps (1829)

L'amour, qui, se jouant des peines qu'il fait naître,
Dans un cœur vertueux rapidement pénètre,
Enflâma celui-ci (j'en rougis même encor!)
Pour les tristes appas que m'a ravis la mort.
L'amour, qui, nous ployant sous sa force suprême,
Contraint tout être aimé d'aimer aussi lui-même,
A son fatal pouvoir tellement m'asservit
Que, comme tu le vois, ici même il me suit,
L'amour qui nous perdit, devant qui tout succombe,
L'amour nous a jetés dans une même tombe:
Caïn attend celui qui termina nos jours.
Tout deux, en même tems, nous tiennent ce discours.

Joseph-Antoine de Gourbillon (1831)

Il n'est point de tonneau dont la paroi s'éventre
Comme un maudit fendu du menton jusqu'en bas,
Dont les boyaux traînaient sur chacun de ses pas;
On voyait sa poitrine, et le fétide espace
Où devient excrément tout aliment qui passe.
Et pendant qu'à le voir j'attachais mon dessein,
Il me regarde et dit, en déchirant son sein:
Vois maintenant ici comme je me découvre!
Vois comme Mahomet tout mutilé s'entr'ouvre!

Charles-Calemard de Lafayette (1835)

Par moi l'on va dans la cité maudite,
Par moi l'on va dans l'éternel malheur,
Par moi l'on va chez la race proscrite,
Une haute justice inspira mon auteur:
Ouvrage qu'accomplit la divine puissance,
La suprême sagesse et le premier amour,
L'Éternel seul était à ma naissance;
Je n'aurai pas de dernier jour.
Vous qui entrez, laissez toute espérance.

A. Ledreuille (1837)

Comme le feu du ciel, enflammant le nuage,
Des nœuds qui l'enlaçaient rompt tout à coup le sceau,
Et pour tomber à terre échappe à son berceau:
Ainsi, pour prendre part à ce banquet suprême,
Mon âme s'élançait au-dessus d'elle-même.
Mais de sa vision je ne me souviens plus:
- 'Ouvre les yeux, (me dit la reine des Élus)
Et vois ce que je suis. Tu peux, tu peux, te dis-je,
Supporter mon sourire après un tel prodige.'

Tel, quand d'un long sommeil vos sens sont déliés,
Vous voulez ressaisir les songes oubliés:
Tel j'étais, quand soudain j'entendis ce langage...
Un langage si doux, si doux, que je m'engage
A lui garder sa place au livre du Passé.
Mais dans mon humble esprit l'Amour eût-il versé
Les torrents de lait pur et les flots d'harmonie
Qui coulent de ta lyre, ô chaste Polymnie,
Vainement je peindrais, je chanterais en vain;
Car rien n'est comparable au sourire divin
Qui de ma Béatrix éclaira le visage.
Il faut marcher pourtant, et forcer le passage.
Serais-je condamné, lors même que ma voix,
Chantant le Paradis, faillirait quelquefois?
Que ne peut-on savoir ce que pèse un tel glaive!
Quand de sa faible main un mortel le soulève,
Il se soumet d'avance, à ployer sous le faix.
Les gouffres de la mer, je pense, ont été faits
Pour les puissants vaisseaux, et non pour l'humble barque,
Ou pour l'enfant qui tremble au seul nom de la Parque.

J. A. de Mongis (1857)[3]

Paradiso I. 13-27 Fiorentino

O Apollon! propice à ma dernière tâche, fais de mon âme un vase plein de ton inspiration, comme tu le demandes pour accorder le laurier que tu aimes. Jusqu'ici ce fut assez pour moi d'un sommet du Parnasse, mais il me les faut maintenant tous les deux, pour entrer dans l'arène qui me reste. Descends dans mon cœur, prête-moi ton souffle, et sois comme au jour où tu tiras le corps de Marsyas de son fourreau. O divine vertu! si tu m'inspires assez pour que je retrace l'ombre du royaume bienheureux, restée dans mon souvenir, tu me verras venir à ton arbre chéri, et me couronner alors de ce feuillage dont mon sujet et toi m'aurez rendu digne.

Paradiso III. 70-87

Frère, notre volonté est calmée par la vertu de la charité, qui nous fait vouloir seulement ce que nous avons, et ne nous fait pas souhaiter autre chose. Si nous désirions d'être plus élevées, nos désirs se révolteraient contre la volonté de celui qui nous enferme en ce lieu; mais de tels sentiments ne sauraient entrer dans ces sphères, s'il est nécessaire de vivre ici dans la charité, et si tu comprends bien leur nature; car il est essentiel pour être heureux de se tenir enformé dans la volonté divine, et c'est pour cela que nos volontés, qui sont les mêmes, n'en font qu'une. Que nous soyons ainsi de sphère en sphère, dans tout ce royaume, cela plaît donc au royaume entier, de même qu'au roi qui de son vouloir fait le nôtre. Dans sa volonté est notre paix; elle est cette mer vers laquelle se précipite tout ce qu'elle a créé et tout ce que fait la nature.

Pier-Angelo Fiorentino (1840)

Avec Circé

Quand je rompis, après avoir plus d'une année
Langui près de Gaëte, avant qu'y vint Énée
L'appeler de ce nom; mon cœur fut moins pressé
Du besoin de revoir mon fils et mon vieux père,
De rendre à Pénélope un appui tutélaire,
Que de l'ardent désir, devenu bien amer,
De voir, d'étudier tout à mon gré le monde,
D'observer les humains, leur malice profonde,
Le vice et la vertu. Je repris donc la mer
Avec un seul navire et l'escorte fidèle
De ceux que me laissa ma fortune rebelle.
Je vis, jusqu'à l'Espagne, et l'un et l'autre bord,
La Sardaigne, Maroc et mainte plage encor,
Qu'à l'entour cette mer baigne d'un flot mobile.
Mes compagnons et moi nous étions déjà vieux
Lorsque se découvrit le détroit à nos yeux,
Où, pour que n'allât pas plus loin l'homme indocile,
Hercule lui posa ses bornes sous les cieux.
A ma droite j'avais déjà laissé Séville,
A ma gauche Ceuta. - Frères, dis-je, à travers
Mille et mille périls patiemment soufferts,
Enfin de l'Occident nous touchons la limite.
Quand la veille des sens vous reste si petite,
Guidés par le soleil, ne vous refusez pas
A voir un autre monde où nul mortel n'habite.
Considérez ce qu'est notre espèce ici-bas:
En brutes, pour passer du loisir au repas,
Nous n'avons pas reçu notre courte existence,
Mais bien pour conquérir la vertu, la science.
A la tâche, ces mots, en stimulant leur cœur,
Chez tous mes compagnons excitent tant d'ardeur
Que j'eusse en vain tenté de retenir leur troupe.
Soudain, à l'orient se tourne notre poupe;
Sur les flots écumants volent les avirons,
Et toujours sur la gauche, en gagnant, nous courons;
De l'autre pôle, au ciel, où s'éployaient ses voiles,
La nuit pouvait déjà voir toutes les étoiles.
Le nôtre s'inclinait et descendait si bas
Que hors de l'onde amère il n'apparaissait pas.
Sur l'horizon nouveau, cinq fois dans sa carrière,
La lune avait éteint, rallumé sa lumière,
Depuis que notre nef fendait le flot profond
Alors qu'à nos regards se découvrit un mont
Qui, de brunes vapeurs se voilant à distance,
Me sembla le plus haut que j'eusse vu jamais.
Nous firent tressaillir la joie et l'espérance,
Pour se changer bientôt en larmes, en regrets:
De la terre nouvelle un tourbillon s'élance,
Et du navire il vient, fougueux, heurter l'avant;
Trois fois, avec les flots écumeux l'enlevant,
Il le fait tournoyer d'une puissance extrême;
La poupe, tout à coup, monte à la quatrième,
Plonge la proue en bas, comme à tel autre il plut,
Et la mer se fermant sur nous, tout disparut.

Eugène Aroux (1842)

Ma Florence, tu peux être contente de cette digression; elle ne te touche pas, grâce à ton peuple qui s'applique à être si sage!
Plusieurs ont la justice dans le cœur, mais leur cœur est lent à la décocher, afin de ne pas tirer l'arc imprudemment; et ton peuple a la justice sur le bord de ses lèvres.
Plusieurs refusent ailleurs les charges publiques; mais ton peuple, plein de sollicitude, répond, sans être invité, aux charges de la loi, et crie: 'Je m'y soumets!'
Donc sois joyeuse, car tu as bien de quoi, tu es riche, tu as de la prudence. Si je dis vrai, l'effet ne me dément pas.
Athènes et Lacédémone, qui firent les antiques lois, et furent si remplies de civilisation, donnèrent dans l'art de bien se conduire un petit exemple,
Auprès de toi qui fais de si subtils règlements, que ceux qu'en octobre tu files n'arrivent pas jusqu'à la moitié de novembre.
Combien de fois dans ces temps, dont tu peux te souvenir, as-tu changé les lois, les monnaies, les offices, les coutumes, et renouvelé les membres de ta cité?
Ah! si tu veux te le rappeler et si tu vois la lumière, tu te verras semblable à cette malade qui ne peut trouver une position sur la plume,
Mais qui, en se retournant, tâche de se garantir de la douleur.

Auguste Brizeux (1842)

Le prince de nouveaux pharisiens guerroyait alors près de Latran,
non avec les Sarrasins ou les juifs, mais avec les chrétiens;
Car nul d'entre ses ennemis n'était allé conquérir la ville d'Acre,
ou commercer dans les domaines du soudan.
Ce pontife ne respecta ni, en lui, l'auguste ministère et les ordres
sacrés, ni, en moi, le cordon qui rendait ses pénitents plus maigres
que ceux d'aujourd'hui.
Constantin, dans les monts de Soracte, alla demander la guérison de
sa lèpre à Sylvestre;
Ainsi le prince de l'Église m'appela, pour le guérir de sa fièvre
orgueilleuse.
Il invoqua mes conseils; je me tus, car ses discours me semblaient
inspirés par l'ivresse.
Il ajouta: Délivre ton cœur de tout scrupule, je t'absous d'avance;
enseigne-moi à détruire les remparts de Palestrina.

. . .

A ma mort, saint François vint me réclamer; un des noirs chérubins
lui cria: 'Ne me le ravis point, ne me fais pas tort.
Il doit être englouti avec mes esclaves; il a donné un frauduleux
conseil. Depuis ce temps, je le tiens par les cheveux.
On ne peut absoudre celui qui ne se repent pas; le repentir et le
choix du mal renferment une contradiction inadmissible.'
O trois fois malheureux! lorsqu'il me saisit en ajoutant: 'Tu ne
me croyais pas si bon logicien.'

Sébastien Rhéal (1843)

(pseudonym of Sébastien Gayet de Cesena)

Cependant le soleil, rayonnant dans l'espace,
Montait à l'horizon dont le méridien passe
A son plus haut zénith au-dessus de Sion.
Et la nuit, dont le char à l'opposé s'avance,
Sortait du Gange, ayant à la main la balance
Qu'elle laisse tomber auprès du Scorpion.
Au point où nous étions, l'Aurore déjà vieille
Perdait son teint de lis, et sa couleur vermeille
Au fruit de l'oranger prenait des teintes d'or.
Sur le bord de la mer nous restions, pris de doute,
Comme des gens qu'on voit indécis sur leur route;
Ils vont avec le cœur, mais le pied tarde encor.
Et comme, après la nuit, aux premiers feux de l'aube,
Mars, perçant le brouillard épais qui le dérobe,
Rougit à l'Occident au-dessus de la mer,
Je vis, je crois la voir encore, une lumière
Qui venait en courant sur les flots, si légère
Qu'elle aurait défié l'oiseau volant dans l'air.
Comme je détournais un peu mon œil avide
Pour demander le mot du prodige à mon guide,
Plus vive la clarté de moi se rapprochait.
Et de chaque côté de la flamme indécise
Je ne sais quoi de blanc s'agitait à la brise:
De ce blanc autre blanc encor se détachait.
Mon maître ne dit mot. Mais la blancheur étrange
Se rapproche et bientôt ouvre deux ailes d'ange.
Alors, reconnaissant le gondolier divin:
'Vite, vite à genoux!' s'écria le doux sage:
' 'Voici l'ange de Dieu: joins les mains et courage!
Des anges désormais t'ouvriront le chemin.
Regarde: loin de lui les ressources mortelles.
Point de voile ou de rame autre que ses deux ailes
Pour traverser la mer depuis le bord lointain.
Vois comme vers le ciel il les étend, ces ailes!
Et l'air frémit au bruit des plumes éternelles,
Qui ne s'altèrent pas comme le poil humain.'
Tandis qu'il s'approchait toujours plus du rivage,
L'oiseau divin, plus grand, rayonnait davantage:
Ce fut pour mes regards un trop brillant flambeau,
Et je baissai les yeux. Avec une nacelle
Il s'avance, une barque et si mince et si frêle
Qu'elle semblait voler à la cime de l'eau.
Le céleste nocher se tenait à la proue
Et la béatitude illuminait sa joue.
De plus de mille esprits il était entouré.
Quand Israël sortit de la terre Égyptienne
En chœur, à l'unisson, tous chantaient cette antienne
Et les versets suivants du cantique sacré.
Puis au signe de croix qu'il leur fit, de la barque
Ils sautent sur la plage, et tandis qu'on débarque
L'ange est parti rapide ainsi qu'il est venu.

Louis Ratisbonne (1856).

O Fille de ton Fils, Marie! ô Vierge Mère!
Humble, et passant tout être au Ciel et sur la terre!
Terme prédestiné de l'éternel conseil!
Toi par qui s'ennoblit notre humaine nature
Au point que, devenant lui-même créature,
Le Créateur se fit à son œuvre pareil!
C'est toi qui dans ton sein rallumas de plus belle
L'ardent amour par qui, dans la paix éternelle,
Cette fleur a germé si magnifiquement.
Soleil de Charité dans la céleste sphère,
Brûlant dans son midi! Pour l'homme, sur la terre,
Source vive d'espoir et de soulagement!
En toi tant de grandeur réside et de puissance
Que vouloir grâce au Ciel sans ta sainte assistance,
C'est vouloir qu'un désir sans ailes vole à Dieu.
Ta bonté ne vient pas, Reine, tant elle est grande,
Au secours seulement de celui qui demande,
Mais généreusement court au devant du vœu.
En toi la pitié tendre, en toi miséricorde,
En toi magnificence, et dans ton sein s'accorde
Tout ce que créature enferme de bonté!

Louis Ratisbonne (1860)

'Quand elle eut cessé de parler, Béatrix tourna sur moi ses yeux brillants de larmes, rendant ainsi ma course plus rapide. Je suis venu comme elle le désirait; je t'ai débarrassé du monstre qui te fermait le chemin le plus court sur la belle colline. Qu'est-ce donc maintenant? Pourquoi, pourquoi t'arrêtes-tu? Pourquoi caresser dans ton cœur une si grande faiblesse? Pourquoi manques-tu de courage et de résolution lorsque trois bienheureuses s'inquiètent de toi dans la cour du ciel, et que mes paroles te promettent la plus noble récompense?' Telles de tendres fleurs couchées et fermées par la gelée de la nuit se rouvrent aux rayons du soleil et se relèvent sur leurs tiges: tel se ranima mon courage épuisé, et, l'âme affranchie de crainte, je m'écriai dans une noble confiance: 'Oh! qu'elle est compatissante celle qui m'a secouru, et que tu es généreux, toi qui as obéi avec tant de diligence á des paroles si dignes de foi! Ton langage a rallumé le désir dans mon cœur, et ma pensée revient, plus inébranlable, à ce qu'elle avait d'abord résolu. Marchons donc! Qu'il n'y ait plus entre nous qu'une seule volonté! Tu es mon guide, tu es mon seigneur, tu es mon maître.' Alors Virgile s'étant mis en mouvement, j'entrai sur ses pas dans un chemin escarpé et sauvage.

Victor de Saint-Mauris (1853)

Par moi l'on entre dans la cité des douleurs; par moi, dans la plainte éternelle; par moi, au milieu des races perdues. La justice inspira mon sublime fondateur; je suis l'œuvre de la divine volonté, de la souveraine sagesse et du premier amour. Avant moi rien n'était, si non ce qui est éternel, et moi aussi je dure éternellement. Laissez toute espérance, vous qui entre.

Ces paroles, je les lisais, écrites en caractères sombres, au sommet d'une porte. 'Qu'est-ce à dire, ô mon maître, et que le sens de ces mots est cruel!'

Comme un sage, il me répondit: 'Ici tu dois laisser la crainte; il faut ici que toute lâcheté s'arrête. Nous sommes en ce lieu où tu verras, je te l'ai dit, les races désolées qui ont perdu la grâce divine.'

Il posa sa main sur la mienne, et, m'encourageant d'un visage serein, il me conduisit au milieu des choses mystérieuses.

Des soupirs, des plaintes et de profonds gémissements resonnaient sous cette voûte sans étoiles, et je me pris à pleurer.

Idiomes divers, horribles langages, paroles de douleur, accents de colère, voix profondes et rauques, froissements de mains qui s'entrechoquent: tel était le tumulte tourbillonnant dans cet espace éternellement sombre: on eût dit le sable ardent tournoyant dans une trombe sans fin.

. . .

Dès qu'elles entendirent ces paroles cruelles, les âmes, qui étaient fatiguées et nues, pâlirent encore, et, dans un grincement horrible, elles blasphémaient, maudissant leur père et leur mère; maudissant la race humaine; maudissant le jour et le lieu de leur naissance; maudissant les enfants de leurs enfants. Toutes gémissantes elles se retirèrent sur la rive fatale où doit venir tout homme qui n'est pas craignant Dieu.

D'un geste impérieux, l'infernal Caron, aux yeux embrasés, pousse en troupeau ces âmes errantes, et frappe à coups de rame celles qui ne se hâtent pas.

Au souffle du vent d'automne, les feuilles s'envolent une à une, jusqu'à ce que chaque rameau ait rendu toutes ses dépouilles à la terre; de même se précipite du rivage la perverse postérité d'Adam, chaque âme obéissant au signe du nocher comme l'oiseau qui se rend à l'appeau.

Ainsi s'en vont les âmes à travers l'onde noire et à peine se sont-elles éloignées du rivage, qu'une nouvelle foule s'y rassemble déjà.

Jacques A. Mesnard (1854)

Je quittai Circé, qui me retint caché plus d'un an, là, près
de Gaëte, avant qu'ainsi Énée la nommât,
Ni la douce pensée de mon fils, ni la piété envers mon vieux
père, ni l'amour qui devait être la joie de Pénélope,
Ne purent vaincre en moi l'ardeur d'acquérir la connaissance
du monde, et des vices des hommes, et de leurs vertus,
Mais, sur la haute mer de toutes parts ouverte, je me lançai
avec un seul vaisseau, et ce petit nombre de compagnons qui
jamais ne m'abandonnèrent.
L'un et l'autre rivage je vis jusqu'à l'Espagne et jusqu'au
Maroc, et l'île de Sardaigne, et les autres que baigne cette
mer.
Moi et mes compagnons nous étions vieux et appesantis, quand
nous arrivâmes à ce détroit resserré où Hercule posa ses
bornes,
Pour avertir l'homme de ne pas aller plus avant: je laissai
Séville à main droite; à l'autre déjà Septa m'avait laissé.
'O frères, dis-je, qui, à travers mille périls, êtes parvenus
à l'Occident, suivez le soleil, et à vos sens
A qui reste si peu de veille, ne refusez l'expérience du monde
sans habitants.
Pensez à ce que vous êtes: point n'avez été faits pour vivre
comme des brutes, mais pour rechercher la vertu et la con-
naissance.'
Par ces brèves paroles j'excitai tellement mes compagnons à
continuer leur route, qu'à peine ensuite aurais-je pu les
retenir.
La poupe tournée vers le levant, des rames nous fîmes des
ailes pour follement voler, gagnant toujours à gauche.
Déjà, la nuit, je voyais toutes les étoiles de l'autre pôle,
et le nôtre si bas, que point il ne s'élevait au-dessus
de l'onde marine.
Cinq fois la lune avait rallumé son flambeau, et autant de
fois elle l'avait éteint, depuis que nous étions entrés dans
la haute mer,
Quand nous apparut une montagne, obscure à cause de la distance,
et qui me sembla plus élevée qu'aucune autre que j'eusse vue.
Nous nous réjouîmes, et bientôt notre joie se changea en pleurs,
de la nouvelle terre un tourbillon étant venu, qui par devant
frappa le vaisseau.
Trois fois il le fit tournoyer avec toutes les eaux; à la
quatrième, il dressa la poupe en haut, et en bas il enfonça
la proue, comme il plut à un autre,
Jusqu'à ce que la mer se refermât sur nous.

Félicité Robert de Lamennais
(posthumously, 1855)

Déjà le soleil était arrivé à l'horizon dont le cercle méridien,
à son point le plus élevé, couvre Jérusalem;
Et la nuit, qui parcourt le cercle opposé, sortait du Gange avec
les Balances, qui tombent de sa main, lorsqu'elle s'allonge:
De sorte que, là où j'étais, les blanches et les vermeilles
joues de la belle Aurore, croissant d'âge, devenaient orangées.
Nous étions encore près de la mer, semblables à celui qui pense
à son chemin, qui va de cœur, et de corps demeure,
Quand tout à coup, comme Mars, chassé par le matin, rougit à
travers les épaisses vapeurs, au couchant, sur la plaine marine,
Je vis, et que ne la vois-je encore! une lumière venir sur la mer,
d'une telle vitesse, qu'aucun vol ne l'égale.
Après avoir un peu détourné d'elle les yeux pour interroger mon
Guide, je la revis plus brillante et plus grande.
Puis, de chaque côté, m'apparut je ne sais quoi de blanc, et d'au
dessous, peu à peu, sortit quelque chose de pareil.
Mon Maître ne dit rien, jusqu'à ce que les premières blancheurs
se déployèrent en ailes: lorsqu'il reconnut bien le nocher,
Il cria: - Ploie, ploie les genoux: voilà l'Ange de Dieu! Joins
les mains! de tels ministres tu verras désormais.
Vois, il dédaigne les instruments humains; il ne veut d'autre
rame, d'autre voile que ses ailes pour parcourir ces lointains
rivages;
Vois comme il les dresse vers le ciel, frappant l'air des pennes
éternelles, qui ne changent point comme un poil mortel.
Plus et plus de nous s'approchait l'oiseau divin, plus brillant
il apparaissait; de sorte que l'œil ne pouvant de près en
soutenir l'éclat,
S'abaissa; et lui vint au rivage avec un batelet si svelte et
si léger, qu'il ne plongeait aucunement dans l'eau.
A la poupe se tenait le céleste nocher, rayonnant de béatitude;
et dedans étaient assis plus de cent esprits.
In exitu Israël de Aegypto, tous ensemble ils chantaient d'une
seule voix, et le reste du psaume.
Puis sur eux il fit le signe de la sainte croix, et tous se
jetèrent sur la plage, et lui s'en alla, rapide comme il était
venu.

Félicité Robert de Lamennais

(posthumously, 1856)

Frère, apaise notre vouloir une vertu de charité, par laquelle, ne
voulant que ce que nous avons, nous ne sommes altérés d'aucune
autre chose.
Si nous désirions être plus haut, nos désirs seraient en désaccord
avec la volonté de Celui qui nous place ici;
Ce que tu verras ne se pouvoir dans ces Cercles, s'il est nécessaire
d'être ici dans la charité, et si tu en considères bien la nature.
Il est même essentiel à cet être heureux de se maintenir dans la volonté
divine, pour que nos volontés elles-mêmes n'en fassent qu'une;
De sorte que d'être ainsi que nous le sommes, distribués de seuil
en seuil dans ce royaume, à tout le royaume il plaise, comme au
Roi, qui absorbe notre vouloir dans le sien.
Dans sa volonté est notre paix; elle est cette mer vers laquelle
se meut tout ce qu'elle créa, ou que fait la nature.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Vierge Mère, fille de ton Fils, humble et élevée plus qu'aucune
créature, terme fixe d'un éternel conseil,
Tu es celle qui tant as ennobli l'humaine nature, que son auteur
ne dédaigna point de s'en revêtir.
En ton sein se ralluma l'amour, par la chaleur duquel dans
l'éternelle paix ainsi a germé cette fleur.
Ici, pour nous, tu es en son midi le flambeau de la charité,
et en bas, parmi les mortels, tu es la vraie fontaine
d'espérance.
Dame, tu es si grande, et si grand est ton pouvoir, que celui
qui désire la grâce et à toi ne recourt point, son désir veut
voler sans ailes.
Ta bonté non-seulement secourt qui demande, mais d'elle-même,
souvent, elle prévient le demander.
En toi miséricorde, en toi pitié, en toi munificence, en toi
se rassemble tout ce que dans les créatures il y a de bonté.

Félicité Robert de Lamennais

(posthumously, 1856)

Déjà le soleil était arrivé à l'horizon dont le méridien a son point le plus élevé au-dessus de Jérusalem;
Et la nuit qui tourne à l'opposite sortait du Gange avec les balances qui lui tombent des mains quand elle l'emporte;
En sorte qu'au lieu où j'étais les joues blanches et vermeilles de la belle Aurore commençaient à prendre en mûrissant les couleurs de l'orange;
Nous étions encore tout au bord de la mer, comme des gens qui pensent à leur route; ils cheminent déjà par la pensée, mais leurs pieds demeurent.
Et voici que, pareille à la planète de Mars, qui aux approches du matin, voilée d'épaisses vapeurs, se montre comme un point rouge à l'occident suspendu sur la plaine des mers,
Une lumière m'apparut (ainsi puissé-je la revoir!) glissant sur la mer d'un mouvement si rapide, qu'il n'y a pas de vol capable de l'égaler;
Et après que j'eus un peu détourné les yeux pour interroger mon guide, je la revis plus vive et plus grande.
Puis de chaque côté m'apparaissait je ne sais quoi de blanc, et au-dessous peu à peu se découvrait une autre blancheur.
Mon maître d'abord ne dit mot, jusqu'à ce que les premières formes blanches se dessinassent comme des ailes. Alors reconnaissant bien le pilote,
Il s'écria: 'Hâte-toi, hâte-toi de plier les genoux. Voici l'ange de Dieu. Joins les mains. Tels sont les ministres que tu verras désormais.
Vois comme il dédaigne les moyens humains; si bien qu'entre des rivages si éloignés, il ne veut ni rames ni d'autres voiles que ses ailes.
Vois comme il les tient dressées vers le ciel, battant l'air de ses plumes éternelles, qui ne se renouvellent point comme celles des êtres périssables.'
Ensuite, plus approchait de nous l'oiseau divin, plus il paraissait resplendissant; en sorte que de près mes yeux ne soutenaient plus son éclat.
Je les baissai donc; et lui vint toucher au bord avec une nacelle si agile et si légère que l'eau n'en atteignait pas les flancs.
A la poupe se tenait debout le céleste nocher, tel que la béatitude semblait écrite sur son front; et plus de cent esprits étaient assis au dedans.
In exitu Israel de Aegypto, c'était le chant qu'ils répétaient tous ensemble d'une seule voix, en y ajoutant la suite du psaume autant qu'il y en a dans le livre.
Puis l'ange leur fit le signe de la sainte croix; alors ils se jetèrent tous sur la plage. Et lui s'en retourna rapide comme il était venu.

A. Frédéric Ozanam (posthumously, 1852)

Et celui-ci qui pleure et m'accompagne
Aima d'amour le corps si plein d'appas
Que m'a ravi le plus affreux trépas.
Comme à l'amour l'amour vrai vous convie!
Du même feu je m'embrasai d'abord,
Feu si puissant qu'il survit à la mort.
En nous aimant nous perdîmes la vie.
Mais dans l'enfer le cercle de Caïn
Pour nous venger attend notre assassin.

Victor de Perrodil (1862)

'Quand elle eut achevé d'articuler ces mots,
Plaurante, elle a vers moi tourné ses yeux brillants;
Voilà ce qui m'a fait hâter mes pas vers toi.
Je suis venu vers toi comme elle a désiré.
Je t'ai débarrassé de la bête féroce
Qui, sur le beau sommet, épouvantait tes pas.
Qu'est-il donc survenu, pourquoi, pourquoi tarder?
Pourquoi nourrir en toi des craintes condamnables,
Étouffer en ton cœur hardiesse et franchise?
Quand la céleste cour a trois femmes bénies
Qui sur toi, de là-haut, veillent et te protègent,
Et que ma voix te fait de si belles promesses?'
Telles de jeunes fleurs que le verglas des nuits
Incline, clot, puis, quand le soleil les colore,
On les voit s'élever, sur leur axe s'ouvrir:
Tel il advint en moi de mon cœur abattu.
Une telle énergie a pénétré mon âme,
Que je débute alors avec toute assurance:
'Que ta pitié me plait, femme qui m'as aidé,
Et toi courtois assez pour obéir soudain,
A la voix qui s'offrit pleine de vérité.
Ta voix a réveillé dans mon cœur le désir
D'accomplir sans retard ce hasardeux voyage,
Et tel que je retourne à mon premier projet.
Va donc, nous n'avons plus qu'une volonté seule,
Sois mon chef, mon seigneur, et mon maître absolu,'
J'avais dit, il se meut, et soudain sur ses pas
J'entrai dans le chemin mystérieux, sauvage.

Hippolyte Topin (1862)

(Experimental version in 'vers blancs' included in the 'Discours Préliminaire)

'La terre où je naquis s'étend le long des flots,
Où le Po vient verser son onde turbulente
Cherchant au sein des mers lui, les siens, le repos.
L'amour qui vif et prompt à nobles cœurs attente
Enflamma qui tu vois de ma rare beauté,
Qui ravie... et comment...? offense encor saignante.
Amour qui veut amour joug de nécessité
Nourrit pour lui mes feux qui plus vifs s'allumèrent,
Sourde blessure en moi toujours vitalité.
Amour fit que nos cœurs ensemble succombèrent;
Caïne attend la main qui les a supplantés.'
Tels furent les accents que leurs voix nous portèrent.
A peine eus-je entendu ces amants insultés
Je baisse l'œil, persiste; et mon maître: 'Tu pense;
A quoi donc? m'a-t-il dit, quelques instants passés.'
J'épanche de mon cœur cette surabondance:
'Las que de fois penser, désirer, révéler
Poussèrent ces amants à leur triste souffrance.'
Puis, me tournant vers eux, me pris à leur parler:
'Francesca, débutai-je, oui ton cruel martyre
Provoque ma pitié, mes larmes à couler.
Mais, dis-moi, dans le temps où ton âme soupire
Sur quoi, comment amour dans les secrets du cœur
En vos désirs douteux vous permit-il de lire?'
Elle a dit: 'Il n'est point de plus dure douleur
Que d'évoquer en soi dans sa triste misère
Les jours vécus heureux; demande à ton docteur.
Mais s'il te plait ouïr la cause originaire
De tant d'amour en nous, en savoir les tisons,
Vois-moi, parler, pleurer comme tel sait le faire.
Un jour pour charmer l'heure ensemble nous lisons
Comment de Lancelot amour fit la conquête,
Seuls, livrés à nous deux sans arrière-soupçons.
Il lit: Son œil sur moi, le mien sur lui s'arrête
Plus d'une fois; moi, lui pâlit décoloré,
Mais un point seul, un point acheva la défaite.
Quand nous lûmes comment ce souris désiré
Fut baisé d'un amant que son amour oppresse;
Ce feu que rien encor de moi n'a séparé,
Tout tremblant sur ma bouche imprime sa caresse;
Furent agents d'amour et le livre e l'auteur
Pour le reste du jour notre lecture cesse.'
Pendant qu'un de ces feux me contait sa douleur
L'autre, morne, pleurait, mon cœur ému se serre,
Je me sentis rien moins que glacer ma chaleur
Et tombai, comme un corps, raide mort, tombe à terre.

Hippolyte Topin (1862)

Frère, une charité vive en nous sait régler
Nos vouloirs, et nous rend seulement désirable
Ce que nous possédons sans désir préférable.
Si nous cherchions plus haut notre félicité,
Nos désirs ne seraient qu'une indocilité
Aux vouloirs de celui qui nous mit dans ces sphères;
Ce qui ne saurait être ici dans ces lumières,
Si force est à l'amour ici s'harmonier,
Et si tu sais au juste en soi l'apprécier.
Ainsi donc pour fixer cette heureuse existence,
Vouloir en Dieu, voilà son principe d'essence,
Car nos désirs en un se résument en lui.
Telles donc qu'on nous voit en cet empire-ci,
De cercle en cercle ainsi nous charmons tout l'empire,
Et son roi qui s'interne en nous, veut et désire.
Notre paix est pour nous dans son vouloir qui veut;
Il est la vaste mer où librement se meut
Tout ce qu'a fait son bras et poli la nature.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Vierge mère, Marie, o fille de ton Fils,
Humble et grande au-delà de toute créature,
Immuable décret des conseils infinis,
C'est toi qui des mortels ennoblis la nature,
Et l'élevas si haut que son sublime auteur
En elle s'abaissa pour sa progéniture.
Tu nourris dans ton sein cette divine ardeur
Dont les feux, dans la paix de la voûte éthérée,
Ont fait s'épanouir cette éclatante fleur.
Soleil d'amour, ici tu brilles honorée,
Et là-bas au séjour où vit l'humanité
Tu leur es d'espérance une source sacrée.
Vierge grande, et si grande en souveraineté
Que tel voudrait sans toi jouir d'un ciel propice
Dont l'impuissant désir languirait rebuté.
Tu soutiens l'indigent, tu fais plus, protectrice,
Car mille et mille fois ta générosité
Veut qu'avant la prière un désir s'accomplisse.
En toi miséricorde, et douce piété,
En toi magnificence, en toi s'identifie
Tout ce que la nature a reçu de bonté.

Hippolyte Topin (1862)

La charité, mon frère, a fixé sans retour,
Dit-elle, nos vouloirs; cette vertu fervente
De ce que nous avons, sans rien plus, nous contente.
Or si nous souhaitions un plus glorieux sort,
De notre volonté nous briserions l'accord
Avec celle de Dieu qui nous donna nos places.
Mais cela ne se peut dans ces sacrés espaces,
Si tu sais bien ce qu'est en soi la charité,
Et qu'ici son lien est de nécessité.
Du bonheur des élus c'est l'essence bénie
Aux volontés de Dieu que la leur soit unie,
Si bien qu'elles sont une en lui. Donc, à sa cour
Si nous tenons des rangs inégaux, notre amour
Rend cet ordre aussi cher aux sujets qu'au Roi même
Qui fondit leurs vouloirs dans son vouloir suprême.
Dans sa volonté sainte est toute notre paix;
Elle est la mer profonde où s'écoule à jamais
Ce que son souffle crée ou que nature opère.

Amédée de Margerie (1900)

La vertu de charité, frère, apaise
notre vouloir, de ce que nous avons
donnant envie, sans donner soif du reste.
D'être plus haut si nous étions avides,
en désaccord serait notre désir
du vouloir de Celui qui nous rassemble;
ce qu'en ces cercles tu ne verras admettre,
s'il faut ici être en la charité,
considérant bien quelle est sa nature;
ains est formel à ce bienheureux être
de se tenir dans le vouloir divin,
pour que nos volontés ne fassent qu'une.
Que nous soyons ainsi de seuil en seuil
dans ce royaume, plaît à tout le royaume,
comme au Roi, dont le vouloir fait le nôtre.
Car dans sa volonté est notre paix;
elle est la mer vers qui tout se dirige,
ce qu'elle crée, et que nature fait.

André Pératé (1923)

Quand je quittai Circé dont un an l'amitié
M'aura près de Gaëte (Enée ainsi la nomme),
Ni le doux souvenir d'un fils ni la pitié
Envers un père, ni l'amour qui fut en somme
L'appui de Pénélope, en moi n'avaient dompté
L'ardeur de découvrir le monde entier et l'homme.
Mais sur la haute mer au plan illimité,
Je me lançais n'ayant qu'un vaisseau pour asile,
Et quelques compagnons sous mon autorité.
Je vis jusqu'à l'Espagne et le Maroc et l'île
De Sardaigne et les rocs que cette mer porta;
Nous étions vieux et las lorsque, laissant Seville
A droite, après avoir, ailleurs, laissé Septa,
Nous prîmes le détroit où, fils de la science,
Hercule, ayant posé ses bornes, s'arrêta.
Alors je dis: 'Amis, restez en confiance.
Vous touchez l'occident: poursuivez le soleil!
Et ne refusez pas une autre expérience.
Pensez à vous: vivez, non pas dans le sommeil
De la brute, mais bien pour qu'un but vous émeuve;
Recherchez la vertu qui tient l'âme en éveil.'
Par ces mots j'excitai mes compagnons d'épreuve
Tellement que, tournant la poupe à l'orient,
Nous volâmes, le cap à gauche, - force neuve!
Déjà, la nuit, le pôle austral était brillant
D'étoiles; l'autre pôle était si bas sur l'onde
Qu'on ne l'eût découvert du bord en la fouillant.
Cinq fois, la lune avait rallumé sur le monde
Son flambeau qu'elle avait autant de fois éteint,
Depuis que nous voguions sur cette mer profonde,
Lorsqu' apparut un mont, semblant tout d'ombre teint
Dans la distance, ouvrant le ciel comme une invite,
La plus haut, à coup sûr, qu'homme eût jamais atteint.
Nous nous réjouissions, mais notre joie eut vite
Fait place aux pleurs; de terre, en un bruit de combats,
Un tourbillon frappa le vaisseau qui l'évite.
Il le fit tournoyer en d'horribles ébats,
Trois fois; la quatrième, en sa rage affirmée,
Il le dressa la poupe en haut, la proue en bas,
Jusqu'à ce que la mer sur nous fût refermée.

Martin Saint-René (1936)

Quand je me séparai de Circé, qui me tint
Plus d'une année caché, près de Gaëte,
- Avant qu'Énée ainsi ne l'eût nommée -
Ni la douceur d'un fils, ni la pitié
De mon vieux père, ou cet amour juré
Qui devait réjouir le cœur de Pénélope,
Ne purent vaincre au fond de moi l'ardeur
Que j'avais à me rendre un connaisseur du monde
Et des vertus et des vices humains.
Mais je repris la mer, la haute mer ouverte,
Sur une nef, avec cette poignée
D'amis qui ne m'avaient jamais abandonné.
Jusqu'à l'Espagne et jusques au Maroc
Je vis les continents, et l'ile de Sardaigne
Et celles-là que baigne alentour notre mer.
Nous étions vieux et las, moi et mes compagnons,
Comme nous parvenions à cette gorge étroite,
Où Hercule parut et planta ses deux bornes,
Afin que nul n'osât se hasarder plus loin.
Je laissai donc Séville à la main droite,
A la gauche, déjà, Ceuta m'avait laissé.
'Mes frères, dis-je, ô vous qui, à travers cent mille
Dangers, êtes venus aux confins d'occident,
A cette extrême et tremblante veillée
De nos ardeurs, dont elle est le restant,
Ne vous refusez pas à faire connaissance,
En suivant le soleil, du monde inhabité.
Considérez quelle est votre origine:
Vous n'avez été faits pour vivre comme brutes,
Mais pour ensuivre et science et vertu.'
J'avais si fort excité mes amis,
Par ma simple harangue, au désir du voyage
Qu'à peine aurais-je pu, dès lors, les retenir.
Et tournant désormais notre poupe au matin,
Des rames nous faisons des ailes au vol fou,
Et nous gagnons toujours du côté gauche.
Déjà la nuit contemplait les étoiles
De l'autre pôle, et le nôtre baissait
Tant qu'il ne montait plus sur la plaine marine.
Par cinq fois ranimée, autant de fois éteinte,
La face de la lune avait reçu le jour,
Depuis que nous avions franchi le pas suprême,
Quand se montra, bleui par la distance,
Un sommet isolé qui me parut plus haut
Qu'aucun des monts que j'avais jamais vus.
Notre première joie se tourna vite en pleurs:
De la terre nouvelle il naquit une trombe,
Qui vint frapper notre nef à l'avant.
Par trois fois dans sa masse elle la fit tourner:
Mais, à la quarte fois, la poupe se dressa
Et l'avant s'abîma, comme il plut à Quelqu'un,
Jusqu'à tant que la mer sur nous fût refermée.

Henri Lognon (1938)

La vertu de l'Amour apaise, mon cher frère,
Tous nos désirs, en nous donnant l'envie
De ce que nous avons, sans assoiffer du reste.
D'être plus haut si nous étions avides,
Nos volontés seraient en désaccord
Avec celle de Dieu, qui nous confine ici;
Ce qui - tu le verras - en aucun de ces orbes
N'advient, puisque l'on doit y être tout amour.
Or, de l'Amour tu sais bien la nature:
Il est essentiel à la béatitude
De se tenir dans le vouloir de Dieu,
Pour que le sien et le nôtre soient un.
Que nous soyons ainsi, parmi tout ce royaume,
Répartis en degrés plaît à tout le royaume,
Comme au Roi qui nous fait vouloir sa volonté;
Car notre paix est dans sa volonté:
Elle est la mer où s'en va toute chose,
Ce qu'elle crée et ce que fait Nature.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

O Vierge, mère et fille de ton Fils,
Humble et haute bien plus que nulle créature,
Terme assigné d'un éternel dessein,
C'est Toi qui ennoblis notre nature humaine
A ce point tel que n'a pas dédaigné
Son Ouvrier de se faire son œuvre;
C'est en ton sein qu'a repris feu l'Amour,
A la chaleur de qui, dans la paix éternelle,
A pu germer cette rose candide.
Ici, Tu es pour nous la torche d'un midi
De charité; là-bas, chez les mortels,
D'espérance Tu es la source toujours vive.
Dame, Tu es si grande et puissante que l'homme
Qui désire une grâce et ne recourt à Toi,
Prétend que son désir vole sans avoir d'ailes:
Non seulement ta bienveillance exauce
Ton suppliant, mais bien souvent aussi
Ta libéralité précède la demande.
En Toi pitié, en Toi miséricorde,
En Toi magnificence, en Toi s'assemble tout
Ce qu'il est de bonté dans une créature!

Henri Lognon (1938)

Lorsque je quittai Circé, qui m'avait retenu plus d'un an près de Gaëte avant qu'Enée donnât un nom à ce lieu,

Ni tendresse pour mon fils, ni compassion d'un vieux père, ni le devoir d'aimer Pénélope et de la rendre heureuse

Ne purent vaincre en moi l'ardeur qui me poussait à devenir expert du monde en même temps que des vices et des valeurs humaines.

Je me lançai dans la grande mer ouverte, seul sur un navire, avec le petit nombre d'hommes qui ne voulurent pas m'abandonner.

J'aperçus une côte, puis l'autre jusqu'à l'Espagne, jusqu'au Maroc, et l'île des Sardes, et les autres îles que cette mer environne.

Moi et mes compagnons, nous étions vieillis et fourbus lorsque nous arrivâmes à cette étroite gorge où Hercule marqua ses bornes

Afin que nul homme ne se hasardât plus outre. A main droite, je laissai Séville, et de l'autre côté, j'avais déjà perdu de vue Ceuta.

- O frères, dis-je, qui êtes parvenus jusqu'à l'Occident à travers cent mille dangers, n'allez pas refuser

A cette brève veille laissée à vos sens l'expérience de l'univers sans hommes, à la suite de la course du soleil.

Considérez de quelle race vous êtes: vous n'êtes pas nés pour vivre comme des brutes, mais pour suivre vertu et connaissance.

Par ce bref discours je les fis si ardents au voyage que j'aurais eu peine ensuite à les retenir.

Et, ayant tourné notre poupe vers le matin, nous fîmes de nos rames des ailes à notre folle envolée, toujours gagnant et gagnant sur notre gauche.

Déjà la nuit voyait toutes les étoiles de l'autre pôle, et quant au nôtre il s'était tellement abaissé qu'il n'émergeait plus des champs de la mer.

La lumière de dessous la lune s'était cinq fois rallumée et effacée autant de fois depuis que nous étions entrés dans ce grave passage,

Quand nous apparut une montagne assombrie par la distance et qui me sembla si haute que jamais je n'en avais vu de pareille.

Nous nous réjouîmes, mais tout tourna vite en deuil, car de la terre nouvelle naquit un tourbillon qui frappa par l'avant le navire.

Trois fois il le fit tournoyer avec toute la mer, et à la quatrième, il se mit poupe en l'air et proue en bas, comme il plut à Dieu.

Tant qu'enfin l'eau se referma sur nous.

Robert Vivier (1941)

Frère, la vertu de charité met dans la quiétude notre volonté
car elle nous fait vouloir seulement ce que nous avons, et
d'autre chose ne nous assoiffe pas.
Si nous désirions être en une place plus élevée, nos désirs
seraient désaccordés du vouloir de Celui qui ici nous trie;
Ce désaccord, tu verras qu'il ne peut avoir lieu dans ces
cercles célestes, si tu songes que nous sommes nécessairement
ici en pleine vertu de charité, et si tu examines bien la
nature de celle-ci.
Et même la nécessité formelle pour être en cet état de bien-
heureux est de se tenir à l'intérieur de la divine volonté,
pour que se fassent une avec Elle nos volontés elles-mêmes:
si bien que la façon dont nous sommes disposées de seuil en
seuil à travers ce royaume plaît à tout le royaume, comme
elle plaît au Roi qui insère notre volonté en son vouloir.
Et dans Sa volonté est notre paix: elle est cette mer vers
laquelle tout se meut, ce qu'elle crée et que la nature
fait.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Vierge mère, fille de ton fils, humble et haute plus que
toute autre créature, terme fixé de l'éternel Conseil pour
l'accomplissement du décret de rédemption,
tu es Celle qui as tant ennobli l'humaine nature, que son
Créateur ne dédaigna pas de Se faire sa créature.
Dans ton ventre se ralluma entre Dieu et les hommes l'amour
par la chaleur duquel, dans l'éternelle paix du paradis,
a germé ainsi cette fleur, cette candide Rose où siègent
les élus.
Ici tu es pour nous le flambeau de midi, le très brillant
flambeau de charité, et en bas, parmi les mortels, tu es
de l'espérance la fontaine vivace.
Dame, tu es tellement grande et tu vaux tellement, que
quiconque veut la grâce et ne recourt pas à toi, son désir
veut voler sans ailes.
Ta bénignité non seulement porte secours à qui demande, mais
maintes fois libéralement court à l'avance de la demande.
En toi miséricorde, en toi piété, en toi magnificence, en
toi se réunit tout ce qu'il y a, dans la crature, de bonté.

Philippe Guiberteau (1947)

Quand je m'éloignai de Circé, qui me tint plus d'une année caché près de Gaète, avant qu'Énée lui eût donné ce nom,
ni la tendresse pour mon fils, ni la compassion pour mon vieux père, ni l'amour que je devais à Pénélope et qui devait faire son bonheur,
ne purent triompher en moi de l'ardeur qui me possédait d'acquérir l'expérience du monde, des vices des hommes et de leurs vertus;
mais je pris la mer, la haute mer sans bornes, seul sur un navire, avec ce peu de compagnons qui ne m'ont jamais abandonné.
J'en visitai l'un et l'autre rivage, jusqu'à l'Espagne, jusqu'au Maroc, jusqu'à l'île des Sardes et jusqu'aux autres qu'alentour baigne cette mer.
Mes compagnons et moi, nous étions vieux, nous n'étions plus agiles, quand nous arrivâmes à ce passage étroit où Hercule posa ses signaux,
pour que l'homme ne s'aventure pas plus loin; à main droite je laissai Séville, à main gauche j'avais déjà laissé Ceuta.
'O mes frères,' dis-je, 'qui à travers cent mille périls êtes arrivés à l'occident, à cette brève activité
de vos sens, qui est tout ce qui leur reste, ne refusez point d'explorer, en suivant le soleil, le monde inhabité.
Considérez ce qu'est votre race: vous n'avez pas été faits pour vivre comme des bêtes, mais pour suivre la vertu et la science.'
Mes compagnons, je les rendis, par ce bref discours, si ardents à poursuivre leur route que c'est à peine si ensuite j'aurais pu les retenir;
et, tournant notre poupe vers l'orient, de nos rames nous fîmes des ailes à notre vol insensé, en gagnant toujours sur la gauche.
Toutes les étoiles de l'autre pôle, déjà je les voyais de nuit, et le nôtre était si bas qu'il ne surgissait plus au-dessus de la surface des mers.
Cinq fois s'était allumée et cinq fois éteinte la lumière sur la face inférieure de la lune, depuis que nous nous étions engagés dans cette aventure redoutable,
quand nous apparut une montagne que la distance rendait sombre, et elle me sembla si haute que je n'en avais jamais vu de pareille.
Nous en éprouvâmes une joie qui bientôt se changea en pleurs, car de la terre nouvelle surgit un tourbillon qui vint, sur son avant, frapper notre navire.
Trois fois il le fit tournoyer ainsi que toutes les eaux, et à la quatrième lever la poupe en l'air et plonger la proue, comme il plut à un Autre,
jusqu'à ce que sur nous la mer se fût refermée.

Alexandre Masseron (1947)

Déjà le soleil était descendu à l'horizon dont le cercle méridien domine Jérusalem de son point le plus élevé,

et la nuit, qui décrit son cercle en sens contraire, sortait du Gange avec la Balance qui lui tombe des mains quand sa longueur l'emporte,

si bien que, là où j'étais, les joues blanches et vermeilles de la belle Aurore, en prenant de l'âge, devenaient orangées.

Nous étions encore au bord de la mer, comme des gens qui pensent à leur chemin, dont l'esprit fait route et dont le corps s'arrête.

Et voici, semblable à Mars qui, à l'approche du matin, rougeoie à l'horizon du couchant, sur les eaux de la mer, parmi d'épaisses vapeurs,

m'apparaître une lumière, puissé-je la voir encore! qui venait sur les flots d'un mouvement si rapide qu'aucun vol ne l'égale;

et comme je n'en eus qu'un instant détaché les regards pour interroger mon guide, je la revis plus brillante et plus grande.

Puis, de chaque côté, m'apparut un je ne sais quoi de blanc; et au-dessous, peu à peu, jaillit une autre blancheur.

Mon maître ne dit mot encore jusqu'à ce que les premières formes blanches aient apparu comme des ailes; mais dès qu'il eut bien reconnu le nocher,

il s'écria: 'Plie, plie vite les genoux! voici l'ange de Dieu! joins les mains, ce sont de tels ministres que tu verras désormais.

Vois qu'il dédaigne les moyens des hommes: entre rivages si éloignés il n'a pas besoin de rames, ni d'autres voiles que ses ailes!

Vois comme il les tient dressées vers le ciel, battant l'air de ses plumes éternelles, qui ne changent point comme la toison des mortels!'

Plus ensuite approchait de nouveau l'oiseau divin, plus brillant il apparaissait, si bien que de près mes yeux ne supportèrent pas son éclat;

mais je dus les baisser; et lui il s'en vint au rivage avec son esquif aux lignes élancées et si léger qu'il ne fendait pas l'eau.

A la poupe se tenait debout le céleste nocher, tel que son attitude révélait son bonheur; et au dedans plus de cent esprits étaient assis.

'In exitu Israel de Aegypto', chantaient-ils tous ensemble d'une seule voix, avec ce qui est ensuite écrit dans ce psaume.

Puis il fit sur eux le signe de la sainte croix; tous alors ils se jetèrent sur la plage, et lui il s'en alla, rapide, comme il était venu.

Alexandre Masseron (1948)

Frère, nos désirs sont apaisés par la vertu de charité, qui nous fait vouloir seulement ce que nous avons et ne nous permet point d'avoir une autre soif.

Si nous désirions d'être plus élevées, nos désirs seraient en désaccord avec la volonté de Celui qui nous attribue ce séjour;

mais cela ne saurait avoir lieu dans ces sphères, si de vivre dans la charité est ici nécessaire et si tu comprends bien sa nature.

Bien plus, c'est l'essence même de cette vie bienheureuse que de se tenir dans le vouloir divin pour que nos volontés n'en fassent plus qu'une seule;

en sorte que d'être ainsi, par ce royaume, répartis de ciel en ciel, plaît à tous ceux de ce royaume, comme au Roi qui rend notre volonté conforme à la sienne;

c'est sa volonté qui est notre paix: elle est la mer vers laquelle tout se dirige, et ce qu'elle crée et ce que fait la nature.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Vierge Mère, fille de ton Fils, humble et glorieuse plus que toute créature, prédestinée par un décret éternel,

tu es elle qui a tant ennobli la nature humaine que son Créateur n'a pas dédaigné de devenir sa créature.

Dans ton sein s'est rallumé l'amour dont la chaleur a fait ainsi germer cette fleur dans la paix éternelle.

Tu es ici pour nous un flambeau éblouissant de charité, et sur terre, parmi les mortels, tu es une source vive d'espérance.

Dame, tu es si grande et si puissante que qui veut la grâce et à toi ne recourt pas, veut que son désir vole sans ailes.

Ta bienveillance ne vient pas seulement en aide à qui demande, mais bien souvent elle devance spontanément la prière.

En toi la miséricorde, en toi la pitié, en toi la magnificence; en toi se réunit tout ce qu'il y a de bonté dans la créature!

Alexandre Masseron (1949)

Zu meiner Zeit stund Florenz noch im Umfange seiner alten Mauern, in Friede, mässig und keusch. Noch hatte Sardanapal euch nicht gelehrt, was heimliche Schande in verschlossnen Gemächern vermag. Noch waren keine kostbar gekleidete Frauen, deren Schmuck mehr, als die Person, anderer Augen auf sich zog. Noch setzte eine neugebohrne Tochter den Vater nicht in Furcht über ihre künftige Mitgift. Ich sah einen Bellincion Berti, und andere seiner Arte, mit Leder und Knochen bekleidet, und ihre Frauen traten ohne Schminke vom Spiegel. O Glückliche! jede war ihres Begräbnisses sicher; keine lag noch verlassen in ihrem Bette, indem ihr Mann, als ein Verbannter, durch Frankreich irrte. Die eine wachte neben der Wiege, und sprach dem Kinde liebreich in der Sprache zu, mit der das Kind zuerst seine Aelteren erfreuet. Die andere, die dem Rocken sein Haar entspann, erzählte ihren Kindern Geschichten von Troja, von Rom, von Fesole. Eine Cianghella, ein Salterello wären in diesen Zeiten solche Wunder gewesen, als in den itzigen ein Cincinnatus, und eine Cornelia seyn würden.

Johann Nikolaus Meinhard (1763-4)

O! Vater der Menschen, der du in den Himeln, nicht eingeschränkt, sondern um der vorzüglichen Liebe willen daselbst thronest, welche du gegen deine erstgebohrnen Kinder dort oben äusserst! Preiss sey deinem heiligen Namen! Preiss sey deiner herrlichen Macht! Auf eine würdige Art rühme dich deine ganze Schöpfung. Auch opfre sie deiner wohltätigen Liebe den würdigsten Dank! Sende du den Frieden deines Reichs zu uns herab! Denn wir, wenn du ihn nicht sendest, sind von uns selbst mit unserm ganzen Verstande und Witze nicht vermögend, zu demselben zu gelangen. Deine Engel opfern dir ihren Willen und singen dir Hosianna. O! möchte der Mensch ein gleiches Opfer dir bringen!

Lebrecht Bachenschwanz (1767-9)

Damit die Furcht verschwinde, so vernimm
warum ich kam, und was ich hörte, da
dein Leid zum erstenmal mich kümmerte.
Ich fand mich unter denen, die kein Leid
und keine Freude fühlen, als ich mich
von einem Frauenbild, das freundlich war
und schön, gerufen hörte, und sie bat,
mir zu befahlen. Ihrer Augen Licht
war glänzender als selbst des Tages Stern.
Sie sagte mir in ihrer Sprach, so sanft
und angenehm, wie wenn ein Engel spricht:
O dienstbeflissne Seel von Mantua,
dass Ruhm noch immer dauert und dauern wird,
so lang Bewegung von dem Ort entfernt!
Mein Freund, der ohne Eigennutz mich liebt,
wird in der Wüsteney auf seinem Pfad
so sehr gehindert, dass er sich aus Furcht
zur Rückkehr umgewandt. Nach dem, was man
da oben von ihm spricht, so fürchte ich:
er geht schon irre, und mein Beystand kömmt
zu spät. Drum geh und sprich ihm Tröstung zu.

Inferno V.100-6

Der Liebe Feur
das gute Herzen überrascht, ergriff
auch diesen Mensch. Die Schönheit der Person,
die mit dir spricht, und die auf eine Art,
die mich noch kränkt, erlosch, verführte ihn.
Weil nie geschieht, dass ein geliebtes Herz
nicht liebe, so entbrannt ich auch für ihn
so sehr, dass wie du siehst, noch immer fort
ich ihm ergeben bin. So führte uns
die Lieb in einen Tod.

Christian Joseph Jagemann (1780-2)

Inferno I.1-12

Als ich die Bahn des Lebens halb vollendet,
Fand ich in einem dunkeln Walde mich,
Weil ich vom graden Weg mich abgewendet.
Es fällt mir hart zu sagen, wie der wilde
Verwachs'ne, rauhe Wald beschaffen war,
Denn noch erschrickt mein Geist vor seinem Bilde.
An Bitterkeit kommt er dem Tode nah';
Doch um des Heils, das ich darin gefunden,
Will ich das and're melden, was ich sah.
Ich weiss nicht mehr, wie ich mich drin verloren;
So ganz voll Schlafes war ich um die Zeit,
Da ich zuerst den falschen Weg erkoren.

Inferno V.100-6

Die Liebe, die ein edles Herz so leise
Beschleicht, fing diesen durch den holden Leib,
Des ich beraubt ward auf verhaßte Weise.
Die Liebe, die zum Lohn stets Liebe fodert,
Ergriff für ihn mit solcher Inbrunst mich,
Daß, wie du siehst, sie stets noch in mir lodert.
Die Liebe stürzt' uns in einzig Grab.

August Wilhelm Schlegel (1795)

'O, Dichter,' sagt' ich ihm, 'ich spräch mit Freuden
Mit jenen Zweien, die zusammengehen;
Der Wind spielt, wie es scheint, so leicht mit Beiden.'
Und Er zu mir: 'Wenn wir sie nahe sehen,
So musst du sie bei jener Lieb beschwören,
Die Beide führt - sie werden nicht entstehen.'
Da sie, vom Wind gejagt, sich zu uns kehren,
So rief ich: 'Seelen mit gequältem Leben!
Kommt, sprecht mit uns, wenn's Andre euch nicht wehren.'

Die Lieb, die leis' ein edles Herz beschleichet,
Fing ihn im holden Leib, der jetzo modert;
Der Aerger drob mir noch nicht dem Sinn entweichet.
Die Lieb, die vom Geliebten Liebe fodert,
Hat mich für ihn so innig eingenommen,
Dass, wie du siehst, sie annoch in mir lodert.
Durch Lieb sind wir zu Einem Grab gekommen.

Karl Edmund (? pseudonym, 1803)

Wie Tauben, von der Sehnsucht Ruf gefangen,
Zum süssen Nest mit weitgestreckten Schwingen
Die Luft durchziehn, getragen vom Verlangen;
Also hervor aus Dido's Schaar sie gingen,
Und nahten uns durch böser Luft Beschwerde,
So mächtig war zärtlichen Rufes Dringen.
'O gütig Wesen, freundlicher Gebehrde,
Das uns besucht durch schwarzer Lüfte Scheiden,
Die wir dereinst mit Blut gefärbt die Erde;
Wenn hold des Weltalls König wär' uns beiden,
So möchten wir für deinen Frieden beten,
Weil du Gefühl für unser grimmes Leiden.'

August Bode (1803-5)

Amor, der schnell ergreift ein edles Herz,
Ließ Sehnsucht ihn nach meiner Schönheit fassen,
Die nun dahin; die Art macht noch mir Schmerz.
Amor, der nie Geliebten Lieb' erlassen,
Gab solch Behagen mir an seiner Noth,
Daß, wie du siehst, es noch mich nicht verlassen.
Amor aucht führt' uns beid' in Einen Tod.

(edition of 1825)

Liebe, die rausch erfaßt ein edles Herz,
Hat ihn zu meines Leibes Reiz getrieben,
Den man mir nahm, noch macht die Art mein Schmerz.
Liebe, die stets Geliebte zwingt zum Lieben,
Ergriff zu Jenem mich so wundersam,
Daß, wie du siehst, er noch mit treu geblieben.
Lieb' ist's, die uns zugleich das Leben nahm.

(edition of 1843)

Paradiso III.70-87

Den Willen mäßigt uns die Kraft der Liebe,
Sodaß nur, was wir haben, uns ergetzt;
Nichts Andres, Bruder, heischen unsre Triebe.
Verlangten wir nach höhern Wonnen jetzt,
Wie stimmten wir in unserem Verlangen
Mit Dessen Willen, der uns herversetzt?
Solch Trachten kann nicht diesen Kreis befangen;
Hier zeigt sich Lieb' als ganz nothwendig dir,
Sobald dir das Verständniß aufgegangen.
Zum Wesen auch gehört's der Wonne hier,
Daß wir beschränken uns auf Gottes Willen;
In Eins verschmelzen alle Willen wir.
So müssen Freuden Jeglichen hier stillen
Wie Ihn, der Stuf' an Stuf' uns hier gereiht,
Der seinen Willen läßt durch unsern quillen.
Sein Will' ist für uns Freud' und Seligkeit,
Das Meer, in dessen Schooß jewedes eilet,
Was Er erschafft, was die Natur verleiht.

(edition of 1843)

Karl Ludwig Kannegießer

(first edition 1809-14-21)

Der Zufall, der nicht weiter reicht, allein
Sich durch den ganzen Erdenstoff verbreitet,
Ist ganz verzeichnet in der Gottheit Sein;
Wiewol dies nicht Nothwendigkeit bereitet,
So wenig wie das Aug', in dem ein Kahn
Sich spiegelt, ihn der Strom hinunterleitet.
Gleichwie das Ohr die Harmonien umfahn
Der Orgel, so ist meinem Aug' verliehen,
Die Zeiten zu erkennen, die dir nahn.
Wie Hyppolyt Athen sich musst' entziehen,
Weil ihn nicht bog der tollen Phädra Reiz:
So musst auch du Florenz, die Heimat, fliehen.
Das wunschet man, das suchet man bereits;
Bald wird's vollführen, der es sich erfrecht,
Wo Christus täglich wird verkauft aus Geiz.
Der Ruf gibt dem gekränkten Theile Recht
Am seltensten, jedoch von Gott erwogen
Zeugt Rache von der Wahrheit, welche rächt.
Wohin dein Herz sich zärtlich fühlt gezogen,
Das musst du lassen, und das ist die Noth,
Womit zuerst dich trifft des Bannes Bogen.
Du wirst erfahren, wie das fremde Brot
Nach Salze schmeckt, und fremde Treppen klimmen,
Wie das mit manchen Kümmernissen droht.
Jedoch das Schlimmste ist von allem Schlimmen
Die Schar der Uneinigen, Bosheitsvollen,
Mit der du musst zum Abgrund niederschwimmen.
Denn gegen dich mit tollwahnsinn'gem Grollen
Empört sie schnöde sich und undankbar;
Doch bald wirst du nicht, sie die Köpfe zollen.

Ludwig Kannegiesser (1821)

Als ich von Circen schied, die mich ein Jahr
Und länger bei Gaëta festgehalten,
Ehs so benannt noch von Aeneas war,
Da ließ ich nicht das Mitleid für den alten
Gebeugten Vater, nicht der Gattin Huld,
Noch Vaterzärtlichkeit im Herzen walten.
Nicht tilgten sie in mir die Ungeduld,
Die Welt zu sehn und alles zu erkunden,
Was drin der Mensch besitzt an Wert und Schuld.
Drum warf ich mich, kaum meiner Haft entbunden,
In einem einzgen Schiff ins offne Meer,
Samt einem Häuflein, das ich treu erfunden.
Nach Spanien führt und Libyen hin und her
Ich meine wackre Schar, als kühner Leiter,
Und jedem Eiland jenes Meers umher.
Alt war ich schon und schwach, auch die Begleiter,
Da war mein Schiff am engen Schlunde dort,
Wo Herkuls Säulenpaar gebeut: Nicht weiter!
Als hinter uns nun rechts Sevillas Bord
Und links in Libyen Septas Zinnen waren,
Sprach ich zu den Gefährten dieses Wort:
'O Brüder, die durch tausend von Gefahren
Ihr hier im Abend kühn euch eingestellt,
Verwendet jetzt, um Neues zu erfahren,
Weil Seele noch und Leib zusammenhält,
Den kurzen Rest von eurem Erdenleben!
Der Sonne nach zur unbewohnten Welt!
Bedenkt, wozu dies Dasein euch gegeben!
Nicht um dem Viehe gleich zu brüten, nein,
Um Wissenschaft und Tugend zu erstreben.'
Den Meinen schien dies Wort ein Sporn zu sein,
Hätt ich gewollt, nicht konnt ich mehr sie zwingen,
Und rastlos ging's ins weite Meer hinein.
Und morgenwärts gewandt das Steuer, gingen
Wir, tollen Flugs, dann immer linker Hand,
Und unsrer Eil verliehn die Ruder Schwingen.
Schon wurden jetzt vom Blick der Nacht erkannt
Des andren Poles Stern und unsre klommen
Kaum übers Meer noch an des Himmels Rand.
Schon fünfmal war entzündet und verglommen
Des Mondes Licht, seit wir dem Glück vertraut,
Durch den verhängnisvollen Paß geschwommen,
Als uns ein Berg erschien, von Dunst umgraut
Vor weiter Fern, und schien so hoch zu ragen,
Wie ich noch keinen auf der Erd erschaut.
Erst jubeln ließ er uns, dann bang verzagen,
Denn einen Wirbelwind fühlt ich entstehn
Vom neuen Land, und unsern Vorbord schlagen.
Er macht uns dreimal mit den Fluten drehn,
Dann, als der hintre Teil emporgeschossen,
Nach höhrem Spruch, den vordern untergehn,
Bis über uns die Wogen sich verschlossen.

Karl Streckfuß (1824)

Sol war zum Horizont herabgestiegen,
Des Mittagskreis, wo er am höchsten steht,
Sieht unter sich die Veste Zions liegen.
Nacht, welche sich ihm gegenüber dreht,
War mit der Wag am Ganges vorgegangen,
Die, wenn sie zunimmt, ihrer Hand entgeht.
Drum hatten Eos' weiß und rote Wangen
Dort, wo ich war, weil ihre Jugend schwand,
In hohem Gelb zu schimmern angefangen.
Wir waren noch am niedern Meeresstrand,
Und gingen, ob des fernern Wegs in Sorgen,
Im Herzen fort, indes der Körper stand.
Und wie in trüber Röte, wenn der Morgen
Sich nähert, Mars, im Westen, nah dem Meer
Sich zeigt, von dichten Dünsten fast verborgen,
So sah ich jetzt ein Licht - o säh ich's mehr! -
Und eilig, wie kein Vogel je geflogen,
Glitt's auf des Meeres glattem Spiegel her.
Als ich von ihm die Augen abgezogen
Ein wenig hatt, und zu dem Führer sprach,
Schien's heller dann und größer ob den Wogen.
Dann auf des Lichtes beiden Seiten brach
Ein weißer Glanz hervor, und er entbrannte,
Wie's näher kam, von unten nach und nach.
Mein Meister, der nach ihm sich schweigend wandte,
Indem der Flügel erstes Weiß erschien,
Rief, wie er nun den hehren Schiffer kannte:
'O eile jetzt, o eile, hinzuknien!
Sieh Gottes Engel! Falte deine Hände!
Nun siehst du solche Gottes Wink vollziehn.
Sieh, er verschmäht, was Menschenwitz erfände.
Nicht Segel, Ruder nicht - sein Flügelpaar
Braucht er zur Fahrt ans ferneste Gelände.
Sieh, wie's gen Himmel strebt so schön und klar!
Die Luft bewegt das ewige Gefieder,
Das nicht sich ändert, wie der Menschen Haar.'
Und wieder naht er sich indes und wieder
In hellerm Glanz, daß näher solchen Schein
Mein Auge nicht ertrug, drum schlug ich's nieder.
Und leicht und schnell sah ich durch ihn allein
Das Schiff des Eilands niedern Strand gewinnen,
Auch drückt es kaum die Spur den Fluten ein.
Und als ein Selger stand vor meinen Sinnen
Am Hinterteil des Schiffes Steuermann,
Und mehr als hundert Geister saßen drinnen.
'Als aus Ägypten Israel entrann';
Die Schar, gewiß, das Ufer zu erreichen,
Fing diesen Psalm einstimmgen Sanges an.
Er macht auf sie des heilgen Kreuzes Zeichen,
Drum warf sich jeder hin am Meeresbord,
Dann sah man schnell ihn, wie er kam, entweichen.

Karl Streckfuß (1825)

Bruder, hier stillt die Kraft der Lieb und Güte
Jedweden Wunsch, und völlig gnügt uns dies,
Und nicht nach anderm dürstet das Gemüte.
Denn wenn es höhern Ort uns wünschen ließ,
So würd es ja dem Willen widerstehen,
Der uns in diesen niedern Kreis verwies.
Dies kann in diesen Sphären nicht geschehen;
Lieb ist das Band des ewigen Vereins,
Mit der nicht Kampf noch Widerstand bestehen.
Vielmehr ist's Wesen dieses selgen Seins,
Nur in dem Willen Gottes hinzuwallen,
Drum schmilzt hier aller Wunsch und Trieb in eins.
Und, wie wir sind von Grad zu Grad, muß allen
Wie ihm, des Will allein nach seiner Spur
Den unsern lenkt, dies ganze Reich gefallen.
Und unser Frieden ist sein Wille nur,
Dies Meer, wohin sich alles muß bewegen,
Was er schafft, was hervorbringt die Natur.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

O Jungfrau Mutter, Tochter deines Sohnes,
Demütger, höher, als was je gewesen,
Ziel, ausersehn vom Herrn des ewgen Throns,
Geadelt hast du so des Menschen Wesen,
Daß, der's erschaffen hat, das höchste Gut,
Um sein Geschöpf zu sein, dich auserlesen.
In deinem Leib entglomm der Liebe Glut,
An der die Blume hier zu ewgen Wonnen
Entsprossen ist, in ewgem Frieden ruht.
Die Lieb entflammst du, gleich der Mittagssonnen,
In diesem Reich; dort, in der Sterblichkeit,
Bist du der frommen Hoffnung Lebensbronnen.
Du giltst soviel, ragst so in Herrlichkeit,
Daß Gnade suchen und zu dir nicht flehen,
Wie Flug dem Unbefl[ü]gelten gedeiht.
Du pflegst dem Armen huldreich beizustehen,
Der zu dir fleht, ja öfters pflegt von dir
Die Gabe frei dem Flehn voraus[zu]gehen.
In dir ist Huld, Erbarmen ist in dir,
In dir der Gaben Fülle - ja, verbunden,
Was Gutes das Geschöpf hat, ist in dir.

Karl Streckfuß (1826)

Als ich von Circe
Entfernt mich hatte, die mehr als ein Jahr mich
Zurückgehalten nah dort bei Gaeta,
Eh es Äneas so genannt, vermochte
Die Lust am Sohn, das Mitleid für den greisen
Erzeuger nicht und nicht die schuldge Liebe,
Daran Penelope sich freuen sollte,
Im Innern die Begier mir zu besiegen,
Mich mit der Welt ringsum bekanntzumachen
Und mit der Menschen Trefflichkeit und Lastern;
Nein, ich begab aufs hohe, weite Meer mich
Mit einem Schiff allein und mit der kleinen
Genossenschaft, die nimmer mich verlassen.
Die Ufer beide sah ich bis nach Spanien
Und nach Marokko und der Sarden Eiland,
Und all die andern, die das Meer umspület.
Ich war nebst den Genossen alt und schwer schon,
Als wir zu jenem engen Schlund gelangten,
Wo Herkules sein Grenzmal aufgerichtet,
Damit der Mensch sich weiter hin nicht wage.
Zur rechten Hand ließ ich Sevilla liegen,
Weil ich zur andern Ceuta schon gelassen.
'O Brüder', sprach ich, 'die zum fernen West ihr
Durch hunderttausend Fährlichkeiten dranget,
Verschmäht doch nicht die kurze Abendwache
Der Sinneskraft, die euch noch übrigbleibet,
Zu nützen, um, der Sonne folgend, Kunde
Vom menschenleeren Weltteil zu erlangen.
Zieht euern Ursprung in Betrachtung, wurdet
Ihr doch gemacht nicht, gleich dem Vieh zu leben,
Nein, daß nach Tugend ihr und Kenntnis ringet.'
Und die Genossen macht ich nach der Reise
Also begierig durch die kurze Rede,
Daß ich sie kaum dann abgehalten hätte.
Drauf, unser Hinterschiff gewandt nach Morgen
Bewegten, Schwingen gleich zum tollen Fluge,
Die Ruder wir, stets mehr zur Linken steuernd.
Schon sah das Aug der Nacht die Sterne sämtlich
Des andern Poles und so tief den unsern,
Daß kaum er aus der Meeresflut emporstieg.
Fünfmal war neu entzündet und verlöscht schon
Das Licht am untern Teil des Mondes worden,
Seit in den schweren Pfad wir eingetreten,
Als endlich dunkel uns durch die Entfernung
Ein Berg erschien, der also hoch uns deuchte,
Wie ich noch keinen je gesehen hatte.
Wir jauchzten; doch bald ward die Lust zum Jammer,
Denn wirbelnd ging vom neuen Land ein Sturm auf,
Der unser Fahrzeug traf am vordern Ende.
Dreimal schwang ers umher samt den Gewässern,
Beim vierten warf empor das Hinterschiff er,
Den Schnabel senkend (also wollts ein andrer),
Bis über unserm Haupt sich schloß die Meerflut.

Philalethes (Johann König von Sachsen) (1828)

Schon war die Sonn an jenem Horizonte,
Des Mittagskreis mit seinem höchsten Gipfel
Jerusalem bedecket, angekommen,
Indes die Nacht, ihr gegenüber kreisend,
Emporstieg aus dem Ganges mit der Waage,
Die aus der Hand ihr fällt, sobald sie obsiegt,
So daß die weißen wie die roten Wangen
Der lieblichen Aurora, wo wir waren,
Goldgelb schon wurden durch zu hohes Alter.
Wir standen immer noch längshin am Meere,
Gleich denen, die, den Weg sich überdenkend,
Im Geist schon gehn, indes der Leib verweilet.
Und sieh, wie öfters kurz vor Morgenanbruch
Mars ob der dichten Dünste rötlich schimmert,
Gen Untergang tief überm Meeresspiegel,
Dem ähnlich schien - mög ichs einst wiedersehen! -
Ein Licht so schnell sich übers Meer zu nahen,
Daß seinem Lauf kein Fliegen ist vergleichbar;
Denn weil von ihm ich abgewandt mich hatte
Ein wenig, um den Führer zu befragen,
Sah wieder ichs, schon leuchtender und größer.
Darauf erschien an ihm zu jeder Seite
Wie etwas Weißes mir, indes ein andres
Dergleichen unter ihm allmählich vortrat.
Mein Meister hatte noch kein Wort gesprochen,
Als Schwingen schon die erstern Weißen schienen,
Und da den Schiffer jetzt er recht erkannte,
Rief er mir zu: 'Beug, beuge deine Knie,
's ist Gottes Engel! falte deine Hände;
Von nun an siehst du mehr dergleichen Diener.
Sieh, er verschmäht jedwedes Menschenwerkzeug
Und braucht kein Ruder, nur die eignen Schwingen
Als Segel zwischen den entfernten Küsten.
Sieh, wie gen Himmel er sie hat gerichtet,
Die Luft bewegend mit den ewgen Federn,
Die nicht wie sterbliches Gefieder wechseln.'
Drauf schien, als mehr und mehr er uns sich nahte,
Der Vogel uns, der Göttliche, jetzt heller;
Drob, weil ihn nicht ertrug so nah mein Auge,
Ichs niedersenkt, und jener kam zum Strande
Mit einem schnellen und so leichten Schifflein,
Daß in die Wasserfläch es gar nicht einschnitt.
Am Rückteil stand der himmlische Pilote,
Der Seligkeit trug auf der Stirn geschrieben,
Und drinnen saßen mehr denn hundert Geister.
'In exitu Israel de Ägypto'
Hört ich zugleich einstimmig alle singen,
Und was sonst noch von diesem Psalm zu lesen.
Dann segnet' er sie mit dem heilgen Kreuze,
Worauf sie allzumal zum Strand sich stürzten,
Und jener schwand so schnell, als er gekommen.

Philalethes (Johann König von Sachsen) (1840)

O Bruder, unsern Willen hält in Ruhe
Der Liebe Kraft, die nur, was wir besitzen,
Uns wollen läßt und nach nichts anderm dürsten.
Wenn wir uns sehnten, Höhere zu werden,
So wären unsre Wünsche nicht im Einklang
Mit dessen Willen, der uns hier gesondert,
Was wie du siehst, nicht diese Kreise fassen,
Wenns hier notwendig ist, zu sein in Liebe,
Und du auf ihre Wesenheit wohl achtest;
Nein, zu der Form des Seligseins gehört es,
Sich innerhalb des, was Got will, zu halten,
So daß all unsre Willen einer werden.
Drum wie wir durch dies Reich von Grad zu Grad sind,
Gefällts dem ganzen Reich und dessen König,
Der uns an seinem Wollen Lust läßt finden.
Und unser Friede ist sein Wille; er ist
Das Meer, zu dem sich alles hinbeweget,
Was er erschafft und was Natur hervorbringt.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Jungfräul'che Mutter, Tochter deines Sohnes,
Mehr, denn sonst ein Geschöpf, hehr und voll Demut
Vorausbestimmtes Ziel des ewgen Rates,
Du bists, durch die die menschliche Natur so
Geadelt ward, daß es verschmäht ihr Schöpfer
Nicht hat, sein eigenes Geschöpf zu werden.
In deinem Leib hat sich aufs neu entzündet
Die Lieb, an deren Glut im ewgen Frieden
Also hervorgesproßt ist diese Blume.
Allhier bist du der Liebe Mittagsfackel
Für uns, und bei den Sterblichen dort unten
Bist die lebendge Quelle du des Hoffens.
Ein Weib bist du so groß, und so viel giltst du,
Daß, wer nach Gnade strebt und dich nicht anruft,
Der wünschet sich, zu fliegen sonder Schwingen.
Und deine Gütigkeit gewährt dem Hilfe
Allein nicht, der drum bittet, nein, zum öftern
Kommst sie zuvor der Bitt aus freiem Willen.
In dir Barmherzigkeit, in dir ist Mitleid,
In dir großmütges Wesen, in dir eint sich,
Was immer ein Geschöpf an Güte fasset.

Philalethes (Johann König von Sachsen) (1849)

Darum bleibe, du bist gerecht gestraft, und wahre wohl des schlect gewonnenen Geldes, das dich gegen Karl so kühn machte.

Und wenn es mir nicht noch die Ehrfurcht vor den höchsten Schlüsseln verböte, welche du in dem frohen Leben hattest,

so würde ich noch schwerere Worte gebrauchen; denn eure Habsucht betrübt die Welt, indem ihr die Guten niedertretet und die Bösen erhebet.

Euch Hirten hatte im Sinne der Evangelist, als er jene, welche über den Gewässern sitzt, mit den Königen Hurerei treiben sah;

jene, welche mit sieben Häuptern geboren war, und zum Zeichen die zehn Hörner hatte, so lange ihrem Gemahl die Tugend gefiel.

Ihr habt euch Gott aus Silber und Gold gemacht, und was ist zwischen euch und einem Götzendiener für ein Unterschied, als dass er einen, ihr hundert anbetet?

Ach, Constantinus! von welchem Übel wurde Mutter, nicht deine Bekehrung, sondern jene Gabe, die von dir der erste reiche Vater empfing.

J. B. Hörwarter und Karl von Enk (1830-1)

Jetzt streckte bis zum Kinn
Ein Schatten neben Farinata aus
Dem off'nen Grabe seinen Kopf hervor;
Ich glaube, dass er knieend sich erhob.
Ringsum hat er mich angeschaut, als wenn
Er sehen wollte, ob noch Jemand bei
Mir wäre; aber als ihm der Verdacht
Vollkommen war verschwunden, sagte er
Mit Thränen: Wenn durch diese dunkle Haft
Du, als ein heller Kopf, die Reise machst:
So sprich, wo ist mein Sohn? und warum ist
Er nicht bei dir? Ich gab zur Antwort ihm:
Von selber komm' ich nicht; hier führt mich durch,
Der auf der Wart da steht, vielleicht gefiel
Er, als ein Dichter, eurm Guido nicht.
Sein Sprechen und die Art der Strafe von
Dem Manne, sagten mir schon, wie er hiess;
Desswegen blieb ich in der Antwort ihm
Nichts schuldig. Plötzlich hebt er sich empor
Und ruft: wie sagtest du, Guido gefiel,
Anstatt gefällt? - lebt also er nicht mehr?
Scheint ihm nicht mehr das heitre Tageslicht?
Als er bemerkte, dass ich inne hielt
Etwas vor meiner Antwort, fiel er schnell
Zurück und kam nicht mehr zum Vorschein.

Johann Friedrich Heigelin (1836-7)

Liebe, die schnell ein edles Herz befähet,
Befing den hier, zur lieblichen Gestaltung,
Die mir geraubt ward; noch empört das wie mich!
Liebe, die keinem Geliebten erlässt das Lieben,
Ergriff mich in der Lust an ihm so mächtig,
Dass, wie du siehst, er noch nicht mich verlässet!
Die Liebe führte uns zu gleichem Tode.

Purgatorio VIII.1-9

Schon war's die Stunde, die das Heimweh reget
Den Schiffern und ihr Herz erweicht am Tage,
Da sie die lieben Freunde Gott befohlen:
Und die mit Liebesweh den neuen Pilger
Durchdringt, vernimmt von fern er eine Glocke,
Die zu beklagen scheint den Tag, der hinstirbt:
Als ich begann vergeblich aufzuhorchen,
Und jener Seelen ein' erstanden sahe,
Die winkte mit der Hand Andacht erheischend.

August Kopisch (1837-42)

Durch mich gelangt man in die Stadt der Klagen,
Durch mich gelangt man in den ew'gen Schmerz,
Durch mich gelangt man, wo Verlor'ne zagen.
Gerechtigkeit bewog des Schöpfers Herz,
Der Allmacht selbst gefiel es, mich zu gründen,
Allweisheit und Allgüte schuf dies Erz!
Vor mir war kein erschaffnes Ding zu finden:
Nur ewige und ewig bin auch ich!
Lasst jede Hoffnung, die ihr eingeht, schwinden!

Purgatorio V.130-6

'O kehrst du einst zur Welt auf deiner Runde
Und hast gerastet von der langen Reise,'
So klang es aus des dritten Geistes Munde,
'Denk' auch an mich, die Pia. Aus dem Kreise
Siena's bin ich, doch in der Maremme
Erschlagen, das weiss der, der zum Beweise
Der Ehe mich bringt mit seiner Gemme.'

Bernd von Guseck (pseudonym of Karl Gustav von Berneck, 1840)

Die Liebe, die dem Edeln leicht zu fassen,
Zog diesen hier zum schönen Bau der Glieder,
Die ich verlor, - mich kränkt's noch, welcher Maßen! -
Die Liebe, die, wenn du geliebt wirst, wieder
Zu lieben zwingt, ergriff mich und begleitet
Mich, wie du siehst, selbst in die Hölle nieder.
Die Liebe hat uns Einen Tod bereitet.

Inferno XXVI.112-23

'Ihr Brüder, hört! ihr seid auf euren Zügen
Zum West gelangt durch hundert tausend Fährden,
Und euren Sinnen wird nun das Vergnügen
Nach einer kurzen Abendwache werden;
Auf, mit dem Rest der Sonne nach! um Zeitung
Zu holen von der völkerlosen Erden.
Erwägt von eurer Abkunft die Bedeutung!
Ihr seid nicht hier, zu leben gleich dem Viehe;
Der Tugend und dem Wissen ziemt die Leitung.'
Mit dieser kleinen Redeprobe, siehe!
Erregt ich nach der Fahrt ein heftig Schmachten;
Zurückgehalten hätt' ich sie mit Mühe.

Karl Graul (1843)

Die Liebe, die, eh' Vorsicht es geglaubt,
Im Sturme nimmt ein edles Herz gefangen,
Zwang diesen hier durch meiner Schönheit Prangen,
Die mir, ich leid' ihn noch, ein grimmer Tod geraubt.
Und Liebe, die Geliebten nicht erlaubt,
Der holden Gegenliebe streng zu wehren,
Hat mich zu ihm mit einer Gluth geraubt,
Die, wie Du siehst, sich niemals wird verzehren.
Die Liebe einte die im Tod Vermählten . . .

Julius Braun (1863)

Als Circe ich verlassen, welche länger
Mich als ein Jahr dort bei Gaeta festhielt,
Eh' noch Äneas also es benannte,
Vermochten nicht die Zärtlichkeit zum Sohne
Und nicht die Ehrfurcht für den alten Vater,
Die Liebe nicht, durch die Penelopen
Zu freien mir oblag, jenen Trieb zu dämpfen,
Der mich die Welt und Tugenden wie Laster
Der Menschen weiter noch erkunden hiess.
So fuhr ich mit der kleinen Zahl Gefährten,
Die mir verblieb, auf einem einz'gen Schiffe
Hinaus ins weite schrankenlose Meer.
Ich sah die beiden Ufer bis nach Spanien
Und nach Marokko, sah die Sarderinsel,
Sowie die andren, die dies Meer bespület.
Schon alt und träge waren die Gefährten
Gleich mir geworden, als wir zu den Enge,
Wo Herkules die Zeichen setzte, kamen,
Dass weiter vorzudringen niemand wage.
Zur Rechten liessen wir Sevilla liegen,
Schon war zur andern Ceuta uns geblieben.
O Brüder, sagt' ich, die durch hunderttausend
Gefahren ihr erreicht den fernen Westen,
Versagt dem kurzen Abend eurer Sinne,
Der euch noch übrig ist, nicht die Erfahrung,
Der Bahn der Sonne folgend, jenen Teil
Der Welt, der unbewohnt ist, zu erkunden!
Erwägt den Samen, welchem ihr entsprossen:
Ihr seid bestimmt, nicht Tieren gleich zu leben,
Nein, Tugend zu erringen und Erkenntnis. -
So eifrig machte diese kurze Rede
Zur Weiterreise alle die Gefährten,
Dass sie zu halten kaum vermocht ich hätte.
Gen Morgen wandten wir das Steu'r und machten
Zu Flügeln unsres tör'gen Flugs die Ruder,
Indem wir stets zur linken Seite hielten.
Schon sah die Nacht vollzählig die Gestirne
Des andren Poles und so tief den unsren,
Dass aus der Meeresfläch' er nicht mehr aufstieg.
Das Licht der Mondesscheibe hatte fünfmal
Sich neu entzündet, war fünfmal erloschen,
Seit hinter uns den Engpass wir gelassen,
Als sich ein Berg uns zeigte, welchen dämmrig
Die Ferne scheinen liess und solcher Höhe, (Höhe)
Als keinen noch ich je zuvor gesehn.
Wir freuten uns, doch folgten bald die Tränen;
Denn von dem neuen Land erhob ein Sturm sich,
Der unsres Schiffes Vorderteil erfasste.
Dreimal trieb er im Kreis es mit den Wellen;
Beim vierten hob das Steuer er empor
Und liess auf höhren Willen in die Tiefe
Den Schnabel schiessen, bis das Meer uns deckte.

Karl Witte (1865)

Schon nahte jenem Horizont die Sonne,
Des Mittagskreis in seinem höchsten Punkte
Jerusalem bedeckt, die hochgebaute,
Und, die die Erd' ihr gegenüber umkreist,
Die Nacht stieg aus dem Ganges mit der Wage,
Die ihrer Hand entfällt, wenn sie erstarket;
So dass die roten und die weissen Wangen
Der lieblichen Aurora, wo ich war,
Vor Alter sich allmählich gelber färbten.
Noch waren nahe wir dem Strand des Meeres,
Gleich Leuten, die, den Weg sich überlegend,
Im Herzen gehn, doch mit dem Leib verweilen.
Da sieh, wie überrascht vom Morgengrauen
Im fernen Westen, nah dem Meeresspiegel,
Rotglühend Mars durch dichte Dünste schimmert,
So schien mir (möcht' ich einst es wiedersehen!)
Ein Licht so eilig übers Meer zu kommen,
Dass keines Vogels Flug an Schnell' ihm gleich ist.
Als ich das Aug' ein wenig abgewendet,
Nur um vom Führer Auskunft zu erbitten,
War grösser es und leuchtender geworden.
Dann sah ich Weisses ihm zu beiden Seiten;
Nicht wusst' ich, was es sei, jedoch allmählich
Ward unten andres Weiss noch offenbar.
Noch schwieg mein Meister; aber als das Weisse,
Das wir zuerst sahn, sich als Flügel zeigte,
Und er den Fährmann sicher nun erkannte,
Da rief er : Beuge, beuge sc hnell die Kniee
Und sieh, die Hände faltend, Gottes Engel!
Nur solche Diener wirst fortan du treffen.
Die Mittel, die der Mensch bedarf, verschmäht er;
Du siehst: kein Ruder führt er, und die Flügel
Sind über weites Meer sein einzig Segel.
Sieh, wie er aufrecht sie gen Himmel kehret,
Die Luft mit ewigem Gefieder schlagend,
Das sich nicht ändert, wie das Haar des Menschen. -
Je mehr der Gottesvogel nun herankam,
Um so viel leuchtender erschien sein Strahlen,
So dass von nahem nicht das Aug' ihm standhielt,
Und ich es senkte, Jener aber führte
Heran den schnellen Nachen, der so leicht war ,
Dass nichts davon das Wasser in sich aufnahm.
Am Steuer stand der gottentsandte Schiffer,
So schön, dass seine Schildrung schon beseligt,
Und innen sassen mehr als hundert Geister.
Sie sangen insgesamt mit einer Stimme:
'Da Israel hinauszog aus Ägypten'
Und was in jenem Psalme mehr geschrieben.
Als dann er mit dem Kreuze sie gesegnet,
Warf sich ein jeglicher behend ans Ufer;
Er aber ging, so schnell als er gekommen.

Karl Witte (1865)

O Bruder, Ruhe spendet unsrem Willen
Der Liebe Kraft, die uns nur, was wir haben,
Begehren lässt und nach nichts andrem dürsten.
Wenn wir verlangten höher aufzusteigen,
War' unser Wunsch nicht mit dem Willen dessen
In Einklang, welcher diesen Stern uns anwies;
Das aber kann nicht sein in diesen Kreisen.
Du siehst es ein, erwägst du, dass in Liebe
Hier alle sind und die Natur der Liebe,
Denn wesentlich im Sein der Sel'gen ist es,
Dass in dem göttlichen ihr Wille bleibe:
Einträchtig ist drum unser alle Wille.
Wie wir verteilt in diesem Reich von Stufe
Zu Stufe sind, gefällt's dem ganzen Reiche;
Denn aller Willen lenkt des Königs Wille.
Sein Will' ist unser Will', er ist das Meer,
Zu welchem alles hinfliesst, was er selber
Geschaffen und was die Natur gebildet.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

O Jungfrau Mutter, Tochter deines Sohnes,
Demütigste und höchste der Erschaffnen,
Vorherbestimmtes Ziel vom ew'gen Ratschluss,
Du bist es, die die menschliche Natur
So hoch geadelt, dass ihr eigner Schöpfer
Es nicht verschmäht, in ihr Geschöpf zu werden.
In deinem Schoss entflammte neu die Liebe,
Durch deren Wärme hier im ew'gen Frieden
Sich diese Blume also hat entfaltet.
Der Liebe mittagshelle Fackel bist du
Hier oben uns; den Sterblichen dort unten
Bist du der Hoffnung lebensvolle Quelle.
Soch hohe Herrin bist, so viel vermagst du,
Dass, wer nach Gnade sucht und dich nicht anruft,
Des Wünschen möchte fliegen ohne Flügel.
Doch Hilfe leistet deine Huld nicht nur
Dem, der dich bittet; oftmals eilt freiwillig
Der Bitte des Bedürft'gen sie voraus.
In dir ist Mitleid und in dir Erbarmen,
In dir ist Grossmut, ja, in dir vereint sich,
Was immer im Geschöpfe ist an Güte.

Karl Witte (1865)

'Sprich, was verlangt' einst unser Herr und Hirt
Zuerst von Petrus wohl an Gold und Schätzen
Als er das Schlüsselamt ihm gab? Er sprach:
Folge mir nach, ohn' etwas zuzusetzen.
Petrus und Keiner forderte darnach
Gold von Matthias, als das Loos an diesen
Gab Judas' Amt, weil der die Treue brach.
Drum bleib', gerechter Strafe zugewiesen,
Und wahre wohl das schlimm geraubte Geld,
Mit dem du gegen Karl dich frech bewiesen.
Und wär's nicht, dass mich noch in Schranken hält
Die Ehrfurcht vor dem hohen Schlüsselamte,
Das du geführt hast in der heitren Welt,
So spräch' ich härtres noch; denn die verdammte
Habsucht, die Guten tretend und die Schlechten
Erhöhend, trübt die Menschheit, die gesammte.
Euch Hirten meint Johannes als die rechten,
Als auf den Wassern sitzen er gesehen
Die Hure, buhlend mit den Erdenmächten.
Sie, die, geboren mit der Hörner zehen
Und sieben Häuptern, trotzte jedem Spotte,
Solang zue Tugend wollt' ihr Gatte stehen.
Ihr machtet Gold und Silber euch zum Gotte.
Nur dass ihr hundert, jenes Einen ehrt,
Das trennt euch von des Götzenthumes Rotte.
O Constantin! nicht dass du dich bekehrt,
War vieles Unheils Quell, nein, jene Schenkung
Die du dem ersten reichen Papst bescheert.'

Purgatorio XI. 1-21

O Vater unser, der im Himmel droben -
Was nicht Beschränkung, sondern Liebe macht
Zu jenen ersten Schöpfungen dort oben -
Gepriesen sei dein Nam' und deine Macht!
Dank sei von jeder Creatur hienieden
Geziemend deinem süssen Hauch gebracht.
Es komme zu uns deines Reiches Frieden,
Den wir durch unser Denken nie erringen,
Wird er von dir uns gnädig nicht beschieden.
Wie deine Engel, die Hosianna singen,
Den eignen Willen dir als Opfer weihen,
So mag der Mensch den seinen dar dir bringen.
Woll' unser täglich Brod uns heut verleihen,
Denn ohne diess, trotz aller Mühe, gehen
Wir rückwärts in des Lebens Wüsteneien.
Und gleich wie wir die Schuld, die uns geschehen,
Verzeihn, so woll' auch uns verzeihn in Gnaden,
Und nicht auf das was wir verdienen sehen.
Fuhr' unsre Kraft, die leicht wird überladen,
Nicht in Versuchung durch den alten Feind;
Von ihm erlös' uns, der da sinnt auf Schaden.

Karl Bartsch (1877)

Als ich von Circe schied, die fest mich bannte
Wohl länger denn ein Jahr am Saum der See,
Bevor Aeneas ihn Gaëta nannte,
Hat weder Sehnsucht nach dem Sohn noch Weh
Um meinen alten Vater noch die Liebe,
Auf die ein Recht besaß Penelope,
Den Durst in mir besiegt, das Weltgetriebe,
Der Menschen Laster und Vortrefflichkeit
Mir anzuschaun, daß nichts verhüllt mir bliebe.
Ins offne Meer ohn' andered Geleit
Fuhr ich allein mit jener kleinen Bande,
Die niemals mich verlassen all die Zeit.
Ich sah die Küsten bis zu Spaniens Strande,
Bis nach Marocco, was dies Meer benetzt,
Sardinien und die andern Insellande.
Wir waren alt und müd', als wir zuletzt
Den schmalen Sund erreichten und die Schwelle,
Wo Hercules den Grenzstein hat gesetzt,
Damit der Mensch umkehr' an dieser Stelle.
Dort, wo Sevilla man zur Rechten läßt
Und links im Rücken liegen Setta's Wälle,
Sprach ich: O Brüder, die ihr bis zum West
Durch hunderttausend Nöte seid gefahren,
Versagt nicht eurem letzten Lebensrest
Und kurzem Wachdienst, eins noch zu erfahren,
Ob es, der Sonne folgend, uns gelingt,
Den menschenlosen Weltteil zu gewahren.
Bedenket, welchem Samen ihr entspringt.
Nicht, daß ihr wie das Vieh lebt, habt ihr Leben,
Vielmehr, daß ihr nach Ruhm und Wissen ringt. -
So braucht' ich nur die Stimme zu erheben,
Da war ihr Eifer für die Fahrt entbrannt,
Daß unaufhaltsam ward ihr eignes Streben.
Und so, das Schiffscastell ostwärts gewandt,
Ließ ich zum tollen Flug die Ruder fliegen,
Beständig steuernd nach der linken Hand.
Die Sterne jenes andren Poles stiegen
Des Nachts herauf, und unsrer senkte sich
Und blieb zuletzt am Meeresboden liegen.
Fünfmal aufleuchtete, fünfmal verblich
Das Licht des untren Teils der Mondessphäre,
Seit unser Schiff die hohe Bahn durchstrich;
Da sahn wir einen hohen Berg im Meere,
Blau von der Ferne, hoch - so deuchte mir -
Als ob kein andrer seines gleichen wäre.
Wir waren froh, bald aber klagten wir;
Denn von dem neuen Land kam Wirbelwehen
Und traf des Schiffes erste Plank' und Spier.
Dreimal mit aller See ließ es uns drehen;
Dann fuhr das Heck empor, der Schnabel schoß
Bergab, - ein Andrer ließ es so geschehen, -
Bis über uns das Meer sich wiederschloß.

Otto Gildemeister (1888)

Die Sonne sank am Horizont gerade,
Deß Meridian Jerusalem umspannt
Und es bedeckt mit seinem höchsten Grade,
Und gegenüber ihr erhob vom Strand
Des Ganges schon die Nacht sich mit der Wage,
Die ihr, sobald sie siegt, fällt aus der Hand.
So daß an jenem Ort, davon ich sage,
Das Weiß und Rot der Morgenkönigin
Vergilbte, wie wenn Alter schon sie plage.
Wir standen noch am Ufer wie vorhin,
Wie einer, seinen Weg sich überlegend,
Weilt mit dem Fuß und wandert mit dem Sinn.
Und siehe, wie, durch Dünste sich bewegend,
Vor Tage Mars am Himmel rötlich steht
Tief überm Meer in abendlicher Gegend,
So sah ich - und wohl euch, wenn ihr es seht! -
Ein Licht uns nahn in See mit solcher Schnelle,
Daß keines Vogels Flug so hurtig geht.
Denn während ich ein wenig von der Stelle
Die Augen wandt' und meinen Führer frug,
War es gewachsen schon an Größ' und Helle.
Dann sah ich, wie es etwas weißes trug
Auf beiden Seiten, und darunter spannte
Ein andres Weiß sich aus im raschen Flug.
Noch schwieg der Meister, als das erstgenannte
Zwiefache Weiß als Flügelpaar erschien,
Doch als er den Piloten dann erkannte,
Rief er: 'Geschwind, beug' dich mit beiden Knie'n!
Der Engel Gottes ist's: falte die Hände!
Von jetzt an wirst du Diener sehn wie ihn.
Sieh, er verschmäht, was Menschenwitz erfände:
Kein Ruder führt, kein Segel ihn, als nur
Die Flügel an so weiten Weges Ende.
Schau', wie er sie empor hebt zum Azur
Wie er die Luft mit Federn streicht, die nimmer
Sich wandeln gleich den Federn der Natur!'
Dann, als er näher kam und näher immer,
Der Vogel Gottes, ward so hell der Schein,
Daß ich die Augen senkte vor dem Schimmer.
Und jener kam nun an den Uferrain
Mit einem flinken Schifflein, das die Welle
Nicht ritzte, so behend war's und so fein;
Der himmlische Fährmann stand am Castelle,
Er, der, beschrieben bloß, besel'gen kann,
Und mehr denn hundert Geister trug das schnelle.
In exitu Israel - so begann
Der Geister Chor einstimmig jetzt zu singen,
Und mit dem Schluß des Psalmes hielt er an.
Dann eilten sie sich auf den Strand zu schwingen,
Und er, sie segnend mit dem Kreuz, verschwand,
Wie er gekommen war mit schnellen Schwingen.

Otto Gildemeister (1888)

Mein Bruder, Kraft der Gottesliebe machte
In uns den Willen still, daß Er allein
Sein eignes wünsch' und nie nach andrem schmachte.
Wenn wir uns sehnten höhern Rangs zu sein,
So stimmten unser Wunsch und Sein Begehren,
Der hier uns sehen will, nicht überein.
Das, siehst du, kann nicht sein in diesen Sphären,
Wenn du die Lieb' erwägst, die ich beschrieb,
Und ohne die wir nicht hier oben wären.
Denn darin ruht des Seligseins Princip,
Daß wir uns ganz im Willen Gottes halten,
So daß uns all' erfüllt ein Willenstrieb.
Der Rang, den wir im Königreich erhalten,
Der dünkt dem Reich und seinem König gut,
Der unsren Willen lockt nach seinem Walten.
Sein Will' ist Frieden, ist die Meeresflut,
Wo alles hinstrebt auf verschiednen Pfaden,
Die Geister hier und die in Fleisch und Blut.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Jungfrau und Mutter, Tochter deines Sohnes,
Demütig-hehr vor aller Creatur,
Vorauserkorene des ew'gen Thrones,
Du hast geadelt menschliche Natur,
So, daß es ihren Schöpfer nicht verdrossen
Selbst ihr Geschöpf zu sein auf irdischer Flur.
Aus dir hat wieder sich die Lieb' ergossen,
Durch deren Glut im ew'gen Frieden hier
Das Wunder dieser Glume ist entsprossen.
Der Liebe Mittagsleuchte sehen wir,
Die Manschen sehn, die noch mit Trübsal ringen,
Der Hoffnung wahren Lebensborn in dir.
Du bist so groß, so mächtig im Vollbringen,
Daß, wer das Heil will und zu dir nicht geht,
Deß Wille sucht zu stiegen ohne Schwingen.
Du hilfst nicht dem allein, der Hilf' erfleht,
Oft bist du mit barmherzigem Gemüte
Hilfreich zuvorgekommen dem Gebet.
In dir ist Mitleid und in dir ist Güte
Und Großmut und jedwede Kraft so groß,
Wie gutes in erschaffnen je erblühte.

Otto Gildemeister (1888)

Liebe, in edlen Herzen leicht zu zünden,
Ließ Den nach meiner Wohlgestalt verlangen,
Die ich verlor, wie - werd ich nie verwinden.
Liebe, gewährt um Liebe zu empfangen,
Ließ an dem Strand mich so die Augen weiden,
Daß, wie du siehst, sie heut noch an ihm hangen.
Liebe ließ uns zugleich vom Leben scheiden.

Purgatorio XV.67-75

Doch jenes Gut, das Wort nicht faßt noch Schranke
Dort oben, kommt der Liebe zugeronnen,
Gleich wie ein Lichtstrahl fluthet auf das Blanke.
Es giebt an Gluth, wie Gluht es trifft entbronnen,
So daß, wie auch die Liebe sich mag dehnen,
Zuwachs durch sie wird ew'ger Kraft gewonnen.
Je mehr vereint sich nach dort oben sehnen,
Je mehr nimmt Gut, je mehr nimmt Liebe zu,
Und gleich den Spiegeln giebt es Der an Jenen.

Paradiso III.70-87

O Bruder, unsren Willen hält in Bann
Der Liebe Kraft, daß nur, was wir genießen,
Er wünscht und nicht nach Andrem dürsten kann.
Wenn unsren Wunsch wir aufwärts trachten ließen,
So würd' er nimmer sich vereinen lassen
Dem Willen Deß, der uns hieher gewiesen.
Das würde nicht in diese Kreise passen,
Wo Liebe Fordung ist; das leuchtet ein,
Wenn wir ihr Wesen recht ins Auge fassen.
Nein, wesentlich ich diesem sel'gen Sein,
Daß man aus Gottes Willen nimmer weiche,
Wo Aller Willen einer nur allein.
Sodaß der Stufengang in diesem Reiche
Dem Reich gefällt wie Dem, der es regiert,
Der macht, daß seinem Willen unsrer gleiche.
Sein Willen ist's, der uns zum Frieden führt;
Er ist das Meer, dem Alles strebt entgegen,
Was er erschafft und was Natur gebiert.

Alfred Bassermann (1892, 1909, 1921)

Wir alt und müd schon ich und die kumpanen
Gelangten dann zu jenem engen rachen
Wo uns die pfosten Herkules' gemahnen
Von hier ab weiter keinen schritt zu machen.
Rechts liess ich schon die küste der Iberer
Links hatte Ceuta hinter sich der nachen.
O brüder, sprach ich, durch die unzahl schwerer
Gefahren seid ihr nun gelangt zum westen.
Zeigt euch an hohem sinne nun nicht leerer
In eures lebens nur noch kargen resten:
Dass ihr jezt die erforschung wolltet missen
Der sonn-rückwärtigen unbewohnten festen.
Ich ruf euch eure abkunft ins gewissen:
Ihr seid nicht da zu leben gleich den kühen
Doch zum verfolg von tüchtigkeit und wissen.
Ich machte für die weiterfahrt erglühen
Mit dieser kurzen rede mein geleite
Nun hätt ich sie nur abgebracht mit mühen.
Den morgen hinter sich zur tollen weite
Beflügelten sie ihre ruder gerne
Sich immer haltend nach der linken seite.
Schon sahen in der nacht wir alle sterne
Das andern pols, die unsren so in tiefen
Dass sie nicht tauchten aus der meeresferne.
Fünfmal erhallten sich und es entschliefen
Sovielmal über uns des mondes strahlen
Seit wir zum hohen unternehmen liefen:
Als ich dann einen durch entfernung fahlen
Bergzug von einer solchen höh entdecke
Wie ich bis dahin schaute nach niemalen.
Uns kam die freude, doch sie ward zum schrecke:
Vom neuen land her eines wirbels wehen
Zerschmetterte des fahrzeugs nächste ecke,
Dreimal liess ers mit allen wassern drehen,
Das hinterschiff stand hoch, beim vierten zug
Das vordre abwärts - so musst es geschehen
Bis über uns das meer zusammenschlug.

Stefan George (edition of 1922)

Jungfrau und Mutter! Tochter deines sohnes!
Voll demut und voll würde wie kein wesen
Nach vorbestimmtem rat des ewigen Thrones,
Du machtest unsre menschheit so erlesen
Und edel dass der Schöpfer selbst geruhte
Geschöpf zu werden dessen du genesen.
Die Liebe ward entfacht in deinem blute
Damit von ihrem brand in ewiger wonne
Solch eine wunderbare rose glute!
Du bist für uns die mittagliche sonne
Der himmelslust, dort auf der erdenscholle
Gleichst du der hoffnung stets lebendigem bronne.
O Frau! du bist die grosse Hilfevolle,
Wer gnade sucht und nicht zu dir sich wendet
Ist wie wer ohne schwinge fliegen wolle.
Und so ist deine milde dass sie sendet
Nicht nur dem bittenden - oft ward dem armen
Freigebig vor dem bitten schon gespendet.
In dir ist mitleid! In dir ist erbarmen!
In dir ist langmut! Was nur je des guten
In menschen war entströmt aus deinen armen.

Stefan George (edition of 1922)

Dort, wo der Po mit all den Seinen mündet,
  Und ich zur Welt aus altem Stamme kam,
Hat Liebe dieses edle Herz entzündet
  Durch meinen Reiz, den schnöde man mir nahm!
Die Liebe, die als Pflicht mein Herz mir kündet,
  Besiegte und besiegt mir noch die Scham,
Und Liebe hieß uns sterben ohne Klagen:
Der Kains-Ring harret deß, der uns erschlagen.

Inferno XXVI.112-20

'O Brüder, seht, wie weit zum West wir drangen
  Durch tausendfache Not!' so rief ich da,
'Nicht laßt uns vor der Abendwache hangen,
  Wo uns das letzte, höchste Ziel so nah:
Die Sonne folgend, Kunde zu erlangen
  Von jener Welt, die noch kein Auge sah!
Nicht ziemt's dem Menschen gleich dem Vieh zu leben,
Nach Tugend soll er und nach Kenntnis streben.

Paradiso III.70-87

'Mein Bruder,' sprach sie, 'durch des Heiles Pforte
  Geht niemand, dessen Herz noch widerspricht.
Es hieße nicht sich Gottes Willen neigen,
Verlangten je wir höher aufzusteigen!

Wenn Wünsche solcher Art wir wirklich hätten,
  Wär' heilig uns ja nicht des Herrn Gebot,
Der uns gewiesen hat die Heimatstätten
  Und der, da Irren uns nicht mehr bedrobt,
Sich - liebend - läßt die Eigenwünsche glätten.
  Doch thut noch hierauf Dir zu achten Not:
Du siehst verschiednen Grad beim Höherschreiten,
Doch gleiche Art und Form der Seligkeiten.

Paul Pochhammer (1901)

Bruder, hier giebt Befriedigung unserm Willen
Der Liebe Kraft am eigenen Besitze
Und braucht den Durst nach anderm nicht zu stillen.
Wenn wir verlangten, höher aufzusteigen,
So stritten unsre Wünsche mit dem Willen
Des, der uns diesen Ort enteilt zueigen,
Was wie in diesen Sphären kann geschehen,
Wenn hier notwendig ist das Sein in Liebe,
Und wenn ihr Wesen du erst klar ersehen.
Vielmehr ist wesentlich zum seligen Leben,
In Gottes Willen halten sich und fügen,
Daß alle unsere Willen einen geben.
Sowie uns Rang und Stufe zugefallen
In diesem Reich, ists ganz der Wunsch des Reiches,
Denn unsers Königs Wunsch lebt in uns allen;
Sein Wille ward zum Frieden uns verliehen:
Er ist das Meer, zu dem in mächtigem Schwalle
Naturprodukt und Gotterschaffens ziehen.

Richard Zoozman (1907, revised 1912)

Als endlich
Ich mich befreit von Kirke, die mich hinhielt
  Mehr als ein Jahr, dort nahe bei Gaëta
  (Noch eh' Äneas so die Stadt benannte!),
Konnten nicht Sohnesreiz, noch Mitleid mit
  Dem alten Vater, noch die pflichtige Liebe,
  Die da Penelopen erfreuen sollte,
Besiegen in der Seele mir die Sehnsucht,
  Die ich empfand, kundig der Welt zu werden,
  Menschlicher Laster wie auch Trefflichkeiten;
Vielmehr ich wagte mich aufs hohe Meer hin,
  Einzig mit einem Schiff und jener kleinen
  Mannschaft, von der ich nicht verlassen worden.
Den ein' und andern Strand sah ich bis Spanien,
  Bis nach Marokko; auch der Sarden Insel,
  Sowie die andern, die dies Meer umfeuchtet:
Ich und die Freunde waren alt und müde,
  Als wir zu jener engen Mündung kamen,
  Wo Herkules die Warnungszeichen setzte,
Auf daß der Mensch nicht weiter sich begebe;
  Zur rechten Hand ließ ich zurück Sevilla,
  Zur andern war mir Ceuta schon entschwunden.
'O Brüder,' sagt' ich, 'die durch hunderttausend
  Gefahren ihr zum Westen hingelangt seid:
  Wollt dieser also kurzen Abendwache
Der irdischen Sinne, die euch noch geblieben,
  Verweigern nicht lebendige Erfahrung,
  Der Sonne nach, von menschenleerer Welt -
Zieht in Erwägung doch, von wem ihr abstammt:
  Erzeugt nicht wurdet ihr, wie's Vieh zu leben,
  Nein, Tugend euch und Kenntnis zu erringen!'
Da macht' ich die Gefährten so begierig,
  Mit dieser kleinen Rede, auf die Reise,
  Daß kaum, nachher, ich sie gehalten hätte;
Und, hingedreht das Achterdeck gen Morgen,
  Schufen aus Rudern Flügel wir zum Tollflug,
  Stets mehr gewinnend von der linken Seite.
Sämtliche Sterne schon des andern Poles
  Schaut' ich des Nachts, und unsern also niedrig,
  Daß er nicht aufstieg aus der Wasserfläche;
Fünfmal entzündet und gleich oft verglommen
  War schon das Licht am untern Rund des Mondes,
  Seitdem zur kühnen Fahrt wir ausgelaufen -
Als uns in Sicht kam ein Gebirge, dunkel
  Durch die Entfernung; und so hoch erschien mir's,
  Wie ich noch keines je gesehen hatte.
Wir jubelten, doch bald ward daraus Klage;
  Denn von dem neuen Land entsprang ein Sturmwind
  Und traf von unserm Schiff das Vorderteil:
Dreimal macht' er es dreh'n samt allen Wassern,
  Beim vierten hoch das Hinterdeck sich heben
  Und schießen tief den Bug, wie's Ihm gefiel -
Bis daß das Meer sich über uns geschlossen.

Konrad Falke (1921)

O Bruder, unsern Willensdrang beschwichtigt
Die Kraft der Güte, die uns nur macht wollen,
Was wir schon haben, und nicht andern Durst schafft!
Ersehnten wir, daß wir noch höher weilen,
So wären ja gespalten unsre Wünsche
Vom Willen jenes, der uns hier will sehen;
Was - du erfährst's - nicht vorkommt hier im Himmel,
Wo 'in der Liebe ruhen' All-Gesetz ist,
Und wenn ihr Wesen du genau betrachtest.
Vielmehr ist eigen diesem seligen Dasein,
Sich ganz im Willen Gottes zu erhalten,
Damit all unsre Willen Einer werden;
Derart, daß, wie von Stufe wir zu Stufe
Verteilt im Reich sind, all dem Reiche recht ist,
Wie ihm, der uns beseelt mit seinem Willen.
Und seine Willensmacht ist unser Friede:
Sie ist das Meer, nach welchem alles hindrängt,
Was selbst sie schafft und was Natur kann schaffen!

Paradiso XXXIII. 1-21

O Jungfrau-Mutter, Tochter deines Sohnes,
Demütiger, hehrer als sonst je ein Wesen,
Vorausbestimmtes Ziel des ewigen Rates:
Du bist es, die die menschliche Natur einst
So sehr zu Adel brachtest, daß ihr Schöpfer
Es nicht verschmähte, ihr Geschöpf zu werden!
In deinem Schoß entflammte sich die Liebe,
Durch deren Glut im Reich des ewigen Friedens
Also hier diese Rose aufgesproßt ist:
Hier bist du uns mittäglich-heißes Feuer
Zur Liebestat; und drunten, bei den Menschen,
Bist du der Hoffnung urlebendige Quelle!
Herrin, so groß bist du und solches wirkst du,
Daß, wer nach Gnade lechzt und nicht zu dir flieht,
Sein Sehnen zwingt zu fliegen ohne Flügel:
Deine Holdseligkeit bringt nicht nur Hilfe
Dem, der dich anruft; nein, zu vielen Malen
Eilt, freien Antriebs, sie voraus den Bitten!
In die lebt Frommheit und barmherziges Mitleid,
In dir großmütige Tat; in dir vereint sich,
Was ein Geschöpf nur mag an Güte fassen.

Konrad Falke (1921)

'Genossen', rief ich aus, 'wir stritten
Mit Wogen und mit Menschen viel;
Unendlich haben wir gelitten,
Unendlichkeit sei unser Ziel!
Jetzt sind nach langem, heißem Ringen
Wir unseres Hoffens Krone nah:
Auf, laßt uns in die Meere dringen,
Die noch kein sterblich Auge sah.

Die Sonne führt uns, die im West entschwunden,
Das Meer erglüht von ihrem Strahlenblut:
Durch Nacht zum Licht! Laßt mutig uns erkunden,
Ob Menschen wohnen jenseits dieser Flut,
Ob man in diesen dämmertiefen Meeren,
Die jeder Schiffer nur mit Schauder nennt,
Ein menschlich Fürchten, Hoffen und Begehren,
Ein menschlich Lieben oder Hassen kennt.
Den Menschengeist beengen keine Schranken,
Ihn hob Gott über jede Kreatur;
Drum, Freunde, senkt die forschenden Gedanken
In neuer Bahnen unbetretne Spur!'

So rief ich aus, die Freunde zogen
Mit Macht die Ruder durch das Blau,
Und über unbekannte Wogen
Rauscht kühn des Schiffes stolzer Bau.
Fünfmal entstieg dem Schoß, dem feuchten,
Der Mond in voller Silberglut,
Fünfmal hat seiner Sichel Leuchten
Ihr Gold gebadet in der Flut.
Des Meeres endlos tiefes Schweigen
Nahm unsres Himmels Bilder auf,
Ein unbekannter Sternenreigen
Begann den bunten Wechsellauf.
Da tauchte aus dem blauen Meere
Ein Berg, so hoch, so weltentrückt,
Wie ihn auf unsrer Hemisphäre
Noch keines Menschen Aug' erblickt.
'Land, Land!' frohlockten die Genossen:
- Da zuckt' ein Blitz, - und um uns her
Wie Pfeile rote Strahlen schossen,
Und eine Windsbraut peitscht' das Meer;
Das Schiff zerschellt' mit Donnerkrachen,
Die Stürme brausten im Verein,
Die Hölle öffnet' ihren Rachen,
Und schloß die kühnen Frevler ein.
- Nun büße ich seit jenen Tagen
Im Flammenkleid den Frevelmut,
Und all mein Hoffen, all mein Wagen
Bedeckt die tiefe, blaue Flut.

Hans Geisow (1921)

Erwacht in Angst und Schrecken
Im grauen Morgenstrahl,
Ließ das fahle Licht mich entdecken
Meiner Kinder Qual;
Ich sah sie wimmernd liegen
In unsäglicher Not,
Es schrie aus ihren Zügen
Nach Brot - nach Brot!
Die Stunde kam, wo man immer
Uns Essen gebracht,
Da ist ihr Gewimmer
Zum Weinen erwacht. -
Ich hörte, wie leise
Sich Schritte nahn . . .
Nun bringt man euch Speise,
So schaut' ich sie an;
Ich blickt' in das träge
Taglicht empor:
Hammerschläge
Dröhnten ans Ohr -
Vernagelt die Pforte -
Zum Tode getrieben -
Dem Hunger zum Raub -
Mir stockten die Worte,
Ich sah auf die Lieben
Stumm und taub! -

Ich weinte nicht - mein Schmerz gerann zu Stein;
Die Kinder hört' ich weinen nur und klagen
Und bittend meinen Anselmuccio fragen:
'Mein Vater, sprich, was schaust so stumm du drein?'
Auch jetzt noch schmolz mein Schmerz nicht hin zu Tränen;
Stumm war den Tag ich und die nächste Nacht,
Bis droben neu der Morgen war erwacht,
Der fahles Licht mir gab und meinen Söhnen. -
Es war ein dumpfes Dämmern nur, dies Licht,
Im Hungerturm erwacht zu neuen Qualen . . .
Ich sah es vierfach meine Schmerzen malen
In meiner lieben Kinder Angesicht! -

Hans Geisow (1921)

Dämmrung hatte schon begraben
Jene heil'ge Stätte, da
Sie den Herrn gekreuzigt haben
Auf dem Berge Golgatha;
Um den Ganges rauscht der schwere,
Mitternächt'ge Flügelschlag,
Und auf unsrer Hemisphäre
Keimte schon der junge Tag:
Eos tauchte ihre Wangen
Schon in lichte Purpurglut,
Phöbus kam emporgegangen
Aus dem Schoß der Silberflut,
Irre Lichter leicht zerflossen
Vor dem Glanz am Himmelszelt:
Gott der Herr hatt' ausgegossen
Seine Liebe in die Welt.

Und von dem neuen Glanze neu geboren,
Umrauscht von frischer Morgenwinde Wehn,
Stand mit dem Führer ich noch traumverloren,
Und keiner wagte einen Schritt zu gehn.
Zum blauen Meere war der Blick gewendet,
Das spielend unsres Berges Klippen küßt,
Sanft brandend seine Wogen zu uns sendet,
Und in der Einsamkeit uns Tröster ist.
Und sieh', da zuckt ein Licht in blauer Ferne,
Und immer heller wird sein Funkelschein;
Es wächst und wächst aus einem kleinen Sterne,
Nun dringt's in Sonnengröße auf uns ein.
Ich kehr' mein Auge ab, da es geblendet
Schon von des Lichtes großer Fülle schien,
Und, wieder zu dem Meer zurückgewendet,
Seh einen Nachen ich die Flut durchziehn. -
Leis glitt er hin. - Umwogt von Glanz und Feuer,
Zog durch die blauen Wellen er zum Land.
Kein Ruder rauscht'. - Ein Engel saß am Steuer,
Und weiß floß von den Schultern sein Gewand.
Mir schien, als ob sein Aug' in Kraft erglühe,
Doch in den Zügen Himmelsfriede ruh'.
Virgil befahl mir: 'Beuge deine Kniee:
Der führt die Seelen der Erlösung zu;
Er sammelt sie am fernen Tiberstrande
Und führt sie durch die Nacht zum neuen Tag.
Schon landet er in flatterndem Gewande,
Getragen von dem leichten Flügelschlag!'
Das Schiff stieß an, und unter seiner Schwere
Beugt sich am Ufer mancher schwanke Halm,
~~Und zu dem Himmel rauscht e~~
Und laut ertönt es: 'Gott sei ewig Ehre!'
Und zu dem Himmel rauscht empor der Psalm:

'Als Israel entronnen
Einst dem Ägypterschwert,
Und Kanaan gewonnen,
Von Gott dem Herrn erhört, -

Da mußt' die Erde beben,
Das Meer zurücke fliehn,
Die Steine Wasser geben,
Bergauf die Flüsse ziehn.
Wer kann dies all' vollbringen,
Gebietend Fels und Meer?
Wer läßt die Berge springen
Wie Lämmer leicht umher?
- Du führst auf sichren Bahnen
Dein Volk zu jeder Zeit,
Du großer Gott der Ahnen!
Preis die in Ewigkeit!'

Frei, wie der Orgel jubelnde Klänge
Brausen zum Himmel in mächtigem Chor,
Also rauschte das Singen der Menge
Freudig zur steigenden Sonne empor.
Wärmende Strahlen, sie kamen gezogen
Dorther, wo eben noch Dämmerung lag,
Und aus dem bergenden Schoße der Wogen
Ward er geboren, der schaffende Tag.

Lächelnd bekreuzt' sich der himmlische Bote,
Stieg in den eilenden Kahn und entschwand . . .

Hans Geisow (1921)

Da sprach sie: 'Wir sind vollendet
Alle in der Sel'gen Chor,
Und zu höh'ren Sphären wendet
Keine Sehnsucht sich empor.
Keinen treibt's zu anderm Lose,
Keiner ringt sich los und steigt;
Tief in Gottes Vaterschoße
Ruht die Sehnsucht still und schweigt.
Wohl gibt es verschiedne Stufen
In dem Reich der Seligkeit;
Doch, wer zu dem Heil berufen,
Ist von jedem Drang befreit;
Wo die Stätte ihm bereitet,
Gießt sich Wonne um ihn her,
Und von Gottes Ratschluß scheidet
Ihn kein eigen Wünschen mehr;
Denn von ew'gem Himmelsfrieden
Träufelt es hier überall,
Gleich erquickend, nur verschieden
Hier und dort der Tropfenfall!'

Paradiso XXXIII - concluding lines

Der Seraph nur leise
Die Seele mir trägt,
Der um Gott seine Kreise,
Ihn suchend, bewegt
Und in ewiger Liebe
Den Sonnenball rollt,
Das Weltengetriebe
Und Sternengold!

Hans Geisow (1921)

Hausen

Mit Zirzen war zu end, ich schied von dann;
die mich ein jahr entrücket zu Gaête,
ehe es von Enêas namen noch gewann. -
Nicht kindes zärte allda, noch was mich flehte
mein vater alt, noch schuldige gatten gunst
zu lohnen gehn Penelopen gebete;
Nichts übermochte in mir die grosse brunst,
die ich hätt zu werden all der welt gescheite
und menschlicher gebrechen oder kunst:
Vielmehr, ich stach in hohen meeres weite
nur auf ein schifflein mit dem schiffgesind,
wenigen, das nicht geweigert das geleite.
Ein stade ums ander sah ich, kaum und schwind,
bis Spanie und bis Marok, und die gestalte
der eiland da die wasser ringsum sind.
Ich und die maate waren träge und alte,
als wir gekommen zu der furt und enge,
da Herkules die mäler hin bestallte,
Auf dass der mensch darüber hin nicht dränge:
zur rechten liess ich mir Siwiljen küste,
zur andern hätt ich lassen Zetten hänge.
'Brüder, die mir durch hundert tausend wüste
fährden bis her in untergang gefronet:
dieser schon also winzigen, dieser rüste,
Die unser sinnen annoch ist geschonet,
wollet nicht weigeren die auferschliessung
- der sonnen nach - der welt da nichts mehr wohnet!
Betrachtet in euch selber eure spriessung!
ihr kamt nicht her zu leben gleich getier,
ja zu befolgen mannheit und entschliessung.'
In den gefährten wetzete ich solche gier
mit diesem kurzen spruch nach fahrt ins weite,
dass ich sie dann nicht mögen wenden schier.
Und lassend hinter uns des ostens breite,
schufen uns ruder schwingen toll zu fliegen,
allstunds zubüssend bei der linken seite.
All das gestirn des andern poles siegen
sah schon die nacht, und unsern abgesunken,
als thät er tief in meeres grunde liegen.
Fünf male entbrannt und eben fünfe ertrunken
war unter monde uns die gemessen leuchte,
seit uns die fernen erstlich zugewunken:
Da stieg ein berg durch ferne und durch die feuchte,
düster zu sehn, und höher denn mich keinen
vordem mit auge erkannt zu haben deuchte.
Wir jauchzeten; und ward uns bald zu weinen:
denn aus dem neuen lande ein wirbel flog
und stiess das schiff auf seiner ecken einen,
Machts drei mal kreisen mit gesamtem wog,
dann hoch empor das steur und ruderflossen,
und untergehn galjon, wie's Gott erwog,
Bis dass die see sich über und verschlossen.

Rudolf Borchardt (1923)

Brudr, es erhält in lote all unser wollen
ein liebekraft, die thut uns unser habe
begehrn, und anders nicht, des wir nicht sollen.
Fiele uns sehnsiechen an nach höher gabe,
würde misshällig unser ferner schweifen
von Ihm, der uns gewollt in diese wabe;
Das, und solts sehn, nicht fassen diese Reifen:
wenn wesen in der liebe für und für
hie not thut und musst rechte ihr art begreifen.
Ja selige forme hat in ihr just gebür,
dass man in dem sich halte, was Gott wölle,
und erbe ein Wille all unser willekür:
Alsô, dass, wie wir stehn von schwelle in schwelle
all durch das Reiche, im Reiche all sinds begütet,
und ists der König, uns brünstigend nach seim 'velle'.
In seiner willigung sind wir gehütet:
Sie ist die see, dar alles zu verflüsse,
das Sie geschuf und das Nature erbrütet.

Paradiso XXXIII. 1-21

Maged ein Mutter, Tochter deines Suns,
demüete und herlich meh denn crêatûre,
ewig beschlossn ein ziel der sorge um uns:
Du bists dieselb, so mennischlich nature
geadlichet also, dass ihrm Schepfere
sie nicht verschmechte, und in sein schepfung fuhre.
In leibe dein entzundte sich die hehre
Minne, ohne deren hitze zu auferwachung
nie diese blume allhie gediehen wäre.
Hie bistus uns mittägliche fachung
von karitâte, - und nider ab bei euch feigen
bistus ein ursprung hoffender erlachung.
Fraue, also gross bistu und alsô viel eigen
hastu: wer will genade, und dich nicht bitt,
ohn fitteche wills ihm sein begierde erfleugen.
Dein mildegkeite teilt nicht blössig mit
ihme der bitt: freigibig unter stunden,
bitten zuvor, läuft sie den ersten schritt.
In dir ist herzerbärmede, in dir verbunden
mit herzentreue ist und mit machtgepränge,
was gütlichs je ward an geschöpfe erfunden.

Rudolf Borchardt (1923)

Als ich, so klang es, mich von Circe wandte,
Die lang' mich bei Gaëta festgehalten,
Eh' noch Äneas so die Stätte nannte,
Da konnten mir das Mitleid mit dem alten
Erzeuger nicht und nicht der Sehnsucht Schmerzen,
Die Weib und Sohn um mich das Herz zerspalten,
Den heißen Drang aus meinem Busen merzen,
Noch mehr vom Erdenantlitz auszukunden,
Vom Unwert und vom Wert der Menschenherzen.
Und kimmwärts ging's zu unbekannten Sunden,
Mit jener Schar, die niemals mich verlassen,
Im gleichen Schiff mir glück- und notverbunden.
Wir sahn der Festen Zug, der Inseln Massen,
Der Mauren Süd, der Ebroleute Norden
Westwärts des Sardenlands erstehn, verblassen.
Wir waren alt, wir waren schwer geworden -
Da drohten uns die Säulen des Alciden,
Die Warnsignale an den fernsten Borden,
Daß keinem Kiel die Weiterfahrt beschieden.
Doch ich - wir wollten rechts Sevilla meiden,
Wie links wir schon Ceutas Burg gemieden -
Ich rief: 'O Brüder, die durch tausend Leiden
Ihr mir gefolgt nach diesen fernsten Küsten:
Eh' wir vom letzten Abendlichte scheiden,
Sollt's euch des letzten Forscherziels gelüsten -
Laßt uns im Wettlauf mit den Sonnenrossen
Zur menschenleeren Welt die Reise rüsten!
Bedenkt, welch edlem Samen ihr entsprossen!
Nach Kenntnis gilt's, nach Tugend gilt's zu ringen:
Heroenblut, nicht blöden Viehs Genossen.'
Hei, wie sie hurtig an die Riemen gingen!
Vom Werk, zu dem mein Wort sie hell befeuert,
Wär's kaum mir selbst geglückt, sie abzubringen.
Schnell war das Achterdeck nach Ost gesteuert,
Der Riemen flog, das Ruder ging zur Linken:
Hinaus, wohin noch nie ein Kiel geheuert.
Nun sah die Nacht des Südens Sterne blinken,
Und die im Nord uns treu am Himmel standen,
Für immer in die Meerestiefen sinken.
Und seit des Landes letzte Höhn uns schwanden,
Sahn wir zum fünften Mal des Mondes Leuchte
Mit neuem Licht ihr Untenrund umranden -
Da tauchte braun aus ferner Nebelfeuchte
Ein Berg empor, hinan zum Himmel ragend
So hoch und steil, wie keiner je mich deuchte.
Wir jauchzten auf - und schrieen angstverzagend:
Denn von dem Berge fuhr ein Wirbelwehen,
Mit harter Böe den Bug des Schiffes schlagend.
Und dreimal trieb sie's um in wildem Drehen
Und hob sein Heck - und in des Strudels Nabe
Riß es den Bug. Da war Sein Werk geschehen.
Und schweigend lag das Meer ob unserm Grabe.

August Vezin (1926)

Der Stern des Tages stand am Horizonte,
Von dessen gleichgezognem Mittagskreise
Im andern Kulm er Sions Höhen sonnte.
Am Ganges aber fuhr auf hohem Gleise
Die Mitternacht und hielt der Waage Schalen,
Die sie zurückläßt auf der Winterreise.
Und blassend sahn im Licht der scharfen Strahlen
Des Tags Aurorens jugendrote Wangen
Wir mit das Alters fahlem Gelb sich malen
Und sannen still des Weges. Raumgefangen
Verharrte noch mein Leib am Meeresstrande,
Derweil mein Geist schon weite Fahrt gegangen. -
Und siehe, wie mein Blick zum Kimmungsrande
Der Fluten ging - als bräch' im Morgengrauen
Der Dünste Brauen Mars mit rotem Brande:
So glomm - o dürft' ich einst es wiederschauen! -
Ein Gluten hoch und schoß mit Vogelschnelle
Auf uns des Weges durch der Wasser Blauen.
Denn da ich fragend von der fernen Welle
Mit flüchtigem Blick zum Führer nur gesehen,
Erschien mir's größer schon an Wuchs und Helle.
Und beiderseits sah ich ein Schimmern wehen,
Und schimmernd hob sich's mehr und mehr vom Grunde
Und dünkte frei mich auf der Flut zu stehen.
Noch stand Vergil und sah mit stummem Munde,
Doch wie die Schimmer sich zu Schwingen ballten,
Da ward ihm von der Art des Fergen Kunde.
Und: 'Schnell nun', rief er, 'schnell die Hände falten
Und niederknien! Ein Engel aus den Heeren
Des Himmels ist's, wie hier sie dienend walten!
Mit seiner Schwinge sieh - er kann entbehren,
Was sich zur Fahrt des Menschen Witz gestaltet -
Vom Strand die See zum fernsten Strand ihn queren.
Wie hat er's strahlend himmelwärts entfaltet
Zu leisem Schlag, sein himmlisches Gefieder,
Das nicht im Jahreswandel sproßt und altet!
Und hell und heller floß der Glanz hernieder
Des Gottesvogels, daß vor all dem Glaste
Ich scheu-geblendet barg die Augenlider.
Auf einem Boot, das kaum die Fluten faßte,
So fein und leicht war's, kam er hergefahren,
Damit am Strand er's seiner Fracht entlaste.
O Glück, im Lied auch nur dies Bild zu wahren:
Am Heck des Schiffs der himmlische Pilote
Und drin vom Erdendrang erlöste Scharen,
Wohl hundert Seelen! Und nun sang's vom Boote:
'In exitu - Ägyptens Fron entronnen . . . '
Einhellig jubelnd bis zur letzten Note.
Und eh' vom Schiff die Schar das Land gewonnen,
Schlug er das Kreuz ihr noch zum Scheidesegen
Und hob sich dann und schwand im Licht der Sonnen.

August Vezin (1926)

. . . O Bruder, jegliches Verlangen
Weiß uns die Macht der Liebe hier zu stillen,
Und wir begehren nur, was wir empfangen.
Würden uns Wünsche noch im Busen quillen
Nach höherm Range, als uns Gott gewiesen:
Wir setzten unsern gegen Seinen Willen.
Das gibt es nicht in Gottes Paradiesen.
Versteh, hier heißt es: in der Liebe leben!
Mußt nur ihr Wesen zum Geleit dir kiesen.
Und du begreifst: Nur das kann Glück uns geben,
Daß wir uns ganz an Gottes Willen halten,
Vereint mit Ihm in allem unserm Streben.
Ließ Er Sein Reich sich Rang für Rang entfalten,
So muß, was Ihm gefiel, auch uns gefallen,
Des Reiches Lust ist seines Königs Walten.
Sein Wille ist, daß Friede sei uns allen:
Er ist das Meer, zu dem auf jedem Gleise
Des Schöpfers und der Schöpfung Ströme wallen.

Paradiso XXXIII. 1-21

Jungfrau und Mutter, Tochter deines Sohnes,
In Demut groß vor all erschaffnem Wesen
Aus vorbestimmtem Rat des ewigen Thrones,
Durch die das Menschenkind vom Fall genesen
Zu solchem Adel, daß des Schöpfers Güte
Sich selber des Geschöpfes Kleid erlesen,
O du, in deren Schoß die Liebe glühte
Mit solcher Kraft, daß ihm zu ewiger Wonne
Der Friedensrose Wunderpracht entblühte.
Hier oben uns die Mittagsliebessonne
Und dem, der dort im Erdenstaub noch schmachtet,
Der steten Hoffnung lautrer Lebensbronne,
O Fraue, also groß und gottgeachtet,
Daß, wer da bittet und zu deinen Armen
Nicht flüchtet, flügellos zu fliegen trachtet:
In deiner Milde läßt du uns erwarmen,
Nicht nur den Bittenden, du kommst dem Flehen,
Wie gern, zuvor in Mitleid und Erbarmen,
Läßt großmutvoll so Huld um Huld ergehen,
Daß wir, was je sich im Geschöpf erweise
An Gütigkeit, in dir vereinigt sehen.

August Vezin (1926)

Es neigt der Liebe sich mit seinem Segen
Da droben das unnennbar reiche Gut,
Wie dem, was leuchten mag, der Strahl entgegen.
Und schenkt je mehr, je mehr schon flammt an Glut;
So wächst, je mehr sich Liebe kann entfalten,
Die Huld, die ewige, die auf ihn ruht.
Je mehr sich drum zu dem da droben halten,
Je mehr zu lieben gibts, gibt rechtes Lieben,
Und spiegelnd strahlt es wieder, wers erhalten.

Paradiso III.70-87

Uns, Bruder, stillt das Herz der Liebe Glut,
Heißt uns verlangen nur, was uns gegeben!
Kein andrer Durst uns nimmer wehe tut.
Wollt unser Wunsch nach höherm Rang sich heben,
So müßt er jenes Willen, dessen Bann
Allhier uns wies die Stätte, widerstreben.
Daß solcher Trotz hier nicht gedeihen kann,
Wo, Kreis um Kreise, Lieb nur darf schalten,
Du siehst es, schaust du recht ihn Wesen an!
Nein, selig sein heißt ganz in Hut sich halten
Von Gottes Willen, so daß, eins in ihr,
All-einig unsrer eignen Wünsche walten.
Drum, wo auf dieses Reiches Staffeln wir
Auch stehn, gefällts dem Reich, wie's Ihm gefallen,
Dem Herrn, der aller Wollens Wille hier.
Sein Will ist unser Frieden, Er ist allen
Das Meer, drein alle mündet allzugleich,
Ob Er es schuf, obs wuchs in Erdenwalten.

Friedrich Freiherrn von Falkenhausen
(1937)

Wann ich nach Jahr und Tag von Kirke schied,
Die mich nahbei Gaeta hielt verborgen,
Bevor den Ort Aeneas so benannt,
Konnt' nicht das Söhnlein hold, konnt' nicht die Ehrfurcht
Vorm greisen Vater, nicht die Gattenpflicht,
Penelope durch Liebe zu beglücken,
In mir bezähmen jenen heißen Drang,
Die Welt zu schaun und näher zu erkunden,
Wie auch der Menschen Fehl' und Tüchtigkeit.
Doch ging in See ich nur mit einem Schiffe
Aufs weitre Meer hinaus und mit dem Rest
An karger Mannschaft, der mir hielt die Treue.
Ich sah bis Spanien den und jenen Strand,
Ja bis Marokko, sah der Sarden Eiland,
Wie auch die andern, die das Meer umspült.
Den Freunden gleich, war ich vergreist und träge,
Als wir gelangten zu dem engen Sund,
Wo Herkules gesetzt die Warnungsmale,
Auf daß nicht weiter tracht' hinaus der Mensch.
Zur rechten Hand ließ ich Sibilia liegen,
Derweil zur Linken Septa blieb zurück.
Ich sprach: 'Ihr Brüder, die ihr euch durch tausend
Und abertausend Fährden durchgekämpft
Gen West, nun wollet, was an Lebensabend
So kurz dem Sinnenleibe noch verbleibt,
Nicht weigern dem Versuch, der Sonne folgend,
Neu zu erkunden menschenleere Welt.
Seid eures Samens eingedenk! Ihr wurdet
Gezeugt, nicht um zu dämmern wie das Vieh,
Nein, daß um Wissen ihr und Mannheit ringet!'
Mit diesem kargen Spruch macht' auf die Fahrt
Dermaßen scharf ich alle die Gefährten,
Daß, sie zu halten, dann verlorne Müh'.
Des Schiffes Heck verkehrten wir gen Morgen,
Und, ständig drückend auf die linke Hand,
Beschwingten wir den Riem zu tollem Fluge.
Schon sah die Nacht das ganze Sternenheer
Des Gegenpols und derart tief den unsern,
Daß er dem Meeresplan sich nicht enthob.
Fünfmal erglommen und aufs neu' verblichen
War schon am untern Mondesrand der Schein,
Seit auf die hohe Fahrt wir uns begeben,
Als, ob der Ferne dunkel dämmernd, trat
In Sicht ein Berg von so gewalt'ger Höhe,
Wie seinesgleichen ich noch nie erschaut.
Wir jauchzten, doch zum Jammer ward der Jubel;
Vom Neuland her sprang hoch ein Wirbelsturm
Und warf sich auf das Vorderdeck des Schiffes;
Dreimal mitsamt dem Strudel er es dreht;
Beim vierten steilt er dann das Heck zu Berge,
Den Bug zu Tal, als wie es IHM gefiel,
Bis uns zu Häupten sich das Meer geschlossen.

Oscar Hecker (posthumously, 1938)

Da ich mich losgemacht von Kirke, die
mich länger als ein Jahr gehalten hatte
am Strand (Gaëta heißt er seit Aeneas),
da fesselte mich nichts mehr. Vaterglück
und Sohnesdankbarkeit und Gattenliebe,
wie sie Penelope um mich verdiente,
ward alles aufgezehrt in meiner Brust
vom heißen Drang, durch alle Länder hin
der Menschen Wert und Narrheit zu erfahren.
Ich fuhr hinaus ins offne hohe Meer
auf einem einzgen Schiff mit meiner kleinen
Gesellenschar, die nimmer mich verließ;
besucht' in Nord und Süd die Ufer bis
nach Spanien und Marokko, sah Sardinien
mit all den vielen Inseln jenes Meeres.
Wir wurden alte Männer, bis wir endlich
an jene enge Wasserstraße kamen,
wo Herkules die Warnungszeichen setzte,
auf daß der Mensch such hier nicht weiter wage.
Ich aber ließ Sibilia zur Rechten
und hatte links schon Setta hinter mir
und - 'Brüder', sprach ich, 'die durch hunderttausend
Gefahren nach dem Westen seid gelangt,
entziehet nicht dem kurzen Lebensabend,
der uns noch bleibt, die sinnliche Erfahrung
der unbewohnten Welt dort nach der Sonne!
Bedenkt, wes hohen Samens Kind ihr seid
und nicht gemacht, um wie das Vieh zu leben!
Erkenntnis suchet auf und Tüchtigkeit.'
Mit dieser kurzen Rede stachelt ich
meine Genossen auf und trieb sie vorwärts
so scharf, daß niemand sie gezügelt hätte.
Das Hinterschiff dem Morgen zugekehrt,
mit tollen Ruderschlägen ging der Flug
hinaus und vorwärts, immer mehr nach links.
Bald sah man nachts des andern Poles Sterne,
und wie sie alle kamen, sank der unsre,
bis er sich nicht mehr aus dem Meer erhob.
Schon fünfmal hatte volles Licht vom Mond
herabgestrahlt und fünfmal war's geschwunden
seit wir zur großen Fahrt uns aufgemacht.
Da tauchte dunkel in dem fernen Dunst
ein Berg herauf und schien mir riesenhoch,
so hoch, wie ich noch nichts gesehen hatte.
Wir jubelten. - Die Lust ward bald zunichte,
denn von dem fernen Lande kam ein Wirbel,
der faßte an der Spitze gleich das Schiff
und dreht es dreimal um in Strudelkreise,
beim vierten hob er's hinten auf - und köpflings,
wie fremde Macht es wollte, fuhr's hinab.
Dann schloß sich langsam über uns das Wasser.

Karl Vossler (1941)

Die Sonne stand am Horizonte, dessen
Meridian über Jerusalem
mit seiner höchsten Kurve sich erhebt;
die Nacht stieg auf der andern Hälfte schon
am Ganges hoch, hielt in der Hand die Waage,
die später sie im Winter wieder ablegt;
und auf Auroras Wangen sah ich nun
die jungen Farben, weiß und rot, sich wandeln,
ins alternd Gelbliche hinüberspielend.
Wir weilten immer noch am Meeresufer
wie Menschen, die den Weg wohl überdenken
und gehn im Geist, jedoch der Körper bleibt.
Und sieh! Wie gegen Morgen durch den Nebel
im Westen unten, nah der Meeresfläche,
der Mars in einem roten Schimmer steht,
ähnlich erschien - o könnt ich es noch sehn! -
ein Licht mir, und es nahte übers Meer
viel schneller sich als jeder Vogelflug.
Wie ich nur einen Augenblick hinweg
von ihm und fragend nach dem Führer schaute,
sah ich es heller schon und größer wieder.
Sodann erschien mir rechts und links an ihm
ein weißes Etwas, und darunter trat
ruckweise noch ein Leuchtendes hervor.
Mein Meister sagte noch kein Wort dazu,
bis aus dem obern Weiß zwei Flügel wurden.
Nun er den Schiffsmann wohl erkannte, rief er:
'Geschwinde wirf dich auf die Knie und falte
die Hände. Schau! der Engel Gottes ist es.
So sind die Wärter, die du fortan siehst.
Betrachte, wie er Menschenkunst verschmäht;
er will kein Ruder, will kein ander Segel
als seine Flügel für die weite Fahrt,
und schau, wie steil er sie zum Himmel hält
und schlägt die Luft mit ewigem Gefieder,
das nie sich wandelt, wie der irdische Flaum.'
Wie er uns nah und immer näher kam,
der Gottesvogel, leuchtete er heller.
Mein Aug ertrug den nahen Glanz nicht mehr.
Ich senkte es, und jener kam zum Strande
mit einem hurtigen und leichten Schiff'lein,
das kaum noch seinen Kiel ins Wasser tauchte.
Der hohe Ferge auf dem Hinterschiff
trug Seligkeit an seiner Stirn geschrieben,
und um ihn saßen mehr als hundert Geister.
'In exitu Israel de Egypto',
sie sangen alle es mit einer Stimme
('da Israel hinwegzog aus Ägypten'),
und wie es weiter in dem Psalter heißt.
Dann schlug er segnend über sie das Kreuz,
worauf sich alle an das Ufer stürzten,
und er, so schnell wie er gekommen, abfuhr.

Karl Vossler (1941)

O Bruder, unser Wünschen wird beruhigt
durch starke Güte, die nur wollen läßt,
was wir besitzen, nicht nach andrem dürsten.
Wenn wir verlangten, höhern Orts zu sein,
so widerstrebten unsere Begierden
dem Willen des, der hier den Platz uns weist.
Für solches ist kein Raum in diesem Reich.
Hier kannst du nur Gebot der Liebe sehn,
wenn du die Gottesliebe recht betrachtest.
Ja, es gehört zu unsrer Seligkeit,
daß Gottes Wille uns umschlossen hält,
in ihm sich unsre Sonderwünsche einen.
So wie wir abgestuft von Rang zu Rang
hier sind, gefällt's dem ganzen Reich, und so
dem König, dessen Will uns willig macht.
In seinem Willen haben wir den Frieden,
das Meer, zu dem sich alle Wesen drängen,
von ihm erschaffne, von Natur getriebne.

Paradiso XXXIII.1-21

Jungfrau und Mutter, Tochter Deines Sohnes,
bescheidenstes und höchstes der Geschöpfe,
im ewigen Plan bestimmt und auserwählt,
Du hast in Dir die menschliche Natur
so hoch geläutert, daß der Schöpfergott
sich gerne geben ließ als ihr Geschöpf.
In Deinem Blute regte sich die Liebe
die lebenswarme wieder, die im Frieden
vor Gott hier diese Rose knospen ließ.
Uns Seligen bist Du die Mittagssonne,
die Liebe, und den Sterblichen auf Erden
bist Du der Hoffnung lebensvoller Quell.
Du Herrin bist so groß und bist so mächtig,
daß jedem Flehenden, der Dich nicht sucht,
mit lahmen Flügeln seine Sehnsucht schmachtet..
Zur Hilfe aber eilet Deine Güte
dem Bittenden; und oft aus freier Hand
bringt sie Gewäht, noch eh die Bitte ging.
Frommes Erbarmen, Mitleid, Herrlichkeit
und alles Gute eines Menschenherzens,
in Dir, in Dir, in Dir ist ~~er~~ es vereint.

Karl Vossler (1941)

Als Circe frei mich gab, die mich ein Jahr
und länger nah Gaeta hingehalten,
eh' von Aeneas so benannt es war,
Zog Mitleid mich zum Vater nicht, dem alten,
vergaß des Sohnes ich, der Gattin Huld
Mitsamt den Pflichten die mir wenig galten,
Besiegte nichts in mir die Ungeduld,
die mich ergriffen, um die Welt zu wissen
und menschliche Vortrefflichkeit und Schuld.
Nur Eines Schiffes Segel ließ ich hissen,
und auf die See ging's mit der kleinen Bande,
die bis dahin kein Schicksal mir entrissen.
Sah beide Küsten bis zu Spaniens Strande
und bis Marocco und, vom Meer benetzt,
Sardinien und andre Insellande.
Alt waren wir und müde, als zuletzt
wir hingelangten zu der engen Stelle,
wo Herkules sein Grenzmal hingesetzt,
Damit dem Menschen heilig sei die Schwelle.
Dort, wo Sevilla rechts man liegen läßt
und linker Hand verdämmern Settas Wälle,
Sprach ich: 'O Brüder, die Ihr bis zum West
Gefahren an die tausend überstanden,
verschmäht doch nicht, den kargen Abendrest
Der Sinnenkraft, soweit sie Euch vorhanden,
zu nutzen, soll's der Sonne nach gelingen,
daß wir am menschenleeren Weltteil landen.
Vergeßt die Herkunft nicht, der wir entspringen,
daß wir gemacht nicht sind, vertiert zu leben,
nein, Tugend uns und Wissen zu erringen.'
Mehr war notwendig nicht hervorzuheben,
da war schon fahrtbegierig mein Geleite
und hätte nichts vermocht, das aufzugeben.
Gen Ost das Achterdeck, vorn öde Weite,
beschleunigten wir unsern Wahnflug gerne
und lenkten mehr und mehr nach linker Seite.
Nachts blinzelten des andern Poles Sterne,
und unsre waren schon so tief gekommen,
als ob das Meer sie wiege in der Ferne.
Fünfmal entzündet und gleich oft verglommen
war schon das Licht der untern Mondesleuchte,
seitdem den kühnen Pfad wir aufgenommen,
Als aus dem Ferndunst, den das Meer erzeugte,
ein Berg hervortrat; so sah ich ihn ragen,
wie keinen ich getroffen, wie mir deuchte.
Wir jubelten und mußten bald schon klagen,
denn aus dem neuen Land kam Sturm gezogen,
um auf des Schiffes Vorderteil zu schlagen;
Dreimal ließ mit der Flut er's drehn im Bogen ,
bis endlich steil das Heck nach oben schoß,
indes der Schnabel sank, wie Er's erwogen,
Und über unserm Haupt das Meer sich schloß.

Hermann Moge (1947)

Die Sonne war bereits am Horizonte,
des Mittagskreis, wo er am höchsten steht,
Jerusalem steil überdachen konnte.
Die Nacht, die sich ihr gegenüber dreht,
vom Ganges mit der Wage aufgegangen,
die, wenn sie obsiegt, ihrer Hand entgeht,
So daß die weißen wie die roten Wangen
der lieblichen Aurora, wo ich stand,
verblühend mir gezeigt goldgelbes Prangen.
Wir aber säumten wartend noch am Strand,
dem gleich, der sinnend seinen Weg bestimmt,
beschwingt das Herz, die Füße festgebannt.
Und sieh, wie Mars, bevor der Morgen glimmt,
durch dichten Dunst gedämpft, in roter Helle
gen Untergang tief überm Wasser schwimmt,
Kam wie ein Licht es auf der Meereswelle,
oh, sähe ich es wieder, hergezogen,
kein Vogelflügel teilt die Luft so schnelle.
Denn kaum, daß ich das Haupt zurückgebogen
und, um zu fragen, mich zum Meister wandte,
stand größer, leuchtender es auf den Wogen.
Zu jeder Flanke quoll, wie ich erkannte,
darauf ein rätselhaftes Weiß ins Breite,
indes ihm ähnliches am Fuß entbrannte.
Mein Führer harrte wortlos mir zur Seite,
doch als ihm erste Flügelpracht erschien
und so sich ihm verriet das Schiffsgeleite,
Rief er: 'Rasch, rasch, begrüße auf den Knien
den Engel Gottes, falte Deine Hände,
von nun an triffst Du Boten nur wie ihn.
Verschmähend, was die Werkkunst auch erfände,
setzt Ruder er nicht an, die Schwingen tragen
als Segel ihn dahin an fernste Lände.
Sieh, in die Luft hinauf läßt er sie ragen,
die er mit ew'gen Federn streicht, die nimmer
naturgemäßem Wechsel unterlagen.'
Und näher wehte her und näher immer,
der Gottesvogel, heller ward der Schein,
bis daß mein Auge vor dem Lichtgeflimmer
Sich schloß, und jener kam zum Uferrain
auf seinem leichten und geschwinden Boote,
das kaum den Kiel ins Wasser tauchte ein.
Am Heckrand stand der himmlische Pilote,
auf dessen Stirn Tau der Verklärung spann,
und drinnen saßen mehr als hundert Tote.
'Als aus Aegypten Israel entrann,'
begann ihr Chor ein einstimmiges Singen
und fügte, was im Psalm zu lesen, an,
Worauf sie ausnahmslos ans Ufer gingen.
Und mit dem heil'gen Kreuz sie segnend, wich
er schnell, wie er genaht, auf seinen Schwingen.

Hermann Moge (1947)

Der Liebe, Bruder, voll erschloßne Blüte
beschwört den Willensdrang, der dies allein
erstrebt, der Durst nur liegt noch im Gemüte.
Ersehnten wir, auf höherm Rang zu sein,
so stimmten unser Wunsch und Sein Begehren,
das uns gesondert hat, nicht überein.
Das, siehst Du, kommt nicht vor hier in den Sphären,
wägst 'Sein in Liebe' Du, wie ich's beschrieb,
von der, weil es notwendig ist, wir zehren.
Dem Seligsein die eine Fessel blieb:
sich Gottes Willen untertan zu halten,
damit wir alle folgen einem Trieb.
Wie unsers Heiles Stufen sich gestalten
im Reich, scheint ihm und seinem König gut,
der Lust ins Herz uns haucht an Seinem Walten.
Sein Wille ist uns Frieden, Meeresflut,
der alles zustrebt auf den vielen Pfaden,
Erschaffnes und was auf Natur beruht.

Paradiso XXXIII. 1-21

Jungfräulich Mutter, Tochter Deines Sohnes,
So demutsvoll und hehr wie nie ein Wesen,
bestimmtes Ziel im Rat des ew'gen Thrones;
Du bist's, Du gabst der Menschnatur Genesen
und hobst sie, daß ihr Schöpfer selbst geruhte,
drin sein Geschöpf zu sein, sie zu erlesen.
Nochmals entflammte Liebe Dir im Blute,
damit, erwärmt an ihr, im ew'gen Frieden
so überherrlich diese Blume glute.
Als Mittagslicht der Liebe uns beschieden,
bleibst allen Du, die noch in Nöten ringen,
der Hoffnung lebensvolle Quelle nieden.
Du große Frau, so mächtig im Vollbringen!
Wer Gnade wünscht und nicht an Dich sich wendet,
versuchte wohl zu fliegen ohne Schwingen.
Mit milder Hand hast Hilfe Du gesendet
dem Bittenden nicht nur, oft hast dem Armen
aus freiem Willen Du vorher gespendet.
Du atmest Mitleid, herzliches Erbarmen,
der Hochsinn schmückt Dich, und was je des Guten
im Menschen fortlebt, kommt aus Deinen Armen

Hermann Moge (1947)

Die Sonne war zum Horizont gekommen,
Von dem der mittagliche Kreis umspannet
Jerusalem mit seinem höchsten Punkte,
Indeß die Nacht, die ihr entgegen kreiset,
Sich aus dem Ganges hob mit ihrer Waage,
Die ihrer Hand entfällt, wenn sie im Wachsen,
So daß die weißen und die roten Wangen
Der schönen Morgenröte, wo wir standen,
Allmählich goldne Farbe angenommen.
Wir gingen noch dahin am Meeresstrande,
Wie Leute, die den Weg sich überlegen,
Im Herzen wandern, mit dem Fuße zögern.
Da plötzlich, wie man sieht beim Nahn des Morgens
Den Mars aus dichten Nebeln rötlich glänzen
Drunten im Westen überm Meeresspiegel,
So sah ich dort - o könnt ich's heut noch sehen -
Ein Licht vom Meere her so schnell erscheinen,
Daß ihm auch nicht die schnellsten Flüge gleichen.
Indessen ich ein wenig abgewendet
Das Auge, meinen Führer zu befragen,
Sah ich es wieder leuchtender und größer.
Dann ward um dieses Licht auf beiden Seiten
Ein weißer Schimmer sichtbar,und darunter
Erschien allmählich noch ein weiß Gebilde.
Mein Meister ließ noch keinen Ton verlauten,
Als schon die weißen Flügel sichtbar wurden;
Erst als er jenen Fährmann gut erkannte,
Rief er: 'Schnell, schnell! fall nieder auf die Kniee;
Dies ist der Engel Gottes! Falt' die Hände!
Nun wirst du immer solche Diener sehen.
Sieh, wie er nicht der Menschen Mittel brauchet,
Nicht Ruder und nicht Segel sind vonnöten,
Nur Flügel zwischen weitesten Gestaden.
Sieh, wie er sie zum Himmel aufgerichtet,
Die Luft bewegend mit den ewigen Federn,
Die nicht vergehn wie sterbliches Gefieder.'
Als er dann nah und immer näher schwebte,
Der Gottesvogel, ward sein Glanz so helle,
Daß ihn das Auge nicht ertragen konnte.
Ich schlug es nieder. Jener stieß ans Ufer
Mit einem flinken, leichtgebauten Nachen,
So leicht, daß er das Wasser nur berührte.
Am hintern Ende stand der Himmelsbote,
In seinem Aug' stand Seligkeit zu lesen,
Und mehr als hundert Geister saßen drinnen.
'In exitu Israel de Aegypto',
So sangen allesamt mit einer Stimme,
Und alles, was noch folgt in diesem Psalme.
Dann machte er des heiligen Kreuzes Zeichen;
Sie fielen alle auf dem Strande nieder,
Und er fuhr weg, so schnell wie er gekommen.

Hermann Gmelin (1951)

E como un poco de rayo asi fue puesto en el doloroso carcel,
e yo recorde por quatro vistas al mi acatamiento solo,
amas las manos por el dolor me mordi, e ellos, pensando
que yo lo fiziese con talante de comer, subitamente se
leuantaron
e dixieron: padre asaz que sera menos dolor si tu comes
de nos, tu nos vestiste esta miserable carne e tu la
despoja.
Allegue me e ellos, por non fazer los mas tristes, los
unos e los otros estouimos odos mudos; ¿ay dura tierra
porque non te abriste?
Despues que fuemos al quarto llegados, Gado se me echo
estendido a los pies diziendo: ¿padre mio, que no
m'ayudas?
Alli murio, e como tu me vees vi yo perescer los tres,
uno a uno, en el quinto dia e el sexto, onde yo me di,
ya ciego, a echar sobre cada uno, e dos dias los llame,
despues que fueron muertos, despues mas quel dolor
pudo el ayuno.

Enrique de Aragón, Marchese de Villena (1428)

Amor que se aprende al gentil coraçon
a este prendio de mi bella persona;
amor que al amado de amar no perdona
ami traxo presa ala misma presion;
amor nos conduxo avna mesma pasion
en vno juntados y atados tan fuerte,
donde ambos en vno pasamos tal muerte,
quel modo me ofende de su relacion.

Baxe la mi cara confusa abatida
por tales personas de ver tan ofensas,
fasta que rixo el poeta que piensas?
aca es do se escota la negra comida,
o quanto, yo dixe, mi alma afligida
mi esprito turbado se siente y tan lasso;
quan dulces deseos truxeron el passo
donde estos amantes perdieron la vida.

Uoluiendo conellos despues a fablar,
le dixe, Francisca, tu grande tormento
por siempre fara mi venir descontento,
la triste manzilla me fuerça allorar;
mas dime si puedes el tiempo y logar
y como otorgaste el ylicito amor
dudosos deseos del tal amador,
porque ty buen seso pudieron cegar.

Ninguno ser puede mas graue dolor,
me dixo, al que es puesto en estrema lazeria,
que estonce acordarse en aquella miseria
del tiempo felice en que estubo mejor.
Y si los principios del misero amor
tu quieres saber y de tal desuentura,
llorando y contando oyras la tristura
que alla padescimos y aca es lo peor.

Entrambos estando en logar apartado,
de aquel Lançarote leyendo su historia,
el fuego de amor avn en nuestra memoria
por actos extrinsecos no demostrado
materia nos dio el lasciuo tratado;
de aquellos amantes abiendo leydo,
suspensos los ojos cegado el sentido,
beso la mi boca tremiendo y turbado.

Ausy Galeoto les fue medianero,
segund que a nos otros el libro tan vano
en cuya lectura es trabajo liviano
ayn buena doctrina al venir verdadero.
Mientra ella dezia el su compañero
contino lloraba con tanto gemido,
que su compasion amato mi sentido
y a tierra me lança el dolor lastimero.

Pedro Fernandez de Villegas (1515)

Cuando
de Circe me libré, que me guardara
por más de un año allá junto a Gaeta
antes que así tu Eneas la nombrara,
ni el halago que a un hijo me sujeta,
ni amor del padre anciano, ni el ardiente
debido a mi Penélope discreta,
nada el ansia vencer pudo en mi mente
de recorrer el mundo y verme experto
en leyes y usos de la humana gente.
Y en sólo un leño, al alto mar abierto
me lancé, con la escasa y fiel compaña
que nunca me dejó, del patrio puerto.
Vi la una costa y otra hasta la España
y Marruecos, y la isla de los Sardos,
y cuantas aquel mar en torno baña.
Y cuando yo y mis fieles, viejos tardos,
al estrecho llegamos, donde Alcides
sus padrones de honor plantó gallardos,
límite impuesto al nauta y a sus lides,
y a mi derecha mano dejo a Esbilia,
cual tu Sepla, a mi izquierda te divides.
'¡Oh hermanos - dije entonces - , los que exilia
tras mil riesgos el hado al Occidente!
No de vuestros sentidos la vigilia,
que ya tan corta os queda, a la eminente
prueba de hallar se niegue la existencia,
en pos del sol, de la región sin gente.
Considerad vuestra immortal esencia:
no a vegetar cual brutos fuisteis hechos,
mas a ganar virtud, y honor, y ciencia.'
Con esta breve arenga, tan deshechos
por la empresa los vi, que mal podría,
queriéndolo después, calmar sus pechos.
Volvi la popa hacia do nace el día:
son del loco volar los remos alas;
siempre a la izquierda mi bajel corría.
Del otro polo las celestes galas
vía en la noche; el nuestro era tan bajo,
que no montaba las marinas salas.
Cinco veces su hermosa luz nos trajo,
y cinco la escondió la clara luna,
des que emprendimos el fatal trabajo,
cuando montaña vimos surgir, bruna
por la distancia y levantada tanto,
cual jamás hasta entonces vi ninguna.
Gozo al principio fué, mas luego llanto;
que un vapor, de la nueva tierra jugo,
viene al bajel de frente a dar quebranto.
Tres veces de las olas gira al yugo;
a la cuarta, la proa echa a la tierra,
la popa al cielo; y, como al Alto plugo,
sobre todo la mar después se cierra.

Juan de la Pezuela (1865)

El sol al horizonte ya se arrima,
cuyo extendido cerco meridiano
con lo más alto dél cubre a Solima,
Y la noche que gira a opuesta mano
del Ganges, con las pesas sale armada
que abandona al crecer más que su hermano.
Conque la faz, o blanca o purpurada,
de do miraba yo, del alma aurora
con el tiempo en pajiza era trocada.
Y aun cabe el mar nos víamos ahora,
cual gente que, pensando en su camino,
con la mente echa a andar, con el pie mora;
cuando, asi como al Orto matutino
por espeso vapor Marte rojea
aquí a Poniente en el cristal marino,
vide venir, ¡Dios quiera que aun lo vea!
una luz por el mar tan prestamente,
que alano bate que tan rauda sea.
Yo, que aparté la vista brevemente
de ella, por preguntar al caro guía,
la hallé después más grande y más luciente.
Luego a sus ambos lados se veía
no sé qué blanca forma, y no remoto,
otro albor poco a poco le salía.
Guardó silencio el vate, hasta que noto
fué que eran alas la primer blancura
y cuando claro conoció al piloto:
'Ponte - gritó - de hinojos con presura;
he aquí el ángel de Dios; junta las manos;
todo ministro aquí sustancia es pura;
mira cómo desprecia artes humanos,
que no remos le traen, ni otro velo
que sus alas a puertos tan lejanos;
mira cómo las lleva altas al cielo,
moviento el aire con la eterna pluma,
no a fe mudable cual del hombre el pelo.'
Según se acerca en su presteza suma,
más el divino pájaro reluce;
y ya, próximo a mi, mi vista abruma.
Yo ciego la bajé, y allí conduce
él su barco esbeltísimo y ligero,
que apenas en la mar quilla introduce.
Iba a la popa el celestial barquero
que llevaba en la frente lo bendito,
y almas ciento en al cóncavo madero.
Todos: 'Cuando Israel partió a Egito'
con unísona voz vienen cantando,
y de ese salmo lo restante escrito.
Sobre ellos de la cruz el signo blando
hizo el ángel, y echáronse a la arena,
y él, cuando vino, se va veloz surcando.

Juan de la Pezuela (1865)

La voluntad, hermano, nos aqueda
fuerza de caridad, que hallar nos hace
grata sólo la suerte que nos queda.
Si ardiéramos por ver luz más vivace,
fuera entonces contraria nuestra arsura
al gusto del que aquí vivir nos hace;
ni cabe en estos cercos de ventura;
que hervir en caridad aquí es forzoso,
si observas bien su divinal natura;
y esencia es de este ser, que Dios bien quiso,
nunca apartarse del divino agrado,
siendo a su voluntad siempre sumiso.
El morar, pues, así de grado en grado
por este reino, place al reino entero,
y al Rey que su querer nos ha inspirado.
Su voluntad es nuestro bien primero,
y ése es el mar do lo infinito acude
de que Natura y ella son venero.

Paradiso XXXIII. 1-21

¡Oh Virgen Madre, hija de tu Hijo,
humilde y alta como no hay criatura,
del acuerdo eternal punto prefijo!
Tú levantaste la humanal Natura
a nobleza tan grande, que su Autor
no desdeñó de apetecer su hechura.
En tu vientre encendióse aquel amor
a cuyas llamas, en la eterna pace,
ha tenido tal germen esta flor.
Aquí a nosotros meridiana face
eres; y del mortal allá resbalas
de esperanza y amor fuente vivace.
Tú eres tan grande en las eternas salas,
que quien busca merced, si a ti no acorre,
es como el que anheló volar sin alas.
No sólo tu benigno amor socorre
a quien ruega; que a veces generoso
a adelantarse a la demanda corre.
En ti misericordia, afán piadoso,
en ti munificencia, en ti se aduna
cuanto existe en criatura de bondoso.

Juan de la Pezuela (1865)

Hermano, aquí la voluntad aqueda
Virtud de caridad, que amar nos hace
Lo que el cielo nos niegue ó nos conceda,
Y que el deseo nunca se ultrapase,
Porque de lo contrario, otra ventura
Opuesto fuera AL que hace y que deshace:
Lucha tal no es posible en esta altura,
Que estar en caridad aquí es preciso,
De Dios considerando la natura,
Como divina voluntad lo quiso,
Sin apartarse del divino agrado
En sus deseos corazón sumiso;
Y así, sembrados de uno en otro grado
En este reino, todo nos complace,
Como alto Rey lo tiene decretado.
Su voluntad es la que todo lo hace:
Hacia Él, como á la mar todo se mueve,
Lo que natura créa cual le place.

Bartolomé Mitre (1894)

Quant fuy desper primer en lendema
Plorar senti entr'el son mos fillols
Qu'eran ab mi, e demanar del pa.
Ah! éts cruel certes si ja not dols
Pençant aço quel meu cor se pençava;
E si no ploras, de que donchs plorar sols?
Ja eram desperts e l'ora s'acostava
Quel menjar nos solia esser adot;
E per lo seu somni cascu duptava.
E io clavar sent'il portal dessot
A l'orrible torre, hon io guardé
En la cara mos fills sença dir mot.
Io no plorava axi dins m'empedré;
Ploravan ells, e Ancelmucio meu
Dix: pare, qu'has qu'axins guardes? Perqué?
Per ço re no ploré, ne respos eu
En tot cell Jorn, ne en la nit après,
Fins quen lo mon altre sol claror feu.
E com un poch del seu raig se fo mès
Al doloros carcer, e io sculli,
Per quatre visatges lo meu messés.
Ambduy les mans per dolor me mordi,
Hon ells pensant qu'eu fés per voler pa,
O per manjar, tantost llevarensi,
Dien: pare, molt menys dolor sera
Que tu manjes à nos, car tu'ns donist
Este mesquines carns: despulléns ja.
Calle llavores per no ferlos pus trist.
Cell dia e l'altre estiguéren tots muts.
Ay, dura terra, ay perqué no t'obrist!
Mas pusqué fom al quart dia venguts
Gaddo se gita a mi estés als peus,
Dient: pare, ques que tu no m'ajuts!
Aqui mori; e axi com tu m'veus
Viu io morir los tres de u en u
Entre'l quint e'l sex dia, hon cech e leus
Iom pris a grapponar sobre cascu;
Dos jorns los cridé pus que foren morts:
Pus mes pogué quel dolor lo deju.

Andreu Febrer (1429)

Por mim se vai na cidade gemente,
Por mim se vai na sempiterna dôr,
Por mim se vai entre a perdida gente.
Moveu justiça ao meu alto feitor:
Fizerão-me a divina potestade,
A summa sapiencia, o primo Amor.
Antes de mim, se não da eternidade,
Cousa se não creou, e eterna eu duro:
Toda esperança vós que entrais deixade.
Palavras taes de um colorido escuro
Escriptas vi no alto de uma porta,
E disse: Mestre, o seu sentido é duro:
Como sagaz pessoa este me exhorta:
Todo temor ha de aqui ser proscripto,
Toda a vileza aqui deve estar morta.
Chegamos ao lugar em que te hei dito
Que tu verás as almas dolorosas,
Que perdêrão o hem, que da alma é fito.
E quando elle, com faces jubilosas,
Me deu a mão, com meu conforto e gosto,
Me introduzio nas plagas tenebrosas.

Luis (or Vicente) de Simoni (1843)

Entra-se por mim na cidade da tristeza; entra-se por mim no abysmo da eterna dor; entra-se por mim na mausão dos condemnados.
A eterna Justicia moveu Deus a crear-me: obra son da Divina Potestade, da summa sapiencia, e do primeiro Amor.
Antes de mim não foram creadas, senão substancias eternas, e eu eternamente duro: Vós, que em mim entraes, perdei toda a esperança de sair!

Inferno V.100-7

Amor, que rapido incendeia todo o coração gentil, captivou este dos encantos da bella pessoa, que me foi arrebatada de modo tão insolito, que arrida hoje me ultraja!
Amor, que não perdoa deixar de amar a quem ama, a este me prendeu com amor tão forte, que arrida, como vês, não me abandona.
Amor a morte egual a nos ambos arrastou: o logar, onde Caim é castigado, aguardo aquello, que da vida o fio nos partiu.

Inferno XXVI.112-20

Ó irmãos! vós, que através de milhares de perígos, tendes chegado aos confins do Occidente, não negueis a este pouco tempo de vida, que vos resta, o conhecimiento d'aquelle mundo inhabitado, seguindo em sua procura o roteiro do sol.
Considerae a dignidade de vossa origem; não fostes creados para vivir como brutos, mas para cultivar a virtude e a sciencia.

Joaquim Pinto de Campos (1886)

Un coraĉão gentil a amar convida:
O corpo lindo, que me foi roubado,
De um terno coração me fez querida.
A amar induz amor um ente amado:
Ser amada elevou-me de tal sorte,
Que este encanto me tem acompanhado.
Não cruel nos uniu emfim na morte:
Pune a Caína o crime seu nefando.

Inferno IX. 64-72

Eis que no lago mais e mais avulta
Espantoso sussurro; e não socega,
Fazendo estremecer a riba inculta.
Parece a ventania irada e cega,
Que se eleva na quadra dos calores,
Agita a selva, as arvores desprega,
Sobre o solo as derriba, arranca as flores,
Impelle ondas de pó erguido em ruma,
E abriga á fuga feras e pastores.

Inferno XXVI. 112-20

Eu exclamei: 'Irmãos, que em fragil quilha
Viestes com tal risco ao Occidente:
Por essa tenue esp'rança que vos brilha
De ter de vida algum remanescente,
Não deveis recusar-vos á exp'riencia
Da terra alêm do sol, erma de gente.
Não foi doado ao homem a existencia
Para viver dos animaes ao nivel,
Mas sim para buscar fama e sciencia.'

Domingos Ennes (1887)

Amor, que os corações subito prende,
Este inflammou por minha formosura,
Que roubaram-me; o modo inda me offende.
Amor, em paga exige igual ternura,
Tomou por elle em tal prazer meu peito,
Que, bem o vês, eterno me perdura.
Amor nos igualou da morte o effeito:
O quem nol-a causou, Caina, esperas.

Inferno IX.64-72

Eis sobre as aguas turbidas desfeitos
Troam sous de fracasso temeroso;
Tremendo, as margens sentem-lhe os effeitos.
O tufão assim freme impetuoso,
Que, de ardores contrarios se excitando,
Sem pausa fere a selva, e furioso,
Quebrando ramas, flôres arracando,
Entre nuvens de po' soberbo assalta
Feras, pastores e lanoso bando.

Inferno XXVI.112-20

'Perigos mil vencendo e avesso fado,'
Lhes disse - 'irmãos, chegastes ao Ponente!
Da existencia este resto, já minguado,
Razão, não sija, que vos tolha a mente
De, além do sol, tentar nobre aventura,
E o mundo ver, que jaz orpham de gente.
Da vossa raça reflecti na altura!
Viver quaes brutos veda-o vossa origem!
De gloria vos impelle ambição pura!'

José Pedro Xavier Pinheiro (edition of 1907)

Da caridade, irmão, basta a virtude
Para quedar saciado o nosso anhelo,
E ao que nosso não é não aspiramos.
Si almejassemos esphera mais graduada,
O intento nosso então discordaria
Da Divina Intenção, que aqui dispoz-nos.
Torna-se isto impossivel nesta zona;
Si e o affecto a Deus necessidade,
E é natureza deste affecto attendes.
Elemento é formal da beatitude
Todo alvitre accordar com o divino,
De modo que haja uma vontade apenas.
A serie em que de gráo en gráo estamos,
Apraz, sem excepção, ao reino todo,
E ao Rei, cujo alvedrio em nós actua.
Nossa gloria é seguir delle a vontade,
Mar para a qual converge quanto existe,
Obra divina, ou natural producto.

Barão de Villa da Barra (1888)

APPENDIX IV

The following pages contain original versions in terza rima of nine cantos of the Divine Comedy, viz. Purg. I-VI, XXVII, XXVIII and Par. I. They were made during 1950 and early 1951 with the idea of discovering from personal experience just what was involved in such a translation and how and in what time it could best be done. No doubt different translators work on different systems; personally I have always found it a type of work that one cannot 'sit down to'. My usual procedure, with this and with other translations, is to copy out or memorise a dozen lines or so, then carry it around, glancing at it from time to time, and turning the possibilities over until some reasonable rendering occurs, then jotting it down. In this connexion it is interesting to quote remarks on the same matter by Sir Alexander Gray in his little book of ballad and folk song translation, Sir Halewyn (Edinburgh, 1949):

> The happiest environment for the translation of verse is a railway carriage, bound on an eight-hour or a twelve-hour journey. In such a situation there is a longish period of enforced idleness; if he takes to translation, the happy traveller need not strain his eyes, as he is sure to do if, in a dancing carriage, he is so foolish as to read a novel, or even the works of Karl Barth. He can gaze out of the window more or less all the time, and yet have his mind pleasingly occupied, savouring under his intellectual tongue the bouquet of a vast diversity of possible renderings. Nor need he be haunted by that sense of sin which must surely afflict all cross-word-puzzlers, when they consider how they have laboured for that which satisfieth not, and when in any case they reflect, as they should, that with a little patience they would get all the answers next morning without any effort on their part. A journey from London to Aberdeen is not wholly wasted if that which was a German or Dutch folk-song at King's Cross begins to assume the semblance of a tolerable song in our own tongue before the roofs of Torry shout aloud their welcome.

Not everyone can do it quite in this way; I always travel to and from London by night, and spend the time sleeping. But most of us have

periods of enforced or voluntary idleness of some kind or another, and there can be no better occupation during, say, a long solitary walk than the teasing task of finding an English equivalent for a few of Dante's terzine. It is often fatal not to jot them down as they occur - the solutions have a habit of evaporating if not fixed at the time.

I do not pretend to be by any means satisfied with these versions; they are full of compromises and exhibit many of the deficiencies which I have criticised in others. The choice of evils has been made again and again when there seemed nothing but evil to choose from, but it has been made only after due deliberation and in a mood of honest inability to find anything better. The degree of licence taken in the matter of scansion and rhymes is such as I believe a translator working in this difficult medium is entitled to, although here opinions may differ considerably. I was unacquainted with any other terza rima translation, save in the most superficial way, when this work was done; nor did I refer to any in the course of it, either with a view to solving a difficulty or of avoiding a solution already found by someone else. I have found since that there are many coincidences with other versions but this, as has already been pointed out, is inevitable.

The time taken for the nine cantos was slightly more than a year. I think a time scale of this kind is necessary; there are many internal signs of undue haste in some translations I have read. One of the commonest mistakes, I think, is unwillingness to go back on one's earlier terzine when a stumbling-block is encountered; it may be heartbreaking at times, but will be found rewarding in the long run.

PURGATORIO I

My little bark of wit now spreads its sails
  Over a fairer sea in smoother flight,
  No longer vexed by such relentless gales.
Now of the second kingdom I will write
  In which the human spirit, cleansed by pain,
  Is rendered worthy of the heavenly height.
Here let dead poesy revive again,
  For thee it is I serve, O muse sublime;
  Here let Calliope exalt my strain,
And with such notes accompany my rhyme
  As stunned the wretched Magpies with its sound
  Till they despaired of pardon for their crime.
The face of heaven, tranquil and profound,
  Like eastern sapphire, blue in every part,
  From overhead to the horizon's bound,
Gladdened my sight and brought a cheerful start
  At issuing from the deathlike vapour through
  Which I had come with saddened eyes and heart.
The love-inspiring planet seemed to woo
  The east to laughter, while more faint behind
  The Fishes glimmered in her retinue.
Then to the right I turned and bent my mind
  Southward, and there beheld four stars unseen
  Before save by the first of human kind.
The sky seemed to take pleasure in their sheen.
  Far to the north, alas, our region lies,
  And widowed long of such a sight has been
When from these stars I had withdrawn my eyes
  And turned a little, looking northward, where
  Already the Wain had vanished from the skies
I saw an aged man close by me there
  Whose looks proclaimed him worthy of no less
  Reverence than to his sire a son should bear.
Long was his beard, mixed with the hoariness
  Of age, which also streaked the hair with white
  Which o'er his breast fell in a double tress.
From the four holy stars so fair a light,
  Bright as the sun, upon his face was shed
  That looking I was dazzled with the sight.
'Who then are ye, up the blind river fled,
  From the deep prison of eternal doom?'
  He asked, and shook his venerable head.
'What lantern lit your pathway and by whom
  Guided have ye traversed the mists that hide
  The infernal valley in unending gloom?
Are then the laws of the abyss defied,
  Or does some new decree of heaven allow
  You, though condemned, to seek my mountain-side?'

Laying his hand on me, my leader now
With word and touch and sign instructed me
To bend in reverence my knees and brow;
Then he made answer: 'Not foolhardily
I came, but by a lady from the sky
Who for this man besought my company.
But your desire fully to satisfy
Your mind on how it stands with us is one
Which, for my part, I seek not to deny.
This man has not yet seen life's setting sun,
But by his folly was so far misled
That little time indeed was left to run.
Then I was sent to him, as I have said,
To succour and preserve him from despair,
For which there was no road save that we tread.
I have shown him how the guilty people fare,
And purpose now to let him see the race
Of souls who cleanse themselves beneath thy care.
How I have led him were too long to trace,
But aided by the power which heaven bestows
He comes to hear thy voice and see thy face.
Grant him a kindly welcome, for he goes
In search of freedom, dearly prized, as he
Who gave his life for it most surely knows.
This knowest thou; it was not hard for thee
To leave in Utica the robe of clay
Which on the judgment morn so bright shall be.
The eternal edicts stand, and we obey,
For this man lives still, and my dwelling lies
Highest of all, excempt from Minos' sway;
Thence, hallowed bosom, thy chaste Marcia's eyes
Implore thee still thy former love to show;
Receive us, for her sake, in friendly wise,
And through thy seven kingdoms let us go;
Thy kindness shall she learn, if thou permit
That I make mention of thee there below.'
'So dear to me was Marcia while I yet
Lived upon earth,' the other then replied,
'That whatsoe'er she would, I granted it;
But since she dwells upon the further side
Of the evil river, by the law that placed
Me here, her power to move me is denied.
But if a Heavenly Lady, as thou say'st,
Directs thy way, no need to speak me fair;
Let it suffice that in her name thou pray'st
Pursue thy journey then, but have a care
To gird him with a reed, and cleanse his face
So that no filthiness may linger there.
For it becomes him not with any trace
Of dimness in his sight to go before
The first of the ministers of those in grace.
All round this little island, by the shore
Down yonder, where the ceaseless billows knock,
Rushes grow thick upon the muddy floor.

No other plant that puts forth woody stalk
  Or leafy branch can live beside that sea
  Because it yields not to the surge's shock.
Thence by another track your way must be;
  Where gentler slopes an easier path afford
  The rising sun will show you presently.
At that he vanished, and without a word
  I rose again, and drawing near I scanned
  With eager eyes the features of my lord.
'Follow my footsteps,' was his first command;
  'Our way lies backward, where the upper leas
  Fall to the level of the lower strand.'
The dawn already sent the morning breeze
  Flying before it; as I looked it traced
  Its rippling furrows on the distant seas.
Over the solitary plain we paced,
  Like men astray who, till they have descried
  Their road again, count all their labour waste.
We reached a place in which the dew defied
  The rising sun, and being in the shade,
  Still undispersed, moistened the mountain-side.
And there my master, bending forward, laid
  Gently both hands upon the grassy plain;
  And I, knowing his purpose, to his aid
Yielded the cheeks where tears had left their stain,
  From which he cleansed the grime of hell, and o'er
  My face restored the natural hue again.
Then we came down to that deserted shore
  Whose waters no man ever sails save he
  Who goes that journey to return no more.
And when, as bidden, he had girded me,
  No sooner had the humble plant he chose
  Been plucked than, on the instant, wondrously
Where it had grown another such arose.

PURGATORIO II

The sun on that horizon rose to sight
  Of whose meridian span the zenith lay
  Above Jerusalem; the opposing night,
Passing the Ganges, circled on her way
  Holding the Scales which, from her grasp released,
  Fall when she gains the mastery of the day.
And thus the pink and white wherewith the east
  Had tinged Aurora's cheeks began to show
  A deeper orange as her age increased.
Still by the shore we walked, and seemed to go
  Like men who ponder on the path they tread,
  Whose hearts are eager while their steps are slow.
As in the west, low on the ocean bed,
  Mars may be glimpsed at morning's coming, through
  The mists that strive to hide him, glowing red,
Thus saw I - be it mine again to view -
  A light upon the sea, approaching us
  So fast that never wing so swiftly flew.
I glanced round at my guide in curious
  Inquiry, then I saw the distant light
  Had now grown larger and more luminous.
Something, I knew not what, there seemed of white
  On either side, then slowly there appeared
  A shape that with the first seemed to unite.
My master did not speak, till, as it neared,
  We saw the whiteness into wings unfold;
  Then, when he knew the form of him who steered,
'Bend, bend thy knees,' he cried, 'and humbly fold
  Thy hands; God's angel comes; and many more
  Such ministers thou henceforth shalt behold.
Scorning all human aids, he needs not oar
  Nor sail, but in his wings he puts his trust
  To cross a sea so wide from shore to shore.
See how he stands, while to the sky outthrust
  His everlasting pinions cleave the air,
  And vary not, as mortal plumage must.'
As nearer still he came, so bright and fair
  The bird divine, I stood with eyes downcast
  Because the sight was more than I could bear.
And now a bark so lightly made and fast
  He brought to land, as scarce seemed to divide
  The surface of the water as it passed.
High in the poop stood the celestial guide,
  Grace on his features written plain to view;
  More than a hundred spirits sat inside,
Singing as with one voice: '*In exitu*
  Israel de Aegypto', and their strain
  Prolonged till they had sung the passage through.

He signed them with the holy cross, and then
They all leapt out upon the beach, while he
Swiftly as he had come returned again.
The throng that tarried there appeared to be
Strange to the place; as on some novel sight
Men gaze, they looked around them wonderingly.
The sun shot forth the rays of morning light
On every side, and from the middle skies
Her polished shafts had put the Goat to flight,
When towards us these newcomers raised their eyes
And asked us: 'If you know it, tell us pray
Where the right path to reach the mountain lies.'
And Virgil answered them, 'Perchance ye may
Think us acquainted with this place, but here
We are strangers, like yourselves, who seek the way.
Short time before you, and by so severe
And rough a road we came, that the ascent
Sport in comparison will now appear.'
Perceiving by the breath which came and went
That I was living still, these spirits now
Seemed to change colour with astonishment.
As round a herald with an olive bough
The people gather eagerly to share
The news, none heeding where he treads or how,
So all these favoured spirits paused to stare
Upon my face, and seemingly forgot
That they should hasten on to be made fair.
One of their number, coming forward, sought
To greet me with such loving tenderness
That to return his courtesy I thought:
O shadows, save in semblance substanceless!
For thrice my arms were stretched in an embrace,
And thrice my breast received my own caress.
Wonder, I think, was written on my face,
Because the spirit smiled, and then as he
Drew back, I sought to follow, pace by pace,
Until at last he bade me courteously
Desist, and then I recognised him, so
I begged that he would stay and speak with me.
He answered: 'As I loved thee once below,
So do I still, and therefore I will stay;
But wherefore on this journey dost thou go?'
'I take this road, Casella, that I may
Be sure', I said, 'to travel it once more;
But, for thyself, whence comes this long delay?'
'Think me not wronged', he answered, 'on that score,
If he who at his pleasure takes or leaves
Has more than once refused me passage o'er,
For from a righteous will his own derives;
But truly, whoso comes, these three months past,
Without debate or question he receives.
So I, who now had turned towards the coast
Where ocean's brine with Tiber's freshness blends,
Was welcomed courteously by him at last.

Thither again his pinions he extends
  Where souls are ever gathering, all save those
  Whose path to Acheron's dark bank descends.'
And I: 'If a new law do not oppose
  Memory or practice of the amorous lay
  Which once was wont to soothe my passion's throes,
Renew thy song, I beg thee, that it may
  Refresh my spirit, which full wearily
  Journeys beneath the burden of its clay.'
'Love which discourses in my mind with me'.
  He sang so sweetly, that the notes remain
  As sweetly still within my memory.
My master and myself and all the train
  Of souls listened entranced, and negligent
  Of all except the beauty of his strain.
The, as we stood delighted and intent
  Upon the song, the good old man close by
  Exclaimed: 'How now, ye spirits indolent!
What slackness, what delay! Haste ye on high,
  And on the mountain cast the scales which hide
  The glory of God's presence from your eye.'
And just as doves at pasture, satisfied
  While undisturbed to peck at wheat or tare,
  Without displaying their accustomed pride,
Will all at once, if something comes to scare
  Their calm, take flight and leave the food they sought,
  Their hunger banished by a greater care;
Even so that troop, but new arrived, forgot
  The song, and towards the mountain's slopes they fled
  Like men who run to seek they scarce know what;
Nor in less haste upon our way we sped.

PURGATORIO III

While sudden flight dispersed the spirits thus
  Across the plain, all eager to ascend
  The mountain whither reason urges us,
I drew still closer to my faithful friend:
  How could I fare without him? Who but he
  Could on that steep ascent assistance lend?
Stricken with self-reproach he seemed to me:
  How sharp, O noble soul and conscience chaste,
  The pang a little fault may bring to thee!
When presently his step had lost the haste
  Which dignity to all our acts denies,
  My mind, at first disordered, now embraced
A wider prospect, and my eager eyes
  Were lifted to the hill which rears its head
  Highest above the waters to the skies.
The brightness of the sun, now flaming red
  Behind, was broken up before me where
  My body's shape obscured the rays it shed.
I looked behind me, fearful lest I were
  Deserted, on perceiving that the ground
  Was darkened only by my shadow there.
My Comfort answered, turning fully round,
  'Why so afraid? Thou knowest I guide thy way,
  And by thy side am ever to be found.
Where twilight now is falling rests the clay
  Which threw my shadow once; Naples at last
  Holds it, through first at Brindisi it lay.
Wonder not therefore if no shade is cast
  Before me more than at the heavenly wheels
  Whose beams are freely through each other passed.
To us by power divine a frame which feels
  Torments of heat and cold is now assigned,
  Although its mode of action heaven conceals.
Foolish is he who thinks a mortal mind
  Can traverse the eternal path and trace
  Three Persons in a single Substance joined.
Let then the fact suffice, O human race,
  For could ye have known all, there were small need
  For Mary to have travailed in that case.
Many have vainly sought to know indeed,
  Who else had satisfied the thirst which now
  Is for their everlasting grief decreed.
Plato I mean and Aristotle, and how
  Many beside them.' Nothing more he said,
  But walked as if disturbed, with downcast brow.
Thus to the mountain's base our way we made,
  To scale whose crags and steep declivities
  The nimblest legs had fruitlessly essayed.

Even the wildest and most shattered screes
From Lerici to Turbia would appear
A plain and open stair compared with these.
The Master stopped and said 'Some less severe
Slope we must seek, but where can such be found?
We, who lack wings, can go no further here.'
And while he paused, with eyes bent on the ground,
Pondering upon the path in hesitance,
And I stood gazing at the rocks around,
A company of spirits met my glance,
Approaching from the left with feet so slow
They hardly seemed, though moving, to advance.
'Master,' I called to him, 'look up, for lo,
Yonder are some whose counsel well may guide
Our steps, if thou art doubtful how to go.'
He looked, and then with cheerful air replied:
'Slowly they come, but while we hasten on
To meet them, firm in hope, dear son, abide.'
After some thousand paces we had gone,
And were as far from them as with his hand
An expert slinger can despatch a stone,
To the high walls of solid rock the band
Drew close together, halted motionless,
As men in doubt will sometimes gazing stand.
'Spirits elect, whose death is happiness,
I pray you by that peace,' Virgil began,
'Which, I believe, ye all shall soon possess,
Is there some easier slope by which we can
Hope to ascend the mountain, for the worth
Of time most presses on the wisest man.'
When one by one sheep from the fold come forth,
The waiting herd pauses behind with eye
And muzzle pointing timidly to earth;
With what the foremost does the rest comply,
And if she stops, they crowd behind and wait,
Simple and quiet, and hardly knowing why,
So seemed the leaders of these fortunate
Spirits as they approached to nearer sight
With unassuming air and noble gait.
As soon as those in front noticed the light
Was broken on the ground, and that I threw
A shadow on the cliffs towards the right,
They halted, then a little backward drew,
And all the rest behind them, knowing not
The reason, none the less retreated too.
'Before you ask me, I declare that what
Ye see is human flesh; the beams that fall
On which, before they reach the ground, are caught.
Be not astounded, but believe withal,
Not without strength conferred by heaven does he
Attempt to overcome this rocky wall.'
Thus Virgil, and that goodly company
Replied: 'Turn back, and go before us then,'
And signalled with their hands accordingly.

'Whoe'er thou art,' one of them spoke again,
'Look round, pray, as thou goest, and think if thou
Hast ever seen me in the world of men.'
Therefore I turned to gaze upon him now;
Fair-haired he was, comely in face and mien,
Save for a cicatrix that cleft his brow.
When humbly I replied he had not been
Known to me, 'Look' he said, pointing where high
Upon his breast marks of a wound were seen.
He added with a smile: 'Manfred am I,
Grandson of Empress Constance, who confide
In thee, that, when thou art returned, to my
Fair daughter, who is mother of the pride
Of Sicily and Aragon, thou wilt
Declare the truth, lest some perchance have lied.
When at two mortal wounds the life was spilt
From my pierced body, I gave myself in prayer
To Him who willingly forgives our guilt;
And horrible as my transgressions were,
The arms of infinite compassion spread
So wide, that all who wish may enter there.
And had Cosenza's pastor, he who sped
To hunt me down at Clement's harsh behest,
That passage in God's word more wisely read,
Surely my bones had been allowed to rest
By the bridge at Benevento to the last,
Under their ponderous memorial pressed.
Rain-soaked they lie now, driven by every blast,
On Verde's banks, beyond the kingdom's bound,
Where he, with lights extinguished, had them cast.
None is so lost, loud though their curses sound,
But he may seek again the eternal love
While on the tree of hope a leaf is found.
True, he who dies in contumacy of
The Holy Church, though he at last repent,
Must tarry here, nor seek to mount above,
For thirty times the length of years he spent
In his presumption, save that good men may
Abridge by prayer the stern decree's extent.
To do me pleasure, therefore, wilt thou say
To Constance thou hast seen me, and make clear
The reason also for this long delay;
For much may there be done to help us here.'

PURGATORIO IV

When any pain or pleasure stimulates
One or another faculty, we find
On that alone the spirit concentrates,
Its other powers meanwhile lost to mind;
And this confutes their error who suppose
That various souls exist within mankind.
Therefore the things we hear or see may close
The mind to other matters, so that we
Heed not the time nor notice how it goes;
For listening employs a faculty
Other than that which reasons, whereof one
Is shackled as it were, and one is free.
Such an experience I had undergone
As, marvelling, I heard that spirit speak;
For meantime, unperceived by me, the sun
Had climbed full half-way towards his noonday peak,
When all these spirits turned to us and said
As with one voice, 'Here is the place ye seek'.
A wider opening oft the peasant's spade
Fences with thorns to guard his vineyard when
The ripening grapes take on a darker shade,
Than that on which my Leader entered then,
Our spirit escort left behind, and I
Following him, we climbed alone again.
The paths where Noli and Sanleo lie,
Or where Bismantova surmounts the height,
Men scale afoot, but here were need to fly:
I mean such wings and plumage as the might
Of longing gave me, and the trusty Guide
Who cheered my heart with hope, my eyes with light.
Through the cleft hill we climbed; on either side
Steep cliffs constrained us, and rough rock below,
On which both foot and hand must needs be plied.
When we were standing on the upper brow
Of the high bank, out on the open hill,
'Master,' I asked, 'how shall we journey now?'
And he replied: 'Keep moving upward still,
Following me, until we see some wise
Escort appear, and profit by his skill.'
Soaring past sight the summit seemed to rise,
And steeper far its slope than is the ray
Which between centre and mid-quadrant lies.
So, being weary, I was moved to say,
'Turn round, sweet Father, only turn and see
My plight; I am forlorn unless thou stay.'
'Try to climb yonder, son,' he answered me,
And pointed to a ledge which, running round
Above us, broke the sheer acclivity.

Spurred to new effort by his words, I found
The strength to clamber up the short ascent
After him, till I stood on level ground;
And then, both seated there, our gaze we bent
In that direction whence our path had led -
The East, from which our help is often sent.
First on the lower slopes beneath us spread
I looked, then on the sun, and was amazed
To find that from our left his beams were shed.
Well did the poet notice that I gazed
In great astonishment, on seeing how
Between us and the north his chariot blazed.
'Did but the Twins,' he said, 'accompany now
That mirror whence the light, reflected back,
Makes day both there above and here below,
Then shouldst thou see the shining Zodiac
Still nearer to the Bears circle the sky,
Unless indeed it left its wonted track.
If thou to know how this may be wouldst try,
Picture this mountain and Jerusalem
So placed upon the earth to occupy
Opposing hemispheres, which share the same
Horizon, and from this thou well mayst see,
The road whereon Phaëthon, to his shame,
Could not control his horses, needs must be
On one side here, and on the other there,
If in thy mind thou weigh it carefully.'
'Master,' I answered, 'of a truth I ne'er
So clearly saw, as now I recognise,
Wherein my wit but lately seemed to err,
That the mid-circle of the moving skies
(As the Equator in our science known),
Which between sun and winter always lies,
Is seen here, for the reason thou hast shown,
As far towards the north, as long ago
The Hebrews saw it towards the torrid zone.
But, if it please thee, I would gladly know
How long our way is, for the mountainside
Rises far further than my sight can go.'
'Such is the mountain's nature,' he replied,
'That hard although the lower slopes may seem,
The more one climbs, the less his strength is tried.
Therefore when, still ascending, thou shalt deem
The path as pleasant as the boatman's, who
Is borne upon the current, down the stream,
Then shall the summit be within thy view;
There mayst thou look to rest thy weary feet:
I say no more, but this, I know, is true.'
And scarcely was this utterance complete
When close at hand we heard a voice: 'But e'er
He get thus far, he may require a seat!'
My guide and I turned toward the sound, and there
We saw that on our left a boulder lay
Of which till now we had been unaware.

Going across to it, we saw that they
  Who rested in its shadow had the mien
  Of idle men who while the time away.
I noticed one who sat as he had been
  Spent with fatigue, clasping his knees to catch
  His head which drooped full heavily between.
Whereat I said: 'Good master, do but watch
  That soul who shows himself so indolent,
  Were Sloth his sister, he would be her match.'
On hearing this he turned his head, still bent
  Along his thigh, and looked and said: 'Why then,
  Do thou, who art so bold, make the ascent.'
I knew then who he was, and though the strain
  Of climbing left me short of breath, I made
  What haste I could to get to him, and when
I reached his side, he barely raised his head,
  'I hope thou findest it not too hard to guess
  Why the sun's course is on the left,' he said.
His lazy movements and his brusque address
  Caused me to smile as I replied, 'I see,
  Belacqua, I need feel no more distress
On thy account; but pray, enlighten me,
  Why sitt'st thou here? Dost thou await a guide,
  Or is old habit still so strong in thee?'
'To ascend were useless, brother,' he replied;
  'God's angel, who is seated at the gate,
   Would not admit me to the pangs inside.
Here without must I watch the heavens rotate
  As oft as in my lifetime, since the sighs
  Which marked my penitence were left so late;
Unless I first be helped by prayers which rise
  From hearts which live in grace; the rest provide
  No succour, for they cannot reach the skies.'
And now, resuming the ascent, my guide
  Said, as he went in front, 'Come, for once more
  The sun is near the zenith, and the stride
Of night sets foot upon Morocco's shore.'

PURGATORIO V

When, having left these souls beneath, my guide
  Once more I followed upwards to the height,
  One of them pointed after me and cried:
'Look at the one who walks behind - the light
  Shines not upon the left of him, and he
  Bears himself in the way a mortal might.'
On hearing this I turned about, to see
  Them looking upwards in amazement, blind
  To all except the broken beams and me.
'Now wherefore art thou so confused in mind,'
  The master asked, 'and slackening thy walk?
  What matter if they whisper there behind?
Come, follow me, and let the people talk:
  Stand steadfast as a tower, which trembles not
  Nor bows its head before the tempest's shock.
He in whom wandering thought succeeds to thought
  Keeps always setting back his goal, bemused
  As each new notion brings the first to nought.'
What could I answer save 'I come'? suffused
  A little as I said it with the hue
  That sometimes earns the right to be excused.
Now, just in front, we noticed people who
  Journeyed across the slope, and as they went
  Chanted the Miserere slowly through.
But when they saw my body could prevent
  The sunbeams' passage, then their sacred lay
  Changed to a murmur of astonishment;
And two of them, like envoys, came straightway
  In our direction, making inquiry:
  'Inform us, what is your condition, pray.'
To which my guide: 'Ye may assuredly
  Tell those who sent you that this man still wears
  The fleshly garment of mortality.
If, as I think, they stopped because he bears
  A shadow, they are answered; honour done
  To him may cause some profit to be theirs.'
Never did kindled vapours swifter run
  Through the calm evening twilight, or divide
  Clouds piled in summer round the setting sun,
Than these, who posted up the mountainside,
  Then, turning, hurried back, joined by the rest,
  Like horsemen who with loosened bridle ride.
'The folk who come are numerous, and in haste,'
  The poet said, 'to beg of thee some grace,
  But do not pause although thou listenest.'
'O thou who goest on to happiness
  Clad in the limbs thou hadst since birth,' cried they,
  'Wilt thou not for a moment stay thy pace?

See if thou knowest any of us, pray,
Of whom thou mayst take back some news - but why
Canst thou not pause; why hurry on thy way?
Each one of us did once by violence die,
Sunk in our sin till the last hour, when light
Was granted to our spirits from on high
That, penitent and pardoning, we might
Gain, ere we perished, God's forgiveness, who
Pierces our hearts with longing for His sight.'
'Although I look, I know not one of you,'
I said, 'but if, O well-born souls, there be
Something to give you pleasure I can do,
Tell me, and by that peace which urges me
From world to world to follow such a guide,
I shall accomplish it assuredly.'
'All of us trust thee,' one of them replied,
'Without an oath, and know thy faith will hold,
If power by circumstance be not denied.
Whence I, speaking before the rest, make bold
To ask, if e'er again the land between
Naples and the Romagna thou behold,
That of thy grace thou wilt entreat my kin
Of Fano that they pray for me so well
That I may purge away my grievous sin.
There was my birthplace, but elsewhere I fell,
For the deep wounds through which my life was shed
Were dealt me where Antenor's kindred dwell,
Where I believed I had no cause for dread;
But he of Este, who contrived my death,
Hated me more than justice warranted.
Yet had I by La Mira kept my path
When ambushed near Oriago, then I would
Be living yonder still where men draw breath.
But to the marsh I ran, and in the mud
I fell ensnared, and on the tangled reeds
Saw pouring from my veins the crimson flood.'
Another spoke: 'So may the wish that leads
Thee to the mountain be fulfilled, do thou
Bring help, of thy sweet pity, to my needs.
Of Montefeltro once, Buonconte now,
Banished alike from wife and kinsfolk's mind,
Among these souls I walk with downcast brow.'
'How were you drawn so far,' I then rejoined,
'From Campaldino's field by chance or force,
That none your burial place could ever find?'
'Near Casentino's foot there runs its course
A stream,' he said; 'Archiano is its name;
Above the Hermitage it has its source.
It joins the Arno, and is lost to fame;
And there, a fugitive, my gullet cleft,
Drenching the plain with blood, afoot I came,
Until, of sight and speech alike bereft,
On Mary's name I ended, then I fell,
And on the ground my lifeless body left.

Then - this is truth, which thou to men mayst tell -
God's angel took me, and "Why robb'st thou me,
Thou thief from heaven?" exclaimed the fiend from hell.
"Thou bearest his immortal part with thee -
One little tear has balked me of my prize -
I'll treat his body very differently!"
Thou knowest how often in the air there lies
Damp mist, which may to rain again distil
If to a colder region it should rise.
His cunning and his wholly wicked will
To stir the winds and vapours then he bent -
For to his nature there belongs such skill -
And ere night fell, the valley's whole extent
From Pratomagno to the mountain wall
He filled with clouds; then squeezed the sky and rent
The torrents from the pregnant air, till all
The floods the thirsty ground refused to drain
Turned every gully to a waterfall.
Then down the larger streams it poured amain,
Towards the royal river, wide and high,
So swift that nothing could its course restrain.
Archian, which found my frozen corpse close by
Its mouth, bore me to Arno furiously,
And loosened from my breast the cross which I
Had folded there in my last agony,
Then rolling me along its banks and bed,
Soon with its weedy trophies shrouded me.'
'When to the world again thy steps are led,
A third soul, following the second, said;
'Recall La Pia to thy mind once more:
Siena gave me birth, Maremma death,
As well the husband knows, whose ring I wore,
Given me in token of his plighted faith.'

PURGATORIO VI

The game of hazard o'er, the watchers go,
Leaving the loser seated ruefully,
While he rehearses each unlucky throw;
The rest all bear the victor company;
Before him some, behind him others go,
Or at his elbow jog his memory.
He listens to them all, but stays for none;
Each time his hand goes out, the throng grows less,
Until he rids himself of every one.
Like him was I, hemmed by as thick a press;
Now here, now there, I sent my glances round,
And freed myself at last by promises.
Among them was that Aretine who found
His death at Ghin di Tacco's ruthless brand,
And he who flying in the rout was drowned.
Frederick Novello prayed with outstretched hand
Among them also, and the Pisan too
For whom Marzucco showed such self-command.
I saw Count Orso, and the other who
Perished, he told me, not for sins of his,
But whom malignant hate and envy slew,
Pierre de la Brosse I mean; and while she is
On earth, let Mary of Brabant take heed
Lest she should join a blacker flock than this.
When I was free of all these souls, who plead
For this alone, that they by others' pleas
May come to holiness with better speed,
'Among thy verses, Master, there are these
Which seem expressly to deny,' I said,
'That mortal prayer can bend divine decrees,
And yet for this alone these people prayed;
Must I then think their expectation vain,
Or that thy meaning I have wrongly read?'
'The sense of what I wrote,' he said, 'is plain,
Nor are these souls deceived, as thou shalt know
If thou regard it with a well-poised brain.
The height of justice is not here brought low,
Since, in a moment's space, the fire of love
Can satisfy the debt these spirits owe.
But in the verses where I wrote thereof,
Prayer lacked the power to cancel the defect,
Because it could not reach His throne above.
Yet, do not close thy mind till she direct
Thy thoughts, who in so high a theme as this
Joins by her brightness truth and intellect.
Lest thou mistake, I speak of Beatrice
Who, on the summit of the mountain, will
Rejoice thy vision, smiling and in bliss.'

'Master,' I cried, 'let us go quicker still;
I am no longer wearied; only see
How fast the shadow deepens on the hill.'
'We shall go on as far,' he answered me,
'As this day's beam will serve us; but by night
The case is other than appears to thee.
The sun, concealed behind the slope, whose light
Thy body now no longer breaks, must rise
Again before thou shalt attain the height.
But see, yonder a spirit sits whose eyes
Are turned in our direction; he perchance
May tell us where the shortest pathway lies.'
When we approached, what lofty arrogance,
O Lombard soul, was in thy bearing seen;
How grave and full of dignity thy glance.
He spoke no word to us, and would have been
Content to let us pass, though ceasing not
To watch us with a couching lion's mien;
Till Virgil, going up to him, besought
That he would let us see the best ascent,
Instead of answering which, he asked us what
Country had given us birth and aliment.
When my kind leader in reply began
'Mantua', the shade, no longer self-intent,
Sprang from his place and cried, 'O Mantuan,
I am Sordello, of thy land and kin,'
And straightway each embraced his countryman.
O servile Italy, O woful inn,
Rudderless ship amid the hurricane,
No queen of cities, but a house of sin!
How eager was that noble spirit, when
He heard the sound alone of thy loved name,
To greet with joy a fellow-citizen;
Yet of thy living people none can claim
Freedom from strife; neighbours on neighbours prey,
Even though one wall and moat encompass them.
Search, wretched one, search every beach and bay
Around thy coast, and every hill and plain
Within, and find a place where peace holds sway!
And though Justinian fitted well the rein,
What profit (save perhaps thy shame to swell)
If riderless the saddle now remain?
And ye, whose mind on heavenly things should dwell,
Leaving the seat to Caesar for his own,
If ye would understand God's bidding well,
See ye not how the steed has vicious grown
Because the chastening spur has ceased to chide
Since on the headstall first your hand was thrown.
O German Albert, who hast turned aside
From her, become so fierce and unrestrained,
Whose saddle thou more fitly shouldst bestride,
Soon shall just vengeance from the stars descend
Upon thy blood, so dire and manifest,
Thy heir shall tremble to recall thy end.

O son and sire, who long by greed possessed
  Tarry in richer lands afar, and choose
  To leave the imperial garden lying waste!
Come, heedless man: Capulets, Montagues,
  Monaldi, Fillipeschi, all are foes,
  Whom terror overhangs or grief subdues.
Come, heartless one, that thou mayst see the woes
  Thy vassals bear, and heal their misery;
  And see what safety Santafiora knows.
Come and behold thy Rome who weeps for thee,
  Widowed and lonely, crying day and night,
  'My Caesar, why hast thou deserted me?'
Come, let thy people's love rejoice thy sight'.
  Or if no pity for them move thy care,
  Yet come if but to keep thy honour bright.
If thee to question, mighty Lord, I dare,
  Who for our sake on earth wast crucified,
  Surely thy righteous eyes are turned elsewhere;
Or in thy secret counsel dost thou hide
  Some purpose whence our good shall yet proceed,
  Whose meaning is to human sense denied?
In all the Italian cities swarms a breed
  Of tyrants, and Marcellus' part belongs
  To any churl who follows faction's lead.
My Florence, be thou happy, for the wrongs
  Which this digression numbers touch thee not,
  Thanks to thy folk so ready with their tongues.
Many, with justice in their hearts, take thought
  Ere to the bow of speech the shaft they fit,
  But to thy people's lips it comes unsought.
Many refuse the common load, and yet
  Thy eager citizens are quick to shout
  Ere any ask them, 'Let me carry it!'
Rejoice, for thou hast cause beyond a doubt;
  Of wisdom, wealth and peace enjoy thy fill:
  If I speak truth, events will bear me out.
Athens and Sparta, which of old had skill
  In laws and statecraft, by comparison
  With thee, devised their way of living ill;
For thy provisions are so finely drawn,
  That threads which in October thou dost spin
  Will scarcely last till half November's gone.
Edict and office, coin and code, within
  Our memory how oft didst thou disown?
  And changed as often have thy members been.
Bethink thee then that, if the truth were known,
  Thou art like an ailing woman, who in vain
  Seeks for some solace on her bed of down,
And turns and tosses to relieve her pain.

PURGATORIO XXVII

As when its earliest shaft of light assails
The city where its Maker shed His blood,
While high above the Ebro hang the Scales,
And noontide brilliance scorches Ganges' flood,
Thus shone the sun, when at the close of day
We reached the place where God's glad angel stood
Before the flames, upon the terraced way,
Singing 'Beati mundo corde', clear
And full, surpassing any earthly lay.
'Save first he taste the fire, none passes here;
Therefore, O holy souls, enter the flame,
Nor let the song beyond escape your ear.'
Thus he addressed us when we nearer came,
And when I heard him, like the wretch before
Whose feet the grave-pit opens I became.
I stretched my clasped hands upwards, and once more
Gazed on the fire, recalling fearfully
Bodies which I had seen such flames devour.
Whereat my kind companions turned to me,
And Virgil told me: 'Here, my son, though thou
Mayst suffer pain, yet death is far from thee.
Remember Geryon, remember how
I brought thee safely then, and shall my skill
Fail thee, when we are nearer God as now?
Nay, couldst thou stand within this blaze until
A thousand years had passed, be sure that no
Hair of thy head even should come to ill.
But if thou thinkest I deceive thee, go
Thither and thrust the border of thy coat
In with thy hand, and thou shalt prove it so.
Henceforth all fear be banished from thy thought;
Go forward now and enter unafraid';
But I, though conscience urged me, heeded not.
Troubled a little when he saw I stayed
Stubborn, 'There still remains, my son,' he said,
'Twixt Beatrice and thee this barricade.'
And as at Thisbe's name, raising his head
Once more, Pyramus looked, as life declined,
The day the mulberry was changed to red,
So did I put my stubborn mood behind,
And turned to my wise leader, prompted by
The name that is a well-spring in my mind.
Whereat he shook his head and asked, 'Then why
Need we stay here?' smiling, as one might do
Who with an apple wooes a timid boy.
He led the way into the fire and drew
Me after, bidding Statius follow last
Who long had walked between us hitherto.

When once within, for coolness I had cast
  Myself in boiling glass, so utterly
  All measurement its burning heat surpassed.
My gentle Father sought to comfort me,
  Speaking of Beatrice only as he went,
  Saying: 'Already her eyes I seem to see.'
Thus, on a voice which guided us intent,
  Singing beyond the flames, we made our way
  Through them, and reached the foot of the ascent.
'Venite benedicte patris mei'
  Sounded within a light which shone so clear
  That, overpowered, I turned my eyes away.
'The sun,' it said, 'is setting; night is near;
  Stay not, but mend your pace before the last
  Rays from the west give place to darkness here.'
Straight upwards through the rock our roadway passed,
  Such in direction that before me on
  The ground the level rays my shadow cast.
Few steps had I and my sage escort gone
  Before it vanished, making us aware
  The sun behind us now no longer shone;
And ere the hue of darkness everywhere
  Around the vast horizon's tract was spread
  And Night's dominion was established there,
Upon a step each of us made his bed,
  For, by the nature of the sacred hill,
  The power though not the wish to climb had fled.
As, while they chew the cud, the goats lie still
  Who gambolled short while since, frolic and fleet,
  Across the heights, ere they had fed their fill,
And now are quietly shaded from the heat
  Of noonday, while the herd, with watchful eyes,
  Leans on his staff and tends them as is meet;
Or as the shepherd in the open lies
  All night beside his peaceful charges, and
  Watches lest any beast their rest surprise;
Such at that moment was our little band,
  The faithful pastors they, the goat was I,
  Enclosed by rocky walls on either hand.
Little that lay beyond could we descry,
  But yet enough to see how big and bright
  Beyond their wont the stars appeared on high.
While ruminating thus I watched their light
  Sleep overtook me, such as can in dreams
  Often disclose the future to our sight.
About the hour when from the east the beams
  First reached the mountain from the amorous
  Planet in which love's fire for ever gleams,
I saw in sleep a young and beauteous
  Lady, who in a meadow seemed to go
  Gathering flowers the while and singing thus;
'If any ask my name, I bid him know
  That I am Leah, and to weave a spray
  Of flowers my fair hands are busied so.

I deck myself that my reflection may
  Give pleasure, but my sister Rachel stirs
  Not from her glass, but sits there all the day.
To watch her fair eyes imaged she prefers;
  To me the adornment of my hands is dearer;
  Work is my meed and contemplation hers.'
Then, as at dawn's approach the sky grew clearer
  (Welcome by so much more to travellers who
  Return, as every day their home is nearer),
On all sides darkness fled, and with it flew
  My slumber, whereupon I rose in haste
  To join my masters, who had risen too.
'To-day the sweetest fruit of all, in quest
  Of which mankind searches full many a bough
  With anxious care, shall give your longings rest.'
In words like these Virgil addressed me now,
  And never from the richest gift that I
  Received as yet did equal pleasure flow.
Seized with such strong desire to be on high,
  With every step I took I seemed to be
  Unfolding wings that gave me strength to fly.
When all the stair lay under us, and we
  Had reached the highest pavement, Virgil, turning
  His eyes on mine intently, said to me:
'The fire that shall be quenched, and that whose burning
  Endures, hast thou beheld, but now I find
  Our further path beyond my own discerning.
To bring thee here my wit and skill combined;
  Henceforth thy will must be thy guide, for now
  The steep ways and the strait are left behind.
Look at the sun which shines upon thy brow;
  Look at the flowers, the verdure and the trees
  Which in this ground, untouched by tillage, grow.
Meanwhile, till thou shalt see the joy in these
  Fair eyes whose tears my help for thee implored,
  Repose or wander here as thou dost please.
Henceforth look not to me for sign or word:
  Now is thy judgment upright, whole and free;
  'Twere wrong not to obey it; wherefore lord
Over thyself I crown and mitre thee.'

PURGATORIO XXVIII

Eager to see what lay around and through
The sacred wood, whose dense and vivid shade
Tempered the new-born daylight to my view,
Forthwith I left the slope and slowly made
My way, the soil on every side bestowing
Sweet fragrance as I crossed the level glade.
A steady stream of gentle air was flowing,
Whose force encountering my brow I found
No more than if the softest breeze were blowing.
It stirred the answering boughs, which all around
Bent to the side on which the holy hill
First throws its morning shadow to the ground;
Yet not so much it bent them as to still
The birds perched on their tops, or to restrain
The exercise of all their tuneful skill.
With full delight they hailed the morn again
Returning, and the leafy canopy
In which they warbled bore them such refrain
As murmurs through the boughs from tree to tree
Where over Chiassi's shore the pinewoods lean
Whene'er Aeolus sets Sirocco free.
Slowly I went, yet was so far within
The ancient wood, behind me now no more
The place where I had entered could be seen,
When further steps were hindered, for before
Me ran a stream whose ripples turned aside
Leftward the verdure which its margins bore.
All earthly springs, however pure their tide,
Are with defilement mixed compared with those
Waters beneath whose surface nought can hide,
All darkly, darkly as their current flows
Under the branches in perpetual shade,
Where neither sun nor moon its light bestows.
My feet were halted, but my glances strayed
Across the rivulet, admiring there
The varied hues which tree and bush displayed.
Then saw I, as we oft become aware
Of something suddenly whose wonderment
Empties the mind of every other care:
A single maiden, singing as she went
And picking flowers from flowers around her spread
Which with their colours seemed her path to paint.
'Fair lady, basking in the radiance shed
By love, if I may trust your features here,
From which the heart within may oft be read,
May it,' I asked her, 'please you to come near
Enough the river for the words you sing
To fall distinctly on my listening ear.

Proserpine to remembrance dost thou bring,
And where and what she was the day her mother
Lost her, and she her garland of the spring.'
As ladies do, with feet pressed close together
And near the ground, when turning in the dance,
And scarcely moving one before the other,
Thus did she turn and towards me advance
Over the red and yellow flower-strewn ground,
Maiden-like casting down her modest glance;
And with fulfilment all my prayers she crowned
By her approach, for now I plainly heard
The sense besides the sweetness of the sound.
As soon as she had reached the grassy sward
Washed by the waves of that fair river, she
Lifted her eyes to mine as my reward.
Even under Venus' lids such brilliancy
Shone not, I think, the day that Cupid's hand,
Missing its aim, pierced her unwittingly
Smiling she stood upon the further strand,
And many a colour in her hands was seen
Which springs unsown in that exalted land.
Three paces wide the river flowed between,
But Hellespont, where Xerxes led his men
(Which long a curb to human pride has been)
Was not more hated by Leander when
It swelled twixt Sestos and Abydos, than
By me this stream which barred my passage then.
'Ye are but new arrived here,' she began;
'Perchance my smiling in this place designed
To be a cradle for the race of men
May waken doubt and wonder in your mind;
But let the psalmist's Delectasti be
A light to chase the mists that make you blind.
And thou who, coming first, entreatest me,
Say what thou wilt, for whatsoe'er thou please
Will I explain, fully and willingly.'
'The water and the sounds among the trees
Contend,' I said, 'with knowledge newly taught
In matters which are contrary to these.'
'Then will I show thee from what cause is wrought,'
She answered, 'this whereat thou wonderest,
And thus dispel the cloud that dims thy thought.
The highest Good, its will its sole behest,
Made mankind good, and for good, and this place
Gave him in earnest of eternal rest.
Through his own sin he dwelt here but short space;
Through his own sin he changed for toil and woe
These pastimes sweet and honest happiness.
Of these disturbances, produced below
By vapours which are bred of land or sea,
Tending, till checked, upward like heat to flow,
Lest they should work for mankind's injury,
From the locked entrance upwards, since so near
To heaven it lifts its head, the mount is free.

Now, since all air must with the first-moved sphere
  Partake the movement of the circling skies
  If nothing break its course or interfere,
Here at this height, which free and open lies,
  Struck by the live air's motion, with the sound
  Thou hearest, the forest, being dense, replies;
And in the plants thus moved the power is found
  Their potency among the air to spread
  Which, while revolving, scatters it around;
Whereby the other earth, as best bestead
  Its climate and its soil, conceives and so
  From various virtues various trees are bred.
Nor should it cause amazement, if ye know
  These things, when haply on your earthly strand
  Some plant without apparent seed should grow.
Know that the sacred soil where thou dost stand
  Is rich in every seed and bears in course
  Fruit that is never plucked by mortal hand.
The water which thou seest springs from no source
  By vapours chilled to moisture oft restored,
  Like streams whose current gains or loses force,
But from a fountain constant and assured,
  And by so much replenished from the grace
  of God as forth on either side is poured.
That which flows here has virtue to efface
  Sin's recollection, while to memory
  The other of good deeds restores the trace.
This is called Lethe; flowing contrary
  Is Eunoe; but neither can complete
  Its work save each in turn first tasted be.
Beyond all other savours it is sweet.
  Now, though perchance thou hast already heard
  Me speak enough to make thy thirst replete,
I grace thee further with an afterword;
  Nor will my speech, I think, less pleasing seem
  If something past my promise I accord.
Perchance the ancient bards who made their theme
  The golden age, the former happy time,
  Foresaw this place in their poetic dream.
Here the first men were sinless in their prime;
  Here spring with autumn joins in endless reign;
  This is the nectar sung in every rhyme.'
To where the poets stood I turned again
  And saw that each with smiling countenance
  Received the sense of this last sentence; then
To that fair lady I returned my glance.

PARADISO I

The glory of Him who moves all things is spread
Throughout the universe, on which its light
Is here more fully, there more faintly shed.
Within that heaven above all others bright
I was, and what I saw, who thence again
Descends has neither skill nor power to write,
Because our intellect, when we attain
The goal of our desire, must soar so high
That memory thereafter strives in vain.
But of that holy realm as much as I
Have kept in recollection's treasury
Shall now the subject of my song supply.
In this last task, good Phoebus, let me be
A vessel for thy power, without which none
May hope to claim the envied bay from thee.
Heretofore of Parnassus' summits one
Sufficed; both must be mine ere I begin
The course which still remains for me to run.
Enter my breast, inspiring me within,
As thou wert on the day thou didst divest
Marsyas' members of their sheath of skin.
Let me, O Power divine, by thee possessed,
Set forth the shape of that blest realm whereof
The image in my mind is still impressed.
Then shalt thou from the tree which thou dost love
Behold me crown myself with leaves, which thou
And this my theme shall make me worthy of.
So seldom, father, any from that bough
Bedeck triumphant emperor or bard
(Through fault and shame of human wills) that now
More joyful still should be the joyous lord
Of Delphi if from the Peneian bay
Any should thirst to gather his reward.
Small sparks beget great flames; and others may
After me sing in clearer tones and find
The oracle propitious when they pray.
The world's bright lantern rises on mankind
Through various doors, but when he enters where
Four circles with three crosses are combined,
A fairer course coupled with stars more fair
He then pursues, and with his better cheer
The wax of earth he seals and tempers there.
By some such passage, bringing evening here
And morning there, he had risen, and now made white
All one and black the other hemisphere,
When I saw Beatrice turn to the light
Leftwards, gazing upon the sun, and more
Intensely never eagle fixed his sight.

And as a second beam is wont to soar
  Out of the first, returning to the sky,
  As pilgrims long to hasten home once more,
Framing my act by hers, which through the eye
  Moved my imaginings, with bolder face
  Than is our wont I sought the sun on high.
Much here denied our powers is in that place
  Permissible, by virtue of a spot
  Made for possession by the human race.
Short while I bore it, but the time was not
  Too brief to see its blazing brilliance run
  Like iron from the furnace bubbling hot.
Then day on day with sudden swiftness shone;
  It seemed that He who is omnipotent
  Had crowned the heavens with a second sun.
While on the eternal wheels wholly intent
  Beatrice set her eyes, as fixedly
  My own, now lowered again, on hers were bent.
Such feelings at her look awoke in me
  As that herb stirred in Glaucus, by whose spell
  He shared the ocean-gods' divinity.
Of such transcendence words are vain to tell;
  Let him whom grace may yet permit to prove
  Such an experience mark the example well.
If it were but that part of me, O Love
  Who rulest the heavens, that thou didst last create
  Thou knowest, whose brightness lifted me above.
That wheel, which through desire thou dost rotate
  Eternally, enthralled me, and I knew
  The music thou dost blend and separate.
So much now of the sky seemed kindled to
  Flame by the sun, that surely never so
  Immense a lake from rain or river grew.
A sound so novel and so bright a glow
  Roused in me such desire as I had not
  So keenly felt before their cause to know.
And she, who like myself could read my thought,
  To soothe my agitated mind again
  Opened her lips, and answered unbesought.
Thus she began: 'Thou hast so made thy brain
  Dull with fall fancies, thou canst not perceive
  What, wert thou rid of them, were quickly plain.
Thou art not on earth now, as thou dost believe;
  Lightning from its own sphere did ne'er so fast
  As thou, returning there, its pathway cleave.'
But though my earlier doubt was quickly past
  At these brief words, spoken with pleasant cheer,
  Another swiftly followed on the last.
'One cause of great astonishment is clear,'
  I answered her, 'but now I am amazed
  At rising past these lighter bodies here.'
Whereat she gave a pitying sigh and gazed
  On me with features like a mother bent
  Over a little child whose wits are crazed.

'All things whatever,' she began, 'present
Order among themselves - the shape wherein
Creation bears the Maker's lineament.
By higher natures here the print is seen
Of the eternal excellence, the end
For which this system had its origin.
Within this order, each with diverse trend,
According to its distance from the source
Nearer or farther off, all natures tend.
To various harbours these direct their course
O'er the great sea of being, each sent forth
Upon its path by an instinctive force.
One actuates creatures of mortal birth;
One bears the fire towards the moon above;
One binds and unifies the solid earth.
Nor is it only beings empty of
Intelligence who from that bow are hurled,
But likewise those endowed with thought and love.
The Providence that rules so vast a world
Fills with calm light the heaven in whose embrace
The rapidest of all the spheres is whirled.
Thither now, as to an appointed place,
That bowstring's power our upward flight impels,
Whose shafts are ever aimed at happiness.
But as the shape he fashions oft-times fails
To match the artist's vision, when the clay
Is unresponsive or the stone rebels,
So does the creature likewise go astray
At times, having the power to swerve, despite
The force that moves it, in another way
(As fire that leaves a cloud may bend its flight
Downwards), should the initial impulse throw
It down to earth, lured by some false delight.
Therefore at this ascent thou needst not show
More wonder than because a mountain rill
Should from the summit to the valley flow.
That thou, from every hindrance freed, shouldst will
To dwell below, would even more amaze
Than if upon the earth live flame lay still.'
With that once more to heaven she turned her gaze.

APPENDIX V

Tables 1 to 4 contain details and statistics of the translations, as explained in the Introduction.

Table 5 is a very rough attempt to present a picture of the relative merit of the various translations as arrived at in the articles and summarised in the Conclusion. There are so many considerations involved in comparative appraisals that it must not be regarded as more than a picture; the placing of the individual names is approximate and cannot be taken as recording a final judgment.

Table		pages
1	Chronological List of Translators (one complete cantica or more in print)	394-398
	Notes on Table 1	398-399
2	Lists of Translators whose work is lost, not in print, incomplete or fragmentary	400-402
3	Chronological View and Formal Analysis of Printed Translations	403
	Notes on Table 3	404-405
4	Number of Translations in each quarter-century	406
5	Approximate Merit of the Translations	407

TABLE 1

Chronological List of Translators
(one complete cantica or more in print)

x denotes translator of American nationality or domicile
F " female translator
Dates given are those of first edition of each part only

Name, year of birth and death and occupation	Part translated and date of appearance	Form of translation
Charles Rogers, 1711-84, civil servant	Inferno, 1782	blank verse
Henry Boyd, died 1832, C. of E. clergyman	Inferno, 1785 Divine Comedy, 1802	rhymed six-line stanzas
Henry Francis Cary, 1772-1844, C. of E. clergyman	Inferno, 1805-6 Divine Comedy, 1814	blank verse
Nathaniel Howard, 1781-1834, schoolmaster	Inferno, 1807	blank verse
Joseph Hume, 1767-1843, civil servant	Inferno, 1812	blank verse
Ichabod Charles Wright, 1795-1871, banker	Inferno, 1833 Purgatorio, 1836 Paradiso, 1840	six-line stanzas imitating terza rima
John Dayman, 1802-71, C. of E. clergyman	Inferno, 1843 Divine Comedy, 1865	terza rima
x Thomas William Parsons, 1819-92, medical practitioner	Inferno I-X, 1843 Inferno complete, 1867 Purgatorio I-VIII, 1876 Divine Comedy (incomplete), 1893	quatrains and irregular rhyme
John Aitken Carlyle, 1801-79, medical practitioner	Inferno, 1849	prose
Patrick Bannerman	Divine Comedy, 1850	irregular rhyme
Charles Bagot Cayley, 1823-83, scholar	Inferno, 1851 Purgatorio, 1853 Paradiso, 1854	terza rima
E. O'Donnell, R.C. priest	Divine Comedy, 1852	prose
Thomas Brooksbank, 1824-1902 lawyer	Inferno, 1854	terza rima

Appendix V, Table 1 (contd.)

(Sir) William Frederick Pollock, 1815-88, lawyer	Divine Comedy, 1854	blank terzine
Bruce Whyte, lawyer	Inferno, 1859	irregular rhyme
John Wesley Thomas, 1798-1872, Methodist minister	Inferno, 1859 Purgatorio, 1862 Paradiso, 1866	terza rima
William Patrick Wilkie, 1829-72, lawyer	Inferno, 1862	blank terzine (lines of irregular length)
F Claudia Hamilton Ramsay	Inf. & Purg., 1862 Paradiso, 1863	terza rima
William Michael Rossetti, 1829-1919, civil servant	Inferno, 1865	blank terzine
x Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, 1807-82, scholar	Divine Comedy, 1867	blank terzine
James Ford, 1797-1877 C. of E. clergyman	Inferno, 1865 Divine Comedy, 1870	terza rima
David Johnston, medical practitioner (?)	Inf. & Purg., 1867 Paradiso, 1868	blank terzine
Charles Tomlinson, 1808-97, scholar	Inferno, 1877	terza rima
Arthur John Butler, 1844-1910, civil servant	Purgatorio, 1880 Paradiso, 1885 Inferno, 1892	prose
Warburton Pike, 1818-82, lawyer	Inferno, 1881	terza rima
William Stratford Dugdale, 1828-82, lawyer	Purgatorio, 1883	prose
James Romanes Sibbald, 1839-85, independent	Inferno, 1884	terza rima
James Innes Minchin, 1825-1903, civil servant	Divine Comedy, 1885	terza rima
Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1821-91, C. of E. clergyman	Inf. & Purg., 1886 Paradiso, 1887	terza rima
Frederick Kneller Haselfoot Haselfoot, 1829-1905, lawyer	Divine Comedy, 1887	terza rima

Appendix V, Table 1 (contd.)

x John Augustine Wilstach, 1824-97, lawyer	Divine Comedy, 1888	rhymed stanzas
William Warren Vernon, 1834-1919, scholar	Purgatorio, 1889 Inferno, 1894 Paradiso, 1900	prose
x Charles Eliot Norton, 1827-1908, scholar	Inferno, 1891 Purg. & Par., 1892	prose
Charles Lancelot Shadwell, 1840-1919, scholar	Purg. I-XXVII, 1892 Purg. XXVII-XXXIII, 1899 Paradiso, 1915	Marvellian stanzas
(Sir) Edward Sullivan, 1852-1928, lawyer	Inferno, 1893	prose
George Musgrave, 1855-1932, lawyer	Inferno, 1893	Spenserian stanzas
Robert Urquhart	Inferno, 1895	terza rima
Eugene Jacob Lee-Hamilton, 1845-1907, author	Inferno, 1898	hendecasyllabic blank terzine
Philip Henry Wicksteed, 1844-1927, Unitarian minister	Paradiso, 1899	prose
Arthur Compton Auchmuty, 1842-1917, C. of E. clergyman	Purgatorio, 1899	octosyllabic terza rima
Samuel Home, 1842-1914, lawyer	Purg. I-XVI, 1899 Purg. XVII-XXXI, 1901	hendecasyllabic blank terzine
Thomas Okey, 1852-1935, scholar	Purgatorio, 1901	prose
John Carpenter Garnier, 1839-1926, independent	Inferno, 1901	prose
Edward Clarke Lowe, 1823-1912, C. of E. clergyman	Divine Comedy, 1902	blank terzine
Edward Wilberforce, 1834-1914, lawyer	Inferno, 1903 Divine Comedy, 1909	terza rima
(Sir) Samuel Walker Griffith, 1845-1920, lawyer	Inferno, 1903 Divine Comedy, 1911	hendecasyllabic blank terzine
Henry Fanshawe Tozer, 1829-1916, C. of E. clergyman	Divine Comedy, 1904	prose
x Marvin Richardson Vincent, 1834-1922, scholar	Inferno, 1904	blank verse

Appendix V, Table 1 (contd.)

F	Caroline C. Potter	Inf. I, IV, V; Purgatorio and Paradiso, 1904	rhymed quatrains
	Charles Gordon Wright, 1854-1936, C. of E. clergyman	Purgatorio, 1905	prose
F	Frances Isabella Fraser	Paradiso, 1908	blank terzine
F	Agnes Louisa Money, 1842-1910, independent	Purgatorio, 1910	blank terzine
	Charles Edwin Wheeler, 1868-1947, medical practitioner	Divine Comedy, 1911	terza rima
F	Edith Mary Shaw, born 1846	Divine Comedy, 1915[4]	blank verse
x	Henry Johnson, 1855-1918, scholar	Divine Comedy, 1915	blank terzine
	Edward Joshua Edwardes, 1852-1917, medical practitioner	Inferno, 1915	blank terzine
x	Courtney Langdon, 1861-1924, scholar	Inferno, 1918 Purgatorio, 1920 Paradiso, 1921	blank terzine
xF	Eleanor Vinton Murray	Inferno, 1920	terza rima
x	Melville Best Anderson, 1851-1933, scholar	Divine Comedy, 1921	terza rima
	Henry John Hooper, 1844-1923	Inferno, 1922	unrhymed amphiambics
	David James MacKenzie, 1855-1925, lawyer	Divine Comedy, 1927	terza rima
	Sydney Fowler Wright, born 1874, author	Inferno, 1928 Purgatorio, 1954	irreg. rhymed decasyllables
x	Albert R. Bandini, born 1882, R.C. priest	Inferno, 1928 Purgatorio, 1930 Paradiso, 1931	terza rima
x	Lacy Lockert, born 1888, scholar	Inferno, 1931	terza rima
x	Jefferson Butler Fletcher, 1865-1946, scholar	Divine Comedy, 1931	defective terza rima
	Geoffrey Langdale Bickersteth, born 1884, scholar	Paradiso, 1932	terza rima

Appendix V, Table 1 (contd.)

	Laurence Binyon, 1869-1943, scholar	Inferno, 1933 Purgatorio, 1938 Paradiso, 1943	terza rima
x	Lewis How, 1873-1947, author	Inferno, 1934 Purgatorio, 1938 Paradiso, 1940	terza rima
	Ralph Thomas Bodey, 1863-1952, scholar	Divine Comedy, 1938	blank verse
	John Dickson Sinclair, 1865-1951, Church of Scotland minister	Inf. & Purg., 1939 Paradiso, 1946	prose
x	Thomas Goddard Bergin, born 1904, scholar	Inferno, 1948 Purgatorio, 1953	mixed, but mainly blank verse
x	Lawrence Grant White, born 1887, architect	Divine Comedy, 1948	blank verse
x	Patrick Cummins, born 1880, R.C. priest	Divine Comedy, 1948	hendecasyllabic terza rima
F	Dorothy Leigh Sayers, born 1893, author	Inferno, 1949	terza rima
x	Harry Morgan Ayres, 1881-1948, scholar	Inferno, 1949 Purg. & Par., 1953	prose
	Thomas Weston Ramsey, 1892-1952, master wire worker and poet	Paradiso, 1952	defective terza rima

Notes

In stating the occupation of each translator where known, sometimes a difficult choice presented itself. Holders of Anglican orders have been described as 'C. of E. clergyman', although in several cases their actual occupations were different. Parsons has been described as 'medical practitioner' as he certainly was for a time, although his qualifications were doubtful and his main occupation was literature. Several translators described as 'lawyer' probably did not practise their profession. Scholars and authors overlap, and the distinction is not always clear. Several translators known not to have exercised any trade or profession are described as 'independent', and it is fairly certain that several of the women translators should also be in this category. Of the 68 translators for whom an occupation is recorded a simplified analysis is given in the following table, along with figures, compiled on the same principle, for the translators of Faust into English as ascertain from Adolf Ingram Frantz, Half a Hundred Thralls to Faust (Chapel Hill, 1949).

	Divine Comedy		Faust	
Clergy		15		6
Church of England	9		5	
Church of Scotland	1		-	
Roman Catholic	3		-	
Methodist	1		-	
Unitarian	1		1	
Scholars, authors, etc.		23		19
Lawyers		14		6
Medical practitioners		5		3
Civil servants, etc.		5		4
Others		6		2
Total		68		40

It will be seen from Table 1 that of recent years scholars and authors have preponderated among the translators; clergymen and lawyers less numerous than formerly.

Figures relating to nationality are given below; those domiciled in America are so described irrespective of their place of birth; Griffith is included among the Welsh translators.

	Divine Comedy	Faust
English	42	28
Scottish	10	4
Irish	4	6
Welsh	2	-
Total British	58	38
American	17	10
	75	48

There are 7 women among the translators of the Divine Comedy, and only 2 among the translators of Faust.

The following table shows, as near as can be ascertained, the age at which the translation was made.

	Divine Comedy	Faust
Under 20	-	1
20 to 30	4	4
30 to 40	7	5
40 to 50	12	12
50 to 60	17	8
60 to 70	19	3
over 70	7	5
	66	38

(5)

The feat of Leopold J. Bernays, schoolmaster and clergyman, who published a translation of the Second Part of Faust at the age of 18 may have a parallel in Dante translation; see article on Nathaniel Howard, also note on John Payne in article on 'Lost Translations'.

Appendix V

TABLE 2

Translators whose work is lost, not in print, incomplete or fragmentary

x denotes translator of American nationality or domicile
F " female translator

Name, year of birth and death and occupation	Details of Translation
Lost Translations	
William Huggins (1696-1761), scholar	Divine Comedy, probably in heroic couplets, alleged to have been left complete at his death
Charles Burney (1726-1814), musician	Inferno, in prose, c. 1760
Thomas Wade (1805-75), poet and journalist	Inferno, in terza rima, 1845-6
John Payne (1842-1916), author	Divine Comedy, in 'verse', c. 1860; but see article ad loc.
Hugh Bent	Inferno, in terza rima, printed privately in 1862
x Sidney Allan Gunn (1876-1941), scholar	Inferno, in terza rima, c. 1908; canto I only printed
Translators already included in Table 1:	
Charles Gordon Wright	Divine Comedy, in blank verse, c. 1908
Edward Joshua Edwardes	Purgatorio and Paradiso, in blank terzine, c. 1915
Henry John Hooper	Purgatorio, in amphiambics, c. 1916
Translations in Manuscript	
P. Hawke, artist	Inferno I-XVII, in prose, c. 1840
John Abraham Heraud (1799-1887), author and journalist	Inferno, in terza rima, c. 1840
Anonymous (MS. Toynbee d.16 in Bodleian Library)	Selections, in terza rima, c. 1875

Translations in Manuscript (contd.)

William Charteris, missionary	Divine Comedy, in irregularly rhymed decasyllables, c. 1875
James MacGregor (1832-1910), Church of Scotland minister	Purgatorio I-X.78 and Paradiso complete, in prose, 1879-80
Eugene Jacob Lee-Hamilton (see Table 1)	Purgatorio, in hendecasyllabic blank terzine, c. 1904
Edward Henry Pember (1833-1911), lawyer	Inferno I-IV, Purg. VIII and Par. XV privately printed (1897-1901); Purg. XXVIII-XXXIII in manuscript, c. 1903; all in blank verse
Work in Progress (see Table 1)	
Sydney Fowler Wright	Paradiso, in metre similar to earlier cantiche, c. 1928
Geoffrey Langdale Bickersteth	Inferno and Purgatorio, in terza rima, written during period 1934-54
F Dorothy Leigh Sayers	Purgatorio, in terza rima, now in press; Paradiso in process of composition
x Thomas Goddard Bergin	Paradiso, mainly in blank verse, with prose links and occasional rhymed passages, in press
Thomas Weston Ramsey	Purgatorio, c. 1950, in defective terza rima

Incomplete Translations

William Hayley (1745-1820), author and scholar	Inferno I-III, in terza rima, 1782
Edward N. Shannon (alias Odoardo Volpi)	Inferno I-X, in terza rima, 1836
Charles Hindley	Inferno I-IV.57, in prose, 1842
x J. C. Peabody, clergyman	Inferno I, in ~~blank-tersine~~ terza rima; Inferno I-X, in blank terzine, 1857
Ernest Ridsdale Ellaby (1834-96), lawyer	Inferno I-III, in terza rima; Inferno IV-X in blank terzine with occasional rhyme, 1871

Appendix V, Table 2 (contd.)

Incomplete Translations (contd.)

W. Cudworth, M. Inst. C. E.	Inferno I-IX, in blank verse, 1905
xF Eleanor Prescott Hammond (1866-1933), scholar	Inferno I-VII, in terza rima, 1919
J. H. Whitfield, scholar	Inferno I-V, in prose, 1949

Selections and Extracts

James Montgomery (1771-1854), author and journalist	Fragments, in blank verse, 1835, etc.
John Herman Merivale (1779-1844), lawyer	Fragments, in terza rima, 1838
James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), author	Fragments, in various metres and in prose, mostly 1846
F Margaret Oliphant Oliphant (1828-97), author	Fragments, in terza rima, 1877
x Epiphanius Wilson (1845-1916), C. of E. clergyman	Fragments, in Spenserian stanzas, 1899
Gauntlett Chaplin	Selections, in blank terzine, amounting to 4,944 lines, mainly from Inferno and Purgatorio, 1913
x Charles Hall Grandgent (1862-1939), scholar	Fragments, in terza rima, 1916-25
Henry Bernard Cotterill (1846-1924), scholar	Selections from Inferno (about 1,000 lines), in prose, 1922
Thomas Watson Duncan	Selections from all three cantiche (5,866 lines), in prose, 1926
x John Jay Chapman (1862-1933), scholar	Fragments, in approximate terza rima, 1927

Miscellaneous

Alfred Forman	Inf. I, III, Purg. I, Par. I, in terza rima, 1878
F Barbara Barclay Carter	Fragments, in terza rima, 1931
John Craufurd Wordsworth	Fragments from Paradiso, in terza rima, 1929
F Georgina Grace Moncrieff	Paraphrases of the Paradiso, in various metres, 1952
Tom Scott	Francesca in Lallans terza rima, 1954

TABLE 3

Chronological View and Formal Analysis of Printed Translations
(for explanation and notes see next page)

Decade	Terza rima	Blank terzine	Blank verse	Experimental	Prose
1780-90			Rogers(1)	Boyd (1)	
1790-1800			Cary(1)	Boyd(3)	
1800-10			Howard(1)		
			Hume(1)		
1810-20			Cary(3)		
1820-30					
1830-40				Wright(3)	
	Dayman(1)				
1840-50				Bannerman(3)	Carlyle(1)
					O'Donnell(3)
	Cayley(3)				
1850-60	Brooksbk(1)	Pollock(3)			
	Thomas(3)			Whyte(1)	
	Ramsay(3)	Rossetti(1)		Wilkie(1)	
1860-70	Dayman(3)	Lgfellow(3)		Parsons(1)	
	Ford(3)	Johnston(3)			
1870-80	Tmlnson(1)				
	Pike(1)				
	Sibbald(1)				Butler(3)
1880-90	Minchin(3)			Wilstach(3)	Dugdale(1)
	Plumptre(3)				Vernon(3)
	Haselft(3)			Shadwell(1)	Norton(3)
	Urquhart(1)			Musgrave(1)	Sullivan(1)
1890-1900				Parsons (1)	Wicksteed(1)
				Lee-Hmtn(1)	Okey(1)
	Wlbrfrce(3)	Lowe(3)	Vincent(1)	Auchmuty(1)	Garnier(1)
		Fraser(1)		Home(1)	Tozer(3)
1900-10	Wheeler(3)	Money(1)		Potter(2)	CGWright(1)
				Griffith(3)	
		Edwrdes(1)	Shaw(3)	Shadwell(1)	
1910-20		Johnson(3)			
	Murray(1)	Langdon(3)			
	Anderson(3)				
1920-30	MKenzie(3)			Hooper(1)	
	Bandini(3)			SFWright(1)	
	Lockert(1)				
1930-40	Bksteth(1)			Fletcher(3)	
	Binyon(3)				Sinclair(3)
	How(3)		Bodey(3)	Bergin(2)	
1940-50	Sayers(1)		White(3)	Cummins(3)	Ayres (3)
				Ramsey(1)	
				SFWright(1)	

• = American Translator

Table 3 contains the names of 76 translators, but there are 82 entries because the Infernos of Boyd, Cary and Dayman were published in earlier decades than their complete Comedies, in which (with some revision) they were incorporated; and because there are two entries each for Parsons, Shadwell and S. F. Wright, each of whom published two cantiche in different decades.

After adjusting the totals to remove the duplication of the first three items mentioned above, we obtain the following totals. In the last column the total number of cantiche translated in each metre is given as an indication of the actual extent of performance.

	Inferno alone	Purgatorio alone	Paradiso alone	Complete Comedy	Total in cantiche
Terza rima	8	-	1	15	54
Blank terzine	2	1	1	6	22
Blank verse	4	-	-	4	16
Experimental	8	7	3	7	39
Prose	3	3	1	7	28
Total	25	11	6	39	159

Some of the experimental versions belong to one or other of the preceding categories, and the following analysis shows the classes into which they fall.

	Inferno	Purgatorio	Paradiso	Comedy	Cantiche
Terza rima					
octosyllabic	-	1	-	-	1
hendecasyllabic	-	-	-	1	3
defective	-	-	1	1	4
Rhymed stanzas	3	2	2	3	16
Irregular rhyme	2	1	-	1	6
Blank terzine					
hendecasyllabic	1	1	-	1	5
irreg. length	1	-	-	-	1
amphiambics	1	-	-	-	1
Mixed (bl.verse, rhyme, prose)	1	1	-	--	2
Total	9	6	3	7	39

I. C. Wright's translation has been included among the rhymed stanzas, since it consists of independent six-line units rhymed a b a c b c ; it has also been described as 'bastard terza rima' since its intention is obviously to convey the effect of the triple rhyme.

The experimental versions include the work of 20 translators; 5 of these are American, with a total of 13 cantiche to their credit.

The following is an analysis showing the respective contributions of British and American translators classified as to form.

	British		American	
	Number of Translators	No. of cantiche translated	Number of Translators	No. of cantiche translated
Terza rima	19	43	5	11
Blank terzine	7	13	3	9
Blank verse	6	12	2	4
Experimental	15	26	5	13
Prose	12	22	2	6
Total	59	116	17	43

TABLE 4

Number of Translations in each quarter-century

	Inferno	Purgatorio	Paradiso	Complete Comedy	Total number of cantiche
Before 1825					
British	3	-	-	2	9
1826-50					
British	2	-	-	2	8
1851-75					
British	4	-	-	8	28
American	1	-	-	1	4
1876-1900					
British	7	4	1	5	27
American	-	1	-	2	7
1901-25					
British	3	4	3	6	28
American	2	-	-	3	11
Since 1925					
British	2	1	2	4	17
American	2	1	-	6	21
Total					
British	21	9	6	27	117
American	5	2	-	12	43
Grand Total	26	11	6	39	160

Note.--The grand total is 160 cantiche against 159 shown in the summary of Table 3, because in Table 4 Dayman's Inferno (1843) appears as a separate entry in the quarter-century preceding his complete Comedy (1865).

TABLE 5

Approximate Merit of the Translations

Decade	Bad ⟶ Increasing in merit ⟶ Good
1780-90	Rogers
1790-1800	
	Boyd
1800-10	Howard
1810-20	Hume Cary
1820-30	
1830-40	I.C.Wright
1840-50	Bannerman Carlyle
1850-60	O'Donnell Cayley
	Brooksbank Pollock
	Whyte Wilkie Rossetti
1860-70	Thomas Ford Dayman Longfellow
	Ramsay
	Johnston
1870-80	Tomlinson Pike
	Minchin
	Butler
1880-90	Wilstach Plumptre Dugdale
	Haselfoot
	Sibbald
1890-1900	Urquhart Shadwell Norton
	Lee-Hamilton Musgrave Parsons
	Vernon Wicksteed
1900-10	Sullivan Home Okey
	Garnier Wilberforce Tozer
	Potter Vincent C.G.Wright Lowe
1910-20	Fraser Griffith Money
	Auchmuty Shaw
	Wheeler
	Edwardes Johnson
1920-30	Murray Langdon Anderson
	Hooper MacKenzie S.F.Wright
	Bandini
1930-40	Lockert Fletcher
	How Bodey
	Binyon
1940-54	Bickersteth
	Cummins Ayres Sayers L.G.White Sinclair
	Bergin
	Ramsey

American translators underlined in red