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EARLY ITALIAN POETS

TEXT WITH  
D. G. ROSSETTI'S TRANSLATION

MS. 17. 2. 4



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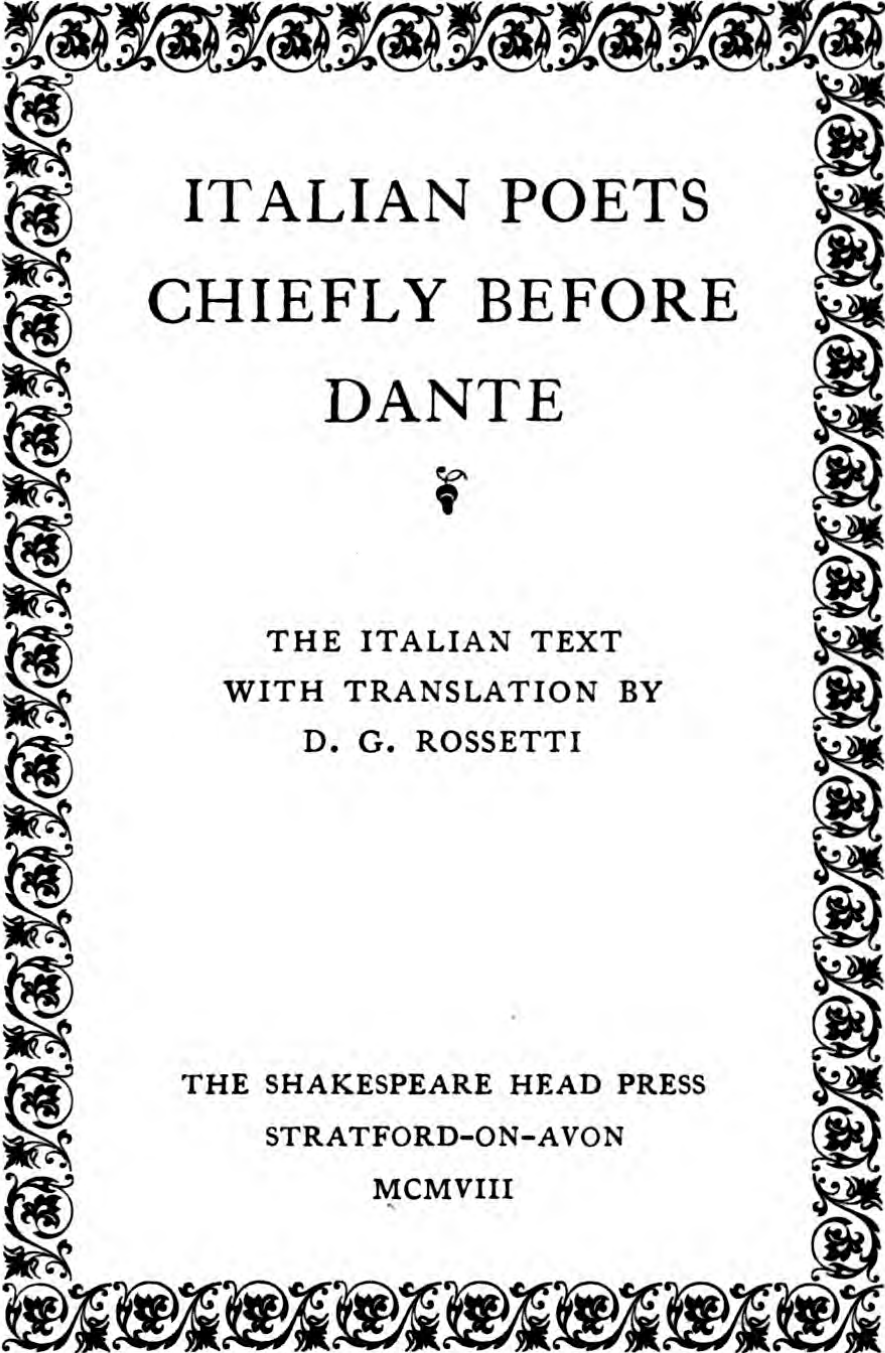
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ITALIAN POETS CHIEFLY BEFORE  
DANTE



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ITALIAN POETS  
CHIEFLY BEFORE  
DANTE



THE ITALIAN TEXT  
WITH TRANSLATION BY  
D. G. ROSSETTI

THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS  
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MCMVIII





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## TABLE OF POETS.

### I. CIULLO D'ALCAMO, 1172—78.

Ciullo is a popular form of the name Vincenzo, and Alcamo an Arab fortress some miles from Palermo. The Dialogue, which is the only known production of this poet, holds here the place generally accorded to it as the earliest Italian poem (exclusive of one or two dubious inscriptions) which has been preserved to our day. Arguments have sometimes been brought to prove that it must be assigned to a later date than the poem by Folcachiero, which follows it in this volume; thus ascribing the first honours of Italian poetry to Tuscany, and not to Sicily, as is commonly supposed. Trucchi, however, (in the preface to his valuable collection,) states his belief that the two poems are about contemporaneous, fixing the date of that by Ciullo between 1172 and 1178,—chiefly from the fact that the fame of Saladin, to whom this poet alludes, was most in men's mouths during that interval. At first sight, any casual reader of the original would suppose that this poem must be unquestionably the earliest of all, as its language is far the most unformed and difficult; but much of this might, of course, be dependent on the inferior dialect of Sicily, mixed however in this instance (as far as I can judge) with mere nondescript *patois*.



II. FOLCACHIERO DE' FOLCACHIERI, KNIGHT OF SIENA, 1177.

The above date has been assigned with probability to Folcachiero's Canzone, on account of its first line, where the whole world is said to be "living without war"; an assertion which seems to refer its production to the period of the celebrated peace concluded at Venice between Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III.

III. LODOVICO DELLA VERNACCIA, 1200.

IV. SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI; BORN, 1182; DIED, 1226.

His baptismal name was Giovanni, and his father was Bernardone Moriconi, whose mercantile pursuits he shared till the age of twenty-five; after which his life underwent the extraordinary change which resulted in his canonisation, by Gregory IX., three years after his death, and in the formation of the Religious Order called Franciscans.

V. FREDERICK II., EMPEROR; BORN, 1194; DIED 1250.

The life of Frederick II., and his excommunication and deposition from the Empire by Innocent IV., to whom, however, he did not succumb, are matters of history which need no repetition. Intellectually, he was in all ways a highly-gifted and accomplished prince; and lovingly cultivated the Italian language, in preference to the many others with which he was familiar. The poem of his which I give has great passionate beauty; yet I believe that an allegorical

interpretation may here probably be admissible; and that the lady of the poem may be the Empire, or perhaps the Church herself, held in bondage by the Pope.

VI. ENZO, KING OF SARDINIA; BORN, 1225; DIED, 1272.

The unfortunate Enzo was a natural son of Frederick II., and was born at Palermo. By his own warlike enterprise, at an early age (it is said at fifteen!) he subjugated the Island of Sardinia, and was made King of it by his father. Afterwards he joined Frederick in his war against the Church, and displayed the highest promise as a leader; but at the age of twenty-five was taken prisoner by the Bolognese, whom no threats or promises from the Emperor could induce to set him at liberty. He died in prison at Bologna, after a confinement of nearly twenty-three years. A hard fate indeed for one who, while moving among men, excited their hopes and homage, still on record, by his great military genius and brilliant gifts of mind and person.

VII. GUIDO GUINICELLI, 1220.

This poet, certainly the greatest of his time, belonged to a noble and even princely Bolognese family. Nothing seems known of his life, except that he was married to a lady named Beatrice, and that in 1274, having adhered to the Imperial cause, he was sent into exile, but whither cannot be learned. He died two years afterwards. The highest praise has been bestowed by Dante on Guinicelli, in the *Commedia*

(Purg. C. xxvi.), in the *Convito*, and in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*; and many instances might be cited in which the works of the great Florentine contain reminiscences of his Bolognese predecessor; especially the third canzone of Dante's *Convito* may be compared with Guido's most famous one "On the Gentle Heart."

VIII. GUERZO DI MONTECANTI, 1220.

IX. INGHILFREDI, SICILIANO, 1220.

X. RINALDO D'AQUINO, 1250.

I have placed this poet, belonging to a Neapolitan family, under the date usually assigned to him; but Trucchi states his belief that he flourished much earlier, and was a contemporary of Folcachiero; partly on account of two lines in one of his poems which say,—

"Lo Imperadore con pace  
Tutto il mondo mantene."

If so, the mistake would be easily accounted for, as there seem to have been various members of the family named Rinaldo, at different dates.

XI. JACOPO DA LENTINO, 1250.

This Sicilian poet is generally called "The Notary of Lentino." The low estimate expressed of him, as well as of Bonaggiunta and Guittone, by Dante (Purg. C. xxiv.), must be understood as referring in great measure to their want of grammatical purity and nobility of style, as we may judge when the passage is taken in conjunction with the principles of the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. However, Dante also

attributes his own superiority to the fact of his writing only when love (or natural impulse) really prompted him,—the highest certainly of all laws relating to art:—

“Io mi son un che quando  
Amor mi spira, noto, ed in quel modo  
Ch’ ei detta dentro, vo significando.”

A translation does not suffer from such offences of dialect as may exist in its original; and I think my readers will agree that, chargeable as he is with some conventionality of sentiment, the Notary of Lentino is often not without his claims to beauty and feeling. There is a peculiar charm in the sonnet which stands first among my specimens.

XII. MAZZEO DI RICCO, DA MESSINA, 1250.

XIII. PANNUCCIO DAL BAGNO, PISANO, 1250.

XIV. GIACOMINO PUGLIESI, KNIGHT OF PRATO, 1250.

Of this poet there seems nothing to be learnt; but he deserves special notice as possessing rather more poetic individuality than usual, and also as furnishing the only instance, among Dante’s predecessors, of a poem (and a very beautiful one) written on a lady’s death.

XV. FRA GUITTONE D’AREZZO, 1250.

Guittone was not a monk, but derived the prefix to his name from the fact of his belonging to the religious and military order of *Cavalieri di Santa Maria*. He seems to have enjoyed a greater literary reputation than almost any writer of his day; but

certainly his poems, of which many have been preserved, cannot be said to possess merit of a prominent kind; and Dante shows by various allusions that he considered them much over-rated. The sonnet I have given is somewhat remarkable, from Petrarch's having transplanted its last line into his *Trionfi d' Amore* (cap. iii.). Guittone is the author of a series of Italian letters to various eminent persons, which are the earliest known epistolary writings in the language.

XVI. BARTOLOMEO DI SANT' ANGELO, 1250.

XVII. SALADINO DA PAVIA, 1250.

XVIII. BONAGGIUNTA URBICIANI, DA LUCCA, 1250.

XIX. MEO ABBRACCIAVACCA, DA PISTOIA, 1250.

XX. UBALDO DI MARCO, 1250.

XXI. SIMBUONO GIUDICE, 1250.

XXII. MASOLINO DA TODI, 1250.

XXIII. ONESTO DI BONCIMA, BOLOGNESE, 1250.

Onesto was a doctor of laws, and an early friend of Cino da Pistoia. He was living as late as 1301, though his career as a poet may be fixed somewhat further back.

XXIV. TERINO DA CASTEL FIORENTINO, 1250.

XXV. MAESTRO MIGLIORE, DA FIORENZA, 1250.

XXVI. DELLO DA SIGNA, 1250.

XXVII. FOLGORE DA SAN GEMINIANO, 1250.

## XXVIII. GUIDO DELLE COLONNE, 1250.

This Sicilian poet has few equals among his contemporaries, and is ranked high by Dante in his treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. He visited England, and wrote in Latin a *Historia de regibus et rebus Angliæ*, as well as a *Historia destructionis Trojæ*.

## XXIX. PIER MORONELLI, DI FIORENZA, 1250.

## XXX. CIUNCIO FIORENTINO, 1250.

## XXXI. RUGGIERI DI AMICI, SICILIANO, 1250.

## XXXII. CARNINO Ghiberti, da Fiorenza, 1250.

## XXXIII. PRINZIVALLE DORIA, 1250.

Prinzivalle commenced by writing Italian poetry, but afterwards composed verses entirely in Provençal, for the love of Beatrice, Countess of Provence. He wrote also, in Provençal prose, a treatise "On the dainty Madness of Love," and another "On the War of Charles, King of Naples, against the tyrant Manfredi." He held various high offices, and died at Naples in 1276.

## XXXIV. RUSTICO DI FILIPPO; BORN ABOUT 1200; DIED, 1270.

The writings of this Tuscan poet (called also Rustico Barbuto) show signs of more vigour and versatility than was common in his day, and he probably began writing in Italian verse even before many of those already mentioned. In his old age, he, though a Ghibelline, received the dedication of the *Tesoretto* from the Guelf Brunetto Latini, who

there pays him unqualified homage for surpassing worth in peace and war. It is strange that more should not be known regarding this doubtless remarkable man. His compositions have sometimes much humour, and on the whole convey the impression of an active and energetic nature. Moreover, Trucchi pronounces some of them to be as pure in language as the poems of Dante or Guido Cavalcanti, though written thirty or forty years earlier.

XXXV. PUCCIARELLO DI FIORENZA, 1260.

XXXVI. ALBERTUCCIO DELLA VIOLA, 1260.

XXXVII. TOMMASO BUZZUOLA, DA FAENZA, 1280.

XXXVIII. NOFFO BONAGUIDA, 1280.

XXXIX. LIPPO PASCHI DE' BARDI, 1280.

XL. SER PACE, NOTAIO DA FIORENZA, 1280.

XLI. NICCOLÒ DEGLI ALBIZZI, 1300.

The noble Florentine family of Albizzi produced writers of poetry in more than one generation. The vivid and admirable sonnet which I have translated is the only one I have met with by Niccolò. I must confess my inability to trace the circumstances which gave rise to it.

XLII. FRANCESCO DA BARBERINO; BORN, 1264; DIED, 1348.

With the exception of Brunetto Latini, (whose poems are neither very poetical nor well adapted for extract,) Francesco da Barberino shows by far the most

sustained productiveness among the poets who preceded Dante, or were contemporaries of his youth. Though born only one year in advance of Dante, Barberino seems to have undertaken, if not completed, his two long poetic treatises, some years before the commencement of the *Commedia*.

This poet was born at Barberino di Valdelsa, of a noble family, his father being Neri di Rinuccio da Barberino. Up to the year of his father's death, 1296, he pursued the study of law chiefly in Bologna and Padua; but afterwards removed to Florence for the same purpose, and seems to have been there, even earlier, one of the many distinguished disciples of Brunetto Latini, who probably had more influence than any other one man in forming the youth of his time to the great things they accomplished. After this he travelled in France and elsewhere; and on his return to Italy in 1313, was the first who, by special favour of Pope Clement V., received the grade of Doctor of Laws in Florence. Both as lawyer and as citizen, he held great trusts and discharged them honourably. He was twice married, the name of his second wife being Barna di Tano, and had several children. At the age of eighty-four he died in the great Plague of Florence. Of the two works which Barberino has left, one bears the title of *Documenti d' Amore*, literally "Documents of Love," but perhaps more properly rendered as "Laws of Courtesy"; while the other is called *Del Reggimento e dei Costumi delle Donne*,—"Of the Government and Conduct of Women." They may be described, in the main,



as manuals of good breeding, or social chivalry, the one for men and the other for women. Mixed with vagueness, tediousness, and not seldom with artless absurdity, they contain much simple wisdom, much curious record of manners, and (as my specimens show) occasional poetic sweetness or power, though these last are far from being their most prominent merits. The first-named treatise, however, has much more of such qualities than the second; and contains, moreover, passages of homely humour which startle by their truth as if written yesterday. At the same time, the second book is quite as well worth reading, for the sake of its authoritative minuteness in matters which ladies, now-a-days, would probably consider their own undisputed region; and also for the quaint gravity of certain surprising prose anecdotes of real life, with which it is interspersed. Both these works remained long unprinted, the first edition of the *Documenti d'Amore* being that edited by Ubaldini in 1640, at which time he reports the *Reggimento, etc.*, to be only possessed by his age "in name and in desire." This treatise was afterwards brought to light, but never printed till 1815. I should not forget to state that Barberino attained some knowledge of drawing, and that Ubaldini had seen his original MS. of the *Documenti*, containing, as he says, skilful miniatures by the author.

Barberino never appears to have taken a very active part in politics, but he inclined to the Imperial and Ghibelline party. This contributes with other things to render it rather singular that we find no poetic

correspondence or apparent communication of any kind between him and his many great countrymen, contemporaries of his long life, and with whom he had more than one bond of sympathy. His career stretched from Dante, Guido Cavalcanti, and Cino da Pistoia, to Petrarca and Boccaccio; yet only in one respectful but not enthusiastic notice of him by the last-named writer (*Genealogia degli Dei*), do we ever meet with an allusion to him by any of the greatest men of his time. Nor in his own writings, as far as I remember, are they ever referred to. His epitaph is said to have been written by Boccaccio, but this is doubtful.

For some interesting notices of, and translations from, Barberino, I may refer the reader to the tract on "Italian Courtesy Books," by my brother W. M. Rossetti, issued by the Early English Text Society.

#### XLIII. FAZIO DEGLI UBERTI, 1326-60.

The dates of this poet's birth and death are not ascertainable, but I have set against his name two dates which result from his writings as belonging to his lifetime. He was a member of that great house of the Uberti which was driven from Florence on the expulsion of the Ghibellines in 1267, and which was ever afterwards specially excluded by name from the various amnesties offered from time to time to the exiled Florentines. His grandfather was Farinata degli Uberti, whose stern nature, unyielding even amid penal fires, has been recorded by Dante in the tenth canto of the *Inferno*. Farinata's son Lapo,

himself a poet, was the father of Fazio (*i.e.* Bonifazio), who was no doubt born in the lifetime of Dante, and in some place of exile, but where is not known. In his youth he was enamoured of a certain Veronese lady named Angiola, and was afterwards married, but whether to her or not is again among the uncertainties. Certain it is that he had a son named Leopardo, who, after his father's death at Verona, settled in Venice, where his descendants maintained an honourable rank for the space of two succeeding centuries. Though Fazio appears to have suffered sometimes from poverty, he enjoyed high reputation as a poet, and is even said, on the authority of various early writers, to have publicly received the laurel crown; but in what city of Italy this took place we do not learn.

There is much beauty in several of Fazio's lyrical poems, of which, however, no great number have been preserved. The finest of all is the Canzone which I have translated; whose excellence is such as to have procured it the high honour of being attributed to Dante, so that it is to be found in most editions of the *Canzoniere*; and as far as poetic beauty is concerned, it must be allowed to hold even there an eminent place. Its style, however, (as Monti was the first to point out in our own day, though Ubal dini, in his Glossary to Barberino, had already quoted it as the work of Fazio,) is more particularizing than accords with the practice of Dante; while, though certainly more perfect than any other poem by Fazio, its manner is quite his; bearing especially a strong

resemblance throughout in structure to one canzone, where he speaks of his love with minute reference to the seasons of the year. Moreover, Fraticelli tells us that it is not attributed to Dante in any one of the many ancient MSS. he had seen, but has been fathered on him solely on the authority of a printed collection of 1518. This contested Canzone is well worth fighting for; and the victor would deserve to receive his prize at the hands of a peerless Queen of Beauty, for never was beauty better described. I believe we may decide that the triumph belongs by right to Fazio.

An exile by inheritance, Fazio seems to have acquired restless tastes; and in the latter years of his life (which was prolonged to old age), he travelled over a great part of Europe, and composed his long poem entitled *Il Dittamondo*,—"The Song of the World." This work, though by no means contemptible in point of execution, certainly falls far short of its conception, which is a grand one; the topics of which it treats in great measure,—geography and natural history,—rendering it in those days the native home of all credulities and monstrosities. In scheme it was intended as an earthly parallel to Dante's Sacred Poem, doing for this world what he did for the other. At Fazio's death it remained unfinished, but I should think by very little; the plan of the work seeming in the main accomplished. The whole earth (or rather all that was then known of it) is traversed,—its surface and its history,—ending with the Holy Land, and thus bringing Man's

world as near as may be to God's; that is, to the point at which Dante's office begins. No conception could well be nobler, or worthier even now of being dealt with by a great master. To the work of such a man, Fazio's work might afford such first materials as have usually been furnished beforehand to the greatest poets by some unconscious steward.

XLIV. FRANCO SACCHETTI; BORN, 1335; DIED, SHORTLY AFTER 1400.

This excellent writer is the only member of my gathering who was born after the death of Dante, which event (in 1321) preceded Franco's birth by some fourteen years. I have introduced a few specimens of his poetry, partly because their attraction was irresistible, but also because he is the earliest Italian poet with whom playfulness is the chief characteristic; for even with Boccaccio, in his poetry, this is hardly the case, and we can but ill accept as playfulness the cynical humour of Cecco Angiolieri: perhaps Rustico di Filippo alone might put in claims to priority in this respect. However, Franco Sacchetti wrote poems also on political subjects; and had he belonged more strictly to the period of which I treat, there is no one who would better have deserved abundant selection. Besides his poetry, he is the author of a well-known series of three hundred stories; and Trucchi gives a list of prose works by him which are still in MS., and whose subjects are genealogical, historical, natural-historical, and even theological. He was a prolific writer, and one who

well merits complete and careful publication. The pieces which I have translated, like many others of his, are written for music.

Franco Sacchetti was a Florentine noble by birth, and was the son of Benci di Ugucione Sacchetti. Between this family and the Alighieri there had been a *vendetta* of long standing, but which was probably set at rest before Franco's time, by the deaths of at least one Alighieri and two Sacchetti. After some years passed in study, Franco devoted himself to commerce, like many nobles of the republic, and for that purpose spent some time in Sclavonia, whose uncongenial influences he has recorded in an amusing poem. As his literary fame increased, he was called to many important offices; was one of the *Priori* in 1383, and for some time was deputed to the government of Faenza, in the absence of its lord, Astorre Manfredi. He was three times married; to Felice degli Strozzi, to Ghita Gherardini, and to Nannina di Santi Bruni.

#### XLV. ANONYMOUS POEMS.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

*This collection contains the Italian text, with D. G. Rossetti's translation, of the Poems in Part II. of the well-known work Dante and his Circle —the Part dealing with Poets chiefly before Dante. The Italian poems have been drawn from the following books:—*

I. Poeti del primo secolo della Lingua Italiana. 2 vol. (Firenze. 1816.)

II. Raccolta di Rime antiche Toscane. 4 vol. (Palermo. 1817.)

III. Manuale della Letteratura del primo Secolo, del Prof. V. Nannucci. 3 vol. (Firenze. 1843.)

IV. Poesie Italiane inedite di Dugento Autori: raccolte da Francesco Trucchi. 4 vol. (Prato. 1846.)

V. Opere Minori di Dante. Edizione di P. I. Fraticelli. (Firenze. 1834.)

VI. Rime di Guido Cavalcanti; raccolte da A. Cicciporci. (Firenze. 1813.)

VII. Vita e Poesie di Messer Cino da Pistoia. Edizione di S. Ciampi. (Pisa. 1813.)

VIII. Documenti d'Amore; di Francesco da Barberino. Annotati da F. Ubaldini. (Roma. 1640.)

IX. Del Reggimento e dei Costumi delle Donne; di Francesco da Barberino. (Roma. 1815.)

X. Il Dittamondo di Fazio degli Uberti. (Milano. 1826.)

*Corrigenda. P. 277 l. 6 for udirate read udirete; p. 285 l. 5 for si read sì, l. 24 for cotal read cotel.*

*July, 1908.*

EARLY ITALIAN POETS



## CIULLO D' ALCAMO.

### *LOVER AND LADY.*

HE.

THOU sweetly-smelling fresh red rose  
That near thy summer art,  
Of whom each damsel and each dame  
Would fain be counterpart ;  
Oh! from this fire to draw me forth  
Be it in thy good heart :  
For night or day there is no rest with me,  
Thinking of none, my lady, but of thee.

SHE.

If thou hast set thy thoughts on me,  
Thou hast done a foolish thing.  
Yea, all the pine-wood of this world  
Together might'st thou bring,  
And make thee ships, and plough the sea  
Therewith for corn-sowing,  
Ere any way to win me could be found :  
For I am going to shear my locks all round.

HE.

Lady, before thou shear thy locks  
I hope I may be dead :  
For I should lose such joy thereby  
And gain such grief instead.  
Merely to pass and look at thee,  
Rose of the garden-bed,  
Has comforted me much, once and again.  
Oh! if thou wouldst but love, what were it then !

## CIULLO D' ALCAMO.

*AMANTE E MADONNA.*

AMANTE.

Rosa fresca aulentissima,  
Ch' appari in ver l' estate,  
Le donne te disiano  
Pulzelle e maritate:  
Traemi d' este focora,  
Se t' este a bolontate;  
Perchè non aio abento notte e dia  
Pensando pur di voi, Madonna mia.

MADONNA.

Se di meve trabagliati,  
Follia lo ti fa fare.  
Lo mar potresti arrompere  
Avanti a semenare,  
L' abete d' esto secolo  
Tutto quanto assembrare.  
Avere me non poteria esto monno;  
Avanti li cavelli m' arrittonno.

AM.

Se li cavelli artonniti,  
Avanti foss' io morto;  
Cà i' sì mi perderia  
Lo solazzo e diporto.  
Quando ci passo e veioti,  
Rosa fresca dell' orto,  
Bono conforto donimi tutt' ore,  
Poniamo che s' aggiunga il nostro amore.

SHE.

Nay, though my heart were prone to love,  
I would not grant it leave.  
Hark! should my father or his kin  
But find thee here this eve,  
Thy loving body and lost breath  
Our moat may well receive.  
Whatever path to come here thou dost know,  
By the same path I counsel thee to go.

HE.

And if thy kinsfolk find me here,  
Shall I be drowned then? Marry,  
I'll set, for price against my head,  
Two thousand agostari.  
I think thy father would not do't  
For all his lands in Bari.  
Long life to the Emperor! Be God's the praise!  
Thou hear'st, my beauty, what thy servant says.

SHE.

And am I then to have no peace  
Morning or evening?  
I have strong coffers of my own  
And much good gold therein;  
So that if thou couldst offer me  
The wealth of Saladin,  
And add to that the Soldan's money-hoard,  
Thy suit would not be anything toward.

MAD.

Che il nostro amore aggiungasi  
Non boglio m' attalenti.  
Se ci ti trova paremo  
Cogli altri miei parenti,  
Guarda non t' arricolgano  
Questi forti correnti.  
Como ti seppe bono la venuta,  
Consiglio che ti guardi alla partuta.

AM.

Se i tuoi parenti trovanmi,  
E che mi posson fari?  
Una difesa mettoci  
Di dumilia agostari;  
Non mi toccarà patreto  
Per quanto avere ha 'n Bari.  
Viva lo 'mperadore, grazi' a Deo;  
Intendi, bella, quel che ti dich' eo.

MAD.

Tu me non lasci vivere  
Nè sera, nè mattino.  
Donna mi son di perperi,  
D' auro massa amotino.  
Se tanto aver donassimi,  
Quanto ha lo Saladino,  
E per aggiunta quant' ha lo Soldano,  
Toccareme non poterìa la mano.

HE.

I have known many women, love,  
 Whose thoughts were high and proud,  
 And yet have been made gentle by  
 Man's speech not over-loud.  
 If we but press ye long enough,  
 At length ye will be bow'd;  
 For still a woman's weaker than a man.  
 When the end comes, recall how this began.

SHE.

God grant that I may die before  
 Any such end do come,—  
 Before the sight of a chaste maid  
 Seem to me troublesome!  
 I marked thee here all yestereve  
 Lurking about my home,  
 And now I say, Leave climbing, lest thou fall,  
 For these thy words delight me not at all.

HE.

How many are the cunning chains  
 Thou hast wound round my heart!  
 Only to think upon thy voice  
 Sometimes I groan apart.  
 For I did never love a maid  
 Of this world, as thou art,  
 So much as I love thee, thou crimson rose.  
 Thou wilt be mine at last: this my soul knows.

AM.

Molte sono le femine,  
Ch' hanno dura la testa,  
E l' uomo con parabole  
Le dimina e ammodesta;  
Tanto intorno percacciale  
Sinchè l' ha in sua podesta.  
Femina d' uomo non si può tenere :  
Guardati, bella, pur di ripentere.

MAD.

Ch' eo me ne pentesse?  
Davanti foss' io auccisa,  
Ch' a nulla bona femina  
Per me fosse riprisa.  
A sera ci passasti,  
Correndo alla distisa :  
A questi ti riposa canzoneri ;  
Le tue paraole a me non piaccion gueri.

AM.

Quante sono le sciantora,  
Che m' hai mise allo core !  
E solo pur pensandoci  
Latr' i' quando vo fore.  
Femina d' esto secolo  
Non amai tanto ancora,  
Quant' amo te, rosa invidiata :  
Ben credo che mi fosti destinata.

SHE.

If I could think it would be so,  
 Small pride it were of mine  
 That all my beauty should be meant  
 But to make thee to shine.  
 Sooner than to stoop to that, I'd shear  
 These golden tresses fine,  
 And make one of some holy sisterhood ;  
 Escaping so thy love, which is not good.

HE.

If thou unto the cloister fly,  
 Thou cruel lady and cold,  
 Unto the cloister I will come  
 And by the cloister hold ;  
 For such a conquest liketh me  
 Much better than much gold ;  
 At matins and at vespers I shall be  
 Still where thou art. Have I not conquered thee ?

SHE.

Out and alack ! wherefore am I  
 Tormented in suchwise ?  
 Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour,  
 In whom my best hope lies,  
 O give me strength that I may hush  
 This vain man's blasphemies !  
 Let him seek through the earth ; 'tis long and broad,  
 He will find fairer damsels, O my God !

MAD.

Se destinata fosseti,  
Caderìa delle altezze;  
Chè male messe forano  
In te le mie bellezze.  
Se tutto addivenissemi,  
Tagliaràmi le trezze,  
E con Suore m' arrendo a una magione  
Avanti che mi tocchin le persone.

AM.

Se tu con Suore arrenditi,  
Donna, col viso aèro  
Allo Mostero vengoci,  
E tengomi al Mostero.  
Per tanta prova vincerti  
Faràlo volontiero:  
Con teco stao la sera e lo mattino:  
Mi sogno ch' io ti tenga al mio dimino.

MAD.

Oimè tapina misera,  
Com' ho reo destinato!  
Geso Cristo, l' altissimo  
Del core me' aitato,  
Concepistimi a abbattere  
In uomo blestiemato.  
Cerca la terra, ch' este grande assai,  
Chiù bella donna di me troverai.



HE.

I have sought through Calabria,  
 Lombardy, and Tuscany,  
 Rome, Pisa, Lucca, Genoa,  
 All between sea and sea :  
 Yea, even to Babylon I went  
 And distant Barbary :  
 But not a woman found I anywhere  
 Equal to thee, who art indeed most fair.

SHE.

If thou have all this love for me,  
 Thou canst no better do  
 Than ask me of my father dear  
 And my dear mother too :  
 They willing, to the abbey-church  
 We will together go,  
 And, before Advent, thou and I will wed ;  
 After the which, I'll do as thou hast said.

HE.

These thy conditions, lady mine,  
 Are altogether nought :  
 Despite of them, I'll make a net  
 Wherein thou shalt be caught.  
 What, wilt thou put on wings to fly ?  
 Nay, but of wax they're wrought,—  
 They'll let thee fall to earth, not rise with thee :  
 So, if thou canst, then keep thyself from me.

AM.

Cercat' aio Calabria,  
Toscana, e Lombardia,  
Puglia, Costantinopoli,  
Genoa, Pisa, Soria,  
La Magna, e Babilonia,  
Tutta la Barberia;  
Donna non trovai in tanti paesi;  
Onde sovrana di mene te presi.

MAD.

Poi tanto trabagliastiti  
Faccioti meo pregheri,  
Che tu vadi, addomandimi  
A mia mare e a mon peri,  
Se dare mi ti degnano  
Menami allo Mosteri;  
E sposami davanti dell' Avvento,  
E poi farò lo tuo comandamento.

AM.

Di ciò che dici, vitama,  
Niente non ti bale;  
Cà delle tue parabole  
Fatto n' ho ponti e scale:  
Penne pensasti mettere,  
Son ricadute l' ale;  
E dato t' aio la bolta sottana;  
Dunque, se puoi, tieniti villana.

SHE.

Think not to fright me with thy nets  
And suchlike childish gear ;  
I am safe pent within the walls  
Of this strong castle here ;  
A boy before he is a man  
Could give me as much fear.  
If suddenly thou get not hence again,  
It is my prayer thou mayst be found and slain.

HE.

Wouldst thou in very truth that I  
Were slain, and for thy sake?  
Then let them hew me to such mince  
As a man's limbs may make!  
But meanwhile I shall not stir hence  
Till of that fruit I take  
Which thou hast in thy garden, ripe enough :  
All day and night I thirst to think thereof.

SHE.

None have partaken of that fruit,  
Not Counts nor Cavaliers :  
Though many have reached up for it,  
Barons and great Seigneurs,  
They all went hence in wrath because  
They could not make it theirs.  
Then how canst *thou* think to succeed alone  
Who hast not a thousand ounces of thine own?

MAD.

In paura non mettermi  
Di nullo manganello;  
I' stommi nella grolia  
D' esto forte castello;  
Prezzo le tue parabole  
Men che d' uno zittello.  
Se tu non levi e vattine di quaci,  
Se tu ci fossi morto, ben mi chiaci.

AM.

Dunque vorresti, vitama,  
Cà per te foss' eo strutto?  
Se morto essere debboci,  
Od intagliato tutto,  
Di quaci non mi movera  
Se non aio dello frutto,  
Lo quale stae nello tuo giardino;  
Dislolo la sera e lo mattino.

MAD.

Di quel frutto non abbero  
Conti, nè Cavalieri.  
Molto lo disiano  
Marchesi e Giustizieri;  
Avere non ne pottero  
Gir onde molto ferì.  
Intendi bene ciò che boglio dire;  
Men este di mill' onze lo tuo avire.

HE.

How many nosegays I have sent  
 Unto thy house, sweet soul!  
 At least till I am put to proof,  
 This scorn of thine control.  
 For if the wind, so fair for thee,  
 Turn ever and wax foul,  
 Be sure that thou shalt say when all is done,  
 "Now is my heart heavy for him that's gone."

SHE.

If by my grief thou couldst be grieved,  
 God send me a grief soon!  
 I tell thee that though all my friends  
 Prayed me as for a boon,  
 Saying, "Even for the love of us,  
 Love thou this worthless loon,"  
 Thou shouldst not have the thing that thou dost hope.  
 No, verily; not for the realm o' the Pope.

HE.

Now could I wish that I in truth  
 Were dead here in thy house:  
 My soul would get its vengeance then;  
 Once known, the thing would rouse  
 A rabble, and they'd point and say,—  
 "Lo! she that breaks her vows,  
 And, in her dainty chamber, stabs!" Love, see:  
 One strikes just thus: it is soon done, pardie!

AM.

Molti son li garofani,  
Che a casata mandai.  
Bella, non dispregiaremi,  
Se avanti non m' assai.  
Se vento è in proda, e girati,  
E giungeti alle prai,  
A rimembrare t' hai este parole,  
Cà di esta animella assai mi duole.

MAD.

Macàra, se dolesseti,  
Che cadesse angosciato;  
La gente ci accorressono  
Da traverso e da lato;  
Tutt' a meve dicessono:  
Accorri esto malnato:  
Non ti dignàra porgere la mano,  
Per quanto avere ha 'l Papa e lo Soldano.

AM.

Dio lo volesse, vitama,  
Cà te fos' morto in casa.  
L' arma n' anderia consola;  
Cade notte, pantasa  
La gente ti chiamàrano  
Oi periura malvasa,  
Ch' hai morto l' uomo in casata. Traita,  
Dammi uno colpo, levami la vita.

SHE.

If now thou do not hasten hence,  
(My curse companioning,  
That my stout friends will find thee here  
Is a most certain thing :  
After the which, my gallant sir,  
Thy points of reasoning  
May chance, I think, to stand thee in small stead,  
Thou hast no friend, sweet friend, to bring thee aid.

HE.

Thou sayst truly, saying that  
I have not any friend :  
A landless stranger, lady mine,  
None but his sword defend.  
One year ago, my love began,  
And now, is this the end?  
Oh ! the rich dress thou worest on that day  
Since when thou art walking at my side always !

SHE.

So 'twas my dress enamoured thee !  
What marvel? I did wear  
A cloth of samite silver-flowered,  
And gems within my hair.  
But one more word ; if on Christ's Book  
To wed me thou didst swear,  
There's nothing now could win me to be thine :  
I had rather make my bed in the sea-brine.

MAD.

Se tu non levi, e vattine  
Colla maledizione,  
Li frati miei ti trovano,  
Dentro questa magione,  
Bello mio socio, giuroti,  
Perdici la persone  
Ch' a mene se' venuto a sermonare;  
Parente e Amico non t' ave ad aiutare.

AM.

A mene non aitano  
Amici nè parente;  
Istranio mi son, carama,  
Infra esta bona gente;  
Or fa un anno, vitama,  
Ch' entrata mi se' in mente;  
Dic' anno, ti vestisti lo traiuto;  
Bella, da quello giorno son feruto.

MAD.

Ahi tanto innamorastiti  
Giù dallo traìto,  
Come se fosse porpora,  
Iscarlatto o sciamito!  
Se all' Evangelie giurimi,  
Che mi si' a marito,  
Avere me non poterà esto monno;  
Avanti in mare gittomi al profonno.



HE.

And if thou make thy bed therein,  
Most courteous lady and bland,  
I'll follow all among the waves,  
Paddling with foot and hand;  
Then, when the sea hath done with thee,  
I'll seek thee on the sand.  
For I will not be conquered in this strife:  
I'll wait, but win; or losing, lose my life.

SHE.

For Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Three times I cross myself.  
Thou art no godless heretic,  
Nor Jew, whose God's his pelf:  
Even as I know it then, meseems,  
Thou needs must know thyself  
That woman, when the breath in her doth cease,  
Loseth all savour and all loveliness.

HE.

Woe's me! Perforce it must be said  
No craft could then avail:  
So that if thou be thus resolved,  
I know my suit must fail.  
Then have some pity, of thy grace!  
Thou mayst, love, very well;  
For though thou love not me, my love is such  
That 'tis enough for both—yea overmuch.

AM.

Se tu nel mare gittiti,  
Donna cortese e fina,  
Direto mi ti misero  
Per tutta la marina:  
Poi che annegasseti  
Trovarèti all'arina,  
Solo per questa cosa ad impretare:  
Con teco m' aio a giungere o 'mpiccare.

MAD.

Segnomi in Padre e in Figlio  
Ed in Santo Matteo.  
So che non se' tu eretico,  
O figlio di Giudeo;  
E cotali parabole  
Non udii dire anch' eo.  
Cà, mortasi la femina, allo 'ntutto  
Perdesi lo sabore e lo disdutto.

AM.

Bene lo saccio, carama,  
Altro non posso fare,  
Se chisso non accomplimi  
Lassone lo cantare;  
Farlo, mia donna, piacciati,  
Chè bene lo puoi fare.  
Ancora tu non m' ami, molto t' amo;  
Sì m' hai preso, com' è lo pesce all' amo.

SHE.

Is it even so? Learn then that I  
Do love thee from my heart.  
To-morrow, early in the day,  
Come here, but now depart.  
By thine obedience in this thing  
I shall know what thou art,  
And if thy love be real or nothing worth;  
Do but go now, and I am thine henceforth.

HE.

Nay, for such promise, my own life,  
I will not stir a foot.  
I've said, if thou wouldst tear away  
My love even from its root,  
I have a dagger at my side  
Which thou mayst take to do't:  
But as for going hence, it will not be.  
O hate me not! my heart is burning me.

SHE.

Think'st thou I know not that thy heart  
Is hot and burns to death?  
Of all that thou or I can say,  
But one word succoureth.  
Till thou upon the Holy Book  
Give me thy bounden faith,  
God is my witness that I will not yield:  
For with thy sword 'twere better to be kill'd.

MAD.

Saccio che m' ami, ed amoti  
Di core paladino:  
Levati suso e vattine,  
Tornaci allo mattino.  
Se ciò, che dico, facimi,  
Di bon cor t' amo e fino.  
Chisso ben t' imprometto, e senza faglia  
Te' la mia fede, che m' hai in tua baglia.

AM.

Per ciò che dici, carama,  
Niente non mi movo.  
Innanti prendi, e scannami,  
Tolli esto cortel nuovo.  
Esto fatto far puotesi  
Innanti scalfi un uovo.  
Ahi compli mio talento, amica bella,  
Chè l' arma con lo core mi s' infella.

MAD.

Ben saccio l' arma doleti,  
Com' uomo ch' ave arsura.  
Esto fatto non potesi  
Per null' altra misura:  
Se non all' Evangelie,  
Che mo ti dico, giura  
Avere me non puoi in tua podesta;  
Innanti prendi, e tagliami la testa.

HE.

Then on Christ's Book, borne with me still  
To read from and to pray,  
(I took it, fairest, in a church,  
The priest being gone away,)  
I swear that my whole self shall be  
Thine always from this day.  
And now at once give joy for all my grief,  
Lest my soul fly, that's thinner than a leaf.

SHE.

Now that this oath is sworn, sweet lord,  
There is no need to speak :  
My heart, that was so strong before,  
Now feels itself grow weak.  
If any of my words were harsh,  
Thy pardon : I am meek  
Now, and will give thee entrance presently.  
It is best so, sith so it was to be.

AM.

L' Evangelie, carama,  
Che io le porto in sino,  
Allo Mostero presile,  
Non ci era lo patrino;  
Sora esto libro giuroti,  
Mai non ti vegno mino.  
Ah compli mio talento in caritate,  
Chè l' arma me ne sta in sottilitate.

MAD.

Meo Sire, poi giurastimi,  
Eo tutta quanta incendo:  
Sono alla tua presenza,  
Da voi non mi difendo.  
S' eo menespreso abbiti,  
Mercè, a voi m' arrendo.  
Allo letto ne gimo alla bon' ora,  
Chè chissa cosa n' è data in ventura.

FOLCACHIERO DE' FOLCACHIERI,

KNIGHT OF SIENA.

*HE SPEAKS OF HIS CONDITION THROUGH LOVE.*

ALL the whole world is living without war,  
And yet I cannot find out any peace.  
O God! that this should be!  
O God! what does the earth sustain me for?  
My life seems made for other lives' ill-ease:  
All men look strange to me;  
Nor are the wood-flowers now  
As once, when up above  
The happy birds in love  
Made such sweet verses, going from bough to bough.  
And if I come where other gentlemen  
Bear arms, or say of love some joyful thing—  
Then is my grief most sore,  
And all my soul turns round upon me then:  
Folk also gaze upon me, whispering,  
Because I am not what I was before.  
I know not what I am.  
I know how wearisome  
My life is now become,  
And that the days I pass seem all the same.  
I think that I shall die; yea, death begins;  
Though 'tis no set-down sickness that I have,  
Nor are my pains set down.  
But to wear raiment seems a burden since  
This came, nor ever any food I crave;

FOLCACHIERO DE' FOLCACHIERI,

CAVALIER SENESE.

Tutto lo mondo vive senza guerra  
Ed io pace non posso aver neiente.  
O Deo, come faraggio!  
O Deo, come sostenemi la terra!  
E' par ch' io viva in noia della gente:  
Ogni uomo m' è salvaggio:  
Non paiono li fiori  
Per me com' già soleano,  
E gli augei per amori  
Dolci versi faceano agli albori.

E quando veggio gli altri Cavalieri  
Arme portare e d' amore parlando,  
Ed io tutto mi doglio:  
Sollazzo m' è tornato in pensieri;  
La gente mi riguardano parlando,  
S' io sono quello, che essere soglio.  
Non so ciò ch' io mi sia,  
Nè so perchè m' avviene  
Forte la vita mia:  
Tornato m' è lo bene in dolori.

Ben credo, ch' eo finisco, e n' ho 'ncomenza;  
E lo mio male non porla contare,  
Nè le pene ch' io sento.  
Li drappi di vestir non mi s' agienza,  
Nè bono non mi sa lo manicare.



26 *FOLCACHIERO DE' FOLCACHIERI*

Not any cure is known  
To me, nor unto whom  
I might commend my case.  
This evil therefore stays  
Still where it is, and hope can find no room.

I know that it must certainly be Love:  
No other Lord, being thus set over me,  
Had judged me to this curse;  
With such high hand he rules, sitting above  
That of myself he takes two parts in fee,  
Only the third being hers.  
Yet if through service I  
Be justified with God,  
He shall remove this load,  
Because my heart with inmost love doth sigh.

Gentle my lady, after I am gone,  
There will not come another, it may be,  
To show thee love like mine:  
For nothing can I do, neither have done,  
Except what proves that I belong to thee  
And am a thing of thine.  
Be it not said that I  
Despaired and perished, then;  
But pour thy grace, like rain,  
On him who is burned up, yea, visibly.

*FOLCACHIERO DE' FOLCACHIERI* 27

Così vivo in tormento,  
Nè so onde fuggire,  
Nè a cui m'accomandare :  
Convenemi soffrire  
Tutte le pene amare in dolzori.

Eo credo bene, che l' Amore sia,  
Altro Deo non m' ha già a giudicare,  
Così crudelmente.  
Chè l' Amor è di tale signoria,  
Che le due parti a sè vuole tirare,  
E 'l terzo è della gente.  
A Dio per ben servire  
S' io ragione trovasse,  
Non doveria fallire  
A lui così ch' i' amasse per cori.

Dolce Madonna, poich' eo mi moraggio,  
Non troverai chi s'abbia in te servire  
Tutta sua volontate;  
Ch' unque non volli, nè vo', nè vorraggio  
Se non di tutto a fare a piacere  
Alla vostra amistate.  
Mercè di me vi prenda,  
Che non mi sfidi amando:  
Vostra grazia discenda,  
Però ch' eo ardo e incendio da fori.

LODOVICO DELLA VERNACCIA.

*HE EXHORTS THE STATE TO VIGILANCE.*

THINK a brief while on the most marvellous arts  
Of our high-purposed labour, citizens;  
And having thought, draw clear conclusion thence;  
And say, do not ours seem but childish parts?  
Also on these intestine sores and smarts  
Ponder advisedly; and the deep sense  
Thereof shall bow your heads in penitence,  
And like a thorn shall grow into your hearts.  
If, of our foreign foes, some prince or lord  
Is now, perchance, some whit less troublesome,  
Shall the sword therefore drop into the sheath?  
Nay, grasp it as the friend that warranteth:  
For unto this vile rout, our foes at home,  
Nothing is high or awful save the sword.

LODOVICO DELLA VERNACCIA.

SE 'l subietto preclaro, o Cittadini,  
Dell'atto nostro ambizioso e onesto  
Volete immaginar, chiosando il testo,  
Non vi parrà che noi siamo fantini?  
S' alli nostri accidenti ed intestini  
Casi ripenserete, con modesto  
Aspetto inchinerete il cor molesto;  
Fien radicati al cor in duri spini.  
Quando ragion corregge li difetti  
Del diverso inimico; e lor conturba  
Non della spada il trionfar posarse,  
Ma imbratta con forza e' sensi eretti,  
Se vuole usar contra la falsa turba,  
Solo la spada vuol magnificarse.

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

*OUR LORD CHRIST: OF ORDER.\**

SET Love in order, thou that lovest Me.  
Never was virtue out of order found ;  
And though I fill thy heart desirously,  
By thine own virtue I must keep My ground :  
When to My love thou dost bring charity,  
Even she must come with order girt and gown'd.  
Look how the trees are bound  
To order, bearing fruit ;  
And by one thing compute,  
In all things earthly, order's grace or gain.  
All earthly things I had the making of  
Were numbered and were measured then by Me ;  
And each was ordered to its end by Love,  
Each kept, through order, clean for ministry.  
Charity most of all, when known enough,  
Is of her very nature orderly.  
Lo, now ! what heat in thee,  
Soul, can have bred this rout ?  
Thou putt'st all order out.  
Even this love's heat must be its curb and rein.

\* This speech occurs in a long poem on Divine Love, half ecstatic, half scholastic, and hardly appreciable now. The passage stands well by itself, and is the only one spoken by our Lord.

SAN FRANCESCO D'ASSISI.

*CRISTO.*

ORDINA quest' amore, o tu che m' ami:  
Non è virtù senz' ordine trovata:  
Poichè trovare tanto tu me abbrami,  
Sia la mente con virtù rinovata.  
A me amare voglio, che tu chiami  
La caritate, quale sia ordinata.  
Arbore sì è provata  
Per l' ordine del frutto,  
Lo qual dimostra tutto  
D' ogni cosa il valore.

Tutte le cose, che aio create  
Sì son fatte con numero e mensura,  
Ed al lor fine son tutte ordinate;  
Conservansi per ordin in valura:  
E molto più ancora caritate  
Sì è ordinata nella sua natura.  
Or como per calura,  
Alma tu se' 'mpazzita?  
For d' ordin tu se' uscita;  
Non t' è freno el fervore?

FREDERICK II. EMPEROR.

*OF HIS LADY IN BONDAGE.*

FOR grief I am about to sing,  
Even as another would for joy;  
Mine eyes which the hot tears destroy  
Are scarce enough for sorrowing:  
To speak of such a grievous thing  
Also my tongue I must employ,  
Saying: Woe's me, who am full of woes!  
Not while I live shall my sighs cease  
For her in whom my heart found peace:  
I am become like unto those  
That cannot sleep for weariness,  
Now I have lost my crimson rose.

And yet I will not call her lost;  
She is not gone out of the earth;  
She is but girded with a girth  
Of hate, that clips her in like frost.  
Thus says she every hour almost:—  
“When I was born, 'twas an ill birth!  
O that I never had been born.  
If I am still to fall asleep  
Weeping, and when I wake to weep;  
If he whom I most loathe and scorn  
Is still to have me his, and keep  
Smiling about me night and morn!

FEDERIGO II. IMPERADORE.

DI dolor mi conviene cantare  
Com' altr' uom per allegrezza ;  
Ch' io non lo so dimostrare  
Lo male, ch' i' ho, per sembianza  
In cantando lo voglio contare  
A tutta gente, e dare dottanza ;  
E dico, oimè tapino!  
Di colei, cui sono al chinò,  
Di sospirar mai non rifino  
Della rosa fronzuta  
Diventerò pellegrino ;  
Ch' io l' aggio così perduta.

Perduta non voglio che sia,  
Nè di questo secolo gita,  
Ma l' uomo, che l' ha in balla  
Da tutte gioie l' ha partita.  
E pens' a ciascuna dia  
Lo giorno, che fui partita,  
Non fuss' eo nata nel mondo.  
Ciascun giorno, che m' appressa,  
Sospiro ed aggrondo.  
Al mondo non foss' eo nata,  
Chè a tal marito son data  
Che d' amore non mette cura.



“O that I never had been born  
A woman! a poor, helpless fool,  
Who can but stoop beneath the rule  
Of him she needs must loathe and scorn!  
If ever I feel less forlorn,  
I stand all day in fear and dule,  
Lest he discern it, and with rough  
Speech mock at me, or with his smile  
So hard you scarce could call it guile:  
No man is there to say, ‘Enough.’  
O, but if God waits a long while,  
Death cannot always stand aloof!

“Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:  
Give me a little comfort then,  
Him who is worst among bad men  
Smite thou for me. Those limbs of his  
Once hidden where the sharp worm is,  
Perhaps I might see hope again.  
Yet for a certain period  
Would I seem like as one that saith  
Strange things for grief, and murmureth  
With smitten palms and hair abroad:  
Still whispering under my held breath,  
‘Shall I not praise Thy name, O God?’

“Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:  
It is a very weary thing  
Thus to be always trembling:  
And till the breath of his life cease,

Nel mondo non foss' eo nata  
Femina con ria ventura,  
Chè a tal marito son data,  
Che d' amare non mette cura.  
Se m' allegro alcuna fiata,  
Tutto 'l giorno sto in paura  
Però ch' io non sia veduta  
Da così sozza paruta:  
Incautamente sono battuta.  
Non fore chi dicere, basta:  
Se Dio del Cielo non m' aiuta  
Morta sono e guasta.

Dio del Cielo, tu che lo sai,  
Or mi dona il tuo conforto:  
Del peggiore, che sia giammai,  
Vengiami; il vedess' io morto  
Con pene e dolori assai,  
Poi ne saría a buon porto;  
Chè io ne saría gaudente;  
A tutto lo mio vivente;  
Piangerialo infra la gente,  
E batteriami a mano,  
Poi diria infra la mia mente,  
Lodo Dio sovrano.

Sovrano Dio, or tu che 'l sai,  
Gran mestiero mi fa ch' io pianga  
D' un cattivo, ch' io pigliai.  
Non mi vale chiave nè stanga

The hate in him will but increase,  
And with his hate my suffering.  
Each morn I hear his voice bid them  
That watch me, to be faithful spies  
Lest I go forth and see the skies;  
Each night, to each, he saith the same:—  
And in my soul and in mine eyes  
There is a burning heat like flame.”

Thus grieves she now: but she shall wear  
This love of mine, whereof I spoke,  
About her body for a cloak,  
And for a garland in her hair,  
Even yet: because I mean to prove,  
Not to speak only, this my love.

Semprechè mi tiene in guai,  
Che nel mondo più non rimanga.  
A ciascuno della magione  
Si ranuzza il suo sermone,  
Che guardin bene la prigione,  
Che io non n' esca fore,  
Sì ardente è lo foco  
Che m' arde infra lo core.

-- Voglio che l' amore mio canti,  
Di bella Druda si vanti,  
Di mio amore vo che s' amanti,  
E portine ghirlanda:  
Ch' io farò tanti sembianti,  
Quanti Amore comanda.

ENZO, KING OF SARDINIA.

*ON THE FITNESS OF SEASONS.*

THERE is a time to mount ; to humble thee  
A time ; a time to talk, and hold thy peace ;  
A time to labour, and a time to cease ;  
A time to take thy measures patiently ;  
A time to watch what Time's next step may be ;  
A time to make light count of menaces,  
And to think over them a time there is ;  
There is a time when to seem not to see.  
Wherefore I hold him well-advised and sage  
Who evermore keeps prudence facing him,  
And lets his life slide with occasion ;  
And so comports himself, through youth to age,  
That never any man at any time  
Can say, Not thus, but thus thou shouldst have  
done.

DEL RE ENZO.

TEMPO vien di salire e di scendèr,  
E tempo è di parlare e di tacere,  
È tempo di ascoltare e d'impredèr,  
Tempo di molte cose provvedere,  
E tempo è di vegghiare e d'offendèr,  
E tempo di minacce non temere,  
E temp' è d'ubbidire e ripredèr,  
E tempo è d'infinger non vedere.  
Però io tengo saggio e conoscente  
Colui che fa suoi fatti con ragione,  
E che col tempo si sa comportare,  
E che si mette in piacer della gente,  
Che non si trovi nessuna cagione,  
Che sol d'un fatto si possa biasmare.

GUIDO GUINICELLI.

*CONCERNING LUCY.*

WHEN Lucy draws her mantle round her face,  
So sweeter than all else she is to see,  
That hence unto the hills there lives not he  
Whose whole soul would not love her for her grace.  
Then seems she like a daughter of some race  
That holds high rule in France or Germany :  
And a snake's head stricken off suddenly  
Throbs never as then throbs my heart to embrace  
Her body in these arms, even were she loth ;—  
To kiss her lips, to kiss her cheeks, to kiss  
The lids of her two eyes which are two flames.  
Yet what my heart so longs for, my heart blames :  
For surely sorrow might be bred from this  
Where some man's patient love abides its growth.

GUIDO GUINICELLI.

CHI vedesse a Lucia un var cappuzzo  
In co' tenere, e come la sta gente,  
Non ha uom di qua in terra d' Abruzzo,  
Che non innamorasse coralmente.  
Par Sirolina, figliuola d' un Tuzzo  
Della Magna o di Francia veramente:  
E non si batte co' di serpe muzzo,  
Come fa lo meo cor sì spessamente  
Di prender lei a forza oltre a suo grato,  
E basciarle la bocca e 'l bel visaggio,  
E gli occhi suo' ch' en due fiamme di fuoco.  
Ma pentomi però che m' ho pensato,  
Ch' esto fatto porria portar dannaggio,  
Ch' altrui dispiacera forse non poco.



## OF THE GENTLE HEART.

WITHIN the gentle heart Love shelters him  
 As birds within the green shade of the grove.  
 Before the gentle heart, in nature's scheme,  
 Love was not, nor the gentle heart ere Love.  
 For with the sun, at once,  
 So sprang the light immediately; nor was  
 Its birth before the sun's.  
 And Love hath his effect in gentleness  
 Of very self; even as  
 Within the middle fire the heat's excess.  
 The fire of Love comes to the gentle heart  
 Like as its virtue to a precious stone;  
 To which no star its influence can impart  
 Till it is made a pure thing by the sun:  
 For when the sun hath smit  
 From out its essence that which there was vile,  
 The star endoweth it.  
 And so the heart created by God's breath  
 Pure, true, and clean from guile,  
 A woman, like a star, enamoureth.  
 In gentle heart Love for like reason is  
 For which the lamp's high flame is fanned and bow'd:  
 Clear, piercing bright, it shines for its own bliss;  
 Nor would it burn there else, it is so proud.  
 For evil natures meet  
 With love as it were water met with fire,  
 As cold abhorring heat.  
 Through gentle heart Love doth a track divine,—  
 Like knowing like; the same  
 As diamond runs through iron in the mine.

AL cor gentil ripara sempre Amore,  
Come l'augello in selva alla verdura  
Ne fe' Amor, anti che gentil core,  
Nè gentil cor, anti che Amor, Natura  
Chè adesso com' fu il Sole  
Sì tosto lo splendore fu lucente,  
Ne fu davanti il Sole.  
E prende Amore in gentilezza loco,  
Così propriamente,  
Come calore in clarità di foco.

Foco d'amore in gentil cor s' apprende,  
Come virtute in pietra preziosa;  
Chè dalla stella valor non discende,  
Anzi che il Sol la faccia gentil cosa;  
Poi che n' ha tratto fuore  
Per sua forza lo Sol ciò che li è vile  
La Stella i dà valore.  
Così lo cor, ch' è fatto da natura  
Schietto, puro, e gentile,  
Donna, a guisa di stella, lo innamora.

Amor per tal ragion sta in cor gentile,  
Per qual lo foco in cima del doppiero.  
Ispende al suo diletto, chiar, sottile;  
Non li staria altrimenti; tanto è fero.  
Così prava natura  
Ricontra Amor, come fa l'acqua il foco  
Caldo per la freddura.  
Amore in gentil cor prende rivera,  
Per suo consimel loco,  
Com' diamante del ferro in la miniera.

The sun strikes full upon the mud all day :

It remains vile, nor the sun's worth is less.

“By race I am gentle,” the proud man doth say :

He is the mud, the sun is gentleness.

Let no man predicate

That aught the name of gentleness should have,

Even in a king's estate,

Except the heart there be a gentle man's.

The star-beam lights the wave,—

Heaven holds the star and the star's radiance.

God, in the understanding of high Heaven,

Burns more than in our sight the living sun :

There to behold His Face unveiled is given ;

And Heaven, whose will is homage paid to One,

Fulfils the things which live

In God, from the beginning excellent.

So should my lady give

That truth which in her eyes is glorified,

On which her heart is bent,

To me whose service waiteth at her side.

My lady, God shall ask, “What daredst thou?”

(When my soul stands with all her acts review'd ;)

“Thou passedst Heaven, into My sight, as now,

To make Me of vain love similitude.

To me doth praise belong,

And to the Queen of all the realm of grace

Who slayeth fraud and wrong.”

Then may I plead: “As though from Thee he came,

Love wore an angel's face :

Lord, if I loved her, count it not my shame.”

Fere lo Sol lo fango tutto 'l giorno;  
Vile riman, nè il Sol perde colore;  
Dice uom altier; gentil per schiatta torno;  
Lui sembro al fango, al Sol gentil valore:  
Chè non de' dare uom fe  
Che gentilezza sia fuor di coraggio  
In dignità di Re,  
Se da virtute non ha gentil core;  
Com'acqua porta raggio;  
Ma il Ciel riten le stelle e lo splendore.

Splende in la intelligenza dello Cielo  
Deo Creator, più ch' a' nostr' occhi il Sole.  
Ella intende 'l suo fattor oltra 'l velo;  
E 'l Ciel, a lui vogliendo obedir, cole  
E consegue al primero  
Del giusto Dio beato compimento,  
Così dar dovria il vero  
La bella Donna, che negli occhi splende,  
Del suo gentil talento  
A chi amar da lei mai non disprende.

Donna, Dio mi dirà, che presumisti?  
Stando l'anima mia a lui davanti;  
Lo ciel passasti, e in fino a me venisti  
E desti in vano amor me per sembianti;  
Chè a me convien la laude  
E alla Reina del reame degno,  
Per cui cessa ogni fraude.  
Dir li potrò: tenea d'Angel sembianza,  
Che fusse del tuo regno;  
Non mi fu fallo, se in lei posi amanza.

*HE WILL PRAISE HIS LADY.*

YEA, let me praise my lady whom I love :  
Likening her unto the lily and rose :  
Brighter than morning star her visage glows ;  
She is beneath even as her Saint above ;  
She is as the air in summer which God wove  
Of purple and of vermilion glorious ;  
As gold and jewels richer than man knows.  
Love's self, being love for her, must holier prove.  
Ever as she walks she hath a sober grace,  
Making bold men abashed and good men glad ;  
If she delight thee not, thy heart must err.  
No man dare look on her, his thoughts being base :  
Nay, let me say even more than I have said ;—  
No man could think base thoughts who looked  
on her.

Io vo' del ver la mia donna lodare,  
E rassembrarla alla rosa ed al giglio.  
Più che stella Diana splendor pare,  
E ciò, che lassù è bello, a lei somiglio.  
Verdi rivere a lei rassembro, e l'a're  
Tutt'è color di fior giallo e vermiglio,  
Oro, ed argento, e ricche gio' preclare,  
Medesmo Amor per lei raffina miglio.  
Passa per via sì adorna e gentile,  
Ch'abbassa orgoglio a cui dona salute,  
E fal di nostra fe', se non la crede.  
E non la può appressar uom, che sia vile:  
Ancor ve ne dirò maggior virtute;  
Null' uom può mal pensar, finchè la vede.

*HE PERCEIVES HIS RASHNESS IN LOVE, BUT  
HAS NO CHOICE.*

I HOLD him, verily, of mean emprise,  
Whose rashness tempts a strength too great to bear;  
As I have done, alas! who turned mine eyes  
Upon those perilous eyes of the most fair.  
Unto her eyes I bow'd;  
No need her other beauties in that hour  
Should aid them, cold and proud:  
As when the vassals of a mighty lord,  
What time he needs his power,  
Are all girt round him to make strong his sword.  
With such exceeding force the stroke was dealt  
That by mine eyes its path might not be stay'd;  
But deep into the heart it pierced, which felt  
The pang of the sharp wound, and waxed afraid;  
Then rested in strange wise,  
As when some creature utterly outworn  
Sinks into bed and lies.  
And she the while doth in no manner care,  
But goes her way in scorn,  
Beholding herself alway proud and fair.  
And she may be as proud as she shall please,  
For she is still the fairest woman found:  
A sun she seems among the rest; and these  
Have all their beauties in her splendour drown'd.  
In her is every grace,—

TEGNO di folle impresa, allo ver dire,  
Chi s' abbandona ver troppo possente,  
Sì come gli occhi miei, che fer rismire  
In ver di quelli della più avvenente.  
Che sol per lor son vinti  
Senza ch' altre bellezze lor dien forza,  
Ch' a ciò far sono spinti:  
Sì come gran baronia di signore;  
Quando vuole usar forza  
Tutta s' appresta in donarli valore.

Di sì forte valor lo colpo venne,  
Che gli occhi nol ritenner di neente,  
Ma passò dentr' al cor, che lo sostenne,  
E sentissi piagato duramente;  
E poi gli rendè pace,  
Sì come troppo aggravata cosa,  
Che pons' in letto e giace,  
Ed ella non si cura di neente,  
Ma vassen disdegnosa  
Che si vede alta e bella ed avvenente.

Ben si può tener alta quanto vuole;  
Chè la più bella donna è che si trove;  
Ed infra l' altre par lucente sole,  
E falle disparere a tutte pruove:  
Chè in lei enno adornezze



Simplicity of wisdom, noble speech,  
    Accomplished loveliness ;  
All earthly beauty is her diadem,  
    This truth my song would teach,—  
My lady is of ladies chosen gem.

Love to my lady's service yieldeth me,—  
    Will I, or will I not, the thing is so,—  
Nor other reason can I say or see,  
    Except that where it lists the wind doth blow.  
    He rules and gives no sign ;  
Nor once from her did show of love upbuoy  
    This passion which is mine.  
It is because her virtue's strength and stir  
    So fill her full of joy  
That I am glad to die for love of her.

Gentilezze, sapere, e bel parlare,  
E compiute bellezze;  
Tutto valor in lei par che si metta.  
Posso in breve contare:  
Madonna è delle donne gioia eletta.

Amor m' ha dato a Madonna servire:  
O voglia io o non voglia, così este;  
Nè saccio certo ben ragion vedere  
Di come sia caduto a 'ste tempeste.  
Da lui non ho sembiante,  
Ed ella non mi fa vista amorosa,  
Perch' eo divenga amante,  
Se non per dritta forza di valore,  
Che la renda gioiosa  
Onde mi piace morir per suo amore.

*OF MODERATION AND TOLERANCE.*

HE that has grown to wisdom hurries not,  
But thinks and weighs what Reason bids him do,  
And after thinking he retains his thought  
Until as he conceived the fact ensue.  
Let no man to o'erweening pride be wrought,  
But count his state as Fortune's gift and due.  
He is a fool who deems that none has sought  
The truth, save he alone, or knows it true.  
Many strange birds are on the air abroad,  
Nor all are of one flight or of one force,  
But each after his kind dissimilar :  
To each was portioned of the breath of God,  
Who gave them divers instincts from one source.  
Then judge not thou thy fellows what they are.

Uomo, ch'è saggio, non corre leggiero,  
Ma pensa e guarda, come vuol misura.  
Poi ch'ha pensato, ritien suo pensiero,  
In fino a tanto che 'l ver l'assicura;  
Uom non si debbe tener troppo altero;  
Ma dee guardar suo stato e sua ventura.  
Foll'è chi crede sol veder lo vero,  
E non crede, ch'altrui vi pogna cura.  
Volan per l'aria augei di strane guise,  
Nè tutti d'un volar, nè d'uno ardire;  
Ed hanno in sè diversi operamenti;  
Dio in ciascun grado sua natura mise,  
E fe' dispari senni e movimenti:  
E però ciò, ch'uom pensa, non dee dire.

*OF HUMAN PRESUMPTION.*

AMONG my thoughts I count it wonderful,  
How foolishness in man should be so rife  
That masterly he takes the world to wife  
As though no end were set unto his rule :  
In labour alway that his ease be full,  
As though there never were another life ;  
Till Death throws all his order into strife,  
And round his head his purposes doth pull.  
And evermore one sees the other die,  
And sees how all conditions turn to change,  
Yet in no wise may the blind wretch be heal'd.  
I therefore say, that sin can even estrange  
Man's very sight, and his heart satisfy  
To live as lives a sheep upon the field.

PURE a pensar mi par gran maraviglia,  
Come l' umana gente è sì smarrita,  
Che largamente questo mondo piglia,  
Come regnasse qui senza finita.

E d' adagiarsi ciascun s' assottiglia,  
Come non fusse mai più altra vita;  
Poi vien la morte e ogni cosa scompiglia,  
E tutta sua 'ntenzion li vien fallita.

E sempre vede l' un l' altro morire,  
E vede ch' ogni cosa muta stato,  
E non si sa il meschino rinvenire.

E però credo, solo che il peccato  
Acceca l' uomo, e sì lo fa finire,  
Che vive come pecora nel prato.

GUERZO DI MONTECANTI.

*HE IS OUT OF HEART WITH HIS TIME.*

IF any man would know the very cause  
Which makes me to forget my speech in rhyme,  
All the sweet songs I sang in other time,—  
I'll tell it in a sonnet's simple clause.  
I hourly have beheld how good withdraws  
To nothing, and how evil mounts the while:  
Until my heart is gnawed as with a file,  
Nor aught of this world's worth is what it was.  
At last there is no other remedy  
But to behold the universal end;  
And so upon this hope my thoughts are urged:  
To whom, since truth is sunk and dead at sea,  
There has no other part or prayer remain'd,  
Except of seeing the world's self submerged.

GUERZO DI MONTECANTI.

SE alcun volesse la cagion savere  
Perchè aggio obliato il dire in rima,  
E 'l bel cantare, ch'eo solea far prima,  
Dirollo in un Sonetto al meo parere.  
Chè veggio d'ora in ora il ben cadere,  
E profundare; e 'l mal sormonta in cima:  
Onde 'l meo core si consuma e lima,  
Sì che niente più non può valere.  
Or non vi sento più alcun remeggio,  
Sol che veder finire l'universo:  
E quest'è l'argomento, che in ciò veggio.  
Da po' che il bene è profundato o perso,  
Null'altra cosa domando, nè cheggio,  
Che il fragil mondo vederlo sommerso.



INGHILFREDI, SICILIANO.

*HE REBUKES THE EVIL OF THAT TIME.*

HARD is it for a man to please all men :  
I therefore speak in doubt,  
And as one may that looketh to be chid.  
But who can hold his peace in these days?—when  
Guilt cunningly slips out,  
And Innocence atones for what he did ;  
When worth is crushed, even if it be not hid ;  
When on crushed worth, guile sets his foot to rise ;  
And when the things wise men have counted wise  
Make fools to smile and stare and lift the lid.

Let none who have not wisdom govern you :  
For he that was a fool  
At first shall scarce grow wise under the sun.  
And as it is, my whole heart bleeds anew  
To think how hard a school  
Young hope grows old at, as these seasons run.  
Behold, sirs, we have reached this thing for one :  
The lord before his servant bends the knee,  
And service puts on lordship suddenly.  
Ye speak o' the end? Ye have not yet begun.

I would not have ye without counsel ta'en  
Follow my words ; nor meant,  
If one should talk and act not, to praise him ;  
But who, being much opposed, speaks not again,  
Confesseth himself shent

INGHILFREDI, SICILIANO.

GREVE puot' uom piacere a tutta gente,  
Perch' eo parlo dottoso,  
E sì com' uom, che vive in grande erranza,  
Poi veo salire inganno malamente,  
Di tal guisa odioso,  
Che a chi nol commise n' è data pesanza.  
Eo veo salir lo non saggio in montanza,  
E sovrastar li savj addottrinati,  
E li argomenti creduti appensati  
Mette pazzia per folle oltracuitanza.

Chi non è saggio non de' ammaestrare ;  
E chi folle comenza  
Mal può finir, che a saggio sia approvato ;  
Perchè 'l meo cor sovente de' penare,  
Poi mala provedenza  
Vuole giacchir naturale appensato ;  
Ed è in tal guisa corso sormontato,  
Che veo signori a servi star subietti,  
E servi a signoria essere eletti :  
Non può finir chi non ha cominciato.

Non laudo cominciar senza consiglio,  
Nè non m' è a piacimento  
Dar lodo a chi commette falligione.  
Chi ciò consente cade in gran ripiglio,  
E chi tace è contento

And put to silence,—by some loud-mouthed mime,  
 Perchance, for whom I speak not in this rhyme.  
 Strive what ye can ; and if ye cannot all,  
 Yet should not your hearts fall :  
 The fruit commends the flower in God's good time.

(For without fruit, the flower delights not God :)  
 Wherefore let him whom Hope  
 Puts off, remember time is not gone by.  
 Let him say calmly : "Thus far on this road  
 A foolish trust buoyed up  
 My soul, and made it like the summer fly  
 Burned in the flame it seeks : even so was I :  
 But now I'll aid myself : for still this trust,  
 I find, falleth to dust :  
 The fish gapes for the bait-hook, and doth die."

And yet myself, who bid ye do this thing,—  
 Am I not also spurn'd  
 By the proud feet of Hope continually ;  
 Till that which gave me such good comforting  
 Is altogether turn'd  
 Unto a fire whose heat consumeth me ?  
 I am so girt with grief that my thoughts be  
 Tired of themselves, and from my soul I loathe  
 Silence and converse both :  
 And my own face is what I hate to see.

Because no act is meet now nor unmeet.  
 He that does evil, men applaud his name,  
 And the well-doer must put up with shame.  
 Yea, and the worst man sits in the best seat.

Di no avanzar chi sa mostrar ragione  
Che giusto hae di venir chi nd' ha cagione,  
Se bon consiglio crede, va montando  
E di follia solleva bassando :  
Lo frutto lauda 'l fior, quand' è stagione.

Non piace fior senza frutto a Signore :  
A cui falla speranza  
Considera lo tempo ch' è a venire ;  
Vana promessa messo m' ha in errore ;  
E folle sicuranza  
Mi fa del parpaglion risovvenire,  
Che per clartà di foco va a morire :  
Così mi spiglio, credendo avanzare,  
Che molti doglion per troppo affidare :  
Lo pesce inesca l' amo, ond' ha a perire.

Poi che tant'aggio contrario veduto,  
Cangiato m' è il disìo ;  
E sto com' uom, ch' è di duol quasi vinto ;  
E ciò, che di gioi' mi donava aiuto,  
M' ave miso in oblio,  
In fera vampa di foco m' ha 'stinto ;  
E son di pene d' intorno sì accinto,  
Ch' ogni sustanza di ben m' abbandona  
A for del tempo ch' un pensier mi dona,  
Che a me medesmo dispiacciomi pinto.

Tant' è lo mal, lo ben da se distinto,  
Che chi più falla di lodo ha corona ;  
E chi ben opra, di lui mal si suona :  
Ogni buon pregio di buon loco è spinto.

RINALDO D'AQUINO.

*HE IS RESOLVED TO BE JOYFUL IN LOVE.*

A THING is in my mind,—  
To have my joy again,  
Which I had almost put away from me.  
It were in foolish kind  
For ever to refrain  
From song, and renounce gladness utterly.  
Seeing that I am given into the rule  
Of Love, whom only pleasure makes alive,  
Whom pleasure nourishes and brings to growth:  
The wherefore sullen sloth  
Will he not suffer in those serving him;  
But pleasant they must seem,  
That good folk love them and their service thrive;  
Nor even their pain must make them sorrowful.

So bear he him that thence  
The praise of men be gain'd,—  
He that would put his hope in noble Love;  
For by great excellence  
Alone can be attain'd  
That amorous joy which wisdom may approve.  
The way of Love is this, righteous and just;  
Then whoso would be held of good account,  
To seek the way of Love must him befit,—  
Pleasure, to wit.  
Through pleasure, man attains his worthiness:  
For he must please

RINALDO D'AQUINO.

VENUTO m'è in talento  
Di gio' mi rinovare,  
Ch'eo l'avea quasi miso in obrianza.  
Ben fora fallimento  
Dello 'n tutto lassare  
Per perdenza cantare in allegranza ;  
Poichè son dato nella signoria  
D' Amor, che solo di piacere è nato,  
Piacere lo nodrisce, e dà crescenza.  
Vuol che fallenza  
Non aggia l' uomo, poich' è suo servente  
Ma sia piacente  
Sì che piaccia alli buoni e serva a grato :  
A pianger vuol che l' uomo allegro stia.

Sia di tal movimento,  
Che si faccia laudare  
Chi 'n fino Amore vuole aver speranza  
Chè per gran valimento  
Si deve conquistare  
Gioia amorosa di bona intendenza.  
Poichè tal este l' amorosa via.  
Chi vuole pregio ed essere onorato,  
La via ritegna, onde Amor incomenza,  
Cioè piacenza,  
Chè per piacenza avene uomo valente.  
Perchè alla gente

All men, so bearing him that Love may mount  
In their esteem; Love's self being in his trust.

Trustful in servitude

I have been and will be,  
And loyal unto love my whole life through.

A hundred-fold of good

Hath he not guerdoned me

For what I have endured of grief and woe?

Since he hath given me unto one of whom

Thus much he said,—thou mightest seek for aye

Another of such worth so beauteous.

Joy therefore may keep house

In this my heart, that it hath loved so well.

Meseems I scarce could dwell

Ever in weary life or in dismay

If to true service still my heart gave room.

Serving at her pleasaunce

Whose service pleasureth,

I am enriched with all the wealth of Love.

Song hath no utterance

For my life's joyful breath

Since in this lady's grace my homage throve.

Yea, for I think it would be difficult

One should conceive my former abject case:—

Therefore have knowledge of me from this rhyme.

My penance-time

Is all accomplished now, and all forgot,

So that no jot

Do I remember of mine evil days.

It is my lady's will that I exult.

Deve piacere, ed essere inalzato  
L' Amore, che si mette in sua balla.

In balla e in servimento  
Sono stato, e vo stare;  
A tutta mia vita amare con leanza.  
Poichè per uno cento  
M' ha saputo mendare  
Del mal ch' eo aggio avuto e la pesanza.  
A tal m' ha dato, che non si poria  
Trovare, quando ben fosse tentato,  
Una sì bella con tanta valenza:  
Onde m' agenza,  
Se tuttor l' amo così finamente;  
Ch' al mio parvente  
Io non poria d' affanno esser gravato,  
Poi di bon cor tal donna serviria.

Serviria a piacimento  
La più fina ad amare,  
Ond' io son ricco di gioia d' amanza:  
E lo mio allegramento  
Non si poria cantare  
Per ciò che la mia donna ha perdonanza  
E nullo core non lo penseria,  
Ched i' pensando fosse sì penato.  
Adunque mi facete conoscenza.  
Mia penitenza  
Aggio compiuta ormai e son gaudente,  
Sicchè niente  
Ho rimembranza dello mal passato,  
Poi chè a Madonna piace ch' i' 'n gio' sia.



Exulting let me take  
My joyful comfort, then,  
Seeing myself in so much blessedness.  
Mine ease even as mine ache  
Accepting, let me gain  
No pride towards Love ; but with all humbleness,  
Even still, my pleasurable service pay.  
For a good servant ne'er was left to pine :  
Great shall his guerdon be who greatly bears.  
But, because he that fears  
To speak too much, by his own silence shent,  
Hath sometimes made lament,—  
I am thus boastful, lady ; being thine  
For homage and obedience night and day.

Gioia e confortamento

Di bon cor deo pigliare,  
Vedendomi in cotanta beninanza ;  
Aver sofferimento,  
E non unque orgogliare  
In ver l' amore ; con umilianza  
Piacentemente servir tutta via ;  
Chè nullo buon servente è ubriato ;  
Gran guiderdone ha molta sofferenza ;  
Chi per temenza  
Di troppo dir ne deve esser tacente  
Talor si pente.  
A voi mi laudo, donna, a cui son dato,  
Umile e servente notte e dia.

*A LADY, IN SPRING, REPENTS OF HER COLDNESS.*

Now, when it flowereth,  
And when the banks and fields  
Are greener every day,  
And sweet is each bird's breath,  
In the tree where he builds  
Singing after his way,—  
Spring comes to us with hasty step and brief,  
Everywhere in leaf,  
And everywhere makes people laugh and play.

Love is brought unto me  
In the scent of the flower  
And in the bird's blithe noise.  
When day begins to be,  
I hear in every bower  
New verses finding voice :  
From every branch around me and above,  
A minstrel's court of love,  
The birds contend in song about love's joys.

What time I hear the lark  
And nightingale keep Spring,  
My heart will pant and yearn  
For love. (Ye all may mark  
The unkindly comforting  
Of fire that will not burn.)  
And, being in the shadow of the fresh wood,  
How excellently good  
A thing love is, I cannot choose but learn.

ORAMAI quando flore,  
E mostrano verdura  
Le prata e la rivera;  
Gli augei fanno sbaldore  
Dentro della frondura,  
Cantando in lor maniera,  
La primavera, che vene presente  
Frescamente sì frondita,  
Ciascuno invita ad aver gioia intera.

Confortami d'amare  
L'aulimento de' fiori,  
E 'l canto degli augelli.  
Quando lo giorno appare  
Sento li dolci amori  
E li versi novelli,  
Che fan sì dolci, e belli, e divisati  
Lor trovati a provagione;  
A gran tenzone stan per gli arbuscelli.

Quando l'alloda intendo  
E 'l rusignol vernare  
D'amor lo cor m'affina,  
E maggiormente intendo  
Ch'è 'l legno del truffare  
Che d'arder non rifina,  
Vedendo quell'ombria del fresco bosco  
Bene conosco che accertatamente,  
Sarà gaudente l'amor, che m'inchina.

Let me ask grace ; for I,  
    Being loved, loved not again.  
    Now springtime makes me love,  
And bids me satisfy  
    The lover whose fierce pain  
    I thought too lightly of :  
For that the pain is fierce I do feel now.  
    And yet this pride is slow  
To free my heart, which pity would fain move.

Wherefore I pray thee, Love,  
    That thy breath turn me o'er,  
    Even as the wind a leaf ;  
And I will set thee above  
    This heart of mine, that's sore  
    Perplexed, to be its chief.  
Let also the dear youth, whose passion must  
    Henceforward have good trust,  
Be happy without words ; for words bring grief.

China, ch' eo sono amata,  
E giammai non amai ;  
Ma 'l tempo m' innamora,  
E fammi star pensata  
D' aver mercè ormai  
D' un fante, che m' adora.  
E saccio che costui per me sostiene  
Di gran pene ; l' un core mi dice  
Che si disdice, e l' altro m' incora.

Però io prego Amore,  
Che m' intenda e mi svoglia  
Come foglia lo vento,  
Che non mi faccia fore,  
Quel, ch' è preso, mi toglia,  
E stia di me contento.  
Quegli, ch' ha intendimento  
Di avere interna gioia,  
E certo del mio amore  
Senza romore non dea compimento.

JACOPO DA LENTINO.

*OF HIS LADY IN HEAVEN.*

I HAVE it in my heart to serve God so  
That into Paradise I shall repair,—  
The holy place through the which everywhere  
I have heard say that joy and solace flow.  
Without my lady I were loth to go,—  
She who has the bright face and the bright hair,  
Because if she were absent, I being there,  
My pleasure would be less than nought, I know.  
Look you, I say not this to such intent  
As that I there would deal in any sin :  
I only would behold her gracious mien,  
And beautiful soft eyes, and lovely face,  
That so it should be my complete content  
To see my lady joyful in her place.

JACOPO DA LENTINO.

Io m'aggio posto in core a Dio servire,  
Com'io potesse gire in paradiso,  
Al santo loco, ch'aggio audito dire  
O' si mantien sollazzo, gioco, e riso.  
Senza Madonna non vi vorria gire,  
Quella ch'ha bionda testa e chiaro viso:  
Chè senza lei non poterla gaudire,  
Istando dalla mia donna diviso.  
Ma non lo dico a tale intendimento,  
Perch'io peccato ci volesse fare;  
Se non veder lo suo bel portamanto,  
E lo bel viso, e 'l morbido sguardare;  
Chè 'l mi terrà in gran consolamento,  
Veggendo la mia donna in gioia stare.



*OF HIS LADY, AND OF HER PORTRAIT.*

MARVELLOUSLY elate,  
 Love makes my spirit warm  
 With noble sympathies :  
 As one whose mind is set  
 Upon some glorious form,  
 To paint it as it is;—  
 I verily who bear  
 Thy face at heart, most fair,  
 Am like to him in this.

Not outwardly declared,  
 Within me dwells enclosed  
 Thine image as thou art.  
 Ah ! strangely hath it fared!  
 I know not if thou know'st  
 The love within my heart.  
 Exceedingly afraid,  
 My hope I have not said,  
 But gazed on thee apart.

Because desire was strong,  
 I made a portraiture  
 In thine own likeness, love :  
 When absence has grown long,  
 I gaze, till I am sure  
 That I behold thee move ;  
 As one who purposeth  
 To save himself by faith,  
 Yet sees not, nor can prove.

MARAVIGLIOSAMENTE

Un amor mi dstringe,  
E mi tene ad ognora;  
Com' uomo, che pon mente  
In altro esempio, e pinge  
La simile pintura;  
Così bella facci' eo,  
Dentr' allo core meo  
Porto la tua figura.

Allo cor par ch' eo porte  
Pinta, come voi sete,  
E non pare di fore.  
E molto mi par forte.  
Non so, se vi savete  
Com' eo v' amo a bon core;  
Chè son sì vergognoso  
Ch' eo pur vi guardo ascoso,  
E non vi mostro amore.

Avendo gran disio,  
Dipinsi una figura,  
Bella, voi somigliante.  
E quando voi non vio  
Guardo quella pintura,  
E par ch' eo v' aggia avante.  
Sì com' uom, che si crede  
Salvare per sua fede,  
Ancor non veggia avante.

Then comes the burning pain :  
As with the man that hath  
A fire within his breast,—  
When most he struggles, then  
Most boils the flame in wrath,  
And will not let him rest.  
So still I burned and shook,  
To pass, and not to look  
In thy face, loveliest.

For where thou art I pass,  
And do not lift mine eyes,  
Lady, to look on thee :  
But, as I go, alas !  
With bitterness of sighs  
I mourn exceedingly.  
Alas ! the constant woe !  
Myself I do not know,  
So sore it troubles me.

And I have sung thy praise,  
Lady, and many times  
Have told thy beauties o'er.  
Hast heard in anyways,  
Perchance, that these my rhymes  
Are song-craft and no more ?  
Nay, rather deem, when thou  
Shalt see me pass and bow,  
These words I sicken for.

Allor m' arde una doglia,  
Com' uom, che tene il foco  
Allo suo seno ascoso ;  
E quanto più lo invoglia,  
Tanto prende più loco  
E non può star rinchioso.  
Similmente eo ardo,  
Quando passo, e non guardo  
A voi, viso amoroso.

Se voi siete, quando passo,  
In ver voi non mi giro,  
Bella, per voi guardare.  
Andando, ad ogni passo  
Eo gitto un gran sospiro,  
Che mi face angosciare.  
E certo bene angoscio,  
Ch' appena mi conosco :  
Tanto forte mi pare.

Assai v' aggio laudato,  
Madonna, in molte parte  
Di bellezze ch' avete :  
Non so se v' è contato  
Ch' io lo faccia per arte,  
Chè voi ve ne dolete.  
Aggiatelo per singua  
Ciò che vuo' dire a lingua,  
Quando voi mi vedrete.

Delicate song of mine,  
Go sing thou a new strain :  
Seek, with the first sunshine,  
Our lady, mine and thine,—  
The rose of Love's domain,  
Than red gold comelier.  
“Lady, in Love's name hark  
To Jacopo the clerk,  
Born in Lentino here.”

Mia Canzonetta fina,  
Va, canta nova cosa.  
Moviti la mattina  
Davanti alla più fina,  
Fiore d'ogni amorosa,  
Bionda più ch'auro fino;  
Lo vostro amor, ch'è caro,  
Donatelo al Notaro,  
Ch'è nato da Lentino.

*NO JEWEL IS WORTH HIS LADY.*

SAPPHIRE, nor diamond, nor emerald,  
Nor other precious stones past reckoning,  
Topaz, nor pearl, nor ruby like a king,  
Nor that most virtuous jewel, jasper call'd,  
Nor amethyst, nor onyx, nor basalt,  
Each counted for a very marvellous thing,  
Is half so excellently gladdening  
As is my lady's head uncoronall'd.  
All beauty by her beauty is made dim;  
Like to the stars she is for loftiness;  
And with her voice she taketh away grief.  
She is fairer than a bud, or than a leaf.  
Christ have her well in keeping, of His grace,  
And make her holy and beloved, like Him!

DIAMANTE, nè smeraldo, nè zaffino,  
Nè vernull' altra gemma preziosa,  
Topazo, nè giacinto, nè rubino,  
Nè l' aritropia, ch' è sì vertudiosa,  
Nè l' amatisto, nè 'l carbonchio fino,  
Lo quale è molto risplendente cosa,  
Non hanno tante bellezze in domino,  
Quant' ha in se la mia donna amorosa.  
E di vertute tutte l' altre avanza,  
E somigliante a stella è di splendore  
Colla sua conta e gaia innamoranza ;  
E più bella è che rose, e che fiore.  
Cristo le doni vita ed allegranza ;  
E sì la cresca in gran pregio ed onore.



*HE WILL NEITHER BOAST NOR LAMENT TO  
HIS LADY.*

Love will not have me cry  
 For grace, as others do ;  
 Nor as they vaunt, that I  
 Should vaunt my love to you.  
 For service, such as all  
 Can pay, is counted small ;  
 Nor is it much to praise  
 The thing which all must know ;—  
 Such pittance to bestow  
 On you my love gainsays.

Love lets me not turn shape  
 As chance or use may strike ;  
 As one may see an ape  
 Counterfeit all alike.  
 Then, lady, unto you  
 Be it not mine to sue,  
 For grace or pitying.  
 Many the lovers be  
 That of such suit are free,—  
 It is a common thing.

A gem, the more 'tis rare,  
 The more its cost will mount :  
 And, be it not so fair,  
 It is of more account.  
 So, coming from the East,

AMOR non vuol ch' io clami  
Mercè, com' uomo ch' ama.  
Nè ch' io m' avanti, ch' ami,  
Che ogn' uom s' avanta, ch' ama:  
Chè lo servir, ch' ogni uomo  
Sape far, non ha nomo;  
E non è pregio laudare  
Quel che sape ciascuno.  
A voi, bella, tal duno  
Non vorria appresentare.

Perciò l' Amor m' insigna  
Ch' io non guardi all' altra gente,  
Non vuol ch' io rassembri a scigna  
Che a ogni viso tene mente  
Perciò, Donna mia,  
A voi non dimanderìa  
Mercè, nè pietanza;  
Chè tanti son gli amadori  
Ch' este sorte di savori;  
Meno è pro per troppa usanza.

Ogni gioia, ch' è più rara,  
Tenut' è più preziosa;  
Ancora che non sia cara,  
Dell' altre è più graziosa.  
Cà, ce este orientale,

The sapphire is increased  
In worth, though scarce so bright;  
I therefore seek thy face  
Not to solicit grace,  
Being cheapened and made slight.

So is the colosmine  
Now cheapened, which in fame  
Was once so brave and fine,  
But now is a mean gem.  
So be such prayers for grace  
Not heard in any place;  
Would they indeed hold fast  
Their worth, be they not said,  
Nor by true lovers made  
Before nine years be past.

Lady, sans sigh or groan,  
My longing thou canst see;  
Much better am I known  
Than to myself, to thee.  
And is there nothing else  
That in my heart avails  
For love but groan and sigh?  
And wilt thou have it thus,  
This love betwixen us?—  
Much rather let me die.

Lo Zaffiro assai più vale,  
Ed ha meno di vertute.  
E però nelle mercede  
Lo mio core non v' accede,  
Perchè l' uso l' ha invilute.

Inviluti son li colosmini  
Di quel tempo ricordato,  
Ch' erano sì gai e fini.  
Nulla gioia non n' è trovato.  
E le merci siano strette,  
Che in nulla parte sian dette;  
Perchè paiano gioie vere  
In nulla parte sian trovate,  
Nè dagli amadori chiamate,  
Infin che compia anni nove.

Senza mercè potete  
Saver, bella, lo meo disio;  
Chè assai meglio mi vedete,  
Ch' io medesmo non mi vio.  
E però se a voi paresse,  
Ch' altro essere non dovesse  
Per lo vostro amore avere  
Unque gioia non perdiate.  
Così volete amistate?  
Innanzi vorria morire.

*OF HIS LADY, AND OF HIS MAKING HER  
LIKENESS.*

My Lady mine\* I send  
These sighs in joy to thee  
Though, loving till the end,  
There were no hope for me  
That I should speak my love;  
And I have loved indeed,  
Though, having fearful heed,  
It was not spoken of.

Thou art so high and great  
That whom I love I fear;  
Which thing to circumstate  
I have no messenger:  
Wherefore to Love I pray,  
On whom each lover cries,  
That these my tears and sighs  
Find unto thee a way.

Well have I wished, when I  
At heart with sighs have ach'd,  
That there were in each sigh  
Spirit and intellect,  
The which, where thou dost sit,  
Should kneel and sue for aid,  
Since I am thus afraid  
And have no strength for it.

Thou, lady, killest me,  
Yet keepest me in pain,

\* *Madonna mia.*

MADONNA mia, a voi mando  
In gioi' li miei sospiri;  
Cà lungamente amando  
Non vi porea mai diri  
Com' era vostro amante,  
E lealmente amava:  
Ma, però ch' io dottava,  
Non vi faceva sembiente.

Tanto sete alta e grande,  
Ch' io v' amo pur dottando,  
E non ao cui vi mande  
Per messagger parlando.  
Ond' eo prego l' amore,  
A cui prega ogni amanti,  
Li miei sospiri e pianti  
Vi pungano lo core.

Ben vorria, s' eo potesse,  
Quando sospiri getto,  
Ch' ogni sospiro avesse  
Spirito ed intelletto,  
Ch' a voi, Donna d' amare  
Domandasser pietanza  
Da poi ch' eo per dottanza  
Non m' auso di mostrare.

Voi, Donna, m' ancidete,  
E fatemi penare,

For thou must surely see  
How, fearing, I am fain.  
Ah! why not send me still  
Some solace, small and slight,  
So that I should not quite  
Despair of thy good will?  
Thy grace, all else above,  
Even now while I implore  
Enamoureth my love  
To love thee still the more.  
Yet scarce should I know well—  
A greater love to gain,  
Even if a greater pain,  
Lady, were possible.  
Joy did that day relax  
My grief's continual stress,  
When I essayed in wax  
Thy beauty's life-likeness.  
Ah! much more beautiful  
Than golden-haired Yseult,—  
Who mak'st all men exult,  
Who bring'st all women dule.  
And certes without blame  
Thy love might fall to me,  
Though it should chance my name  
Were never heard of thee.  
Yea, for thy love, in fine,  
Lentino gave me birth,  
Who am not nothing worth  
If worthy to be thine.

Da poi che mi vedete  
Ch' io vi dotto parlare.  
Perchè non mi mandate,  
Madonna, confortando,  
Ch' io non desperi, amando,  
Della vostra amistate?

Vostra ciera piacente,  
Mercè quando a voi chiamo,  
M' incalza fortemente  
Ch' io v' ami più ch' io v' amo.  
Ch' io non vi poterla  
Più coralmente amare,  
Ancor che più penare  
Porlasi, donna mia.

In gran dilettaanza era,  
Madonna, in quello giorno,  
Quando vi formai in cera  
Le bellezze d' intorno.  
Più bella mi parete,  
Che Isotta la bionda,  
Amorosa, gioconda,  
Fior delle donne sete.

Ben so, che son vostr' uomo,  
S' a voi non dispiacesse,  
Ancora che 'l meo nomo,  
Madonna, non dicesse.  
Per vostro amor fui nato,  
Nato fui da Lentino :  
Donqua debbo esser fino,  
Da poi che vi son dato.



*OF HIS LADY'S FACE.*

HER face has made my life most proud and glad ;  
Her face has made my life quite wearisome ;  
It comforts me when other troubles come,  
And amid other joys it strikes me sad.  
Truly I think her face can drive me mad ;  
For now I am too loud, and anon dumb.  
There is no second face in Christendom  
Has a like power, nor shall have, nor has had.  
What man in living face has seen such eyes,  
Or such a lovely bending of the head,  
Or mouth that opens to so sweet a smile?  
In speech, my heart before her faints and dies,  
And into Heaven seems to be spirited ;  
So that I count me blest a certain while.

Lo viso mi fa andare allegramente,  
Lo bello viso mi fa rinegare,  
Lo viso mi conforta ispessamente,  
L'adorno viso, che mi fa penare.  
Lo chiaro viso della più avvenente,  
L'adorno viso riso mi fa fare.  
Di quello viso parlane la gente,  
Chè nullo viso contra li può stare.  
Chi vide mai così begli occhi in viso?  
Nè sì amorosi fare li sembianti?  
Nè bocca con cotanto dolce riso?  
Quand' eo li parlo, moroli davanti;  
E paremi ch' i' vada in paradiso;  
E tegnomi sovrano d' ogni amanti.

*AT THE END OF HIS HOPE.*

REMEMBERING this—how Love  
 Mocks me, and bids me hoard  
 Mine ill reward that keeps me nigh to death,—  
 How it doth still behove  
 I suffer the keen sword,  
 Whence undeplor'd I may not draw my breath:  
 In memory of this thing  
 Sighing and sorrowing,  
 I am languid at the heart  
 For her to whom I bow,  
 Craving her pity now,  
 And who still turns apart.  
  
 I am dying, and through her—  
 This flower, from Paradise  
 Sent in some wise, that I might have no rest.  
 Truly she did not err  
 To come before his eyes  
 Who fails and dies, by her sweet smile possess'd;  
 For, through her countenance  
 (Fair brows and lofty glance!)  
 I live in constant dule.  
 Of lovers' hearts the chief  
 For sorrow and much grief,  
 My heart is sorrowful.  
  
 For love has made we weep  
 With sighs that do him wrong,  
 Since, when most strong my joy, he gave this woe.  
 I am broken, as a ship  
 Perishing of the song,  
 Sweet, sweet and long, the songs the sirens know.

MEMBRANDO ciò, che Amore  
Mi fa soffrire e sento  
Del mal rimerto, ond' io sono al morire,  
Chè, amando, sto in dolore,  
In lutto e pensamiento,  
Dal mio tormento non posso partire :  
Chè tuttor ardo e incendio,  
Sospirando, e piangendo,  
Chè Amor mi fa languire  
Di quella, che m' arrendo,  
Di me mercè cherendo,  
E non mi degna audire.

Son morto, chè m' incende  
La fior, che in paradiso  
Fu, com' avviso, nata; ond' io non poso.  
A torto non discende  
Ver me, chè m' ha conquiso  
Lo suo bel riso dolce ed amoroso.  
Chè i suoi dolci sembianti  
Gioiosi ed avvenanti  
Mi fanno tormentoso  
Istar sopra gli amanti  
In sospiri ed in pianti  
Lo meo cor doloroso.

Condotta l' Amor m' ave  
In sospiri ed in pianto  
Di gioia, m' ha affranto e messo in pene.  
Son rotto, come nave,  
Che pere per lo canto,  
Che fanno tanto dolce le Sirene.

The mariner forgets,  
 Voyaging in those straits,  
 And dies assuredly.

Yea, from her pride perverse,  
 Who hath my heart as hers,  
 Even such my death must be.

I deemed her not so fell

And hard but she would greet,  
 From her high seat, at length, the love I bring;  
 For I have loved her well;—

Nor that her face so sweet  
 In so much heat would keep me languishing;  
 Seeing that she I serve  
 All honour doth deserve  
 For worth unparallel'd.

Yet what availeth moan  
 But for more grief alone?  
 O God! that it avail'd!

Thou, my new song, shalt pray  
 To her, who for no end  
 Each day doth tend her virtues that they grow,—  
 Since she to love saith nay;—

(More charms she had attain'd  
 Than sea hath sand, and wisdom even so);—  
 Pray thou to her that she  
 For my love pity me,  
 Since with my love I burn,—  
 That of the fruit of love,  
 While help may come thereof,  
 She give to me in turn.

Lo marinaio s' oblia,  
Che tene per tal via,  
Che perir gli convene.  
Così la morte mia,  
Quella, che m' ha in balla,  
Che sì dura si tene.

Sì fera non pensai  
Che fusse, nè sì dura,  
Che la su' altura ver me non scendesse,  
La bella, ch' eo amai;  
Nè che la sua figura  
In tanta arsura languir mi facesse,  
Quella, che m' ha in balla,  
In cui son tuttavia  
Tutte bellezze messe.  
Più che stare in travaglia,  
Par che 'l soffrir mi vaglia.  
O Deo, che mi valesse!

Novella Canzon, prega,  
Quella, che senza intenza  
Tuttor s'agenzia di gentil costumi,  
Fuor ch' ella d' amar nega:  
Chè in lei regna valenza  
E canoscenza, più ch' arena in fiumi:  
Chè doglia del mio lutto;  
Anzi ch' i' arda tutto,  
Che 'l suo amor mi consumi:  
Dell' amoroso frutto,  
Prima ch' i' sia distrutto  
Mi conforti e m' allumi.

MAZZEO DI RICCO, DA MESSINA.

*HE SOLICITS HIS LADY'S PITY.*

THE lofty worth and lovely excellence,  
Dear lady, that thou hast,  
Hold me consuming in the fire of love :  
That I am much afear'd and wilder'd thence,  
As who, being meanly plac'd,  
Would win unto some height he dreameth of :  
Yet, if it be decreed,  
After the multiplying of vain thought,  
By Fortune's favour he at last is brought  
To his far hope, the mighty bliss indeed.

Thus, in considering thy loveliness,  
Love maketh me afear'd,—  
So high art thou, joyful, and full of good ;—  
And all the more, thy scorn being never less.  
Yet is this comfort heard,—  
That underneath the water fire doth brood,  
Which thing would seem unfit  
By law of nature. So may thy scorn prove  
Changed at the last, through pity into love  
If favourable Fortune should permit.

Lady, though I do love past utterance,  
Let it not seem amiss,  
Neither rebuke thou the enamour'd eyes.  
Look thou thyself on thine own countenance,  
From that charm unto this,  
All thy perfections of sufficiencies.

MAZZEO DI RICCO.

Lo gran valore e lo pregio amoroso,  
Ch'è in voi, Donna valente,  
Tuttor m'alluma d'amoroso foco  
Che mi dispera e fammi pauroso,  
Com'uom, che di neiente  
Volesses pervenire in alto loco.  
Ma se gli è destinato,  
Moltiplica lo folle pensamento,  
E la ventura gli dà piacimento  
Dello gran bene, ch'ha desiderato.

Così pensando alla vostra beltate  
Amor mi fa paura:  
Tanto siete alta, e gaia, ed avvenente;  
E tanto più che voi mi disdegnate.  
Ma questo m'assicura,  
Che dentro l'acqua nasce foco arzente  
E par contra natura.  
Così porrà la vostra disdegnanza  
Tornare in amorosa pietanza,  
Se volesse la mia bona ventura.

Madonna, se del vostro amor son priso,  
Non vi paia ferezza,  
Nè riprendete gli occhi innamorati.  
Guardate lo vostro amoroso viso,  
L'angelica bellezza,  
E l'adornesse e le vostre beltati,



So shalt thou rest assured  
That thine exceeding beauty lures me on  
Perforce, as by the passive magnet-stone  
The needle, of its nature's self, is lured.

Certes, it was of Love's dispiteousness  
That I must set my life  
On thee, proud lady, who accept'st it not.  
And how should I attain unto thy grace,  
That falter, thus at strife  
To speak to thee the thing which is my thought?  
Thou, lovely as thou art,  
I pray for God, when thou dost pass me by,  
Look upon me: so shalt thou certify,  
By my cheek's ailing, that which ails my heart.

So thoroughly my love doth tend toward  
Thy love its lofty scope,  
That I may never think to ease my pain;  
Because the ice, when it is frozen hard  
May have no further hope  
That it should ever become snow again.  
But, since Love bids me bend  
Unto thy signiory,  
Have pity thou on me,  
That so upon thyself all grace descend.

E sarete sicura,  
Che la vostra bellezza mi c'invita  
Per forza, come fa la calamita,  
Quando l'aguglia tira per natura.

Certo ben fece Amore dispietanza,  
Che di voi, donna altera,  
M'innamora poi non v'è in piacimento.  
Or come trovaraggio in voi pietanza,  
Che non veggio manera  
Com'io vi possa dire ciò ch'io sento?  
Però, donna avvenente,  
Per Dio vi prego, quando mi vedete,  
Guardatemi: così conoscerete  
Per la mia cera ciò che 'l mio cor sente.

Sì 'nnamoratamente m'ha infiammato  
La vostra dilettaanza,  
Ch'io non mi credo giammai snamorare:  
Chè lo cristallo, poi ch'è ben gelato,  
Non può avere speranza,  
Ch'ello potesse neve ritornare.  
E poi ch'Amor m'ha dato  
In vostra potestate,  
Aggiate a me pietate  
Acciò ch'aggiate in voi tutto valore.

*AFTER SIX YEARS' SERVICE HE RENOUNCES  
HIS LADY.*

I LABOURED these six years  
 For thee, thou bitter sweet;  
 Yea, more than it is meet  
 That speech should now rehearse  
 Or song should rhyme to thee;  
 But love gains never aught  
 From thee, by depth or length;  
 Unto thine eyes such strength  
 And calmness thou hast taught,  
 That I say wearily :—  
 “The child is most like me,  
 Who thinks in the clear stream  
 To catch the round flat moon  
 And draw it all a-dripping unto him,—  
 Who fancies he can take into his hand  
 The flame o’ the lamp, but soon  
 Screams and is nigh to swoon  
 At the sharp heat his flesh may not withstand.”

Though it be late to learn  
 How sore I was possest,  
 Yet do I count me blest,  
 Because I still can spurn  
 This thrall which is so mean.  
 For when a man, once sick,  
 Has got his health anew,  
 The fever which boiled through  
 His veins, and made him weak,  
 Is as it had not been.

SEI anni ho travagliato  
In voi, Madonna, amare ;  
E fede v' ho portato  
Più assai, che divisare  
E dire vi potrà.  
Ben ho caro accattato  
Lo vostro innamorare;  
Chè m' ha così ingannato  
Con suo dolce parlare,  
Che già nol mi credla.  
Ben mi menò follia  
Di fantin veramente,  
Che crede fermamente  
Pigliar lo sole nell' acqua splendente,  
E stringere si crede lo splendore  
Della candela ardente;  
Ond' ello immantenente  
Si parte, e piange, sentendo l' ardore.

S' eo tardi mi so' addato  
Dello mio folleggiare,  
Tegnomene beato,  
Poich' io sono a lasciare  
Lo mal, che mi stringìa:  
Chè l' uomo, ch' è malato,  
Poi che torna in sanare,  
Lo male ch' ha passato,  
E lo gran travagliare,  
Tutto mette in obria.

For all that I had seen,  
Thy spirit, like thy face,  
More excellently shone  
Than precious crystals in an untrod place.  
Go to: thy worth is but as glass, the cheat,  
Which, to gaze thereupon,  
Seems crystal, even as one,  
But only is a cunning counterfeit.

Foiled hope has made me mad,  
As one who, playing high,  
Thought to grow rich thereby,  
And loses what he had.  
Yet I can now perceive  
How true the saying is  
That says: "If one turn back  
Out of an evil track  
Through loss which has been his,  
He gains, and need not grieve."  
To me now, by your leave,  
It chances as to him  
Who of his purse is free  
To one whose memory for such debts is dim.  
Long time he speaks no word thereof, being loth:  
But having asked, when he  
Is answered slightingly,  
Then shall he lose his patience and be wroth.

Oi lasso! ch' i' credia,  
Donna, perfettamente,  
Che vostri assettamente  
Passassero ghiaccio stralucente.  
Or veggio bene che 'l vostro colore  
Di vetro è fermamente,  
Che sanno saggiamente  
Li Mastri contraffare allo lavoro.

Speranza m' ha ingannato,  
Com' uomo ch' ha giucato,  
E crede guadagnare,  
E perde ciò ch' avia.  
Or veggio ch' è provato  
Ciò che avevo a contare,  
Ch' assai ha guadagnato  
Chi si sa scompagnare  
Da mala compagnia.  
A mene addivenia,  
Come avviene sovente  
Chi imprenta buonamente  
Lo suo a mal debitore e sconoscente  
Imperciocch' è malvagio pagatore.  
Vacci uomo spessamente,  
E non può aver neiente,  
Onde alla fine ne fa richiamore.

## OF SELF-SEEING.

IF any his own foolishness might see  
As he can see his fellow's foolishness,  
His evil speakings could not but prove less,  
For his own fault would vex him inwardly.  
But, by old custom, each man deems that he  
Has to himself all this world's worthiness;  
And thou, perchance, in blind contentedness,  
Scorn'st *him*, yet know'st not what *I* think of *thee*.  
Wherefore I wish it were so ordered  
That each of us might know the good that's his,  
And also the ill,—his honour and his shame.  
For oft a man has on his proper head  
Such weight of sins, that, did he know but this,  
He could not for his life give others blame.

CHI conoscesse sì la sua fallanza,  
Com' uom conosce l' altrui fallimento,  
Di mal dire d' altrui avria dottanza  
Per la pesanza del suo mancamento.  
Ma per lo corso della iniqua usanza  
Ogni uom si crede esser di valimento;  
E tal uomo è tenuto in dispregianza,  
Che spregia altrui, ma non sa ciò ch' i' sento.  
Però vorria, che fosse destinato,  
Che ciascun conoscesse il suo onore,  
E 'l disinore, e 'l pregio, e la vergogna.  
Talotta si commette tal peccato,  
Che s' uomo conoscesse il suo valore,  
Di dicer mal d' altrui non avria sogna.



PANNUCCIO DAL BAGNO, PISANO.

*OF HIS CHANGE THROUGH LOVE.*

My lady, thy delightful high command,  
Thy wisdom's great intent,  
The worth which ever rules thee in thy sway,  
(Whose righteousness of strength hath ta'en in hand  
Such full accomplishment  
As height makes worthy of more height alway,)  
Have granted to thy servant some poor due  
Of thy perfection ; who  
From them has gained a proper will so fix'd,  
With other thought unmix'd,  
That nothing save thy service now impels  
His life, and his heart longs for nothing else.

Beneath thy pleasure, lady mine, I am :  
The circuit of my will,  
The force of all my life, to serve thee so :  
Never but only this I think or name,  
Nor ever can I fill  
My heart with other joy that man may know.  
And hence a sovereign blessedness I draw,  
Who soon most clearly saw  
That not alone my perfect pleasure is  
In this my life-service :  
But Love has made my soul with thine to touch  
Till my heart feels unworthy of so much.

PANNUCCIO DAL BAGNO, PISANO.

MADONNA, vostr' altero piacimento,  
E la gran conoscenza,  
E la valenza, che 'n voi tuttor regna,  
E stato han preso altero a compimento,  
Con sì vera potenza,  
Che ognor crescenza in altura degna,  
Han concesso in me servo di voi  
Perfezione, in coi  
Han messo di volere proprio fiso,  
D' ogni penser diviso,  
Di voi solo in servir la signoria  
Fermato, e ciò meo cor solo disia.

Del vostro signoraggio donna, sono  
Con compiuto volere,  
E col podere intero in lui servire,  
E mai che solo ciò, nente ragiono,  
Nè già d' altro piacere  
Porla avere, potess' onde gioire:  
Onde sovrana aver dunque gio' deggio,  
Quasi poi certo veggio  
Che non v' è solo meo piacer servire,  
Ma stimo, al mio sentire,  
Ch' amor tanto di voi in me procede,  
Che degno in tanto sia meo cor non crede.

For all that I could strive, it were not worth  
     That I should be uplift  
 Into thy love, as certainly I know :  
 Since one to thy deserving should stretch forth  
     His love for a free gift,  
 And be full fain to serve and sit below.  
 And forasmuch as this is verity,  
     It came to pass with thee  
 That seeing how my love was not loud-tongued,  
     Yet for thy service long'd,—  
 As only thy pure wisdom brought to pass,—  
 Thou knew'st my heart for only what it was.  
  
 Also because thou thus at once didst learn  
     This heart of mine and thine,  
 With all its love for thee, which was and is ;  
 Thy lofty sense that could so well discern  
     Wrought even in me some sign  
 Of thee, and of itself some emphasis,  
 Which evermore might hold my purpose fast.  
     For lo! thy law is pass'd  
 That this my love should manifestly be  
     To serve and honour thee :  
 And so I do : and my delight is full,  
 Accepted for the servant of thy rule.  
  
 Without almost, I am all rapturous,  
     Since thus my will was set  
 To serve, thou flower of joy, thine excellence :  
 Nor ever seems it anything could rouse  
     A pain or a regret,  
 But on thee dwells mine every thought and sense ;

Degn' esser quanto fo non for' amato  
Da voi, Donna piacente,  
Sì veramente, com' eo credo fiso,  
Ma voi pur degna siete, che sia dato  
Amor chi fermamente  
Per voi servente di voi è assiso.  
E come veramente, donna, è degno  
Diven che allorchè segno  
Vedeste per sembianza ch' io v' amava,  
E servir disiava,  
E l' meo cor conosceste sì com' era  
Di voi per vostra conoscenza altera.

Poi certa, Donna, vi fe' conoscenza  
Del meo e vostro core,  
Ch' era d' amore di voi, com' è, priso,  
Fu 'l vostro altero di sì nobile essenza,  
Che mi donò sentore  
Quasi color di ben di voi commiso,  
Dandomi quasi ferma intenzione.  
Ch' è vostra oppenione  
Per sembianza vi dovesse amare  
Servire e onorare;  
Ed eo sì fo: ond' ho magna allegrezza,  
Poi m' ha degnato a servo vostra altezza.

Senz' alcun quasi par sono in gran gioia,  
Poi ferma aggio voglienza  
Servir, fior di piacenza, vostr' altura;  
Nè giammai non credo alcuna noia,  
Pesanza, nè doglienza,  
Poi la mia intenza in voi solo dimura,

Considering that from thee all virtues spread  
As from a fountain-head,—  
That in thy gift is wisdom's best avail  
And honour without fail;  
With whom each sovereign good dwells separate,  
Fulfilling the perfection of thy state.

Lady, since I conceived  
Thy pleasurable aspect in my heart,  
My life has been apart  
In shining brightness and the place of truth;  
Which till that time, good sooth,  
Groped among shadows in a darken'd place  
Where many hours and days  
It hardly ever had remembered good.  
But now my servitude  
Is thine, and I am full of joy and rest.  
A man from a wild beast  
Thou madest me, since for thy love I lived.

Considerando, che d' ogni vertude  
Siete, u' si conchiude  
Fontana, e di sapere pregio, e orranza  
Senz' alcuna fallanza,  
Regnando in voi per se ciascuno bene,  
A perfezion con voi tuttor convene.

Donna, poi immaginai  
La piacente di voi nel cor figura,  
È stata mia dimora  
In chiarezza lucente in parte vera,  
Che, prima ciò fosse, era  
In tenebre d' errore in parte scora,  
Ove già alcun' ora  
Di ben non mi sovvenne quasi mai,  
Ma poi ch' a voi fermai  
Servendo, pien di gioi' son stato intera:  
Uom tornato di fera,  
Da voi sì so', allumato poi v' amai.

GIACOMINO PUGLIESI,  
KNIGHT OF PRATO.

*OF HIS LADY IN ABSENCE.*

THE sweetly-favoured face  
She has, and her good cheer,  
Have filled me full of grace  
When I have walked with her.  
They did upon that day :  
And everything that pass'd  
Comes back from first to last  
Now that I am away.

There went from her meek mouth  
A poor low sigh which made  
My heart sink down for drouth.  
She stooped, and sobbed, and said,  
“Sir, I entreat of you  
Make little tarrying :  
It is not a good thing  
To leave one's love and go.”

But when I turned about  
Saying, “God keep you well !”  
As she look'd up, I thought  
Her lips that were quite pale  
Strove much to speak, but she  
Had not half strength enough :  
My own dear graceful love  
Would not let go of me.

DEL CAVALIERE  
IACOPO O GIACOMINO PUGLIESI

DA PRATO.

LA dolce ciera piacente,  
E li amorosi sembianti  
Lo core m' allegra e la mente,  
Quando mi pare davanti.  
Sì volontier la vio,  
Quella cui eo amai,  
Quella cui me fidai,  
Ancor l' aspetto e disio.

Dall' aulente bocca venne  
Un sospir che mi toccao  
Sì che il core nol sostenne:  
Piangendo m' addomandao,  
Messere, se venite a gire,  
Non facciate addimoranza;  
Chè non è bona usanza  
Lassar l' amore e partire.

Allotta ch' eo mi partivi  
E dissi, a Deo v' accomando,  
La bella guardò ver mivi,  
Sospirava lagrimando.  
Tant' erano li sospiri,  
Ch' appena mi rispondea:  
La dolce donna mia  
Non mi lassava partire.



I am not so far, sweet maid,  
That now the old love's unfelt:  
I believe Tristram had  
No such love for Yseult:  
And when I see your eyes  
And feel your breath again,  
I shall forget this pain  
And my whole heart will rise.

Io non fui sì lontano  
Che il mio amor v'ubriasse.  
E non credo che Tristano  
Isotta tanto amasse.  
Quando veggio venire,  
E l'aulente donna apparire,  
Lo cor mi trae di martire,  
E rallegrami la mente.

## TO HIS LADY, IN SPRING.

To see the green returning  
To stream-side, garden and meadow,—  
To hear the birds give warning,  
(The laughter of sun and shadow  
Awaking them full of revel,  
It puts me in strength to carol  
A music measured and level,  
This grief in joy to apparel;  
For the deaths of lovers are evil.

Love is a foolish riot,  
And to be loved is a burden;  
Who loves and is loved in quiet  
Has all the world for his guerdon.  
Ladies on him take pity  
Who for their sake hath trouble:  
Yet, if any heart be a city  
From love embarrèd double,  
Thereof is a joyful ditty.

That heart shall be always joyful;—  
But I in the heart, my lady,  
Have jealous doubts unlawful,  
And stubborn pride stands ready.  
Yet love is not with a measure,  
But still is willing to suffer  
Service at his good pleasure:  
The whole Love hath to offer  
Tends to his perfect treasure.

QUANDO veggio rinverdire  
Giardino e prato e rivera,  
Gli augeletti odo bradire;  
Ridendo la primavera,  
Hanno loro gioia e diporto;  
Ed io voglio pensare e dire,  
Canto per donare conforto,  
E li mali d'amore covrire,  
Che gli amanti perono a gran torto.

L'amore è leggiere cosa;  
Molt'è forte essere amato.  
Chi è amato ed ama in posa,  
Lo mondo ha dal suo lato;  
Le donne n'hanno pietanza,  
Chi per loro patisce pene.  
Se v'è nullo, ch'aggia amanza,  
Lo suo core in gioia mantene,  
Tuttora vive in alleganza.

In gioia vive tuttavia.  
Al cor sento, ond'io mi doglio,  
Madonna, pure gelosia.  
Lo pensamento mi fa orgoglio.  
Amor non vuole invecchiamento,  
Ma vuol essere sofferitore  
Di servire a piacimento.  
Quello, che tende Amore  
Si conviene a compimento.

Thine be this prelude-music  
That was of thy commanding;  
Thy gaze was not delusive,—  
Of my heart thou hadst understanding.  
Lady, by thine attemp'rance  
Thou heldst my life from pining:  
This tress thou gav'st, in semblance  
Like gold of the third refining,  
Which I do keep for remembrance.

Vostra fia la 'ncomincianza,  
Chè m' invitaste, d' amore;  
Non guataste in fallanza,  
Chè comprendeste il mio core.  
Donna per vostra onoranza  
Sicurastemi la vita,  
Donastemi per amanza  
Una treccia d' auro ponita,  
Ed io la porto a rimembranza.

## OF HIS DEAD LADY.

DEATH, why hast thou made life so hard to bear,  
Taking my lady hence? Hast thou no whit  
Of shame? The youngest flower and the most fair  
Thou hast plucked away, and the world wanteth it.  
O leaden Death, hast thou no pitying?  
Our warm love's very spring  
Thou stopp'st, and endest what was holy and meet;  
And of my gladdening  
Mak'st a most woful thing,  
And in my heart dost bid the bird not sing  
That sang so sweet.

Once the great joy and solace that I had  
Was more than is with other gentlemen:—  
Now is my love gone hence, who made me glad.  
With her that hope I lived in she hath ta'en  
And left me nothing but these sighs and tears,—  
Nothing of the old years  
That come not back again,  
Wherein I was so happy, being hers.  
Now to mine eyes her face no more appears,  
Nor doth her voice make music in mine ears,  
As it did then.

O God, why hast thou made my grief so deep?  
Why set me in the dark to grope and pine?

MORTE, perchè m' hai fatto sì gran guerra,  
Che m' hai tolta Madonna, ond' io mi doglio?  
La fior delle bellezze mort' hai in terra,  
Perchè lo mondo n' è rimasto spoglio.  
Villana morte, che non hai pietanza,  
Disparti pura amanza,  
Affini e dai cordoglio;  
Or la mia allegrezza  
Post' hai in gran tristezza,  
Chè m' hai tolto solazzo e beninanza  
Ch' aver soglio.

Solea aver sollazzo e gioco e riso  
Più che null' altro Cavalier che sia.  
Or n' è gita Madonna in Paradiso;  
Portonne la dolce speranza mia.  
Lasciò me in pene e con sospiri e pianti,  
Levommi gioco e canti,  
E dolce compagnia,  
Ch' io m' avea degli amanti.  
Or non la veggio, nè le sto davanti,  
E non mi mostra li dolci sembianti,  
Che solia.

Oi Deo! perchè m' hai posto in tale stanza?  
Ch' io son smarato, nè so ove mi sia;



Why parted me from her companionship,  
 And crushed the hope which was a gift of thine?  
 To think, dear, that I never any more  
 Can see thee as before!

Who is it shuts thee in?  
 Who hides that smile for which my heart is sore,  
 And drowns those words that I am longing for,  
 Lady of mine?

Where is my lady, and the lovely face  
 She had, and the sweet motion when she walk'd?—  
 Her chaste, mild favour—her so delicate grace—  
 Her eyes, her mouth, and the dear way she talk'd?—  
 Her courteous bending—her most noble air—  
 The soft fall of her hair? . . . .  
 My lady—she to whom my soul  
 A gladness brought!  
 Now I do never see her anywhere,  
 And may not, looking in her eyes, gain there  
 The blessing which I sought.

So if I had the realm of Hungary,  
 With Greece, and all the Almayn even to France,  
 Or Saint Sophia's treasure-hoard, you see  
 All could not give me back her countenance.  
 For since the day when my dear lady died  
 From us, (with God being born and glorified,)  
 No more pleasaunce  
 Her image bringeth, seated at my side,  
 But only tears. Ay me! the strength and pride  
 Which it brought once.

Chè m' hai levata la dolce speranza,  
Partit' hai la più dolce compagnia.  
Oimè, che sia in nulla parte avviso,  
Madonna, lo tuo viso.  
Chi 'l tene in sua balla?  
Lo vostro insegnamento e dond' è miso?  
E lo tuo franco cor chi me l' ha priso,  
Donna mia?

Ov' è Madonna? e lo suo insegnamento?  
La sua bellezza e la sua canoscianza?  
Lo dolce riso, e lo bel parlamento?  
Gli occhi, e la bocca, e la bella sembianza?  
Lo su' adornamento, e la sua cortesia?  
La nobil gentilia,  
Madonna, per cui stava tuttavia  
In allegrezza?  
Or non la veggio nè notte nè dia  
E non m' abbellà, sì com' far solia,  
In sua sembianza.

Se fosse mio 'l regname d' Ungaria  
Con Grecia e la Magna infino in Franza,  
Lo gran tesoro di Santa Sofia,  
Non porla ristorar sì gran perdanza,  
Che omè in quella dia, che sì n' andao  
Madonna, e d' esta vita trapassao  
Con gran tristanza,  
Sospiri e pene e pianti mi lasciao,  
E giammai nulla gioia mi mandao  
Per confortanza.

Had I my will, beloved, I would say  
    To God, unto whose bidding all things bow,  
That we were still together night and day :  
    Yet be it done as His behests allow.  
I do remember that while she remain'd  
With me, she often called me her sweet friend ;  
    But does not now,  
Because God drew her towards Him, in the end.  
Lady, that peace which none but He can send  
    Be thine. Even so.

Se fosse al meo voler, Donna, di voi,  
Direi a Dio Sovran, che tutto face,  
Che giorno e notte istessimo ambondoi.  
Or sia il voler di Dio, dacchè a lui piace.  
Membro e ricordo quand' era con mico,  
Sovente m' appellava dolce amico,  
Ed or nol face.  
Poi Dio la prese, e menolla con sico.  
La sua vertute sia, Bella, con tico,  
E la sua pace.

FRA GUITTONE D'AREZZO.

*TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.*

LADY of Heaven, the Mother glorified  
Of glory, which is Jesus,—He whose death  
Us from the gates of Hell delivereth  
And our first parents' error sets aside:—  
Behold this earthly Love, how his darts glide—  
How sharpened—to what fate—throughout this earth:  
Pitiful Mother, partner of our birth,  
Win these from following where his flight doth guide.  
And O, inspire in me that holy love  
Which leads the soul back to its origin,  
Till of all other love the link do fail.  
This water only can this fire reprove,—  
Only such cure suffice for suchlike sin;  
As nail from out a plank is struck by nail.

FRA GUITTONE D'AREZZO.

DONNA del Cielo, gloriosa Madre  
Del buon Giesù, la cui sagrata morte,  
Per liberarci da le infernal porte,  
Tolse l'error del primo nostro padre;  
Risguarda Amor con saette aspre, e quadre  
A che strazio n'adduce, ed a qual sorte:  
Madre pietosa, a noi cara consorte,  
Ritra'ne dal seguir sue turbe, e squadre:  
Infondi in me di quel divino Amore,  
Che tira l'alma nostra al primo luoco,  
Sì, ch'io disciolga l'amoroso nodo:  
Cotal rimedio ha questo aspro furore;  
Tale acqua suole spegner questo fuoco;  
Come d'asse si trac chiodo con chiodo.

BARTOLOMEO DI SANT' ANGELO.

*HE JESTS CONCERNING HIS POVERTY.*

I AM so passing rich in poverty  
That I could furnish forth Paris and Rome,  
Pisa and Padua and Byzantium,  
Venice and Lucca, Florence and Forli;  
For I possess in actual specie,  
Of nihil and of nothing a great sum;  
And unto this my hoard whole shiploads come,  
What between naught and zero, annually.  
In gold and precious jewels I have got  
A hundred ciphers' worth, all roundly writ;  
And therewithal am free to feast my friend.  
Because I need not be afraid to spend,  
Nor doubt the safety of my wealth a whit:—  
No thief will ever steal thereof, God wot.

BARTOLOMEO DI SANT' ANGELO.

Eo son sì ricco della povertate,  
Che i' poria fornir Roma e Parise,  
Genova, Pisa, Fiorenza, ed Assise,  
Asti, Venezia, Padua civitate;  
Perch' i' ho di possession tante fiata  
Tra nihil e niente, ed altre guise,  
Che i' recoglio all' anno com' si dise  
Fra nulla e cica ben mille carrate.  
Ed ho in danari liberi ed in gioie  
Che val ben cento cifre, e fien ne gotta;  
E sovra ciò gli amici empio di vento.  
Sì che per spendre assai non mi spavento,  
Pur ch' i briganti vegnan a dirotta,  
A mia ricchezza tollen tutte noie.



SALADINO DA PAVIA.

*LOVER AND LADY.*

SHE.

FAIR sir, this love of ours,  
In joy begun so well,  
I see at length to fail upon thy part :  
Wherefore my heart sinks very heavily.  
Fair sir, this love of ours  
Began with amorous longing, well I ween :  
Yea, of one mind, yea, of one heart and will  
This love of ours hath been.  
Now these are sad and still ;  
For on thy part at length it fails, I see.  
And now thou art gone from me,  
Quite lost to me thou art ;  
Wherefore my heart in this pain languisheth,  
Which sinks it unto death thus heavily.

HE.

Lady, for will of mine  
Our love had never changed in anywise,  
Had not the choice been thine  
With so much scorn my homage to despise.  
I swore not to yield sign  
Of holding 'gainst all hope my heart-service.  
Nay, let thus much suffice :—  
From thee whom I have serv'd,  
All undeserved contempt is my reward,—  
Rich prize prepar'd to guerdon fealty !

SALADINO DA PAVIA.

*DONNA E MESSERE.*

DON.

MESSER, lo nostro amore  
In gran gio' fue cominciato,  
Or lo veggio mancato da tua parte  
Lassa, lo cor mi parte di pesanza.  
Messer, lo nostro amore  
D'un' amorosa voglia fue cominciato.  
D'una mente, e d'un core, e d'un volere  
Lo nostro amore è stato.  
Ond' ho mortal dolore;  
Dalla tua parte veggio lo mancato.  
Che mi se' straniato,  
Di me non curi niente,  
Lassa, lo meo cor sente pena forte,  
Che mi conduce a morte di pesanza.

MES.

Donna, per meo volere  
Già non forla mancato il nostro amore;  
Ma fue vostro piacere  
Di darmi comiato a disonore;  
Non ti conto a sapere  
A servir contra grato uomo a signore.  
Ch'eo ti fui servidore,  
Senza nulla cagione  
Destimi guiderdone e comiato;  
Così m'hai meritato di tua amanza.

SHE.

Fair sir, it oft is found  
That ladies who would try their lovers so,  
Have for a season frown'd,  
Not from their heart but in mere outward show.  
Then chide not on such ground,  
Since ladies oft have tried their lovers so.  
Alas, but I will go,  
If now it be thy will.  
Yet turn thee still, alas! for I do fear  
Thou lov'st elsewhere, and therefore fly'st from me.

HE.

Lady, there needs no doubt  
Of my good faith, nor any nice suspense  
Lest love be elsewhere sought.  
For thine did yield me no such recompense,—  
Rest thou assured in thought,—  
That now, within my life's circumference,  
I should not quite dispense  
My heart from woman's laws,  
Which for no cause give pain and sore annoy,  
And for one joy a world of misery.

DON.

Messer, molte fiate  
Le donne, per provare i loro amanti,  
Mostransi corucciate,  
Non di cor, ma di vista e di sembianti.  
Or non vi disdegnate,  
Chè molte donne il fanno a' loro amanti.  
Partirò voi davanti,  
Da poi che v'è a piacere;  
Tornami a ben volere in cortesia  
Ch' e' ho gelosia non aggi altra intendenza.

MES.

Donna, per mia leanza  
Non ti bisogna d'aver gelosia  
Ch'eo pigli altra intendenza.  
Non fui sì meritato della tia,  
Saccilo per certanza,  
Che tutto 'l tempo della vita mia.  
Eo non vo' signoria  
Di donna sì follemente,  
Che per neente dà pene e tormento;  
Per una gioia dà mille tristanza.

BONAGGIUNTA URBICIANI, DA LUCCA.

*OF THE TRUE END OF LOVE ; WITH A PRAYER  
TO HIS LADY.*

NEVER was joy or good that did not soothe  
    And beget glorying,  
    Neither a glorying without perfect love.  
Wherefore, if one would compass of a truth  
    The flight of his soul's wing,  
    To bear a loving heart must him behove.  
Since from the flower man still expects the fruit,  
    And, out of love, that he desireth ;  
    Seeing that by good faith  
    Alone hath love its comfort and its joy ;  
For, suffering falsehood, love were at the root  
Dead of all worth, which living must aspire ;  
    Nor could it breed desire  
    If its reward were less than its annoy.

Even such the joy, the triumph, and pleasaunce,  
    Whose issue honour is,  
    And grace, and the most delicate teaching sent  
To amorous knowledge, its inheritance ;  
    Because Love's properties  
    Alter not by a true accomplishment ;  
But it were scarcely well if one should gain,  
    Without much pain so great a blessedness ;  
    He errs, when all things bless,  
    Whose heart had else been humbled to implore.  
He gets not joy who gives no joy again ;  
Nor can win love whose love hath little scope ;

BONAGGIUNTA URBICIANI, DA LUCCA.

GIOIA, nè ben non è senza conforto,  
Nè senza rallegranza,  
Nè rallegranza senza fino amore.  
Ragion è, chi venir vuole a bon porto  
Della sua disianza,  
Che in amoranza metta lo suo core;  
Chè per lo fiore spera l' uomo frutto,  
E per amor ciò ch' è desiderato.  
Perchè l' amore è dato  
A gioia e a conforto senza inganno.  
Che se patisse inganno, fora strutto  
Lo ben d' amor, che tanto è conservato;  
Nè fora disiato,  
Se avesse men di gioia che d' affanno.

Tant' è la gioi', lo pregio, e la piacenza,  
Laond' esce l' onore,  
E lo valore, e 'l fino insegnamento,  
Che nascon d' amorosa conoscenza,  
Chè differenza amore  
Non prende da verace compimento.  
Ma fallimento fora ad acquistare,  
Senz' affannare, sì gran dilettaanza;  
Cà per la soverchianza  
Vive in erranza quel che s' umilla.  
Chi gio' non dà, non può gioia acquistare,  
Nè bene amare chi non ha in se amanza,

Nor fully can know hope  
 Who leaves not of the thing most languished for.

Wherefore his choice must err immeasurably  
     Who seeks the image when  
 He might behold the thing substantial.  
 I at the noon have seen dark night to be,  
     Against earth's natural plan,  
 And what was good to worst abasement fall.  
 Then be thus much sufficient, lady mine;  
     If of thy mildness pity may be born,  
     Count thou my grief outworn,  
 And turn into sweet joy this bitter ill;  
 Lest I might change, if left too long to pine:  
 As one who, journeying, in mid path should stay,  
     And not pursue his way,  
 But should go back against his proper will.

Natheless I hope, yea trust, to make an end  
     Of the beginning made,  
 Even by this sign—that yet I triumph not.  
 And if in truth, against my will constrain'd,  
     To turn my steps essay'd,  
 No courage have I, neither strength, God wot.  
 Such is Love's rule, who thus subdueth me  
     By thy sweet face, lovely and delicate;  
     Through which I live elate,  
 But in such longing that I die for love.  
 Ah! and these words as nothing seem to be:  
 For love to such a constant fear has chid  
     My heart that I keep hid  
 Much more than I have dared to tell thee of.

Nè compir la speranza  
Chi non lassa di quel che più disia.

Perchè serìa fallire a dismisura  
Alla pintura andare  
Chi può mirare la propria sustanza.  
Chè di bel giorno vist' ho notte scura  
Contra natura fare,  
E trasportare 'l bene in malenanza;  
Onde bastanza fora, donna mia,  
Se cortesia mercede in voi trovasse,  
Che l' affanno passasse,  
E ritornasse in gioia ed in piacere,  
Chè troppo sofferir mi contraria,  
Com' uom, ch' è 'n via per gir, che dimorasse  
E 'nanti non andasse  
Nè ritornasse contra suo volere.

Volere aggio e speranza d' avanzare  
Lo meo cominciamento  
Per tal convento ch' eo non sia in piacere.  
E ben volesse a reto ritornare  
Contra lo meo talento  
Nè valimento n' aggia, nè podere.  
Così mi fere l' amor, che m' ha priso  
Del vostro viso gente e amoroso,  
Per cui vivo gioioso,  
E disioso sì, ch' eo moro amando;  
E ciò, ch' eo dico, nullo dir m' è avviso.  
Sì m' ha conquiso, e fatto pauroso  
L' amore, ch' aggio ascoso  
Più ch' eo non oso dire a voi parlando.



*HOW HE DREAMS OF HIS LADY.*

LADY, my wedded thought,  
When to thy shape 'tis wrought,  
Can think of nothing else  
    But only of thy grace,  
    And of those gentle ways  
Wherein thy life excels.  
For ever, sweet one, dwells  
Thine image on my sight,  
    (Even as it were the gem  
    Whose name is as thy name)\*  
And fills the sense with light.

Continual ponderings  
That brood upon these things  
Yield constant agony :  
    Yea, the same thoughts have crept  
    About me as I slept.  
My spirit looks at me,  
And asks, "Is sleep for thee?  
Nay, mourner, do not sleep,  
    But fix thine eyes, for lo!  
    Love's fulness thou shalt know  
By steadfast gaze and deep."

Then, burning, I awake,  
Sore tempted to partake  
Of dreams that seek thy sight :

\* The lady was probably called Diamante, Margherita, or some similar name. (Note to Flor. Ed. 1816.)

LA mia amorosa mente,  
Quando voi, bella, sente,  
Non può in altro pensare,  
Se non di voi piacente:  
Tanto siete avvenente,  
E d'amoroso affare.  
Però, bella, mi pare  
Vedere così voi,  
Come fosse una gioi',  
Ch' ha nome somigliante,  
Che mi pare davante.

Pensieri e pensamento,  
E amoroso talento,  
M' adobla lo tormento.  
E poi che m' addormento,  
Forte mi dispavento.  
Risguardami la mente,  
E dicemi, indormente?  
Dolente, non dormire;  
Levati, e va vedere;  
Chè nullo amor s' acquista,  
Se non per dolce vista.

Risvegliomi infiammato,  
Chè al sonno fui tentato  
D'amor, che mi soddoce.

Until, being greatly stirr'd,  
I turn to where I heard  
That whisper in the night;  
And there a breath of light  
Shines like a silver star.

The same is mine own soul,  
Which lures me to the goal  
Of dreams that gaze afar.

But now my sleep is lost;  
And through this uttermost  
Sharp longing for thine eyes  
At length it may be said  
That I indeed am mad  
With love's extremities.

Yet when in such sweet wise  
Thou passest and dost smile,  
My heart so fondly burns,  
That unto sweetness turns  
Its bitter pang the while.

Even so Love rends apart  
My spirit and my heart,  
Lady, in loving thee;  
Till when I see thee now,  
Life beats within my brow  
And would be gone from me.  
So hear I ceaselessly,  
Love's whisper well fulfill'd—

*Even I am he, even so,  
Whose flame thy heart doth know:*  
And while I strive I yield.

E poi ch' eo fui svegliato  
Rivolsimi in quel lato  
Là 'nde venìa la voce,  
E parvemi una luce,  
Che lucea quanto stella;  
La mia mente era quella,  
Ch' al sonno mi tentava  
Di voi, bella, ch' amava.

Perdut' ho lo dormire  
Desiando vedere,  
Bella, lo vostro viso.  
Donqua posso ben dire,  
Che m' ha fatto infollire  
Amor, che sì m' ha priso.  
E poi con dolce riso,  
Quando voi mi sguardate,  
Così m' alluminate,  
Che mi torna in dolzore  
Lo mal, ch' aggio d' amore.

Così mi traie Amore  
Lo spirito e lo core,  
Madonna, in voi amando,  
Sicchè lo mio sentore  
Gli occhi miei di fore  
Mandino voi guardando.  
Adonqua dico intando,  
Perchè lo dice Amore,  
Son quello che lo core,  
Io che t' alluminai,  
Ora difendo e or m' hai.

*OF WISDOM AND FORESIGHT.*

SUCH wisdom as a little child displays  
Were not amiss in certain lords of fame :  
For where he fell, thenceforth he shuns the place,  
And having suffered blows, he feareth them.  
Who knows not this may forfeit all he sways  
At length, and find his friends go as they came.  
O therefore on the past time turn thy face,  
And, if thy will do err, forget the same.  
Because repentance brings not back the past :  
Better thy will should bend than thy life break :  
Who owns not this, by him shall it appear.  
And, because even from fools the wise may make  
Wisdom, the first should count himself the last,  
Since a dog scourged can bid the lion fear.

SAVER, che sente un picciolo fantino,  
Esser devria in Signor che son seguiti.  
Schifa lo loco, ov' ello sta al dichino,  
E teme i colpi, i quali ha già sentiti.  
Chi sì non fa, può perder lo dimino,  
E li seguaci trovasi periti:  
Però muti voler chi non l' ha fino,  
E guardi a' tempi, che li son transiti.  
Cà pentimento non distorna il fatto:  
Meglio è volontà stringer, che languire:  
Chi contra face, ciò, ch' eo dico, sente.  
Lo saggio apprende pur senno dal matto:  
Uom, ch' ha più possa, più dee ubidire:  
Catel battuto fa Leon temente.

*OF CONTINENCE IN SPEECH.*

Whoso abandons peace for war-seeking,  
    'Tis of all reason he should bear the smart.  
Whoso hath evil speech, his medicine  
    Is silence, lest it seem a hateful art.  
To vex the wasps' nest is not a wise thing ;  
    Yet who rebukes his neighbour in good part,  
A hundred years shall show his right therein.  
    Too prone to fear, one wrongs another's heart.  
If ye but knew what may be known to me,  
    Ye would fall sorry sick, nor be thus bold  
    To cry among your fellows your ill thought.  
Wherefore I would that every one of ye  
    Who thinketh ill, his ill thought should withhold:  
    If that ye would not hear it, speak it not.

CHI va cherendo guerra, e lassa pace,  
Ragion è che ne pata penitenza:  
Chi non sa ben parlar, me' fa, se tace:  
Non dica cosa, altrui sia spiaccenza.  
Chi adasta lo vespaio, follia face;  
E chi riprende alcun senza fallenza  
E' fra cent' anni si trova verace;  
Chi ha invidia di se, d' altrui mal penza.  
Se voi sapeste quel ch' io so di voi,  
Voi n' avereste gran doglienza al core,  
E non direste villania ad altrui.  
Però ne priego ciascuna di voi,  
Se avete il mal, tenetelo nel core;  
Se nol volete udir, nol dite altrui.



MEO ABBRACCIAVACCA, DA PISTOIA.

*HE WILL BE SILENT AND WATCHFUL IN HIS LOVE.*

YOUR joyful understanding, lady mine,  
    Those honours of fair life  
    Which all in you agree to pleasantness,  
Long since to service did my heart assign;  
    That never it has strife,  
    Nor once remembers other means of grace;  
But this desire alone gives light to it.  
    Behold, my pleasure, by your favour, drew  
    Me, lady, unto you,  
All beauty's and all joy's reflection here:  
    From whom good women also have thought fit  
    To take their life's example every day;  
    Whom also to obey  
My wish and will have wrought, with love and fear.  
With love and fear to yield obedience, I  
    Might never half deserve:  
    Yet you must know, merely to look on me,  
How my heart holds its love and lives thereby;  
    Though, well intent to serve,  
    It can accept Love's arrow silently.  
'Twere late to wait, ere I would render plain  
    My heart, (thus much I tell you, as I should,)  
    Which, to be understood,  
Craves therefore the fine quickness of your glance.

MEO ABBRACCIAVACCA.

MADONNA, vostra altera conoscenza,  
E l' onorato bene,  
Che 'n voi convene tutto in piacimento,  
Mise in voi servir sì la mia intenza,  
Che cura mai non tene,  
Nè pur sovvene d' altro pensamento,  
E lo talento di ciò m' è lumera.  
Così piacer mi trasse in voi, compita,  
D' ogni valor gradita,  
Di beltate e di gioia miradore,  
Dove tuttora prendendo mainera  
L' altre valente donne di lor vita;  
Perciò non ho partita  
Voglia da intenza di star servidore.

Per servire a voi non seria degno;  
Ma voi, sovrapiacente,  
In vostra mente solo nel meo guardo  
Conoscete, che in cor fedele regno,  
E ch' eo presi, servente  
Di voi, tacente l' amoroso dardo  
Per mevi tardo palese coraggio  
Fatto serìa, sacciatelo per certo,  
Per suo mostrare aperto  
Vorrià vostro sentir, dico d' avviso,

So shall you know my love of such high strain  
 As never yet was shown by its own will;  
     Whose proffer is so still,  
 That love in heart hates love in countenance.

In countenance oft the heart is evident  
     Full clad in mirth's attire,  
     Wherein at times it overweens to waste:  
 Which yet of selfish joy or foul intent  
     Doth hide the deep desire,  
     And is, of heavy surety, double-faced;  
 Upon things double therefore look ye twice.

O ye that love! not what is fair alone  
     Desire to make your own,  
 But a wise woman, fair in purity;  
     Nor think that any, without sacrifice  
     Of his own nature, suffers service still;  
     But out of high free-will;  
 In honour propped, though bowed in dignity.

In dignity as best I may, must I  
     The guerdon very grand,  
     The whole of it, secured in purpose, sing?  
 Lady, whom all my heart doth magnify,  
     You took me in your hand,  
     Ah! not ungraced with other guerdoning:  
 For you of your sweet reason gave me rest  
     From yearning, from desire, from potent pain;  
     Till, now, if Death should gain  
 Me to his kingdom, it would pleasure me,  
     Having obeyed the whole of your behest.

Vedreste priso me di tal servaggio  
Per la qual donna mai fora scoperto.  
Tanto scuro ho proferto,  
Ch' odio, servente in core, amore in viso.

Viso sovente mostra cor palese  
D' allegrezza smirata,  
Perchè alla fiata monta in soverchianza.  
Ma quello di piacere over d' offese  
Covra voglia pensata,  
Perchè doblata grav' è la certanza:  
Donqua doblanza tenete in sentire.  
Perciò vo' dico, Amanti: non beltate  
Solo desiderate,  
Ma donna saggia, di beltate pura,  
Nè di natura signorìa soffrire  
Alcun di pari pregio non stimate,  
Ma di grand' amistate,  
Che poggia d' onor, quanto china d' altura.

D' altura deggio dir, come poss' eo,  
Lo guigliardon sovrano,  
Bene dir, sano di nostra intenzione,  
Donna, ch' avete sola lo cor meo  
Ricevestemi in mano  
Ah non istrano d' altro guigliardone;  
Che di ragione mi donaste posa  
D' affanno, di disìo, d' attezza forte.  
Sed eo prendesse morte  
A vostro grado, me ne piacerìa,  
Sì meretrìa voi d' alcuna cosa:

Since you have drawn, and I am yours by lot,  
I pray you doubt me not  
Lest my faith swerve, for this could never be.

Could never be; because the natural heart  
Will absolutely build  
Her dwelling-place within the gates of truth;  
And, if it be no grief to bear her part,  
Why, then by change were fill'd  
The measure of her shame beyond all truth.  
And therefore no delay shall once disturb  
My bounden service, nor bring grief to it;  
Nor unto you deceit.

True virtue her provision first affords,  
Ere she yield grace, lest afterward some curb  
Or check should come, and evil enter in;  
For alway shame and sin  
Stand covered, ready, full of faithful words.

Poi che m' avete tolto e preso in sorte,  
Non dubitate torte  
Di mio coraggio, ch' esser non porìa.

Essere non porea: chè 'l core vole  
Istar dove valor ha  
La sua dimora di gioioso stallo:  
E se 'l cor pago già niente si dole  
Dunque 'l partire fora  
Sola mesora sovra ogn' altro fallo.  
Così intervallo non sento potesse  
Nel mio servir fedel porgere affanno,  
Nè voi alcuno inganno:  
Chè 'l gran valore prima si provvede  
Che dia mercede, che poi non avesse  
Loco, nè presa, che trovasse danno;  
Chè molti falsi stanno  
Coverti, pronti, parlando gran fede.

*HIS LIFE IS BY CONTRARIES.*

By the long sojourning  
That I have made with grief,  
I am quite changed, you see;—  
If I weep, 'tis for glee;  
I smile at a sad thing;  
Despair is my relief.

Good hap makes me afraid;  
Ruin seems rest and shade;  
In May the year is old;  
With friends I am ill at ease;  
Among foes I find peace;  
At noonday I feel cold.

The thing that strengthens others, frightens me.  
If I am grieved, I sing;  
I chafe at comforting;  
Ill fortune makes me smile exultingly.

And yet, though all my days are thus,—despite  
A shaken mind, and eyes  
Which see by contraries,—  
I know that without wings is an ill flight.

PER lunga dimoranza,  
Ch' ho fatta in gran tormento,  
Ho cangiata natura,  
Ch' ho, piangendo, allegrezza,  
E, ridendo, noi' sento,  
Ogni gioi' m' è rancura.

D' aver ben ho pesanza,  
E del mal mi contento;  
Parmi 'l dì notte scura;  
Degli amici ho dottanza;  
Coi nimici ho abento;  
Per lo cald' ho freddura.

Di quel, ch' altri è sicuro, son temente;  
Per gran doglienza canto;  
Lo solaccio m' attrista;  
Credo aver ben per male.

Ciò, ch' ho ditto, m' avven certamente;  
Ma anch' ho senno tanto,  
Che, secondo mia vista,  
Mal si vola senz' ale.



UBALDO DI MARCO.

*OF A LADY'S LOVE FOR HIM.*

My body resting in a haunt of mine,  
I ranged among alternate memories;  
What while an unseen noble lady's eyes  
Were fixed upon me, yet she gave no sign;  
To stay and go she sweetly did incline,  
Always afraid lest there were any spies;  
Then reached to me,—and smelt it in sweet wise,  
And reached to me—some sprig of bloom or bine.  
Conscious of perfume, on my side I leant,  
And rose upon my feet, and gazed around  
To see the plant whose flower could so beguile.  
Finding it not, I sought it by the scent;  
And by the scent, in truth, the plant I found  
And rested in its shadow a great while.

UBALDO DI MARCO.

Poso 'l corpo in un loco meo pigliando  
Eo svariando la memoria giva,  
U' viva nobil figura restando  
E riguardando stava me pensiva.  
Dubbiosamente grandor dimorando,  
Forte dottando se gente veniva,  
E non vedendo me un flor donando,  
Che odorando poi el molto auliva;  
Ed eo sentendo su l' odor levai,  
E riguardai per veder l' albore,  
Che fè tal flore, vidil no già nente.  
E non vedendol misimi al sentore,  
E per l' odore l' albore trovai;  
E riposai al ombra lungiamente.

SIMBUONO GIUDICE.

*HE FINDS THAT LOVE HAS BEGUILLED HIM, BUT WILL  
TRUST IN HIS LADY.*

OFTEN the day had a most joyful morn  
That bringeth grief at last  
Unto the human heart which deemed all well:  
Of a sweet seed the fruit was often born  
That hath a bitter taste:  
Of mine own knowledge, oft it thus befell.  
I say it for myself, who, foolishly  
Expectant of all joy,  
Triumphing undertook  
To love a lady proud and beautiful,  
For one poor glance vouchsafed in mirth to me:  
Wherefrom sprang all annoy:  
For, since the day Love shook  
My heart, she ever hath been cold and cruel.  
Well thought I to possess my joy complete  
When that sweet look of hers  
I felt upon me, amorous and kind:  
Now is my hope even underneath my feet.  
And still the arrow stirs  
Within my heart—(oh hurt no skill can bind!)—  
Which through mine eyes found entrance cunningly:  
In manner as through glass

SIMBUONO GIUDICE.

SPESSE di gioia nasce ed incomenza  
Ciò, ch' adduce dolore  
Al core umano, e parli gio' sentire.  
E frutto nascer di dolce semenza,  
Ch' è d' amaro sapore,  
Spess' ore ho veduto addivenire.  
Dicol per me, che 'n folle intendimento  
Credendom' aver gioia,  
Gaudente incominciai  
Amor di donna piacente ed altera  
Per uno isguardo, ch' ebbi allegramente,  
Laond' eo patisco noia ;  
Da poi ch' eo innamorai  
Sempre m' è stata selvaggia e guerrera.

Ben mi credetti aver gioia compita,  
Quando lo dolce isguardo  
Vidi ver me piacente e amoroso;  
Ora mispero da che m' è fallita.  
E di mortale dardo  
Sentomi allo cor colpo periglioso,  
Che per gli occhi passao similmente,  
Come per vetro passa

Light pierces from the sun,  
 And breaks it not, but wins its way beyond,—  
 As into an unaltered mirror, free  
 And still, some shape may pass:  
 Yet has my heart begun  
 To break, methinks, for I on death grow fond.  
 But, even though death were longed for, the sharp  
 I have might yet be heal'd, [wound  
 And I not altogether sink to death.  
 In mine own foolishness the curse I found,  
 Who foolish faith did yield  
 Unto mine eyes, in hope that sickeneth.  
 Yet might love still exult and not be sad—  
 (For some such utterance  
 Is at my secret heart)—  
 If from herself the cure it could obtain,—  
 Who hath indeed the power Achilles had,  
 To wit, that of his lance  
 The wound could by no art  
 Be closed till it were touched therewith again.  
 So must I needs appeal for pity now  
 From her on her own fault,  
 And in my prayer put meek humility:  
 For certes her much worth will not allow  
 That anything be call'd  
 Treacherousness in such an one as she,  
 In whom is judgment and true excellence.  
 Wherefore I cry for grace;

Senza lo dipartire,  
Ed oltra luce, dello sole spera.  
Come in ispecchio passa immantenente  
Figura, e non lo cassa.  
Ma credo, allo ver dire,  
Lo meo core partuto, e morte spera.

Sperando morte, ancor porèa guarire  
La mia crudel feruta,  
Sì ch'eo non fosse in tutto a morte dato.  
Cà riceputo l'ho per folle ardire,  
Laudando mia veduta,  
Credendomene aver gioioso stato.  
Penso ch'amor porìa in gio' tornare  
Per una sembianza,  
Che dal core mi vene,  
Perseverando da lei mi venisse,  
Ch'a Pellèo la posso assomigliare;  
Feruta di sua lanza,  
Non guerrèa mai, se altre  
Con ella il loco non si riferisse.

Dunque m'è uopo di chiamar mercede  
Dello suo fallimento,  
Ed umiltate in ver di lei usare.  
Ma il suo gran pregio non lo mi concede  
Dire che tradimento  
Potesse loco in tal donna provare,  
In cui è senno e tutta conoscenza.  
Però mercè le chiamo,

Not doubting that all good,  
Joy, wisdom, pity, must from her be shed;  
For scarcely should it deal in death's offence,  
The so-belovèd face  
So watched for; rather should  
All death and ill be thereby subjected.

And since, in hope of mercy, I have bent  
Unto her ordinance  
Humbly my heart, my body, and my life,  
Giving her perfect power acknowledgment,—  
I think some kinder glance  
She'll deign, and, in mere pity, pause from strife.  
She surely shall enact the good lord's part:  
When one whom force compels  
Doth yield, he is pacified,  
Forgiving him therein where he did err.  
Ah! well I know she hath the noble heart  
Which in the lion quells  
Obduracy of pride;  
Whose nobleness is for a crown on her.

Chè fallir non porrà  
Mercè, nè senno, nè tutt' altre virtute;  
E non devria dar morte, a mia parvenza,  
Lo viso, ch' io tant' amo,  
Sguardando; anzi devria  
Tutt' altre morti guarire e ferute.

Poichè a speranza di mercè mi rendo,  
E allo suo signoraggio  
Umilmente core corpo e vita,  
Tutto valore in ella conoscendo,  
So che salute avraggio  
E del mio male per mercede aita  
Che somiglianza tien del buon signore,  
Quand' uomo a chi combatte  
Si rende per suo grato,  
Ogni fallire e torto gli perdona:  
Tanto conosco è in ella nobil core,  
Che del leone abbatte  
Orgoglio sormontato,  
E nobiltate ha messo in lei corona.



MASOLINO DA TODI.

*OF WORK AND WEALTH.*

A MAN should hold in very dear esteem  
The first possession that his labours gain'd;  
For, though great riches be at length attain'd,  
From that first mite they were increased to him.  
Who followeth after his own wilful whim  
Shall see himself outwitted in the end;  
Wherefore I still would have him apprehend  
His fall, who toils not being once supreme.  
Thou seldom shalt find folly, of the worst,  
Holding companionship with poverty,  
Because it is distracted of much care.  
Howbeit, if one that hath been poor at first  
Is brought at last to wealth and dignity,  
Still the worst folly thou shalt find it there.

MASOLINO DA TODI.

OGNI uomo deve assai caro tenere  
Lo primo bene, ched ave acquistato;  
Che se viene in ricchezza nè in potere,  
Con quello primo l'ave guadagnato.  
Chi seguita lo suo folle volere  
Alla fiata trovasi ingannato;  
Però deve dottare di cadere  
Quello, che non travaglia, alto montato.  
Rade fiata trov' uomo follia  
Accompagnata con la povertate,  
Perciocchè lo pensieri lo' nde' stolle.  
Ma quello, che fu povero da pria,  
Se poi vene in ricchezza e in dignitate,  
Ispesse fiata trova l' uomo folle.

ONESTO DI BONCIMA, BOLOGNESE.

*OF THE LAST JUDGMENT.*

UPON that cruel season when our Lord  
Shall come to judge the world eternally;  
When to no man shall anything afford  
Peace in the heart, how pure soe'er it be;  
When heaven shall break asunder at His word,  
With a great trembling of the earth and sea;  
When even the just shall fear the dreadful sword,—  
The wicked crying, "Where shall I cover me?"—  
When no one angel in His presence stands  
That shall not be affrighted of that wrath,  
Except the Virgin Lady, she our guide;—  
How shall I then escape, whom sin commands?  
Out and alas on me! There is no path,  
If in her prayers I be not justified.

ONESTO DI BONCIMA, BOLOGNESE.

QUELLA crudel stagion, che a giudicare  
Verrà il nostro Signor tutto lo mondo;  
E non sarà alcun uom, che consolare  
Possa il suo cor, e quanto vuol sia mondo.  
Che 'l tremerà la terra e lo mare,  
Ed aprirassi il Ciel per lo gran pondo;  
E vorrà il giusto volentier campare;  
E dirà il peccator, dove mi ascondo?  
E non sarà nessun Angel divino,  
Che non abbia paura di quell'ira,  
Fuor che la Vergin Donna, nostra guida.  
Or com' farò, che di peccar non fino  
Ell' è simile che son presso a sira  
Se li suoi giusti preghi non m' aida.

*HE WISHES THAT HE COULD MEET HIS LADY ALONE.*

WHETHER all grace have failed I scarce may scan,  
Be it of mere mischance, or art's ill sway,  
That this-wise, Monday, Tuesday, every day,  
Afflicts me, through her means, with bale and ban.  
Now are my days but as a painful span;  
Nor once "Take heed of dying" did she say.  
I thank thee for my life thus cast away,  
Thou who hast wearied out a living man.  
Yet, oh! my Lord, if I were blest no more  
Than thus much,—clothed with thy humility,  
To find her for a single hour alone,—  
Such perfectness of joy would triumph o'er  
This grief wherein I waste, that I should be  
As a new image of Love to look upon.

NON so, s'è mercè, che mo vene a meno,  
O è sventura, o soperchianza d' arte,  
Che per la mia Donna Luni, e Marte,  
E ciascun di con se ragiona appieno.  
Più d' uom vivente crudel vita meno,  
Nè mai mi disse: dalla morte guarte,  
Mercè voi, che son già gli spirti sparte,  
E che ne avete stanco un uom terreno.  
E se forza di Amor con dritta prova  
Mi concedesse di umiltà vestita,  
Ch' i' la trovasse sol un' ora stando,  
Fora tanto gioiosa la mia vita,  
Che quale mi conosce, riguardando  
Vederla in me di Amor figura nova.

TERINO DA CASTEL FIORENTINO.

*TO ONESTO DI BONCIMA, IN ANSWER TO THE  
FOREGOING.*

IF, as thou say'st, thy love tormenteth thee,  
That thou thereby wast in the fear of death,  
Messer Onesto, couldst thou bear to be  
Far from Love's self, and breathing other breath?  
Nay, thou wouldst pass beyond the greater sea  
(I do not speak of the Alps, an easy path),  
For thy life's gladdening; if so to see  
That light which for *my* life no comfort hath,  
But rather makes my grief the bitterer:  
For I have neither ford nor bridge—no course  
To reach my lady, or send word to her.  
And there is not a greater pain, I think,  
Than to see waters at the limpid source,  
And to be much athirst, and not to drink.

TERINO DA CASTEL FIORENTINO.

*A MESSER ONESTO BOLOGNESE.*

SE vi stringesse, quanto dite, amore,  
Che vi mettesse in dubio di finita,  
Voi stareste lontano dal Signore,  
Messer Onesto, che vi può dar vita.  
Voi passereste per lo mar maggiore,  
Non che per l'Alpi, ch'hanno via spedita,  
Per rallegrar di gioia il vostro core  
Per la veduta, che me non aita.  
Anzi mi fa maggiormente dolere,  
Ch' i' non posso trovar guado, nè ponti,  
Ch' alla mia donna gir possa o mandare.  
Chè maggior pena non si può avere,  
Che veder l'acque nelle chiare fonti,  
E aver sete, e non poterne bere.



MAESTRO MIGLIORE, DA FIORENZA.

*HE DECLARES ALL LOVE TO BE GRIEF.*

LOVE taking leave, my heart then leaveth me,  
And is enamour'd even while it would shun;  
For I have looked so long upon the sun  
That the sun's glory is now in all I see.  
To its first will unwilling may not be  
This heart (though by its will its death be won),  
Having remembrance of the joy forerun:  
Yea, all life else seems dying constantly.  
Ay and alas! in love is no relief,  
For any man who loveth in full heart,  
That is not rather grief than gratefulness.  
Whoso desires it, the beginning is grief;  
Also the end is grief, most grievous smart;  
And grief is in the middle, and is call'd grace.

MAESTRO MIGLIORE, DA FIORENZA.

AMOR, s' eo parto, il cor si parte e dole,  
E vuol disamorare e innamura.  
Tant' ho guardato al raggio dello Sole,  
Che ciò, ch' eo veggio, par di sua natura.  
Lo cor ciò, ch' ha voluto, non disvole,  
E lo voler l' aucide, se li dura,  
Membrandoli la gioia, ch' aver suole;  
Ch' ogni altra vita a morte lo spaura.  
Oï lasso, che non è gioia d' Amore  
A nessun uomo, che di bon cor ama,  
Che non aia più doglia, che dolciore.  
Lo cominciare è doglia a chi lo brama;  
E lo finire è doglia, e più dolore;  
E 'l mezzo è doglia, e conforto si chiama.

DELLO DA SIGNA.

*HIS CREED OF IDEAL LOVE.*

PROHIBITING all hope  
Of the fulfilment of the joy of love,  
My lady chose me for her lover still.

So am I lifted up  
To trust her heart which piteous pulses move,  
Her face which is her joy made visible.

Nor have I any fear  
Lest love and service should be met with scorn,  
Nor doubt that thus I shall rejoice the more.

For ruth is born of prayer;  
Also, of ruth delicious love is born;  
And service wrought makes glad the servitor.

Behold, I, serving more than others, love  
One lovely more than all:  
And, singing and exulting, look for joy  
There where my homage is for ever paid.

And, for I know she does not disapprove  
If on her grace I call,  
My soul's good trust I will not yet destroy,  
Though Love's fulfilment stand prohibited.

DELLO DA SIGNA.

LEVANDOMI speranza

D'aver gioia compita per amore,  
Piacque alla donna mia ch'eo li sia amante.

E dammi sicuranza

Del suo piacente e pietoso core,  
Dell' amoroso suo gaio semblante.

Sì ch'eo non ho dottanza

Di star leale amante e servidore,  
E ch'eo non sia di gioi' più d'altro amante.

E mercè fa pietanza,

E pietà face d'amar lo dolzore,  
E bon servir fa servo bene stante.

Ed eo, che son servente più d'altr', amo

Donna più d'altra gente,  
Canto ed allegro, e gioi' attendo e spero  
Da lei, cui servo, e cui mi son donato.

E se davanti mercede le chiamo,

So che non l'è spiacente ;  
Però mi riconforto, e non dispero,  
Avvegna in tutto gioir m'ha vietato.

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMINIANO.

*TO THE GUELF FACTION.*

BECAUSE ye made your backs your shields, it came  
To pass, ye Guelfs, that these your enemies  
From hares grew lions: and because your eyes  
Turned homeward, and your spurs e'en did the same,  
Full many an one who still might win the game  
In fevered tracts of exile pines and dies.  
Ye blew your bubbles as the falcon flies,  
And the wind broke them up and scattered them.  
This counsel, therefore. Shape your high resolves  
In good King Robert's humour,\* and afresh  
Accept your shames, forgive, and go your way.  
And so her peace is made with Pisa! Yea,  
What cares she for the miserable flesh  
That in the wilderness has fed the wolves?

\* See what is said in allusion to his government of Florence by Dante (*Parad.* C. VIII.).

FOLGORE DA SAN GEMINIANO.

GUELFÌ, per fare scudo delle reni  
Avete fatti i conigli leoni,  
E per ferir sì forte di speroni,  
Tenendo volti verso casa i freni.  
E tal perisce in malvagi terreni,  
Che vincerebbe a dar con gli spontoni.  
Fatto avete le bubbole falconi,  
Sì par che 'l vento ve ne porti e meni.  
Però vi do consiglio che facciate  
Di quelle del pregiato Re Roberto,  
Rendetevi in colpa e perdonate.  
Con Pisa ha fatto pace, quest' è certo,  
Non cura delle carni malfatate,  
Che son rimase a' lupi in quel deserto.

*TO THE SAME.*

WERE ye but constant, Guelfs, in war or peace,  
 As in divisions ye are constant still!  
 There is no wisdom in your stubborn will,  
 Wherein all good things wane, all harms increase.  
 But each upon his fellow looks, and sees  
 And looks again, and likes his favour ill;  
 And traitors rule ye; and on his own sill  
 Each stirs the fire of household enmities.  
 What, Guelfs! and is Monte Catini \* quite  
 Forgot,—where still the mothers and sad wives  
 Keep widowhood, and curse the Ghibellins?  
 O fathers, brothers, yea, all dearest kins!  
 Those men of ye that cherish kindred lives  
 Even once again must set their teeth and fight.

\* The battle of Monte Catini was fought and won by the Ghibelline leader, Ugucione della Faggiola, against the Florentines, August 29, 1315. This would seem to date Folgore's career further on than the period usually assigned to him (about 1260), and the question arises whether the above sonnet be really his.

Così faceste voi o guerra o pace,  
Guelfi, come siete in divisione;  
Che 'n voi non regna punto di ragione;  
Lo mal pur cresce, e 'l bene smonta e tace.  
E l' uno contra l' altro isguarda, e spiace  
Suo essere, e stato, e condizione.  
Fra voi regna il Pugliese e 'l Gan fellone,  
E ciascun soffia nel foco penace.  
Non vi ricorda di Montecatini,  
Come le mogli e le madri dolenti  
Fan vedovaggio per li Ghibellini?  
E babbi, e frati, e figliuoli, e parenti,  
E chi amasse bene i suoi vicini,  
Combatterebbe ancora a stretti denti.



*OF VIRTUE.*

THE flower of Virtue is the heart's content;  
And fame is Virtue's fruit that she doth bear;  
And Virtue's vase is fair without and fair  
Within; and Virtue's mirror brooks no taint;  
And Virtue by her names is sage and saint;  
And Virtue hath a steadfast front and clear;  
And Love is Virtue's constant minister;  
And Virtue's gift of gifts is pure descent.  
And Virtue dwells with knowledge, and therein  
Her cherished home of rest is real love;  
And Virtue's strength is in a suffering will;  
And Virtue's work is life exempt from sin,  
With arms that aid; and in the sum hereof,  
All Virtue is to render good for ill.

FIOR di virtù si è gentil coraggio;  
E frutto di virtù si è onore;  
E vaso di virtù si è valore;  
E nome di virtù è uomo saggio;  
E specchio di virtù non vede oltraggio;  
E viso di virtù chiaro colore;  
Ed amor di virtù buon servitore;  
E dono di virtù dolce lignaggio;  
E loco di virtù è cognoscenza,  
E seggio di virtù amor reale,  
E poder di virtù è sofferenza;  
E opra di virtù esser liale;  
E braccio di virtù bella accoglienza;  
Tutta virtù è render ben per male.

180 FOLGORE DA SAN GEMINIANO

OF THE MONTHS.

TWELVE SONNETS.

ADDRESSED TO A FELLOWSHIP OF SIENESE NOBLES.\*

DEDICATION.

UNTO the blithe and lordly Fellowship,  
    (I know not where, but wheresoe'er, I know,  
    Lordly and blithe,) be greeting; and thereto,  
Dogs, hawks, and a full purse wherein to dip;  
Quails struck i' the flight; nags mettled to the whip;  
    Hart-hounds, hare-hounds, and blood-hounds even  
    And o'er that realm, a crown for Niccolò, [so;  
Whose praise in Siena springs from lip to lip.  
Tingoccio, Atuin di Togno, and Ancaian,  
    Bartolo and Mugaro and Faënot,  
Who well might pass for children of King Ban,  
    Courteous and valiant more than Lancelot,—  
To each, God speed! how worthy every man  
    To hold high tournament in Camelot.

\* This fellowship or club (*Brigata*), so highly approved and encouraged by our Folgore, is the same to which, and to some of its members by name, scornful allusion is made by Dante (*Inferno*, C. xxix. l. 130), where he speaks of the hare-brained character of the Siense. Mr. Cayley, in his valuable notes on Dante, says of it: "A dozen extravagant youths of Siena had put together by equal contributions 216,000 florins to spend in pleasuring; they were reduced in about a twelvemonth to the extremes of poverty. It was their practice to give mutual entertainments twice a month; at each of which, three tables having been sumptuously covered, they would feast at one, wash their hands on another, and throw the last out of window."

There exists a second curious series of sonnets for the months,

DE' MESI.

*AD UNA NOBILE BRIGATA DI SENESI.*

ALLA brigata nobile e cortese,  
E a tutte quelle parte dove sono,  
Con allegrezza stando sempre, dono  
Cani, uccelli, e denari per ispese.  
Ronzin portanti, quaglie a volo prese,  
Bracchi, levrier corrier, veltri abbandono.  
In questo regno Niccolò corono,  
Perch' ell' è fior della Città Sanese.  
Tingoccio, Atuin di Togno, ed Ancaiano,  
Bartolo, e Mugaro, e Fainotto,  
Che paiono figliuoli del Re Pano;  
Prodi, cortesi più che Lancillotto;  
Se bisognasse, con le lance in mano  
Fariànno torneamenti a Cambellotto.

addressed also to this club, by Cene della Chitarra d'Arezzo. Here, however, all sorts of disasters and discomforts, in the same pursuits of which Folgore treats, are imagined for the prodigals; each sonnet, too, being composed with the same terminations in its rhymes as the corresponding one among his. They would seem to have been written after the ruin of the club, as a satirical prophecy of the year to succeed the golden one. But this second series, though sometimes laughable, not having the poetical merit of the first, I have not included it.

JANUARY.

FOR January I give you vests of skins,  
And mighty fires in hall, and torches lit;  
Chambers and happy beds with all things fit;  
Smooth silken sheets, rough furry counterpanes;  
And sweetmeats baked; and one that deftly spins  
Warm arras; and Douay cloth, and store of it;  
And on this merry manner still to twit  
The wind, when most his mastery the wind wins.  
Or issuing forth at seasons in the day,  
Ye'll fling soft handfuls of the fair white snow  
Among the damsels standing round, in play:  
And when you all are tired and all aglow,  
Indoors again the court shall hold its sway,  
And the free Fellowship continue so.

DI GENNAIO.

I' DONO vai nel mese di Gennaio,  
Corte con fochi e di salette accese,  
Camere e letta d'ogni bello arnese,  
Lenzuol di seta, e copertoj di vaio;  
Treggea, confetti, e messere Arazzaio,  
Vestiti di doagio e di rascese  
E 'n questo modo star alle difese  
Mo ch' ha Sirocco, Garbino, e Rovaio.  
Uscir di fora alcuna volta il giorno,  
Gittando della neve bella e bianca  
A le donzelle, che staran dattorno.  
E quando fosse la compagnia stanca  
A questa Corte facciate ritorno,  
E si riposi la brigata franca.

FEBRUARY.

IN February I give you gallant sport  
Of harts and hinds and great wild boars; and all  
Your company good foresters and tall,  
With buskins strong, with jerkins close and short;  
And in your leashes, hounds of brave report;  
And from your purses, plenteous money-fall,  
In very spleen of misers' starveling gall,  
Who at your generous customs snarl and snort.  
At dusk wend homeward, ye and all your folk,  
All laden from the wilds, to your carouse,  
With merriment and songs accompanied:  
And so draw wine and let the kitchen smoke;  
And so be till the first watch glorious;  
Then sound sleep to you till the day be wide.

DI FEBBRAIO.

DI Febbraio vi dono bella caccia  
Di cervi, cavrioli, e di cinghiari;  
Corte gonnelle, e grossi calzari,  
E compagnia, che vi diletta e piaccia.  
Con de' guinzagli e segugi da traccia,  
E le borse fornite di denari,  
Ad onta degli scarsi e degli avari,  
Che di questo vi dan briga e capaccia.  
E la sera tornar coi vostri fanti,  
Carcati della molta salvagina,  
Avendo gioia, allegrezza, e canti.  
Far trar del vino e fumar la cucina,  
E fin al primo sonno star raggianti,  
E po' posar in fin alla mattina.



MARCH.

IN March I give you plenteous fisheries  
Of lamprey and of salmon, eel and trout,  
Dental and dolphin, sturgeon, all the rout  
Of fish in all the streams that fill the seas.  
With fishermen and fishing-boats at ease,  
Sail-barques and arrow-barques, and galleons stout,  
To bear you, while the season lasts, far out,  
And back, through spring, to any port you please.  
But with fair mansions see that it be fill'd,  
With everything exactly to your mind,  
And every sort of comfortable folk.  
No convent suffer there, nor priestly guild:  
Leave the mad monks to preach after their kind  
Their scanty truth, their lies beyond a joke.

DI MARZO.

DI Marzo sì vi do una peschiera  
D'anguille, trote, lamprede, e salmoni,  
Di dentali, delfini, e storioni,  
D'ogn' altro pesce in tutta la riviera,  
Con pescatori e navicelle a schiera,  
E barche, e saettie, e galeoni,  
Le qual vi portino tutte stagioni  
A qual porto vi piace alla Primera,  
Che sia fornito di molti palazzi,  
D'ogn' altra cosa che vi sie mesterò,  
E gente v'abbia di tutti solazzi.  
Prete non v'abbia mai, nè monastero.  
Lasciate predicare i Frati pazzi,  
Ch' hanno troppe bugie e poco vero.

APRIL.

I GIVE you meadow-lands in April, fair  
    With over-growth of beautiful green grass;  
    There among fountains the glad hours shall pass,  
And pleasant ladies bring you solace there.  
With steeds of Spain and ambling palfreys rare;  
    Provençal songs and dances that surpass;  
    And quaint French mummings; and through hollow  
A sound of German music on the air.           [brass  
And gardens ye shall have, that every one  
    May lie at ease about the fragrant place;  
    And each with fitting reverence shall bow down  
    Until that youth to whom I gave a crown  
    Of precious jewels like to those that grace  
The Babylonian Kaiser, Prester John.

DI APRILE.

D'APRILE vi do la gentil campagna  
Tutta fiorita di bell' erba fresca;  
Fontane d' acqua, che non vi rincesca,  
Donne e donzelle, per vostra compagna,  
Ambianti, palafren, destrier di Spagna,  
E gente costumata alla francesca;  
Cantar, danzar alla provenzalesca  
Con istrumenti novi d' Alemagna.  
E dattorno vi sian molti giardini,  
E giachito vi sia ogni persona.  
Ciascun con reverenzia adori e 'nchini  
A quel gentil, ch' ho dato la corona  
Di pietri preziosi gli più fini,  
Ch' ha Presto Giovan, Re di Babilona.

MAY.

I GIVE you horses for your games in May,  
And all of them well trained unto the course,—  
Each docile, swift, erect, a goodly horse;  
With armour on their chests, and bells at play  
Between their brows, and pennons fair and gay;  
Fine nets, and housings meet for warriors,  
Emblazoned with the shields ye claim for yours;  
Gules, argent, or, all dizzy at noonday.  
And spears shall split, and fruit go flying up  
In merry counterchange for wreaths that drop  
From balconies and casements far above;  
And tender damsels with young men and youths  
Shall kiss together on the cheeks and mouths;  
And every day be glad with joyful love.

DI MAGGIO.

DI Maggio sì vi do molti cavagli,  
E tutti quanti siano affrenatori,  
Portanti tutti, dritti, e corridori,  
Pettorali, testiere di sonagli,  
Bandiere, e coverte a molti tagli  
Di zendadi e di tutti colori,  
Le targhe a modo di armeggiatori,  
Viole, rose, e fior ch'ogni uomo abbagli.  
Rompere e fiaccar bigordi e lance,  
E piover da finestre e da balconi  
In giù ghirlande, e in su mele rance,  
E pulzelle, giovene, e garzoni  
Basciarsi nella bocca e nelle guance;  
D'amore e di goder vi si ragioni.

JUNE.

IN June I give you a close-wooded fell,  
    With crowns of thicket coiled about its head,  
    With thirty villas twelve times turreted,  
All girdling round a little citadel;  
And in the midst a springhead and fair well  
    With thousand conduits branched and shining speed,  
    Wounding the garden and the tender mead,  
Yet to the freshened grass acceptable.  
And lemons, citrons, dates, and oranges,  
    And all the fruits whose savour is most rare,  
Shall shine within the shadow of your trees;  
    And every one shall be a lover there;  
Until your life, so filled with courtesies,  
    Throughout the world be counted debonair.

DI GIUGNO.

DI Giugno dovvi una montagnetta  
  Coverta di bellissimi arboscelli,  
  Con trenta ville e dodeci castelli,  
  Che siano intorno ad una Cittadetta;  
Ch' abbia nel mezzo una sua fontanetta,  
  E faccia mille rami e fumicelli,  
  Ferendo per giardini e praticelli,  
  E rinfrescando la minuta erbetta.  
Aranci, e cedri, dattili, e lomle,  
  E tutte l'altre frutte savorose,  
  Impergolate siano per le vie.  
E le genti vi sian tutte amorose,  
  E faccianvisi tante cortesie,  
  Ch' a tutto il mondo siano graziose.



JULY.

FOR July, in Siena, by the willow-tree,  
I give you barrels of white Tuscan wine  
In ice far down your cellars stored supine;  
And morn and eve to eat in company  
Of those vast jellies dear to you and me;  
Of partridges and youngling pheasants sweet,  
Boiled capons, sovereign kids: and let their treat  
Be veal and garlic, with whom these agree.  
Let time slip by, till by-and-by, all day;  
And never swelter through the heat at all,  
But move at ease at home, sound, cool, and gay;  
And wear sweet-coloured robes that lightly fall;  
And keep your tables set in fresh array,  
Not coaxing spleen to be your seneschal.

DI LUGLIO.

Di Luglio in Siena sulla saliciata  
Dovvi piene inguistare di trebbiani,  
Nelle canove li ghiacci vaiani,  
E mane e sera mangiare in brigata  
Di quella gelatina ismisurata,  
Istarne roste, gioveni fagiani,  
Lessi capponi, capretti sovrani,  
E cui piacesse, la manza e l'agliata.  
E vie trarre tempo e bona vita,  
E non andar di fuor per questo caldo,  
Vestir zendadi di bella partita.  
E quando godi, star pur fermo e saldo,  
E sempre aver la tavola fornita,  
E non voler la noia per gastaldo.

AUGUST.

FOR August, be your dwelling thirty towers  
    Within an Alpine valley mountainous,  
    Where never the sea-wind may vex your house,  
But clear life separate, like a star, be yours.  
There horses shall wait saddled at all hours,  
    That ye may mount at morning or at eve:  
    On each hand either ridge ye shall perceive,  
A mile apart, which soon a good beast scours.  
So alway, drawing homewards, ye shall tread  
    Your valley parted by a rivulet  
    Which day and night shall flow sedate and smooth.  
There all through noon ye may possess the shade,  
    And there your open purses shall entreat  
    The best of Tuscan cheer to feed your youth.

DI AGOSTO.

D'Agosto sì vi do trenta castella  
In una valle d'alpe montanina,  
Che non vi possa vento di marina  
Per istar sani chiari come stella;  
E palafreni di montar in sella,  
E cavalcar la sera e la mattina,  
E l'una terra e l'altra sia vicina,  
Che un miglio sia la nostra giornatella.  
Tornando tutta via verso casa  
Per la valle corra una fiumana  
Che vada notte e dì traente e rasa.  
E star nel fresco tutta meriggiana;  
La vostra borsa sempre al trarre pasa  
Per la miglior vivanda di Toscana.

SEPTEMBER.

AND in September, O what keen delight!  
Falcons and astors, merlins, sparrowhawks;  
Decoy-birds that shall lure your game in flocks;  
And hounds with bells: and gauntlets stout and tight;  
Wide pouches; crossbows shooting out of sight;  
Arblasts and javelins; balls and ball-cases;  
All birds the best to fly at; moulting these,  
Those reared by hand; with finches mean and slight;  
And for their chase, all birds the best to fly;  
And each to each of you be lavish still  
In gifts; and robbery find no gainsaying;  
And if you meet with travellers going by,  
Their purses from your purse's flow shall fill;  
And avarice be the only outcast thing.

DI SETTEMBRE.

DI Settembre vi do dilette tanti,  
Falconi, astori, smerletti, sparvieri;  
Lunghi zimbelli siano con carnieri;  
Bracchetti con sonagli, pasto, e guanti.  
Bolge, e balestre dritte ben portanti,  
Archi, strali, ballotte e ballottieri.  
Sianvi mudati vil fangi e asteri  
Nidiaci, e di tutt' altri uccel volanti,  
Che fosser boni da fidare e prendere;  
E l' un all' altro tuttavia donando;  
E possasi rubare e non contendere,  
Quando con altra gente rincontrando  
La vostra borsa sia acconcia a spendere,  
E tutti abbian l' avarizia in bando.

OCTOBER.

NEXT, for October, to some sheltered coign  
Flouting the winds, I'll hope to find you slunk;  
Though in bird-shooting (lest all sport be sunk),  
Your foot still press the turf, the horse your groin.  
At night with sweethearts in the dance you'll join,  
And drink the blessed must, and get quite drunk,  
There's no such life for any human trunk;  
Aud that's a truth that rings like golden coin!  
Then, out of bed again when morning's come,  
Let your hands drench your face refreshingly,  
And take your physic roast, with flask and knife.  
Sounder and snugger you shall feel at home  
Than lake-fish, river-fish, or fish at sea,  
Inheriting the cream of Christian life.

DI OTTOBRE.

Di Ottobre nel contà, ch' ha buono stallo,  
Pregovi, figliuoli, che voi andiate:  
Traetevi buon tempo, ed uccellate,  
Come vi piace, a piè ed a cavallo.  
La sera per la sala andate a ballo,  
Bevete del mosto, e inebriate;  
Chè non ci ha miglior vita in veritate,  
E questo è vero come il fiorin giallo.  
E poscia vi levate la mattina,  
E lavatevi 'l viso con le mani;  
Lo rosto e 'l vino è bona medicina.  
Allegri in Griele starete più sani,  
Che pesce in lago, fiume, o in marina,  
Avendo miglior vita di Cristiani.



NOVEMBER.

LET baths and wine-butts be November's due,  
With thirty mule-loads of broad gold-pieces;  
And canopy with silk the streets that freeze;  
And keep your drink-horns steadily in view.  
Let every trader have his gain of you:  
Clareta shall your lamps and torches send,—  
Caëta, citron-candies without end;  
And each shall drink, and help his neighbour to.  
And let the cold be great, and the fire grand:  
And still for fowls, and pastries sweetly wrought,  
For hares and kids, for roast and boiled, be sure  
You always have your appetites at hand;  
And then let night howl and heaven fall, so nought  
Be missed that makes a man's bed-furniture.

DI NOVEMBRE.

E DI Novembre petriuolo e 'l bagno  
Con trenta muli carchi di moneta.  
La ruga sia tutta coverta a seta,  
Coppi d'argento, bottacci di stagno;  
E dare ad ogni stazonier guadagno  
Torchi, doppier, che vegnan di Clareta,  
Confetti con citriata di Gaeta;  
Bea ciascun, e conforti 'l compagno.  
E 'l freddo sia grande e 'l foco spesso.  
Fagiani, starne, colombi, mortiti,  
Levori, cavrioli, rosto e lessò.  
E sempre aver acconci gli appetiti,  
La notte e 'l vento piovere a ciel messo,  
Siate nelle letta ben forniti.

DECEMBER.

LAST, for December, houses on the plain,  
Ground-floors to live in, logs heaped mountain-high,  
And carpets stretched, and newest games to try,  
And torches lit, and gifts from man to man:  
(Your host, a drunkard and a Catalan;)  
And whole dead pigs, and cunning cooks to ply  
Each throat with tit-bits that shall satisfy;  
And wine-butts of Saint Galganus' brave span.  
And be your coats well-lined and tightly bound,  
And wrap yourselves in cloaks of strength and weight,  
With gallant hoods to put your faces through.  
And make your game of abject vagabond  
Abandoned miserable reprobate  
Misers: don't let them have a chance with you.

DI DICEMBRE.

E DI Dicembre una Città in piano,  
Sale terrene, grandissimi fochi,  
Tappeti tesi, tavolieri, e giochi,  
Torticci accesi, star coi dati in mano.  
E l'oste imbriasco e Catalano,  
E porci morti, e finissimi cochi,  
Morselli ciascun bea e mandochi,  
Le botti fian maggior che San Galgano.  
Siate ben vestiti e foderati  
Di guarnacce, tabarri, e mantelli,  
E di cappucci fini e smisurati;  
E beffe far dei tristi cattivelli,  
E miseri cattivi sciagurati  
Avari: non vogliate usar con elli.

CONCLUSION.

AND now take thought, my sonnet, who is he  
That most is full of every gentleness;  
And say to him (for thou shalt quickly guess  
His name) that all his 'hests are law to me.  
For if I held fair Paris town in fee,  
And were not called his friend, 'twere surely less.  
Ah! had he but the emperor's wealth, my place  
Were fitted in his love more steadily  
Than is Saint Francis at Assisi. Alway  
Commend him unto me and his,—not least  
To Caian, held so dear in the blithe band.  
"Folgore da San Geminiano" (say,  
"Has sent me, charging me to travel fast,  
Because his heart went with you in your hand."

LA CONCLUSIONE.

SONETTO mio, anda o' lo divisi  
Colui, ch'è pien di tutta gentilezza:  
Di da mia parte con tutta allegrezza  
Ch'io son acconcio a tutti suoi avvisi:  
E più m'è caro, che non val Parisi,  
D'avere sua amistade e contezza:  
Se ello avesse imperial ricchezza  
Starei ll me' che San Francesco in Sisi.  
Raccomandami a lui tutta fiata,  
Ed alla sua compagna, ed a Caiano,  
Chè senza lui non non è lieta brigata.  
Folgore vostro da San Geminiano  
Vi manda, dice, e fa questa ambasciata,  
Che voi n'andaste con suo core in mano.

OF THE WEEK.

SEVEN SONNETS.

DEDICATION.

THERE is among my thoughts the joyous plan  
To fashion a bright-jewelled carcanet,  
Which I upon such worthy brows would set,  
To say, it suits them fairly as it can.  
And now I have newly found a gentleman,  
Of courtesies and birth commensurate,  
Who better would become the imperial state  
Than fits the gem within the signet's span.  
Carlo di Messer Guerra Cavicciuoli,\*  
Of him I speak,—brave, wise, of just award  
And generous service, let who list command:  
And lithelier limbed than ounce or leopard.  
He holds not money-bags, as children, holy;  
For Lombard Esté hath no freer hand.

\* That is, according to early Tuscan nomenclature, Carlo, *the son* of Messer Guerra Cavicciuoli.

DELLA SETTIMANA.

I' ho pensato di fare un gioiello,  
Che sia allegro, gioioso, ed ornato;  
E sì 'l vorrei donare in parte e lato,  
Ch' ogni uomo dica, e' li sta bene; è bello.  
E or di novo ho trovato un donzello  
Saggio, cortese, bene ammaestrato,  
Che gli starebbe meglio l' imperiato,  
Che non istà la gemma nell' anello.  
Carlo di Messer Guerra Cavicciuoli,  
Quel ch' è valente, ardito, e gagliardo,  
E servente, comandi chi che vuoi.  
Leggiero più che lonza o liopardo,  
È mai non fece dei denar figliuoli,  
Ma spende più che 'l Marchese Lombardo.



MONDAY.

*THE DAY OF SONGS AND LOVE.*

Now with the moon the day-star Lucifer  
Departs, and night is gone at last, and day  
Brings, making all men's spirits strong and gay,  
A gentle wind to gladden the new air.  
Lo! this is Monday, the week's harbinger;  
Let music breathe her softest matin-lay,  
And let the loving damsels sing to-day,  
And the sun wound with heat at noontide here.  
And thou, young lord, arise and do not sleep,  
For now the amorous day inviteth thee  
The harvest of thy lady's youth to reap.  
Let coursers round the door, and palfreys, be,  
With squires and pages clad delightfully;  
And Love's commandments have thou heed to keep.

LUNEDÌ.

*GIORNO DI CANTI E D'AMORI.*

QUANDO la luna e la stella diana  
E la notte si parte, e il giorno appare  
Vento leggiere per polire l'a're,  
E fa la gente stare allegra e sana;  
Il Lunedì per capo di settimana  
Con istrumenti mattinata fare,  
Ed amorse donzelle cantare,  
E 'l Sol ferire per la meridiana;  
Levati su, donzello, e non dormire;  
Chè l'amoroso giorno ti conforta,  
E vuol che vadi tua donna a fruire.  
Palafren e destrier siano alla porta,  
Donzelli e servitor con bel vestire,  
E poi far ciò ch'amor comanda e porta.

TUESDAY.

*THE DAY OF BATTLES.*

To a new world on Tuesday shifts my song,  
Where beat of drum is heard, and trumpet-blast ;  
Where footmen armed and horsemen armed go past,  
And bells say ding to bells that answer dong ;  
Where he the first and after him the throng,  
Armed all of them with coats and hoods of steel,  
Shall see their foes and make their foes to feel,  
And so in wrack and rout drive them along.  
Then hither, thither, dragging on the field  
His master, empty-seated goes the horse,  
'Mid entrails strown abroad of soldiers kill'd ;  
Till blow to camp those trumpeters of yours  
Who noise awhile your triumph and are still'd,  
And to your tents you come back conquerors.

MARTEDI.

*GIORNO DI BATTAGLIE.*

E 'L Martedì li do un nuovo mondo:  
Udir sonar trombetti e tamburelli,  
Armar pedon, cavalier, e donzelli,  
E campane a martello dicer don do:  
E lui primiero, e gli altri secondo,  
Armati di loriche e di cappelli,  
Veder nemici, e percotere ad elli  
Dando gran colpi, e mettendoli a fondo.  
Destrier veder andare a vote selle,  
Tirando per lo campo lor signori,  
E strascinando fegati e budelle:  
E sonar a raccolta trombatori,  
E suffoli, e flauti, e cennamelle,  
E tornar alle schiere i feritori.

WEDNESDAY.

*THE DAY OF FEASTS.*

AND every Wednesday, as the swift days move,  
Pheasant and peacock-shooting out of doors  
You'll have, and multitude of hares to course,  
And after you come home, good cheer enough;  
And sweetest ladies at the board above,  
Children of kings and counts and senators;  
And comely-favoured youthful bachelors  
To serve them, bearing garlands, for true love.  
And still let cups of gold and silver ware,  
Runlets of vernage-wine and wine of Greece,  
Comfits and cakes be found at bidding there;  
And let your gifts of birds and game increase:  
And let all those who in your banquet share  
Sit with bright faces perfectly at ease.

MERCORDÌ.

*GIORNO DI CONVITI.*

OGNI Mercoledì corrodo grande  
Di lepri, starne, fagiani, e paoni,  
E cotte manze, ed arrostiti capponi,  
E quante son delicate vivande.  
Donne e donzelle star per tutte bande,  
Figlie di Re, di Conti, e di Baroni,  
E donzelletti gioveni garzoni  
Servir, portando amorose ghirlande.  
Coppe, nappi, bacin d'oro e d'argento,  
Vin greco di riviera e di vernaccia,  
Frutta, confetti, quanti li è talento,  
E presentarvi uccellagioni e caccia;  
E quanti sono a suo ragionamento  
Sieno allegri e con la chiara faccia.

THURSDAY.

*THE DAY OF JOUSTS AND TOURNAMENTS.*

FOR Thursday be the tournament prepar'd,  
And gentlemen in lordly jousts compete:  
First man with man, together let them meet,—  
By fifties and by hundreds afterward.  
Let arms with housings each be fitly pair'd,  
And fitly hold your battle to its heat  
From the third hour to vespers, after meat;  
Till the best-winded be at last declared.  
Then back unto your beauties, as ye came:  
Where upon sovereign beds, with wise control  
Of leeches, shall your hurts be swathed in bands.  
The ladies shall assist with their own hands,  
And each be so well paid in seeing them  
That on the morrow he be sound and whole.

GIOVEDÌ.

*GIORNO DI GIOSTRE E DI TORNIAMENTI.*

ED ogni Giovedì torniamento,  
E giostrar Cavalier ad uno ad uno:  
La battaglia sia in luogo comune  
A cinquanta e cinquanta, a cento e cento.  
Arme, destrier, e tutto guarnimento  
Sien d' un paragio addobbati ciascuno.  
Da terza a vespro passato il digiuno  
Allora si conosca chi ha vento.  
E poi tornar a casa alle lor vaghe,  
Ove seran i fin letti sovrani,  
E' medici a fasciar percosse e piaghe;  
E le donne aitar con le lor mani,  
E di vederle sì ciascun si paghe,  
Che la mattina sien guariti e sani.



FRIDAY.

*THE DAY OF HUNTING.*

LET Friday be your highest hunting-tide,—  
No hound nor brach nor mastiff absent thence,—  
Through a low wood, by many miles of dens,  
All covert, where the cunning beasts abide:  
Which now driven forth, at first you scatter wide,—  
Then close on them, and rip out blood and breath:  
Till all your huntsmen's horns wind at the death,  
And you count up how many beasts have died.  
Then, men and dogs together brought, you'll say:  
Go fairly greet from us this friend and that,  
Bid each make haste to blithest wassailings.  
Might not one vow that the whole pack had wings?  
What! hither, Beauty, Dian, Dragon, what!  
I think we held a royal hunt to-day.

VENERDÌ.

*GIORNO DI CACCE.*

ED ogni Venerdì gran caccia e forte  
Di veltri, bracchetti, mastini e stivori,  
E bosco basso, miglia di staiori  
Là o' si troven molte bestie accorte,  
Che possano venir cacciando scorte,  
E rampognar insieme i Cacciatori;  
Cornando a caccia presa i cornatori,  
Ed allor vegnan molte bestie morte.  
E poi ricogliere i cani e la gente,  
E dicer: l'amor meo mandi a cotale:  
Alle guagnele serà bel presente.  
El par che i nostri cani avesser ale;  
Te te, belluzza, picciuolo, e serpente,  
Chè oggi è il dì della caccia reale.

SATURDAY.

*THE DAY OF HAWKING.*

I'VE jolliest merriment for Saturday:—  
The very choicest of all hawks to fly  
That crane or heron could be stricken by,  
As up and down you course the steep highway.  
So shall the wild geese, in your deadly play,  
Lose at each stroke a wing, a tail, a thigh;  
And man with man and horse with horse shall vie,  
Till you all shout for glory and holiday.  
Then, going home, you'll closely charge the cook:  
“All this is for to-morrow's roast and stew.  
Skin, lop, and truss: hang pots on every hook.  
And we must have fine wine and white bread too,  
Because this time we mean to feast: so look  
We do not think your kitchens lost on you.”

SABBATO.

*GIORNO DELLA CACCIA DEGLI UCCELLI.*

È il Sabato diletto ed allegrezza  
In uccellare e volar de' falconi,  
E percuotere grue, ed aghironi  
Scendere e salire grande altezza;  
Ed all' oche ferir per tal fortezza,  
Che perdan l' ale, le coscie, e i gropponi;  
Corsier e palafren mettere a sproni;  
Ed isgridar per gloria e per baldezza.  
E poi tornare a casa, e dire al cuoco  
To queste cose e concia per dimane;  
E pela, taglia, assetta, e metti a fuoco.  
Ed abbi fino vino e bianco pane,  
Ch' el s' apparecchia di far festa e gioco:  
Fa che le tue cucine non sian vane.

SUNDAY.

*THE DAY OF BALLS AND DEEDS OF ARMS IN  
FLORENCE.*

·AND on the morrow, at first peep o' the day  
Which follows, and which men as Sunday spell,—  
Whom most him liketh, dame or damozel,  
Your chief shall choose out of the sweet array.  
So in the palace painted and made gay  
Shall he converse with her whom he loves best;  
And what he wishes, his desire express'd  
Shall bring to presence there, without gainsay.  
And youths shall dance, and men do feats of arms,  
And Florence be sought out on every side  
From orchards and from vineyards and from farms:  
That they who fill her streets from far and wide  
In your fine temper may discern such charms  
As shall from day to day be magnified.

DOMENICA.

*GIORNO DI BALLI E D'ARMEGGIERE IN  
FIRENZE.*

ALLA domane al parere del giorno  
Vegnente, che Domenica si chiama,  
Qual più li piace, damigella o dama,  
Abbiane molte, che li sian dattorno.  
In un Palazzo dipinto ed adorno  
Cagionare con quella, che più ama:  
Qualunque cosa, che desia e brama,  
Vegna in presente senza far distorno.  
Danzar donzelli, armeggiar cavalieri,  
Cercar Fiorenza per ogni contrada,  
Per piazze, per giardini, e per verzieri.  
E gente molta per ciascuna strada,  
E tutti quanti 'l veggian volontieri,  
Ed ogni dì di ben in meglio vada.

GUIDO DELLE COLONNE.

*TO LOVE AND TO HIS LADY.*

O LOVE, who all this while hast urged me on,  
Shaking the reins, with never any rest,—  
Slacken for pity somewhat of thy haste;  
I am oppress'd with languor and foredone,—  
Having outrun the power of sufferance,—  
Having much more endured than who, through faith  
That his heart holds, makes no account of death.  
Love is assuredly a fair mischance,  
And well may it be called a happy ill:  
Yet thou, my lady, on this constant sting,  
So sharp a thing, have thou some pity still,—  
Howbeit a sweet thing too, unless it kill.

O comely-favoured, whose soft eyes prevail,  
More fair than is another on this ground,—  
Lift now my mournful heart out of its stound,  
Which thus is bound for thee in great travail:  
For a high gale a little rain may end.  
Also, my lady, be not angered thou  
That Love should thee enforce, to whom all bow.  
There is but little shame to apprehend  
If to a higher strength the conquest be;  
And all the more to Love who conquers all.  
Why then appal my heart with doubts of thee?  
Courage and patience triumph certainly.

GUIDO DELLE COLONNE.

AMOR, che lungiamente m' hai menato  
A freno stretto senza riposanza,  
Allarga le tue redini in pietanza,  
Chè soverchianza m' ha vinto e stancato:  
Ch' ho più durato, ch' io non ho possanza,  
Più che non fa Assessino assorcetato,  
Che si lascia morir per sua credanza.  
Ben este affanno diletto, amare,  
E dolce pena ben si può chiamare.  
Ma voi, Madonna, della mia travaglia,  
Che sì mi squaglia, prendavi mercide,  
Chè ben è dolce il mal, se non m' ancide.

Oi dolce ciera, con sguardo soave,  
Più bella d' altra, che sia 'n vostra terra,  
Traete lo mio core ormai di guerra,  
Che per voi erra, e gran travaglio n' ave:  
E sì gran trave poco ferro serra.  
Però, Madonna, non v' incresca e grave,  
Se Amor vi sforza ch' ogni cosa inserra.  
E certo non gli è troppo disonore  
Quand' uomo è vinto dallo suo migliore;  
E tanto più da Amor, che vince tutto:  
Perciò non dutto, che Amor non vi smova  
Saggio guerrero vince guerra e prova.



I do not say that with such loveliness  
Such pride may not beseem; it suits thee well,  
For in a lovely lady pride may dwell,  
Lest homage fail and high esteem grow less:  
Yet pride's excess is not a thing to praise.  
Therefore, my lady, let thy harshness gain  
Some touch of pity which may still restrain  
Thy hand, ere Death cut short these hours and days.  
The sun is very high and full of light,  
And the more bright the higher he doth ride:  
So let thy pride, my lady, and thy height,  
Stand me in stead and turn to my delight.

Still inmost I love thee, labouring still  
That others may not know my secret smart.  
Oh! what a pain it is for the grieved heart  
To hold apart and not to show its ill!  
Yet by no will the face can hide the soul;  
And ever with the eyes the heart has need  
To be in all things willingly agreed.  
It were a mighty strength that should control  
The heart's fierce beat, and never speak a word:  
It were a mighty strength, I say again,  
To hide such pain, and to be sovran lord  
Of any heart that had such love to hoard.

For Love can make the wisest turn astray;  
Love, at its most, of measure still has least;  
He is the maddest man who loves the best;

Non dico, ch' alla vostra gran bellezza  
 Orgoglio non convegna, e stiavi bene;  
 Chè a bella donna orgoglio ben conviene;  
 Chè si mantene in pregio ed in grandezza.  
 Troppa alterezza è quella, che sconviene;  
 Di grande orgoglio mai ben non avviene.  
 Però, Madonna, la vostra durezza  
 Convertasi in pietanza, e si rinfrene;  
 Non si distenda tanto, ch' io ne pera.  
 Lo Sole è alto, e face lumiera,  
 E tanto più, quanto in altura pare:  
 Perciò vostro orgogliare e vostre altezze  
 Faccianmi pro, e torninmi in dolcezze.

E' l' amo dentro, e sforzo in far sembianza  
 Di non mostrare ciò, che 'l mio cor sente.  
 Or quant' è dura pena al cor dolente  
 Istar tacente, e non far dimostranza:  
 Chè la pesanza alla ciera consente  
 E fanno vista di lor portamente.  
 Così son volentieri in accordanza  
 Gli occhi con lo core insembrementi.  
 Forza di senno è quella, che soverchia,  
 Ardir di core, asconde ed incoverchia.  
 Ben è gran senno, chi lo puote fare,  
 Saper celare, ed essere signore  
 Dello suo core, quand' este in errore.

Amor fa disviare li più saggi;  
 E chi più ama, meno ha in se misura.  
 Più folle è quello, che più s' innamorava:

It is Love's jest, to make men's hearts alway  
So hot that they by coldness cannot cool.

    The eyes unto the heart bear messages  
    Of the beginnings of all pain and ease:  
And thou, my lady, in thy hand dost rule  
Mine eyes and heart which thou hast made thine own.

    Love rocks my life with tempests on the deep,  
Even as a ship round which the winds are blown:  
Thou art my pennon that will not go down.

Amor non cura di far suoi dannaggi,  
Chè li coraggi mette in tal calura,  
Che non pon raffreddare per freddura.  
Gli occhi allo core sono li messaggi  
De' lor cominciamenti per ventura.  
Dunque, Madonna, gli occhi e lo mio core  
Avete in vostra man dentro e di fore:  
Chè Amore il viver mio mena e combatte,  
E batte, come nave il vento inonda:  
Voi siete il mio pennel, chè non affonda.

PIER MORONELLI, DI FIORENZA.

*A BITTER SONG TO HIS LADY.*

O LADY amorous,  
Merciless lady,  
Full blithely play'd ye  
These your beguilings.  
So with an urchin  
A man makes merry,—  
In mirth grows clamorous,  
Laughs and rejoices,—  
But when his choice is  
To fall aweary,  
Cheats him with silence.  
This is Love's portion:—  
In much wayfaring  
With many burdens  
He loads his servants,  
But at the sharing,  
The underservice  
And overservice  
Are alike barren.

As my disaster  
Your jest I cherish,  
And well may perish,  
Even so a falcon  
Is sometimes taken  
And scanty cautell'd;  
Till when his master  
At length to loose him,

PIER MORONELLI, DI FIORENZA.

DONNA amorosa,  
Senza mercede  
Per la mia fede,  
Di me giocate,  
Com' uomo face  
D' uno fantino,  
Che gio' li mostra  
E gioco, e ride:  
Da poi che vide  
Sua volontade  
Lo 'nganna e tace:  
Ecco Amor fino.  
Pur alle noie  
Lo fa angosciare,  
Non li vuol dare  
Gioia d' amare.  
Però mal pare  
Lo troppo fare,  
Quanto lo mino.

Sicchè giocando,  
Posso perire,  
E mal soffrire,  
Come l' astore  
Che pezz' ha è priso  
E mal guardato,  
E allora quando  
Lo va vedere,

*PIER MORONELLI*

To train and use him,  
Is after all gone,—  
The creature's throttled  
And will not waken.  
Wherefore, my lady,  
If you will own me,  
O look upon me!  
If I'm not thought on,  
At least perceive me!  
O do not leave me  
So much forgotten!

If, lady, truly  
You wish my profit,  
What follows of it  
Though still you say so?—  
For all your well-wishes  
*I* still am waiting.  
I grow unruly,  
And deem at last I'm  
Only your pastime.  
A child will play so,  
Who greatly relishes  
Sporting and petting  
With a little wild bird:  
Unaware he kills it,—  
Then turns it, feels it,  
Calls it with a mild word,  
Is angry after,—  
Then again in laughter  
Loud is the child heard.

E per tenere  
Lo suo Signore  
Trovalo impiso,  
E diffilato.  
Donqua, Madonna,  
Se voi m'amate,  
Or mi guardate.  
Di me aggate,  
Bella, pietate.  
Non mi lassate  
Tanto obliato.

Se voi, Madonna,  
Ben mi volete,  
Come dicete,  
Di ciò son fello,  
Ch'io pur aspetto  
Bocca parlando.  
Ben par che voi  
Vi diletiate  
Di me ch'amate,  
Como 'l zitello  
Dell'augello  
Va diletando  
Finchè l'uccide.  
Tanto lo tira  
E poi lo mira,  
Forte s'adira,  
E tosto gira,  
Tralli dell'ira,  
E va giocando.



*PIER MORONELLI*

O my delightful  
My own my lady,  
Upon the Mayday  
Which brought me to you  
Was all my haste then  
But a fool's venture?  
To have my sight full  
Of you propitious  
Truly my wish was,  
And to pursue you  
And let love chasten  
My heart to the centre.  
But warming, lady,  
May end in burning.  
Of all this yearning  
What comes, I beg you?  
In all your glances  
What is't a man sees?—  
Fever and ague.

O avvenente  
Madonna mia,  
In quella dia  
Ch' i' mi ci addusse;  
Li tanti passi  
Furo a ventura.  
Ver' è che voi  
Veder volea,  
Ma mi credea  
Che preso fusse  
S' io vi guardassi,  
Per la figura.  
Ma tal si pensa  
Scaldar che s' arde;  
Però ben guardi,  
E non più tardi;  
Dei dolci sguardi  
Ben sente dardi,  
Caldo, e freddura.

CIUNCIO FIORENTINO.

*OF HIS LOVE; WITH THE FIGURES OF A STAG,  
OF WATER, AND OF AN EAGLE.*

LADY, with all the pains that I can take,  
I'll sing my love renewed, if I may, well,  
And only in your praise.  
The stag in his old age seeks out a snake  
And eats it, and then drinks, (I have heard tell,)  
Fearing the hidden ways  
Of the snake's poison, and renews his youth.  
Even such a draught, in truth,  
Was your sweet welcome, which cast out of me,  
With whole cure instantly,  
Whatever pain I felt, for my own good,  
When first we met that I might be renew'd.  
A thing that has its proper essence changed  
By virtue of some powerful influence,  
As water has by fire,  
Returns to be itself, no more estranged,  
So soon as that has ceased which gave offence:  
Yea, now will more aspire  
Than ever, as the thing it first was made.  
Thine advent long delay'd  
Even thus had almost worn me out of love,  
Biding so far above:  
But now that thou hast brought love back for me,  
It mounts too much,—O lady, up to thee.

CIUNCIO FIORENTINO.

DONNA, io forzeraggio lo podere,  
Cantando mio rinnovato desire  
Tutto in vostra laude.  
Lo cervio in vecchiezza serpe chere,  
Poi l' ha mangiato, bee, ciò odo dire,  
Per tema della fraude  
Del veneno, sicchè poi rinnovella.  
Similmente è quella  
Vostra dolce accoglienza, che fuor pinse  
E immantimente estinse  
In me la pena di vostra veduta,  
Quando per rinnovar fei la venuta.

Cosa ch' è tratta fuor di sua natura  
Per virtù d' argomento poderoso,  
Com' acqua per lo foco,  
Ritorna tosto a natural statura,  
Cessato l' argomento a lei noioso;  
Sicchè dipoi non poco  
Monta natura più, che in prima essenza.  
Così la non presenza,  
Donna, di voi quasi d' amor mi trasse  
Per sua virtù, che stasse;  
Ma poi che a me, lasso, è ritornato  
Lo mio desire, è in voi troppo montato.

I have heard tell, and can esteem it true,  
    How that an eagle looking on the sun,  
        Rejoicing for his part  
And bringing oft his young to look there too,—  
    If one gaze longer than another one,  
        On him will set his heart.  
So I am made aware that Love doth lead  
    All lovers, by their need,  
To gaze upon the brightness of their loves;  
    And whosoever moves  
His eyes the least from gazing upon her,  
The same shall be Love's inward minister.

Udito ho raccontar per veritate,  
Che l'aquila mirando nello sole  
Diletto ha per natura,  
Sicchè v'adduce i figli più fiato;  
E qual più volentier mirar vi suole,  
E in lui mette cura.  
Così l'amor m'è avviso che gli amanti  
Induca tutti quanti  
Verso la chiarezza di loro amanza;  
E qual più con leanza  
La mira, come piace al detto amore,  
Quello ritien per suo fin servidore.

RUGGIERI DI AMICI, SICILIANO.

*FOR A RENEWAL OF FAVOURS.*

I PLAY this sweet prelude  
For the best heart, and queen  
Of gentle womanhood,  
From here unto Messene;  
Of flowers the fairest one;  
The star that's next the sun;  
The brightest star of all.  
What time I look at her,  
My thoughts do crowd and stir  
And are made musical.

Sweetest my lady, then  
Wilt thou not just permit,  
As once I spoke, again  
That I should speak of it?  
My heart is burning me  
Within, though outwardly  
I seem so brave and gay.  
Ah! dost thou not sometimes  
Remember the sweet rhymes  
Our lips made on that day?—

When I her heart did move  
By kisses and by vows,  
Whom I then called my love,  
Fair-haired, with silver brows  
She sang there as we sat;

RUGGIERI DI AMICI, SICILIANO.

DOLCE cominciamento

Canto per la più fina,  
Che sia al mio parimento  
Da qui infin a Messina,  
Cioè la più avvenente,  
E stella rilucente,  
Che levi la mattina.  
Quando m' appar davanti,  
Li suoi dolci sembianti  
M' incendon la corina.

Dolce meo Sir, se incendi,  
Or io che deggio fare?  
Tu stesso mi riprendi,  
Se mi vei favellare.  
Chè tu m' hai innamorato  
E lo cor m' hai laniato  
Sì che da for non pare.  
Chi membrati alla fiata,  
Quand' eo t' ebbi abbracciata,  
Ha li dolci basciari?

Ed io basciando stava  
In gran diletamento,  
Con quella, che m' amava,  
Bionda e viso d' argento:  
Presente me, cantava,



Nor then withheld she aught  
Which it were right to give;  
But said, "Indeed I will  
Be thine through good and ill  
As long as I may live."

And while I live, dear love,  
In gladness and in need  
Myself I will approve  
To be thine own indeed.  
If any man dare blame  
Our loves,—bring him to shame,  
O God! and of this year  
Let him not see the May.  
Is't not a vile thing, say,  
To freeze at Midsummer?

E non mi si celava  
Tutto suo conveniente;  
E disse: io t'ameraggio,  
E non ti falliraggio  
Per tutto il mio vivente.

Al mio vivente, Amore,  
Io non ti falliraggio  
Pera lo lusingatore,  
Che parla di tal fallaggio;  
Ed io sì t'ameraggio.  
Per quello, ch'è selvaggio,  
Dio li mandi dolore.  
Unqua non vegna a maggio.  
Tant' ha di male usaggio  
Che di state ha gelore.

CARNINO GHIBERTI, DA FIORENZA.

*BEING ABSENT FROM HIS LADY, HE FEARS DEATH.*

I AM afar, but near thee is my heart;  
    Only soliciting  
    That this long absence seem not ill to thee:  
For, if thou knew'st what pain and evil smart  
    The lack of thy sweet countenance can bring,  
    Thou wouldst remember me compassionately.  
    Even as my case, the stag's is wont to be,  
    Which, thinking to escape  
His death, escaping whence the pack gives cry,  
    Is wounded and doth die.  
So, in my spirit imagining thy shape,  
    I would fly Death, and Death o'ermasters me.

I am o'erpower'd of Death when, telling o'er  
    Thy beauties in my thought,  
    I seem to have that which I have not: then  
I am as he who in each meteor,  
Dazzled and wildered, sees the thing he sought.  
    In suchwise Love deals with me among men:—  
    Thee whom I have not, yet who dost sustain  
My life, he bringeth in his arms to me  
Full oft,—yet I approach not unto thee.  
Ah! if we be not joined i' the very flesh,  
    It cannot last but I indeed shall die  
    By burden of this love that weigheth so.

CARNINO Ghiberti, da Fiorenza.

LONTAN vi son, ma presso v'è lo core  
Con gran mercè cherendo,  
Che non vi gravi lunga dimoranza.  
Che se saveste la pena e l'ardore,  
Che soffro per voi, bella, non veggendo,  
Ben sovverria di me voi con pietanza.  
Così m'avven col Cervio, per usanza,  
Credendosi campare  
Morte, allungando là 'v' onde latrare  
Fere e va al morire;  
Così 'n pensiero voi raffigurando  
Credo campar la morte, e mi sobranza.

Sobranzami la morte qual rimiro  
Affigurando la vostra beltate,  
Che parmi aver ciò che non ho; mi tegno  
Così com' uomo face sigramiro  
Veder lo suo disio per claritate  
Simile amor mi mira, e mostra 'ngegno.  
Voi, che non aio e siete meo sostegno,  
Mi dona, e tene in braccio spessamente,  
Nè a voi giungo, lasso, nè m'attegno;  
S'eo non m'aggiungo a voi proprio incarnato,  
Non può durar, che non pera del tutto  
Che troppo greve fascio d'amor aggio.

As an o'erladen bough, while yet 'tis fresh,  
     Breaks, and itself and fruit are lost thereby,—  
         So shall I, love, be lost, alas for woe!  
 And, if this slay indeed that thus doth rive  
     My heart, how then shall I be comforted?  
         Thou, as a lioness  
         Her cub, in sore distress  
 Might'st toil to bring me out of death alive:  
     But couldst thou raise me up, if I were dead?  
  
 Oh! but an' if thou wouldst, I were more glad  
     Of death than life,—thus kept  
     From thee and the true life thy face can bring.  
 So in nowise could death be harsh or bad;  
     But it should seem to me that I had slept  
     And was awakened with thy summoning.  
     Yet, sith the hope thereof is a vain thing,  
         I, in fast fealty,  
         Can like the Assassin\* be,  
 Who, to be subject to his lord in all,  
     Goes and accepts his death and has no heed:  
     Even as he doth so could I do indeed.  
 Nevertheless, this one memorial—  
 The last—I send thee, for Love orders it.  
 He, this last once, wills that thus much be writ  
     In prayer that it may fall 'twixt thee and me  
         After the manner of  
         Two birds that feast their love  
 Even unto anguish, till, if neither quit  
     The other, one must perish utterly.

\* Alluding to the Syrian tribe of Assassins, whose chief was the Old Man of the Mountain.

Com' albore ch' è troppo caricato,  
Che frange, e perde sene e lo suo frutto,  
Simile, Amore, eo mi disperderaggio.  
Ahi! dolce Amore, che consiglio avraggio  
S' infino eo moro per voi disiare!  
Vorria, come Leone  
Lo figlio a sua nazione  
Fare di morte surgere e levare.  
Poteste suscitarmi, s' eo morraggio?

Donqua se ciò fosse, piaceriami morte  
Più non fa vita, stando dipartuto,  
Nè conveggendo la vostra figura.  
Cà non serla sì angosciosa e forte,  
Ma mi sembràra avesse dormuto  
Risuscitando a vostra parladura.  
Ma poiche no assicura,  
Vorrea, com' fedel fino,  
Sì come l' Assessino  
Ca per ubbidir suo Signor sen fallo,  
Va, prende morte, e non sinde cura.  
Così non cureraio che m' avvegna.  
Tuttora affino in ver voi la mia spene,  
Da poi che Amor lo vuole e lo comanda.  
Disavventura ver voi mi rimanda  
Pregarevi la mainera tegnamo  
Chente due augel fanno,  
Quando all' amor s' addanno  
A lor compungimento, e di tanto amo,  
Che l' un, se l' altro non parte, ne ancide.

PRINZIVALLE DORIA.

*OF HIS LOVE, WITH THE FIGURE OF A SUDDEN  
STORM.*

EVEN as the day when it is yet at dawning  
Seems mild and kind, being fair to look upon,  
While the birds carol underneath their awning  
Of leaves, as if they never would have done ;  
Which on a sudden changes, just at noon,  
And the broad light is broken into rain  
That stops and comes again ;  
Even as the traveller, who had held his way  
Hopeful and glad because of the bright weather,  
Forgetteth then his gladness altogether ;  
Even so am I, through Love, alas the day !

It plainly is through Love that I am so.  
At first, he let me still grow happier  
Each day, and made her kindness seem to grow,  
But now he has quite changed her heart in her.  
And I, whose hopes throbbed and were all astir  
For times when I should call her mine aloud,  
And in her pride be proud  
Who is more fair than gems are, ye may say,  
Having that fairness which holds hearts in rule ;—  
I have learnt now to count him but a fool  
Who before evening says, A goodly day.

PRINZIVALLE DORIA.

COME lo giorno quando è al mattino  
Chiaro e sereno, ed è bello a vedere,  
E gli augelletti fanno lor latino  
Cantare fino, ch'è dolce ad audire,  
E poi a mezzo giorno cangia e muta,  
E torna in pioggia la dolce venuta,  
Che mostrava ;  
Lo pellegrino, che sicuro andava,  
Per la speranza del bel giorno, quello  
Diventa fello e pien di pesanza;  
Così m' ha fatto Amore, a mia certanza.

Così m' ha fatto Amore certamente,  
Ch' allegramente in prima mi mostrao  
Sollazzo e tutto ben dall' avvenente;  
Alla più gente lo cor li cangiao.  
Credendomi di trar tutta mia vita  
Savio, cortese, di bella partita,  
E gir per quella baldo,  
Che passa giacinto e smeraldo,  
Ed ave bellezze, ond' eo disìo.  
E saccio e crio, che follia lo tira,  
Chi lauda 'l giorno avanti che sia sira.



It had been better not to have begun,  
    Since, having known my error, 'tis too late.  
This thing from which I suffer, thou hast done,  
    Lady: canst thou restore me my first state?  
    The wound thou gavest canst thou medicate?  
Not thou, forsooth: thou hast not any art  
    To keep death from my heart.  
O lady! where is now my life's full meed  
    Of peace, mine once, and which thou took'st away?  
    Surely it cannot now be far from day:  
Night is already very long indeed.

The sea is much more beautiful at rest  
    Than when the storm is trampling over it.  
Wherefore, to see the smile which has so bless'd  
    This heart of mine, deem'st thou these eyes unfit?  
    There is no maid so lovely, it is writ,  
That by such stern unwomanly regard  
    Her face may not be marr'd.  
I therefore pray of thee, my own soul's wife,  
    That thou remember me who am forgot.  
    How shall I stand without thee? Art thou not  
The pillar of the building of my life?

Assai val meglio lo non cominciare,  
Che poi lo fare non val ripentanza.  
Per voi m' ha messo, bella, Amore in mare;  
Fammi tornare a porto d' alleganza,  
Che voi m' avete tolto remi e vela  
E travaglia lo meo cor, nè medela  
Spera ei, donna mia.  
Poi m' hai levata la tua compagnia,  
Rendetelami, Donna, tutta in una  
Che no è in fortuna tuttavia lo Faro,  
E presso a notte vene giorno chiaro.

Più bella par la mare, e più sollazza  
Quand' è in bonazza, che quand' è turbata:  
La vostra cera, che 'l meo core allazza  
Par ch' a voi piazza chè m' è corucciata:  
Chè non è donna, che sia tanto bella,  
Che s' ella mostra vista, e gronda fella,  
Che non disdica.  
Però vi prego, dolce mia nemica,  
Da voi si mova mercede e pietanza,  
Sì che d' erranza mi traggiate, Donna,  
Chè di mia vita voi siete colonna.

RUSTICO DI FILIPPO.

*OF THE MAKING OF MASTER MESSERIN.*

WHEN God had finished Master Messerin,  
He really thought it something to have done:  
Bird, man, and beast had got a chance in one,  
And each felt flattered, it was hoped, therein.  
For he is like a goose i' the windpipe thin,  
And like a cameleopard high i' the loins;  
To which, for manhood, you'll be told, he joins  
Some kinds of flesh-hues and a callow chin.  
As to his singing, he affects the crow;  
As to his learning, beasts in general;  
And sets all square by dressing like a man.  
God made him, having nothing else to do;  
And proved there is not anything at all  
He cannot make, if that's a thing He can.

RUSTICO DI FILIPPO.

QUANDO Dio messer Messerin fece,  
Ben si credette far gran maraviglia,  
Ch' uccello e bestia ed uom ne sodisfece,  
Che a ciascheduna natura s' appiglia.  
Che nel gozzo anitrocco 'l contrafece,  
E nelle reni giraffa somiglia,  
Ed uom sembra, secondo che si dece,  
Nella piacente sua cera vermiglia.  
Ancor rassembra corbo nel cantare,  
Ed è diritta bestia nel sapere,  
E ad uomo è somigliato al vestimento.  
Quando egli il fece poco avea che fare,  
Ma volle dimostrar lo suo potere,  
Sì strana cosa fare ebbe in talento.

*OF THE SAFETY OF MESSER FAZIO.\**

MASTER BERTUCCIO, you are called to account  
That you guard Fazio's life from poison ill:  
And every man in Florence tells me still  
He has no horse that he can safely mount.  
A mighty war-horse worth a thousand pound  
Stands in Cremona stabled at his will;  
Which for his honoured person should fulfil  
Its use. Nay, sir, I pray you be not found  
So poor a steward. For all fame of yours  
Is cared for best, believe me, when I say:—  
Our Florence gives Bertuccio charge of one  
Who rides her own proud spirit like a horse;  
Whom Coccio himself must needs obey;  
And whom she loves best, being her strongest  
son.

\* I have not been able to trace the Fazio to whom this sonnet refers.

MESSER BERTUCCIO, a dritto uom vi cagiona,  
Che Fazo non guardate dal veleno,  
E ciascun fiorentin di ciò ragiona,  
Che non va ben sicuro a palafreno.  
Un gran destrier di pregio ave a Cremona,  
Che mille lire il dice, in tutto, il meno.  
Fate che venga per la sua persona;  
Non siata scarso in sua guardia, nè leno.  
E questo dico, e vo che sia sentenza,  
Credendo il me' di voi dicer per vero:  
Messer Bertuccio il guardi per Fiorenza,  
Che dell'ingegno suo sta cavaliero;  
E il Coccio gli deggia far credenza,  
Non ch'io ne dotti, tanto ha il viso fiero.

*OF MESSER UGOLINO.\**

If any one had anything to say  
To the Lord Ugolino, because he's  
Not staunch, and never minds his promises,  
'Twere hardly courteous, for it is his way.  
Courteous it were to say such sayings nay:  
As thus: He's true, sir, only takes his ease  
And don't care merely if it plague or please,  
And has good thoughts, no doubt, if they would stay.  
Now I know he's so loyal every whit  
And altogether worth such a good word  
As worst would best and best would worst befit.  
He'd love his party with a dear accord  
If only he could once quite care for it,  
But can't run post for any Law or Lord.

\* The character here drawn certainly suggests Count Ugolino de' Gherardeschi, though it would seem that Rustico died nearly twenty years before the tragedy of the Tower of Famine.

CHI messer Ugolin biasma o riprende,  
Perchè non ha fermezza nè misura,  
E perchè sua promessa non attende,  
Non è cortese, ch' ei l' ha da natura.  
Ma fa gran cortesia chi nel difende:  
Ch' è sì gentile, che non mette cura,  
E poco pensa se manca od offende;  
E se vuol ben pensar, poco vi dura.  
Ma io so ben che s' ei fosse leale,  
Ch' egli è di sì gran pregio il suo valore,  
Che meno sen potria dir ben che male:  
Ed ama la sua parte di buon core;  
Se non che punto ben non gliene cale,  
E ben non corre a posta di signore.



PUCCIARELLO DI FIORENZA.

*OF EXPEDIENCY.*

PASS and let pass,—this counsel I would give,—  
And wrap thy cloak what way the wind may blow;  
Who cannot raise himself were wise to know  
How best, by dint of stooping, he may thrive.  
Take for ensample this: when the winds drive  
Against it, how the sapling tree bends low,  
And, once being prone, abideth even so  
Till the hard harsh wind cease to rend and rive.  
Wherefore, when thou behold'st thyself abased,  
Be blind, deaf, dumb; yet therewith none the less  
Note thou in peace what thou shalt hear and see,  
Till from such state by Fortune thou be raised.  
Then hack, lop, buffet, thrust, and so redress  
Thine ill that it may not return on thee.

PUCCIARELLO DI FIORENZA.

PER consiglio ti do de passa passa,  
Voltar mantello a quel vento che vene;  
Chi 'nalzar non se può, molto fa bene  
Ch' a suo vantaggio fiettendo s' abassa.  
Per sempio mostro l' arboscella bassa,  
Quando la piena incontra le vene,  
Ch' ella si fiette, e così se mantene  
Per fin che piena dura aspera passa.  
Però, quando ti vedi starne abbasso,  
Sta ceco, sordo, muto; e sì non meno  
Ciò ch' odi, e vedi, taci e nota appieno.  
Finchè Fortuna te leva da basso.  
Poi taglia, stronca, mozza, rompi, e batti,  
E fa che mai non torni a simil atti.

ALBERTUCCIO DELLA VIOLA.

*OF HIS LADY DANCING.*

AMONG the dancers I beheld her dance,  
Her who alone is my heart's sustenance.

So, as she danced, I took this wound of her;  
Alas! the flower of flowers, she did not fail.  
Woe's me! I will be Jew and blasphemer  
If the good god of Love do not prevail  
To bring me to thy grace, oh! thou most fair.  
My lady and my lord! alas for wail!  
How many days and how much sufferance?

Oh! would to God that I had never seen  
Her face, nor had beheld her dancing so!  
Then had I missed this wound which is so keen—  
Yea, mortal—for I think not to win through  
Unless her love be my sweet medicine;  
Whereof I am in doubt, alas for woe!  
Fearing therein but such a little chance.

She was apparelled in a Syrian cloth,  
My lady:—oh! but she did grace the same,  
Gladdening all folk, that they were nowise loth  
At sight of her to put their ill from them.  
But upon me her power hath had such growth  
That nought of joy thenceforth, but a live flame,  
Stirs at my heart,—which is her countenance.

ALBERTUCCIO DELLA VIOLA.

ALLA danza la vidi danzare,  
L' Amorosa, che mi fa allegrare.

Così, come danzava, mi ferìo;  
Non mi fallìo la fiore delle fiore.  
Addovenir ne voglio  
Giudeo pessimo e reo,  
Se il Deo dell' amore  
Non mi conduce con voi, amor meo,  
Non ne camp' eo: omè, donn' e signore  
Quante pene mi facea durare.

Sir Iddeo, non l' avess' eo mai veduta,  
Nè conosciuta danzare alla danza;  
E al cor m' ha data mortale feruta,  
E sì aguta, non credo campare,  
Se lo suo dolce amore non m' aiuta.  
Alla postuta stonne in dubitanza  
Sì che appena men credo campare.

Vestut' era d' un drappo di Sorìa  
La Donna mia, e stavale bene.  
Rallegrava la gente tuttavia,  
Che la vedìa, traiea lor di pene,  
E mi ha data tanta signoria,  
Che 'n quella dia solazzo nè bene  
Nanti foco ardente mi pare.

262 *ALBERTUCCIO DELLA VIOLA*

Sweet-smelling rose, sweet, sweet to smell and see,  
Great solace had she in her eyes for all;  
But heavy woe is mine; for upon me  
Her eyes, as they were wont, did never fall.  
Which thing if it were done advisedly,  
I would choose death, that could no more appal,  
Not caring for my life's continuance.

Tutti gli allegrava l' avvenente  
Rosa aulente, cotanto sapia,  
E me non riguardava di neente,  
O me dolente, sì com' far solia.  
Ma s' ella lo facesse accortamente,  
Certanamente ben m' ancideria,  
Ed eo più vivo non vorria stare.

TOMMASO BUZZUOLA, DA FAENZA.

*HE IS IN AWE OF HIS LADY.*

EVEN as the moon amid the stars doth shed  
Her lovelier splendour of exceeding light,—  
Even so my lady seems the queen and head  
Among all other ladies in my sight.  
Her human visage, like an angel's made,  
Is glorious even to beauty's perfect height;  
And with her simple bearing soft and staid  
All secret modesties of soul unite.  
I therefore feel a dread in loving her;  
Because of thinking on her excellence,  
The wisdom and the beauty which she has.  
I pray her for the sake of God,—whereas  
I am her servant, yet in sore suspense  
Have held my peace,—to have me in her care.

TOMMASO BUZZUOLA, DA FAENZA.

Como le stelle sopra la Diana  
Rende splendor con grande claritate;  
Così la mia donna par sovrana  
Di tutte le donne ch'aggio trovate.  
Che la sua angelica figura umana  
Mi par ornata di tutta beltate;  
Umile portatura, soave, e piana  
In lei si trova con grande onestate.  
Però di lei amar aggio temenza,  
Considerando su' alto valore  
E 'l senno e la bellezza, che in lei pare.  
Per Deo la prego, ch'aggia provedenza  
Di me, che sono suo leal servidore,  
Ma per temenza non l'oso mostrare.



·NOFFO BONAGUIDA.

*HE IS ENJOINED TO PURE LOVE.*

A SPIRIT of Love, with Love's intelligence,  
Maketh his sojourn alway in my breast,  
Maintaining me in perfect joy and rest ;  
Nor could I live an hour, were he gone thence :  
Through whom my love hath such full permanence  
That thereby other loves seem dispossess'd.  
I have no pain, nor am with sighs oppress'd,  
So calm is the benignant influence.  
Because this spirit of Love, who speaks to me  
Of my dear lady's tenderness and worth,  
Says: "More than thus to love her seek thou not,  
Even as she loves thee in her wedded thought ;  
But honour her in thy heart delicately :  
For this is the most blessed joy on earth."

NOFFO BONAGUIDA.

ISPIRITO d' Amor con intelletto

Dentro dallo meo cor sempre dimora,  
Che mi mantiene in gran gioia e 'n diletto  
E senza lui non viverìa un' ora.

Ed hammi fatto amante sì perfetto

Ch' ogn' altro in ver di me d' amore è fuori  
Non ho mai pene, nè sospiri getto:  
Cotanto buonamente m' innamora.

Lo spirito d' Amor, che meco parla

Della mia gentil donna ed avvenente,  
Mi dice: non voler mai più che amarla,  
Sì com' ella ama te coralemente,  
E di fin cor servire, ed onorarla;  
Che è la gioia del mondo più piacente.

LIPPO PASCHI DE' BARDI.

*HE SOLICITS A LADY'S FAVOURS.*

WERT thou as prone to yield unto my prayer  
The thing, sweet virgin, which I ask of thee,  
As to repeat, with all humility,  
“Pray you go hence, and of your speech forbear;”—  
Then unto joy might I my heart prepare,  
Having my fellows in subserviency;  
But, for that thou contemn'st and mockest me,  
Whether of life or death I take no care.  
Because my heart may not assuage its drouth  
Nor ever may again rejoice at all  
Till the sweet face bend to be felt of man,—  
Till tenderly the beautiful soft mouth  
I kiss by thy good leave; thenceforth to call  
Blessing and triumph Love's extremest ban.

LIPPO PASCHI DE' BARDI.

Così fossi tu acconcia di donarmi  
Quel ch' io ti chieggió, pulzella gentile,  
Come tu sei di dir con voce umile,  
Tollete senza più dispiacer farmi:  
Ch' allor porrei allegro in gioia starmi  
Contandomi fra gli altri signorile:  
Ma ciò, che tu mi gabbi e tieni a vile,  
Si è la cosa che farà finarmi.  
Chè rallegrarmi punto non mi posso,  
Nè poterò giammai insino a tanto  
Che 'l viso dolce all'atto, ond' uom la sente  
E quella bella bocca dolcemente  
Io basci con tua voglia; e poi mi vanto  
D' esser di pena e di dolore scosso.

SER PACE, NOTAIO DA FIORENZA.

*A RETURN TO LOVE.*

A FRESH content of fresh enamouring  
Yields me afresh, at length, the sense of song,  
Who had well-nigh forgotten Love so long:  
But now my homage he will have me bring.  
So that my life is now a joyful thing,  
Having new-found desire, elate and strong,  
In her to whom all grace and worth belong,  
On whom I now attend for ministering.  
The countenance remembering, with the limbs,  
She was all imaged on my heart at once  
Suddenly by a single look at her:  
Whom when I now behold, a heat there seems  
Within, as of a subtle fire that runs  
Unto my heart, and remains burning there.

SER PACE, NOTAIO DA FIORENZA.

NOVELLA gioia e nova innamoranza

    Mi fa di novo canto risentire:

    Chè m'avea quasi messo in oblianza

    Amore e or vuol ch'eo li deggia servire.

La 'nd'eo gioioso vivo in allegranza,

    Chè tale aspetto m'ha messo in disire:

    Chè di bellezze e pregio ogn'altra avanza

    Quella, cui eo son dato ad ubidire.

Membrando la figura con le membra

    Dentro dal core mi rue imaginata

    Subitamente con un solo isguardo.

Quando la veggio un ardor mi rassembra

    D'un foco e d'una fiamma delicata,

    Che 'l cor m'ha preso tanto ch'eo tutt'ardo.

NICCOLÒ DEGLI ALBIZZI.

*WHEN THE TROOPS WERE RETURNING FROM MILAN.*

IF you could see, fair brother, how dead beat  
The fellows look who come through Rome to-day,—  
Black yellow smoke-dried visages,—you'd say  
They thought their haste at going all too fleet.  
Their empty victual-waggon's up the street  
Over the bridge dreadfully sound and sway;  
Their eyes, as hanged men's, turning the wrong way;  
And nothing on their backs, or heads, or feet.  
One sees the ribs and all the skeletons  
Of their gaunt horses; and a sorry sight  
Are the torn saddles, crammed with straw and stones.  
They are ashamed, and march throughout the night;  
Stumbling, for hunger, on their marrowbones;  
Like barrels rolling, jolting, in this plight.  
Their arms all gone, not even their swords are saved;  
And each as silent as a man being shaved.

NICCOLÒ DEGLI ALBIZZI.

FRATEL, se tu vedessi questa gente  
Passar per Roma tutti isgominati,  
Con visi neri gialli e affumicati,  
Diresti: dell' andata ognun si pente.  
Le panche suonan sì terribilmente  
Quando son giù dal ponte in qua passati,  
Volgendo gli occhi a guisa d' impiccati,  
Nè 'n dosso, in capo, in piè hanno niente.  
Le coste anco vedresti, e tutto ossame  
De' loro cavalli, e le lor selle rotte  
Hanno ripiene di paglia e di strame.  
E si vergognan, che passan di notte;  
Vannosi inginocchiando per la fame,  
Trottando e saltellando come botte.  
E le loro armi tutte  
Anno lasciate per fino alle spade;  
E stan cheti com' uom quando si rade.



FRANCESCO DA BARBERINO.

*A VIRGIN DECLARES HER BEAUTIES.\**

Do not conceive that I shall here recount  
All my own beauty: yet I promise you  
That you, by what I tell, shall understand  
All that befits and that is well to know.

My bosom, which is very softly made,  
Of a white even colour without stain,  
Bears two fair apples, fragrant, sweetly-savoured,  
Gathered together from the Tree of Life  
The which is in the midst of Paradise.  
And these no person ever yet has touched;  
For out of nurse's and of mother's hands  
I was, when God in secret gave them me.  
These ere I yield I must know well to whom;  
And for that I would not be robbed of them,  
I speak not all the virtue that they have;  
Yet thus far speaking:—blessed were the man  
Who once should touch them, were it but a little;—  
See them I say not, for that might not be.

My girdle, clipping pleasure round about,  
Over my clear dress even unto my knees

\* Extracted from his long treatise, in unrhymed verse and in prose, "Of the Government and Conduct of Women," (*Del Reggimento e dei Costumi delle Donne*).

FRANCESCO DA BARBERINO.

Non intendiate, ch' io qui le vi dica  
Singolarmente, ma tanto prometto,  
Che lo parlar ch' io farò, intenderete,  
Quanto conviene, e bisogna sapere.

E qui comincio, intendetemi bene:  
Lo petto mio è soave, ed umile,  
Bianca la pelle, e macula non sente,  
Ed ha due pomi odorifichi, e dolci;  
Che furon colti dall' albore vita,  
Lo qual nel mezzo paradiso è posto.  
Questi nessuna persona hà toccati,  
Ch' io era fuori di nutrice, e di madre;  
Quando in segreto me gli diede Iddio.  
Questi non drei, se non sapessi a cui,  
E perchè poi non mi fosson furati,  
Non vuò dir tutta la virtute, che hanno.  
Ma tanto dico, che beato è quello,  
Che gli potesse toccar solo un poco;

Veder non dico, ch' esser non porria.  
Nel cingner mio si raggira piacere,  
Nettezza, e tenerezza;  
Che stende una veste cristallina,

Hangs down with sweet precision tenderly;  
And under it Virginity abides.  
Faithful and simple and of plain belief  
She is, with her fair garland bright like gold;  
And very fearful if she overhears  
Speech of herself; the wherefore ye perceive  
That I speak soft lest she be made ashamed.

Lo! this is she who hath for company  
The Son of God and Mother of the Son;  
Lo! this is she who sits with many in heaven;  
Lo! this is she with whom are few on earth.

Che pende giuso insino alle ginocchia,  
Sotto la qual Verginità dimora.  
Quella è fedel, credente, e semplicetta,  
Colla ghirlanda indorata, e splendente,  
Hà gran paura, quando ode contare  
Di se parole; però voi udirate:  
Ch' io dico pian ch' ella non si smarrisca.

Ella è colei, ch' à compagno il figliuolo  
Del Sommo Iddio, e sua Madre con esso.  
Ell' è colei, che non molte siede in cielo,  
Ell' è colei, che in terra ha pochi seco.

## OF SLOTH AGAINST SIN.\*

THERE is a vice which oft  
 I've heard men praise; and divers forms it has,  
 And it is this. Whereas  
 Some, by their wisdom, lordship, or repute,  
 When tumults are afoot,  
 Might stifle them, or at the least allay,—  
 These certain ones will say,  
 "The wise man bids thee fly the noise of men."

One says, "Wouldst thou maintain  
 Worship,—avoid where thou mayst not avail;  
 And do not breed worse ail  
 By adding one more voice to strife begun."

Another, with this one,  
 Avers, "I could but bear a small expense,  
 Or yield a slight defence."  
 A third says this, "I could but offer words."

Or one, whose tongue records  
 Unwillingly his own base heart, will say,  
 "I'll not be led astray  
 To bear a hand in others' life or death."

They have it in their teeth!  
 For unto this each man is pledged and bound;  
 And this thing shall be found  
 Entered against him at the Judgment Day.

\* This and the three following pieces are extracted from his  
 "Documents of Love" (*Documenti d'Amore*).

*CHE IL NON VIETARE UN GRAN MALE, SI È  
BIASIMEVOLE, E PECCATO.*

UN vizo è, che laudato  
Trovo da certi, e tre mal conosciuti.  
Aggio alquanti veduti  
Che per lor senno, o maioranza, o possa,

Quando una mischia è mossa  
Porian chetar', e menovar li mali.  
Dicon questi cotali;  
Le savio dice, che fugga romore.

Questo, chi vuole onore  
Intenda di fuggir, dove non vale:  
E che cagion del male  
Non sia per se del cominciar di quello.

Gl' altri vallo con quello;  
Poter campar' un per picciola spesa,  
O leggiera difesa:  
Lo terzo, sol per dir certe parole.

E colui che non vuole  
Per sua viltà far' alcuna di queste;  
Dirà non mi poreste  
Tirar' a cosa, che già non mi tocca.

Ben si da sù la bocca:  
Ch' a tutte queste è tenuto, e legato;  
E fieli computato  
A sua ragion, ne la condannagione.

*OF SINS IN SPEECH.*

Now these four things, if thou  
 Consider, are so bad that none are worse.  
 First,—among counsellors  
 To thrust thyself, when not called absolutely.  
 And in the other three  
 Many offend by their own evil wit.  
 When men in council sit,  
 One talks because he loves not to be still;  
 And one to have his will;  
 And one for nothing else but only show.  
 These rules were well to know,  
 First for the first, for the others afterward.  
 Where many are repair'd  
 And met together, never go with them  
 Unless thou'rt called by name.  
 This for the first: now for the other three.  
 What truly thou dost see  
 Turn in thy mind, and faithfully report;  
 And in the plainest sort  
 Thy wisdom may, proffer thy counselling.  
 There is another thing  
 Belongs hereto, the which is on this wise.  
 If one should ask advice  
 Of thine for his own need whate'er it be,—  
 This is my word to thee:—  
 Deny it if it be not clearly of use:  
 Or turn to some excuse  
 That may avail, and thou shalt have done well.

COME SI DEVE LA PERSONA GOVERNARE, CIRCA  
IL CONSIGLIO.

QUATTRO cose chi vole

Guardar' a punto, son vizi maggiori:  
Gir tra consiglieri,  
Se non vi se' chiamato, alcuna volta.

E pecca gente molta

Ne li seguenti tre: per gran viltate;  
Quando son ragunate  
Genti a consiglio, un parla a piagere:

Et un' altro a volere:

E l' altro sol, perche vuole apparire.  
Regula breve dire  
Convien noi de lo primo, e dar' a tutti.

Se tu vedi redutti

E stratti insieme alcuni; non v' andar mai,  
Se chiamato non serai.  
Degl' altri tre corta dottrina prendi.

Che ciò che dir attendi,

Pensa di te, e con fede t' accosta;  
E secondo ch' è posta  
In te la gratia del saver, consiglia.

Un' altro è che s' appiglia.

Quasi con questi vizi, e questo occorre:  
Ch' a colui, che vuol torre  
Da te l' aiuto, e tu li dai consiglio.

Sovra ciò ti consiglio;

Che chiaramente serva, o tu gliel niega;  
O ne la scusa piega,  
Se l' ai sufficiente; e srai piagente.



## OF IMPORTUNITIES AND TROUBLESOME PERSONS.

THERE is a vice prevails  
 Concerning which I'll set you on your guard;  
 And other four, which hard  
 It were (as may be thought) that I should blame.

Some think that still of *them*—  
 Whate'er is said—some ill speech lies beneath;  
 And this to them is death:  
 Whereby we plainly may perceive their sins.

And now let others wince.  
 One sort there is, who, thinking that they please,  
 (Because no wit's in these,)  
 Where'er you go, will stick to you all day,

And answer, (when you say,  
 "Don't let me tire you out!") "Oh never mind—  
 Say nothing of the kind,—  
 It's quite a pleasure to be where you are!"

A second,—when, as far  
 As he could follow you, the whole day long  
 He's sung you his dull song,  
 And you for courtesy have borne with it,—

Will think you've had a treat.  
 A third will take his special snug delight,—  
 Some day you've come in sight  
 Of some great thought and got it well in view,—

*DI CINQUE COSE CHE FANNO GRAN NOIA A QUELLI,  
CON CUI CONVERSIAMO.*

PAR ch' un' vizo pur regni,  
Dal qual molto guardar ci converria:  
E quattro, che parria  
Forse ad alquanti, non peccar per quegli.

El sembra a certi fegli  
Sempre chi parla, mal parlar di loro.  
Questa è morte a costoro:  
Che i lor difetti per questo vedemo.

Or' agl' altri verremo:  
Che sono alquanti, credendo piacere,  
Che per picciol sapere,  
Per tutto il giorno t' accompagnar anno:

E che risponderanno  
Quando dirai; de non vi fatigate:  
Di ciò non ci parlate,  
Ch' el ci diletta molto a star con voi.

Lo secondo, che poi  
Che t' averà tutto giorno parlato;  
Se l' averai ascoltato;  
Quel, che tu sofferrai per cortesia

Credrà diletto sia:  
Lo terzo penserà piacerti assai,  
Se quando tu averai  
Un gran pensiero, e vorrai solo stare;

Just then to drop on you.

A fourth, for any insult you've received  
Will say he *is so* grieved,  
And daily bring the subject up again.

So now I would be fain

To show you your best course at all such times;  
And counsel you in rhymes  
That you yourself offend not in likewise.

In these four cases lies

This help:—to think upon your own affair,  
Just showing here and there  
By just a word that you are listening;

And still to the last thing

That's said to you attend in your reply,  
And let the rest go by,—  
It's quite a chance if he remembers them.

Yet do not, all the same,

Deny your ear to any speech of weight.  
But if importunate  
The speaker is, and will not be denied,

Just turn the speech aside

When you can find some plausible pretence;  
For if you have the sense,  
By a quick question or a sudden doubt

You may so put him out

That he shall not remember where he was,  
And by such means you'll pass  
Upon your way and be well rid of him.

Verratti accompagnare:

Lo quarto, quando ai ricevuta offesa,  
Dirà, che glie ne pesa;  
Et ogni giorno t' en farà memora.

El si conven dunque ora,  
Ch' a tutti questi ti mostri riparo,  
E buon consiglio, e caro;  
Si che non pesi nel simil' ad altri.

In tutti quattro aitarti  
Porai, ad altre tue cose pensando;  
E talora mostrando  
Per alcune parole, che lo 'ntenda.

Et a la fin comprenda  
L' ultima cosa la tua parladura:  
Dell' altre non far cura;  
Che rade volte se ne pur ricorda.

Ma non aver tu sorda  
La tua audienza, se la cosa pesa.  
E se questi ch' à presa  
Cotel maniera, non è d' onor degno;

Partirati dal segno,  
Trovando verisimile cagione:  
E s' un ben cura pone,  
Porà, facendo a quel cotal questioni,

Trarlo sì da sermoni;  
Che non saurà ritornar dov' egl' era.  
E per questa maniera,  
Porai da molti noiosi compare.

And now it may beseem  
     I give you the advice I promised you.  
     Before you have to do  
 With men whom you must meet continually,  
  
 Take notice what they be;  
     And so you shall find readily enough  
     If you can win their love,  
 And give yourself for answer Yes or No.  
  
 And finding Yes, do so  
     That still the love between you may increase.  
     Yet if they be of these  
 Whom sometimes it is hard to understand,  
  
 Let some slight cause be plann'd,  
     And seem to go,—so you shall learn their will:  
     And if but one sit still  
 As 'twere in thought,—then go, unless he call.  
  
 Lastly, if insult gall  
     Your friend, this is the course that you should take.  
     At first 'tis well you make  
 As much lament thereof as you think fit,—  
  
 Then speak no more of it,  
     Unless himself should bring it up again;  
     And then no more refrain  
 From full discourse, but say his grief is yours.

Or ti vò ritornare

A qual consiglio, ch'io dar ti promisi.

Sien li tuoi pensier fisi;

Quando accompagni, o a parlar t'avieni.

Con cui dimora tieni.

Et in picciolo star conoscerai,

S' a color gradirai:

E piglia il sì, o 'l nò, come comprendi.

Ma se del sì tu prendi;

Fa sì, che voglian' anzi più che meno.

E se color non sieno

Disposti sì che conoscer li possa;

Fingi cagion; e mossa

Fa di partiti; e vedrai lor volere.

E se solo un sedere

Vedi pensando; lassal se non chiama.

Or del' offeso brama

Lo mio desir, che tal' ordine servi:

Che ne la prima observi

Quel lamentar', e doler che ti pare

Poi più non ne parlare;

Se dallui prima non si muove il dire.

Allor porai seguire

Le tue parole; e dir, come t'en dole.

*OF CAUTION.*

SAY, wouldst thou guard thy son,  
That sorrow he may shun?  
Begin at the beginning  
And let him keep from sinning.  
Wouldst guard thy house? One door  
Make to it, and no more.  
Wouldst guard thine orchard-wall?  
Be free of fruit to all.

*DELLA CURA DE' FIGLIUOLI, E D' ALTRE COSE  
DOMESTICHE.*

Vuo' guardar tuo figliolo,  
Sì che non aggia duolo?  
Vanne a la parte prima  
Che lui da vizi lima.  
Vuo' guardar magion tua?  
Fagli un' uscio, e non piùa.  
Vuo' guardar li tuoi frutti;  
Siene cortese a tutti.



FAZIO DEGLI UBERTI.

I.

*HIS PORTRAIT OF HIS LADY, ANGIOLA OF VERONA.*

I LOOK at the crisp golden-threaded hair  
Whereof, to thrall my heart, Love twists a net:  
Using at times a string of pearls for bait,  
And sometimes with a single rose therein.  
I look into her eyes which unaware  
Through mine own eyes to my heart penetrate,  
Their splendour, that is excellently great,  
To the sun's radiance seeming near akin,  
Yet from herself a sweeter light to win.  
So that I, gazing on that lovely one,  
Discourse in this wise with my secret thought:—  
“Woe's me! why am I not,  
Even as my wish, alone with her alone,—  
That hair of hers, so heavily uplaid,  
To shed down braid by braid,  
And make myself two mirrors of her eyes  
Within whose light all other glory dies?”  
I look at the amorous beautiful mouth,  
The spacious forehead which her locks enclose,  
The small white teeth, the straight and shapely nose,  
And the clear brows of a sweet pencilling.  
And then the thought within me gains full growth,  
Saying, “Be careful that thy glance now goes  
Between her lips, red as an open rose,  
Quite full of every dear and precious thing;

FAZIO DEGLI UBERTI.

I.

Io guardo i crespi e li biondi capelli,  
De' quali ha facto per me rete Amore;  
D' un fil di perle e quando d' un bel fiore  
Per me pigliare i' trovo ch' e' gli adescà.  
E poi riguardo dentro agli occhi belli,  
Che passan per li miei dentro dal core  
Con tanto vivo e lucente splendore,  
Che propriamente par che d' un sole esca.  
Virtù mostra che in loro ognior più cresca,  
Ond' io, che s'è leggiadri star gli veggio,  
Così fra me sospirando ragiono:  
"Omè! perchè non sono  
A solo a solo colà dov' io gli cheggio?  
Sicch' io potessi quella treccia bionda  
Disfarla a onda a onda  
E far de' suoi begli occhi à miei due specchi,  
Che lucon sì che non trovan parecchi."

Poi guardo l' amorosa e bella bocca  
La spaziosa fronte e 'l vago piglio  
E i bianchi denti, il dricto naso e 'l ciglio  
Pulito e brun, tal che dipinto pare.  
E 'l vago mio pensiero allor mi tocca  
Dicendo: "Vedi allegro dar di piglio  
Dentro a quel labbro sottile e vermiglio,  
Dov' ogni dolce e saporito pare.

And listen to her gracious answering,  
 Born of the gentle mind that in her dwells,  
 Which from all things can glean the nobler half.  
 Look thou when she doth laugh  
 How much her laugh is sweeter than aught else."  
 Thus evermore my spirit makes avow  
 Touching her mouth; till now  
 I would give anything that I possess,  
 Only to hear her mouth say frankly, "Yes."  
  
 I look at her white easy neck, so well  
 From shoulders and from bosom lifted out;  
 And at her round cleft chin, which beyond doubt  
 No fancy in the world could have design'd.  
 And then, with longing grown more voluble,  
 "Were it not pleasant now," pursues my thought,  
 "To have that neck within thy two arms caught  
 And kiss it till the mark were left behind?"  
 Then, urgently: "The eyelids of thy mind  
 Open thou: if such loveliness be given  
 To sight here,—what of that which she doth hide?  
 Only the wondrous ride  
 Of sun and planets through the visible heaven  
 Tells us that there beyond is Paradise.  
 Thus, if thou fix thine eyes,  
 Of a truth certainly thou must infer  
 That every earthly joy abides in her."  
  
 I look at the large arms, so lithe and round,—  
 At the hands, which are white and rosy too,—  
 At the long fingers, clasped and woven through,  
 Bright with the ring which one of them doth wear.

E odi suo vezzoso ragionare  
Quanto ben mostra morbida e pietosa  
E come suo parlar parte e divide.  
Vedi, quand' ella ride,  
Che passa per diletto ogni altra cosa."  
Così di quella bocca il pensier mio  
Mi ragiona, per ch' io  
Non ho nel mondo cosa ch' io non desse  
A tal ch' un sì con buon voler dicesse.

Poi guardo la sua isvelta e bella gola  
Com' escie ben delle spalle e del petto:  
Il mento tondo, fesso, piccioletto,  
Tal che più bel cogli occhi nol disegno.  
E quel pensier che sol per lei m' invola  
Mi dice: "Vedi allegro e bel diletto  
Aver quel collo fra le braccia stretto  
E fare in quella gola un picciol segno."  
Poi soprugiugne e dice: "Apri lo 'ngegno,  
Se le parti di fuor son così belle,  
L' altre che dien parer che chiude e copre?  
Chè sol per le belle opre,  
Che fanno in cielo il sole e l' altre stelle,  
Dentro da lor se crede il paradiso.  
Dunque déi pensar fiso,  
Se guardi ben, ch' ogni terrea piacere  
Si trova dove tu non puoi vedere."

E guardo i bracci suoi distesi e grossi,  
La bianca mano morbida e pulita,  
Guardo le lunghe e sottilette dita  
Vaghe di quello anel che l' un tien cinto.

Then my thought whispers : "Were thy body wound  
Within those arms, as loving women's do.  
In all thy veins were born a life made new  
Which thou couldst find no language to declare.  
Behold if any picture can compare  
With her just limbs, each fit in shape and size,  
Or match her angel's colour like a pearl.  
She is a gentle girl  
To see; yet when it needs, her scorn can rise.  
Meek, bashful, and in all things temperate,  
Her virtue holds its state;  
In whose least act there is that gift express'd  
Which of all reverence makes her worthiest."

Soft as a peacock steps she, or as a stork  
Straight on herself, taller and statelier:  
'Tis a good sight how every limb doth stir  
For ever in a womanly sweet way.  
"Open thy soul to see God's perfect work,"  
(My thought begins afresh,) "and look at her  
When with some lady-friend exceeding fair  
She bends and mingles arms and locks in play.  
Even as all lesser lights vanish away,  
When the sun moves, before his dazzling face,  
So is this lady brighter than all these.  
How should she fail to please,—  
Love's self being no more than her loveliness?  
In all her ways some beauty springs to view;  
All that she loves to do  
Tends always to her honour's single scope;  
And only from good deeds she draws her hope."

E 'l mio pensier mi dice: "Se tu fossi  
Dentro a que' bracci, fra quella partita,  
Tanto piacere avrebbe la tua vita,  
Che dir per me non si potrebbe il quinto.  
Vedi ch'ogni suo membro par dipinto,  
Formoso e grande quanto a lei s'adviene  
Con un colore angelico di perla;  
Graziosa a vederla  
E disdegnosa dove si convene,  
Umile e vergognosa e temperata.  
E sempre a virtù guata,  
E in fra' suoi be' costumi un atto regna,  
Che d'ogni reverenza la fa degna."

Soave va a guisa di pavone,  
Diricta sopra sè com'una gru;  
Vedi che propriamente ben par sua  
Quant'esser può onesta leggiadria.  
"Se tu ne vuoi veder viva ragione,"  
Dice il pensier, "guardi la mente tua  
Ben fisamente allor ch'ella s'indua  
Con donna che leggiadra e bella sia.  
E come muore, e par che fugga via,  
Dinanzi al sole ogni altra chiarezza,  
Così costei ogni adornezza isface.  
Vedi se ella piace,  
Ch'amore è tanto quant'è sua bellezza,  
Ed è somma bontà che in lei si trova.  
Quel ch'a lei piace e giova  
È sol d'onesta e di cortese usanza,  
Chè solo in suo ben far prende speranza."

Song, thou canst surely say, without pretence,  
That since the first fair woman ever made,  
Not one can have display'd  
More power upon all hearts than this one doth;  
Because in her are both  
Loveliness and the soul's true excellence:—  
And yet (woe's me!) is pity absent thence?

Canzon, tu puoi ben dir sicuramente  
Che, poi ch' al mondo bella donna nacque,  
Veruna mai non piacque  
Generalmente, come fa costei;  
Perchè si trova in lei  
Biltà di corpo e d' animo bontate,  
Fuor che le manca un poco di pietate.



## II.

EXTRACT FROM THE "DITTAMONDO."\*

(LIB. IV. CAP. 23.)

*OF ENGLAND, AND OF ITS MARVELS.*

Now to Great Britain we must make our way,  
 Unto which kingdom Brutus gave its name  
 What time he won it from the giants' rule.  
 'Tis thought at first its name was Albion,  
 And Anglia, from a damsel, afterwards.  
 The island is so great and rich and fair,  
 It conquers others that in Europe be,  
 Even as the sun surpasses other stars.  
 Many and great sheep-pastures bountifully  
 Nature has set there, and herein more bless'd,  
 That they can hold themselves secure from wolves.  
 Jet also doth the hollow land enrich,  
 (Whose properties my guide Solinus here  
 Told me, and how its colour comes to it;)

\* I am quite sorry (after the foregoing love-song, the original of which is not perhaps surpassed by any poem of its class in existence) to endanger the English reader's respect for Fazio by these extracts from the *Dittamondo*, or "Song of the World," in which he will find his own country endowed with some astounding properties. However, there are a few fine characteristic sentences, and the rest is no more absurd than other travellers' tales of that day; while the table of our Norman line of kings is not without some historical interest. It must be remembered that the love-song was the work of Fazio's youth, and the *Dittamondo* that of his old age, when we may suppose his powers to have been no longer at their best.

## II.

## "IL DITTAMONDO."

(LIBRO QUARTO, CAPITOLO XXIII.)

DI ANGLIA E DE' SUOI NOMI ANTICHI, E DELLE  
SUE MARAVIGLIE.

ORA si passa nella gran Bretagna,  
 Alla qual Brito lo suo nome diede,  
 Quando contro a' giganti la guadagna.  
 Albion prima nominar si crede;  
 Anglia appresso da una donzella,  
 Ch'anglia si disse, lo nome procede.  
 Tanto è l' isola grande ricca e bella,  
 Che vince l' altre che in Europa sono,  
 Come fa il sole ciascun' altra stella.  
 Di molti e grandi ovili largo dono  
 La natura le ha fatto, e più ancora,  
 Che sicuri da lupi star sen pono.  
 Della gagata pietra ancor si onora,  
 Di che Solino la natura propia  
 Quivi mi disse, e di che s' incolora.

Besides what I have given relating to Great Britain, there is a table of the Saxon dynasty, and some surprising facts about Scotland and Ireland; as well as a curious passage written in French, and purporting to be an account, given by a royal courier, of Edward the Third's invasion of France. I felt half disposed to include these, but was afraid of overloading with such matter a selection made chiefly for the sake of poetic beauty. I should mention that the *Dittamondo*, like Dante's great poem, is written in *terza rima*; but as perfect literality was of primary importance in the above extracts, I have departed for once from my rule of fidelity to the original metre.

And pearls are found in great abundance too.  
 The people are as white and comely-faced  
 As they of Ethiop land are black and foul.  
 Many hot springs and limpid fountain-heads  
 We found about this land, and spacious plains,  
 And divers beasts that dwell within thick woods.  
 Plentiful orchards too and fertile fields  
 It has, and castle-forts, and cities fair  
 With palaces and girth of lofty walls.  
 And proud wide rivers without any fords  
 We saw, and flesh, and fish, and crops enough.  
 Justice is strong throughout those provinces.

Now this I saw not; but so strange a thing  
 It was to hear, and by all men confirm'd,  
 That it is fit to note it as I heard;—  
 To wit, there is a certain islet here  
 Among the rest, where folk are born with tails,  
 Short, as are found in stags and such-like beasts.\*  
 For this I vouch,—that when a child is freed  
 From swaddling bands, the mother without stay  
 Passes elsewhere, and 'scapes the care of it.

I put no faith herein; but it is said

\* Mediæval Britons would seem really to have been credited with this slight peculiarity. At the siege of Damietta, Cœur-de-Lion's bastard brother is said to have pointed out the prudence of deferring the assault, and to have received for rejoinder from the French

Perle vi sono ancora in larga copia,  
Le genti vi son bianche e con bei volti,  
Siccome neri e sozzi in Etiopia.  
Chiare fontane e caldi bagni molti  
Trovammo nel paese, e gran pianure,  
E diversi animali in boschi folti.  
Diverse frutta, anche larghe pasture,  
Belle castella e nobili cittadi  
Adorne di palagi e d' alte mure.  
Alteri fiumi e grandi senza guadi,  
Carne, bñada, pesce assai si trova;  
Giustizia è forte per quelli contadi.

I' nol vidi, ma tanto mi fu nova,  
Cosa ad udir, e per tutti si avvera,  
Che di notar, come l' udii, mi giova,  
Che fra le altre una isoletta v' era,  
Dove con coda la gente vi nasce  
Corta, qual l' ha un cervo o simil fera.  
Vero è, che uscito ciascun dalle fasce  
Propie, le madri senza alcun dimoro  
Passan altrove, e fuggon quelle ambasce.

Non diedi fe', ma fama è tra costoro,

crusaders, "See now these faint-hearted English with the tails!"  
To which the Englishman replied, "You will need stout hearts to  
keep near our tails when the assault is made."

Among them, how such marvellous trees are there  
That they grow birds, and this is their sole fruit.\*

Forty times eighty is the circuit ta'en,  
With ten times fifteen, if I do not err,  
By our miles reckoning its circumference.  
Here every metal may be dug; and here  
I found the people to be given to God,  
Steadfast, and strong, and restive to constraint.  
Nor is this strange, when one considereth;  
For courage, beauty, and large-heartedness,  
Were there, as it is said, in ancient days.

North Wales, and Orkney, and the banks of Thames,  
Strangoure and Listenois and Northumberland,  
I chose with my companion to behold.†  
We went to London, and I saw the Tower  
Where Guenevere her honour did defend,  
With the Thames river which runs close to it.  
I saw the castle which by force was ta'en  
With the three shields by gallant Lancelot,  
The second year that he did deeds of arms.  
I beheld Camelot despoiled and waste;  
And was where one and the other had her birth,  
The maids of Corbonek and Astolat.

\* This is the Barnacle-tree, often described in old books of travels and natural history, and which Sir Thomas Browne classes gravely among his "Vulgar Errors."

† What follows relates to the Romances of the Round Table. The only allusion here which I cannot trace to the *Mort d'Arthur* is one where "Rech" and "Nida" are spoken of: it seems however that, by a perversion hardly too corrupt for Fazio, these might be the Geraint and Enid whose story occurs in the *Mabinogion*, and has been used by Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King*. Why Fazio

Ch' arbor vi son di tanta meraviglia,  
Che fanno uccelli; e questo è il frutto loro.

Quaranta volte ottanta il giro piglia  
Con dieci fiata quindici, e non fallo,  
È il suo girare delle nostre miglia.  
Quivi si trova di ciascun metallo,  
Quivi divota a Dio vidi la gente,  
Forte, costante, e schifa a ciascun stallo.  
Maraviglia non par a chi pon mente,  
Se prodezza, larghezza e leggiadria  
Vi fur, come si dice, anticamente.

Tamelide, Norgalles, e Organia,  
Listenois, Norborlanda, e Strangorre  
Volsi veder con la mia compagnia.  
Noi fummo a Londres, e vidi la torre,  
Dove Ginevra il suo onor difese,  
E il fiume di Tamis che presso corre.  
Io vidi il bel castel, ch' a forza prese  
Con gli tre scudi il franco Lancilotto,  
L' anno secondo che a prodezza intese.  
Vidi quasto e disfatto Camelotto;  
E fui là dove l' una e l' altra nacque,  
Quella di Corbenich e di Scalotto.

should have "joyed to see" Merlin's stone "for another's love" seems inscrutable; unless indeed the words "*per amor altrui*" are a mere idiom, and Merlin himself is meant; and even then Merlin, in his compulsory niche under the stone, may hardly have been grateful for such friendly interest.

I should not omit, in this second edition, to acknowledge several obligations, as regards the above extract from the *Dittamondo*, to the unknown author of an acute and kindly article in the *Spectator* for January 18th, 1862.

Also I saw the castle where Geraint  
Lay with his Enid ; likewise Merlin's stone,  
Which for another's love I joyed to see.  
I found the tract where is the pine-tree well,  
And where of old the knight of the black shield  
With weeping and with laughter kept the pass,  
What time the pitiless and bitter dwarf  
Before Sir Gawaine's eyes discourteously  
With many heavy stripes led him away.  
I saw the valley which Sir Tristram won  
When having slain the giant hand to hand  
He set the stranger knights from prison free.  
And last I viewed the field, at Salisbury,  
Of that great martyrdom which left the world  
Empty of honour, valour, and delight.

So, compassing that Island round and round,  
I saw and hearkened many things and more  
Which might be fair to tell but which I hide.

Vidi il castello dove Rech si giacque  
Con la sua Nida, e il petron di Merlino,  
Che per amor altrui veder mi piacque.  
Vidi la landa e la fonte del pino,  
Là dove il cavaliere al nero scudo  
Con pianto e riso guardava il cammino.  
Io dico, quando il nano acerbo e crudo  
Dinanzi agli occhi di messer Galvano  
Battendo il menò via con grande studo.  
Vidi la valle, che acquistò Tristano,  
Quando 'l gigante occise allo schermire  
Traendo di prigion qual v'era strano.  
E vidi i campi, ove fu il gran martire  
In Saglibier, quando rimase il mondo  
Vôto d'onor, di piacer e d'ardire.  
Così cercando quell'isola a tondo,  
Vidi ed udii contar più cose e piue,  
Leggiadre e belle a dir, che qui nascondo.



## III.

## EXTRACT FROM THE "DITTAMONDO."

(LIB. IV. CAP. 25.)

*OF THE DUKES OF NORMANDY, AND THENCE OF THE  
KINGS OF ENGLAND, FROM WILLIAM THE FIRST TO  
EDWARD THE THIRD.*

THOU well hast heard that Rollo had two sons,  
One William Longsword, and the other Richard,  
Whom thou now know'st to the marrow, as I do.\*  
Daring and watchful, as a leopard is,  
Was William, fair in body and in face,  
Ready at all times, never slow to act.  
He fought great battles, but at last was slain  
By the earl of Flanders; so that in his place  
Richard his son was o'er the people set.  
And next in order, lit with blessed flame  
Of the Holy Spirit, his son followed him,  
Who justly lived 'twixt more and less midway,—  
His father's likeness, as in shape in name.  
So unto him succeeded as his heir  
Robert the Frank, high-counselled and august:  
And thereon following, I proceed to tell  
How William, who was Robert's son, did make  
The realm of England his co-heritage.  
The same was brave and courteous certainly,  
Generous and gracious, humble before God,  
Master in war and versed in counsel too.

\* The speaker here is the poet's guide Solinus (a historical and geographical writer of the third century,) who bears the same relation to him which Virgil bears to Dante in the *Commedia*.

## III.

## “IL DITTAMONDO.”

(LIBRO QUARTO, CAPITOLO XXV.)

*DE' RE D'INGHILTERRA, CHE FURONO DA GUGLIELMO  
LUNGA SPADA FINO AD ODOARDO SESTO.*

COME udit' hai, due figliuoli ebbe Rollo,  
Guglielmo Lunga-spada, e poi Riccardo,  
Del qual tu sai, com' io, fino al merollo.  
Ardito e destro, quanto mai leopardo,  
E bel del corpo Guglielmo e del viso,  
Sollecito e che al far mai non fu tardo,  
Di gran battaglie fece; alfine ucciso  
Fu dal conte di Fiandra, e nel suo loco  
Riccardo suo figliuol da' suoi fu miso.  
Dopo costui infiammato dal foco  
Dello Spirito Santo segui il figlio,  
Che giusto visse e ben tra 'l troppo e 'l poco.  
Al padre in forma e nome l' assomiglio.  
Appresso di costui rimase reda  
Roberto Franco, e fu d' alto consiglio.  
Seguita ora, che a dir ti proceda  
Come Guglielmo nato da Roberto  
Del regno d'Inghilterra si correda.  
Fortissimo e gentil si vide certo  
Largo, benigno e grazioso a Dio,  
Maestro in guerra e di consiglio esperto.

He with great following came from Normandy  
And fought with Harold, and so left him slain,  
And took the realm, and held it at his will.  
Thus did this kingdom change its signiory;  
And know that all the kings it since has had  
Only from this man take their origin.  
Therefore, that thou mayst quite forget its past,  
I say this happened when, since our Lord's Love,  
Some thousand years and sixty were gone by.

While the fourth Henry ruled as emperor,  
This king of England fought in many wars,  
And waxed through all in honour and account,  
And William Rufus next succeeded him;  
Tall, strong, and comely-limbed, but therewith proud  
And grasping, and a killer of his kind.  
In body he was like his father much,  
But was in nature more his contrary  
Than fire and water when they come together;  
Yet so far good that he won fame in arms,  
And by himself risked many an enterprise,  
All which he brought with honour to an end,  
Also if he were bad, he gat great ill;  
For, chasing once the deer within a wood,  
And having wandered from his company,  
Him by mischance a servant of his own  
Hit with an arrow, that he fell and died.  
And after him Henry the First was king,  
His brother, but therewith the father's like,  
Being well with God and just in peace and war.

Da Normandia con gran gente partio  
Incontro Araldo, e lui uccise, e prese  
Lo regno tutto, e tenue al suo disio.  
Qui cambiò signoria questo poese,  
E sappi che ogni re, che poi son stati,  
Da costui solo il suo principio prese.  
E perchè meno al tempo ch'era guati,  
Dico, dal di che nacque il nostro Amore  
Da mille e sessant'anni eran passati.

Vivendo Enrico quarto imperatore  
Più battaglie e più fece costui,  
E di tutte acquistò pregio ed onore.  
Guglielmo rufo seguì dopo lui,  
Grande, forte e bel delle sue membra,  
Superbo, avaro e micidial d'altrui.  
Al padre molto del corpo rassembra,  
Ma di costumi gli fu più contraro,  
Che il foco all'acqua quando sono insembra.  
Tanto ben ebbe, che in arme fu chiaro,  
Molte battaglie fece a solo a solo,  
Che tutte all'onor suo si terminaro.  
Ma se fu reo, alfin n'ebbe gran duolo,  
Ch'essendo al bosco e seguitando un cervo  
Ed avendo smarrito ogni suo stuolo,  
Ferito a inganno fue da un suo servo  
D'una saetta, e quivi cadde in terra,  
La carne fredda e incordato ogni nervo.  
Enrico primo appresso il regno afferra,  
Suo fratel fu, ma al suo padre somiglia,  
Che a Dio fu buon e giusto in pace e in guerra.

Next Stephen, on his death, the kingdom seized,  
But with sore strife; of whom thus much be said,  
That he was frank and good is told of him.  
And after him another Henry reigned,  
Who, when the war in France was waged and done  
Passed beyond seas with the first Frederick.  
Then Richard came, who, after heavy toil  
At sea, was captive made in Germany,  
Leaving the Sepulchre to join his host.  
Who being dead, full heavy was the wrath  
Of John his brother; and so well he took  
Revenge, that still a moan is made of it.  
This John in kingly largesse and in war  
Delighted, when the kingdom fell to him;  
Hunting and riding ever in hot haste.

Handsome in body and most poor in heart,  
Henry his son and heir succeeded him,  
Of whom to speak I count it wretchedness.  
Yet there's some good to say of him, I grant;  
Because of him was the good Edward born,  
Whose valour still is famous in the world.  
The same was he who, being without dread  
Of the Old Man's Assassins, captured them,  
And who repaid the jester if he lied.\*  
The same was he who over seas wrought scathe  
So many times to Malekdar, and bent  
Unto the Christian rule whole provinces.  
He was a giant of his body, and great

\* This may either refer to some special incident or merely mean generally that he would not suffer lying even in a jester.

Stefano appo costui il regno piglia  
Con molta guerra, e tanto di lui dico,  
Che franco fue, e ben se ne bisbiglia.  
Segui dietro di lui un altro Enrico,  
Lo qual, dopo la guerra in Franza fatta,  
Possò lo mar col primo Federico.  
Fu poi Riccardo, e appresso la baratta  
Grave del mar fu preso nella Magna,  
Tornando dal Sepolcro alla sua schiatta.  
Costui fu morto, e tanto se ne lagna  
Giovanni suo fratel, che la vendetta  
Ne fece tal che ancor par che sen piagna.  
In far bei doni e guerra si diletta  
Questo Giovanni, poichè fu signore,  
Ora cacciando ed or fugando in fretta.

Bello del corpo e misero del core  
Arrigo suo figliuol ne venne appresso,  
Del qual parlar a me par un dolore.  
Tanto ben sen può dir, ed io il confesso,  
Che da lui nacque lo buon Odoardo,  
Del qui valor nel mondo è fama adesso.  
Costui è quel, che non ebbe riguardo  
Degli assassin del vecchio, e che gli prese,  
E che pagò 'l buffon se fu bugiardo.  
Costui è quel, che oltra mare offese  
Melechdaer più volte, e che conquista  
Per la fe' cristiana gran paese.  
Come un gigante fue del corpo, e in vista

And proud to view, and of such strength of soul  
As never saddens with adversity.

His reign was long; and when his death befell,  
The second Edward mounted to the throne,  
Who was of one kind with his grandfather.  
I say from what report still says of him,  
That he was evil, of base intellect,  
And would not be advised by any man.  
Conceive, good heart! that how to thatch a roof  
With straw,—conceive!—he held himself expert,  
And therein constantly would take delight!  
By fraud he seized the Earl of Lancaster,  
And what he did with him I say not here,  
But that he left him neither town nor tower.  
And thiswise, step by step, thou mayst perceive  
That I to the third Edward have advanced,  
Who now lives strong and full of enterprise,  
And who already has grown manifest  
For the best Christian known of in the world.  
Thus I have told, as thou wouldst have me tell,  
The race of William even unto the end.

Grande e fiero, e d' animo sì forte,  
Che per avversità mai non s' attrista.

Gran tempo regna, e dopo la sua morte  
Prese il quinto Odoardo la corona,  
Che con l' avolo suo fu d' una sorte.

Dico per quello che ancor si ragiona,  
Che fu cattivo e di vil intelletto,  
Nè mai consiglio volse da persona.

Odi gran cuor, che di coprir un tetto  
Di paglia, intendi, si diceva mastro,  
E qui talor poneva il suo diletto.

A inganno prese il conte di Lancastro,  
Quel che ne fece qui ti lascio a dire,  
Ma infin non gli lasciò villa nè castro.

Così di grado in grado puoi udire,  
Che giunto sono ad Odoardo sesto,  
Che ora vive largo e pien d' ardire,

Di costui già per tutto è manifesto,  
Ch' egli è il miglior cristian ch' uom sappia al mondo.

Ora ti ho detto, come m' hai richiesto,  
La schiatta di Guglielmo infino al fondo.



FRANCO SACCHETTI.

*HIS TALK WITH CERTAIN PEASANT-GIRLS.*

“YE graceful peasant-girls and mountain-maids,  
Whence come ye homeward through these evening  
shades?”

“We come from where the forest skirts the hill;  
A very little cottage is our home,  
Where with our father and our mother still  
We live, and love our life, nor wish to roam.  
Back every evening from the field we come  
And bring with us our sheep from pasturing there.”

“Where, tell me, is the hamlet of your birth,  
Whose fruitage is the sweetest by so much?  
Ye seem to me as creatures worship-worth,  
The shining of your countenance is such.  
No gold about your clothes, coarse to the touch,  
Nor silver; yet with such an angel’s air!

“I think your beauties might make great complaint  
Of being thus shown over mount and dell;  
Because no city is so excellent  
But that your stay therein were honourable.  
In very truth, now, does it like ye well  
To live so poorly on the hill-side here?”

“Better it liketh one of us, pardie,  
Behind her flock to seek the pasture-stance,  
Far better than it liketh one of ye

FRANCO SACCHETTI.

O VAGHE montanine pasturelle,  
D' onde venite sì leggiadre e belle?

Noi stiamo in alpe presso ad un boschetto;  
Povera capannetta è 'l nostro sito;  
Col padre e con la madre in picciol letto  
Torniam la sera dal prato fiorito,  
Dove natura ci ha sempre nodrito,  
Guardando il dì le nostre pecorelle.

Qual è il paese dove nate sete,  
Che sì bel frutto più che gli altri adduce?  
Creature d' Amor vo' mi parete,  
Tanto la vostra vista adorna luce!  
Nè oro nè argento in voi riluce,  
E mal vestite parete angiolelle.

Assai si de' doler vostra bellezza,  
Quando tra monti e valli la mostrate;  
Chè non è terra di sì grande altezza  
Dove non foste degne et onorate.  
Deh, ditemi se voi vi contentate  
Di star ne' boschi così poverelle?

Più si contenta ciascuna di noi  
Andar dietro alle mandre alla pastura,  
Che non farebbe qual fosse di voi,

To ride unto your curtained rooms and dance.  
We seek no riches, neither golden chance  
Save wealth of flowers to weave into our hair.”

Ballad, if I were now as once I was,  
I'd make myself a shepherd on some hill,  
And, without telling any one, would pass  
Where these girls went, and follow at their will;  
And “Mary” and “Martin” we would murmur still,  
And I would be for ever where they were.

D'andar a feste dentro vostre mura.  
Ricchezza non cerchiam, nè più ventura,  
Che balli, canti e fiori e ghirlandelle.

Ballata, s' i' fosse come già fui,  
Diventerei pastore e montanino,  
E prima ch' io il dicesse altrui,  
Sarei al loco di costor vicino;  
Et or direi Biondella et or Martino,  
Seguendo sempre dov' andasson elle.

## ON A FINE DAY.

“BE stirring, girls! we ought to have a run:  
Look, did you ever see so fine a day?  
Fling spindles right away,  
And rocks and reels and wools:  
Now don't be fools,—  
To-day your spinning's done.  
Up with you, up with you!” So, one by one,  
They caught hands, catch who can,  
Then singing, singing, to the river they ran,  
They ran, they ran  
To the river, the river;  
And the merry-go-round  
Carries them at a bound  
To the mill o'er the river.  
“Miller, miller, miller,  
Weigh me this lady  
And this other. Now, steady!”  
“You weigh a hundred, you,  
And this one weighs two.”  
“Why, dear, you do get stout!”  
“You think so, dear, no doubt:  
Are you in a decline?”  
“Keep your temper, and I'll keep mine.  
Come, girls,” (“O thank you, miller!”)  
“We'll go home when you will.”  
So, as we crossed the hill,  
A clown came in great grief  
Crying, “Stop thief! stop thief!

STATE su, donne; che debbiam noi fare?  
Il più bel tempo non si vide mai.  
Gittate gli arcolai,  
I naspi con le rocche;  
Non siate sciocche,  
Che cucia nessuna.  
Orsù, orsù! Ad una ad una  
Per le man si pigliaro,  
Tutte, cantando, ad un fiume andaro,  
Andaro, andaro,  
All' acqua, all' acqua;  
Alzate alle ritonde  
Su per l' onde,  
Corrono al mulino:  
O, mugnaio, o, mugnaio,  
Pesami costei;  
Pesa anche lei.  
Questa pesa cento:  
E quella ben dugento.  
Tu se' una grassa.  
Che ti vegna fracassa.  
Tu se' pur tiscuccia.  
Che ti crepi la buccia.  
O fanciulle, o fanciulle,  
A casa ritorniamo.  
Sul monte andando,  
Scontra un villano,  
E grida: piglia! piglia!

O what a wretch I am!"

"Well, fellow, here's a clatter!

Well, what's the matter?"

"O Lord, O Lord, the wolf has got my lamb!"

Now at that word of woe,

The beauties came and clung about me so

That if wolf had but shown himself, maybe

I too had caught a lamb that fled to me.

Al ladro! al ladro!  
O Vannello, o Lapino,  
Che è? che è?  
Il lupo se ne va col mio agnello.  
A quel romor ristrette,  
Vennon sî verso me le giovinette,  
Che se apparito fosse il lupo, forse  
Preso era tal da me, che a me ricorse.



## ON A WET DAY.

As I walked thinking through a little grove,  
Some girls that gathered flowers came passing me,  
Saying, "Look here! look there!" delightedly.  
"O here it is!" "What's that?" "A lily, love."  
"And there are violets!"  
"Further for roses! Oh the lovely pets—  
The darling beauties! Oh the nasty thorn!  
Look here, my hand's all torn!"  
"What's that that jumps?" "Oh don't! it's a grass-  
"Come run, come run, [hopper!"  
Here's bluebells!" "Oh what fun!"  
"Not that way! Stop her!"  
"Yes, this way!" "Pluck them, then!"  
"Oh, I've found mushrooms! Oh look here!" "Oh, I'm  
Quite sure that further on we'll get wild thyme."  
"Oh we shall stay too long, it's going to rain!  
There's lightning, oh there's thunder!"  
"Oh shan't we hear the vesper-bell, I wonder?"  
"Why, it's not nones, you silly little thing;  
And don't you hear the nightingales that sing  
*Fly away O die away?*"  
"O I hear something! Hush!"  
"Why, where? what is it then?" "Ah! in that bush!"  
So every girl here knocks it, shakes and shocks it,  
Till with the stir they make  
Out skurries a great snake.

PASSANDO, con pensier, per un boschetto,  
Donne per quello givan fior cogliendo  
Con diletto: to' quel, to' quel, dicendo.  
Eccol, eccol! Che è? È fior d'aliso.  
Va là per le viole.  
Più colà per le rose. Còle còle.  
Vaghe! amorse! Oimè che 'l prun mi punge!  
Quell'altra mi v'aggiunge.  
Ve', ve'! che è quel che salta? Un grillo! un grillo!  
Venite qua, correte:  
Raponzoli cogliete. Eh! non son essi!  
Sì, son.—Colei, o colei?  
Vien qua, vien qua per funghi: un micolino  
Più colà per sermollino.

Noi starem troppo, che 'l tempo si turba:  
Ve', che balena e tuona,  
E m'indovino che vespero suona.  
Paurosa! non è egli ancor nona.  
E vedi e odi l'usignuol che canta  
Più bel ve', e più bel ve'.  
I' sento non so che.  
O dove è? dove è? In quel cespuglio.  
Ognun qui picchia,  
Tocca e ritocca.  
E mentre il bussar cresce,  
Una gran serpe n'esce.

“O Lord! O me! Alack! Ah me! alack!”  
They scream, and then all run and scream again,  
And then in heavy drops down comes the rain.

Each running at the other in a fright,  
Each trying to get before the other, and crying,  
And flying, stumbling, tumbling, wrong or right;  
One sets her knee  
There where her foot should be;  
One has her hands and dress  
All smothered up with mud in a fine mess;  
And one gets trampled on by two or three.  
What's gathered is let fall  
About the wood and not picked up at all.  
The wreaths of flowers are scattered on the ground,  
And still as screaming hustling without rest  
They run this way and that and round and round,  
She thinks herself in luck who runs the best.

I stood quite still to have a perfect view,  
And never noticed till I got wet through.

Oimè trista! oimè! lassa oimè! oimè!  
Gridan, fuggendo di paura piene:  
Ed ecco che una folta pioggia viene.

Timidetta già l'una all'altra urtando,  
E stridendo s'avanza:  
Va fuggendo e gridando.  
Qual sdrucchiola, qual cade,  
Qual si punge lo piede.  
Per caso l'una appone lo ginocchio  
Là ve' reggea lo frettoloso piede:  
E la mano e la vesta,  
Questa di fango lorda ne diviene;  
Quella è di più calpesta.  
Tal, ciò che ha colto lassa, e tal percote,  
Nè più si prezza, e pel bosco si spande.  
De' fiori a terra vanno le ghirlande;  
Nè si sdimette per unquanco il corso;  
In cotal fuga e ripetute rote,  
Tiensi beata chi più correr puote.  
Sì fiso stetti sin ch'io le mirai,  
Ch' i' non m'avvidi, e tutto mi bagnai.

ANONYMOUS POEMS.

*A LADY LAMENTS FOR HER LOST LOVER, BY  
SIMILITUDE OF A FALCON.*

ALAS for me, who loved a falcon well !  
So well I loved him, I was nearly dead :  
Ever at my low call he bent his head,  
And ate of mine, not much, but all that fell.  
Now he has fled, how high I cannot tell,  
Much higher now than ever he has fled,  
And is in a fair garden housed and fed ;  
Another lady, alas ! shall love him well.  
O my own falcon whom I taught and rear'd !  
Sweet bells of shining gold I gave to thee  
That in the chase thou shouldst not be afeard.  
Now thou hast risen like the risen sea,  
Broken thy jesses loose, and disappear'd,  
As soon as thou wast skilled in falconry.

INCERTI.

TAPINA me, che amava uno sparviero;  
Amaval tanto, ch' io me ne moria:  
A lo richiamo ben m' era maniero,  
Ed unque troppo pascer no 'l dovia.  
Or è montato e salito sì altero,  
Assai più altero che far non solia;  
Ed è assiso dentro a un verziero,  
E un' altra donna l' averà in balla.  
Isparvier mio, ch' io t' avea nodrito;  
Sonaglio d' oro ti facea portare,  
Perchè nell' uccellar fossi più ardito;  
Or sei salito siccome lo mare,  
Ed hai rotti li geti e sei fuggito  
Quando eri fermo nel tuo uccellare.

*ONE SPEAKS OF THE BEGINNING OF HIS LOVE.*

THIS fairest one of all the stars, whose flame,  
For ever lit, my inner spirit fills,  
Came to me first one day between the hills.  
I wondered very much; but God the Lord  
Said, "From Our Virtue, lo! this light is pour'd."  
So in a dream it seemed that I was led  
By a great Master to a garden spread  
With lilies underfoot and overhead.

LA bella stella che sua fiamma tiene  
Accesa sempre nella mente mia,  
Lucida e chiara già del monte uscia.  
Meraviglia'mi assai; ma il signor grande  
Disse: nostra virtù tal luce spande.  
Quando in sogno mi parve esser condotto,  
Per un gran sire, in bel giardino adorno  
Di bianchi gigli di sotto e d'intorno.



*ONE SPEAKS OF HIS FALSE LADY.*

WHEN the last greyness dwells throughout the air,  
And the first star appears,  
Appeared to me a lady very fair.  
I seemed to know her well by her sweet air;  
And, gazing, I was hers.  
To honour her, I followed her: and then . . .  
Ah! what thou givest, God give thee again,  
Whenever thou remain'st as I remain.

QUANDO l'aria comincia a farsi bruna,  
E appare la stella,  
Apparvemi una donna molto bella.  
Ben la conobbi alla sembianza onesta:  
Amor per lei m'ancise;  
Ond' io per farle onor l'andai . . .  
Cambio ti renda iddio del ben che fai.  
Com' io rimasi, no 'l potre' dir mai.

*ONE SPEAKS OF HIS FEIGNED AND REAL LOVE.*

FOR no love borne by me,  
 Neither because I care  
 To find that thou art fair,—  
 To give another pain I gaze on thee.

And now, lest such as thought that thou couldst move  
 My heart, should read this verse,  
 I will say here, another has my love.  
 An angel of the spheres  
 She seems, and I am hers;  
 Who has more gentleness  
 And owns a fairer face  
 Than any woman else,—at least, to me.

Sweeter than any, more in all at ease,  
 Lighter and lovelier.  
 Not to disparage thee; for whoso sees  
 May like thee more than her.  
 This vest will one prefer  
 And one another vest.  
 To me she seems the best,  
 And I am hers, and let what will be, be.

For no love borne by me,  
 Neither because I care  
 To find that thou art fair,—  
 To give another pain, I gaze on thee.

Non per ben ch' i' ti voglia,  
Nè per ch' abbia vaghezza  
Di veder tua bellezza,  
Ma i' ti guardo per far altrui doglia.

Che s' altri pensa ch' i' sia innamorato  
Di tua persona bella,  
Ad altra donna i' ho il cor donato,  
Che par un angiolella;  
E tutto son di quella,  
Perch' ell' è di bellezza  
E sì di gentilezza  
Compiuta, più ch' ogn' altra alla mia voglia.

Ell' è negli atti vaga, e costumata,  
E leggiadra, e onesta;  
Non isprezzando te, che chi ti guata,  
Tu piaci più che questa.  
Ma a cui piace una vesta,  
E a cui piace un' altra:  
A me piace quest' altra.  
Però voglio amar lei, e sia che voglia.

Non per ben ch' i' ti voglia,  
Nè per ch' abbia vaghezza  
Di veder tua bellezza,  
Ma i' ti guardo per far altrui doglia.

*OF TRUE AND FALSE SINGING.*

A LITTLE wild bird sometimes at my ear  
Sings his own verses very clear:  
Others sing louder that I do not hear.  
For singing loudly is not singing well;  
But ever by the song that's soft and low  
The master-singer's voice is plain to tell.  
Few have it and yet all are masters now,  
And each of them can trill out what he calls  
His ballads, canzonets, and madrigals.  
The world with masters is so covered o'er,  
There is no room for pupils any more.

AUGELLETTO selvaggio per stagione  
Dolci versetti canta con bel modo.  
Tal e tal grida forte, ch' io non l'odo.  
Per gridar forte non si canta bene;  
Ma con soave e dolce melodia  
Si fa bel canto; e ciò vuol maestria.  
Pochi l' hanno, e tutti fan da maestri,  
Fan madrigali, ballate, e mottetti;  
Tutti infioran filippotti e marchetti.  
Sì è piena la terra magistroli,  
Che loco più non trovano i discepoli.

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