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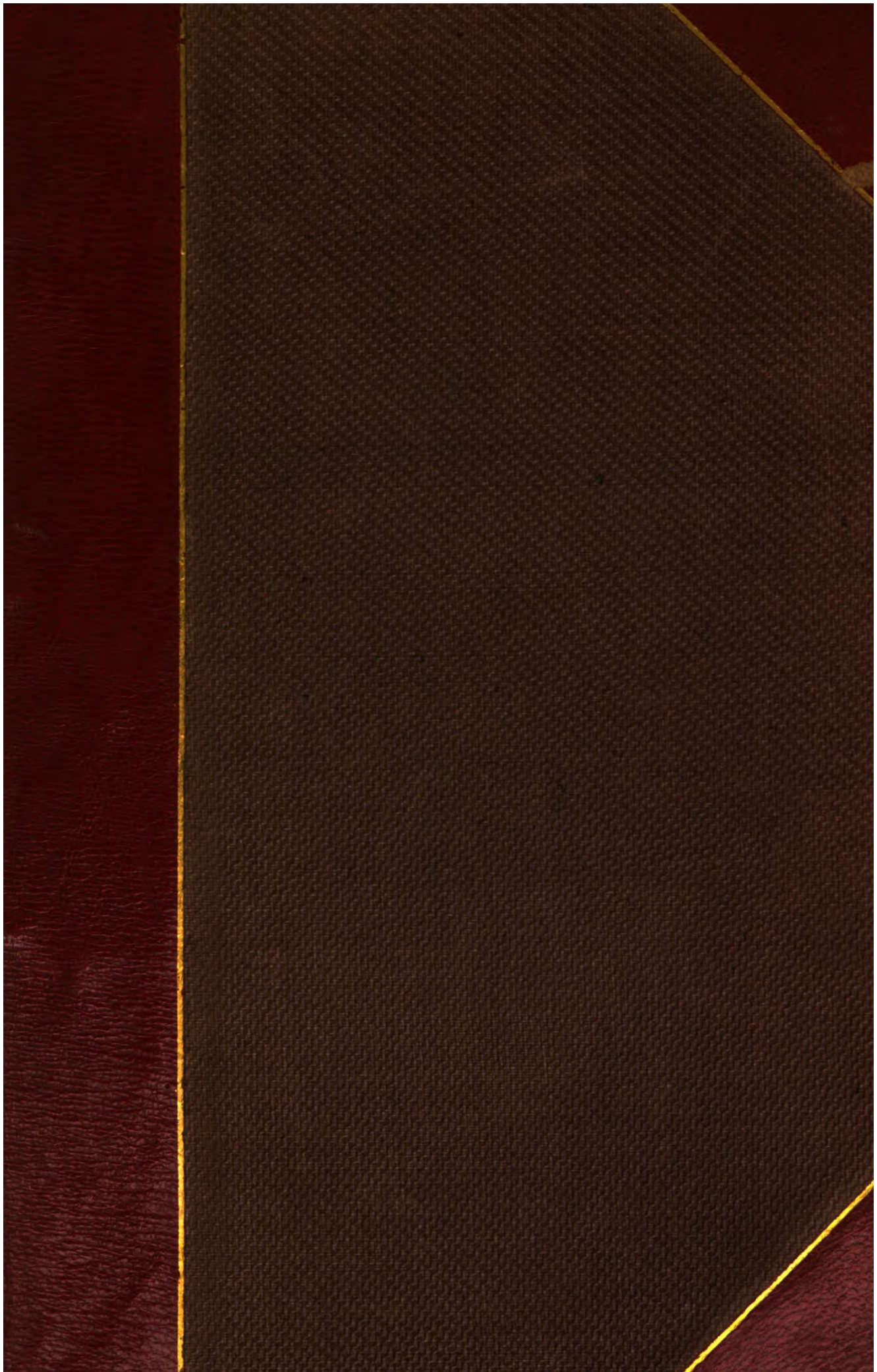
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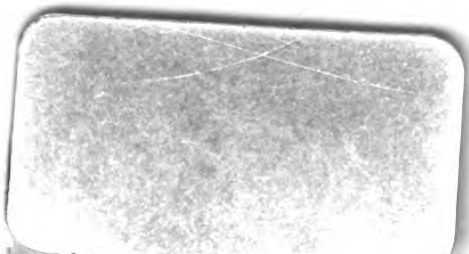


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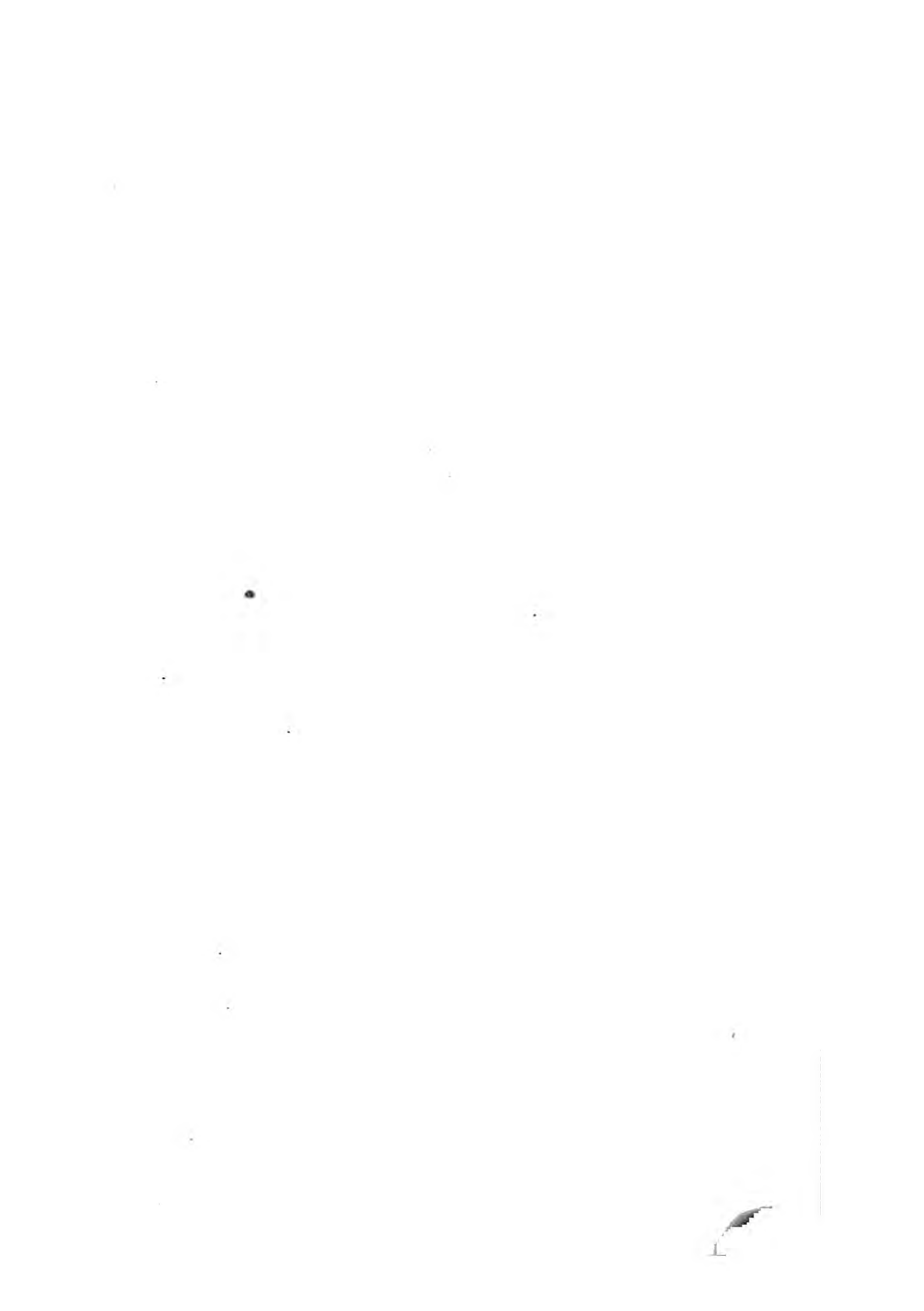


Vet. Ital. III B. 127













# TRANSLATIONS

CHIEFLY

FROM THE ITALIAN

OF

PETRARCH AND METASTASIO.

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Amor, che, senza frutto,  
Di lagrime e lamenti ognor si pasce.

ARIOSTO.

The tyrant Love his sway maintains  
By feeding on his subjects' pains,  
Gives but to few his joys to share,  
And dashes e'en their cup with care.

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OXFORD:

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MDCXCXV.



The Reader is desired to correct the following material Errata, occasioned chiefly by the Author's being absent when the Work was printed.

- P. 5. l. 5. for *Or read* read *Of all*
- P. 29. l. 1. for *gain* read *know*
- P. 35. l. 4. for *Re-echo* read *Re-echoes*
- P. 45. l. 15. for *see* read *learn*
- P. 55. l. 11. for *And* read *Still*
- P. 57. l. 3. for *joy* read *toy*
- l. 13. for *mem'ry* read *memory*
- P. 67. l. 3. for *forbids my heart* read *forbids my feet*
- P. 73. l. 3. for *ground* read *plains*
- P. 85. l. 5. for *I've fought* read *I trace*
- l. 6. for *didst* read *dost*
- P. 87. l. 3. for *fell* read *felt*



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE following Translations (with a very few exceptions) were written many years ago, and at that early age, when the mind is particularly alive to the sensations described by Petrarch, Metaftasio, and Zappi.

This is not mentioned as an excuse for their faults: the moment a man determines to publish, he must abandon all such ground of apology. Thus much only is said for the sake of those readers who may think that it is not every period of life, at which it is becoming or reasonable to be busied upon such subjects. Indeed private gratification alone was originally in view: and this would not be doubted, if it were known to how few these verses have been communicated during a period of thirteen or fourteen years.

Whatever degree of merit may belong to these Translations, it consists chiefly in their closeness to the Origin-

nals. That a reference should be made to these, was therefore very desirable, and on that account alone they are added. The different books in which they are scattered, might not be within the reach of every reader.

It has always been the opinion of the Translator, that, in a work of this kind, not only the sense of the Author was to be faithfully rendered, but the peculiarity of his manner, and the very colouring of his style, were to be preserved as much as possible. He has therefore made no attempt at embellishment, and only in the two trifles from Tasso and Ariosto admitted some amplification. This too, it is hoped, will account satisfactorily to the Italian reader for the roughness, and perhaps baldness, of some of the lines. More polish or spirit was not to be had, without too great a departure from the Originals.

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TRANSLATIONS

CHIEFLY FROM THE ITALIAN.

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\* \* \* \* \*

O THOU of Wisdom and of Fancy born,  
And nurs'd by Virtue, since that happy day  
When first, in pity to the race forlorn  
Of men, Heav'n bade thee be, and beam a ray  
This various life's myfterious scene t' adorn;  
O Muse belov'd! of thee how wrongly they  
Conceive, who, big with worldly knowledge, scorn  
Thy sons, as loft in more than thriftless play.  
For not to me hast thou refus'd to dwell  
With Prudence, or with call untimely broke  
My useful hours, but when around me fell  
Mischance, of force almost the foul t' impel  
From her right course, thy balms could blunt each stroke,  
And sooth this breast, and with glad triumph swell.

TO MISS MARY \* \* \* \* \*

WITH PETRARCH.

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---

WHILE half thy sex in this alone agree,  
Their own frail forms to court at self-love's shrine;  
Be this thy mirror: here, Maria, see  
What once was Laura's boast, and still is thine:  
The decent grace of native purity  
That in each action speaks, each look divine,  
Taste, wisdom, modest love, and sympathy,  
How bright in Petrarch's muse their glories shine!  
So might I too, illum'd by thy bright ray,  
To future times the glad example bear!—  
Glas soon may break; nor will the image stay  
Whene'er the mimick'd object turns away;  
While forms reflected in the Muse will ne'er  
By absence vanish, or by time decay.

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DAL PETRARCA.

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PARTE PRIMA.

SONNETTO PRIMO.

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

*Parte prima*] The Sonnets are numbered according to the last edition by Zapata.



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SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

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PART I.

SONNET I.

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O YE, who list re-echoed in my strain  
Those sighs, with which I fed my heart's fond cares,  
Through the wild wand'rings of my youthfu years,  
When I was scarce the same I now remain:  
Or read the various style, in which I plain,  
And tell my fancied hopes, my fancied fears,  
If he love's pow'r have felt my verse who hears,  
Pardon, nay pity too, he'll surely deign.  
And late I feel how to the country round  
A common tale I grew, in memory  
Of which full oft asham'd I bow my head;  
And of my folly all the fruit I've found  
Is shame, and to repent, and clearly see  
How all our joys of short-liv'd dreams are bred.

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SONNETTO VII.

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

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SONNET VII.

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SLEEP and intemp'rance, and the slothful bed  
Each nobler virtue from the world have chas'd,  
That nearly now in custom's bands debas'd  
Our nature from her course away is led:  
So far each spark of heav'nly light is fled,  
By which alone life's darkling path was trac'd,  
That vulgar crowds deride th' exalted taste  
Which by fair Helicon's pure stream is fed.  
"What frenzy thus a barren wreath endears?  
"Forfaken go the Muses, cold and bare:"  
Each slave of fordid wealth insulting cries—  
But few with thee the arduous task will share:—  
Yet oh! do thou the rather spurn thy fears,  
Nor shrink, bright spirit, from the bold emprise.

## SONNETTO XIX.

**M**ILLE fiate, o dolce mia guerrera  
Per aver co' begli occhi vostri pace,  
V'aggio proferto il cor; m' a voi non piace  
Mirar sì baffo con la mente altera:  
E se di lui fors' altra donna spera;  
Vive in speranza debile e fallace;  
Mio, perchè sdegno cio ch' a voi dispiace:  
Effer non può giammai, così com' era.  
Or s' io lo scaccio, ed e' non trova in voi  
Nell' esilio infelice alcun foccorfo,  
Nè fa star fol, nè gire ov' altri il chiama,  
Poria smarrire il suo natural corso:  
Che grave colpa fia d' ambeduo noi,  
E tanto più di voi, quanto più v' ama.

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SONNET XIX.

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FULL many a time and oft, my lovely foe,  
A short-liv'd truce with your fair eyes to gain,  
I've proffer'd you my heart ; but you disdain  
With that exalted mind to look so low.  
And if upon it other fair bestow  
A single thought, lost is that thought and vain,  
For mine, as once, it can no more remain,  
Since I must hate what can displease you so.  
Then if I drive it out, nor, as he sought,  
Can the poor exile meet with aid from you,  
Nor stays, nor whither call'd by others, moves ;  
His nat'ral course he may no more pursue ;  
Which were of both of us a grievous fault,  
And much the most of you, whom most he loves.

SONNETTO XXVIII.

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

## SONNET XXVIII.

ALONE, and lost in thought, the desert glade  
Measuring I roam with ling'ring steps and flow ;  
And still a watchful glance around me throw,  
Anxious to shun the print of human tread :  
No other means I find, no surer aid  
From the world's prying eye to hide my woe :  
So well my wild disorder'd gestures show,  
And love-lorn looks, the fire within me bred,  
That well I deem each mountain, wood and plain,  
And river knows, what I from man conceal,  
What dreary hues my life's fond prospects dim.  
Yet whate'er wild or savage paths I've ta'en,  
Where'er I wander, love attends me still,  
Soft whisp'ring to my soul, and I to him.



SONNETTO XXXIX.

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**I**O sentia dentr' al cor gia venir meno  
Gli spirti, che da voi ricevon vita :  
E perchè naturalmente s' aita  
Contra la morte ogni animal tenuto ;  
Larga' il difio, ch' i' teng' or molto a freno ;  
E mifi 'l per la via quasi smarrita :  
Però che dì, e notte indi in' invita ;  
Ed io contra sua voglia altronde il meno.  
E' mi condusse vergognoso e tardo  
A riveder gli occhi leggiadri ; ond' io  
Per non esser lor grave, assai mi guardo.  
Vivrommi un tempo omai : ch' al viver mio  
Tanta virtute ha sol un vostro sguardo :  
E poi morirò, s' io non credo al difio.

## SONNET XXXIX.

I NOW perceiv'd that from within me fled  
Those spirits to which you their being lend;  
And since by nature's dictates to defend  
Themselves from death all animals are made,  
The reins I loos'd, with which Desire I stay'd,  
And sent him on his way without a friend;  
There whither day and night my course he'd bend,  
Though still from thence by me reluctant led.  
And me aham'd and slow along he drew  
To see your eyes their matchless influence show'r,  
Which much I shun, afraid to give you pain.  
Yet for myself this once I'll live; such pow'r  
Has o'er this wayward life one look from you:—  
Then die, unless Desire prevails again.

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SONNETTO XLI.

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**P**ERCH' io t' abbia guardato di menzogna  
A mio podere, ed onorato affai,  
Ingrata lingua, gia però non m' hai  
Renduto onor, ma fatto ira e vergogna :  
Che quanto più 'l tuo aiuto mi bisogna  
Par dimandar mercede, allor tu ftai  
Sempre più fredda: e se parole fai  
Sono imperfette, e quasi d' uom che fogna.  
Lagrima triste, e voi tutte le notti  
M' accompagnate, ov' io vorrei ftar folo ;  
Poi fuggite dinanzi alla mia pace.  
E voi, fi pronti a darmi angofcia e duolo,  
Sospiri, allor traete lenti e rotti.  
Sola la vifta mia del cor non tace.

SONNET XLI.

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BECAUSE from lying still I thee have stayed  
Whene'er I could, and honour'd to my best,  
Ungrateful tongue ; me hast thou never grac'd  
With honour, but with shame and scorn repaid.  
And when unhappy I most need thy aid  
To sue for love and pardon, thou dost rest  
Most cold and useless, and, if aught's express'd,  
'Tis broken, and as founs in dreaming made.  
And you, sad tears, the live-long night ye go  
With me along, when fain I'd be alone ;  
Then fly me, when my peace your stay requires.  
And you, so ready oft to swell my moan,  
Ye sighs, then scarce are heard, stifled and low :  
Only my face speaks my heart's warm desires.

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SONNETTO LXIX.

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

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SONNET LXIX.

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**L**OOSE to the breeze her golden tresses flow'd  
 Wildly in thousand mazy ringlets blown,  
 And from her eyes unconquer'd glances shone,  
 Those glances now so sparingly bestow'd.  
 And true or false, meseem'd some signs she show'd  
 As o'er her cheek soft pity's hue was thrown ;  
 I, whose whole breast with love's soft food was sown,  
 What wonder if at once my bosom glow'd ?  
 Graceful she mov'd, with more than mortal mien,  
 In form an angel : and her accents won  
 Upon the ear with more than human sound.  
 A spirit heav'nly pure, a living sun,  
 Was what I saw ; and if no more 'twere seen,  
 T' unbend the bow will never heal the wound.

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SONNETTO XCVIII.

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QUEL vago impallidir, che 'l dolce rifo  
D' un' amorosa nebbia ricoperse,  
Con tanta maestade al cor s' offerse,  
Che li si fece incontr' a mezzo 'l viso.  
Conobbi allor, ficcome in paradiso  
Vede l' un l' altro ; in tal guisa s' aperse  
Quel pietoso pensier, ch' altri non scerse :  
Ma vidi l' io, ch' altrove non m' affiso.  
Ogni angelica vista, ogn' atto umile  
Che giammai in donna ov' amor fosse, apparve,  
Fora uno sdegno a lato a quel ch' i' dico.  
Chinava a terra il bel guardo gentile ;  
E tacendo dicea (come a me parve)  
Chi m' allontana il mio fedele amico ?



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SONNET XCVIII.

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THAT charming paleness, that o'erclouding threw  
O'er her bewitching smiles a love-sick shade,  
Came with such winning majesty arrayed,  
That forth my ravish'd heart to meet it flew.  
How fairs greet fairs in paradise I knew  
From that blest hour, so lively was displayed  
That tender sentiment none other read ;  
But I, who still from her my being drew.  
Each angel look, each condescending grace  
That can on ladies' cheeks, when kindest, play,  
Compar'd to this, would cold disdain appear.  
She bent to earth her gentle beauteous face,  
And in expressive silence seem'd to say,  
" Who from my side my faithful friend would tear ?"

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SONNETTO CXXIX.

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

## SONNET. CXXIX.

GLAD flow'rs and herbs, that on your favour'd bed,  
Where pensive oft she sits, my lady bear;  
Plains, that of her sweet voice the accents hear,  
And of her lovely foot preserve the tread;  
Shrubs trimly shap'd, leaves green and crude that spread,  
Ye violets, pale and love-lorn that appear:  
And ye, thick woods, that high and proudly rear,  
Cheer'd by the sun's enlivening beams, your head;  
O thou sweet country; and thou limpid stream,  
That, as she bathes, o'er all her charms canst rove,  
And borrowest of that living light a gleam;  
How does each chaste dear act my envy move!  
No rock have you, but by long use shall seem  
To share my flames, and burn with my hot love.

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 SONNETTO CLXXIII.
 

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

*The spirit is willing* ] — Here the Italian Commentator gravely remarks, that Petrarch appears not to understand what the Scripture means by “the flesh” and “the spirit.” This application of Scriptural texts

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 SONNET CLXXIII.
 

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**R**IVER, that from the Alps impetuous drove,  
 Eating, thence justly nam'd, thy winding way,  
 Eager with me runn'ft onward night and day,  
 Thou call'd by nature only, I by love :  
 Pursue thy course ; for thou dost never prove  
 Fatigue or sleep : yet ere its due you pay  
 Back to the sea, stop, where the fields display  
 More green the grafs, more pure the sky above :  
 There does our sun, all bright and glorious, live,  
 Cheer thy left bank, and with gay flow'rets streak ;  
 Haply (vain hope !) she at my stay may grieve.  
 Kifs her fair beauteous hand, her footsteps lick :  
 Say, while of words th' intent thy kisses give,  
 The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.

texts is perhaps more excusable in Petrarch, than in Pope ; but not, I conceive, justifiable in either, notwithstanding any pains taken to defend it, See the Dunciad, book i.

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SONNETTO CLXXXVIII.

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

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SONNET CLXXXVIII.

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**I**F faith in love, a heart that ne'er betrays,  
Sweetly to languish, softly to desire ;  
If wishes pure lit up with gentle fire ;  
If long to wander in a wildering maze ;  
If every thought that thus the front displays,  
Or broken accents that can scarce transpire,  
Too oft repress'd as fear or shame require ;  
If paleness, where love paints the violet's rays ;  
If holding others than one's self more dear ;  
If still to pour the tear, to heave the sigh ;  
With grief, with anger, or with care to pine ;  
If when afar to burn, to freeze when near ;  
If these the causes love-sick that I lie,  
Yours, lady, be the fault, the loss be mine.



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SONNETTO CCX.

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CHI vuol veder quantunque può natura  
E'l ciel tra noi ; venga a mirar costei ;  
Ch' è sola un sol, non pur agli occhi miei  
M' al mondo cieco, che virtù non cura.  
E venga tosto ; perchè morte fura  
Prima i migliori, e lascia star i rei ;  
Questa aspettata al regno degli Dei  
Cosa bella mortal passa e non dura.  
Vedia, s' arriva a tempo, ogni virtute,  
Ogni bellezza, ogni real costume,  
Giunti in un corpo con mirabil tempre.  
Allor dirà, che mie rime son mute  
L' ingegno offeso dal soverchio lume,  
Ma, se più tarda, avrà da pianger sempre.

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SONNET CCX.

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**H**E who would see the utmost heav'n can do  
With nature join'd, to see her let him haste  
Who not by me alone a sun's confests'd,  
But the vain world, who virtue never knew—  
And let him lose no time, for the good few  
Death snatches first, and leaves the guilty rest ;  
Thus fair, and waited for among the blest'd,  
Mortal she is, and soon will 'scape our view.  
Each virtue then, if quick enough he come,  
Grace and exalted manners shall he find,  
By one fair form in beauteous order worn.  
Then shall he say my rhimes are weak and dumb,  
As the too mighty blaze o'erpower'd my mind :  
But, if too late, his loss he still shall mourn.

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SONNETTO CCXXIII.

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QUAL donna attende a gloriosa fama  
Di fenno, di valor, di cortesia,  
Miri fiso negli occhi a quella mia  
Nemica, che mia donna il mondo chiama.  
Come s' acquista onor, come Dio s' ama,  
Com' è giunta onestà con leggiadria,  
Ivi s' impara ; e qual' è dritta via  
Di gir' al ciel, che lei aspetta e brama.  
Ivi 'l parlar, che nullo stile agguaglia ;  
E' l bel tacere, e quei santi costumi  
Ch' ingegno uman non può spiegar in carte.  
L' infinita bellezza, ch' altrui abbaglia,  
Non vi s' impara : che quei dolci lumi  
S' acquistan per ventura, e non per arte.

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SONNET CCXXIII.

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**F**EELS any fair the glorious wish to gain  
Of sense, of worth, of courtesy the praise ?  
On those bright eyes attentive let her gaze  
Of her, miscall'd my love, but sure my foe.  
Honour to gain, with love of God to glow,  
Virtue more bright how native grace displays,  
May there be learn'd ; and by what surest ways  
To heav'n, that for her coming pants, to go.  
The converse sweet beyond what poets write  
Is there ; the winning silence, and the meek  
And faint-like manners man would paint in vain.  
The matchless beauty, dazzling to the sight,  
Can ne'er be learn'd : for bootless 'twere to seek  
By art, what by kind chance alone we gain.

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DAL PETRARCA.

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PARTE SECONDA.

SONNETTO PRIMO.

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

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SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

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PART II.

SONNET I.

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W O E for the 'witching look of that fair face !  
The port, where ease with dignity combin'd !  
Woe for those accents, that each savage mind  
To softness tun'd, to noblest thoughts the base !  
And the sweet smile, from whence the dart I trace,  
Which now leaves death my only hope behind !  
Exalted soul, most fit on thrones to've shin'd,  
But that too late she came this earth to grace !  
For you I still must burn, and breathe in you ;  
For I was ever yours ; of you bereft,  
Full little now I reckon all other care.  
With hope and with desire you thrill'd me through,  
When last my only joy on earth I left :—  
But caught by winds each word was lost in air.

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SONNETTO IV.

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

SONNET IV.

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LIFE passes quick, nor will a moment stay,  
And death with hasty journeys still draws near ;  
And all the present joins my soul to tear,  
With every past and every future day :  
And to look back or forward, so does prey  
On this distracted breast, that sure I swear,  
Did I not to myself some pity bear,  
I were e'en now from all these thoughts away.  
Much do I muse on what of pleasures past  
This woe-worn heart has known ; meanwhile, t'oppose  
My passage, loud the winds around me roar.  
I see my bliss in port, and torn my mast  
And fails, my pilot faint with toil, and those  
Fair lights, that wont to guide me, now no more.



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**SONNETTO XI.**

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**S**E lamentar Augelli, o verdi fronde  
Muover soavemente al aura estiva,  
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde  
S' ode d' una fiorita, e fresca riva ;  
La 'v' io feggia d' amor pensoso, e scriva ;  
Lei che 'l ciel ne mostrò, terra n' asconde,  
Veggio ed odo ed intendo ch' ancor viva  
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde  
Deh perchè innanzi tempo ti consume ?  
Mi dice con pietate ; a che pur versi  
Degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume ?  
Di me non pianger tu, che miei di ferfi  
Morendo eterni, e nell' eterno lume,  
Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, aperfi.

SONNET XI.

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SOFT plains each widow'd bird : in mazy rings  
Wave the green leaves by summer breezes blown ;  
And the hoarse murm'ring of the limpid springs,  
Re-echo from their banks with flow'rs o'ergrown.  
There where alone I muse, and tune the strings  
To her, so early lost, ere scarcely known ;  
That yet she lives each sense assurance brings,  
E'en now from far she answers to my moan.  
" Ah ! wherefore thus," I hear her as she cries,  
" In fruitless anguish waste thy prime away ?  
" What cause this swelling stream of tears supplies ?  
" Weep not for me, for death but pav'd my way  
" To endless life ; and when I seem'd my eyes  
" To close, they open'd into endless day."

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SONNETTO XXXV.

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AMOR, che meco al buon tempo ti ftavi  
Fra quefte rive a' penfier noftre amiche,  
E per faldar le ragion noftre antiche,  
Meco e col fiume ragionando andavi.  
Fior, frondi, erbe, ombre, antri, onde, aure foavi,  
Valle chiufe, alti colli, e piagge apriche,  
Porto dell' amoroſe mie fatiche,  
Delle fortune mie tante e sì gravi :  
O vâghi abitator de' verdi boſchi ;  
O ninfe, e voi che' l fresco erboſo fondo  
Del liquido criſtallo alberga e paſce :  
I miei di fur sì chiari, or foſchi, e neri  
Come morte che'l fa : coſi nel mondo  
Sua ventura a ciaſcun dal di che naſce.

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SONNET XXXV.

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LOVE, that in happier days could'ft meet me here  
Along thefe meads that nurs'd our kindred ftrains ;  
And that old debt to clear which ftill remains,  
Sweet converfe with the ftream and me would'ft fhare :  
Ye flow'rs, leaves, grafs, woods, grots, rills, gentle air,  
Low vallies, lofty hills, and funny plains :  
The harbour where I ftor'd my love-fick pains,  
And all my various chance, my racking care—  
Ye playful inmates of the greenwood fhade ;  
Ye nymphs, and ye that in the waves purfue  
That life its cool and graffy bottom lends.  
My days were once fo fair : now dark and dread  
As death that makes them fo. Thus the world through  
On each as foon as born his fate attends.

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SONNETTO XXXVI.

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**M**ENTRE che 'l cor dagli amorosi vermi  
Fu consummato, e 'n fiamma amorosa arse:  
Di vaga fera le vestigia sparfe  
Cercai per poggi solitari ed ermi:  
Ed ebbi ardir cantando di dolermi  
D' amor, di lei, che sì dura m' apparfe;  
Ma l' ingegno e le rime erano scarfe  
In quella etate a' pensier novi e 'nfermi.  
Quel foco è morto; e 'l copre un picciol marmo:  
Che se col tempo fosse ito avanzando,  
Come già in altri, infino alla vecchiezza;  
Di rime armato, ond' oggi mi difarmo,  
Con stfil canuto avrei fatto parlando  
Romper le pietre, e pianger di dolcezza.

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SONNET XXXVI.

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WHILE on my heart the worms consuming prey'd  
Of love, and I with all his fire was caught ;  
The steps of my fair wild one still I sought  
To trace o'er desert mountains as she stray'd :  
And much I dar'd in bitter strains t' upbraid  
Both love and her, whom I so cruel thought ;  
But rude was then my genius, and untaught  
My rhimes, while weak and new th' ideas play'd.  
Dead is that fire ; and cold its ashes lie  
In one small tomb ; which had it still grown on  
E'en to old age, as oft by others felt,  
Arm'd with the power of rhyme, which wretched I  
E'en now disclaim, my riper strains had won  
E'en stones to burst, and in soft furrows melt.

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SONNETTO XXXVII.

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

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SONNET XXXVII.

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**B**LEST foul, that loos'n'd from those bands art flown,  
Bands than which nature none e'er form'd more fair,  
Look down and mark how chang'd to carking care  
From gladdest thoughts I pass my days unknown.  
Each false opinion from my heart is gone,  
That once to me made thy sweet sight appear  
Most harsh and bitter ; now secure from fear  
Here turn thine eyes, and listen to my moan.  
Turn to this rock whence Sarga's waters rise,  
And mark, where through the mead it's waters flow,  
One who of thee still mindful ceaseless sighs :  
But leave me there unfought for, where to glow  
Our flames began, and where thy mansion lies,  
Lest thou in thine should'st see, what griev'd thee so.



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SONNETTO XLII.

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

SONNET XLII.

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ZEPHYR returns, and the glad hours leads on  
And flow'rs and fruits, his lovely family:  
Procne 'gins prate and Philomel to moan;  
And spring with gay and varied livery:  
The meadows laugh, the sky serene is grown;  
His daughter Jove exults with joy to see;  
O'er earth, seas, air, love's influence is shewn:  
All animals again to love agree.

But to me, wretch, returning seasons bear  
More deep-drawn sighs for her to heav'n who fled,  
And of my heart the keys keeps with her there:  
And birds that sing, and plains that flow'ring spread,  
And modest manners sweet of ladies fair  
A desert seem, and savage beasts and dread.

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SONNETTO XLIII.

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QUEL roffignuol, che s' foave piagne  
Forse i tuoi figli, o tua cara conforte,  
Di dolcezza empie il cielo e le campagne  
Con tante note s' pietose e scorte :  
E tutta notte par che m' accompagne  
E mi rammenti la mia dura forte ;  
Ch' altri che me non ho di cui mi lagne ;  
Che 'n Dee non credev' io regnasse morte.  
O che lieve è ingannar chi s' afficura !  
Quei duo bei lumi affai più che 'l sol chiari  
Chi pensò mai veder far terra oscura ?  
Or conosco io che mia fera ventura  
Vuol che vivendo e lagrimando impari  
Come nulla quaggiù diletta e dura.

SONNET XLIII.

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YON nightingale, whose strain so sweetly flows  
Mourning her ravish'd young or much-lov'd mate,  
A soothing charm o'er all the vallies throws  
And skies, with notes well-tun'd to her sad state:  
And all the night she seems my kindred woes  
With me to weep and on my sorrows wait;  
Sorrows that from my own fond fancy rose,  
Who deem'd a goddess could not yield to fate.  
How easy to deceive who sleeps secure!  
Who could have thought that to dull earth would turn  
Those eyes that as the sun shone bright and pure?  
Ah! now what fortune wills I see full sure:  
That loathing life yet living I should see  
How few its joys, how little they endure!

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SONNETTO XLIV.

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

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SONNET XLIV.

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NOR stars through heav'n's grey vault that twinkle clear,  
Nor barks swift gliding through the level main,  
Nor armed knights that prick along the plain,  
Nor through thick woods the gay and bounding deer ;  
Nor tidings glad when first they strike the ear,  
Nor loftier notes to pour of love's soft reign,  
Nor beauteous dames that tune their happier strain  
In verdant meads, or some pure fountain near ;  
Nor these or aught besides can touch my heart,  
So deep she buried it and with her bore ;  
Who light and mirrour of my eyes had been.  
Now ever do I wish from life to part ;  
Life so long loath'd by me ; who pant once more  
To see her, whom 'twere best I ne'er had seen.

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SONNETTO XLVII.

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**T**UTTA la mia fiorita e verde etade  
Passava ; è intepidir sentia già 'l foco  
Ch' arse 'l mio cor'; ed era giunto al loco  
Ove scende la vita, ch' al fin cade :  
Già incominciava a prender sicurtade  
La mia cara nemica a poco a poco  
De' suoi sospetti ; e rivolgeva in gioco  
Mie pene acerbe sua dolce onestade :  
Presso era 'l tempo dov' amor s'è scontra  
Con castitate ; ed agli amanti è dato.  
Sederfi insieme, e dir che lor' incontra.  
Morte ebbe invidia al mio felice stato :  
Anzi alla speme ; e feglifi all' incontra  
A mezza via, come nemico armato.

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SONNET XLVII.

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**N**OW of my life each gay and greener year  
Pafs'd by, and cooler grew each hour the flame  
With which I burn'd : and to that point we came  
Whence life descends, as to its end more near ;  
Now 'gan my lovely foe each virtuous fear  
Gently to lay aside, as safe from blame ;  
And though with faint-like virtue still the same,  
Mock'd my sweet pains indeed, but deign'd to hear.  
Nigh drew the time when love delights to dwell  
With chastity : and lovers with their mate  
Can fearless sit, and, all they muse of, tell.  
Death envied me the joys of such a state :  
Nay ev'n the hopes I form'd : and on them fell  
E'en in mid way, like some arm'd foe in wait.



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SONNETTO XC.

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

## SONNET XC.

ENCHANTING bird, that of the blifs thou'ft known  
Pour'ft thy lorn tale or plaints that sweetly glide,  
Seeing the night and winter at thy fide,  
And all thy day and fpring behind thee flown :  
If, as thou know'ft the caufe that makes thee groan,  
Thou knew'ft alike my woes to thine allied,  
Thou'd'ft come in this ill-fated breaft to hide,  
And mix with mine thy melancholy moan.  
Yet ill accord our loffes when compar'd ;  
She yet may live whom forrowing thou haft fought ;  
While me all hopelefs heav'n and death have barr'd :  
But the fad hour and feafon, and the thought  
Of all the fweet and bitter years I've fhar'd,  
Sadly to talk with thee my mind has wrought.

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DEL ARIOSTO.

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ELEGIA IV.

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PIACCIA a cui piace, e chi lodar vuol lodi,  
E chiami vita libera e ficura  
Trovarsi fuor degli amorosi nodi.

Ch' io per me stimo chiuso in sepoltura  
Ogni spirto, ch' alberghi in petto, dove  
Non still' amor la sua vivace cura.

Doglia a cui vuol doler, ch' ove si move  
Questo dolce pensier, che falsamente  
E detto amaro, ogni altro indi remove :

*Elegy IV.*.]—The edition followed is Rolle's *Satire e Rime*, 1731.

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FROM ARIOSTO.

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ELEGY IV.

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LET those exult who will, and vaunt aloud  
That lazy apathy they freedom call :  
Still let them boast their hearts that ne'er have bow'd,  
And days unconscious yet of am'rous thrall.

For me, the breast to which its genial light  
And balmy treasures love did ne'er unfold,  
Is but a loathsome grave, where the sad sprite  
Bewilder'd lingers comfortless and cold.

Grieve those who will, that where he reigns supreme  
All thought is swallow'd up in him alone ;  
That honour, wealth, and fame we trifles deem,  
Lost to the world, and but to him unknown :

Ch' io per me non vorrei, se d' eccellente  
Nettar ho copia, che gustasse altr' esca  
Il delicato gusto di mia mente.

Prema a cui premer vuol, annoi e increfca  
Che se non dopo un' aspra e lunga pena  
Raro un disegno al bel desir riesca :

Ch' io per me sò, che a una allegrezza piena  
Ir non si può, se per difficil via  
Ostinata speranza non vi mena.

Penfi chi vuol, ch' a la fatica ria,  
Al tempo, ch' in gran somma vi si spende,  
Debil guadagno e lieve premio fia :

Ch' io per me dico, che se quanto offende  
Sdegno, o repulsa, un guardo sol ristora,  
Che fia pel maggior ben, ch' amor ne rende.

For me when the full cup with nectar flows,  
Why the rich draught with baser streams alloy ?  
What equal joys to love can life oppose ?  
What life's too full a measure for that joy ?

Grudge those who will the many tedious years,  
Ere yet the summit of our hopes we gain ;  
The quick vicissitude of doubts and fears,  
And long, long interval of anxious pain.

For well I ween, who aims at bliss so high  
Must know no coward dread of toil or care ;  
And must the glorious prospect fill his eye,  
And sanguine hope must bid him persevere.

Think those who will that to that heavy toil  
Far, far unequal is its highest meed ;  
That we but labour in a thankless soil,  
Where all we reap is an unthrifty weed :

For me, whose ev'ry wound one smile can heal,  
And from remembrance blot each former flight,  
What less than mightiest transports shall I feel,  
When crown'd in height of bliss and full delight ?

Paia a cui par, che perda ad or ad ora  
Mille doni d' ingegno, e di fortuna,  
Mentre il suo intento quì fisso dimora :

Ch' io per me, pur ch' io sia caro a quell' una  
Ch' è mio onor, mia ricchezza e mio desire,  
Non ho a l' altrui corone invidia alcuna.

Ricordifi chi vuol l' ingiurie ed ire,\*  
E discortese obblii gli piacer tanti,  
Che tante volte l' ha fatto gioire ;

Ch' io per me non rammentò ognun de' tanti  
Oltraggi, unqua potermi arrear doglia  
E dolci affetti ho sempre tutti innanti.

Penfi chi vuol che 'l tempo i lacci scioglia  
Che amor annoda, che ci dorrem' anco  
Nomando questa leve e bassa voglia :

Revolve they still who will, and still repent  
 That the loud calls of int'rest pass'd unheard;  
 Nor dar'd they grasp, while on this joy intent,  
 The gifts by nature or by chance conferr'd.

For me, so I but gain my fair one's love,  
 Dearer to me than titles, wealth, or fame,  
 In me no envy can those triumphs move,  
 Which the stern pride of others loves to claim.

Remember they who will, and fullen brood  
 O'er ev'ry offer'd wrong, or insult shown:  
 But still forget in that ungentle mood  
 Th' unbounded vast returns of blifs they've known.

For me, no mem'ry of former pain  
 Or slavish insult in my mind can last;  
 While ev'ry joy survives, and charms again  
 In the warm images of raptures past.

Think they who will, that this magician's chain,  
 Loosen'd by age, shall be dissolv'd by time;  
 And we with thought maturer shall arraign  
 This mean and worthless folly of our prime:



Ch' io per me voglio al capel nero e bianco

Amar ed effortar che sempre s' ami,

E s' in me tal voler dee venir manco

Spezzi or la Parca a la mia vita i stami.

For me, however old, a slave to love,

T' uphold its rights and empire shall be mine ;  
And should fate will that recreant I must prove,  
So may I with that faith my breath resign.

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DALL' AMINTA DEL TASSO.

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FORSE se tu gustaffi anco una volta  
La millesima parte delle gioje,  
Che gusta un cor amato riamando,  
Diresti ripentita sospirando :  
Perduto è tutto il tempo  
Che in amar non si spende.  
O mia fuggita etate,  
Quante vedove notti,  
Quanti dì solitari  
Ho consumato indarno  
Che si poteano impiegare in quest' uso  
Il qual più replicato, è più soave !  
Cangia, cangia di consiglio,  
Pazzarella che sei  
Ch' il pentirsi da sezzo nulla giova.

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FROM TASSO'S AMINTA.

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O Had'st thou known but once the thousandth part,  
But the least transport of that warm delight,  
That quintessence of bliss which swells the heart  
When souls in mutual bands of love unite ;  
That bliss to love and be belov'd again!—  
Full soon with sighs repentant would'st thou say,  
Wasted is ev'ry hour, and spent in vain,  
That stole not in the sweets of love away :  
Ah me ! for all my days thus lonely past,  
And widow'd nights, lost to that soft employ  
Where never palls th' enjoyment on the taste,  
But repetition heightens ev'ry joy.  
Then, oh ! thy purpose change, coy, froward maid ;  
E'en now thy youth flits by on filken wings :  
Fruitless and sharp, when ev'ry charm is fled,  
Will be the pangs which late repentance brings.

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## DEL ROTA.

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**QUEL** che non voglio, io fo; e quel che vorrei  
Non posso far: così mi punge e stringe  
Stral venenato, e nodo forte, e spinge  
Acuto spron di costumi empì e rei.

Altra legge ho contraria a' pensier' miei  
Che là dove men debbo, ir mi costringe:  
Scilla, Circe, Medusa, Aletto e Sfinge  
Mi stanno intorno, e mal fuggir saprei.

E te pur vita il mondo chiama, o centro  
D' ogni miseria! O van gioir che' accora!  
Muro dorato fuor, sepolcro dentro!

Bugiarda luce, onde vien notte ognora.  
Laberinto, ov' io pur torno e rientro:  
Lungo secolo al mal, breve al buon' ora!

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FROM ROTA.

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**T**HAT I would not, I do : and that I would  
I cannot : such by tyrant custom held  
In heavy chains, and by sharp spur impell'd  
Of habit, weak I lie and all subdued.  
By this strange law constrain'd, where least I should  
I go, while ev'ry better thought has fail'd ;  
And all my soul, by phantoms dire affail'd,  
Shrinks back, nor sees she how their rage t' elude.  
And calls the world thee, of each ill the home,  
Thee, life ! whose very joys a sting can leave :  
Dark grave within, though fair thy outward dome !  
Uncertain light, that shin'ft but to betray !  
Lab'rinth in whose deep maze I pathless roam !  
Short to the blest, an age to those who grieve !

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DEL ISTESSO.

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**DOLCE** mortal venen, scorta fallace,  
Soave oblio d' ogni amorosa offesa,  
Rete sotto bei fior nascosta e tesa,  
Lusinghiera sirena, instabil pace ;  
Speme, che allumi, e scuoti ogner la face  
E d' amor l' arme aguzzi, a che contesa  
M' è l' ufata da te cara difesa,  
Contro la vita che si strugge e tace.  
Quel giorno tu, ch' entrò nell' alm' amore,  
Piana via promettesti a' miei desiri,  
Poi ten' sei ita, ed io non trovo 'l guado.  
Deh torna a far men gravi i miei martiri  
Gradirò ben gl' inganni tuoi, che rado  
Roca speme non temprà alto dolore.

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FROM THE SAME.

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---

THOU poison deadly sweet ! thou treach'rous guide !  
Oblivion soft of ev'ry love-despight !  
Thou net conceal'd midst flow'rets that invite !  
Bewitching fyren ! Peace, that ne'er can 'bide !  
O Hope ! that sharp canst point and scatter wide  
Love's pow'rful darts, and make his torch more bright !  
How hast thou fail'd t' assist in this sad fight  
My soul that wastes with ills it fain would hide !  
That day, when first I learn'd love's pow'r to fear,  
Thou all my steps didst promise still to bless ;  
Now far art gone, nor can I find the pass ;  
Oh ! then return to make my torments less :  
Pleas'd thy deceits I'll follow ; for, alas !  
How faint a ray of hope fond grief will cheer !



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DEL ZAPPI.

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SONNETTO I.

---

QUAND' io men vò verso l' Ascrea montagna  
Mi si accoppia la gloria al dextro fianco ;  
Ella dà spirti al cor, forza al piè stanco,  
E dice, andiam, ch' io ti farò compagna.  
Ma per la lunga inospita campagna  
Mi si aggiunge l' invidia al lato manco,  
E dice ; anch' io son teco : al labro bianco  
Veggio il velen, che nel suo cor si stagna.  
Che far degg' io ? se indietro io volgo i passi,  
So che invidia mi lascia, e m' abbandona,  
Ma poi fia, che la gloria ancor mi laschi.  
Con ambe andar risolvo alla suprema  
Cima del monte. Una mi dia corona,  
È l' altra il vegga, e si contorca e frema.

*Sonnetto I.*]—The Edition followed is that of Venice, 1770. It contains also verses of other poets.

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FROM ZAPPI.

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SONNET I.

---

AS tow'rd th' Afcrean mount I take my way  
Attending glory at my right I hail :  
She cheers my heart, forbids my heart to fail,  
And "On," she cries, "for I with thee will stay."  
But as the long drear wastes our steps delay,  
Sudden does envy at my left assail,  
And says, "I too am here : " her lips' dead pale  
Speaks the black poisons on her heart that prey.  
What then remains ? If back my course I take,  
Envy, I know, that instant far is flown :  
But then shall glory too my side forsake.  
With both will I the mountain's topmost height  
Resolve to gain : the one my toil shall crown,  
The other see't, and fret and burst with spite.

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DELL' ISTESSO.

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SONNETTO XII.

---

IL Gondolier, febben la notte imbruna,  
Remo non pofa, e fende il mar fpumante,  
Lieto cantando, a un bel raggio di luna,  
Intanto Erminia in fra l' ombrofe piante ;  
Nè perchè roco ei fiafi; o dolce ei cante,  
Biafmo n' acquifta, o fpera lode alcuna;  
Canta così, perchè de' carmi è amante,  
Non perchè il fordo mar cangi fortuna.  
Tal mi fon io, che già per lungo errore  
Solco un vaflo oceano, e veggio, o parmi,  
Non lungo il porto, e canto inni d' amore.  
Non canto nè per gloriofo farmi,  
Ma vò paffando il mar, paffando l' ore,  
E in vece degli altrui, canto i miei carmi.

*Intanto Erminia* ]—From Taffo's *Gierufalemme Liberata*, canto 7.  
Travellers take notice of this Poet's verfes being fung by the Gondoliers.

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FROM THE SAME.

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SONNET XII.

---

THE Gondolier, though thick the night descends,  
Rows on, and through the foaming billow moves,  
Blythe finging, while the moon her lustre lends,  
Erminia's flight along the shady groves.  
Nor whether harsh his note, or sweet it proves,  
Blame does he meet, or praise to win intends;  
He sings so, but because the strain he loves,  
Not that the wave to hear auspicious bends.  
E'en such methinks am I, long doom'd to stray  
O'er some vast deep, who see, or think I'm shewn,  
My port at hand, and sing my love-sick lay.  
I sing not, no, to make my name more known,  
But thus beguile the hour, beguile the way,  
And, 'stead of others' songs, repeat my own.

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DELL' ISTESSO.

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SONNETTO XXX.

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**P**RESSO è il dì, che cangiato il destin rio,  
Rivedrò il viso, che fà invidia a i fiori,  
Rivedrò que' be' occhi, e in que' splendori  
L' alma mia, che di là mai non partio ;  
Giugner già parmi, e dirle ; amata Clori ;  
Odo il risponder dolce, o Tirsi mio.  
Rilegendoci in fronte i nostri amori,  
Che bel pianto faremo, e Clori, ed io !  
Ella dirà ; dov' è quel gruppo adorno  
De' miei crin, ch' al partir io ti donai ?  
Ed io : miralo, o bella, al braccio intorno.  
Diremo, io le mie pene, ella i suoi guai.  
Vieni ad udirci, amor, vieni ; in quel giorno  
Qualche nuovo sospiro imparerai.

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FROM THE SAME.

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SONNET XXX.

---

SOON, by glad change of fate, the day shall wake,  
When I shall see that face, whose blushes shame  
The flow'rs, and those bright eyes, and in their flame  
My soul, which ne'er would that blest feat forsake :  
Methinks e'en now I'm there, and speak her name ;  
And hear more soft from her " my Thyrsis " break.  
As in our looks we read our loves the same,  
What glorious moan shall I and Cloris make !  
" Where is that knot, which with my hair I bound,  
" And gave you when we parted last ? " she'll cry :  
And I, " Lo ! here, my fair, this arm around. "   
She all her cares will tell, my suff'rings I.  
Thou at our side, O Love ! that day be found :  
E'en thou may'st learn some new delicious sigh.

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## DEL FILICAJA.

---

QUI pur foste, o città ; nè in voi qui resta

Testimon di voi stesse un fasso solo,

In cui si scriva : qui s' aperse il suolo,

Qui fù Catania, e Siracusa è questa.

Io sull' arena solitaria e mesta

Voi sovente in voi cerco, e trovo solo

Un silenzio, un orror, che d' alto duolo

M' empie, e gli occhi mi bagna, e 'l piè m' arresta.

E dico ; O formidabile, O tremendo

Divin Giudizio ! pur ti veggio, e sento,

E non ti temo ancor, nè ancor t' intendo !

Deh forgete a mostrar l' alto portento

Subissate cittadi ! e fia l' orrendo

Scheletro vostro a i secoli spavento !

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FROM FILICAJA.

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---

**H**ERE once ye stood, ye cities ! now no more,  
In witness of your place, one stone remains,  
Where one may write " Here op'd the yawning ground,  
" Here Syracuse, Catania stood of yore."  
I o'er your doleful solitary shore  
You in yourselves oft seek ; where only reigns  
A horrid stillness, that with sorrow drains  
My soul : my feet are check'd, my eyes run o'er.  
And, oh ! of wrath divine example dread !  
I cry, I see thee, nor yet read thee right,  
Nor to thy awful dictates bow my head !  
Then rise, o'erwhelmed cities ! bring to light  
The mighty wonder ! let your huge bones spread,  
And strike each guilty age with just affright !



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DELL' ISTESSO.

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**D**OV' è, Italia, il tuo braccio, e a che ti servi

Tu dell' altrui ? non è, s' io scorgo il vero,

Di chi t' offende il defensor men fero ;

Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi.

Così dunque l' onor, così conservi

Gli avanzi tu del glorioso Impero ?

Così al valor, così al valor primiero,

Che a te fede giurò, la fede offervi ?

Or va : ripudia il valor prisco, e sposa

L' ozio, e frà il fangue, i gemiti, e le strida,

Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa.

Dormi, adultera vil, fin che omicida

Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnacchiofa

E nuda in braccia al tuo fedel t' uccida.

---

FROM THE SAME.

---

WHERE, Italy, 's thy arm ? or why seek'st thou  
From others aid ? Alike thy foe, if right  
I deem, who guards thee, or who dares to fight ;  
Both once thy slaves, both would destroy thee now.  
Thus dost thou prize what yet the fates allow  
Of empire, thus that fame which shone so bright ?  
Thus to thine ancient worth, which erst could plight  
His troth to thee, preserv'st thou then thy vow ?  
Go then ; that ancient worth repudiate, take  
Sloth, and midst blood and groans and clamours dread,  
Sleep on, nor in thy utmost danger wake.  
Sleep, vile adultres, till the murd'rous blade  
Vengeful shall on thine idle slumbers break,  
And pierce thee naked with thy minion laid.

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TO A YOUNG LADY  
WITH METASTASIO'S CANZONETS.

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IF, ere you ope those lips to sing,  
    (Vain thought) or strike the wite,  
The meaning of the songs I bring  
    Mamma should chance t' enquire ;

Say that they treat of many a vow  
    By lovers made and broke ;  
By such who, though reluctant, bow  
    To Cupid's tyrant yoke.

When by conflicting passions' fire  
    The struggling soul's subdued ;  
By shame, repentment, and desire,  
    By hope and fear renew'd.

Such may perhaps ere long for thee  
Some hopelefs wretch conceal ;  
Such may, though now fo cold and free,  
That gentle bofom feel.

Happy, we're told, who never knew  
The little urchin's pow'r :  
Whofe days in calm indiff'rence flew,  
Without one refllefs hour.

But no fuch selfish wifh as this  
For you the mufe fhall frame ;  
Since you, to make another's blifs,  
Muft share another's flame.

Ne'er may you feel the pangs of love,  
But for fome faithful fwain ;  
And fully then its pleasures prove,  
When you reward his pain.

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LA LIBERTA.

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DEL METASTASIO.

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CANZONETTA III.

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I.

GRAZIA all' inganni tuoi  
Al fin respiro, o Nice,  
Al fin d' un infelice  
Ebber gli Dei pietà.  
Sento da' lacci tuoi  
Sento che l' alma è sciolta ;  
Non fogno questa volta  
Non fogno libertà.

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LIBERTY.

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FROM METASTASIO.

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CANZONET III.

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I.

THANKS to thy num'rous perjuries,  
Nice, at length I breathe at ease;  
The pitying Gods at length have heard  
    My vows so oft preferr'd :  
    I feel that from thy chain  
My heart is loos'd, I feel I'm free,  
    Nor dream I now in vain,  
Or only dream, of liberty.

II.

Mancò l' antico ardore  
E son tranquillo a fegno  
Che in me non trova fdegno  
Per mafcherarfi amor.  
Non cangio più colore  
Quando il tuo nome ascolto ;  
Quando ti miro in volto  
Più non mi batte il cor.

III.

Sogno, ma te non miro  
Sempre ne' sogni miei ;  
Mi deſto, e tu non fei  
Il primo mio penſier.  
Lungi da te m' aggiro  
Senza bramarti mai ;  
Son teco, e non mi fai  
Nè pena, nè piacer.

II.

So fully I'm restor'd to rest,  
So free from passion is my breast,  
Love no repentment there can find  
    To mask itself behind.  
    Thy name by others told  
I hear, nor does my colour fly:  
    Thy face though I behold,  
No more my coward heart beats high.

III.

I dream, but still as others do,  
Nor in my dreams thy form I view;  
I wake, nor com'st thou then unsought  
    My first and dearest thought;  
    Thy presence I can quit,  
Nor feel the smallest wish to stay;  
    Though by thy side I sit,  
Thou canst not make me sad or gay.



IV.

Di tua beltà ragiono,  
Nè intenerir mi sento ;  
I torti miei rammento,  
E non mi so fdegnar.  
    Confuso più non sono  
Quando mi vieni appresso,  
Col mio rivale istesso  
Posso di te parlar.

V.

Volgimi il guardo altero,  
Parlami in volto umano ;  
Il tuo dispreggio è vano,  
E vano il tuo favor :  
    Che più l' ufato impero  
Quei labbri in me non hanno ;  
Quegli occhi più non fanno  
La via di questo cor.

## IV.

Coldly I talk of all thy charms,  
 The tale no more my bosom warms,  
 O'er all my wrongs in thought I range,  
 Nor pant for my revenge.  
 Thy coming I can see,  
 Nor trembling or confus'd appear,  
 And to discourse of thee  
 E'en with my rival I can bear.

## V.

Frown, if thou wilt, with stern disdain,  
 Or mildly speak in pitying strain,  
 Thy haughtiest frown no more I brook,  
 Nor prize thy kindest look.  
 For know those lips have lost  
 Their wonted absolute controul ;  
 Those eyes no more can boast  
 The ready passage to my soul.

VI.

Quel che or m' alletta, o spiace,  
Se lieto o mesto or fono,  
Già non è più tuo dono,  
Già colpa tua non è.  
Chè senza te mi piace  
La selva, il colle, il prato;  
Ogni foggiorno ingrato  
M' annoia ancor con te.

VII.

Odi s' io son sincero :  
Ancor mi sembri bella,  
Ma non mi sembri quella,  
Che paragon non hà.  
E (non t' offenda il vero)  
Nel tuo leggiadro aspetto  
Or veggio alcun difetto  
Che mi pareva beltà.

VI.

Whate'er can charm me or displease,  
Whether in mis'ry or at ease,  
No longer 'tis to thee I owe  
The pleasure or the woe.  
Wood, hill, and dale I've sought,  
Pleas'd, though my blifs thou didst not share;  
And each unpleasant place  
Unpleasant seems though thou art there.

VII.

Hear me, and hence my credit weigh:  
That thou art beauteous still I say,  
But think not still, the whole world round,  
Thy equal can't be found.  
And in that beauteous face,  
(Let not this truth thine ear offend)  
Defects I now can trace  
Which I for charms could once commend.

VIII.

Quando lo strol spezzai,  
Confesso il mio rossore,  
Spezzar m' intesi il core,  
Mi parve di morir.

Ma per uscir di guai  
Per non vederfi oppresso,  
Per racquistar se stesso  
Tutto si può soffrir.

IX.

Nel visco in cui s' avvenne  
Quell' augellin talora,  
Lascia le penne ancora,  
Ma torna in libertà.

Poi le perdute penne  
In pochi dì rinnova,  
Cauto divien per prova  
Nè più tradir si fa.

VIII.

When first I tore the shaft away,  
Blushing my weakness I betray,  
I fell as if my heart it tore,  
    And life itself was o'er.  
    But from such bonds to flee,  
From tyranny to sleep secure,  
    One's self again to be,  
Nothing's too grievous to endure.

IX.

Lim'd in his too incautious flight  
When in the snare he chanc'd t' alight,  
Some plumes the bird may leave behind,  
    Yet 'scapes he unconfin'd.  
    And from his fears reliev'd,  
Soon he repairs his plumage cast,  
    Nor is again deceiv'd,  
More cautious grown from dangers past.

X.

So che non credi effinto  
In me l' incendio antico,  
Perchè si spesso il dico,  
Perchè tacer non fo.

Quel naturale istinto  
Nice, a parlar mi sprona,  
Per cui ciascun ragiona  
De' rischi che passò.

XI.

Dopo il crudel cimento  
Narra i passati sdegni,  
Di sue ferite i segni  
Mostra il guerrier così.  
Mostra così contento  
Schiavo che uscì di pena  
La barbara catena  
Che strascinava un dì.

X.

I know thou think'st that ill repress'd  
The flame still lurks within my breast,  
Because, though told so oft before,  
I still the tale run o'er.  
Upon that theme to dwell  
'Tis the same instinct leads me on,  
That leads us all to tell  
Of dangers that we've undergone.

XI.

When once the dear-bought vict'ry's gain'd,  
The soldier counts his toils sustain'd,  
And proud displays the num'rous scars  
He got in former wars.  
Thus shews with heart elate  
The captive from his mis'ry fled,  
Those chains beneath whose weight  
He lately bow'd his hopeless head.



XII.

Parlo, ma sol parlando,  
Me foder far procuro :  
Parlo, ma nulla io curo  
Che tu mi presti fè.

Parlò, ma non dimando  
Se approvi i detti miei,  
Nè se tranquilla fei  
Nel ragionar di me.

XIII.

Io lascio un' incofante ;  
Tu perdi un cor sincero ;  
Non fo di noi primiero  
Chi s' abbia a confolar.  
So che un fi fido amante  
Non troverà più Nice,  
Che un' altra ingannatrice  
E facile a trovar.

XII.

I speak, but by thus speaking try  
Only myself to gratify ;  
I speak, nor ask if aught you pay  
Of faith to what I say.  
I speak, nor ask I e'er  
If you to these my words agree,  
Nor calm if you appear  
When haply led to speak of me.

XIII.

I from a fickle false one part :  
You lose a faithful constant heart :  
Which of us best the loss shall bear  
I neither know nor care.  
But love so true, I know,  
Nice again will scarcely meet :  
While ev'ry day can shew  
Women her equals in deceit.

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LA PALINODIA.

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DELL' ISTESSO.

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CANZONETTA IV.

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I.

PLACA gli sdegni tuoi,  
Perdono, amata Nice ;  
L' error d' un infelice  
E degno di pietà.

E ver, da' lacci tuoi  
Vantai che l' alm' è sciolta :  
Ma fu l' estrema volta  
Ch' io vanti libertà.

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THE PALINODE.

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FROM THE SAME.

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CANZONET IV.

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I.

O Cease, my fair, that stern disdain,  
For pardon, lo ! I sue again,  
And sure a madman's erring heat  
    May well with pity meet.  
True, I did boast I'd cast  
Thy chains aside, that I was free ;  
    But that has been my last  
Fond idle boast of liberty.

II.

E ver, l' antico ardore  
Celar pretesi a fegno,  
Che mascherai lo fdegno  
Per non fcoprir l' amor.  
Ma cangi o no colore,  
Se nominar t' ascolto,  
Ognun mi legge in volto  
Come fi ftà nel cor.

III.

Pur deſto ognor ti miro,  
Non che ne' fogni miei ;  
Chè ovunque tu non ſei,  
Ti pinge il mio penſier.  
Tu, ſe con te m' aggiro,  
Tu, ſe ti laſcio mai,  
Tu delirar mi fai  
Di pena, o di piacer.

II.

True 'twas, so studiously I strove  
E'en from myself to hide my love,  
That lest it should my pain reveal,  
I could my rage conceal.  
But let, when others speak  
Thy name, my colour change or no,  
Too plainly on my cheek  
The workings of my heart I show.

III.

Not only dreaming, but awake,  
Thou on my ev'ry thought dost break,  
For where thou art not still I find  
Thy image in my mind.  
Thou, when on thee I wait,  
Or when compell'd I quit thy side;  
'Tis thou canst rule my fate,  
And on my weal or woe decide.

IV.

Di te s' io non ragiono,  
Infastidir mi sento,  
Di nulla mi rammento,  
Tutto mi fà sdegnar.  
A nominarti io sento  
Sì avvezzo a chi m' appresso,  
Che al mio rivale istesso  
Soglio di te parlar.

V.

Da un sol tuo sguardo altero  
Da un sol tuo detto umano  
Io mi difendo in vano,  
Sia sprezzo, o fia favor.  
Fuor che il tuo dolce impero  
Altro destin non hanno  
Chè secondar non fanno  
I moti del mio cor.

IV.

All talk but what to thee relates  
My soul with scorn rejects and hates ;  
Of all unmindful I am seen,  
    Each object moves my spleen.  
    Such happiness I deem  
To speak of thee to all I meet,  
    That oft the favour'd theme  
E'en to my rival I repeat.

V.

Whether an angry frown thou wear,  
Or footh with one soft word my care,  
Against thy love or thy disdain  
    My heart I steel in vain.  
    Save thy enchanting sway,  
My heart no cause of action knows :  
    That only loves t' obey,  
By that alone 'tis warm'd or froze.



VI.

Ogni piacer mi spiace,  
Se grato a te non sono ;  
Ciò che non è tuo dono,  
Contento mio non è.  
Tutto con te mi piace  
Sia colle, o felva o prato ;  
Tutto è foggiorno ingrato  
Lungi, ben mio, da te.

VII.

Or parlerò sincero ;  
Non sol mi sembri bella  
Non sol mi sembri quella  
Che paragon non ha ;  
Ma spesso, ingiusto al vero,  
Condanno ogni altro aspetto ;  
Tutto mi par difetto  
Fuor che la tua beltà.

VI.

Unless those eyes approving glow,  
My bliss neglected turns to woe ;  
Content in nothing can I see,  
    Save what's deriv'd from thee.  
    Each object gives delight,  
Wood, hill, and dale, so thou art by ;  
    But should'st thou quit my fight,  
As soon their short-liv'd beauties fly.

VII.

Now will I speak without disguise ;  
Thy charms not only do I prize,  
And think thee that bewitching fair,  
    Whose form's beyond compare ;  
    But oft do I condemn,  
Unjust to truth, each other face ;  
    All is defect in them,  
In thee alone I look for grace.

VIII.

Lo strol già non spezzai ;  
Chè in van, per mio roffore,  
Farlo tentai dal core,  
E ne credei morir.  
Ah per uscìr di guai  
Più me ne vidi oppresso ;  
Ah di tentar l' istesso  
Più non potrei soffrir.

IX.

Nel visco in cui s' avvenne  
Quell' augellin talora,  
Scuote le penne ancora,  
Cercando libertà ;  
Ma in agitar le penne  
Gl' impacci suoi rinnova ;  
Più di fuggir fa prova  
Piu prigionier si fà.

VIII.

Too true, the shaft I did not break,  
For vainly, to my shame I speak,  
To pluck it from my heart I tried,  
    And trying near had died.  
    Still as I strove, my chain,  
Instead of loos'ning, heavier grew ;  
    Too sharp I felt the pain,  
The same mad struggles to renew.

IX.

Lim'd by the fowler where he lies,  
Still struggling strives the bird to rise,  
And still his pinions spreads to fly  
    In search of liberty :  
    But as his wings he shakes,  
Deeper he's tangled in the snare ;  
    Each effort that he makes  
But binds him more a pris'ner there.

X.

No, ch' io non bramo estinto  
Il caro incendio antico ;  
Quanto più spesso il dico,  
Meno bramarlo fo.

Sai che un loquace istinto  
Gli amanti a' detti sprona ;  
Ma fin che si ragiona  
La fiammà non passò.

XI.

Biasma nel rio cimento

Di Marte ognor gli sdegni  
E ognor di Marte a' segni  
Torna il guerrier così.

Torna così contento  
Schiavo che uscì di pena,  
Per ufo alla catena,  
Che detestava un di.

X.

Ah no ! I do not wish to part  
With the dear flame that warms my heart !  
The more I say't, the more do I  
My real thoughts belie.  
Thou know'st the lover's pains ;  
How restless nature bids him rail :  
But while he thus complains,  
He proves how fierce his flames prevail.

XI.

Beneath its hardships while he groans  
The soldier thus his fate bemoans ;  
Yet where his standards point the way,  
Still turns to join the fray.  
E'en thus from bondage fled  
The wretch returns his chains to bear  
Those chains, at first his dread,  
From habit now he courts to wear.

XII.

Parlo, ma ognor parlando  
Di te parlar procuro ;  
Ma nuovo amor non curo  
Non fo cambiar di fè.  
Parlo, ma poi dimando  
Pietà de' detti miei ;  
Parlo, ma fol tu fei  
L' arbitra ognor di me.

XIII.

Un cor non incoftante,  
Un reo così fincero,  
Ah! l' amor tuo primiero  
Ritorni a confolar.  
Nel fuo pentito amante  
Almen la bella Nice  
Un' alma ingannatrice  
Sa che non può trovar.

XII.

I speak, but still of thee to speak,  
Spite of each thin disguise, I seek :  
But no new love this heart can brook ;  
    Its faith remains unhook.  
    I speak, but instant pray  
For pardon of each hasty vow :  
    And still, what'er I say,  
Thou rul'st my fate, and only thou.

XIII.

A heart so true to former ties,  
A criminal without disguise,  
Thy first, thy fondest love, ah ! deign  
    To cherish once again.  
    Secure in this I rest :  
No feign'd repentance need she fear :  
    Long has she known this breast,  
And knows no treason harbours there.



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DELL' ISTESSO.

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LA PARTENZA.

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CANZONETTA V.

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I.

**ECCO** quel fiero istante

Nice, mia Nice, addio ;

Come virò, ben mio

Così lontan da te ?

Io vivrò sempre in pene

Io non avrò piu bene ;

E tu, chi fa se mai

Ti sovverrai di me.

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FROM THE SAME.

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THE FAREWELL.

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CANZONET V.

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I.

**T**HE fatal moment now draws near,  
Nice, this last adieu receive :  
But how shall I endure to live  
    So far, my love, from thee ?  
    Still shall I lead a life of woe,  
No blifs, nor comfort shall I know ;  
    And thou, who knows if e'er  
    Thou'lt waste a thought on me ?

II.

Soffri che in traccia almeno

Di mia perduta pace

Venga il pensier seguace

Su l' orme del tuo piè.

Sempre nel tuo cammino.

Sempre, m' avrai vicino ;

E tu, chi fa fe mai

Ti fovverrai di me !

III.

Io fra remote sponde

Mesto volgendo i paffi

Andrò chiedendo i faffi

La ninfa mia dov' è.

Dall' una all' altra aurora

Te andrò chiamando ognora,

E tu, chi fa fe mai,

Ti fovverrai di me !

II.

Yet let my soul this blessing share,  
In search of loft repose to fly,  
Where'er in fancy's glass her eye  
Thy footsteps seems to see.  
Watchful where'er thy course is wound,  
Still at thy side shall I be found,  
And thou, who knows if e'er  
Thou'lt waste a thought on me ?

III.

Midst desert shades, and caverns drear,  
My lonely walk I still shall ply,  
And to the rocks re-echoing cry,  
Where, where, alas ! is she ?  
From one to each succeeding morn  
Still shall I pour the strain forlorn,  
And thou, who knows if e'er  
Thou'lt waste a thought on me ?

IV.

Io rivedrò sovente

Le amene piagge o Nice,

Dove vivea felice

Quando vivea con te.

A me faran tormento

Cento memorie e cento

E tu, chi sa se mai

Ti sovverrai di me !

V.

Ecco dirò, quel fonte

Dove avvampò di sdegno

Ma poi di pace in pegno

La bella man mi diè ;

Qui si vivea di speme,

Là si languiva insieme :

E tu, chi sa se mai

Ti sovverrai di me.

IV.

Full oft shall anxious I repair  
To those blest plains, how pleasing, then !  
Which saw me happiest once of men,  
When giv'n to live with thee.  
A thousand scenes recall'd to mind  
A thousand things shall leave behind,  
And thou, who knows if e'er  
Thou'lt waste a thought on me !

V.

Lo ! shall I say, that fount, 'twas there  
That once she kindled with disdain,  
But soon stretch'd out her hand again,  
The pledge of peace to be.  
Here with sweet hopes we cheer'd the day,  
There languishing together lay ;  
And thou, who knows if e'er  
Thou'lt waste a thought on me !

VI.

Quanti vedrai giungendo  
Al' nuovo tuo soggiorno,  
Quanti venirti intorno  
A offrirti amore e fè !  
Oh dio ! chi fa fra tanti  
Teneri omaggi, e pianti,  
Oh dio ! chi fa se mai  
Ti sovverrai di me !

VII.

Penfa qual dolce ftrale,  
Cara, mi lasci in feno,  
Penfa che amò Fileno  
Senza fperar mercè,  
Penfa, mia vita, a quefto  
Barbaro addio funefto ;  
Penfa.... Ah ! chi fa fe mai  
Ti sovverrai di me !

VI.

What crowds their anxious course shall steer  
To that gay feat that claims thee now ;  
And all in one repeated vow  
Of love and truth agree.  
Oh heav'ns ! who knows, while all these sighs,  
These tender off'rings round thee rise ;  
Oh heav'ns ! who knows if e'er  
Thou'lt waste a thought on me !

VII.

Think what a pleasing dart, my fair,  
Thou leav'ft to rankle in my breast,  
Think that, though hope was still repress'd,  
I bore thy slave to be.  
Think on this fatal barb'rous day  
That tears me from thy sight away ;  
Think—ah ! who knows if e'er  
Thou'lt waste a thought on me.



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LA TEMPESTA.

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DELL' ISTESSO.

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CANTATA VII.

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**N**O, non turbarti, o Nice ; io non ritorno  
A parlarti d' amor. So che ti spiace ;  
Basta così. Vedi che il ciel minaccia  
Improvisa tempesta ; alle capanne  
Se vuoi ridurre il gregge, io vengo solo  
A offrir l' opra mia. Che ! non paventi ?  
Osserva che a momenti

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THE TEMPEST.

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FROM THE SAME.

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CANTATA VII.

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NO, be not mov'd, my Nice : 'tis not now  
To speak to thee of love I come : I know  
The theme how thankless, and I yield : of that  
Enough. Thou see'st how all around the sky  
Threatens a sudden storm : haply thy flock  
Thou'lt gather to thy fold ; I only come  
To proffer thee my aid. How ? fear'st thou not ?  
Observe how as I speak

Tutto s' oscura il ciel, che il vénto in giro  
 La polve innalza e le cadute foglie.  
 Al fremer della selva, al volo incerto  
 Degli augelli smarriti, a queste rare,  
 Che ci cadon sul volto, umide stille,  
 Nice io preveggo..... Ah ! non tel diffi, o Nice,  
 Ecco il lampo, ecco il tuono. Or che farai ?  
 Vieni, fenti ; ove vai ? non è più tempo  
 Di pensare alla greggia. In questo speco  
 Riparati frattanto : io farò teco.

Ma tu tremi, o mio tesoro,

Ma tu palpiti, cor mio,

Non temer, con te son io,

Ne d' amor ti parlerò.

Mentre folgori, e baleni

Sarò teco, amata Nice,

Quando il ciel si rassereni,

Nice ingrata, io partirò.

Sedi, ficura sei. Nel sen di questa  
 Concava rupe in fin ad or giammai  
 Fulmine non percosse,

E'en now the sky is clouded, and the wind  
 In eddies blows the dust, and the fall'n leaves.  
 By the trees' hollow murmur, by the birds,  
 That here and there in wild amazement fly,  
 And by the few big drops that on our cheeks  
 Are falling, I foresee... Ah! said I not?  
 Already see the lightning's flash! and hark  
 The thunder! What remains now? This way haste!  
 Hear me! Ah! whither goest thou? 'Tis no time  
 Now of thy flock to think:—In yonder cave  
 Shelter thyself awhile, and I'll stay with thee.

But thou tremblest, O my fair,  
 Still thou pantest, O my soul,  
 Fear not, I will still be near,  
 Nor of love a word will say.

While lightnings flash, and thunders roll,  
 Nice belov'd, I here remain:  
 Soon as the sky is calm again,  
 Nice ingrate, I haste away.

Sit, thou'rt in safety here; for never yet  
 Within the bosom of this hollow grot  
 The angry bolt has fall'n,

Lampo non penetrò. L' adombra intorno  
 Folta felva d' allori  
 Che prescrive del ciel limiti all' ira.  
 Siedi, bell' idol mio ; siedì e respira.  
 Ma tu pure al fianco mio  
 Timorosa ti stringi, e, come io voglia  
 Fuggir da te, per trattenermi annodi  
 Frà le tue la mia man? Rovini il cielo,  
 Non dubitar, non partirò. Bramai  
 Sempre un sì dolce istante. Ah così fosse  
 Frutto dell' amor tuo non del timore !  
 Ah lascia, o Nice, ah lascia  
 Lusingharmene almen. Chi fà ? mi amasti  
 Sempre forse fin or. Fù il tuo rigore  
 Modestia e non disprezzo ; e forse questo  
 Ecceffivo spavento  
 E pretesto all' amor. Parla, che dici ?  
 M' appongo al ver ? Tu non rispondi ? Abbassi  
 Vergognosa lo sguardo ?  
 Arrofici ? Sorridi ? Intendo, intendo.  
 Non parlar, mia speranza :

Or lightning's flash has pierc'd. See, all around  
 With grove of thickest shade  
 The laurel spreads, and bounds the wrath of Heav'n.  
 Sit, my fair angel; sit, and freely breathe.  
 Yet still, with fear o'ercome,  
 Close to my side thou creep'ft, and, as I mean't  
 From thee to fly, firmly, to fix me here,  
 Thou knitt'ft thy hands in mine. No, though the sky  
 Should burst in ruins o'er us, fear me not,  
 I will not stir:—Still has my fondest hope  
 But ask'd so sweet a moment. Were but love,  
 And not thy fear the cause! Ah, let me, Nice,  
 Ah! let me hug awhile  
 The dear delusion. Yet who knows? Perhaps  
 Thou still hast lov'd me: and what I for scorn  
 Complain'd of was but maiden modesty  
 And coy reserve. And haply this excess  
 Of fear is but the cloak  
 With which thou hid'ft thy love? What say'ft thou? Speak.  
 Presum'd I right? Thou'rt silent, and to earth  
 Declin'ft a bashful look!  
 Thou blushest now! thou smilest! Yes, I catch,

Quel riso, quel rossor dice abbastanza.

E pur frà le tempeste

La calma ritrovai ;

Ah non ritorni mai

Mai più sereno il dì.

Questo de' giorni miei

Questo è 'l più chiaro giorno.

Viver così vorrei

Vorrei morir così.

Yes well I read thy meaning, dearest maid,  
Nor ask thee more to speak.

Enough for me those smiles, those blushes tell.

Thus 'mid the tempest's roar

A heartfelt calm I've found.

Ah! would the sun return no more

Unclouded here to shine.

This in my days' whole round,

This was my brightest day decreed:

E'en thus my life to lead,

E'en thus to die be mine.



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FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.

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Ὅτε λαρυακι ἐν δαιδαλεῶν ἀνεμῶν, κ. τ. λ.

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WHEN now the well-wrought bark around  
Whiftled the winds with thriller found,  
And with increafing rage impell'd  
Againft its fides the billows fwell'd,  
Sudden ſhe threw with anguiſh wild  
Her arms around her ſleeping child,  
And “ O !” ſhe ſaid, “ my ſon, what cares  
“ For thee thy wretched mother bears !  
“ Whiſt thou canſt ſink in ſoft reſoſe,  
“ Inſenſible to all thy woes,  
“ Though in this cheerleſs home, where night  
“ Glimmers with dim uncertain light ;  
“ Nor heed'ſt the daſhing wave, that yet  
“ Has ſpar'd thy flowing hair to wet ;

“ Nor hear’st the hollow murm’ring wind ;  
 “ Upon thy purple vest reclin’d,  
 “ With all thy bloom by fear uncheck’d,  
 “ In all thy native beauty deck’d.  
 “ Yet wert thou conscious of thy fate,  
 “ Or knew’st what dangers round thee wait,  
 “ Then surely thou thy little ear  
 “ Would’st turn a mother’s plaint to share,  
 “ Nor should I weep thus all alone.—  
 “ Yet still secure, my babe, sleep on ;  
 “ And sleep with him, thou troubled deep,  
 “ And ye, my boundless sorrows, sleep ! \* ”

\* See No. 89 of the *Adventurer*, for this fragment and an imitation of it.

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IMITATION OF ANACREON.

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Θελω λεγειν Ατρειδας, κ. τ. λ.

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OF old I tun'd my sober lays  
Of moral song to win the bays,  
And sometimes lash'd each busy fool,  
And follow'd piercing ridicule :  
But now, alas ! if e'er the same  
I would again attempt, O shame !  
Whene'er I come the song to prove,  
My voice will echo only love.

I turn'd anew my serious thought  
To all that heroes whilome wrought :  
What fages teach, and what records  
All learning's mighty war of words :  
'Twas still the same : in vain I heard  
How busy reason in me stirr'd ;  
Both heart and lyre I found combin'd  
In treason to my better mind.

Oh! then farewell the moral strain!  
Rouse not this coward breast in vain:  
Heroes and sages quit the field,  
And to a pow'r more present yield.  
In vain the way by Wisdom's shown  
To calm content; more dear is grown  
Love with the thousand ills he deals;—  
For who can sing but what he feels?—

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IMITATION OF ANACREON.

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Χαλεπον το μη φιλησαι, κ. τ. λ.

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**H**ARD is the lot of him, whose rugged heart  
Ne'er felt love's pleasing smart;  
Hard too their lot, who the soft wiles of love  
Too exquisitely prove;  
But far more hard his lot, whoe'er has burn'd  
With passion unreturn'd.  
And vainly now each honest art we strain  
The glorious prize to gain;  
Birth, wit, or worth, all bootless now they hold,  
And bow alone to gold.  
Curs'd be the wretch, who, lur'd by hopes of gain,  
First dug the tempting grain:  
And doubly curs'd who stamp'd with partial sign  
A value on the mine.

This makes the warrior, murd'rer range uncheck'd ;

And, far more dire effect !

Fatal to lovers 'twill the knot unbind,

With which their life's entwinn'd.

